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"LES GRANDS INITIÉS."

The book which bears this title, "Les Grands Initiés," by Monsieur Edouard Schuré, is probably but little known to English readers, but will be found interesting and suggestive by all who are seeking to obtain a deeper insight into spiritual truth than the religion of the multitude can afford.

According to Mons. Schuré, "*Toutes les grandes Religions ont une histoire extérieure et une histoire intérieure; l'une apparente, l'autre cachée. . . . . Les dogmes, les mythes, enseignés publiquement. . . . . et la science profonde, la doctrine sécrète, l'action occulte des grands Initiés, prophètes, ou reformateurs, qui ont crée, soutenu, propagé ces mêmes religions.*"

It is impossible to deny this aristocracy of the Spirit: those great spiritual upheavals in the world's history, in which the human Soul, that "poor wingless Psyche," lost in chrysalis unconsciousness, is once more awakened to new aërial flights, is ever confided to one Master-Soul, who, lighting his torch at the Divine Source of Light, summons around him other elect Souls, whose torches likewise spring into fire at the Radiance which already illumines the world! This tradition of Initiates—of Masters—of Prophets—to whom the Mysteries of Religions were confided, has been handed down from most ancient times, and re-appears in unexpected places. Krishna was surrounded by disciples. Moses assembled around him the priesthood; Pythagoras had his School of Initiates; Plato his Academy; The

Christ His Twelve Apostles, to whom He confided His mystic Teaching. And in latter times, the same tradition reappears in the Arthurian Legends of the Knights of the Round Table; in 'Lohengrin,' and 'Parsifal,' where the Knights of the Grail preserve the mystery of the Holy Cup from profane knowledge: and to-day, the modern Theosophist believes in the "Elder Brethren" of the human race, who, shrouded in mystery, continue to open the gate of occult Truth to those Souls prepared to receive it. Mons. Schuré endeavours to show in this work that the Initiates of all Ages, Races, and Religions, are linked together in one golden Chain of occult Wisdom: that the Root Beliefs of the great World-Religions are identical: and, that the underlying Mysteries were only translated into different exoteric formulas and ceremonies, according to the spiritual development, race, or age of the nation instructed. "*Chacun des grands Initiés réprésente une des grandes réligions qui ont contribué, à la constitution de l'humanité actuelle, et dont la suite marque la ligne d'évolution décrite par elle, dans le présent cycle, depuis l'Egypte ancienne et les premiers temps Aryans.*" To continue the quotation, we owe all religion, science, art, philosophy to these two great streams of civilization, the Semitic and the Aryan; in following the course of the Semitic, we reach Egypt through the Mosaic dispensation: and in ascending the Aryan, we penetrate India. The conception of the Unity of Deity is contained in the Semitic; the conception of the ascending evolution of the soul, in the Aryan.

"*Le génie sémitique descend de Dieu à l'homme; le génie aryan remonte de l'homme à Dieu.*" And these two Root Ideas contain the Mystery of the supreme Initiation in all great Religions; the Unity of the Creator, manifesting in Diversity of Creation; and the evolution of the immortal Soul, descending from Deity, and returning to Deity, in the perpetual spiral of eternity.

In his treatise on Rama, Mons. Schuré penetrates through the ancient Brahmanic traditions to the Aryan race, that cradle of ian religions and Indo-European myths.

The sacred books of the Vedas conduct us to the threshold of ure Aryan cult, and in this literature, the Central Idea of the

Unity of Deity is in harmony with Diversity in Manifestation, and reveals a grandeur—a largeness of vision, now lost to humanity. Agni-Fire was the symbol of divine Unity to the Ayran race, permeating and inter-penetrating every living thing.

"O Agni Feu sacré! Feu purifiant! Toi qui dors dans le bois, et monte en flammes brillantes sur l'autel, tu es le coeur du sacrifice, l'essor hardi de la prière, l'étincelle divine cachée en toute chose, l'âme glorieuse de soleil!"

This beautiful apostrophe to the divine illuminating Spirit is quoted by Mons. Schuré from a Vedic Hymn, and in all Ages, Races, and Religions, that Spark of living Fire, the human Soul, ascends, as in the Flame on the old Vedic Altar, to the Source from which it sprang.

The Vedas consider the very act of cosmogony a perpetual sacrifice; *"Pour produire tout ce qu'il existe l'Etre Suprême s'immole Lui-meme; Il se divise pour sortir de sa unite."* And this profound Thought contains the germ of the Theosophical doctrine of the evolution of God in the world; of the fall and ascent of Souls, expanded in the Hermetic and Orphic mysteries, and re-appearing in the doctrine of the divine Word, proclaimed by Krishna, and fulfilled in the Christ.

Ages before Darwin had laboriously constructed his scheme of the physical evolution of man, the subtle Aryan mind had conceived of the evolution of Soul as well as of body. *"Les poètes Védiques n'indiquent pas seulement la destinée de l'âme, ils s'inquietent aussi de sa origine. D'où est née l'âme! Il en est qui viennent vers nous, et s'en retournent et reviennent."*

And this belief in the immortality and re-incarnation of the Soul was fundamental in the initiations of Brahma and Buddha; in the Hermetic and Orphic mysteries, and in the philosophy of Pythagoras and Plato, for to these powerful intellects of the past, a single human life with its experiences of suffering and joy, was as a "bead on the chain of Existence": each bead or life linked to the other by the string or consequence of the past, and hence the retributive doctrine of Karma, in which every Thought, Word, and Act, is the inexorable result of precedent Thoughts, Words, and Actions. For, *"La foi au pouvoir évocateur et créateur de la parole humaine, accompagnée du mouvement puissant de l'âme, ou*

d'une intense projection de la volonté, est la source de tous les cultes."

The Aryan conquest of India produced a developed civilization and a profound system of religious philosophy, in which the Solar and Lunar cults (*i.e.*: the masculine and feminine conceptions of Deity) were reconciled in the doctrines of Brahma. The Brahmanic philosophy first developed the initial conceptions of the Trinity; of the Incarnation or descent of Divinity into humanity; and of the immortality and progressive reincarnations of the Soul in its ascent towards Deity.

The Hindu Epic, "The Bhagavatgita," is supposed to be the initiation by Krishna of his disciple Arjuna into the mysteries of Brahmanic philosophy: "*il enseigna la doctrine de l'âme immortel des ses renaissances et son union mystique avec Dieu: que l'âme est invisible, imponderable, incorruptible, éternelle; que l'homme terrestre est triple comme la divinité, qu'il reflête; intelligence, âme et corps . . . . pour parvenir à perfection, il faut conquérir la science de l'Unité . . . . il faut s'élever à l'Etre divin . . . . Qui est en chacun de nous mais peu savent Le trouver.*"

What can be more profound than these significant lines, summing up, as it were, the whole essence of the philosophy of Brahma.

"Never the Spirit was born: the Spirit shall cease to be never.
Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the Spirit for ever.
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems." *

The legend of Krishna and his mother, Devaki, first evoked, in human consciousness, the beautiful idea of the Virgin Mother and her divine Child, and thus the conception of a Messiah as the redeeming and reconciling power of Divinity, through love and sacrifice, dawned on the world, and ever after irradiated the sanctuaries of the Asiatic, African, and European Temples, with its light. In Persia, Mithras is the reconciler of Ormuzd and Ahriman; in Egypt, Horus, the son of Osiris and Isis, acts as mediator; in Greece, Apollo, god of the sun and of the lyre, and Dionysus, the regenerator of Souls are redeemers; thus ascending

* "The Bhagavatgita" translation Sir Edwin Arnold.

step by step, religion by religion, we reach at last the glorious fulfilment of the passionate desire of humanity, in the coming of the Christ—the Divine Word—the God in man as the Redeemer—the Saviour.

. . . . . .

"O Âme aveugle! arme-toi du flambeau des mystères et dans la nuit terrestre, tu découvriras ton double lumineux, ton Âme céleste. Suis ce guide divin, et qu'il soit ton génie. Car il tient la clef de tes existences passées et futurs."

In these words, quoted by Mons. Schuré from the Egyptian 'Book of the Dead," the student is invited to penetrate the Egyptian theogony, and to question the inscrutable Sphinx crouching at the gates of Life and Death. Thebes, the city of Ra the sun-god, was the centre of the cult of Isis and Osiris (O-sir-is—intellectual power). The Pharoah was the pupil of the Initiated priesthood, if not an Initiate himself, and the Mysteries of the Egyptian Sanctuaries, veiled in a magnificent exoteric ceremonial and mythology, were jealously guarded from the knowledge of the profane. For, "*la veritable initiation . . . . était la création d'une âme par elle-même, son éclosion sur un élan supérieur son efflorescence dans le monde divin . . . . L'initiation était un entrainement graduel de tout l'être humain vers les sommets vertigineux de l'esprit d'ou l'on peut dominer la vie.*"

But the comprehension of such transcendant spirituality is as impossible to the Soul shut in the prison of the senses, as the conception of colour to the blind, or sound to the deaf, and the trials, to which the aspirant to the Egyptian Initiation was subjected, were exceptionally severe: only elect Souls then, as now, could enter the 'pronaos' of the mystic Temple.

The Initiation of Light is the crown and centre of the Hermetic or Egyptian mysteries. In one of the books of Hermes Trismegistus, the supposed founder of the Hermetic philosophy, the hierophant beholds in a vision, Light inundating Chaos as the radiance of the Divine Intelligence illuminates the denseness of matter through the power of the creative Word; before him is unrolled "*la vie des mondes, le chemin des âmes,*" he sees the fall of Souls into matter, "*Ce sont des germes d'âmes, en tombant de sphère en sphère elles revêtent d'enveloppes plus lourdes. Dans*

chaque incarnation elles acquirent un nouveau sens corporel—mais à mésure qu'elles entrent en des corps plus épais, elles perdent le souvenir de leur origine céleste. De plus en plus captivé par la matière . . . elles se précipitent . . . à travers les régions de la Douleur, de l'Amour, et de la Mort . . . où la Vie divine parait un vain rêve."

But from the tomb of this material death in life, the Soul of the Initiate of Osiris rose, as in a joyful resurrection, in full consciousness of immortality.

From the temples of Egypt issued two other great World Religions, utterly opposed the one to the other; the Monotheism of Israel, and the Polytheism of Greece, yet both were a development of the same Initiation.

For in all the great Religions, the fundamental Idea of Deity was that of a Spiritual Unity. But this vast Conception frequently became an esoteric mystery, only revealed to Initiates in the sanctuaries of the Temples, because the popular mind could not grasp it; the ordinary intellect always seizes with greater facility on an exoteric manifestation of Deity, as revealed in diversity of Creation or emanation, and what is reverenced by a great mind as a symbol of veiled and sacred truth, is worshipped by the small mind as Divinity itself. Thus "the gods descend in likeness of men." This is specially the case in the gorgeous ritual and many-headed deities of Egypt, nor is it without example in modern Catholic Churches, where the Virgin Mother and Child, surrounded by a whole hierarchy of Saints, is certainly worshipped by the multitude.

The old Hebrew Patriarchs had preserved the ancient Monotheistic idea of the Aelohim in its purity beneath the stars of the desert, but it was left for the adopted son of the Egyptian princess, learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, the Initiate of the Temple of Osiris, to give to Israel its Mission.

The great law-giver seized upon the austere monotheism, which was the Central Idea of the Egyptian theogony, and uniting it to the pure faith in Aelohim, handed down by tradition among the Hebrews, he established it as the unique dogma of a new Religion. The Mission of Israel was the worship of Jehovah, and the law was clear in its simplicity. "I am the Lord thy God:

thou shalt worship no other gods but Me." The sacred Ark of the Covenant was to bear the germ of a universal Religion—one God —one Law—on the turbulent ocean of nations.

"*Cette Idée Vivante marchait devant Moise comme l'Ange armé du glaive de feu.*" And from the Departure out of Egypt, until now, Israel has always remained a "Peculiar People," standing magnificently alone, like some vast monolith erected by the great law-giver, to the memory of the single Word—carved at its base—Jehovah!

. . . . . .

It was through the veil of Nature that the Greeks sought Divinity: for them every flower, every shrub, possessed its hidden meaning—its legend. The whole Universe vibrated to the Divine Touch like a lyre, strung in the hand of a Player, and the World quivered in harmony. The founder of the Orphic Mysteries awoke the Soul of Greece: "*l'adoration des sanctuaires, la tradition des Initiés, le cri despoètes, la voix des philosophes, et plus que tout le reste, son oeuvre—la Grèce organique—témoignent de sa vivante réalité.*"

The description given us by Mons. Schuré of the celebration of the Mysteries of Dionysos in the Valley of Tempé, is redolent with the beauty of Nature, impregnated with the joyousnes of spring and of summer, and the sadness of autumn and winter. We seem to see the enchanted vale in the mists of the moonlight; we watch the Procession winding through the myrtle groves and the poplars. The white-clad boys first advance, holding aloft the mystic Cup of life and of joy, followed by the men in short tunics and lion-skins crowned with olive; then come the blue-robed maidens, their hair twined with fragrant narcissus, and the women in their peplons of red; and lastly, the train of mourners in their trailing black garments wreathed with asphodel, weeping for Persephone. The wild sweet cries of Eros, Aphrodite, Dionysos, Persephone, Adonais, seem wafted on the breezes of night; and now and again the more passionate invocation, "Evohé! évohé!" sweeps across these confused sounds with a deeper, stronger note.

"*Comme elles s'agitent dans l'immense Univers; comme elles tourbillonent, et se cherchent, ces âmes inombrables, qui jaillissent de la grande Ame du monde! Elles tombent de planète en planète.*

et pleurent dans l'abîme, la patrie oubliée . . . Ce sont tes larmes Dionysos, oh grand Esprit, ô divin Libérateur, reprend tes filles dans ton sein de lumière." In this quotation from an Orphic fragment, Mons. Schuré points at once to the hidden significance which entwines the wild mysteries of Dionysos with such strange beauty and pathos; the fall of souls into matter, and their re-ascent towards their divine Source, reflected in the mythos of the death and resurrection of Dionysos in the image of the divine Persephone, imprisoned by Pluto Adonais, King of Hell. In the long thrilling cry, "Evohé! évohé!" that cry of Initiates of all ages, races, and faiths, the aspiration of spirits held down by the chains of the body, sweeps upwards towards their Creator and

> "Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,
> Vast images in glimmering dawn
> Half shown, half broken, and withdrawn."

The seven-stringed Lyre of the Orphic Mysteries had thus awakened the soul of Greece by its melodious beauty to a diviner life, but the strings again broke, and the music died in the wailing discords of Bacchic revelry. Nevertheless, in the sanctuaries of the Temples, in the inspiration of poets and philosophers, an echo of the Past still lingered, and at last the Lyre was restrung in the hands of Pythagoras to a new and more perfect harmony. "*Pythagore vit les mondes se mouvoir selon le rhythme et l'harmonie des nombres sacrés. Il vit l' équilibre de la terre et du ciel dont la liberté humaine tient le balance des trois mondes: naturel, humain, et divin. . . . Il devina les sphères du monde invisible enveloppant le visible et l'animant sans cesse: il conçut enfin l' épuration et la libération de l'homme, dès cette terre, par ce triple initiation.*"

Pythagoras is supposed to have studied the Mysteries in the Temples of Memphis and Babylon; on his return to Greece, after awaking the dumb Oracle in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, he established himself in the Italian city of Crotona, where he founded his School of Initiates in esoteric philosophy. Until now the secrets of Initiation had been hidden in the Sanctuaries of the Temples; the veil before the "dread Portal" had been kept jealously drawn by the priesthood, but, as Mons. Schuré points out, the Pythagorean School was a remarkable attempt at an

initiation of the Laity. "*L' institut pythagoricienne devint à la fois un collége d'éducation, une academie des sciences et les arts réunis, qu'on y parvenait lentement à cette science des sciences, à cette harmonie magique de l'âme et de l'intellecte avec l'univers, que les pythagoriciens consideraient comme l'arcane de la philosophie et de la réligion.*" The science of Numbers, as studied beneath various names in the Temples of Egypt and Asia, was the key of the Pythagorean doctrine. "*Les Nombres continuent le sécrét des choses, et Dieu est l'harmonie universelle. Les sept modes sacrés, construit sur les sept notes de l'heptacorde correspondent aux sept couleurs de la lumière, aux sept planètes, et aux sept modes d'existence qui se répro-duisent dans toutes les sphères de la vie matérielle et spirituelle. Les mélodies de ces modes . . . . devaient accorder l'âme, et la rendre suffisament harmonieuse pour vibrer juste, au souffle de la vérité.*"

In what may be termed esoteric mathematics, Pythagoras discovered the Mysteries "of Being, Science, and Life," and thereon he founded a rational theology or scientific philosophy. He desired the evolution of the whole Kosmos into perfect harmony with Deity. In accordance with this central idea he taught the immortality of the Soul, and its transmigration and purification through various incarnations, as in the Aryan, Hermetic, and Orphic Mysteries. He imposed on his Initiates perfect purity of outward life, that the body might be in union with the divine inspiration of the Soul. "*Il fallait, selon Pythagore, réaliser trois perfections; réaliser la vérité dans l'intelligence, la vertu dans l'âme, le pureté dans le corps.*"

By the equal Initiation of Women as of men, Pythagoras raised the standard of womanhood to an exquisitely lofty Ideal: this femine Initiation had previously existed in India, Egypt, and Greece, and, in restoring it, Pythagoras re-established the beautiful Vedic conception of the Woman as, "*la prêtresse de l'autel, domestique:*" and again revealed, "*la transfiguration de l'amour dans le marriage parfait qui est la pénétration de deux âmes au centre même de la vie et de la vérité. . . . Car lorsque l'homme et la femme se seront trouvés eux-mêmes et l'un l'autre, par l'amour profond et par l'initiation, leur fusion sera la force rayonnante et créatrice par excellence.*"

Pythagoras had opened the Sanctuaries of the Temples to the laity, but Socrates and his pupil Plato went further on the same road in "announcing the era of open science," and by presenting Truth in popular form to the ordinary mind. Socrates would reconstitute the world and the state by the inward comprehension of the Just and the True in the minds of each separate individual, and by the application of this knowledge to the requirements of daily life. In following the footsteps of his Master, Plato received from him the impulse of his genius; young, rich, surrounded by the luxurious temptations of a decadent age, the young Athenian at first sought the perfect harmony of Being in Love and Beauty, "*Il chercha le Beau suprême à travers tous les modes et toutes les formes de la beauté, il cultiva tour à tour la peinture, la musique, et la poésie.*" But from this mere conception of the senses, he was awakened by Socrates to the realisation of the higher beauty of the Soul; "*cette Beauté rayonnante, éternelle, qui est la splendeur du Vrai, tua la beauté changeante et trompeuse dans l'âme de Platon*": he renounced the pleasures of youth, and became the disciple of Socrates.

He is supposed to have acquired Initiation in the Mysteries at Eleusis, in Egypt, also with the Pythagoreans in Italy, and on his return to Athens he founded his Academy. Like Socrates, he did not confine his teaching to select minds, he surrounded himself with the gay youth of Athens, he descended into the arena of common life, boldly contending with its passions, its temptations, showing to the pleasure-loving Athenians by force of example, reason, and eloquence, "a more excellent Way." To the Greeks, steeped in the beauty of the Senses, he held up the higher Ideal of "the fair Soul in the fair Body," and the lofty and immortal destiny of that Soul when released from the prison of the Body, for "absolute Beauty, absolute Good, cannot be reached by any bodily sense." In the prayer of Socrates, the longing of Master and disciple for this perfect harmony of body and soul may be summed up:

"Give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one."

To the Initiate of the time of Plato, the Mysteries of Eleusis, like the Mysteries of Dionysos, contained the same drama of the

fall and redemption of the human Soul: "*Le mythe de Cérès et de sa fille Proserpine (ou Persephone) est la réprésentation symbolique de l'histoire de l'âme, de sa descente dans la matière, de ses souffrances dans les ténébres de l'oubli, puis de sa ré-ascension et de son retour à la vie divine.*" The lesser mysteries were celebrated in February at Agrae, near Athens: the greater mysteries were only celebrated once in five years at Eleusis, and lasted five days.

Mons. Schuré considers these Mysteries as the complement—the explanation, of the Greek Plays and Tragedies, "*Voilà que c'etait les mystères en face de la Tragédie, le drame divin de l'âme complétant—expliquant—le drame terrestre de l' homme.*" In the temptation of Perséphone by Eros with the Flower of Desire, is the key of the mythos, and the words of the god of Love to Persephone, as quoted by Mons. Schuré, contain a deep and hidden meaning for those who have already ascended from the darkness of the senses, to the light of the spirit. "*L'abîme a des terreurs et des frissons que le ciel ignore: mais il ne comprend pas le ciel, celui qui n'est pas traversé la terre et les enfers!*"

Thus step by step, ascending the great Stairway of those Mysteries by which the human Soul has endeavoured in all ages, races, and climes, to find the Divine *in* Itself, and *above* Itself, we are led by the writer of "*Les grands Initiés,*" to those mystic heights from which we contemplate "the Coming of the Son of Man." The Messianic Idea of the reconciliation of the human Soul with Deity, interpenetrating all the ancient Initiations, and the Doctrine of the Divine Word, first proclaimed by Krishna, is fulfilled in the Christ; while the narrative in the Gospels leads to the contemplation of the Christ-Life both from It's exoteric and esoteric point of view.

Who can say that the French mystic may not be right in predicting still wider horizons of spiritual Truth, in the fusion of ancient and modern Ideals?

"*Car, il est un point au l'homme qui veut devenir dieu, se rencontre avec le dieu fait homme, c'est le point même où la science devient la sagesse en se fondant à l'Amour.*"

M. SYLVESTRE.

FORMER LIVES OF LIVING PEOPLE.

By A. P. SINNETT.

ONE of the familiar objections raised by those who represent conventional thinking, against the belief some of us entertain that everyone now living on earth must have lived through other lives on earth in former times, has to do with the broad truth that, at all events as a general rule, no one recollects these former lives. Equally familiar to all students of the subject is the answer given on behalf of occult science generally, that many people *do* remember their former lives, even if, at present, persons thus exceptionally endowed represent a microscopic percentage of the whole community. Further explanations deal with the reasons why,—obviously deduced from the whole scheme of human evolution,—it has been held by Nature unadvisable at the present stage of human growth to invest everyone with the faculties conducive to the recollection of former lives. Or, putting the same idea in other words, we are enabled to understand how it has come to pass that as yet only a few of our race have made certain peculiar and unusual efforts in former lives which have given rise to their possession, at the present time, of the faculties which extend the memory beyond the confines of the current incarnation.

The full elucidation of all the ideas hinted at above would entail protracted essays on various aspects of occult science. These would be out of keeping with the purpose I have at present in view. But the fact is, that although, as I say, those who remember their past lives are few in proportion to the

population, they are sufficiently numerous to have enabled those of us seriously working in such regions of discovery, to have accumulated quite a mass of interesting records relating to former lives, in which, by reason of our association with their present representatives, we are specially interested. Hitherto these records have been made use of merely in the circles within which they have originated, but no serious objection seems to stand in the way of giving some of them at all events, a wider circulation, even although, for the majority of those who may read them in print they will probably be regarded as so much imaginative fiction. It often happens in this world where motives, suspicions and credulity are so curiously entangled, that statements which are really fictitious are successfully put forward as truths, while some truths are so little likely to command acceptance from the world at large that they are put forward in the guise of fiction. Much conventional history is gradually becoming recognised as the product of imagination, while only the other day the record of a life lived through a couple of thousand years ago in Rome, known by many of us to have been a genuine record of actual occurrences, has been given to the world in the shape of a novel. In this case, indeed, Mrs. Campbell Praed has prefaced "Nyria" with an honest statement to the effect that it is the produce, not of her own fancy, but of some one else's memory, while in some other cases, writers who have really availed themselves of abnormal information concerning the past, have not thought it worth while to puzzle a generation too generally ignorant to understand such things, with any statement to the effect that their writing differed in any way from other fruits of imagination.

But at all events a fairly considerable body of people at the present stage of human growth are opening the doors of the mind to the comprehension of possibilities which would rarely indeed have been regarded in that light a quarter of a century ago, and thus it has seemed better to me in dealing with some of the by-gone lives I am about to describe, to use no literary artifice in connection with them, but simply to put them forward as what they are, the results of clarivoyant investigation along the lines of continuous human individualities. But to make the actual facts of the matter clearer for those who have the wit to compre-

hend that I am simply telling the truth about them, it may be well to describe more fully the varying methods by which records of past lives are sometimes to be obtained.

Now and then it is possible for those who are adequately gifted, or rather, for those who are in possession of faculties they have gradually earned, to remember former lives in a simple, straightforward manner, corresponding to what we call memory in connection with any current phase of existence. In another group of cases it will be found that normal waking memory does not command this extensive range, but that the persons concerned when subject to mesmeric influence will be enabled to recover memory of former lives and tell the tale of these in response to questioning, even though, returning to the normal state, they wil not remember what has transpired. The world at large is so marvellously neglectful of the most interesting discoveries in progress around us, that multitudes will be incredulous even regarding the possibility of such processes of these, familiar as they are to all who have made the pyschic possibilities of mesmerism their study. But again, a third method of diving into the mysteries of the past is enormously more effective than either of those just mentioned. Where the clairvoyant faculty is so trained and developed as to be available during the ordinary waking state of the person who possesses it, it can be applied not merely to the investigation of circumstances attending lives of his own in the past, but also into the whole environment of those former lives; so that if at any former period he was living contemporaneously with this or that friend of the present time, he is in a position to observe the circumstances of that friend's life as fully and completely as though he were dealing with his own,—much more fully and completely, be it understood, than it would be possible for any one of us now, by ordinary means, to observe the lives of others of our own generation. The clairvoyant faculty, if it observes at all, is infinitely more penetrating in its power than mere sense perceptions applied to current phenomena, and truth to tell, in its highest perfection it is not even dependent on the condition assumed just now—the condition that in the past the person now exercising the faculty shall have lived contemporaneously with the person whose former life is to be

investigated. Again, enormous digressions would be necessary in order to elucidate these few statements thoroughly, but for the moment as they are merely referred to for the sake of making the origin of the stories I wish to tell comparatively intelligible, I must leave them to be brushed aside by some readers as "incompatible with the laws of nature" as they understand these, but to be appreciated more cordially by some others who, as I said before, will have the wit to realise that I am dealing with the simple truth of things without embroidery or exaggeration.

And now, in illustration of all I have been saying so far, and in order that the reader may realise the nature and extent of the information concerning any past life which clairvoyant investigation is enabled to furnish us, I will set forth the main outline of a group of lives belonging to a remote period, and selected from the masses of material at my disposal, for the sake partly of their dramatic interest and partly for the gleams of light they throw upon some of the problems connected with the moral laws controlling human progress, and giving rise as the centuries revolve, to the varying experiences which fall to our lot. And I think it may be more interesting for those who are most likely to comprehend the real value of researches like those with which we are now concerned, to follow the progress of the investigation bit by bit, the way in which the whole story was gradually pieced together, rather than to epitomise it in a more orderly fashion as one would do, of course, if dealing with a biography studied in the literary way.

The special research I am about to deal with was conducted by a friend whose clairvoyant faculties are of the finest order above referred to, and he had focussed his attention, for reasons connected with other investigations, on the life of a certain mutual friend of ours, which was lived through some ten or twelve thousand years ago in the southern portion of that great mass of land once situated in what is now the Atlantic ocean, and known to all students of Atlantean history as Poseidonis. Poseidonis was the last fragment of the great Atlantean continent, the huger masses of which had been swallowed up in very much earlier catastrophes, or eaten away by the ocean in a long succession of ages. Poseidonis, as all students of occultism are aware,

was inhabited by mixed races; those who were socially the higher and more dominant representing the unholy development of occult knowledge by which the civilisation of Atlantis was at that time characterised, the lower being practically in conditions of servitude. Our friend was at once identified as belonging to the subordinate race. He was in effect a slave, although exercising important functions in the service of the man to whom he belonged, this man being, of course, one of the ruling race. The master was soon identified as a person of great importance in the state to which he belonged, exercising functions which we should describe as those of a statesman or minister. Our friend, it was perceived, was practically his steward, in control of his vast estates and of the population by which they were cultivated.

The master was ambitious and unscrupulous. His immediate object was to strengthen and extend to the utmost his influence with the king. Even while our clairvoyant investigator was concerned with some of the details of the picture to which he had obtained access, and was describing the houses in which this master lived, and the luxurious conditions of his household, flashes of perception relating to a great coming trouble began to cross the scenes that he observed. Our friend, whose life was under investigation, was seen to have been married and to have a grown-up daughter of whom he was intensely fond. He was passionately desirous of securing her marriage with some one belonging to the ruling race, so that in that way she might be exempt from all the perils otherwise attaching to her position as a hereditary slave. And this ambition was not merely a vague hope, but had some definite possibilities to support it, when suddenly the master, careless of all the interests of those who belonged to him, gave the girl, still his legal property, to a young man who wanted her in the ordinary way of the period, without dreaming of raising her to his own social station.

The mental suffering and fury of the father are terrible. The young fellow to whom the girl has been given, is seen to be a dissolute young brute who does not even treat her well. The father in his passion and misery organises a deep scheme of revenge. Years are spent in carrying it out, but with the

enormous influence over his master's affairs which he possesses as his steward, he contrives in the end to secure his ruin under circumstances which also involve him in the suspicion of treachery to the king. For a time, indeed, the once powerful minister is put under arrest, but the plot has not been entirely successful. He contrives to exonerate himself from the worst charges against him. He recovers his freedom, and then a fearful scene is witnessed in which the steward, to render his revenge more incisive, openly declares to his master the manner in which he has been the author of his ruin. Of course, in another moment, the master would have summoned other slaves and would have doomed his enemy to some horrible form of execution, but without further ceremony the steward springs upon him, kills him, and makes his escape.

He flies far away to the northern regions of Poseidonis, a mountainous country inhabited by a comparatively barbarous people who are neglected by the superior race ruling in the south. The life our friend lives among these people is rude and rough, but still he exults in his freedom, and devotes himself to the great idea that he will ultimately return to the south, rescue his daughter, and bring her back with him to the mountains. Years elapse before this enterprise can be carried out, but eventually he conceives it to be possible, and returns to his own home in disguise. Vaguely we are enabled to sense many adventures that befall him, but time did not allow of an exhaustive investigation of these. The broad result was plainly perceptible. The father eventually succeeded in reaching his daughter, and she in turn escapes from her bondage. The trials and privations of their flight are very serious. The fugitives do actually succeed, eventually, in getting back to their wild home among the mountains. But the girl has suffered from the journey to that degree that its hardships have told fatally on her health. A few months after her establishment among the wild people she dies, and the father's terrible grief in turn seems to affect his reason. He leads a hermit life in the woods, and so eventually, though the spirit form of the daughter is often seen vainly endeavouring to comfort him, his sad and chequered life wears itself away, and he passes for a time to those higher regions of spiritual existence which nature

provides for the rest and refreshment even of the most sorely tried victims of the strenuous earthly pilgrimage.

After a long period of spiritual rest, our friend was traced into another incarnation in the same part of Poseidonis, where most of the life just described was spent, and this time he re-appeared amongst the dominant race. But very little in the adventures of this new life could be traced as in any way arising from the thrilling experiences of that which immediately preceded it. In this way it has continually been discovered, in connection with these researches into past lives, that causes set in activity are often very slow in working themselves out. At the first glance the occult student is enabled to obtain concerning with the great law of karma, he expects to find each successive life an exact complement or reflection of the last, and is bewildered very often by the discovery that great merit is sometimes apparently ignored by the mighty law which regulates human welfare, while evil doing, even of a very serious kind, is sometimes apparently ineffective in producing appropriate results for several succeeding incarnations. In the long run there is every reason to believe that a perfect equilibrium is established, but the play of the forces concerned is exceedingly complicated, and natural justice, whether it has penalties or rewards to dispense, makes up its account, so to speak, with great deliberation. Perhaps only one of its items can properly be dealt with in the compass of a single life, and thus we may find others of far greater importance awaiting their fruition at a later date.

In the second life of the series we are now dealing with, our friend has an easy and luxurious time, and opportunities of which he makes a free use, for engendering bad karma in his relations with the other sex. But it is not worth while to examine the details of this episode minutely, the life comes to an abrupt termination in the midst of the gigantic cataclysm which destroyed the whole huge island of Poseidonis in the space of four and twenty hours. Another long interval follows between this life aud the next incarnation, a great part of which is spent not on the truly spiritual plane but in the astral region. On this little text one might enlarge at some length, observing the manner in which the lives we live on other planes between incarnate existences vary in

their character as widely almost as the incarnate lives themselves. But for the moment it may be more convenient to keep attention fixed on a definite chain of physical plane experiences.

The incarnation next following our friend's second Poseidonis life involved a change of sex. He was born in China among some inland people, and spent a life about 8,800 B.C., amidst curiously torpid, uneventful surroundings, unworthy of any close examination. And this life in turn is followed by another in the female sex, about a thousand years later, in a region to the north of the Persian Gulf, but again involving no striking experiences that can be directly related along the lines of karmic consequence, to the thrilling adventures of the early life in Poseidonis. Only after this existence at a period about 5,900 B.C., our friend enters on a life still in the female sex, in which we are enabled to trace important and even thrilling events clearly arising from the adventures of the early life first described.

The girl in this case is the sister of a mandarin of some importance, exercising administrative functions in the northern regions of Mongolia. The parents seem to have disappeared from the scene, and our clairvoyant's attention becomes fixed on a period in the girl's life when she is of marriageable age and a very desirable bride. At the place where she lives the Ego, who in the early Poseidonis life was the master who was murdered, turns up again in the person of an old student of occult mysteries, reflecting the worst characteristics of the bygone Atlantean period, absolutely unscrupulous in his pursuit of occult knowledge, and belonging to the order technically described as that of the "black magician." He has long had his attention fixed upon the girl, the heroine of our present story, perceiving that she has psychic characteristics, which he would be well able to turn to account. He is eager to secure her services as a mesmeric sensitive, but she is about to be married to a young man of her own rank, to whom she is attached, and the magician seems thus on the point of losing his last chance of securing her. The marriage ceremonies of the period are associated with horse-play, involving a mock raid upon the bride's household, the bridegroom being supposed to carry her off by force after a sham encounter with her friends. But the magician takes advantage of this custom,

engages emissaries of his own to take part in the melée, which is thus turned into a real fight, and the bridegroom is killed. The girl goes back to her brother's house in great grief; the brother suspects the magician, but cannot prove his complicity in the crime.

The brother is obliged by his official duties to take frequent journeys. During one of these, the old magician contrives to abduct the girl quite secretly, and keeps her a prisoner on his own premises. Of course, for a long time she is angered and rebellious, but her psychic nature renders her accessible to influences he can bring to bear upon her, and by degrees he partly wearies and partly starves her into a sullen consent to take part in his occult séances. Through her mediumship he in this way acquires great influence, wealth and power, and then eventually, yielding to temptation, which becomes too powerful for resistance, although he knows that he will thus destroy her value as a sensitive, he makes her the slave of his lower passions. Then in time he tires of her in that capacity. The difficulty he has then to face arises from the question how to get rid of her. He would take the simple course of killing her, but is afraid to do this for fear of exciting the enmity of the invisible beings who had used her as their medium. At last an opportunity for getting rid of her in another way arises. A caravan is going across the Gobi desert from China to regions far in the south corresponding to those we now speak of as Burmah. He attaches some of his own emissaries to this caravan, and sends the girl with them as a slave. But to guard against the risk that she should tell her story, he treats her to a barbarous mutilation, cutting out her tongue. Writing seems to have been a rare faculty at that time. At all events, it is not within her reach. So she is powerless to appeal for protection.

The long and terrible journey has been traced in some of its episodes by our clairvoyant, but though it lasts nearly a year, need hardly be described here. In Burmah, eventually, the girl is sold as a slave, but now some curious developments ensue. The people into whose hands she falls are of a very much more advanced type than those amongst whom she was born, and besides this, are of a kindly disposition. They treat her well, become very fond of her, and eventually she is married to one of the sons, and except

for her terrible physical disability leads a life which is fairly happy. One pathetic little touch is observed. Amongst her worst trials is her inability to teach her own children to speak. But, nevertheless, as time has gone on, she has been taught to express herself in writing, and, of course, has told the whole of her story. The sympathetic friends of her new family are eager to convey news of all that has passed to her brother in the north, but the practical difficulties in the way of doing this are very great. Many efforts are made without success, but at last in one of the annual caravans she finds someone whom she knows, and who becomes eagerly willing to be the bearer of her message to her brother. She cannot send a written communication, for she only writes Burmese, but the messenger goes back with her story, and is but too eager to get her wrongs avenged. He rashly talks of his errand, and as the caravan to which he belongs approaches the brother's territory, some news concerning his intentions leak out in advance. The old magacian hears about it and contrives by means of his subordinates to have the messenger seized, and puts him to death. So after all, the news from Burmah never reaches the mandarin brother.

Never, that is to say, in the course of the then current life. One further significant development is observed however, for the observation which can evoke these records from the past, is concerned with other planes of consciousness besides that of this earth. The brother never hears, during his physical life of the wrongs to which his sister had been subjected, but meets her after their physical lives are over, on the astral plane of existence, and there hears all that has transpired. His indignation knows no bounds. His desire to revenge himself and her on the magician is overwhelming in its force, and such revenge might not have been impossible for him although it would have taken a different shape from that that would naturally have followed had he learned the truth during physical life. But here a new influence comes into play. The girl has been morally educated by her Burmese friends and has begun to grasp the idea that it is not wise for human creatures to seek revenge on one another for their wrongs; that the higher law enjoins them to leave this task to a mightier power than themselves. She will not allow her brother

to wreak revenge on the old magician, and thus in a certain indirect way, good, in the shape of moral or spiritual progress for both emerges from the melancholy tragedy, but leaves us now eager to know in what way the mightier powers who wield the vengeance of Nature, come down eventually upon the villain of the story.

And if this were a fiction it would be easy to design some appropriate sufferings for him, but in so far as it is a fragmentary observation of the imperishable records in which, for those who read them, the history of the past is enshrined, I can only say the record, in so far as it must deal with the later adventures of the magician, have not been deciphered for my benefit. But in truth, we know enough of the laws governing spiritual evolution to comprehend in their broader outlines the consequences that must ensue from such evil doing as the old magician was guilty of. As long as his individual strength and resolute purpose prevails, he may hold, by his knowledge and power, the vengeance of the law at arm's length. But the longer its operation is deferred the more terrible its effect must be in its ultimate consequences, although I must again refrain from the protracted digression that would be involved in an attempt to explain here the nature of the suffering due to a perversion of super-physical knowledge in the service of selfish incarnate ambitions. Spiritual sinfulness, so to speak, is far more terrible in its ultimate consequences than mere offences within the range of physical life of which ordinary people are alone capable, and is in reality the sin against the Holy Ghost, described in the symbolical language of scripture as the one unpardonable crime.

For many observers, at the first glance, the story of the Chinese girl represents a volume of suffering out of proportion to the criminality of the original steward of Poseidonis, whose action was after all the result of a provocation all but irresistible. But this natural criticism requires in turn to be criticised. The Atlantean steward's offence against karma resided not so much in the overt act of killing the master, but in the maintenance through a long series of years of an intense emotion of hatred unfaltering in its revengeful purpose. And from the other point of view, the sufferings of the Chinese girl, terrible as they

are to read of, were condensed within a few years of her life, the latter period of which was happy in every way except for the physical privation to which she was subject. To many of us this alone will seem so horrible that after all we shall remain disposed to find fault with the justice of nature as exhibited in the whole story. But again, if we are perfectly clear-sighted in our thought we shall recognise that the opportunity of spiritual growth acquired by the girl in her Burmese home was far in advance of any she could have inherited had she remained to lead an ordinary happy life in Northern Mongolia. And later on we find her, or the Ego which then expressed her personality, reappearing in races whose morals and civilisation express, in turn, an immense advance on those of Burmah, and we are enabled, in taking the whole series into account, to recognise the flower of real progress emerging from the germ of a suffering, which, considered by itself, seems out of proportion to the causes by which it was provoked.

But to follow the further thread of this investigation would open out regions of inquiry with which, for the moment, we need not be concerned. The episode described is in a measure complete in itself, and one of the tantalising facts connected with the analysis of past lives has to do with the disappointment we continually feel in not being able to recognise any round completeness within the limits to which research extends. On some other occasion, if I find reason to believe that such narratives as this attract the attention they certainly deserve, I will offer the reader further extracts from the fairly considerable body of bygone experience that clairvoyant research in the innermost circles of theosophical activity has accumulated on my hands.

UNITED.*

CHAPTER XIII.

A NEW PHASE.

THE two or three days that followed passed quietly over the Richmond household without bringing any startling incidents to disturb the even tenor of Edith's psychic development. Marston came each day at lunch time, and stayed with them till the evening was spent. None of them cared to go out much beyond the narrow precincts of the garden. They read and talked, and Edith sang to them. They were sometimes all three together, and sometimes either Mrs. Malcolm or Edith would be detained by letters or private occupations, and the remaining two would be left in confidential intercourse. But Marston put off the subject of his own life-history from time to time as a disagreeable topic. He wished Edith to know the sad mystery, he said, but to keep its unwholesome shadow as long as possible from interfering with the beautiful experiences she was passing through, and in the development of which he was fortunate enough to be able to be of service to her.

"When you have to leave us," he said one afternoon, "then I shall no longer feel that I am entitled to let you remain under any sense of being kept out of a secret concerning me. Not that it matters to you, in one way. There is nothing in my personal life which renders me unworthy of the privilege of showing you

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

how to use your wings. My final triumph as your teacher will be that you will want me no more; and then——"

"What then?" she asked, for he had seemed to try and put a conclusion to the sentence without being able.

"Nothing will matter then. Othello's occupation will be gone."

"If you think I am likely to learn in a few days all you can teach me—well, you either overrate me very much, or underrate yourself."

"It is not necessary for me to teach you all I know, in one sense, for my knowledge, such as it is, has been gained by a good deal of laborious study and thought that you need not take the trouble to go over. For reasons I cannot fathom—probably through your own great merits in former lives—you stand very near the fountain-head of all knowledge; very near that exalted spiritual life which is more than knowledge, in our physical sense of the term. Students who have taken great pains to acquire knowledge are sometimes apt to value its results by reference to the trouble they have spent to gain it. But how can I illustrate it? If you want a view over the country, and build a tower stone by stone, at last you may stand on the top and get the view. But if some one else can float up in a balloon, without an effort, whenever he chooses, he gets the required view all the same. I have been building a tower, and you are possessed of a balloon; and with that you can go ten times higher than I can with my tower, such as it is. Why should you plague yourself with the humble task of bricklaying?"

"You can always invent beautifully complimentary similes; but with that remarkable sagacity you applaud in me I am enabled to discern the fact that whenever any new question opens itself, I am very ignorant, and you are very full of information. I object to that state of things, and want to have it equalized more."

"Long may you remain of that mind. But let us recognise facts all the same. Just as true as the fact that I have read and thought for many more years than you have yet spent on the process, is the other fact I spoke of: that you stand close to the boundless ocean of—something more than knowledge—of higher

spiritual consciousness, which is walled off from humbler mortals by impenetrable barriers. So far the light assistance of mesmeric influence on your own fine physical organism is required to float off your consciousness into the superior realms. If that were not wanted—if you could at will ascend into free communion with your Spirit Queen and then be fully conscious of all that had passed in your waking physical brain—you would be already a more wonderful creature than you are, by a great way. Such persons may exist in the world, but they are examples of a very abnormal growth indeed. In your case I do not anticipate the development of that state of things. But, as our efforts continue, you are able to remember what you see in trance more and more clearly. The better that memory becomes—the more your impulses and thoughts and emotions in your waking state become saturated with the influence of your higher self—the more you will be spiritualized and guarded from the possibility of any ignoble contagion of lower worldly affinities during life. That kind of saturation of the lower nature by the influences of the higher is the final sum and perfection of knowledge—immeasurably superior to a capacity for quoting learned writers, and arguing out even these doctrines of spiritual science theoretically. So you see I am proving you to be as great as I say—am I not?"

"I don't know. So much of my life is spent in talk so unlike this—in society so far inferior to Marian's and yours—that I sometimes feel a kind of impostor when you speak of me as you have just been doing."

"That is just the struggle of the dual existence—the spiritual and physical. It is a terrible struggle, even for those who, like yourself, are best armed for it."

"But I think I am very badly armed. You merely see me here, in this delightful retreat, with the most beautiful influences all around. It seems all plain sailing here. To love spiritual culture and my glorious experience best, that is a matter of course. But, however much the best I love them, I go away into a worldly, frivolous life, and am obliged to spend all my time—except a few hasty moments to be snatched now and then in the future for Richmond—in the midst of *such* different things and people. That is not being armed—that is being overwhelmed by

my enemy; while you and Marian—you are the people who are armed by circumstance. You can live the life you choose, and be always in contact with higher ideas."

"Marian *is*, I think, in a great measure—— But as for me—well, never mind about me for the present. Let us keep on talking of a pleasanter subject—yourself. It is just because you are likely to be subject to so many temptations and distractions that I am wishing for you so earnestly that you may become, in some degree, independent of my help in the exercise of your psychic powers, and——"

"There!" cried Edith, suddenly interrupting. "What was that? Didn't you see? Why, good gracious!——"

She had had some light wool-work in her hands, and they were sitting on the lawn sloping down to the river, though screened by bushes, so as to be in privacy as regards the passing boats. Part of the lawn gave directly on the water, and the bushes only screened the corner. With one of her long ivory knitting-needles Edith was pointing to the end bush, and leaning forward.

"What do you mean? I can see nothing, I regret to say."

"Why, Zephyr! I saw him flash through the laurel-bush—all green this time—and look at me with his merry goggle eyes as he stood for a moment on the grass. I saw him as plain as I've ever seen him in a vision, and I declare I ***heard him laugh!***"

"Splendid! and then he vanished?"

"Yes; where on earth has he gone? Zephyr!" called the girl, with bright impetuosity, springing up and going to feel with her hands in the laurel bush. "Come and show yourself directly. This is something altogether new," she said to Marston. "If he can do that, why did he not do it before."

"It's you who didn't do it before," Marston said, laughing with the contagion of her own high spirits. "I dare say Zephyr has shown himself before, but this is the first time you have been able to see him. Even now, for example, he has only shown himself to you and not to me; or, in other words, it was only you who were able to see him."

"Oh, Mr. Marston, come in and put me in a trance, and then I shall be sure to see him, and will make him tell me all about it."

Marston agreed, and they went up to the house.

"What makes him take such funny shapes and look such a comic little elf? How wonderfully, by-the-bye, the realities of psychic things are unlike the sentimental fancies people have about them, if they know nothing of them. Zephyr is a spirit—in a way at any rate, as you explained—and a most amiable, delightful spirit; but he does not at all correspond to the romantic pattern."

"Zephyr, I take, is an elemental, to use the language of the old writers on occultism—a nature spirit infused with the will of some higher power. Not an organized psychic being like one of us; but a potency of nature on a higher plane of her manifestations. The shape in which he appears to you is no doubt altogether the product of your own imaginings, really."

"But he takes all sorts of shapes."

"Because you have no rigidly formed conception in your own mind of the shape that an elemental, doing the particular work he is employed upon, ought to assume."

Mrs. Malcolm was called down and acquainted with what had occurred; and Edith threw herself on the sofa to be mesmerized, with as much matter-of-course familiarity now with the whole process as if she had been rushing to the piano to try a new song.

"How *ridiculous* it is," she said, as Marston sat down beside her, and she gave him her hands to hold as naturally as she might have stretched them out to be helped from a carriage, "to think that the vast majority of people argue about the possibility of mesmeric trances and clairvoyance, and so on, when it's just as much a matter of course to us as breakfast and dinner."

"For the most part, you see, the people who know don't argue; it's not worth their while. They don't like to expose themselves to insult from foolish unbelievers. It does not matter to them whether the majority of the world come up to their level or not. They have their own knowledge, and they work with it."

"That does not seem right and generous though; it seems selfish."

"That is according to each man's duty. It is the business of some people to combat unbelief, and put up with the abuse they get for their pains—not a very serious *corvée* either for that matter.

But there are other people who need not do any such rough work —people like yourself, for instance. Let you ask your Higher Self whether you are bound to go talking about her to every common-place materialist you meet, and I strongly suspect you will be told to keep your own counsel."

"But my arms are tingling up to the elbow."

"And I am forgetting my business, keeping you gossiping here. Now I am only"—going through the usual ceremonies and passes as he spoke—"on guard over your wanderings, and ready within call if wanted."

A few injunctions to sleep, and a few moments spent with his hands over her closed eyes, produced the usual effect.

It was to cross-question Zephyr that Edith had had herself launched into the mesmeric state; but she sank into a very profound torpor—at first faintly answered Marston's questions enough to show her consciousness not altogether out of his reach, but indicated a wish to be left alone as much as possible.

"Never mind Zephyr just now," she said, when Marston reminded her of what she had wanted to enquire about. "Wait a little while; I may have something to say."

This was a new phase of her clairvoyance. Marston and Mrs. Malcolm exchanged looks of interest, both recognising the attitude now taken up as an advance, in its relative independence, on those of her previous trances.

"There is something you ought to know about me," she said presently, speaking slowly and calmly, "and that is that I am not qualified to remain long in earthly life. No one about me seems to be aware of it yet; but my lungs are very weak, and must give way rather quickly when they once begin to show disease."

"What ought to be done to save you?"

"She looked troubled, and remained silent for a time. Then she said:

"I must not answer that question."

Marston and Mrs. Malcolm looked at each other, anxious and a little bewildered.

"What's wrong about the question?" Marston said aside; and then to Edith:

"Do you mean that your early death is really inevitable?"

Still she did not seem to like the form of the question; but answered:

"No."

"Then can you indicate any course of action we might take to prolong your life?"

"Your mesmeric influence would do that."

"Then I may use it for that purpose, may I not?"

"Yes, if you choose; but you will find it very difficult. There will be great obstacles in the way, and if you use it that way it will be at great cost to yourself."

"I may say to you now, and speaking this way—*not* for you to remember in your physical life—that of course it does not matter what the cost is to me if I can do you service."

"I can see you would be ready to give your life for me if you thought that best; but perhaps it might not be. There are things I must not say. You must do what you think right; but if it is best, you can make me live."

Mrs. Malcolm here put in a few words:

"Surely you can ask her now whether it would be best that your life should be united with hers."

Marston pondered over the idea for a little while, Edith remaining in a state of complete quiescence. Then he put the question:

"Ought I, for your sake, to strive that you may be willing to unite your life with mine?"

The answer came slowly and in a low voice, but in the same impassive tone in which the other utterances had been given.

"There is a union of sympathy between us which need not be long interrupted; but, in earth-life, such union as you are thinking of would not be best. Strive to prolong our present relationship—that is best for us both."

"My soul's queen!" murmured Marston, deeply affected; "all shall be as you direct."

"Tell me, when I return to you, about Zephyr," she went on. "Your influence is clearing my vision, and I shall be able to see my Guardian's messenger more plainly in future, and gather tidings of her, from him, without being entranced. But, remember, it will be at your cost that my higher faculties will be strength-

ened—whether you are near me or away. I shall live on your life. But if my lower consciousness is too soon aware of this, there will be risk that all sacrifices may be useless."

The utterances she was giving forth this time were of so spontaneous a character that Marston's usual habit of continually plying her with questions seemed no longer applicable, and he sat waiting for what she should say next. After a long pause, she said:

"Tell Marian that George will find the woman he is in search of, but he will want more money than he has with him. She should send this to him, and he should be sure to take the woman to the girl's father before he reaches England."

Then, after a further pause:

"You need not entrance me again. I must learn to get what I ought to know through Zephyr, in my lower consciousness."

"I will obey your directions exactly."

"Do not think of them as commands from my Higher Self. You will be tempted to seek guidance from me in trance—and you are not forbidden, only warned that it may not be best. You should rely on your own judgment in the crisis that will arrive, and you will have power to unite what remains of my life with your own if you choose. It is right that you should know this, lest what I have told you should cripple your freedom of action. You may recall me now, after a little while, and, in my earthly consciousness, I shall remember nothing of what I have now been saying. I have been speaking to you this time as I could never speak before. You could only get, from these lips hitherto, confused reflections of myself. The real 'I' has now been speaking to you, for the body has become a more docile instrument, but for that reason it had better now be worked in a new way. It will be exhausted as it has not been before by the strain it has gone through. Lay your hand upon the heart, and let it revive by degrees."

Marston did as directed, and they sat watching Edith's motionless form in silence for some time.

"This is a terrible secret to be burdened with," Mrs. Malcolm said.

"We must consult about it later," Marston answered.

"Meanwhile you will tell her all she should know. Oh! Sidney——"

Mrs. Malcolm's last exclamation was uttered in a low tone, but as in response to a sudden perception of something wonderful.

"What do you see?"

Mrs. Malcolm had been sitting, as usual during Edith's magnetic trances, near the foot of her sofa, behind Marston, whose chair, placed near her head, enabled him to lean over her sideways to perform the magnetic passes. Leaning forward now, she —Mrs. Malcolm—was looking up in the air above Edith's form, and impulsively she stretched out both her hands.

"Did you see nothing? The Guardian Spirit herself was visible to me for a time—my Guardian, just as I have always seen her: the faint veil over her head, and the luminous white drapery. She seemed to float away towards the window and disappear."

"I saw nothing," said Marston, "except some undefinable change on Edith's face."

The girl now moved slightly, and sighed.

"Don't you *feel* anything? It seems to me that I am enveloped in that peculiar sensation of rapture or exaltation which the sight of my Guardian always brings with it——"

"She is coming to herself," Marston said.

Edith opened her eyes, but did not immediately spring up into a sitting posture, as she had generally done.

"Is it over?" she said, as Marston withdrew his hand from her side. "What has been happening? I don't remember anything. I might just as well have been asleep in the ordinary way, except that I feel tired."

"Not disagreeably tired—not any sense of pain?"

"Pain! no. Nothing of that sort—merely limp. What has been going on? Have I missed fire this time, somehow?"

"About as far from that as two ideas can be apart," Marston answered. "You have been rather more wonderful than usual—and you feel the strain. We will tell you about it directly."

"But it is stupid not to remember things. I thought I was getting on better than that. I feel all cloudy and confused. What was it we were intending to do in particular?"

"Wait a little, till you recover more fully. You will have plenty to think about directly."

"You must make me strong again,' she said in a few minutes, "if you will promise not to kill yourself; otherwise, I won't let you."

"How are you to help it, if I choose?" said Marston, with a smile, as he began the long passes.

"By imposing my sovereign commands upon you. That is the understood bargain between us. I surrender myself to your will entirely on the simple condition that you always make me do exactly what I choose; and now I choose to be made strong again at your expense—only I must not use you up entirely all at once. I might want you again, you know, another time."

This way of putting the case was far sweeter to Marston, of course, than any explicit consideration for his interests; and Edith had got into the habit of clothing her most sympathetic and grateful impulses towards him in the guise of the most commanding language. She rapidly brightened under the influence to which she was now subject, and presently sat up.

"That will do. I feel all right again. Now I will graciously permit you to sit down and tell me all about it."

"The great and important fact," said Marston, subsiding again into his chair, "is that you are now going to be clairvoyante without going into trances at all. Your humble servant's services are not wanted any more!"

"You don't mean that you are to stop mesmerising me?"

"On the contrary; your orders are quite clear on that head. My magnetic influence upon you is distinctly approved of, and I am instructed to do all I can to keep it in operation, though warned there will be difficulties in the way of doing this."

"When I have to go away of course. But if you are not to entrance me I do not understand——"

Without hinting a word as to the revelations concerning herself that were to be kept secret from her, Marston explained at great length the immense practical advantage that was promised in the establishment of her faculties in a state that would enable her without the aid of any external magnetism to keep up relations with the higher plane of her own consciousness. She

was also told about the message she had given to Mrs. Malcolm. This turned the conversation upon Ferrars' affairs. There had not yet been time for his sister to hear from him since his departure. He had sent word that he should travel without delay to Seville, and that was the place to which letters were to be sent after him.

"What an extraordinary thing that I should talk about his money," said Edith.

"It is a pity, my dear," replied Mrs. Malcolm, "that while you were talking about it you did not give me more precise information as to the amount George would want. I can't think what I ought to send him. He is sure to have gone provided sufficiently for all travelling needs. It must be some unlooked for emergency that he will be called upon to meet."

"There will be an opportunity," Marston said to Edith, "of exercising your new rights over Zephyr. You might make up your mind when next you see him to make him find out for you what the money is wanted for, and how much Mrs. Malcolm ought to send."

"What an idea—that I have an omniscient sprite at my beck and call! But the worst of it is he is *not* at my beck and call. I do not know in the least how to summon him."

"Never mind that. Keep on your mind what you want to know from him when you do see him, and then the opportunity will not be wasted when it comes."

Eventually Edith went away to her own room for a time, declaring she must absolutely write a few lines to her aunt before it was too late for that day, and Mrs. Malcolm and Marston were left together.

"How do you read it all?" she asked.

"I think it is impossible to read it all at present. The whole statement seems to point to some future crisis when perhaps the warnings given now may be of use. I do not in the least see what is to be done for the present—except that you should clearly keep her with you as long as you can."

"She will certainly have to leave me in a few days. She merely came for that time, and will have overstayed it by a day or two before she goes, in any case."

"Where can the doubt be about my doing what I can to save her life?"

"It would be a miserable view of the matter for us; but for her! She may be ripe for something better than life."

"That is a poetical view of the question; but there my own dull, philosophical way of looking at t hese things comes into play Life is always another word for opportunity. I can easily imagine that Edith might be *happier*—much happier—if she were to float off into a purely spiritual existence; but I take it that there are infinite gradations of exaltation in that existence, and how is a human soul fitted for the higher gradations? Evidently, it seems to me, by the upward struggling of *this* life. This is the school—the other existence the sphere in which each soul profits by what it has learned."

"But in the next life Edith, for example, will be—by your own theory—her own Higher Self, a far higher being than she is now, as we see her on this plane."

"But that Higher Self is merely the sum total of all she has gone through, learned, and suffered for in all former stages of her existence up to this. She would not be now an incarnate being at all if she had not more still to gain from the lessons of life. If her experience of this is now suddenly arrested, some effort which her Higher Self was making by means of this incarnation will be defeated, it seems to me. But I'm hardly clear enough in my mind to think the question fully out. For the moment it seems to me as if a somewhat considerable cheque had been drawn on my vital forces."

He had dropped down into the easy chair Mrs. Malcolm had quitted when Edith left the room. Mrs. Malcolm was far too appreciative of the whole situation to offer commonplace condolences on his exhaustion.

"You must learn," she said, "to *menager* your strength, for her sake. It would not do for you to break down prematurely."

"No; that must be avoided. I shall watch my feelings. But this sort of lassitude passes away, or rather, the lost vitality is somehow restored always, after a bit."

"I'll leave you quiet and go and write to George."

CHAPTER XIV.

A PAINFUL REVELATION.

THE few remaining days of Edith's Richmond visit slipped away all too quickly, though the principal interest of its earlier days—her magnetic trances—had been suspended. The lost excitement connected with these was fully supplied by the newer development of her psychic faculties and the frequent appearance in their midst—though to her vision only—of the mysterious agency by means of which it had been promised that her relations with the higher plane of nature should be kept up. "Zephyr" paid no regard to dramatic effect in his visitations, and neither associated his coming with the solemnity of late hours nor the romantic flavour of invocations. He had flashed upon Edith's consciousness for the first time after her last trance on the evening of that same day while they were all three at dinner, and Mrs. Malcolm's two maids present and engaged upon the prosaic duty of handing the vegetables and sauce. Edith's attention was suddenly caught while she was in the act of helping herself to potatoes and talking about Miss Barkley, The flow of her speech suddenly arrested, the bright half-startled, half-delighted look on her face, suggested to both the others what she saw in the corner of the dining-room towards which her gaze was directed. And they all understood one another so well that everything passed openly amongst them in effect, without the servants being in the least degree enlightened as to what they meant by the disjointed phrases uttered.

"Zephyr!" she said simply, with a glance at Marston.

"How much?" was his immediate reply, to remind her of the information specially wanted from him.

There was a picture hanging in the recess of the room at the corner towards which Edith was looking.

"Oh! I understand. He seemed to write it with his finger across the Rembrandt—200."

"Well," said Mrs. Malcolm, "since it is a large amount that is wanted, I am glad it isn't a larger. I can manage that."

"But what I want to know," Edith began, and then stopped. She laughed directly afterwards, and added: "What a funny idea. That's a most interesting picture of yours, Marian—that brandt."

"That is the old story, you know. Imaginative critics will often see more in a work of art than the artist means to put there."

"I'll discuss the merits of the picture with you at leisure another time."

Afterwards she explained that she had stopped in saying what she had wanted to know, because Zephyr had obviously anticipated her thought before it was fully spoken. She had been desirous of learning how she could summon him when she wanted to ask him a question, and he had all in a moment conjured up a vision in which she had seen herself vehemently pulling a bell-handle, while she saw him at the same time asleep at a distance, and paying no attention. Then in the next instant, by a change in the picture, she saw herself sitting dejectedly in a chair with her face in her hands, and the moment she assumed this attitude the sleeping Zephyr in the distance sprang up and flashed through space to her side.

"It was a roundabout way of implying evidently that I had no power to call him, but that he would be ready to come whenever I should really be in need of him."

"And not a very roundabout way either," suggested Marston, "considering the short time it took to evoke the pictures in your fancy. From our physical habits and experience, we get into the way of thinking that speech is the only respectable medium for the conveyance of ideas from one mind to another, but directly the faculties are set free from physical restraints, we always find other modes employed. I remember you made use of a very suggestive phrase in one of your trances when you said that Zephyr came back to you so full of the idea he had gone in search of that he 'splashed it over you.' I do not suppose that he stopped to make use of words then. The idea was suddenly communicated to your mind by a process analogous to what in electric science is called induction. If people would only pay attention to them, the phenomena of physical science would be seen to teem with illustrations and analogies showing what goes on on the psychic plane."

Then, on another occasion, Edith became conscious of Zephyr's presence when she was alone in her own room at night.

Some other symbolical pictures had been shown her, "But the great point gained," Marston argued, when they spoke of the incident, "is that you are used to the exercise of your own abnormal vision, so that it does not make you nervous when it takes you unprepared by yourself."

"Not in the least," Edith answered. "I look on Zephyr as an established friend and protector. But I do not want to see all kinds of other shapes and forms that I do not understand, and I am just a little apprehensive that I shall get to see too much after a time. I am constantly now having the feeling when I am alone that I am *not* alone altogether, and I seem to see misty figures near me out of the corners of my eyes."

Marston was able to give her some directions for use against annoyances of that kind, and Edith was greatly struck with the resources of his knowledge.

"It has been gathered," he explained, "partly from books, partly from association with other students of occult mysteries. There is a much greater abundance of knowledge on these subjects floating about in the world really than our highly self-satisfied century is generally aware of, and for my part circumstances have driven me to find my only interests in life in the exploration of these little trodden paths of research."

They were talking now on the last evening of Edith's visit. It was arranged that Mrs. Malcolm would go up to town in the morning, and see her with her maid into the train that would take her to Deerbury Park. She had been lamenting her impending descent into the lower world of mere amusement and dissipation, and the others were oppressed with the shadow of their coming loss. Mrs. Malcolm had been giving free expression to her regrets. For Marston, the aching sense of desolation with which he contemplated her departure was too intense to be shaped into any such words as he could speak.

"I am sure," Edith said, in reply to his last remark, "that you must be greatly the gainer in leading a life of such enquiry as compared to a more commonplace existence."

"Well," Marston answered, "I think you may as well know all about it."

Mrs. Malcolm saw what was coming; looked from one to the

other with something like a frightened glance, then got up hastily and left the room. Edith caught the expression, looked after her in wonder, and then with bewildered expectation at Marston. She was sitting in her old corner of the sofa in which her magnetic trances had taken place, Marston in an easy chair at a little distance.

"Why has Marian gone in that strange way?"

"I suppose she thinks, in the delicacy of her sympathy with me, that what I have to tell you would be made even more painful in the telling if a third person—even herself—were by. Perhaps she is right."

His face was set very rigidly, and he pulled for a few moments nervously at his small moustache, that failed to conceal the working of his sensitive lips. He got very pale, and his dark eyes shone with more lustre than usual as he turned them on Edith for a little while before he spoke again, with a mute entreaty. Then he drew his hand across his forehead and went on:

"My great secret is very easily told. I live under the weight of a great shame brought upon me by my father. Ah, it will shock you; and yet my only excuse for having drifted into intimacy with you—for having dared to avail myself of the priceless privilege of having been of service to you—if I may think that I have been that—has been that, personally, I am as blameless in the matter through which I suffer as though I had never been struck down with this strange curse."

"You frighten me, somehow; but I know that, whatever horrors you have been surrounded with, it can only be the deepest sympathy that is due to you. How can I have any other feeling but that of gratitude for all the help you have given me?"

"You owe me nothing worth calling by that name. You are too exalted. But, before I go on, I would gladly hear you say—— But no!" he cried, checking himself impetuously; "there shall be no weakness of that sort. I have humbly sought to be of service to you. I shall always treasure the belief that, in some degree, I have been that; and I shall be repaid a thousand-fold if you decide, on reflection, that you do not regret having accepted a service at my hands. My father," he went on, speaking

hurriedly now, and in a hard tone, "was a man of strong and ungovernable passions, restrained neither by religion of the ordinary kind nor by the views of life and the future which, for some philosophical thinkers, supply an almost sterner rule of conduct. With my mother, since dead, he was unhappy—no matter by whose fault. They separated, and he formed an attachment of a wildly vehement character for another woman. In her affections he was, as he believed—and as I believe also—treacherously supplanted by another man. I need not go into the details now. In the end my father killed him. It was no duel: a sudden meeting—an attack; what the law decided to have been a murder. If the woman concerned had been his wife, probably the result would somehow have been different. But no extenuation was seen in an unholy passion. My father was condemned to death, and punished—as murderers are generally punished."

It was Edith's turn now to grow pale; and she lay back trembling, only giving vent to a low cry of distress.

"Our name," Marston went on, after a pause, "rang through the country. I took refuge in another. The family property—no fortune, but enough for all the wants that could survive for me—was restored to me, the eldest son. I had one brother, with whom I divided it, and he went to Australia. Mrs. Malcolm and George Ferrars are my only friends of the former time. I have known them both from children. Hers is a heart of gold. You know now why I am a recluse; why I cannot go about in the world like those on whom there is no horrible taint of infamy."

Edith did not speak, for she had put her handkerchief to her face, and had no control of her lips for the moment.

"In the study," Marston went on in a low voice, "of human life, in those of its relations which have nothing to do with this ghastly plain of physical illusion, I have found a strange refuge, and—a sort of callous capacity to endure my lot. I should never have emerged from my usual habits, when Marian first sent for me to meet you, if I had not met you before. But accident had decreed that meeting; and, divining then something of what your nature was, I thought I might be of use to you, and I came. Then the situation grew to what it has been. How could I dash my horrible story in your face, to trouble the current of your

psychic development? Concealment has been horrible; but I have not practised it, God knows, for any selfish end. And now I have the agony of telling all this on the last night I shall see you. Perhaps that makes it worse; but—how can there be worse or better in such a matter?"

Edith vaguely shook her head, keeping her face still covered.

"It is awful!" she said, in the awkward, strained tone that her emotion caused.

Marston sat gazing at her in silent misery for some time. Then he slowly got up from his chair and stood by it, with his hand on the back and one knee upon the seat:

"So I have told you what I had to tell, and now I had better go. You are too much aghast to think connectedly just now, I can well imagine; but what I was nearly saying, just before I told you, was this—that I should be glad to hear you say, if that really was the case, that you thought I had been of use to you. Nothing could be more dreadfully out of place than thanks. But if, looking back on the thing, you can feel that you do not regret having accepted some loyal and respectful service at my hands, on your upward course, it will be all the comfort I can expect in life to hear that that is the case. And now I bid you, most reverentially, good-bye."

In the intensity of his self-abase he bowed, and was moving to the door without attempting any more intimate leave-taking. He had his hand on the lock, but she called almost angrily to him to wait. He obeyed her literally, and paused as he stood by the door.

"You musn't go like that," she said. "It *is* horrible—but you needn't talk as if you were guilty. Am I a wretch with no feeling, that I should not give you sympathy?"

"I am blameless, as I say," Marston replied, coming back as far as the chair he had formerly occupied, but no further; "but I am tainted. You may struggle against the feeling as you please, and try to persuade yourself it is wrong, but you will feel it none the less. Against that feeling on the part of most people I should rage furiously, therefore I live by myself. With you——" the depth of tenderness with which he said the words made him hesitate, but he covered up the signs of emotion with an allusion

to their psychic relationship, "with you whom I have been so closely thrown with for a short time by reason of your psychic requirements, it would not be fury, but great wretchedness I should feel in observing the signs of it."

"Why don't you shrink from Marian?"

He could not immediately answer the pointed question. At last he said:

"I have no right to anticipate Marian's attitude of mind from anyone else."

"I could not speak to you before," said Edith, "because I was crying. But it was wrong of you to think I could let you go without shaking hands."

Marston made no impulsive movement towards her, and uttered no words in response. Perhaps the phrase she used, however kindly meant, could only intensify his pain. What was it after all to shake hands with her, when every fibre of his body was yearning to prostrate itself before her and worship her feet with kisses? And he could not even profess a wish for more than her pity and her friendly farewell.

"The strain is so agonizing," he said after a pause—the words bearing no necessary reference to anything but the story he had told—"that I think I had better go. I shall be very eager to know how the whole position presents itself to your mind to-morrow. You will tell Marian for me anything you can say in full sincerity. Don't even try to say anything appropriate now. Since you permit me, good-bye," coming up to her, and taking her hand—which she gave him without rising, looking up at him as she did so, pale and tearful.

"I am so crushed and bewildered I do not know what to say. But you talk as if you expected me to turn away from you with horror. How can anything but the most intense sympathy be due to you?"

"Unreasonable impulses are too strong for argument in this extraordinary case. You will find no justification in what I have told you for any harsh words or attitude of mind towards me on your part. But my revelations have nevertheless hollowed out a gulf between us, and I shall remain for you on the further side of it, no matter how you try to convince yourself that this ought not

to be so. The sense of bewilderment you speak of is the recognition of this. I can see the gulf plainly enough. For once my inner sight is keener than yours. It is so far well, at all events, that I did not tell you sooner. My intuition was right in that respect. If I had done so I should have failed in the little part I had to perform in helping you to realize and exercise your own higher faculties. Had you known sooner, you would have been too much chilled and disquieted to have trusted yourself with any confidence to my guidance. And yet—if I have enjoyed the privilege of your intimate friendship for some few days by a kind of false pretence—the thought is maddening."

"Don't say that—there was no false pretence."

The conversation had been broken by pauses. Marston's remarks were not smoothly fluent, and he remained standing near her for a little while, offering nothing better than a gloomy shake of the head as a response to her vague deprecation of his self-reproach.

"Well," he said at last, "in the end it could only be the same, anyhow; and the end has come. May the shadow of my wretchedness pass away swiftly from your bright and beautiful life—good-bye!" This time he went without pausing, and without any second recall; and without seeking Mrs. Malcolm left the house. She heard the hall door close—she had been on her knees in the dining-room—and returned to Edith, who remained sitting upright on the sofa.

"Has he gone—altogether?" Mrs. Malcolm asked.

"Yes. Oh, Marian, what an awful horror!"

Mrs. Malcolm looked at Edith with an anxious gaze of inquiry.

"But why should he have rushed away like that?" Mrs. Malcolm was embarrassed by wondering whether anything more had passed beyond the great confession of the facts. "I thought a little sympathy from you would have seemed easier to give with no third person by. That was why I left you."

"I have been simply stunned; I did not know what to say. He was going even without shaking hands; but I made him do that. Then he would go all the same."

"Did you not think any good could have been done by

talking further? I often think that, horrible as his position is, he is morbid about it, and makes it even worse than it need be. I have always found that open expression of sympathy is a sort of relief to him. Everyone must feel it; but some people are shy of putting thoughts like that into words."

"I had no thoughts to utter; I was crushed, flattened down by the ghastly surprise of the thing. I wonder did he think me quite unfeeling and cruel. He kept on accusing himself in such a wild way of having been with us on false pretences, as it were. I only felt bewildered, and I don't seem to have said anything to him to speak of."

"That was a pity. A few words from you would have gone so far."

By degrees Mrs. Malcolm realized the scene in all its details. She did not reproach Edith for having been unduly or unkindly frigid. She sat down by her and caressed her and sympathised with her for the shock she had experienced; but explained how she herself never was conscious of any repulsion in regard to Marston, by reason of having known him so long and respected him so thoroughly. She spoke of his character, so wonderfully free from all ignoble traits, so self-effacing and modest; and of his intellectual attainments and mental powers as obliterating—for her who had known him intimately all her life—all consciousness of that "taint of infamy" of which he had spoken.

"Sometimes I think it is a mere unwholesome fancy on his part to suppose people generally would regard him as so tainted if he went more about in the world; but it is impossible to say. Anyhow, it is very hard on him; and he is qualified for such a different sort of life than that on which he has been driven back. The richness and depth of his natural feelings might have made him live a very full life; but they have all turned to gall and bitterness, and he is so much the more wretched."

As a consequence of the talk they had, it ensued that early the following morning Marston received at his chambers a telegram from Mrs. Malcolm.

"Be at King's Cross at 12.30 to say good-bye. This is Edith's imperative desire."

Of course Marston was there, and they walked about together

on the platform, and sat in the waiting-room; and at first nothing was said in regard to what had passed the evening before. He asked Edith a few questions in a grave, subdued way about her journey, and the arrangements made for meeting her at the other end. Edith said she was not looking forward to her Deerbury Park visit with any great anticipation of pleasure—the break up of the wonderfully interesting time they had had together was so much to be regretted.

"There will be nobody at my aunt's to take me out of myself, and show me the way to the spirit world as you have done."

"But my small share in doing that was over, you know, in any case. Your tutor had been formally dismissed, and your coming of age as a clairvoyante in your own right fully recognised."

"My tutor had not been dismissed, and would not have been allowed to absent himself, had I been able to remain at Richmond."

Mrs. Malcolm had wandered off to the book-stall, and this left them practically alone for the moment.

"And he is not dismissed, as matters stand, even. That is why I wanted to see you again before I started. I want to know if I may write to you and consult you about anything that may happen to me. If Zephyr comes to see me, I am sure to want to discuss his proceedings with some one who will understand all about it. Last night, you know, I was so much upset that I did not think to say this. You will answer any questions I send you, will you not?"

"Most assuredly, if you are so good as to wish it."

"That is right, because I think, on looking back, that I was so unfeeling with you last night—at all events, I showed so little feeling—that you would have been entitled to be offended with me."

"Well, it is very kind of you to say that at any rate, though the idea is in rather ludicrous contrast with the real features of the case. How can I venture to put it more clearly? Can you easily imagine yourself 'offended' with the Spirit Queen you have seen in your visions?"

Edith smiled, understanding the force of the comparison, but demurely repudiated it.

"My Guardian is a divine being for me, and very different from a creature of flesh and blood."

"Well, then, I look upon her and yourself as so closely identified in the way you understand, that you must let me regard you as sharing in the divinity. People who do not realize all that we know about, may only see in you what even then indeed they may be inclined to worship, for that matter. But for me, it is my privilege at least to worship in you all that we both know resides there. The result of which is that even if you had not been able to bear to have anything further to do with me, it would not have been resentment I should have felt, but only sorrow; and even that would have been submissive to your decision."

"That's all very nice and flattering to me, of course, but in my everyday flesh and bones I am not in the least entitled to worship. You do not at all realize the depths of commonplaceness there are in me really. You have seen the best side of me, and very little of the other, and you overrate me quite ridiculously; but that does not matter, if it does not give rise to any painful reaction afterwards. I want to feel quite sure of your steady, cool, trustworthy friendship at all times. So now that I have apologized for being so stupid and disagreeable last night, I may rely on that, may I not?"

"You may indeed, since you graciously wish it, in spite of last night. Of course, if it pleases you to pretend to be apologetic, I can only submit to that caprice as I would to any other."

"I am not sure that is being sufficiently respectful. Marian," she added gaily as they strolled up the platform, meeting Mrs. Malcolm, "Mr. Marston says I am horribly capricious. Do you think so badly of me?"

Mrs. Malcolm was glad to find the conversation on this footing, but was never apt at badinage, so she merely put the question off by promising to discuss Edith's numerous failings with Mr Marston after she had gone.

"If you dare! That would be shocking. I shall get Zephyr to reveal all your treachery to me, so you must only say the [illegible]test things, or you will be found out."

Will you want Zephyr to assure you that we are saying [illegible]hings of you?"

"You dear Marian! You are as bad as Mr. Marston. Long may it last, and soon may my visit be repeated. I feel as if I were losing all my liberty. I wonder what will have happened when we three meet again."

Further talk of this kind, however, was interrupted by the necessity of choosing places for the travellers. Edith had her maid with her in her own compartment, and when they were once installed, nothing more could be said beyond the frivolities of the moment. Edith had quite recovered her spirits under the sense of having behaved nicely to Marston in compensation for what she had come to feel her want of consideration for him the previous evening, and took notice of the people around, whispering little jokes to her companions, and amused herself by alluding to aloud to some of the secrets they shared, in veiled phrases that could bear no meaning to the public ear. Marston met her mood as the train moved off by a parting gesture, reminding her of their mesmeric relations, and laughingly she called back to him from the windows to "take care of the thread."

(*To be Continued.*)

DID TENNYSON BELIEVE IN RE-INCARNATION?

By Robert Calignoc.

> "And Merlin in our time
> Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn
> Tho' men may wound him that he will not die,
> But pass, again to come."
>
> *The Coming of Arthur.*

In forming their intellectual beliefs, poets have an awkward way of running ahead of what the evidence, from the ordinary scientific point of view, would seem to justify. In place of those phenomena which characterise the mental processes of all reasonable beings, viz., a careful sifting of the conflicting testimonies, an impartial balancing of the alternative possibilities, followed by a strong disinclination to come to any conclusion which is not absolutely inevitable, poetical genius has ever been permitted by the time-honoured indulgence universally accorded to it, to substitute the inscrutable operations of an imagination which is responsive to the slightest hint, and even, on occasions, to no apparent hint whatever.

In search of a good illustration of the truth of this general assertion, we may not unnaturally ask—What, then, was the attitude of the most popular poet of the Victorian era towards that metaphysical doctrine which is just beginning to loom with so large an importance in the opening years of the twentieth century? How far, if at all, had the poet, in this respect, succeeded in anticipating the conclusions of more modern thinkers? Did Tennyson,

to put the matter briefly and candidly, believe in the theory of re-incarnation?

A reply to the first two of these questions is not difficult to make. There is quite a respectable amount of evidence in the *Poems* to show that Tennyson was, as a matter of fact, considerably interested in the question of the possibility of the existence of the human individual in other conditions previous to, as well as subsequent to, his life in the physical world, while once or twice we stumble across the broadest possible hint that the theory of re-incarnation seriously occupied his thoughts. His interest in such problems as these appears to have sprung from three main sources. He felt

(*a*) That the ideals and aspirations after development of the human soul demanded that some such doctrine as those we have mentioned should possess a real basis.

(*b*) That even the bare possibility of the truth of some such doctrine was worth putting forward as an antidote to the pessimistic influences of a purely negative attitude towards religious questions.

(*c*) That a certain psychological experience, almost common to the race, could not very well be otherwise accounted for.

In illustration of (*a*) we find Ulysses, in the poem of that name, while dogmatically announcing that "death closes all," giving at the same time very explicit expression to the desire for a series of continued lives:

> "How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
> To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
> As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
> Were all too little, and of one to me
> Little remains: but every hour is saved
> From that eternal silence, something more,
> A bringer of new things."

Similarly the would-be suicide in "The Two Voices" discovers in the end that it is not really death at all which he wants, but more life.

> "Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
> No life that breathes with human breath
> Has ever truly longed for death.
>
> 'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> Oh life, not death, for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that I want."

The latter half of the poem is of the deepest interest to students of occultism. The Voice of Doubt asks the poet, in a rather incautious manner, where he was before he was born. The reply is a tentative suggestion of the possibility of pre-existence in another condition:

> "Yet how should I for certain hold,
> Because my memory is so cold,
> That I first was in human mould?"

But presently he grows bolder, and suggests that there is some universal scheme under which organisms are doffed and donned:

> "It may be that no life is found,
> Which only to one engine bound
> Falls off, but cycles always round."

The fact that we do not remember our past lives is, he thinks, either due to the "draught of Lethe," spoken of in the "old mythologies" (and by that he presumably means a natural law which prevents us from remembering), or the experience of lower lives has become "consolidate in mind and frame," incorporated with the Ego, so to speak, and therefore forgotten. The past lives, that is to say, are no longer explicit, but implicit. Further he adds, in a suggestive aside which is too pointed and too important (in view of the tendencies of modern speculation) to be paraphrased, the following sage reflection, which those who are impatient of mere tradition might do well to weigh in the balance:

> "Or if I lapsed from nobler place,
> Some legend of a fallen race
> Alone might hint of my disgrace."

This poem, as to the exact date of which good authorities seem to differ, was at any rate written before the "Forties."

But if theories like these at once satisfied human aspirations and acted as re-inforcements to a tottering religion, they might also serve to explain, he thought, the cause and meaning of a particular class of psychological phenomenon, which so many people (including the poet himself), were in the habit of experiencing. The nature of the "mystic gleams," referred to both in this poem and in "In Memoriam" (xliv.), is perhaps nowhere better brought home to us than in the early sonnet "To ———."

"As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in some confused dream
To states of mystical similitude;
If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, 'All this hath been before,
All this hath been, I know not when or where.'"

Who has not, many a time and oft, experienced this most elementary of psychological phenomena in his own case?

Now-a-days, we are only just beginning to perceive that the majority of fairy tales, legends, fables, and nursery rhymes, are merely great cosmic truths obscured in popular form. Tennyson, however, was aware of this important fact when he wrote "The Day Dream," the main purpose of which poem seems to have been to suggest that the doctrine of re-incarnation was the hidden teaching intended to be conveyed by the popular myth. At first playfully feigning reluctance to give way to the temptation of pointing morals and adorning tales, he suddenly yields and breaks out into the following remarkable profession, not of faith, but of hope:—

"Well—were it not a pleasant thing
To fall asleep with all one's friends;
To pass with all our social ties
To silence from the paths of men;
And every hundred years to rise
And learn the world, and sleep again;
To sleep through terms of mighty wars,
And wake on science grown to more,
On secrets of the brain, the stars,
As wild as aught of fairy lore."

It would, perhaps, be a little fatiguing to take a fresh body every hundred years or so, according to Tennyson's suggestion. Virgil, the Tennyson of the Roman Empire, thought that a hundred years elapsed before the soul of an unburied body could cross the Styx, while he fixed a thousand years as the smallest interval between the lives. The modern Tennyson (ardent admirer of the ancient one though he was) seems to have forgotten this. The present inhabitants of Burmah, it is true, are said to amuse themselves by re-incarnating quite frequently, sometimes within a few months of death; but all things are possible to him that is east of

the Suez. Besides a Virgil or a Tennyson would surely need a long break for recuperation! One could not very well begin writing "The Idylls of the King" as soon as one had finished the "Ænid," for there would be no new classical language ready, and an imperial poet is bound, in the natural course of things, to wait for his empire.

Another comparatively early poem used as a peg on which to hang a bare suggestion of the truth of re-incarnation is to be met with in the "Morte D'Arthur." There is some pretty plain speaking in the epilogue:

> "To me, methought, who waited with a crowd,
> There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore
> King Arthur, like a modern gentleman
> Of stateliest port; and all the people cried,
> 'Arthur is come again; he cannot die.'
> Then those that stood upon the hills behind
> Repeated—'Come again, and thrice as fair';
> And, further inland, voices echo'd—'Come
> With all good things, and war shall be no more.'"

When, in later years, with deeper knowledge, the Laureate wrote the opening epigram to "By an Evolutionist," he seems merely to have been adding a kind of footnote to the passages just quoted. Here is the epigram:

> "The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
> And the man said 'Am I your debtor?'
> And the Lord—'Not yet: but make it as clean as you can,
> And then I will let you a better."

Yet more mystical than all these, but still probably quite capable of a rational, if occult, interpretation, are those three strange stanzas in "A Dream of Fair Women," where, if we interpret him aright, the poet seems to indicate that he recognises, during sleep, a world that he knew before birth.

> "I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
> The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
> On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drench'd with dew,
> Leading from lawn to lawn.
>
> The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
> Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
> The times when I remember to have been
> Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear under-tone
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,
'Pass freely thro': the wood is all thine own,
Until the end of time.

To Tennyson, indeed, as he tells us himself in "In Memoriam," the fear of death itself was nothing worse or more terrible than the fear of "howlings from forgotten fields." Whether he believed, in any positive manner, in the evolution of the individual soul by means of a series of physical re-embodiments, may be left to others to judge. But perhaps we may be at least permitted to ask one question—If he so believed, is it probable, taking all the circumstances of his character, life, and times into account, that he would have spoken more plainly than he did?

Be the answer to this question what it may, one thing Alfred Tennyson did believe in, and that was the "eternal process," whether by means of re-incarnation or not.

"Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one."

It is true that poets have an awkward way of running ahead of the evidence.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF ASTROLOGY.

By Mrs. A. P. Sinnett.

Astrology, in the quite remote ages of the past, was considered by all classes of people to be divine in its origin, a science so sacred that the knowledge of its laws, and the power of interpreting them, was entrusted only to men of high character and position, and by them it was used exclusively for the good of the nation, for the happiness and welfare of the community. In the present day it is regarded by the more tolerant as a superstition and relic of the dark ages, and by the less charitable as but a species of charlatanry, whose followers might without injustice be prosecuted as rogues and vagabonds. The subject of astrology is undoubtedly very repugnant to vast numbers of cultivated people, but why this should be the case is not quite so obvious as at the first glance might be imagined. Many of the greatest names recorded in the world's history have belonged to men who believed in its truth, many of whom have passed their whole lives in verifying its claims.

Its great antiquity is undoubted, references to its venerable age are to be found in many of the writings of the Greeks and Romans. Some modern authors consider that astrology is the basis of all the religions of the world past or present, and Godfrey Higgins for one, brings forward an immense mass of evidence in support of this view, though not with the intention of glorifying the science. The Hierophants of Egypt, the priests of Chaldea and Assyria, the philosophers of Persia,

China and India held to the belief that the great cataclysms of nature,—earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, plagues, droughts, floods, famines, and all other great events,—were to be foreseen in the mutual aspects of the planets and luminaries by the man who, by study and a knowledge of the science could deduce results from the observed combinations. To give a list of all the great men who believed and practised astrology would be a very long undertaking, but it would certainly include Pythagoras, Thales, Hippocrates, Ptolemy, Placidus, Copernicus, Ticho Brahe, Galileo, Kepler and Regiomantus. The latest man of science, whose name carries any weight in public estimation, who believed in and practised it, was Flamstead, the first Astronomer Royal, and the founder of the Greenwich Observatory. These men were, as everyone allows, distinguished as philosophers, scholars and mathematicians, and stand out as intellectual giants in their century, their observations and work being recognised as true even to the present day. There can be no question as to the mental qualifications of these brilliant thinkers, nor of their ability to observe celestial phenomena from the astrological point of view. It is absurd to suppose them deluded by superstition, or capable of passing years of close and continuous study in a pursuit which had no foundation of truth. How was it that in those long years of observation and study they none of them became convinced of its inutility and worthlessness? It is sometimes stated that astrology lost its hold on the minds of educated people when they realised,—and even the Church had to admit,—that the sun and not the earth was the centre of the solar system, the idea being that if astrologers had worked entirely on a basis of ignorance so fundamental there could be no truth in a science, the professors of which were convicted of belief in such a gigantic error. As a matter of fact, the truths of astrology, supposing that it contains any, are not affected in the smallest degree by the question as to whether the sun or the earth is the stationary body of the system, and for this reason. The position of the earth in relation to the planets, luminaries, the Zodiac and fixed stars in their mutual movements in the heavens, is the all important consideration in astrology. Whether in observing these positions the

astrologer thinks that the earth is the stationary body and not the sun, does not invalidate the effects that such positions are claimed to denote. When, for instance, eclipses take place, the sun, moon, and earth are in a special relationship in space one to another, but the fact that their mutual positions are brought about by the movement of the earth and moon, and not by that of the sun, can in no way alter the effect of such a state of things. Copernicus arrived at the conviction that the sun was the centre of the solar system when he was about 40 years old, and he very soon converted his friends, followers, and the men of science of the day to his views on this point, but this discovery in no way changed his or his fellow astrologers' belief that the stars and planets had an influence on the world and human affairs. He continued to practise astrology, and remained a firm believer in that science to the end of his life.

But let us now state clearly what are the basic claims made by astrologers in the exercise of their profession, and see how far they clash with the most advanced views of astronomical science in the present day. Astrologers hold that there is a connection between the various bodies that compose our solar system, and that this connection extends also, at all events, to some of the stars, and to all the constellations of the Zodiac. They maintain that this relationship between our earth, the moon, and planets, in their various revolutions around the sun, gives rise to definite results, not only on the body of the earth but also upon the people and other kingdoms of nature evolving thereon. This very broadly is the view held by astrologers, and the question is how far their assertions can be supported by astronomical science without any appeal to occultism or occult practices.

The law called gravitation proves that there is a connection between the bodies within the solar system, although what the power may be that lies behind that law which holds the innumerable systems of the universe in their respective positions, is incomprehensible to the human mind. The changes of the seasons brought about by the revolution of the earth round the sun, show conclusively that the different positions of these two bodies in their relation to one another, produce an extraordinary and marked effect on the human, vegetable and animal kingdoms of this world.

The times of the seasons can, of course, be accurately predicted, and experience teaches what kind of effects these changes in the mutual positions of the sun and earth will have on the various countries according to their climate. The more exact weather effects forthcoming day by day, according to the season, are also made a subject of study by the officers in charge of the meteorological department being aided thereto by telegraphic communication from stations established all over the world giving notice of cyclones, anti-cyclones, the direction in which they are travelling, and so on, with the result that a very fairly accurate forecast of the weather in any place may be made for every day. Again, there is the influence of the moon on the tides, the variations in regard to high and low water being due to the aspects she makes with the sun and earth. These are all testimonies in support of the claims made by astrologers that the effects of aspects between the heavenly bodies and our earth are facts capable of verification.

But a far stronger argument in support of astrology than those cited above is to be found in the fact that modern astronomers have to their own entire satisfaction proved that there is a direct though very subtle connection to be traced between the maximum period of sun spots and the movements of the magnetic needle. Miss Clerke in her history of astronomy gives a very clear account of this discovery. She says, "Once in about ten years magnetic disturbances (termed by Humbold 'storms') were perceived to reach a maximum of violence and frequency. Sabine was the first to note the coincidence between this unlooked for result and Schwabe's sun spot period. He showed that as far as observation had yet gone the two cycles of change agreed perfectly both in duration and phase, maximum corresponding with maximum, minimum with minimum. What the nature of the connection could be that bound together by a common law effects so dissimilar as the rents in the luminous garment of the sun and the swayings to and fro of the magnetic needle, was and still remains beyond the reach of well-founded theory, but the fact was from the first undeniable." Closer observation showed that the ten and a half years cycle was a trifle over eleven years, and this period fitted in more fully with the magnetic change. Moreover these cycles were found to affect the prices of food grains in India, that

is to say that the weather was affected by the sun spots and caused a scarcity—or the reverse—according to whether there were many or few spots on the sun.

Miss Clerke goes on to say that, "The direct bearing of the sun on the phenomenon known as the aurora borealis is established beyond a doubt by those best qualified to speak on the subject, and is due to a disturbed condition of the sun, while also the magnetic needle is found to be affected, both the aurora and the magnetic needle suffering from the same cause—*i.e.*, activities on the sun. Certain influences are also recognised by astronomers as emanating from the moon, which affects at stated intervals the magnetic needle." In addition to these observed and acknowledged connections as between the sun, earth, and moon, Miss Clerke remarks, "It seems not unreasonable to attribute some portion of the same subtle power to the planets, and even to the stars, though with effects rendered imperceptible by distance."

Now, if these magnetic relationships are shown and proved to exist between our earth, the sun, moon, planets and stars, why should the astrologers of old be condemned as fantastic and absurd because they held and proved to their own, and their contemporaries' satisfaction, that these invisible links which connect the heavenly bodies one with another transmit effects that can be recognised not only by the magnetic needle, but also by the nervous and magnetic systems of the human organism? The medium of connection between bodies in space is undoubtedly imperceptible to physical observation, just as is the ether of science, but if the connection is shown to be present, and also that effects are transmitted, whether the medium of transmission is or is not perceptible, is a matter of no importance; the main claim put forward by astrologers is admitted. There remain, however, the methods which they employ in ascertaining, or trying to do so, the causes which give rise to the effects that are obvious on this earth, and the events which occur to human beings living upon it. These causes are found to originate in the aspects which the planets, luminaries, and stars form one with another and with the world, or rather, it would be nearer the truth to say, that the aspects denote what the effects will be, but do not really give rise to them. The study of these aspects in

connection with nations, cities and individuals is the art of the astrologer. He ought to be a mathematician, able to compute the positions that the heavenly bodies will occupy in the future, as also where they were in the past. His observations have to be comprehensive as well as very detailed. His records must be carefully kept; his judgment keen and unbiassed. But in addition to these, and many other qualifications, he has to resort to certain methods laid down as astrological rules, which in some respects seem to be arbitrary rather than reasonable. These rules are of the most remote antiquity, their origin is unknown, and will probably remain so to all historical or antiquarian research. At all events, the rules exist, and in their broad outlines, practically justify themselves for any fair minded inquirer who will take the trouble to test them. They are the same whether used for judicial or genethliacal purposes. In the latter case when employed, that is to say in the interest of the individual, what is called a horoscope has to be cast. For this purpose the moment of birth, the date, as also the latitude and longitude of the place, are necessary. These being obtained, the degree of the sign of the *Zodiac* rising in the East at the time of birth is the crux of the scheme. An exact picture of the heavens is from that point ascertained, and the condition, position, and relationship that the planets, stars, and luminaries make one to another, and with the degree of the constellation rising in the East, will indicate to the astrologer what the appearance, character and temperament will be typically, and the outlook in regard to happiness, sorrow, riches, or poverty, health, sickness, length of life, profession, and marriage of the person concerned. This map of the heavens is an accurate one according to astronomical science, the latitudes, longitudes, declinations and right ascensions of the planets, etc., being correct in all respects. But for astrological purposes the map or picture is focussed in a sphere bounded by the ecliptic, and divided into twelve houses or mansions as they are sometimes called, corresponding with the twelve signs of the *Zodiac*, the circle consisting of 360 degrees. Each of these houses following astrological methods bears a special symbolical meaning or characteristic. The manner in which the planets and luminaries are distributed among these houses or divisions of the *Zodiac*, whether favourably or the

reverse, denotes to the master of the art, the whole scheme of the life of the person for whom the map has been cast.

It stands to reason that a successful interpretation of such a chart depends to a large extent upon the acumen, knowledge, impartiality, experience and honesty of purpose of the astrologer. In the olden times, when astrology was a recognised science and power in the world, the masters of the profession were drawn exclusively from the most highly educated aud honourable members of the civilised world. It was an occupation that could not be entered upon by the casual or curious iuquirer as in the present day, who by buying a manual of the rules and ready made tables of calculations, is enabled by rule of thumb to cast a horoscope and establish himself without either education or scientific training or attainments, as an expert of the calling. In former times, that is to say when astrology was what it ought to be, the man who was entrusted with the office of astrologer to the king or nation had to make his own observations without the aid of the iustruments which present day science has bronght to such a high state of perfection. He had to be a mathematician with a thorough knowledge of the laws governing the movements of the heavenly bodies, and to be able to make the most elaborate calculations in forecasting the periods of eclipses, conjunctions, occultations, &c. Any one who will take the trouble to read some of Ptolemy's works, whether on astrology or astromony, will have to allow that he was no ignorant charlatan, but a man of powerful mind and intellect, a thorough master of his subjects. He was by no means the greatest or most renowned man who practised the art. The fact that in ancient times and untll the close of the 18th century there is hardly to be found any man of renown in science of any nationality who did not believe in astrology, even if he did not practice it, should carry some assurance to thoughtful people that its claims to respect and reverence have roots lying much deeper in the mysteries of nature than is commonly realised. Like spiritualism and other pursuits that aim at getting touch with the invisible world around us, astrology needs only to be investigated honestly,—either practically or intellectually, that is to say, by reading the many books that are available,—in order that the open minded inquirers may realise

that its phenomena exist, that each child at the moment of its birth brings with it the signature of the planet and stars with which it is especially affiliated. As in all other arts, sciences, or professions, the question of ability in those who follow them is a most important factor, but what is a still greater essential to the student of astrology than even talent, is unworldliness. The rstrologer should be a philosopher, unselfish, working for the love of his art, wholly indifferent to worldly success. Pythagoras, when his admirers called him a wise man, declined the title, and claimed to be only a lover of wisdom. In the same way he who endeavours to read the stars should call himself a lover of truth, rather than an astrologer, as that title ought to connote a man much better endowed with divine attributes than those content to engage themselves in the humbler walks of life.

THE LAW OF DIVORCE IN ENGLAND.

(From a Legal Correspondent.)

Mr. Meredith's recent proposal in regard to "leasehold marriage" may not have been put forward seriously, but at least it raises the question how far marriage ought or ought not to be regarded as a kind of business partnership. The divorce law of this country is, in spite of the wide discretionary powers vested in the judges who administer it, and in spite of their great learning and ability, responsible for much unnecessary and remediable unhappiness. Lord Russell's bill, recently rejected by the House of Lords, may have been too drastic for the present state of public opinion, but it would be lamentable if this circumstance should indefinitely postpone any honest and reasonable reform of the law as it now stands. The great obstacle to any such reform is the firm resolve of many persons to boycott any discussion of the matterat all as being in itself dangerous. But, if we have learnt anything from the last century, it is that no institution has any value unless it can stand the tests of common sense and be shown to have rational sanctions.

It may be said *boldly* that marriage, outside this country, is either regarded as a sacrament (*e.g.*, in Catholic countries like Ireland and Italy) which can never be dissolved, or as a civil contract between the parties dissoluble on breach of its terms subject to the rights of the children. The English law represents an unhappy compromise between these two principles, and still bears many traces of the Canon Law, which regulated all

matrimonial procedure up to the passing of the Act of 1857, by which divorce was made possible, although so far back as the sixteenth century Cranmer had drafted a divorce Bill much on the lines of the present law of Scotland.

There is of course something to be said for not allowing divorce at all. The parties whose interest should be paramount, are the children of the marriage, and they are entitled in all circumstances to be reared in a proper home under the joint care of their parents. Such a system would make persons very chary of entering into the marriage contract, and still more chary of involving the family name in scandal. In cases of absolute incompatibility a separation *a mensa et a thoro* is always obtainable in countries where no divorce law exists. But if marriage is to be viewed as a civil contract, let us be consistent about it. At the outset it should be remembered that any so-called relaxation of the divorce law tends not to separate really affectionate and dutiful spouses, but only to relieve intolerable suffering on the part of spouses who ought never to have married at all. The average relation of husband and wife tends after the first ten years to become a kind of friendly partnership based on a thousand common ties and interests. A really loyal and stable character is not often overthrown by a sudden passion traceable to alcoholism or entire lack of occupation. Many instances could be cited of persons of this type observing a lifelong loyalty to each other even where there was no legal tie to bind them.

The discretion of the English Divorce Court can generally be trusted in regard to arrangements for the custody of children, and, therefore, this question need not be considered here at any length.

If we regard marriage as a civil contract (as many statesmen now profess to regard it) we are faced with at least four startling anomalies in the English Law. None of the following circumstances is a ground of dissolution of the marriage.

1.—Insanity of either party.

2.—The adultery of both parties.

3.—Desertion by either party.

4.—The adultery of the husband.

Let us take these points *seriatim*. 1.—The insanity of a spouse,

at the very moment of marrying, is in law a ground for annulling the marriage, but if the ceremony was entered into during a lucid interval, it is not. This seems plainly absurd. Insanity is a ground for dissolving a business partnership; why should not similar reasoning extend to marriage? In the dissolution of a partnership nothing turns on whether or not the insanity is life-long, and, in the case of marriage, it would seem clear that on grounds of public policy a union that implies the probable birth of insane children should be dissolvable at will.

2.—It has been thought desirable to prevent two spouses who have both been guilty of adultery from contracting a fresh marriage. They are to be united by the indissoluble bond of mutual infidelity, although in certain cases the Court can exercise its discretion. Their conduct may have arisen from absolute incompatibility, and the possibility of starting life afresh might make them respectable members of society. In the present state of the law they are only too likely to continue in an anti-social course of conduct.

3.—Desertion by one party is in Scotland and most other countries justly regarded as a ground for dissolution of marriage.

In nine cases out of ten it is a concomitant of adultery, but the burden of proving adultery falls on the deserted party, whose poverty may entirely preclude taking such measures as, *e.g.*, sending detectives to the Antipodes. Such cases are frequent where husbands desert their wives. A wife, on the other hand, may leave her husband at any moment after the marriage ceremony. He has no control over her person, and the most he can do is to file a petition for restitution of conjugal rights, and obtain a decree ordering payments from her by way of contribution to the household. But in the first place she may not have any property at all, and in the second place a restitution decree is absolutely defeated by a "restraint on anticipation," to which nearly every married woman's property is subject. It may (by the way) be mentioned that refusal of conjugal rights by the wife is held *not* to be "conduct conducing to adultery" on the part of the husband. Surely desertion by either party is a clear breach of the marriage contract, and should be a ground for dissolution after a definite period has elapsed.

A husband cannot be divorced except for cruelty or desertion for two years *as well as* adultery.

It may well be asked why the wife should not be entitled to obtain a divorce on the strength of an obvious breach of the marriage contract. It is open to her to condone adultery or any other offence on the part of her husband, but why should she be deprived of her right to claim a divorce on this ground?

The English Law has yet another peculiarity. Before 1857 a husband, though unable to obtain a divorce except by a private act of Parliament, had the right of claiming damages in respect of what was called "criminal conversation." The "crim. con." action exists to this day in Ireland. To-day in England a husband can still obtain damages against a co-respondent, though the convention is that he shall settle whatever he recovers for the benefit of his wife, and so offer an inducement to the co-respondent to marry her. This custom is regarded with such contempt on the Continent that British diplomats have been known to waive any claim for damages on the ground that such a claim would cause them to be ostracised in Continental society. This may be an unfair view, but it is obvious that the practice tends to encourage blackmail and conspiracy on the part of an unscrupulous husband and wife. The wife is not bound to marry the co-respondent, and if he is rich and the damages are heavy, she can return to partake her ill-gotten gains with the husband, or the husband can go one step further and, having legally got rid of his wife, can marry again and share the damages with another woman. Such cases are by no means outside common experience.

A few remarks on the legal conception of cruelty may conclude this plea for legislative reform. Legal cruelty must be conduct of such a nature as to be injurious to the physical health of the party concerned. On the strength of this it has been held by a majority in the House of Lords that it is not cruelty on the part of a wife to reiterate publicly accusations of the most infamous character against a husband when she has previously declared that she knows them to be untrue.

Let us take another instance. A husband, without due consideration or reflection, is maddened into filing a divorce petition against his wife. The petition is dismissed with costs. The hus-

band has the custody of the children, since it is for their benefit that he should have the custody owing to the wife being penniless. In such cases the husband will either make a sincere and abject apology, or refuse to take the wife back and allow her to obtain a restitution degree, after which she might obtain maintenance and custody of the children. He may, however, take a third course. He may tell the wife, without a word of apology, after having dragged her name through the mud, that she can come back. Being penniless and deprived of her children, she will probably go. He is never bound to retract his accusation, although he may never again utter it in so many words. The wife is bound to live under these conditions, and the law does not deem this to be cruelty.

Such is the present state of the law. It is submitted that definite breaches of the marriage contract should be made grounds for its dissolution, that the husband's claim for damages should be abolished, that the legal definition of cruelty should be revised and embodied in a new statute, and that police magistrates, as Mr. Plowden has recently suggested, or county court judges, should have the power of dissolving marriages in addition to the powers they now have, which virtually include everything but that. There is no reason why poverty in itself should preclude the possibility of divorce, and there are many cases of bigamy among the poor which arise from this obstacle.

A VEGETARIAN'S *APOLOGIA*.

"Do you eat a lot of carrots?" "What about macaroni, now?"

The faddist is, of course, fair game; that is to say, if a specimen can be found sufficiently human to understand you are making fun of him. And in the crowded supper-room, when her partner had had to confess his reason for refusing the *mayonnaises* and *timballes* and other curious things they pressed on him, the young lady with the particularly shrill and clear voice was well within her rights in her cross-examination. Nevertheless, she might have given him a little credit for eating three *meringues* to keep her in countenance— a labour well meant, however superfluous.

The pioneer has to put up with a great many things unknown to the traveller who easily progresses along the metalled high road; and though the latter-day "vegetarian" can hardly be called a "pioneer" (amongst all the advertisements of mashes and porridges his difficulty is rather in the choice of roads) he is sufficiently far from the beaten track to make himself singular. An experience of two years and upwards along these paths by one who started without a single friend or relative preceeding him, may shew that it is possible for any ordinary person to make such a change, and continue his ordinary pursuits without justifying himself either by becoming a champion at any game, or walking or bicycling an inordinate distance in an inadequate time. The writer was fortunate enough to possess relatives kindly disposed and benevolently sympathetic, except to the point of imita-

tion; but he had no further advantage, and even that had a slight but inevitable counterbalance in meeting anxieties which had to be set at rest, and quieting various well-meant objections.

So far as his friends are concerned, the would-be vegetarian who announces his intention must make up his mind that he is a target. They will paint direful pictures of his immediate future, wan and flabby and anæmic: and he knows well that if for any reason he gives up his plan after a trial, the wisdom of his friends will return to him in an uninvited and unpalatable encore. Whereas, if he succeeds and the lurid forebodings are conveniently ignored, the most he can expect is to be credited with a cross-grained constitution which thrives on the messes he consumes, for the same reason or lack of reason which makes kindred animals flourish on thistles. And for his mental attitude not even that excuse is possible. He may have the misfortune to think himself an entirely sensible person, a little saner and more far sighted than his compeers, but otherwise sociable; he may refrain from attempting to make converts or obtruding his views in any way whatever except so far as may be necessary to carry them out; he may even, temporarily, sacrifice his better judgment for the sake of his friends, or perhaps, in a weaker moment to avoid a rain of questions, but to those who know him, a faddist he must be and must remain as long as his fad continues. After all, we live in a gentle age for heresies not too violent, and his lot might be worse. In certain circles a century ago the reformer who refused to drink a bottle or so of port wine after dinner on the ground that the practice was unwholesome, might have had a far rougher time; while amongst cannibals the conscientious objector to the white man-*fricassé*—would soon become a very passive resister.

The objections to meat, fish and fowl on the ground of health will not be enlarged upon here, because the writer is not a competent judge of anybody's but his own. The question must be, ultimately, a medical one, and at present the consensus of medical opinion favours the ordinary mixed diet, though signs of change are not wanting, and some distinguished doctors have already enlisted themselves on the side of reform. If we take the trouble to view each standpoint, the circumstances appear [illegible]ven to the reformer. When we consider the countless

"cures" which the profession have had collectively to examine, and, as often as not, individually, to undo, we cannot blame medical men for their conservative views, or even for scepticism; while naturally the public as a whole wait on their bidding. But the reformer can also justify himself by the prescriptions of bleeding in the eighteenth century, of alcohol and violent drugs in the early nineteenth, and perhaps a few years hence, of unnecessary operations and of vaccination in the present day, and he can point out that rheumatism still troubles the layman, although acrid humours of the seventeenth century have become uric acid in the twentieth.

Those who change their diet for the sake of their health alone will usually do so on the advice of a medical man who will be responsible for success or failure. In certain cases doctors now sometimes forbid meat temporarily; and the patient, when he makes it clear to his friends that he is not really abstaining on any principles of his own, will find them quite sympathetic. A well-known writer has advised the neophyte to take advantage of this, and, even if he does not consult a doctor, to shift the responsibility to fall on bodily rather than mental weakness; but it is submitted that a difficulty arises in cases like that of the present writer's, where the enjoyment of good health robs the excuse of its plausibility. His own excuse—for he cannot postpone his apologia much longer—was an unusual association of ideas. A shoulder of mutton made him think of a sheep rather than onion sauce; and Mr. Rudyard Kipling helped to spoil his breakfast bacon by telling him all about Chicago.

It is perhaps this that makes the vegetarian unpopular; a person who affects superior humanity and pointedly reminds you of the shambles when you offer him your hospitality and a chop, may deservedly be voted a nuisance. And, perhaps, the rebuke is not less, but more, when it is implied in deeds rather than expressed in words; even the most silvery conversation can hardly conceal it. And as your guest munches his spinach and some outlandish biscuit you have specially ordered for him (amongst his other villanies he is extremely troublesome) you feel that his reproach dogs your every mouthful, ready to take concrete form in anecdotes of the pole-axe or Strasburg geese on the slightest provocation. Even

the anti-vivisector is more tolerable. Unless he is a vegetarian his theories begin and end in clamour, and are not translated into practice.

But is it possible that something also is to be said on the other side? Let us see if a case can be made for the vegetarian, and let us assume, if we can, that in spite of his prejudices he may be a tolerant and amiable person, although some of his genus now and then show themselves otherwise. Suppose he has no desire to thrust his views upon anybody. It sometimes happens that he receives invitations to dinner; to decline everyone of them is a hard thing for a sociable man who likes to see his friends and knows that these opportunities may not come again. Moreover, in travelling, or even in business, few people can avoid eating with others.

It may be said that whatever he likes to do in private, a man invited to dinner should adapt himself to his surroundings and conform to the rule of hospitality, that a guest should accept and seem to enjoy what is put before him. But the non-smoker is not expected to take a big cigar after dinner: the gentleman who does not wish to take champagne may forego that expensive beverage (though its choice may have been the result of the most anxious care) and be accommodated with a whiskey and soda; and even the teetotaller, though, perhaps, with a slight protest, is allowed his water. Why should the vegetarian alone be beyond the pale? For him the consequences of "going nap" through the many courses of a modern dinner may be just as unpleasant as the cigar to the non-smoker or champagne to the teetotaller, for whatever he gains by his tenets he is certainly apt to lose his former capacity for assimilation of mixed dishes. It may be urged that for a man to go to a modern dinner and eschew fish, flesh and fowl is to go to "Hamlet" and insist on the young prince's part being omitted. But that would not be a play at all; whereas the vegetarian, supposing him to be even an ordinarily adaptable person, can get quite sufficient for his needs on the vegetables and the other courses. Probably, if he had to choose a dinner for himself, it would be different in matter or arrangement, or both; but that does not preclude him taking and enjoying what he finds.

Again, when his principles are known beforehand and amidst

the hospitable smiles of the hostess, an enormous mash of carrots and turnips is set before him, is he to be deemed a troublesome person? Most vegetarians would infinitely prefer to take their choice of what is set before the others, and, if they get an opportunity, protest against special treatment. Is it his fault, that he is supposed to starve on the other fare set before him, if he expressly declares the contrary? In fact, the dish provided for him, though it may be free from meat, may also be quite unpalatable to him, and yet he has not even an option of refusal. It is given to few people to thrive on great masses of ordinary garden vegetables.

No doubt the term "vegetarian," to which the man who does not eat meat has perforce to submit, is responsible for many of his troubles. We have all heard of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms; but the fact remains that to most minds the word "vegetable" is associated with potatoes and cabbages, upon which, by an easy deduction, the "vegetarian" is taken to subsist. In vain he pleads that he takes perhaps less of such things than his friends do; in vain he points out that no scientist has yet included butter and eggs and cheese in the vegetable kingdoms and that he eats these things; a vegetarian he is and remains, and it follows that he must devour the products of the kitchen garden.

Another, and hardly a less grave fault of the tyranny of this word is that, as covering all persons who do not eat meat, poultry, fish or game, it is so wide as to be really meaningless. Some "vegetarians" eat eggs; others exclude them; some take neither eggs, butter, cheese or milk, but take anything edible provided it really is a product of the vegetable kingdom; others again—and perhaps, when we know more than we do now, we shall find that their way is nearer excellence than any other—restrict themselves to fresh fruit and nuts with a few cereals, being as far as possible independent of any cooking or preparation of food other than cleaning where necessary. These may be called "fruitarians," but this word is not in general use. But to ask one abstainer from meat what another requires because both are vegetarians is as absurd, or even more so, as assuming one man can tell another's taste in tobacco because both smoke.

The variations, in fact, are accounted for by the many different

reasons which induce different persons to make the change. Those who do it for their health will very likely avoid not only meat but certain vegetables, such as peas, beans and asparagus; and they can appease those who doubt their fitness to live and be at large by referring to uric acid and xanthin. Those who have taken the step from dislike of the cruelty involved in killing tame animals for the preparation of food have no such restrictions and need not even be teetotallers. Those who refrain on ethical or even religious grounds will probably refrain from wine also on principles which are probably better understood amongst Orientals than by ourselves. As indicated above, the lot of the vegetarian actuated by such motives who has to justify himself to his enquiring friends, is least enviable of all, for discussions on religious or moral fundamentals are forbidden in polite society, perhaps for the same reason as the populace avoided discussing the absence of the Emperor's clothes in Hans Andersen's story. His last prop is, therefore, taken away, and he stands self-condemned as an irrational idiot by people who do things for the excellent reason that others do them also. Nor are feeble jocularities of the "why should I eat cow and pig if I don't want to?" order usually well received.

Perhaps to the would-be convert who can understand and sympathise, and who hesitates for the same reason that keeps the unfortunate victim of the cold bath shivering on the brink, the above will seem rather a dismal picture; and when he remembers his friends warnings of the insatiable craving for roast beef that will be his lot for the first year or so, the fact that he postpones the step is not surprising.

The person who cannot accept a little good-natured ridicule will do well to ring the changes on every possible cure until he is able to do so; but as to the other objections, the testimony of a convert who, one morning more than two years ago, announced his intention to make the change, and has persisted ever since (except on a few occasions when he has allowed a desire for peace and quietness to prevail over other inclinations) may be reassuring. During that period he has sat at meals every day with an entirely unconverted family, the dishes he has renounced right in front of him, fragrant or the reverse, according to the point of view or the temper of the various

despotic personages who prepared them. And in that time by far his greatest difficulty was to stave off well-meant importunities! No doubt a well-cooked savoury or salmi put right under the nose of a beginner might awaken emotion; but any one steadfast enough to make a resolution which he means to keep, can avoid this if necessary, as a last resort, by flight after enquiry. To the aggressive vegetarian the advice will seem immoral, but in such a case the neophyte may possibly do best to take the easier path, rather than to make a martyr of himself. The point is that if the writer's own case is any criterion at all, the fabled desire for beefstakes is practically non-existent after a short time even when they are placed ready for consumption; and the desire for any food with a meat basis is a vanishing quantity when such food is absent.

The beginner will also do well to make a common-sense allowance for the circumstances in which he finds himself. Supposing he wishes to make the change because he objects to the slaughter of animals, and he is determined to avoid this responsibility. He ceases to eat beef and mutton, game and poultry; he avoids fish also of every sort, shell-fish included, But his conscience troubles him further. He now wears leather boots; so he finds a place where "vegetarian" boots are sold, and lays in a stock. Then his house becomes infested with mice or black-beetles; short of catching them alive and letting them loose on on his neighbours premises (thereby running riot through other fields of ethics) he has no way of dealing with the nuisance. Finally, let us suppose that, through a misfortune which might happen to the most cleanly and delicate, he has to make that choice which some of the early Christian saints are said to have decided against their own invaded persons—what is he to do? Either he has to slay wholesale, or remain an outcast—for the proximity of a person described in a certain short Act of Parliament is disturbing and unpleasant, whether his condition arises from dirty self-neglect or exalted moral principle.

In fact, to become a vegetarian does not involve an entire sacrifice of judgment; and short of living among the Jains or in a Buddhist monastery, a modern European cannot expect to avoid at least being an accessory before the fact of animal

slaughter. And, if he does not live entirely in vegetarian households, he can hardly avoid some taint in what he eats—even to the cook anointing with lard the pots and pans in which his otherwise innocuous food is prepared. But it does not follow that, because in walking along a muddy road the soles of the boots get dirty, the attempt to keep as clean as possible should be abandoned, and a roll in the mire forthwith be indulged in; and when some plethoric individual contemptuously asks the reformer about the uprooted and therefore outraged potato, the latter may enquire his friend's views about cruelty to dogs (a very safe draw) and then ask him why he beheads a rose and puts it in his buttonhole. The vegetarian should be able to play the game of absurd conclusions as well as others.

As regards health, a personal experience, though not conclusive, may yet be evidence, and, to date, it will be evidence in favour. In our climate the ordinarily healthy person expects to catch a cold now and then—perhaps two or three times a year—also to have an occasional sore throat, or influenza, or be the victim of one of those ailments out of which the advertisers of patent pills and medicines find sustenance and comfort on such an extensive scale. In the due course of things the writer should, therefore, have had at least four or five colds since his change, besides other indispositions. In fact, he has had no cold or other similar ailment; and advertisements of the "cærulean cachous for colic" type leave his spirits light and his purse heavy—or, at least, as heavy as before. Of course, his immunity may be merely coincidence; and it is no doubt possible that he is undermining his constitution, though the usual warnings have been withheld from him. Each must weigh the evidence for himself; and a dead trout in the milk may be quite consistent with the purveyor's honesty.

The capacity for feats of strength and endurance must again be gauged elsewhere, for in the present day testimony from one who had neither created a record nor held a championship would not be considered valuable. But, for enjoyment, to be able to start after breakfast with a few biscuits and an apple in the pocket for a modest walk of thirty miles before dinner, and to do it, as Mr. Thomas Hance in the "Bab Ballads" did his feats "without

unwholesome strain," is certainly a step taken towards independence; and few people living a sedentary life are likely to be compelled to walk further.

To sum up, the writer pleads that in view of the progress of modern thought and modern science, the vegetarian should now be granted that recognition which is already accorded to the non-smoker and teetotaller. Both are treated politely, and their views are outwardly respected, even where found incomprehensible. All the teetotaller's misfortunes or possible ill-health are not put down to abstinence from wine; nor is it now good form to tell him aggressively that there is alcohol in ginger-beer. The non-smoker is not derided because he accidentally inhales tobacco fumes in a polluted atmosphere. Modern society now grovels before the morning tub enthusiast who, a hundred ago, would have been voted a nuisance, and listens while he asperses our ancestors' personal cleanliness. If we take this as a moral—food for reflection—we shall cease to flay our vegetarians.

ALFRED FELLOWS.

POLITICS AND HUMAN SYMPATHIES.

In the course of a speech delivered by Mr. Balfour last month, he sought to show, among other theories he supported, that the Radical party of to-day has outlived the traditions of its past. Seventy years ago the Radical party "with all its pedantries" had a real and important *rôle* to perform. But its work has now been done, and it has no longer any *raison d'être*. Unfortunately he did not go on to show that in consequence of this condition of things, the organisation of English politics on the basis of the theory that those who take part in it are necessarily divided into two opposing camps, is an anachronism and a fatal barrier in the path of national progress. Few unbiassed observers of activities in the House of Commons are prepared to deny the influence of the present system in engendering absurd results. The theoretical distinction between a Radical and a Tory party should be found in their respective sympathies with the upper and the lower classes. The Tory is supposed to be a person who is anxious to maintain and strengthen the privileges of the landowner and of wealth generally. He is regarded by his antagonists as selfishly indifferent to the sufferings of the poor; anxious only that the labourer should be kept in his place and compelled to work for low wages. The Radical is regarded, from the same point of view, as animated by a generous sympathy with the down-trodden and oppressed victims of aristocratic privilege; eager to promote political changes which will liberate them from tyranny and advance their well being. From the Tory point of view the Radical on the other hand is a man who aims at the establishment of an impossible equality between the upper and the lower ranks of the

community, at the futile spoliation of the rich for the benefit of the poor, in a manner which would defy the laws of Nature as well as those of society, while the rational representative of sound government is more sincerely anxious than his rival to promote the true happiness and welfare of the lower classes, but convinced that he knows much better how to do this than his wild and random opponent.

Neither conception corresponds in the faintest degree with the actual condition of the two parties, as represented by the condition of the House of Commons in the present day.

In defining that situation it is difficult to avoid the appearance of casting an undue share of the blame attaching to it on the Radical party, simply because that party is, and has been, for so long, in opposition. Under the two-party system the party in opposition will always seem to be invested with the ignominious rôle. It will always be opposing for opposition's sake. Had the Tory chiefs been ten years in the "cold shade," while their rivals were attempting to justify their tenure of power by projects for the benefit of the people, it is likely enough that these, however hopeful, would have been encountered with sneers and hostility. But the spectacle of the moment shows us the Liberals engaged in the task of misrepresentation and obstruction, and the system in operation can only be criticised by reference to actual facts. The prospect we have before us is one in which questions like those relating, for instance, to Chinese labour in the Transvaal, or the economical bearing of trade tariffs, which have no more to do with the fundamental theory of Tories and Liberals than the constitution of the sun's corona, are questions which all members of the opposition answer in the sense exactly opposed to the answers given by members on the government side. If party spirit even left room in modern politics for a sense of humour, members of parliament would be ashamed to vote in flocks on questions which are wholly out of gear with the fundamental sympathies their respective parties are supposed to be concerned with. To argue that because some given hundred men are all agreed that wealth ought to be more evenly divided in the world, therefore they must all be agreed as to the size of the electron, would be pretty obviously ridiculous, but it would not be more so

than to argue that they must, as sympathisers with the poor, be agreed as to the economical wisdom of importing foreign manutures free of duty. Politicians under the existing system are not ashamed of giving votes that are transparently insincere, and are driven to do this so constantly, by the exigencies of party, that the looker on is hardly ever in a position to feel sure that any vote they give is the product of genuine independent conviction.

Reflection along these lines will be stimulated by the perusal of a recently published volume entitled "Reminiscences of a Radical Parson," by the Rev. W. Tuckwell, who played a very prominent part in the politics of Mr. Gladstone's period. The purity and nobility of his motives when he flung himself into the electioneering campaigns associated with the popular belief that Mr. Gladstone's triumph would take the shape, for every agricultural labourer of three acres and a cow, were beyond suspicion. He braved many social discomforts by devoting himself to the cause of the suffering poor. He invoked much angry feeling by his fierce denunciation of clerical luxury,—so absurdly in contrast with the theories of the religion professed. He came into close and sympathetic relations with the miserable denizens of city slums, and the half starved families of country labourers, and his soul rebelled passionately at the social system which set these dismal phenomena side by side with the shameless and unbridled extravagance of the wealthy classes. He honestly believed that Liberal politicians shared his enthusiasm. He sincerely trusted the Liberal leaders to carry out schemes for the amelioration of the horrible injustice,—as he regarded it,—of the existing social system, if once they were established in power.

Mr. Gladstone's sacrifice of all other questions to Home Rule when he came into office, seems to have been a trial and a disappointment for Mr. Tuckwell, and of course, he puts together his reminiscences at a time of life when it is impossible for him to look forward to fresh campaigns on behalf of new leaders who might in turn delude him with the belief that they embody the principles of Liberalism as he understands them. But still he reclaims himself a Radical Parson, and pins his faith on the old ded formulas. To begin with he traces the misery of ople to two fundamental causes, 1st, Land Monopoly,

2nd, Aristocratic Privilege. And the remedy is to be sought in the abolition of ground rents, and the suppression of the House of Lords. Towards those sublime results the true Christian in sympathy with the poor, is to struggle on hopefully by voting for Liberal candidates at elections. The whole body of thought thus elaborated is touching in its naive simplicity. Imagine the present leaders of the Liberal party in the House of Commons in presence, as ministers, of proposals to confiscate the territory of overwealthy dukes for the benefit of their labourers and ploughmen. Imagine them invited to do anything that would be calculated to give the Tories a handle against them, or to alienate the respectable middle classes at the next general election!

The theory that private property in land is fundamentally unjust may be supported by very cogent reasoning. Great estates owned by titled landlords were in harmony with feudal traditions. They are out of harmony with a system under which a title is merely a social distinction, and a landlord is no more the "lord" of the people on his estate than Mr. Whiteley is the lord of his customers. Reformers who do not aim at accomplishing results by the discredited methods of democratic elections, are not infrequently in favour of a gradual nationalisation of the land. The result, if accomplished, would not invest the individual cultivator with ownership, and he might not be greatly better off under the new system, but it would relieve taxation to an extent that might abolish all existing burdens. And if small scale cultivation should be really recognised as among the remedies for depressed agriculture, it would favour the establishment of that system. But Mr. Tuckwell's delusion resides in the idea that we should get appreciably nearer the nationalisation remedy by sending members to the House of Commons pledged to support any one group of aspirants for office rather than any rival group. He does not see that the existence of rival groups is the trouble really —the curse of our political system, the barrier in the way of all progress. For progress worth talking about, we must somehow create a deliberative assembly—a Parliament consisting of men who apply their minds to the fair consideration of schemes for promoting national welfare. It would be eminently desirable that such an assembly should be composed of men qualified

intellectually and morally to take part in the work. The rough and ready methods of parliamentary elections, as carried out at present, can never secure such qualifications. The privilege of voting at the election of members for Parliament should itself be acquired by election, and specific conditions should be fulfilled before any candidate for election as an elector should be eligible. But however carefully in some such way the Parliament itself should be constructed, it would be almost as useless for practical work as the Parliament we have now, unless we could get rid once for all of the abominable system which gives rise to the faction fighting by which the present Parliament is disgraced —namely, the solidarity of the Cabinet.

So fatal is that system in its effect on public affairs, that in truth if it could be broken up, even the present House of Commons might do work that would command respect, though the methods by which it is created are essentially absurd. If ministers were individually responsible for the efficiency of their departments, if the Sovereign were the only official president of the whole body, party government would no longer be possible. Measures would be considered on their merits; no member of parliament would have any temptation to vote in defiance of his conscience: time would not be wasted by the varied devices of obstruction that faction fighting has developed, and then at last the philanthropist of Mr. Tuckwell's type could address himself to the support of projects he believed beneficial to the people with some chance at all events of being listened to.

Of course, so far as his pet projects are merely the fruit of conventional Radicalism, they would be so many broken soap bubbles. The orthodox democrat's hatred of the House of Lords is merely due to his failure to perceive that a truly democratic House of Commons must be a danger to the State, that only the illogical constitution of the Upper House can guard against. Perhaps,—probably indeed,—in the wake of reforms endowing the country with a real deliberative assembly, the Upper House itself would be found ready to fall in with many new ideas. The true functions of a titled class have not yet been recognised. The clumsy system that at present guides the transmission of titles would be self-condemned as soon as those functions were properly

appreciated, but the complete exposition of all that lies behind that suggestion, would perhaps be premature. The main reflection suggested by Mr. Tuckwell's book is that beautiful human sympathy reaching out towards the poor and suffering classes, has so far been shamefully ensnared by the Radical partisan,—that the genuine philanthropist needs above all things to be rescued from the delusion of supposing that he can even approach the realisation of any benevolent dream he entertains, by harnessing himself to the chariot of any political party. It is only by a reorganisation of the administrative fabric in such a way that it shall be no longer the prey of party ambitions that it is possible for the Christian reformer, horrified at the prevailing inequalities of human well-being, to imagine himself taking one step in the direction of a generous reform.

Not that even then the condition of modern life would allow of any such Utopian developments as would abolish poverty and curtail unwholesome extravagance. The existing situation is in the main the inevitable result of the laws governing human evolution, of which the conventional philanthropist knows nothing, and concerning which our well-meaning "Radical Parson" will gather no teaching in the bosom of his church. Every human ego or soul, emerging from humble beginnings is acquiring attributes and capacities by degrees through the long series of incarnations appointed for its evolution, and even social station is the product of evolution, like mental power or artistic faculty. Some of us, as individual entities, are many millions of years older than others, and the rough work of the world is naturally assigned to the younger less educated majority. That does not mean that every person of the upper is in any interior way superior to every member of the lower class. The methods of Nature are too subtle to be fully defined in sweeping phrases. But broadly the position is—as indicated above, and it is one which the upper class, if it only understood its duty—if it only appreciated its own interest in the long run—would be earnestly struggling all the time to ameliorate. As our Radical Parson feels, it is disgusting that some members of the great human family should be squandering huge fortunes on wanton extravagance, while millions are hungering in rags. But the millions could not be quickly rescued from their poverty

except by methods of control from above as rigorous as those that discipline an army. Their misery is the price they pay for their liberty, and the philanthropist who would attempt to cure it by giving them more liberty, more political power,—is like one who would try to extinguish a fire by throwing oil upon it. Democratic devices will never ameliorate low class misery. That will only be dissolved away gradually when the upper class realises that its true function is to govern,—for the service, not of its own selfishness, but for the good of the multitude. Shameless entertainments where the "scheme of floral declaration" alone would have rebuilt a rookery, ignoble contests which end in the expenditure of £16,000 on a coveted jug, will be as impossible in a civilised state as the abandoned gluttony of the Roman banquet. But we shall only approach that ideal condition of things when the leaders of thought have learned the alphabet of spiritual evolution, when the light of a loftier knowledge than generally as yet prevails, concerning the more or less hidden laws of nature has been cast, for those who are in a position to guide great currents of thought, on the magnificent problems that properly understood should invest the pursuits of politics with the dignity of religion, the prestige of rank with the obligations of duty, and the privileges of wealth with the glory of doing good.

AN OCCULT STUDENT.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE survey of events as they pass, attempted in these pages, is guided by a principle which, perhaps, by this time, some readers may have discerned. Public affairs wear a new aspect when regarded from the point of view of that knowledge embodied in what has hitherto been described as "occult" science. The idea will be best appreciated if we first consider the bearing of that knowledge on each single individual life. This has one aspect for the man who either disbelieves that any state of consciousness lies beyond—or is frankly careless of all but the moment's enjoyment —and another for him who understands that it is merely one of a series, and the opportunity afforded him for determining what the rest of the series shall be like. Only when current incidents and experience are realised as destined to vibrate in their consequences through an illimitable future, can those for whom life is easy and pleasant be encouraged to appreciate the importance of opportunities within their reach, or those for whom it is laborious and painful be enabled to endure it with comparative equanimity.

In reviewing public affairs we are dealing with the life of races on principles corresponding to those contemplated just now in regard to the individual. Those who can discern in the light of a lofty knowledge not yet generally assimilated by this generation, the ultimate destinies towards which great nations must be moving, are enabled to look on at current conflicts with a sub-consciousness that colours the whole picture. The lives of

nations are longer than those of individuals; thousands of years for them, are but as decades for the single entity. To understand the design these lives subserve we must be enabled to take a very comprehensive view of the past. But investigations now accomplished enable us to glance back over the whole progress of mankind during the millions of years when the earth was inhabited by the great Atlantean race, and to see how the destinies of that race pointed inevitably to the final conclusion. It matters nothing in the long run which of the nations that occupied the Atlantean continent obtained ascendancy over its neighbours; their conquests and violated boundaries are all submerged equally beneath the impartial ocean. But the individual entities who took part in the strife are in activity among us at this day, owing their characteristics and capacities, in some measure at all events, to their Atlantean experience. They, we, and our companions in evolution who are for the moment at rest on other planes of existence, were the fruit of Nature's vast undertaking—the evolution of the Atlantean race. Nations, as such, are ultimately of no importance at all. The world is employed in growing individual entities, and national organisation is but a factor in such growth.

CERTAINLY, for the time being, it is a very important factor. Individual growth is only possible in the midst of other growing individualities. To put the idea paradoxically, growth is only possible where growth is not the object in view. To strive for something outside of oneself is the condition—*sine qua non*—of attaining something (in the long run) for oneself. Family life provides the simplest opportunity for that sort of striving; national life sometimes affords still grander scope for the activities that involve self-sacrifice. And that is the clue—for the occult observer of Passing Events—to the proper understanding of much that seems terrible at the first glance in the progress of the war in Manchuria. It is not necessary to suppose that divine power has been exercised to bring about that war in order that those who suffer in it may have the opportunity of self-sacrifice. On the con-

trary, the action on the part of those in Russia who precipitated the war, may involve them in frightful responsibility to the Karmic law; but the situation having arisen lends itself to results that are by no means altogether evil. The multitudes of Japanese who have willingly spent their lives for the service of their country, have accomplished individual progress to a degree that would hardly have been possible under easier circumstances. The interests of the nation, as a whole, to which they have joyfully rendered their own individual interests entirely subordinate, may not in the very long run have any importance at all, but they themselves are invested with imperishable results by their devotion to those interests, and their example is splendidly effective in stimulating a similar spirit of devotion in others. Nor need we suppose that even on the other side, the victims of the war are suffering to no purpose. We can hardly assign to them the same emotions of vivid patriotism that inspire the Japanese, but in many cases, no doubt, the Russian soldier identifies himself with the cause for which he is fighting, may sometimes be inspired with a glow of loyalty to the Sovereign he serves, (however little that Sovereign deserves it) and may thus be on the pathway of moral evolution, even like the enemy he confronts.

THOUGHTS of this kind have such a direct bearing on our appreciation of current political problems that it may be worth while to attempt their further amplification. In the earlier stages of human progress,—during the Atlantean period,—the concentration, as it were, the intensification of individual life in all the vast multitudes of human beings passing through that stage of development, was the evolutionary purpose in view, and the results emerged inevitably from the tangle of international conflicts with which that period was filled, although it mattered nothing to the result, whether in any one of those individual conflicts right and justice, or the reverse, seemed for the moment to triumph. We are now in a position to understand what is the corresponding purpose to be fulfilled within the limits of the vast evolutionary scheme, by the race to which we ourselves belong,—the fifth in the order of

its development, which is gradually overspreading the earth, and displacing its predecessor. The passage of each human ego through this great race is destined to engraft a higher morality on the individualised entities transmitted to it from the past. Of course, this estimate of the situation deals with the masses of mankind, and is not to be checked by reference to abnormal conditions either of progress or retardation which the variegated conditions of the world around us exhibit, of course, to a detailed observation. But the main idea being as described, we know that it will be worked out by successive great impulses of civilisation and progress, giving rise to what the student of evolution generally describes as the sub-races of the fifth root race, the outlines of which embrace wider areas than current nationalities provide for. Now, the fifth sub-race to which the more advanced of the European nations belong, has been mainly concerned with the perfection of intellectual capacity, a process referring especially to the physical life, and thus carried on all the more effectually during that eclipse or obscuration of spiritual sympathies and interests with which what we call modern civilisation has been so remarkably identified. The next great process will involve the super-position, on this intellectual capacity, of interest in and knowledge concerning super-physical conditions of existence. And the western world, the great aggregation of populous communities spreading over the great American continent, will be the region in which this all-important process of human evolution will gradually be worked out. To put the same statement in more technical language, the sixth sub-race of the fifth is now in its earliest stage of evolution on the North American continent.

But how does this affect international problems? Only in reality by exhibiting to that eye of the mind which can sweep over vast areas of time, the relative insignificance of international complications as compared with the work which they all unconsciously subserve, just as in each individual life its incidents are contributing to bring about the gradual evolution of the permanent entity. [illegible]t as in the case of individual troubles a familiar consolation [illegible]us that it will be "all the same a hundred years hence," so, [illegible] reference to great international ambitions which threaten the

peace of the world at any given moment, it may safely be asserted that, whether the principles of right triumph or are defeated, it will be all the same a million years hence. In neither case is the statement absolutely true. No event that ever once transpires can be wiped out from the records of the past; no cause once set in activity can be wholly destitute of consequences at any future period. But in the broad sense in which the phrase is true in the individual case, it is true on the larger scale.

And this is the first big thought which, to use an earlier illustration, colours the prospect of international politics from the point of view of the occult student. The mere politician of ordinary life fancies that this or that achievement is going to prove of imperishable importance in regard to the future of mankind. The ambitions of the great states are apparently concerned with moulding the future of civilisation, and, indeed, they may promote or retard it within the range of their influence, and thus from no point of view can they be regarded as unimportant. But the certainty we may feel that in the long run the intentions of Nature will undeniably be worked out by one or other of the many instruments that may be employed, or be permitted to employ themselves, for the purpose, has an effect on the mind which is curiously tranquilising as compared with the tendency of what may be called ordinary political speculation. Russia, for instance, has been an enormously important factor in human affairs within living memory, and has threatened to be even more influential to an extent that has made the growth and power of Russia a nightmare for many politicians. And no doubt desirable progress might have been hindered had that truly barbarous and immoral power been enabled to play a mightier part in current history than it seems likely to work out in view of current conditions. But nothing that it could have done, even supposing the vigour of the Japanese race had not intervened, would have impinged on the destinies reserved for the North American people. Russian aggression might have disturbed the old age, so to speak, of European nations, and have given rise for the time being to much individual suffering. But the great destinies of mankind as a whole would have been scarcely at all affected. And the same reflection will enable

us to appreciate the true importance of the ambitions entertained by the military states of the Continent generally. Some students of history talk about the decay of the great nations as something which is inevitable always, and wonder whether this or that of the states dividing the map of Europe is already moving down the declivity which represents such decay as befell the Roman Empire. Decay of that kind should rather be regarded as analogous to the premature death of a human being under the influence of painful disease. The design of Nature would be better fulfilled by a tranquil old age, and a proper appreciation of this profound truth would do more than mutual threats to keep within reasonable bounds the ambitions of the military powers. Their ambitions look very senseless from the point of view of those loftier regions of life which transcend the conditions of physical existence. It is deplorable, of course, that the bigotry and foolishness of Russia should stand in the way of internal changes which might enable its vast population to inaugurate a wholesome life. It is grotesquely ridiculous that German aspirations, instead of being turned towards the amelioration of social strains within their own dominion, should be apparently directed to the development of an imbroglio in Morocco, the indirect effect of which might be again to deluge European plains with blood. How smoothly the necessary changes in Russia would come about, how happily for the rest of the world the forces of the great Teutonic states would be turned inward, no longer a menace to their neighbours, if the future of the world as a vast organism were better comprehended by mankind at large, and if nations generally could look on the problems of politics in the same enlarged philosophic spirit possible for the man who not alone believes in vaguely, but who comprehends human immortality and its bearing on the problems that beset his course through life.

DESCENDING now to a lower level of observation, the war is full, of course, of practical lessons relating to the immediate interests of other states, besides those in actual conflict. Captain Mahan, in the columns of the *Times*, has told us something con-

cerning the lessons, as he reads them, of the naval engagement in the sea of Japan. He regards "the superiority of the battleship and of the gun," as compared with the torpedo attack as established. Even the Russian battleships that survived the daylight period of the battle, mauled as they were, "beat off after dark, using their searchlights, two attacks by the whole flotilla of the enemy's destroyers, acting in two squadrons: and Japanese attacks have not heretofore in this war been found easy to repel." Again Captain Mahan sees no reason to suppose that submarines were employed with any success in the recent battle. So far, so good, but the non-professional observer will regard one lesson of the great fight as more impressive even than the discredit it throws on the torpedo and the submarine. In old naval warfare terrible slaughter took place on board the vessels engaged, but these did not often go down bodily with all hands. The liability of the modern battle ship to "turn turtle" and sink in a few minutes when wounded below the water-line puts a new complexion on the chances of warfare at sea. Certainly the victorious vessels remained afloat; but that seems by common consent to have been due to the bad gunnery of the Russians. Had they been as well able as the Japanese gunners to inflict wounds on the enemy's ships below the water-line, victors and vanquished might have gone to the bottom together, only discussing at a later stage of their intercourse on another plane of existence, the unsolved question, who was which?

The British Fleet cannot rely on the bad gunnery of its possible foes in the future, and it is impossible not to feel that the costly battle-ship, built at the expense of a million, in spite of its impenetrable armour, requires, like a crate full of delicate china, to be handled "this side uppermost, with care." With all due deference to Captain Mahan, can it be truly said that the lesson of the battle is in favour of the battleship as well as of the big gun? That it is in favour of the latter is beyond dispute.

YET another Beck case! A certain Mr. Horace Forbes was liberated ("pardoned," no doubt) from Wormwood Scrubbs

Prison in the middle of last month after serving a month of a sentence of eighteen months—on the discovery of the somewhat important fact that he was the wrong man. Again the horrible mistake ensued from the mistakes of witnesses who identified him, and the victim in this case declares that the police showed the principal witness a photograph of him, the victim, before the parade of prisoners, among whom he was requested to pick out the culprit. If that can be established the culpability of the police is monstrous, and the offenders should be dealt with severely. But there is only one way of really putting a check on proceedings of this nature. The Judge at a trial where an innocent man is wrongfully convicted, is *prima facié* the offender to be put on his trial first? In some cases, perhaps, circumstances may be so terribly deceptive that even he is to be excused for blundering, but he is at all events, the highly paid and otherwise extravagantly honoured expert who is supposed to keep watch over the behaviour of all humbler representatives of authority. He is the man who should first of all be called upon to show cause why he should not be held responsible for a miscarriage of the King's justice.

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'ERE TARA FELL.

THE STORY OF A FORMER LIFE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.

I HAVE often thought it strange that the theory of Re-incarnation should belong principally to two nations—the Oriental and the Celtic. There may be some half-forgotten link joining the two, as some savants say that the Celtic race springs from the East.

The doctrine of Re-incarnation is the only one for people who think upon what seems to be obviously the Eternal Injustice of things. It is all very well for the smug orthodox person to say that everything is for the best. I have noticed that such people are always eminently well-fed, well-housed, and, alas! of a type so common in Britain. They have a sort of terror of looking beneath the surface, and regard those who do so as past redemption. But the old pre-Christian theory of lives to be lived till completed here or elsewhere, always seemed reasonable to me.

My first experience I gained from another woman. She did not seem unhappy in any way at the time she told me her strange story; neither did she pose as one of the misunderstood. When she touched womanhood, she says, she has often gone into a sort of dream, and, forgetful of those round her, slipped back and back. Very often, too, she was awakened harshly, and what pain that meant only she could tell. Often she wondered if she was the

victim of something that touched insanity. But still those dreams of hers were a sort of painful joy too good to lose. Later, she met people with like experiences to hers. And one night, quite suddenly, she told me what I verily now believe was a recollection, of a past existence.

What she told me was more familiar to her than food and drink and the present-day objects about her. She did not even use many words at the time, but hours, days and months afterwards the thing seemed to unroll itself like a series of pictures before my mental vision. Something I said must have made her tell me; perhaps my hot interest in things antique or barbaric my horror of humbug and conventionality. I remember how she began her story that night.

CHAPTER I.

SEVERAL women were at work in a gray tower that hung over the waters of the Atlantic. The land was a piece of old Alba that King Connor of Erin held by the sword—a wild unsettled princedom, whose ruler was at one hour friends with his King, at another at drawn swords. The star of the Celt was in the ascendant just then; Rome had conquered and broken Britain. But out of Britain heroes had risen: Caradoc had held Wales, another as great had laughed at Roman swords in Alba,* and Erin had friends in Gaul, Iberia and the Western lands, and in Erin, King Connor ruled; Overlord of its provincial kings. "The greatest King the gods ever sent Erin," said one woman, who should have known if any did.

To return to the women in the tower hanging over the Western Sea. A great loom stretched half across the room, and the shuttle clashed backwards and forwards with the women's tongues for accompaniment. Only one of them was silent—a small, slight girl, with tired eyes and a wistful little face that might have been pretty if it had not been white with weariness, and the repressed tears of almost utter exhaustion. That she was aching and dead tired with heavy work mattered nothing to those

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*Scotland.

round her. She was only the little slave Una, who, perhaps, was born to a better fate; but the times often saw kings' daughters reduced to the herding of cattle, or worse, by the right of conquest. So that made small difference if it was so.

The women's tongues chattered on about the doings of Connor the King—his bravery, his beauty, and the glory of Tara of Erin. The girl listened, and in listening, her work grew spoilt. She glanced at the women with a look of sullen despair, that held half the fierceness of a frightened little animal terrified into impotent fury. And she got what she expected—a violent blow on the side of the head, that sent her reeling against the hard stone of the wall behind her. She said nothing, only something in her eyes must have enraged her task-mistress, for she struck her again, with the full violence of an extremely strong arm. The girl felt dazed and sick, but still she said no word, only held herself in control with a sort of dogged silence.

That same evening she was out in the forest that stretched for miles away from the tower. That she would suffer for her absence she knew only too well; only now she felt that solitude and a little rest were things worth paying for, for only when she was alone in that dark greenness that she loved, could she let go the dumb pitiful pride that made her take taunts and blows without a word or sign. A golden sunset tinted oak and pine with a lingering fire. The girl was leaning against a tree-trunk, watching the light with dim eyes. Her head throbbed and ached, and her small body felt bruised and tired. Her one thought was—she had been stupid and spoilt her work, and if she went back now it would mean more blows, and even now she felt sick and shivering.

"They will kill me," she whispered suddenly, her cheek against the trunk of the old pine. The trees of the great forest were her only friends; only they could ever know her half-childish, half-savage terror of the women for whom she worked. To-night she realised that she was little good to them, for she worked badly, half from anxiety to please them and gain some mercy if she could, half because of want of strength to carry out their commands.

She began to sob in a half-choked, tearless way as she leant

against the tree, till something reduced her to silence—the bay of a hound. A tangle of high bracken parted, and a great Irish wolf-hound bounded towards her, ran up and nosed her outstretched hand. There was a look of friendliness about his brown eyes, and she patted his great gray head till he sprang away and left her, dashing back towards two men who strode over the bracken towards her.

She heard the quick voluble talk of an Irish kern—with a tangled mane of red hair splashed with grey, who carried a dead red-deer across his shoulders. Then her eyes fell upon his companion. In spite of the light hunting gear he wore, that showed signs of rough wear (in spite of talk that said he was not there, but in Erin), the knowledge came to the girl in a flash. She was gazing at Connor the King. She wished she could see better as he passed, for her eyes were strangely dim, and her head swam.

CHAPTER II.

At that moment the hurt, shrinking child among the forest trees was glad that she had over-stayed that blessed respite of solitude there; glad even though she knew the blows, and worse than blows, the venom of spiteful tongues it would cost her. She had always carried a piteous half-vague longing for beauty in her heart, hence her love for the dim greenness of the great forest, and the muffled beat of the sea beyond it; and as the tall King from Erin came nearer, she felt that at last she had, perhaps, seen one of the beautiful Immortals of whom she often dreamt. He wore no sign of the splendour he would wear for war, or for the great feasts in Tara's hall. The hunting garb of the day was the same for king or kerne—only the great golden clasp that fastened the scanty wolf-skin shirt across his breast, and the gleam of a gold ring on one bare arm showed his rank, if his bearing failed to do so, which seemed unlikely. In defiance of the fashion of the day that let men's hair grow down to their sword-belts, his was cut to the neck, where it curled in black rings that the soft evening breeze lifted and ruffled about his ears. And his face, clear-cut and strong about the mouth, in spite of his youth, had all the

dark fine beauty that in that day seemed the birth-right of the Celts of Milesian blood. You could see the hot trace of it in the clear dark skin, and in the smouldering fire of the blue-black eyes, and in the free swing of his walk as he strode through the high bracken.

The small trembling creature among the tree-shadows wished desperately that the pain in her head would not blind her as it did just then, because she wanted a longer sight of him—this hero whose fame was in all men's mouths ; it would be something to dream of when her head ached and her body felt bruised as it did now.

The two figures passed her close as she crouched back in the shadow. She heard him give a swift command to the man beside him, and the other, shouldering the deer, put a hand to his forehead with a rapid obeisance, and plunged on through the knee-deep bracken on his right.

" Child, what's the trouble ? "

His voice and the hand on her shoulder suddenly seemed to make the sun-set beauty ot the forest rock about the girl. She tried to answer as she wished, with some timid apology for having, as it seemed, crossed his hunting path ; but her words were choked, and everything was strangely dim. When the dimness cleared he was down on his knee, his arm about the quivering little figure.

" Thou art sick surely, little one," went on the deep musical voice, " or someone has— " His face grew stern as he stopped speaking.

In truth she was almost sick with that day's pain, and now she felt dazed and frightened because she could not answer to his kindness—his kindness that would make to-night's coming taunts and blows perhaps a little easier to bear ; no, perhaps harder by force of difference.

Suddenly he drew her closer and looked straight into her eyes. Later he told her that her eyes spoke to him in a way he read more easily than most women's tongues. Who could tell how it was ? Life was a swifter, stronger thing, and less liable to self-deception in those days. A man might love, also he might hate and kill, at a moment's glance or word. However, what

came, came with the slow twilight that was settling amid the dark green of oak and pine, for the King had drawn the small aching head against his breast and spoke very low and clear, but with a strange grim challenge in his voice.

"Thou hast been hurt and frightened; it shall not be again, never again, dost hear me child, as long as I have strength, and I—" with that swift brilliant smile—"am very strong. Can'st tell me now in words what maybe I have guessed?"

It was then her dumbness fell from her, and she spoke, unsteadily, it is true, but with a sudden mad gladness she could not understand, taking her breath away at every beat of her heart.

"I guessed rightly," he said, when she had finished her story. "'Twas women hurt thee; I do not think men, at least those named so, would hurt so small a thing—unpunished," he added with that same challenging ring in his voice. "It grows late," he said then, rising; "I must go—back to the fort. Thy way lies yonder; go not too fast, and—farewell." He looked down at her again, and she saw that his eyes held a sombre flame for all his light words. "Dost know what thou hast done?" he said suddenly. "No?" as she lifted her eyes timidly. "No harm little child—for that you seem to be still; perhaps good may come, *must* come, who knows? Look at me."

Before that moment she knew that she would willingly give him all her life and soul, if he asked it, for the mere kindness of his past words to her. But now, what was it she saw in the deep eyes above her? How could it be from him to her? She staggered a little, and he caught and held her.

"So," he said quietly, and no more.

Very humbly she bent her head and kissed the hand that had clasped hers. It was farewell for ever, doubtless, she had thought. Such glory could not be—could not—for her. 'Twas a passing dream, but alas! how fair! There was small pride in knowing that perhaps the little share of beauty she might possess might stir a man's pity for her—perhaps more than pity for a time. But this—this was more, and in one swift moment she knew it. Perhaps her face showed how her knowledge, and the joy of it, struck her dumb and blind, for he released her gently.

"Good night, little one," he said again; then with that hard ring back in his voice. "Thou shalt not be hurt; go and sleep till—to-morrow." He whistled to the hound, who came bounding back to him through a tangle of bracken, and strode on towards the fort that held his men.

And Una—? She went homewards thinking. "'Tis a dream and I must wake: ah! I must wake!" She felt a little dazed and aching still, but somehow she felt that she must hurry. And before she knew, she was up the steps of the tower, and a woman's voice broke her dream with a start. But a sort of scornful pride kept her from wincing, even when a rough hand seized her by her bruised arm, and the woman demanded where she had been so long. The girl answered nothing, and a blow might have repaid her for that, for one was aimed at her head again, but it did not fall.

"Halt!" said a voice in the doorway. A red-haired Irish kern filled it, and the woman dropped the girl's arm with a start and stared. The man pointed with the spear he carried towards the stairway. "A word with thee, mistress, out of earshot," he said with a grin.

"How do I know what you wild beasts from Erin want?" stormed the woman.

The man grinned again. "Must I use more than my tongue, mistress?" he said; then his quiet, persuasive manner changed as she hesitated sullenly, and his face grew grim and fierce, as he grounded his spear with a crash on the stone floor. "'Tis the King's orders; out, woman, or I drag thee," he snapped.

And she obeyed him dumbly, after a look that held amazed terror at the others. Her kinswomen had huddled together in a corner of the tower, like fowls within reach of a hawk's clutches.

The girl stood still where her tormentor had left her. She wondered if the others could hear her heart beating, for it was throbbing up in her throat in a way that took her breath away, and she shook a little as she leant against the wall, waiting, waiting for what she did not know. She only knew that she had not been struck again. Presently the woman came back, swept past the girl and whispered a swift word to her companions, then turned back to Una and spoke—spoke with a sudden servile

civility that sent the girl crimson from brow to chin. But she said no word; what was there to say? Under the flattering words of the women she saw the scornful hate in their eyes, and she fled from them as soon as she could—to lie awake and dream of that past evening in the forest. Something ran down her face before she knew the tears had come. She had entered Paradise, and her dazed wits just realised what it had been.

The moon streamed through her small loop-hole of a window; she rose and pressed her face against it, dreaming still, till she was startled by a low knock at the door. She went and opened it, and saw the red-haired kern again (Red Cormac they called him she learnt later), the moon glinting on his spear and on the gleam of his strong white teeth, as he grinned at her with a sort of good-natured approval.

"Thou art to come with me to the fort yonder; there's fighting a-foot, and 'tis the King's word," he said simply.

The night air blew softly against her face as she followed him over the moor. The King's word; what did it mean? she thought vaguely. They had not struck her, dared not, while he was there, but was there more than that past kindness. Her heart was beating the strength out of her, and as they reached the great stone fort she put a hand timidly on her companion's arm.

"Wilt please to wait a moment?" she gasped suddenly.

The man looked down at the little figure beside him and patted her shoulder kindly, saying no word. The women's half-terrified civility came back to her suddenly.

"Thou hast paid for me," she faltered, "for—for—"

"*He'll* pay for thee in a good yard of cold steel to-morrow," answered the kern with a grim smile, as they entered the fort.

CHAPTER III.

THE KING was sitting in the narrow stone room above the winding stairway, his elbows on the wooden table in front of him, and his hands pushed among his dusky curling hair, and his eyes on it might have been a rough plan of Alba, if she could have

seen it, but her eyes were dim. She only saw the glitter of his mail shirt, and the golden bosses of the cloak he had flung across the other end of the rough wooden table, along with the great two-handed sword, whose hilt caught the gleam of the one flaring torch behind him. She felt Red Cormac's hand turn back the hood of her cloak, and then push her forward gently. It was then the King lifted his head and answered her timid obeisance with a smile and a little nod to Red Cormac, who saluted and then went out. She could hear the swift patter of his sandals against the steps.

Till the noise receded there was silence between them in that narrow stone place; only the girl's heart felt as if it was beating all the strength out of her body. Then the King suddenly stretched out a hand to her and drew her close against his side, and went straight to the point, as men did in those days. All he said she could never tell, but one thing was, she had her freedom, if she wished, from him.

The girl suddenly trembled from head to foot. Freedom? What was that to her, when she could die for him, like his dog, ever since that past twilight in the forest.

His voice went on. The gods alone knew why it had been, but—but—there was a sudden swift passion in the deep eyes as he clasped her closer—he had wanted her ever since that hour in the forest, would want her till his cairn was over him, and after that, maybe, if waking there was.

As she listened, she realised how very near to agony great joy can be, but she could face him then, could answer her by passionate oath of eternal allegiance, till he drew her into his arms and held her there, gently, as one holds a child. It was then she forget, in one sense, that he was a king, and a great personage, whose first words to her in the forest she had hardly dared to answer, and that she was a slave who had forgotten whence she came, and forgotten her mother's face. She felt weak and faint, perhaps, with this mad happiness coming so swiftly upon her after her past trouble. Her arms crept half fearfully about his neck, and she buried her face against the steel links that lay under her cheek; she felt the heart under the steel give a sudden leap. Then he turned her face gently and looked down

at her, as a sob broke from her. She saw that he was pale, and the dark eyes burned like fire, but he smiled down at her then put her face back against his shoulder.

"I shall have to be on the watch all night, little one," he said then, quietly; "and thou wilt sleep; 'tis near midnight now." He stroked back her loosened hair, and his face darkened when he saw a black mark on her temple.

Her head felt bruised and ached a little still, but what did that matter? If only she did not tremble so, if only this almost terrible joy did not make her feel so weak and strange.

He rose, holding her in his arms still, and then put her down gently on a couch of skins that stood in a corner of the narrow stone chamber. She watched him fling on his cloak, and drive the great sword, with a clash, into the sheath that swung from his belt. Then he came and looked down at her, smiling still, though the fire still gleamed behind the long black lashes of the dark eyes.

"Good night, little child; thou art safe here, so sleep," he said. He dropped on to his knee suddenly, and put an arm about her. "Little Heart, don't tremble so, or—or I cannot go," he whispered fiercely all at once. Then he rose and flung back his shoulders—a quick, proud gesture that she learnt to know well. She caught at his cloak and kissed it timidly as he passed. He turned at the door, and glanced back at her, and the flame in his eyes seemed to burn into her soul and make the world swim. Then he was gone, and the little creature, half buried in the deer-skins of the couch, turned over and hid her face against her clasped hands.

"I am so happy, I think I shall die," she whispered simply to the empty air, or the gods, who did not seem so far off to her now, as they had done not long ago. Then she fell asleep from sheer weariness, and did not wake till the bright sun-light struck across her face next morning.

CHAPTER IV.

SHE was awakened out of that deep dreamless sleep to hear the sharp hiss of flying arrows, and the twang of bow-strings inside

the fort. She knew what that meant; the folk who had owned her had revolted. There was a dull thud of galloping hoofs outside, and the heavy roll of chariot wheels.

"Who goes!" cried a voice shrilly.

"Erin, Erin," came the impatient answer. "Let us in."

The girl sprang to her feet and stole down the stairway, out to where the men shot from the ramparts of grey stone. The red-haired kern looked at her, then grunted, shaking some blood from his wrist as he did so.

"You have been struck," she said, rather afraid of a rebuff, as she wrenched away a piece of her dress. She tied up his wrist as well as she could, glad to be of some little use. He looked down at her with a sudden grim smile of approval.

"There's a good heart in *thee*, anyway," he said over his shoulder, as he went back to the ramparts.

Soon her hands were full of much the same work. As she stood there her heart lept to her throat, for a step came behind her, and a hand was on her shoulder, and his eyes went from her ragged skirt to the bandage on Red Cormac's wrist. It was then Cormac put in a word.

"Let her stay with us, O King; she brings us luck, for I've shot straighter since she came, and nothing can harm her if she keeps close behind the wall."

"Best not risk it," he laughed for answer. "Cormac's luck, forsooth, against my heart," he whispered, too low for any but her to hear. Then, "You can stop shooting, and we'll get out of this."

A yell of positive rapture answered him, and later she knew that the day was his. The dream was getting too bright for waking now, she thought, when he praised her for her small share of work that morning.

The end of that portion of her story was the sailing of the great galley that took them to Erin. She never saw Alba again.

CHAPTER V.

THE two rode alone through the great forests and plains of Erin Her weight made little difference to the wild-eyed black horse he

rode. Sometimes they stopped at the great hostels for travellers, that stood with open doors in the Four Provinces of Erin then; more often they ate and slept under the stars. Her face had colour in it now, and her lips were learning laughter at last.

One night he drew rein in a great forest, a little like the one she had left. The great midsummer moon rose up through the trees, as he took off his horse's bridle and let him wander loose among bracken and moss. She sat beside him a little later, gazing up at those steady eternal stars above them. He lay on his back, his hands clasped behind his head, and silent too. Then his eyes came back to her with a swift tender word on his lips, that brought the happy blush into her face. He drew her down to him, till her face was hidden against his breast.

"'Tis good to be just as we are now, little one; art thinking the same?" he whispered.

"Lord, it is too much happiness," she could only whisper back, brokenly. An icy cold seemed to pass over her suddenly, for she shivered in his arms. "Thou art too high for me, and I fear—parting," she added, with a sudden sob, giving way to a strange ominous cloud that, ever since the coming of love, had sometimes shadowed her wild happiness.

"Not parting in life?" he said, half sternly, though his hand caressed her hair as he spoke.

"No, Lord," she faltered, then stopped and clung to him closer, with hidden face.

"Listen, child," he said tenderly, his face down against her hair; "parting may come for a time—don't tremble so, sweet; we must get used to that part of life, thou and I; I stand near death often; the more often I stand so, I feel that it is not the end of life. As to my being high, as you say, I am as the gods made me, not high in their sight, in many ways, as they well know. And even now I can say that life here or *there* would be dark to me without thee."

He paused, his eyes on the stars still, and for awhile they were both silent. It was then she realised that utter joy came very near to being pain.

"Anyway, I can follow," she found herself murmuring, thinking that a king's cairn can hold more than one.

His lips on her's stopped her. "Never," he said, guessing her thoughts; "'tis a road I walk alone, if death parts us."

She sat up, defiant towards him for the first and last time in her life. "'Tis a slave's privilege, O King," she said through her teeth.

At that he caught her in his arms, with words that she knew were words of something undying—as undying as those gleaming lights above the forest trees. And she knew, with the half-reasoning instinct of love, that that fierce barbaric passion of his would follow her like enveloping fire, living or dead, and would drag her heart back to him, over the edge of that unknown realm that men now call the "Valley of the Shadow."

CHAPTER VI.

IT was the first grey of summer dawn when she opened her eyes, to hear a harsh, guttural murmur of voices beyond the tangle of high bushes on the right. He heard it as soon as she, for he sprang up noiselessly, and pulled the black steed's bridle out of the bracken. The horse (who loved him as his hounds did) flung up his head with a snort, and came trampling across the moss towards him. The girl heard the guttural voice take words savagely.

"Seven of us, and afraid, by the gods, of one man with enough gold on him to—and there's the woman!"

She saw his eyes take fire at that, as with the same silent swiftness he bridled the black horse. There was a sudden cracking of twigs behind the rampart of bushes.

"Keep hidden," he said, and she looked up at him silent, trying to keep her lips steady as he drew the sword from his belt with a rattle and a flicker of steel against the gray twilight.

And then she crouched in the bushes and watched, watched him rein back with that same grim smile of amusement on his lips, and then ride the big Irish steed straight for the tangled green wall. There was a shout, and then a dull blow, and the sound of racing feet over the forest moss. Then he was back and stood facing her, his sword sheathed again.

"Seven against one, and all fled?" she said, trying to speak steadily and failing.

"All fled, with one exception," he answered. "They were on foot—I mounted—so I had the advantage. Thou art not afraid?" He took her in his arms, and then knew she was trembling, the one thought in her brain that was to be often there. Suppose he had not ridden back to her?

CHAPTER VII.

THAT was near the beginning of their journey. Days afterwards he drew rein on the edge of the coast of Erin, and pointed to where a grey line towered against the blue of hill and sky.

"Yonder lies Tara," he said, abruptly. Then—"Our journey is nearly over, little one; what thinkest thou of Erin?"

She looked at the beauty of green hill, and glen, and sea, and the great dark forests fading into the haze of sun-lit distance. That same beauty made her heart beat fast, for in some strange way the glory of moor and forest, the sea and blue distant mountains, seemed to be impersonated in the face above her. Perhaps her eyes spoke deeper than her tongue had done; for he bent his head and kissed her passionately.

On they rode, past deep mountain lochs, where water-lilies floated thick and white, and from which wild swans rose with a whirr and clatter of great wings. And as they rode he told her of distant countries where his great galleys had sailed—of Gaul, Iberia, and the land of the Cymry where they had held the Roman foe at bay with sword and spear. Then he told her of the furious invasions from the North that came upon Erin almost year by year now, when the raven-beaked ships did not turn their attention to Alba instead.

"Couldn't the Gael *all* be friends and beat them away from the coasts?" she asked a little timidly.

He laughed. "That's been my own thought for many a long year," he answered. "But who knows—even if I drag folk together in Erin and Alba for awhile, they will not see the good of it till too late."

That same icy wind she had felt before seemed to pass over her as he spoke. Was the sorrow to come touching her—she who was in her own eyes only a chance episode in the life of one of the greatest heroes the Gael has ever known?

He smiled and patted her cheek. "What wisdom!" he mocked, tenderly. "Let us laugh while we can. For me, I thank the gods for—" He paused, and his eyes held hers.

"For many conquests, O King," she faltered, Northman and Saxon still in her head.

"For thee!" he answered, and she felt his heart leap as she hid her face against his breast.

CHAPTER VIII.

So she came to "Tara the Magnificent." It seemed so large that she wondered she was never lost on the feast nights, that took her from the battlemented tower where she lived, to the great hall, with its walls decked with banner and spear, elk-head and spoils of war, and the chase gathered together from many generations of kings. She saw little more of any woman's face, except the one who combed her hair and clad her in silk and gold on those nights, when some great victory won, or a long day's hunting kept men talking long over their wine-horns.

She remembered the first time she entered the great hall. It was almost the first time the woman who served her spoke any word to her, though she had tried timidly to break through the other's reserve. To-night she had bathed and dressed, and the woman had finished fastening a gold fillet into her hair. As Una rose, the woman looked down at her with a strange softening about her keen eyes.

"Thy mother might find thee fair to see to-night," she observed abruptly. "I wonder where she is?"

"I know not," said the girl, simply; "I—I do not remember."

"Well, well," muttered the other. Then—"Poor little child."

"I am older than I look," laughed the girl. "Besides, I am very happy, so why pity me?" Indeed, she was happy, so happy that there was a lump in her throat as she turned away. She had

not seen him for many days, and now she was to see him again. Red Cormac let her pass him at the door, with an obsequious grounding of his spear, and a twinkle of his eyes through his shaggy mane of hair.

"Is thy wrist better?" she inquired, shrinking a little from the great door from behind which came a ringing peal of laughter.

"So you remember *us* still?" he queried. "Yes, I thank thee I am better. Go in and luck go with thee." He pushed open the door as he spoke, and the dazzle of lights met her, and the laughter and talk of many men.

(*To be Continued.*)

FASHIONABLE SPIRITUALISM.

EVERYONE interested in the progress of human enlightenment will welcome Dr. Maxwell's contribution to the study of the hitherto unseen side of nature with cordial satisfaction. Dr. Maxwell is a French lawyer (despite his English name), who has been for some time past engaged in the study of some among the simplest phenomena connected with Spiritualism. Like many new comers to the subject, he is deeply impressed with the importance to the world of the fact that he himself has been convinced that certain phenomena actually take place, and writing under the sympathetic auspices of Dr. Charles Richet, he has entitled his volume, in accordance with the suggestion put forward in Dr. Richet's recent address to the Society for Psychical Research, "Metapsychical Phenomena" (Duckworth & Co.). The importance of the volume is enhanced by a preface contributed by Dr. Richet, and by an introduction from the pen of Sir Oliver Lodge.

In the midst of a society so apt as our own to be impressed with the weight of dignified names, the book thus issued is likely to command a greater degree of attention than has been accorded to records of infinitely greater importance put forward during the last thirty or forty years in large numbers by students of superphysical mystery much better qualified by experience to deal with the subject than our new and valued friend, Dr. Maxwell. From the point of view, indeed, of those who have long been students of the busy life in progress behind the scenes of nature, the

present work is calculated to evoke some feelings of amusement. For many of us it would be paralleled by a book of travels issued by bold adventurers who had recently crossed the Atlantic ocean, assuring us that beyond that vast stretch of water there really lies a continent, though whether its configuration corresponds with stories in circulation concerning its earlier discovery by Columbus will remain an interesting subject for further investigation. In connection with ordinary matters of scientific research a certain amount of work spent by qualified observers on some definite phenomenon is held to establish that within the area of acquired knowledge, and later chemists or physicists spare themselves the trouble of repeating demonstrations that may perhaps involve the construction of complicated apparatus. It is not an easy matter, for example, to dry oxygen thoroughly and thus the chemical world at large accepts the assurance of those who have accomplished the process, to the effect that in thoroughly dried oxygen, combustion cannot be carried on. It is about as troublesome in a different way to repeat the experiments which a generation ago convinced investigators like Crookes, Zollner, Stainton Moses, A. R. Wallace, and scores of others equally well known to the literature of spiritualism and the respectabilities of ordinary life, that in certain circumstances tangible objects will move without any forces of the usual familiar kind being employed to produce the movement. As there must certainly be several thousand people in London not to speak of millions scattered over the world at large who have had personal experience of this phenomenon, a certain flavour of absurdity must cling round the grave, not to say, the solemn assurances of Dr. Maxwell that in connection with séances he has organised with praiseworthy care, he also has become a witness of the possibilities referred to, which he now dignifies, again following Dr. Richet, with a new designation describing them as "telekinetic." His whole volume is in truth nothing more than a narrative set forth with elaborate, — almost ludicrous explanations of the care taken to avert fraud or misconception, of a few among the least important and most wearisomely familiar phenomena of the spiritual séance room. Of course, these include a record of many communications

from entities belonging to what is familiarly spoken of as the "other side," recorded in all cases with a laborious circumlocution designed to keep us in mind that the fact that Dr. Maxwell has not prematurely made up his mind to the effect that these intelligent communications from an external source, embody any proof that there is any external source from which they come, or that they represent intelligence. In his caution Dr. Maxwell is a zealous adherent to the methods and principles of the Society of the Psychical Research, methods which have had so wonderful an effect within the last 25 years in keeping that society in ignorance concerning all the mysteries which it set forth to investigate.

But in truth this book would hardly have attracted the attention of occult students if it were not that the introduction and the preface are so curiously provocative of criticism, in spite of the fact that very likely they will produce a greater effect on the hitherto incredulous world than if they had been inspired with a very much greater volume of knowledge. Let us deal first with the introduction, and while recognising the enormous value of Sir Oliver Lodge's honest avowals concerning his own beliefs as far as they go, take note of the almost comical fashion in which, in the course of his present writing, he has indicated their limitations.

He speaks, to begin with, of the medium with whose help Dr. Maxwell has obtained "telekinetic" effects, as one who "appears to be singularly gifted in the super-normal direction." That singularity, of course, has been exhibited to the knowledge of Spiritualists by the thousand, by mediums to be counted at least by the score in this country and America.

Referring to Dr. Maxwell's observations as a whole, Sir Oliver writes: "We know nothing at present which will suffice to weld the whole together into a comprehensive and comprehensible scheme." All the phenomena recorded in the literature of Spiritualism fall into their place in connection with the comprehensive and comprehensible scheme of theosophical teaching concerning the evolution of the human soul and the characteristics of super-physical planes of consciousness. And the main principles on which that scheme rests have been verified during the last 20 years by the painstaking research of qualified investigators,

whose work is described at length in a multitude of theosophical books.

Sir Oliver justly declares that the scientific world must gradually grow accustomed to the fact that such things as these described by Dr. Maxwell actually happen, but he adds "the conditions that determine the happening is for future theory to say." If he had put it "for future enquirers to verify," the phrase would have been better suited to the circumstances. The theory concerning the simple happenings of Dr. Maxwell's séances has been fairly complete for a long series of years. Of course, it is not absolutely complete, nor is scientific theory as to what happens when we light a lucifer match, absolutely complete. All the operations of nature have their roots in mystery, even those so simple as are connected with the growth of mustard and cress, but still it would hardly be appropriate to a work on botany to state that the conditions determining the growth of mustard and cress must be left for future theory to say.

Again "the territory under exploration is not yet a scientific State. We are in the pre-Newtonian possibly the pre-Copernican age of this nascent science, and it is our duty to record facts and record them for a future Kepler to brood over." So far as Spiritualism is concerned, the Newtonian and Copernican ages have long since been past. Keplers by the score have brooded over the accumulation of facts, and the position of those who ignore such brooding, is paralleled rather by the attitude of mind which President Kruger represented in reference to the configuration of the earth, than by that of astronomers who were contemporaries of Galileo.

In concluding his introduction, so well calculated as it is, in spite of its short-comings, to influence the world for good, Sir Oliver declares that his share of the work is limited to the expression of his confidence in the good faith, impartiality and competence of Dr. Maxwell. Is he so hopeful as to suppose that the bigoted representatives of incredulity will be any more affected by impartial testimony in this case, than by corresponding attributes in the multitude of Dr. Maxwell's predecessors? For millions, of course, such a book as this before us is no more than elementary primer on the subject; scarcely that; but for

other millions, including, unhappily, a large proportion of the otherwise highly cultured, scientific, and intelligent representatives of civilisation, the bigotry of disbelief is more inconquerable than that of the most intolerant churches. Certainly Dr. Maxwell has set forth a conspicuous array of facts, but *tant pis pour les faits* is for the present the motto in connection with all these researches of the Royal Society as a body.

Dr. Richet's preface invites criticism in the same spirit as that which has just been attempted with reference to Sir Oliver Lodge's introduction, but again it is desirable to emphasize the idea that the limitations of thought to which Dr. Richet appears subject, will not in any way impair the usefulness of his work in so far as he is contributing to invest occult research with something resembling fashionable prestige, a characteristic that it has curiously missed so far under circumstances it is easy to understand. But first as to Dr. Richet's limitations. He calls attention to Dr. Maxwell's work as though it introduced some thrilling novelty. He says, "the reader must take this book without prejudice. He must fear neither that which is new nor that which is unexpected." And yet the book contains absolutely nothing more than has been familiar, to the extent of having been wearisomely monotonous, to millions of humbler enquirers for the last fifty years!

The argument Dr. Richet bases on the quaint theory that Dr. Maxwell's researches have introduced us to new facts, is in its way exceedingly reasonable and apposite. He emphasizes for the benefit of orthodox scientists the obvious truth that new facts cannot be in conflict with old facts if both classes really are facts. "Dr. Maxwell's raps," (it is exceedingly amusing to hear the proprietorship of these familiar sounds assigned to Dr. Maxwell), are clearly due to some hitherto unfamiliar force, but Dr. Richet asks, "is there any savant worthy of the name who can affirm that there are no forces hitherto unknown at work in the world?" And then we have allusions to the Rontgen rays and the Hertzian waves as illustrating recent acquisitions of knowledge concerning forces of whose existence our predecessors had no suspicion. "Audacity and prudence," says Dr. Richet, are the two characteristics,—in no way contradictory of Dr. Max-

well's book, and by its light the courageous author of the preface before us thinks he sees "the lineaments of a new science though only a crude sketch so far."

As already stated, there is nothing in Dr. Maxwell's book which introduces us to any physical phenomena of spiritualism beyond those attested with much greater wealth of detail and, may one add without discourtesy, with much more intelligent appreciation, in the writings of Sir William Crookes and Zollner amongst scientific investigators,—in those of Stainton Moses and Judge Edmonds amongst the literary exponents of spiritualistic research,—over which the dust of a generation has long since gathered. And the critical element in the volume before us represents nothing better than the perverse ingenuity developed by the Psychic Research Society in the attempt to frame extravagantly circuitous theories to account for the communications from another plane of existence received by such telegraphic methods as those to which Dr. Maxwell has chiefly devoted himself. He rigorously denies himself the advantage of considering the possibility that the communications he receives are actually what they pretend to be, messages from entities once inhabiting human forms, who have since passed on to another phase of the varied consciousness that their nature provides for. He will never allow himself to speak of the communicating spirit. The messages he records in great abundance as having been received by carefully designed telegraphic devices, are always described of as those of "the personification." And elaborate hypotheses are framed along the lines of that comical credulity in regard to their own fantastic imaginings which characterise the "researchers" of the Psychic Research Society in this country. The "subliminal self" is ludicrously held responsible for endless communications embodying knowledge which, on the face of things, belongs to some external entity. The "subliminal self" theory may be regarded with reference to occult science as playing the same part which was assigned to the crystalline spheres of Ptolemaic astronomy when observers of celestial phenomena were still enthralled by the fundamental hypothesis of the geocentric theory.

In truth, of course, all serious students of that department of

occult investigation which has to do with the phenomena of spiritualism, are abundantly ready to admit themselves much more deeply impressed than observers of Dr. Maxwell's type, by the fact that the communications received along the lines of spiritualistic method are terribly apt to be misleading. A survey of the regions of nature from which they come, carried out by the help of observation centered in a loftier region still, but one which is, nevertheless, accessible to human intelligence guided by adequate knowledge, will show us pretty plainly how it comes to pass that such communications are fraught with confusion and misstatement. It is only when we realise that this immediately next world around us, from which all communications by rapping on a table or by the direct voice in darkened rooms must come, is, roughly speaking, inhabited chiefly by all the miscellaneous, unintelligent, unenlightened swarms of commonplace humanity passing from this life in considerable numbers every day, that we begin to understand how exceedingly probable it is that foolish, incoherent and bewildering messages should be received by ourselves when, by the employment of mediums, we invite any passer-by from this innumerable swarm to come and talk to us, and receive him with the respectful attention that some of us fancy due to anyone who has passed the threshold of another life. "Now he knows what Rameses knows," is an old-fashioned delusion often entertained in regard to those who "pass on" from the physical plane of life. In the enormous majority of cases he knows no more than he knew during what may have been his stupid, uncultured, ignominious life on earth. He finds himself addressed by people filled with the belief that he must necessarily be all but omniscient, and he is too often inclined to play up, from his side of the fence, to that flattering hypothesis. Let us not be held to suggest that all the communications flowing back to incarnate society from those who have joined what is, indeed, "the majority" on the other side, are of the character just suggested. Anyone who has even attempted to explore the vast literature of serious Spiritualism will be well aware of the fact that in multitudes of cases around us creditable writings have been put forward through mediumistic methods by enlightened authors communicating from the astral plane. And, of course,

simple-minded Spiritualists have often been misled by deceptive communications, but none the less is it established with as much certainty as the fact that ice surrounds the North Pole, that in multitudes of cases the actual identity of the communicating spirits has been proved beyond the possibility of misconception.

This is the situation of affairs which renders Dr. Maxwell's personification theory, if it can be called a theory, so intensely ridiculous from the point of view of more advanced knowledge. Why do the modern recruits of superphysical science shrink with so much aversion from even trying the facts that they have to deal with in the light of the simple and obvious hypothesis, that they are what they seem? Why is it revolting to the understanding of a man who claims to exercise scientific caution, to assume that, after all, the human soul may be an entity surviving the death of the body? As probably an adherent of some religious denomination, he would shrink during some periods in his life from even being supposed to dispute such a fundamental idea. From the point of view of theology alone one can comprehend the possibility of latent doubts. But why in his serious moments should he hold it intellectually degrading to admit even the possibility that the beliefs he professes in his conventional moments may have some foundation of truth in nature? And of course, as already pointed out, the evidence accumulated during the last fifty years to the effect that the human soul undeniably does survive the death of the body, is no less overwhelming in its magnitude than the evidence in favour of raps, to the actuality of which a greater part of Dr. Maxwell's book is devoted. How can the world at large be going on in the present day in professed uncertainty regarding truths long since established,—in an attitude of mind embodying, amongst other curious attributes, contempt for all those who have been successful in verifying positions which it is held the duty of all respectable persons to entertain so far as lip-service in church goes, as long as they can be held free from all suspicion of maintaining them in their saner moments? The only available interpretation of this bewildering condition of things seems due to the fact that all enquiries having to do with the real conditions of life in that "Heaven," which it equally unfashionable to scoff at or to treat seriously, have

unhappily been conducted hitherto for the most part by people belonging rather to the uncultured lower middle class than by the intellectual autocracy, who have shirked their duty in dealing with this all important work. It is but too true that Spiritualism, to a large extent, has been tainted with the characteristics due to the fact that it has been pursued by people deficient in culture and refinement, and much of the nonsense that has thus been put forward in its name, grates no doubt upon the feelings of those whose training and habits of life engender a more fastidious taste. But, in truth, if so much of the literature based on communications from the other world is tainted by the characteristics of method and thought more congenial to the humbler than to the upper ranks of society, there can be nothing, even in such offences against good taste, so contemptible as the attitude of mind which induces people of superior culture to hold themselves aloof from enquiries on which, in no inconsiderable degree, the spiritual welfare of mankind depends, by reason simply of the fact that they have not so far been invested with the prestige of worldly fashion.

And so we come back to the really valuable characteristics of Dr. Maxwell's book, introduced to us as it is by the dignified sponsors whose names appear on the title-page. Scientifically, for the real occultist it is worthless, in the sense that a primer on astronomy explaining that the planets go round the sun, would be worthless, however accurate within its limitations, to the workers at Greenwich Observatory. But it may help to render people,—capable themselves of rendering good service to the cause of truth, if once enabled to escape from the trammels of their social cowardice,—to acknowledge an interest in subjects which are of the deepest importance among all those which can at the present age of the world engage human attention.

A. P. SINNETT.

UNITED.*

CHAPTER XV.

PASSIONS IN CONFLICT.

TERRA FILDARE had not accepted without some impatience her father's announcement of his intention to come home for her wedding, and his authoritative desire that the proceedings should await his arrival. Count Garciola had resented the delay. He cared nothing about the *éclat* of the ceremony, he explained to Lady Margreave—nothing about whether Terra's father approved or disapproved. He cared for HER, he declared with somewhat haughty indifference to all else beside.

"I make too great a tax on your hospitable patience if I stay here. I put too great a tax on myself if I go away."

Of course Lady Margreave endeavoured to relieve his anxiety on this head by polite assurances.

"Your courtesy does not alter the facts," he urged in his grave grand way of talking, his dark handsome face showing no gratification. "It is my love for Terra that makes me impatient truly, but nothing less than that would make me patient. Colonel Fildare's estimation of me as his son-in law is a circumstance that does not interest me in itself."

"My dear Count, I know it is the lover and not the *grande seigneur* who is unreasonable, so I will not be cross. But it is nice to be on pleasant terms with one's wife's relations. And the

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

Fildares, you know, are not used to think lightly of their family dignity, though it may not seem important in your eyes."

The fuller information, it should be explained, concerning Count Garciola that had been obtained by Sir James Margreave through the Spanish Embassy since the settlement of his engagement with Terra, had more than confirmed the current idea about him in London society, that he was a man of genuine rank at home. His official connection with the Embassy, though of a temporary character, had from the first guaranteed him against all suspicion of being in any way a person of doubtful identity. His countship was undeniable, and, in truth, it appeared represented a great deal more than an empty title. He was rich and highly honoured, though his career had been stormy and irregular, and passed a great deal abroad. His present appointment was supposed to be a sort of experiment on his part to see how he might be able to put up with the burdens and restraint of an official station.

"There will be wailing and gnashing of teeth amongst the gilded matrons of Madrid," Sir James's friend at the Spanish Embassy had sent him word, "when the news you send me reaches their ears."

"I am glad you are even a greater man than I had supposed," said Terra, talking with him after Sir James had communicated to her these facts. "I am not fit for a humble station in life."

"You are fit to be an empress," he answered. "But how do you know what station I shall give you? Perhaps we shall travel for awhile. I have always been impelled to seek fresh scenes. Why should I deny my impulse because I shall have the loveliest woman on earth with me wherever I choose to go?"

"So be it, Salvio; wherever we go I shall be the wife of my husband, and that station will content me."

She put her arm through his, and joined her hands together, and leaned up against his shoulder. The time had gone by when she found caresses repulsive. Her pride was merged now in her passion. She was proud of the man who had been great enough to conquer her. She would glory in talking with him of her subjugation—in explaining how no one, before he came, had raised in her heart any feeling but angry independence. She had been a

stormy, untamed creature, unfit for the smooth docility of conventional love. She used to fancy, she told him, she had been created without some instinct that all other women possessed, so hateful was it to her to think of subduing her will, and meekly accepting the *rôle* of obedience. Evidently, in truth, she had been marked out as a noble quarry from the first, fit only to be brought down by a royal hunter. And now, having been vanquished under conditions that satisfied her pride, she revelled in the double sense of superiority to the world at large and of slavery to the master who had been strong enough to make her his prey.

Garciola accepted her worship with deep satisfaction, and calm, faint smiles, that were all the more intense in their expression for the slightness of the muscular change they caused in his grave, immobile features. There was nothing affected in his grand, slow manner; it was perfectly natural, but suggestive, in spite of its languor, of powerful feeling beneath the surface—rather, perhaps, of feelings having to do with self and pride than with the ardour of a love that could go forth; but still revealing great force of passion, even if of the kind chiefly that claims rather than gives. He had indicated his wish early in the proceedings for a prompt settlement of the wedding. He would agree to anything desired by Sir James about money matters, and all arrangements of that kind could be put through at the Embassy; but he loftily insisted that there should be no delay.

"My dear Count," Sir James remonstrated; "we must give her father time to telegraph a message back. It wouldn't be mannerly to disregard him to that extent."

When the telegram came, emphatically insisting that the wedding should wait for Colonel Fildare's arrival, the Count had been, not furious—that word would imply a more demonstrative kind of emotion than that which possessed him—but darkly incensed.

"I am not used to be thwarted by other men's whims!" he said to Sir James. "Who cares whether Colonel Fildare hands Terra to me at the altar, or any other man? What do I care for forms and mummeries?"

Sir James saw that his feeling was too nearly allied to anger to be treated with anything but the most diplomatic courtesy.

His own temper, tact, and good-breeding were taxed to the utmost to avert any breach, on the Count's part, of the outward forms of politeness; but the crisis passed over without the exhibition of any displeasure of a sufficiently violent kind to prevent the guest from staying on at Oatfield. In conversation with Terra he gave vent to his irritation more freely.

"Checks of this sort," he said, "are the obstacles in life to which I have never submitted. Your caprices, had you shown any, would have been difficulties it would have been inspiring to contend with. However obstinately they might have stood in the way of my wishes, I could have been patient with them. But, once you consent to put your hand in mine, and pledge me your faith, I can endure no interference from others. All opposition that presumes to speak to me as with authority is something I only burn to crush and trample upon."

"It will not be for long, Salvio," Terra pleaded; "and this delay once over, there will never be anyone whose authority over me will stand in your way again."

"I should like to carry you off and marry you my own way with no stupid whims of relations to stand between the glorious simplicity of our union. It is just because the fuss of the world, and the endless cackling of impertinent people round, has always made marriage seem odious to me, that I have stood apart from it till now. I hoped with you there need have been no such exasperating worry."

Terra was frightened at his wrath, but in no mood to combat it.

"Try and think of the strange fact that you have conquered me so completely," she said. "It is so surprising to me that I am constantly wondering at my own change of nature. I suppose, without knowing it, I was really craving for a master who *could* rule me, all the while I seemed only resenting with indignation the idea of being ruled. It was the idea of being ruled by anyone not strong enough to do it by his own natural force that disgusted me really, I dare say."

"You are splendid, my own beautiful leopardess! I can see how fierce you would have been with others; and if it were not for that, I should hardly have taken pleasure in your love as I do.

But you do not tell me how you would like to be swept off as by a whirlwind, and married in London as soon as the express train should arrive. Money and influence would arrange all that, even here, in your law-loving England."

"Oh, Salvio, don't think of anything so wild! It would be such a dreadful insult to the Margreaves; such a scandal!"

There had not been the tone of a settled purpose in his desperate proposal; but it chimed in with his temper of mind to dally with the idea, and play with Terra's double dismay at the course of action suggested, and at the thought of resisting his will, should he choose to force it upon her.

"I am not sure that I could enter on my married life so satisfactorily in any other way. That would be a better marriage vow, on your part, of loyalty to me, than any you could read out of a book, or repeat at a priest's dictation."

"I know you're joking and only tormenting me for the fun of the thing. Oh Salvio! I suspect you will be an awful tyrant. Why do I love the prospect of giving myself into your hands chained hand and foot?"

"Because the fire of my love has kindled your own," he answered in a deep, glowing voice; and he went on with ardour, giving words to his genuine passion, while Terra listened with half-shut eyes and inflated nostrils, her proud and beautiful head leaning against his shoulder. There was no more said at the time about the elopement idea, and their love-making floated back into its old groove.

Two of the three weeks they had to wait before Colonel Fildare could reach England passed in this way without any fresh incident breaking the surface of the pleasant life around. The Count said nothing even to Terra of an indisposition to fall in with the peaceable settlement of the wedding that everyone assumed would take place very soon after the Colonel's arrival. Lady Margreave began even to talk of the guests she would like to have in the house towards a certain period that might become important—say the week after that in which the Colonel was expected. The Count caught some remarks of hers on this subject one afternoon, and fixed his large liquid gaze upon her without making any comment. But on the first opportunity he

had of speaking to Terra alone he referred to what had been said.

"My splendid love," he said in his usual grave and passion-thrilled manner, "listen to me. Lady Margreave talks of having guests here for our wedding. She may spare herself that trouble, but I would not tell her this till I had explained to you."

"What do you mean, Salvio?"

"This. I have put up with your father's fancy that my happiness should wait till he should be able to have the amusement of being present at our wedding."

Seeing her troubled look, as though she would have protested had she dared at this way of describing her father's anxiety about her, he answered the look, interrupting his explanation.

"Let us put it that way because in any other it would be less endurable. Shall we assume that your father is coming home uncertain whether he will give his consent, to see whether he likes me for a son-in-law? That would be a position too difficult to bear, and then we should really have to take our fate into our own hands and leave all our friends to fret as they pleased."

"You know, Salvio, that nothing can keep me back from you. I am of age, and no authority could prevent me from coming to you when you should call me to be your wife. It is because our position is so strong that we can afford to be forbearing."

"I know; that is all well, and for the reason of what you say I have been patient—strangely patient for me. I have not called upon you to prove your love by coming away with me and trusting me altogether to arrange for our marriage, because I know what the strain would be for you. It would be an agony for you, even though the after reflection that you *had* trusted me—when all should be well—would perhaps have been a compensation. So I have put the idea aside, though I considered it more seriously than you may have imagined."

Terra listened with excitement and heightened colour, but made no attempt to interrupt him, though his slow deliberate speech would have made this easy. He went on—

"I will do nothing to offend your conscience, even in the sight of your friends who count love for nothing in the relations of men and women, and govern their conduct by rule. But all

the same I will not submit, like a clerk waiting his employer's pleasure, to know when it may satisfy your father to permit me to make you my wife. In a few days from now I shall leave Oatfield, and our marriage will not take place here. I shall go to London and make all arrangements for it to take place *there*, in a manner that will not discredit your connexions, nor, what is more important, your own merits and beauty. Within considerable limits you shall fix the time when it is to be, and to the entertainment which I will arrange in London your father shall be free to bring you at the appointed time. On those terms he can be present at our wedding. If he refuses——"

Here he made a long pause and gazed fixedly at Terra.

"What do you mean, if he refuses? Why do you look at me like that?"

There was a touch of her old fierceness of manner in the question; but the fact that it was evoked by the apprehension he had purposely planted in her mind only made it pleasant in his ears. He smiled slightly, drawing her to him and putting one arm round her in the calm consciousness of possession.

"Then the queen of the fete will have to be brought to me by some other befitting protector. Lady Margreave would be more than welcome to me in that character. If she should not be anxious to assume it, I will engage among the great ladies of your London society to find one ready to undertake the charge. All I require is your pledge that in one way or another, when the time arrives, you will come. Yours is the only consent I seek and implore; all others I will constrain or dispense with. Your honour and good name are fully guarded by this arrangement, which also has the merit, as compared with the simpler scheme which Lady Margreave is plotting, of guarding mine."

Terra did not willingly fall in with this strange programme, and pleaded to be spared all the scenes and trials it would give rise to; but her entreaties were of no avail, and her own pride, working with her love, operated to make her helpless, for she dared not put the matter to a simple issue and decline to be married at all on those terms. She felt that she would be too obstinate to retreat from any position once taken up, and therefore that it would be wisest not to take up a position she did not from the

first seriously mean to hold. She was too haughty by natural disposition to cry under the circumstances, and so pledged by many declarations to the principal of merging her own will in that of her chosen master that she was driven to admit that rebellion, even in this case, would be illogical. The conversation ended without any explicit promise of compliance on her part; but the Count did not press her for this, and assumed that his wishes would prevail as a matter of course in the absence of any explicit consent on his part to abandon them.

With Lady Margreave, in the first instance, and afterwards with Sir James, he had conversation of a very different kind.

"The man's pride and arrogance are positively a disease," the generally gentle-natured baronet declared to his wife, when she told him what the Count had explained to her as the plan he had mapped out.

"Poor Terra!" sighed Lady Margreave, "I am getting frightened to think of the future before her."

Sir James then had a long consultation with the Count, the tone of which was a little strained towards the close. He employed every argument available to show the inconvenience of the proposed arrangement. As Miss Fildare's father was on the point of arriving in England, it was needless for him to do more than discuss the Count's proposals as a friend of both parties. He claimed no authority in the matter; but he represented that Colonel Fildare would certainly not consent to any course of action that put himself and his daughter in a somewhat undignified position—that the Count was practically insisting on a marriage which, if celebrated, would be needlessly surrounded by the atmosphere of a family quarrel, and so forth. If he would only exercise a little forbearance, he could take over his bride under circumstances of general satisfaction with so distinguished an alliance, all of which Sir James might as well have represented to one of the suits of armour beside the fire-place in his own hall. The Count showed no inclination now to lose his temper; but he was quite immoveable from the position he had taken up. It was Sir James himself whose temper ran the worse risk, this time, of being lost, for his irritation with the Count was really very profound. The resolute Spaniard had inquired towards the close

of the conversation if he understood Sir James to mean that Colonel Fildare would be sure to refuse compliance with the London marriage under the conditions proposed. Sir James was careful to guard himself from committing the Colonel in his absence, but gave Count Garciola to understand clearly that, in his own opinion, Colonel Fildare would be about as likely to consent as to become the Count's groom.

"And in the event of his refusal, which you are no doubt quite right in foreseeing, may I fall back on the other plan, which would be so very pleasing to me: that her ladyship, your wife, should escort Miss Fildare to London?"

"In reference to that part of the plan," Sir James said rather stiffly, "I need not speak in any ambiguous terms. I could certainly not give my own consent to an intervention on Lady Margreave's part between Miss Fildare and her father, which would be in the nature, in my own opinion, of an insult to Colonel Fildare's very legitimate pride."

The Count bowed with gravity.

"In that case," he said, "I see that my views must be reconsidered. I have endeavoured to arrange everything in a way which would respect Miss Fildare's susceptibilities to the utmost; but I am quite resolved that the essential point shall be attained. I will, if you will permit me, confer with her once more, and will then, with profound gratitude for your prolonged hospitality, beg your consent to my departure."

Sir James's instinct of courtesy prevailed for the moment over his smothered displeasure. He assured the Count that their disagreement about the matter they had been talking of need not impair their pleasant relations as host and guest; but the Count only grew more and more grandiosely polite, and persisted in his request that a carriage might be ordered to take him to the station for a late afternoon express.

Tears forced themselves to Terra's eyes this time, when a little later the Count was alone with her again. The prospect of his abrupt departure was shocking to her in the extreme, and perhaps even more painful than shocking. On his part, he was no longer chilly and formal, as during the interval just concluded, but almost excited, exhilarated by close contact with a crisis even

more stimulating than that which he had organised in the first instance.

"The time for compromise and concession—for bending to whims and rules—has gone by, my glorious Terra," he explained with animation. "I do not regret that we are driven now to take our destiny into our own hands, and you will not be sorry for it in the end."

The plan he now unfolded required one desperate act of resolution on Terra's part; all the rest would be made easy for her. There need be nothing which the most fastidious critic of her conduct could call an elopement; but she must place herself by her own act under the protection of a chaperone, who would be willing to see her safely through an immediate marriage. His peculiar position as a diplomatist, representing a foreign Government, would enable him to circumvent some difficulties which an English subject might have encountered. Money and influence would do the rest; and he undertook that they should be married with all due form in the course of a few days after her arrival in town.

She would have to do nothing more than put herself in the train, and be received, on her arrival in London, by a lady he would enlist in their service. This lady was a Mrs. Waterton, residing in a certain fashionable "Gate" by Hyde Park, whom Terra had no doubt met in society. He would see her directly he got to London; she would herself telegraph and write to Terra, and the young lady had only herself to promise him that she would come with or without the consent of the Margreaves. Of course that would not be given; but it was equally of course that they would not employ physical force to control her actions. It was only the first wrench of breaking away from them that would cost her an effort; but in achieving this she would at the same time prove to herself and to him the strength of her character and the magnificent reality of her love.

The prospect was frightful to her; but, opposed to all her protestations and entreaties, he only brought forward one argument. The only other course open to her would really be more painful; that would be the course of leaving Oatfield under his protection. He was perfectly ready to carry her off, if she

would prefer that; the plan he had devised was merely aimed at sparing her the effort it would be to her to accept this arrangement. He did not in so many words declare that if she refused his terms he would not marry her at all, but this was practically implied in the persistence with which he adhered to the position that beside the two methods of action thus laid before her there was no other that could be entertained.

In the course of the afternoon the Count duly departed, and left Terra with a heart palpitating from the effects of a tearing process that she found even more agonizing than she expected. Lady Margreave, who spent the afternoon with her in the hope of soothing her agitation—manifestly none the less intense because it was pent up—learned nothing from her concerning the plans for the future which she and the Count had formed, beyond the broad fact that assuredly their engagement was in no way broken off.

"I must say, I do think it is the greatest possible pity that the Count could not make up his mind to be more like other people in this matter," Lady Margreave ventured to suggest, partly in sympathy with Terra and partly from a sense of personal annoyance in the matter.

"I cannot see that it is the Count's fault at all," Terra retorted. "I should not hesitate to blame him, if I did; but papa gave rise to all the trouble, really. It was wholly unnecessary for him to delay the wedding. It is not as if I were a child, and his consent after all more than a matter of sentiment. Then it is not as if there could be any question of doubt as to whether papa would or would not wish to consent to such a marriage as this. But it is no use talking of it."

Lady Margreave agreed in her own heart to that last view, at all events, and mentally scolded herself for the want of tact she had been guilty of in giving way to a remark, even flavoured with criticism, on the Count in conversation with his devoted bride-elect.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DESPERATE VENTURE.

TELEGRAMS and letters arrived at Oatfield for Terra in great profusion during the next few days; but she volunteered no confidences concerning their contents. She was more than

usually affectionate in her manner towards her aunt; evidently suffering a great deal, but steadfast in her reserve concerning the understanding between herself and the Count which had been established.

Sir James and Lady Margreave agreed in being very sorry for themselves in reference to the disagreeable entanglement in which they were thus involved; but rejoiced in thinking it would be over in a few days, when Colonel Fildare should get home and relieve them of all responsibility in respect to the restive lovers. They did not at first contemplate the possibility of a further aggravation of the crisis within the short time that remained before the Colonel's return.

The situation was more fully developed the day the Indian mail reached Brindisi. In the morning Lady Margreave received a brief telegram, announcing the traveller's safe arrival on European soil and promising his speedy presence. The message was brief but cheery: just the few words to be expected from a homeward-bound Anglo-Indian in good spirits. But a few hours later Sir James received another telegram, also from the Colonel, begging for a telegraphic reply, to be sent to him to the care of the station-master at Turin, stating whether his injunctions as to the delay of the marriage had been respected, and also whether anything special had occurred in connection with that event.

This message was received about twelve o'clock. Sir James showed it to his wife; but they both agreed that it was not of a kind that could be advantageously shown to Terra. They were profoundly puzzled by it, but could only reply to the effect that the Colonel's behests had been obeyed, though they had given rise to annoyances too complicated for explanation by wire.

Sir James gave this message, duly enclosed and directed to the nearest telegraphic station, to a servant, mentioning by name one of the men about the stables, who was to be instructed to get ready a dogcart and take it without delay. The order, having been given with this precision, led to the explanation, brought back from the stables, that the particular Henry in question had driven out Miss Fildare in the victoria shortly before.

The resources of the Oatfield establishment were still equal to the emergency. Another man was sent for, and Sir James was

not even disturbed by a passing sense of surprise that Terra should have gone out for a morning drive.

It was not till an hour later that Lady Margreave came into the library, where he was sitting, with an open letter in her hand, and her usual dignified composure completely thrown into confusion.

"She's gone off to London, by herself!"

"Good heavens!"

The subject was more fully discussed; but the news which Lady Margreave exploded in the few words set down, and her husband's exclamation, summed up all there was to tell or to say on the matter. The letter Lady Margreave had received had been brought back by the servant who had driven Miss Fildare to the station—the further and more important of the two stations made use of by residents at Oatfield—from which two expresses went to London in the course of the day: one about noon, and the other between five and six in the evening.

Terra wrote briefly, with earnest affection, and imploring Lady Margreave not to think of her unkindly. Her marriage would take place within a few days; meanwhile, she was going on a visit to Mrs. Waterton, of whom Lady Margreave knew, at all events, enough to know that she would be recognised as a decorous chaperone. Everything could be made to seem quite matter-of-course if Lady Margreave pleased. She had slipped away quietly, to avoid painful scenes of parting, and would write again from London.

The situation was calculated to take one's breath away, Sir James recognised, after it had been contemplated in all its bearings, but what was to be done? Nobody was breaking the law—no force could be invoked to prevent Miss Fildare from transferring herself to Durham Gate. It was all most monstrous, and Terra was frightfully to blame, and she might come terribly to grief in the desperate game she was playing—but how could she be stopped? And yet, if nothing were done to stop her, and if Colonel Fildare, as his telegram seemed to imply, was coming home with some clearly defined anxiety in his mind that the marriage should be delayed, what would he say when he learned alarming news? And the telegram sent to Turin now

constituted a most inadequate reply to the inquiry it dealt with. Further dispatches had to be prepared for consignment to the care of the station-master at that place, and eventually it became evident that Sir James must himself go to town to meet Colonel Fildare, and spare him what might be the dangerous delay of a needless journey to Oatfield. The whole transaction was terribly troublesome and exasperating. It would be obvious to the servants that something was seriously wrong; but still it was clear that Sir James had to go. Happily, the large party that had been staying at Oatfield a few weeks previously had dwindled down now to one or two inmates, and the circumstances under which the expected wedding had been dislocated would not, at any rate, be at once proclaimed in private confidences all over the country.

Terra went through many stages of varied distress during the long hours of her lonely journey to town. At intervals she was appalled at the conceivable consequences of the tremendous step she was taking, and impelled to stop and go back at all hazards to Oatfield. Then she would go over the arguments by which she had originally brought herself, or been brought, to take the resolution she was now carrying out, and put all her trust in her lover, feeling that to do anything else would be madness under the circumstances, for it would mean the wreck of her happiness and the utter annihilation of her future life. She might be running some unknown dangers, but should the shadow of probably unreal perils terrify her to the extent of driving her to choose certain misery instead?

It was a trial, a frightful trial, her lover had imposed on her. But she was no ordinary, conventional girl; he was not to be judged by the tame standards of English decorum; their mutual love was fire of an extraordinary order, that naturally burned in a somewhat unusual way.

The smallest things frightened her most, however: the too intense glances of a fellow-passenger, left alone with her for a portion of the journey; his proffer of a newspaper, that she could only decline with frigidity—though fuming with indignation in her heart at the thought that she was in so helpless a position that a stranger could presume to address her. Then there was a

little delay at one part of the journey—signals against the train, that really meant no harm, but kept them at a standstill in a cutting, waiting and whistling for ten minutes, during which all the passengers were putting their heads out of the windows and making inquiries, and during which the people in Terra's compartment—then three or four in number—exchanged remarks about the delay, wondering if there was an accident ahead, and whether it might not be better in that case to stop at Bedford, instead of going on to London that night. One gentleman present had known of a train, under such circumstances, only discharging its passengers in London eight hours after they had been due. Terra, silent in her corner, and a prey to her own reflections, was chilled to the marrow by the prospect thus suggested to her.

Even the ten minutes, however, were caught up in the end, and the train came in, with perfect exactitude, between six and seven. In apprehension, then, as to whether the promised arrangements for her reception would have worked properly, Terra went through a new series of mental agonies. The ghastliness of her fate if she should find no one to meet her, forced her to dwell in imagination on the course she would then have to take; how she would have to drive in a cab to Mrs. Waterton's; how perhaps the "trials" imposed upon her by her lover would *not* really be found to be confined to the horror of the railway journey, and how perhaps she should only find him waiting for her with some new programme claiming her renewed submission. The strain on her nervous system, well under command as this always was in her case, was very great, and the actual circumstances of her reception a relief to her of proportionate intensity.

Certainly her lover was present on the platform but not alone. From the miserable helplessness of her journey she was suddenly plunged in the midst of a reception almost royally respectful and reassuring. Mrs. Waterton, a small brunette of animated manner, was present, accompanied by another lady, and attended by a footman from her carriage, waiting to take charge of Terra's *impedimenta*. Count Garciola was himself accompanied by two other gentlemen both of his own nationality, dressed

with extreme precision and finish. The Count received her at the railway carriage door, the rest of the group collecting at a few paces. His greeting was faultless—the few words spoken a well-spring of passion and delight, but his manner appropriate to the reception of a princess. As Terra stepped on to the pavement, the two other gentlemen bowed to her, hat in hand, as though she were a queen; and while the footman engaged himself in the but too easy task of collecting her property—for she had but one hand-bag with her—Mrs. Waterton came forward with effusion.

"My *dear* Miss Fildare, it is so sweet of you to come to me. You cannot realize how enchanted I am."

The passengers getting out of the carriage behind Terra wondered what illustrious personage was embodied in the very handsome, certainly, but angry looking, solitary girl with whom they had been travelling.

"You know Miss Fildare?" said the Count to Mrs. Waterton meanwhile, with stately solemnity, "so I need not present her to you by name. I merely introduce her as a lady who is not only entitled to our utmost consideration on all grounds, but who claims our enthusiasm as a heroine, by her splendid courage—not to speak of my personal devotion."

Mrs. Waterton's carriage was close by—a large landau. Thither Terra was conducted by the Count on one side and Mrs. Waterton on the other, the rest of the suite behind—so far unnoticed. Mrs. Waterton followed her into the carriage, taking a seat herself with her back to the horses. The other lady then got in, and was pointedly presented to Terra—instead of the presentation being put the other way, as the lady's seniority and title might have suggested—as the Marchesa Tortoza.

The Marchesa said a few words, with a gracious bow, in Spanish. Terra, during the last few weeks, had been studying the language, but was not yet sufficently familiar with it to catch the meaning of what was said. Mrs. Waterton interpreted:

"The Marchesa says she is delighted to be the first Spanish lady introduced to the future Countess Garciola."

The Count meanwhile approached the carriage-door.

"My friends——," he said, mentioning by name and title the gentlemen with him, "wish to know if they may have the honour

of being presented to you, if only for a moment; of course I will take another opportunity of making them known to you more fully."

Terra was beginning to feel this adulation, welcome as it was after the fears and misery of her journey, an almost too overwhelming reaction. She could hardly command her voice to speak. The Marchesa slipped on to the front seat of the carriage, so as to let her change her place to the corner nearest the door. Terra bowed silently in reply to the Count's inquiry, and he presented the two young men, each of whom kissed her extended hand with easy continental grace. She recalled the Count to her side by a look.

"You will say all that is nice for me, please. I am not quite equal—just now——"

"Of course. You must be tired; and Mrs. Waterton, I know, will take all care of you. I shall come to enquire after you this evening, after dinner; but you must receive me or remain alone, just as you prefer. In any case, I shall see you to-morrow."

He pressed her hand in acknowledgment of their brief parting, and bowed to Mrs. Waterton with a grateful smile.

"Au revoir, dear lady, with a thousand thanks."

Then the carriage door was closed, and they drove off.

"You came just as you are, dear, didn't you?" Mrs. Waterton asked. "You haven't any things you want looked after."

"I brought nothing," Terra said. "That was the last arrangement."

"Of course it was! So sweet of you to have acted upon it. I should have been frightfully disappointed if you had done otherwise. It would have wasted all my careful preparations; only I felt bound to ask, for fear you should have had anything with you. You might have forgotten it in the excitement, and then we, your faithful servants might have been taken to task afterwards. What fun it all is!"

"It was such a relief to find you," Terra began; and then her lips quivered, and she was unable for the moment to go on.

"Have a good cry, dear," said Mrs. Waterton cheerfully." "I am sure you must want it. Nothing makes one want to cry more than excitement, and now we are by ourselves, why shouldn't you?"

The straightforward simplicity of these counsels, however, made Terra laugh; and though she wiped her swimming eyes without disguise, the nervous agitation passed away. She was fully mistress of herself again when they got to Durham Gate, and was then at once conducted to her own room—the best guest-chamber in the house—where Mrs. Waterton, bright and animated, and intensely enjoying the originality of the whole situation, explained all her arrangements, introduced Terra to the stock of immediate necessaries that had been got ready for her use, and refreshed her with tea and the influence of her own gay spirit. She had offered to leave her alone to lie down for a while, but Terra declared she had been alone enough all the afternoon in the train, and if Mrs. Waterton could stay and talk to her, would greatly prefer her company.

"If I can! My dear child, I've got to do exactly as you bid me. We have all sworn oaths of allegiance to you of the most appalling sort. I'm sure the Count will ask you to-morrow whether you have any complaints to make, and if you have, our lives will not be worth an hour's purchase. But I'm quite a willing devotee. It is the greatest imaginable fun—all the excitement of an elopement, and at the same time nobody can take us into custody. I do not know what people will say, but I am daring by nature, and like to make life a little more piquant than usual. I'm half Spanish, you know, and my good man has mines and estates in Castille and a house of our own in Cordova. I shall look to you to patronise me handsomely when we meet in Madrid, in return for my present services. What a joke it is for Don Garciola to marry after all! You're a wonderful witch!"

After a while a dressmaker in attendance was admitted to an audience, with the view of hastily adapting a costume that had been provisionally got ready for the evening, and then the ladies had yet some further talk. It was very interesting to Terra to hear some account of her lover and his surroundings from the lips of a third person. There were many details about which he had not been communicative, and she reluctant to question him too closely; but Mrs. Waterton threw floods of light on all the mysteries over which Terra had speculated in every sentence she uttered. The Count had come early into his great inheritance of

name and fortune, had been very much his own master from boyhood, had been always a great scapegrace, and not on the best terms with his family, when his father's early and unexpected death, closely followed by that of his elder brother, had invested him with title and estates. He was away somewhere when his father died, Mrs. Waterton believed, but turned up mysteriously soon afterwards. Then he developed a great mania for travelling, and never would settle down at home or get married. It was impossible that he could, as a roving bachelor, ever have spent a tithe of his income. He could not but be immensely rich, but, above all things, he was never willing to do anything like anybody else. This queer arrangement about the plan of his marriage was entirely in keeping with his natural manners and customs. If Terra had shrunk from the part imposed upon her, he would probably have either vanished off the scene altogether, or have done something more violent still. But now that he had got his way, he would simply treat her like all the Queens of Europe rolled into one.

Already, as Terra listened to Mrs. Waterton's lively narrative, her life so far, even as passed latterly under the stately shelter of the Margreaves' hospitality, seemed to fade away into an insignificant background, and, with her enthusiasm for the Count inflamed to the utmost by all she heard, she looked back, when left to herself at last to dress for dinner, with terror on the recollection of the doubts by which her own mind had been assailed during the previous few days as to whether she would or would not take this step required from her.

Any danger passed may often seem more alarming in the retrospect than while it is actually confronted, and, when the retrospect shows that it was not fully appreciated at the time, it may seem especially frightful. Terra remembered how her lover had told her that if she would perform the single act of heroism allotted to her, the rest would be made easy for her; and in the recognition of the completeness with which this part of the promise was being fulfilled she found abundant justification for the entire trust she now reposed in the Count, and for great contrition at the thought of the doubts which had troubled her during her journey.

The hastily adapted costume of black and gold which had been provided for her adornment did no discredit to her glowing beauty. At dinner they were only four, the three ladies—for the Marchesa was staying in the house—and "my good man," as Mrs Waterton called him—an unobtrusive, middle-aged man, who spoke very little in a quiet voice and took everything as a matter of course. He disappeared after dinner, when the ladies went up to the drawing room. Very shortly afterwards, for they had not dined till late, Count Garciola joined them. He showed his satisfaction at finding Terra ready to receive him, and not taking refuge in seclusion, by the proud light in his handsome though immobile features, but was at first even more courtly and grandiose in his manner than usual—in continuation, as it were, of the effect he had prepared at the railway station. Then, in a little while, Mrs. Waterton bore off the Marchesa to her boudoir opening out of the back drawing-room, with easy baddinage declaring that engaged people might be adorable separately, but intolerable together, and left the lovers to each other.

The Count praised Terra for keeping up her courage instead of giving way and shutting herself up.

"You would have been fully excusable this time if you had been upset, but it is all the more splendid of you to have been ready for me this evening."

"The hard part is over for me now, you know. You said the rest should be easy, and I am beginning to see how wise I was to trust you entirely."

Many little points connected with their eccentric programme had been discussed in the notes that had passed between them since the Count left Oatfield, and these were now talked over. Terra was more than ever intoxicated with the delight of being controlled and directed by an authority she could accept, not only without offence to her *amour propre*, but with a sense of exaltation in obedience. Her lover was at last thoroughly content, and very ardent in his devotion. They spent a glorious evening, and when the Count took his departure, Mrs. Waterton saw Terra to her room and waited on her with a zealous attention that she already began to appreciate as too fitly paying tribute to the dawning

glories of her future station, to be in the least degree embarrassing or irksome.

The next day and the day after were spent in preparations for the wedding. Handsome presents of jewellery arrived at intervals, and betrayed the Count's personal intervention in the whole business, but the direction of Terra's miscellaneous shopping was in Mrs. Waterton's hands. She was rather startled at first by the daring disregard of cost which her chaperone urged upon her, but readily persuaded that she would best please the Count by achieving brilliant results rather than by keeping down expenditure. Her lover spent each afternoon in her company, dined at Durham Gate the first evening, and entertained Mrs. Waterton and herself the second at a club where lady guests were permissible.

On the morning of the third day, with but two more to elapse before the date fixed for the final ceremony, Terra was in her room interviewing a dressmaker, with Mrs. Waterton's maid, and one who had been taken on for her own special service, in attendance, when Mrs. Waterton came in looking rather startled.

"There is some one downstairs in the drawing-room who wants to see you," she said, with a strange intonation in her voice.

"Who is it?"

Mrs. Waterton held a gentleman's card in her hand. She looked up at Terra for a few moments in silence, flicking the card backwards and forwards against her left forefinger.

"Can you guess?"

Terra saw that a situation of importance had arisen, but did not realize what it meant. She held out her hand for the card. Mrs. Waterton, after a moment's hesitation, gave it to her, and she read the name—"Colonel Fildare."

"My father."

She changed colour a little as she stood with the card in her hand; but an emergency which merely threatened to put her on her mettle was not one of the kind, like the reaction of feeling at the railway station, calculated to overthrow her self-command.

"What would you like to do?" said Mrs. Waterton. "I did not say more than that I would tell you he was here."

"Of course I will go down and see him. I shall be ready in a few minutes."

"Very well," said Mrs. Waterton; "if you want me, ring and send for me."

Before the servants and the dressmaker they could not well discuss the niceties of the crisis. Nothing more was said, and as soon as her dress had been re-arranged Terra went down.

(To be continued.)

THE WIDE DIFFUSION OF LIFE.

"LIFE" is a word that conveys a clear and definite meaning for the purposes of ordinary speech, and calls up in the mind, for most of us, ideas derived from our own experience as human beings. But when we attempt to frame a definition that shall cover all the varied possibilities of life, we find the task by no means so simple as it might appear at the first glance. Going down only a little way in the scale of creation the life that animates the higher animals is so like our own that we credit them sometimes with consciousness too closely resembling that of the human creature. But, at all events, even if they do not reflect on the fact of their own existence, they are certainly vividly conscious of their own identity, of their own separate interests as distinguished from those of other creatures around them. Self-consciousness—the power of reflecting on the fact of one's own existence—is the distinguishing mark of humanity. But how far down among the lower levels of animal existence does even the feeling of identity prevail? Certainly it is still present with the rabbit or the mouse, but can we realise it as present in the consciousness, whatever that may be, of the slug or the earth-worm? And yet those creatures belong to the animal kingdom and undeniably enjoy life. Then lower still we find creation engaged with life of a kind that we feel hardly able to place in the neutral territory between the animal and vegetable kingdom. Is a sponge an animal or a plant? But to whatever class we assign it life is undeniably still there. And the plant which is certainly a plant—

the weed in a field as well as the tree in a forest—exhibits some definite characteristics when it is "alive," which are clearly marked out from those clinging for a time round the mere physical body, so to speak, of the weed or tree when it is dead. But assuredly there is nothing in plant life which embodies the idea of consciousness so plainly manifest in all the animals except those belonging to the very lowest levels nearest to the boundary line separating them from the vegetable kingdom.

Are we to draw a hard and fast line below the vegetable kingdom and to affirm that nothing but that which grows, can be recognised as possessing life? If we do this we are in conflict at all events with a good many modern speculations concerning what some writers are bold enough to describe as the life of minerals. Experiments within the last few years have shown curious susceptibility on the part of various metals to external influences that modify their capacity to engender electrical effects under certain kinds of stress. All engineers are familiar with the idea that iron work may become "fatigued" or at all events may undergo with long use some changes they describe by that term. And after all, the conception of growth must not be denied to the mineral kingdom. Crystals are examples of growth as delicately adjusted to the final purpose in view as the processes of life which develop a flower or build up the organisms that become the off-spring of living animals.

So deeply have some thinkers been impressed by the idea that the phenomena of life even on the highest levels of its manifestation are the product of such material building up, that in defiance of spiritual teaching they have maintained that life in all its varied aspects is developed from the potentialities of matter. Tyndall, brilliant thinker as he was in some respects, allowed himself to adopt this deplorable view. Scientists of a later generation have, indeed, sometimes inverted it, and finding the pursuit of the ultimate molecule, one which leads them more and more into the region of metaphysics, have suggested that in truth all forms of matter reside in the potentialities of thought—the whole world being the Thought of the Creator in a visible manifestation. But this speculation is more bewildering than useful. At all events, the most advanced representatives of scientific

thinking are in sympathy with Lord Kelvin, who declared during a recent controversy on the subject in a letter to the *Times* two years ago, that "scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of creative power." And going on to illustrate his contention, he said: "Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers which we saw around us grew by mere chemical forces; he answered "No; no more than I believe that a book on botany describing them would grow by mere chemical forces." This letter when it appeared was the subject of a very animated controversy in which some few materialists endeavoured to repudiate the idea that the world could be more than an aggregation of matter, and a few writers like Haeckel and Metchnikoff still cling to the ridiculous belief that even human consciousness is no more than a circumstance associated with the activity of the matter constituting the brain. But at all events, this conception, so grotesquely at variance with the experience of all concerned with psychic investigation of any kind, is dying out and leaving us all prepared to recognise with varying degrees of confidence that the attribute of life is an energy inspiring matter, that the influence which gives rise to the self-conscious life of human beings, as well as to the life in all its humbler manifestations that pervades the world, emanates from the Divine Author, whom perhaps those of us who are most reverent in spirit are least disposed to describe in formal cut and dried phrases.

But enlightened as we are gradually becoming concerning aspects of nature that are not within the grasp of the mere physical senses, new views concerning the ocean of life in which we seem to be immersed, are gradually dawning on our thoughts. The study of unseen nature by means of the perceptive faculties that as yet are enjoyed by only a few, is gradually introducing us to realms of knowledge, the possibilities of which were never suspected by the natural philosophers of the last century. And until the investigations of the few in question can be undertaken much more generally, we must deal modestly with their discoveries, and be prepared to find their observations qualified by later research. But already we may feel reasonably sure that, as regards human beings to begin with, the consciousness inseparable

from their life is in no way extinct when the change comes on which involves the burial of the discarded body. Life for them is simply translated to new conditions, themselves, perhaps, but preliminary stages in progress towards the loftier spiritual destinies guaranteed to them by religious faith, but, at all events, for a time within reach of the still physically living friends they have left behind. And thus we realise that life in over-flowing abundance surrounds the earth, so to speak, besides inspiring its enormous population of living things belonging to the human animal and vegetable kingdoms of nature. It is difficult to localise the unseen realms of life into which immediately after physical death the human being passes. But in so far as he is frequently enabled to keep touch with friends whom he has quitted, and also because of the assurances he gives them, we cannot but accept the belief that these new realms of consciousness into which he has entered, surround our solid earth and constitute a vast unseen envelope, probably of prodigious magnitude, which, indeed, is not unseen for those above referred to as the few to whose perceptions the previously hidden phenomena of nature are gradually in process of revelation.

Illuminated by their discoveries, indeed, we begin to think of the visible world as merely the stage on which the drama of life is enacted, while behind the scenes an army of powers invisible to the spectators in the front, are preparing and guiding the visible performance. Nor are these unseen powers merely the living energies with which we have formerly been acquainted in ordinary life. Testimony that may be liable to revision in detail, but in regard to its general drift is too concurrent to be discarded, assures us of the existence, in the unseen regions of this world, of beings in the fullest enjoyment of life, but wholly independent from the first to the latest phases of their evolution, of those physical bodies which, whether we are thinking of the human, the animal, or the vegetable kingdoms we associate as a rule with the idea of life. From the middle ages downwards indeed, the students of nature's all but hidden mysteries have spoken of "elementals," beings who never have been and never will be encased in physical forms, but are nevertheless active and even powerful agents of the divine purpose their existence is

made to subserve. And later research has at all events shown that the stupendous evolution to which they are attached emerges from conditions of existence scarcely more elevated than that of the humblest flower, and ascends through all but infinite stages of development to conditions of being far transcending the possibilities of human life. The life, in fact, that we see around us, even if we survey all its varieties in imagination from the faintest tinge of moss gathering on a barren rock, up to the loftiest manifestations of human intelligence, is but one sort of life in the economy of the world, and, however little we need be disposed to under-rate its importance, by no means the greatest volume of life that even this planet is concerned with. For even on any view of the human future—whether in accordance with earlier fancies, we regard every child that has been born since the world began as a fresh creation destined to an immortal life, or whether we work with the more scientific hypothesis involving the periodical return to life of each soul gradually advancing towards perfection—the number of human beings out of incarnation, is enormously greater than the number which actually constitutes the incarnate population of the world. The occult student makes out the sum total of the human family as equal to about forty times the present population of the earth.

And what conception are we to form concerning the superphysical life which in its physical manifestations constitutes the animal and vegetable kingdom. Any attempt to explore that line of speculation completely would carry us into realms of nature as yet hardly accessible to our research. But without grappling with impossible tasks, even along the simple lines we have followed, these reflections show how inconceivably enormous and varied is the realm of life to which our own lives belong, and tend to force on the understanding a conviction that in real truth the visible physical world must not be thought of in any part or detail, as simply dead and lifeless matter. As yet our scientific observation is concerned merely with the surface phenomena of the globe to which we are attached. But in truth the testimony of the few gifted observers who can by abnormal methods obtain some insight into the constitution of the earth's interior, assures us that even there, though the physical conditions are so

absolutely incompatible with our common-place conception of life, life of a kind of which as yet we can scarcely frame any conception, pervades those dark and mysterious recesses. Occultists maintain that even those fiery spaces intercalated between the concentric shells, of which some of them, at all events, regard the earth's interior as made up, are teeming with Life, expressed in vehicles of matter adapted to that thrilling environment. And even in the central nucleus, energies and forces are working which are the expression of a super-physical life associated with exalted levels of consciousness. Perhaps one of the most satisfactory thoughts concerned with the exposition of the earth's design suggested by the observations here referred to, arises from the idea that our earth is thus not a mere huge block of inanimate, amorphous rock, but a teeming hive of life and consciousness, the expression in its infinite complexity of part of that vast divine purpose that our own lives contribute in some degree to fulfil.

But where are we to stop in following the drift of this thought? Is there any particle of ordinary matter that is destitute of life? Interpreting the behaviour of metals under stress, referred to above, along the lines of a too zealous pantheism some thinkers are inclined to invest inanimate matter itself with life of a kind, and even to speculate concerning the consciousness of an ultimate atom. To do this is simply to employ the word "life" in a new and inconvenient signification. The deeply seated suggestion arising from legitimate observations concerning the wide diffusion of life, points, no doubt, to a pantheism that is practically infinite in its range. But the irresistible conclusion that spirit (the Divine principle), and what we call matter, are inextricably blended, does not imply that at every stage of such union, equally, the combination has engendered life.

Our present knowledge will not enable us to frame a definition that will be at the same time inclusive and exclusive enough. We cannot venture to deny life to any vehicles but those consisting of organic matter or protoplasm, for undeniably (in the comprehension of the occultist) life exists in vehicles of matter that are so far from being organic that they are not even physical. On the other hand it is mere juggling with words, to talk about life as inhering in the dense orders of homogeneous matter we

call the metals, and consciousness is not to be recognised as co-extensive with life, for it is equally verbal quibbling to talk about the consciousness of a blade of grass, though unquestionably it is alive. We are paralysed, in truth, in our attempt to define life by the difficulty we meet in attempting the comprehension of any natural phenomenon—*thoroughly*. Some knowledge we may attain concerning even the distant stars. A great deal concerning the intricate machinery of the vehicles on which our own lives for the moment are seated, but there is always an unsoluble mystery lying behind the nearest as well as behind the farthest of the problems nature presents for our bewilderment, and so with the phenomena of life. The common-place thinker misunderstands the enigma altogether, and supposes that because we do not understand life in the abstract, we can know nothing concerning the progress of our own lives, after the brief experience of their current physical incarnation. We may know to what later destinies they are moving with as much detail as we know in what environment they would be passed if we migrated to some other country familiar by reason of former visits. But that important knowledge outside the limits within which common-place humanity is so curiously content to remain, does not enable us to comprehend the inner nature of the power which for example guides the hand that is tracing these lines across the paper. To know something of everything and everything of something has been declared the desirable condition for a man of culture, but unhappily for us at present, there is nothing,—not "the meanest weed that blows upon the mountain," concerning which "everything" can be known even by the wisest specialist of our age.

AN OCCULT STUDENT.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

ENGLISH readers, as a rule, are not profoundly interested in the masterpieces of modern French literature, and thus at the first glance it seems surprising that the works of one author who writes in the French language should be more popular in England than in France. How is it that a young Belgian author, eclipsed as to beauty of style by many French novelists, should have found so enthusiastic a welcome in this country? For one reason, perhaps, because the English public knows M. Maeterlinck through the admirable translations of Mr. Alfred Sutro. M. Maeterlinck's style suits the English better than the French tongue. His thought has passed through the medium of a Teutonic mind—Teutonic in depth of thought and poetic intuition. Such a mind finds natural expression in long involved sentences, set with gems of imagery, but lacking sometimes in the traditional clearness so dear to French stylists.

But apart from style, for which we do not care greatly on this side of the Channel, we are attracted mainly by the suggestiveness and novel setting of Maeterlinck's philosophical ideas. Intimacy with the works of Emerson, Novalis, and the mystics will show that in his semi-philosophical writings Maeterlinck has not done more than re-clothe familiar thoughts in modern phraseology, but in the practical application of the New Psychology to dramatic problems he seems to be a pioneer.

In drama and in philosophic reflection the key to Maeterlinck's work is found in the modern theory of the

subconscious mind. This "Subliminal Self" in each of us, according to Professor James, bears the same proportion to our waking consciousness as the submerged part of an iceberg to that above water. It is a mysterious region in which lurk the memories of the race as well as the seemingly forgotten occurrences of our personal past. Prof. James has perhaps somewhat too sharply warked out the arbitrary distinction between two interpenetrating fields of consciousness. Be that as it may, the theory is one of profound significance, and alone suggests the possibility of harmonising the conflicting philosophic systems. When Maeterlinck, therefore, insists on the "invisible principle" of the soul and makes it the foundation of so many philosophic reflections and of his theory of the drama, he is not giving way to poetical imagination, but is in sympathy with the most advanced psychology of our time.

It is this "Invisible principle" which approaches nearer the surface in the life of simple-minded people. Truly "blessed are the poor in spirit." It is the "Treasure of the Humble." It is the Basis of "Wisdom and Destiny." It is the "Buried temple in which the prehistoric fetishes of the race jostle the nobler gods of germing ideals to which that race shall evolve." It is this "Invisible Principle" of his personages, that Maeterlinck makes speak to us in his dramas, often so simple, almost without plot, without scenery, and yet which move us so profoundly just because he speaks from soul to soul.

He surrounds the most ordinary details of life with a mystic halo. "It is not an exceptional moment of existence that matters," he says, "but existence itself." According to Maeterlinck, the contemporaneous theatre is full of anachronisms—it alone is dead to the "Soul's awakening"—it is full of the violence of action—and the classical theatre is a form without life. Shakespeare's characters alone have an "invisible principle," and hence are endowed with a veritable life.

In accordance with his theory of the sub-conscious, Maeterlinck in all his plays foreshadows the climax. Vague instincts take voice and give warning as a great event approaches. Then [illegible]e slightest happening assumes a special significance. "When [illegible] looks them in the face," says Hjalmar, in the 'Princess

Maleine,' "things keep quiet, like good children, and do not seem strange; but as soon as one turns one's back they make grimaces and play one bad tricks."

In the "Intruder," we may notice the masterly preparation of a suitable atmosphere for the climax. This little play is a simple family scene. The characters have no proper names. The "Intruder" has no spoken *rôle*—but we hear her come—she makes herself almost palpable—the birds cease singing—the lamp flickers—in spite of themselves the young girls tremble. It is Death who intrudes, the unexpected and inexorable.

The "invisible principle" which foreknows and intuitively discerns the things of the soul is, according to Maeterlinck, nearer the surface of the waking consciousness in women and in old men, than while the prime of manhood is blinded by passions, and even by the excess of bodily vitality. Thus Guido in "Monna Vanna" is on a more material level of the soul than his father Marco, or his wife. Guido's ideal of heroism for instance would be a death on the battlefield, whereas Marco has a more subtle criterion of valour and morality. "The most heroic act is the one which is the most painful to perform—and death is often less hard than life."

Thus also in his earlier play, entitled "The Blind," Maeterlinck makes the most finely sensitive of his characters, a young and beautiful blind girl. "I was beginning," she says, "to distinguish those who are to be unhappy. I still distinguish them sometimes by their voices." . . . "I have memories which are clearer when I do not think of them." . . . She believes there are flowers around them. . . . "I heard some one breaking green stems."

There is perhaps a profounder allegory in "The Blind" than in any other play of M. Maeterlinck. Story or plan of it can hardly be said to exist. It is a scene. The inmates of the Blind Asylum are taken for a walk by their guardian, an old priest. They sit by the roadside and talk. Unnoticed by them their feeble guide dies in their midst. It is late and dark. One hears the surge beating upon the coasts of the island. The people of the lighthouse, they hope, will send them help when they discover their plight, but no soul hears their cries as they wander in double darkness

By "the Blind," Maerterlinck probably means ordinary humanity, shut in by the boundless ocean of the unknown and unconscious, upon the island of Waking Consciousness. Religion, who would lead, has some sight of higher things, but it is old and dies. Science in the lighthouse, too, busy with projecting its search-lights into the unknown, cannot give the light of soul-wisdom, nor investigate the problems of the heart. Thus, Maeterlinck, like many of the greatest teachers of mankind makes use of the symbol as a mental picture of the truth. We may trace the influence of symbolism from his first poetical productions. Distinctly *symboliste* in his *Serres Chaudes* (hothouses), their more superficial symbolism of word-images scarcely presages the healthy wisdom of his later works. Music of rhythm, and a certain languid beauty of imagery, mark these early poems, but to an English mind it seems that M. Maeterlinck has too often in them overstepped the boundary between the sublime and the ridiculous. We find, for instance, a strange flora and fauna in the "Hothouses" . . . "the mauve grass of absence," "the white stags of untruth" (white lies, perhaps)? "the violet serpents of dreams." A great predilection is shown for the colour blue—"the blue fingers of the moon," my blue mind," "blue dreams"—to culminate "blue gestures!" We have heard of coloured human radiations, yet so much blue in about forty little poems is too much for the scientific imagination!

Who would have dreamed that once emerged from the "Hothouses" the mind of M. Maeterlinck would attain the vigour and depth of the "Bees"? This is, and probably will remain, the high-water mark of his genius. As "Monna Vanna" emerged from the delicate but vague charm of earlier dramas, so do the "Bees" and the "Buried Temple" show an advance in clearness and vigour of thought from the "Treasure of the Humble."

It is the strange mixture of Positivism and Mysticism—of idealism and realism, which renders M. Maeterlinck's works so fascinating. It was, indeed, reserved for him to show that "the adhesion to the philosophy based on scientific truths acquired in modern times is in no degree the ruin of that moral and mystic literature which has too often been believed to be intimately linked with Christian conceptions—and that these truths imply in

no way a diminution of the inner individual life." It is the recognition of this fact which makes M. Maeterlinck a pioneer.

His ideas evolve naturally. He offers no ready-made reply to the problems of life. He seeks to establish no preconceived theory. Often he has the courage to say simply the profound truth, which is that we do not know. If, however, we cannot solve the great mystery of life neither must we ignore it—nor deify it by putting it out of reach of scientific research. Positivism falls into the first error, orthodox religion into the second, for it "gets rid of the inexplicable by forbidding itself to interrogate it."

The mystery will lose nothing of its majesty if we dare to look it in the face. Thus we believe we know the "bees" because we are acquainted with the surface phenomena of their life—but approach a little nearer and behold the appalling complexity of the most natural happenings, "the enigma of the intelligence, the ends, destiny, means and causes, the incomprehensible organisation of the smallest act of life."

What becomes us in face of this mystery, in face of the ethical problems which surround us is an attitude of sincerely self-reliant humility. The injustices of life summon us "to add to a more real, more human, and prouder wisdom, what we subtract from a wisdom over-mystic."

M. Maeterlinck's philosophy is a healthy one—it spurs the crushed soul to react on circumstances. "It is not in things, it is in us that is the justice of things." The greater number of the "Injustices of the Universe" as we call them are purely human. It is for us to subjugate matter to mind and the lower to the higher mind—to perform the invincible duty writ large on "all the lobes of our head, in all our nervous system, that we are created to transform what we absorb of the things of earth into a peculiar energy, a quality unique upon this globe." That this energy has not ceased to increase in the course of ages is the only remark that we can make upon the hidden force which leads us on; and it is an encouraging one in a "world where our first obligation is to have faith in life."

ARABELLA S FURNELL.

A DREAM IN TWO PARTS.

We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and who shall say, at times, what is reality, and what a dream ?

About two years ago I was staying with the Jack M——s for a week-end late in December, at their old house down in the fen country. Only one other guest was there, and he, like myself, was an *habitué*, on intimate terms with our host and hostess. Everyone was in the best of spirits, a cheerier square party than ourselves could hardly have been found, and Saturday and Sunday passed with all the usual speed of pleasant, uneventful hours. On Sunday evening we had a good deal of music, a varied programme, I remember, that began with Gounod and ended with the latest ditty of opera-bouffe. Soon after eleven the men adjourned to the smoking-room, and Mrs. Jack came upstairs with me, and stayed for a final gossip while I brushed my hair.

We were all to disperse next morning to spend Christmas in various directions, my own destination being on the further side of the Channel, and my hostess lavished all the commiseration of an indifferent sailor upon me as we listened to the ominous sounds of a rising wind. I, however, am too hardened a traveller to worry over the prospect of a rough crossing, and had other and more cheerful subjects for meditation as I made a leisurely toilet beside the blazing wood fire.

I love the night, for, as a rule, I have delicious dreams, sometimes of colour, more often of music, but constantly of a degree of joy seldom attainable in waking moments. That night

I slept peacefully at first, then came that well-known weird sensation of a dream within a dream. It was full of trouble and vague anxiety that grew clearer and more acute, until it seemed that I awoke and found myself standing in an empty room in another part of the house. I knew the room quite well,—I had slept there on a previous visit,—it was a large room, and between it and the one next it, was a wide cupboard or powder-closet with doors on either side. The further room could thus be used as a dressing-room or shut off, as needed; it was often given to bachelor visitors, and on this occasion was occupied by Mr. F. the fourth member of our party.

In my dream I was standing near the door that led from the larger room into the powder-closet, listening with anxious horror to the sound of angry voices in the adjoining room. Two men were evidently engaged in hot dispute, presently there was a scuffle, the thrust of steel, a heavy fall and a stifled, inarticulate cry from one who was badly hurt,—something between a curse and a groan, and all at once I realised that someone very dear to me lay wounded, perhaps dying in that room. I rushed to open the door,—it was locked. I shook it, tried to wrench it open, but in vain; in overwhelming distress I shrieked aloud and begged to be let in,—and woke, in earnest this time, to find that I was sitting up in bed in my own quarters, saying "I must get in, I must get in."

When I could collect my scattered senses I turned on the electric light and looked about for any possible cause of alarm. There was a storm blowing, of which I, in the north-west corner of the building, got the entire force, and I tried hard to pursuade myself that this was enough to account for the terrors of my dream. But to lie awake in the small hours listening to the weird noises that the wind wakes in an old house is hardly soothing to ruffled nerves, and I soon began to imagine footsteps and voices in the passage,—another ten minutes and I became convinced there were burglars in the house. I slipped on a dressing-gown and sallied forth to wake Jack.

The house is of typical Elizabethan design, E shaped, with a centre hall facing south, a gallery above running the length of the house from east to west, from which the principal bedrooms open, and at either end a short passage at right angles leads to the

projecting wings. My room, as I have already said, was in the north west corner, a baize door shut off the little passage to it from the main corridor,—passing through that the first rooms on the south side were those of my host and hostess, then came two bathrooms, then beyond these again, the rooms of my dream. Everything was still and peaceful as I moved down the corridor the thick walls and rooms on either side shut out the storm completely, at the far end the light which was always left burning showed nothing unusual. I hesitated outside Jack's door; should I knock and send him to see if his guest was safe and well? It seemed so ridiculous,—besides I should have to risk waking Mrs. Jack, a nervous and somewhat irritable lady. I stole softly on as far as the head of the staircase, and looked down into the hall,—not a creature stirring. I left my worthy host's slumbers undisturbed, crept back to bed, and after a time slept again.

Next morning I was rather late for breakfast; Jack had nearly finished, Mrs. Jack was breakfasting in her room. Presently Mr. F. appeared, looking distinctly sorry for himself, and when Jack had been called off to interview a keeper, asked me with unusual solicitude how I had slept. I parried the question and returned it. "I never had such a night in my life," he said, "I had an awful dream, so clear I could have sworn it really happened. Some fellow came into my room, and insisted on having a row with me about——" he pulled himself up abruptly, "I can't tell you what it was all about, but he was furiously angry, and at last we came to blows. He got the best of it and stabbed me, and I fell back with something between a curse and a groan, and at that moment someone else, a woman I think, was trying to get in through that cupboard place, from the next room."

"That was me," I broke in, and then I told my share of the dream.

Here is the story, literally faithful as to incidents, although, for obvious reasons, I do not give the names of place or people. Let those who can, supply an explanation. This much light can be thrown on the subject. A duel did once take place in the end of night in the room that was the scene of this curious vision. The cause of the quarrel was carefully hushed up, but

some clue to it may be suspected in the small white satin slipper that was found, together with a stained rapier, in a secret cupboard of another room to which the wounded man was removed, and in which he died. No definite "ghost stories," however, exist about the place, the village vaguely says the old house is haunted, but cannot produce anyone who has seen or heard of any apparition. The father of the present owner bought the property some thirty years ago, and during the time of their possession both he and his son have steadily suppressed any talk of what they call "obsolete superstitions," and have even discouraged stories or traditions of bygone proprietors. Such scanty information as I have been able to glean concerning the place has been partly from a book on the history of the neighbourhood, and partly from a collateral descendant of the former lords of the manor. She it was who told me of the duel—long afterwards.

But even granting the story of the duel, how was it that two people, who neither of them knew it, should, as it were, re-enact the tragedy in their own personalities? The man concerned holds the previous existence theory, and believes that we had that winter's night a glimpse of our own selves in a former life. But I would rather not claim that satin shoe, and prefer to seek another possible explanation in telepathy, which in my belief is the secret of many illusions of sight and sound.

The best authenticated ghost stories are nearly all connected, as was our double dream, with violence and tragedy; nearly always the sights or sounds repeat the incidents and the apparition is that of the victim. It is opposed to every instinct of justice or of mercy to imagine that one who has suffered, often innocently, should not rest in peace. Is it not more probable that it is the soul of the criminal that cannot escape from the pain he himself caused?—that with the mental reverberation of any great shock, his own deeds repeat themselves to his consciousness, and that in realising their full significance his purgatory is achieved? For there is no heavier punishment for any sin or mistake, than to realise it completely for what it is, and yet, in that recognition alone lies the hope of better things. And if when the guilty soul conjures up the scene and circumstances of his crime some human being is near whose telepathic powers are

sufficiently sensitive, he sees and hears for the moment what passes before the spirit consciousness of the other. This would account for much of the vivid horror caused by these visions.

In our case the principal person, Mr. F., is possessed of an unusual degree of magnetism. It may be that he received the impression of the quarrel so clearly as to identify himself with its victim, and then that his stronger personality transmitted his impressions in turn to me. Who knows? But often much comfort lies in what we can least explain. Soul and body are so closely connected that the materialist arguments that would make them identical, and attribute all sensations and ideas to physical causes, are plausible at times. To find a sense that transcends material limits, a link of spirit that holds good through time and space, is to snatch a glimpse of immortality.

MILDRED ISEMONGER.

MOCK MARRIAGE.

"BROAD VIEWS," for June, last year, contained an article entitled "The Marriage Contract," which, embodied some striking information concerning the frequency of divorce cases in the United States. The following passage gave some startling figures:—

> "If for the purpose of comparing the United States with other European countries a single year is taken, say 1885, we find that whereas 508 divorces were granted in Great Britain and Ireland, 6,245 in France, 6,161 in Germany, 23,472 were granted in the United States. In other words a greater number of marriages were dissolved in the States in consequence of divorce proceedings than in all the other centres of European populations in the world. The past fifteen years have certainly not changed the comparative position. The following figures, which were compiled after the 1900 Census show the proportion of marriages and divorces for a single period in a few of the principal Cities in America. They represent the working of different codes and differ very widely, but they agree in showing the prevalence of divorce on the other side of the Atlantic.

	Marriages.	Divorces.
New York.....	33,447	877
Chicago (Illinois).....	16,684	1,808
Philadelphia	9,912	492
Boston	6,312	446
San Francisco	3,716	846

The influences that have brought about this condition of things can be traced without much difficulty. The frequency of divorce in the States simply means that our friends over the water have been quicker to read a certain Divine Riddle than we in

Europe. While we (in the mass) are still struggling to get our eyes open upon this all important subject, *they* are already in the enjoyment of a clearer vision, and proclaiming their superior progress to the world. The mock marriage (by which term I indicate nine tenths of the marriages which the Church sanctifies, and the law allows)—like all other Divine, though often misinterpreted institutions, had its particular mission to fulfil. It was necessary in the beginning, to blind human eyesight to the nature of this mission, which is now happily hastening towards completion; a large majority of the Americans know it, and although they recognise the inevitability of a certain period of acute suffering resulting from the wreckage of a custom which has hitherto been held sacred, they are also enabled to see beyond it, the brilliance of the succeeding period of human felicity.

For what purpose then, it may here be questioned, was the mock marriage instituted?

Our Lord Jesus Christ, as representing perfect man, embodied both the masculine and feminine qualities of the soul in a single personality, but we, who are still upon our evolutionary course on this planet, have yet to learn the methods by which nature marks the progressive stages preceding this culmination. And as nature (otherwise Divinity) finds humanity extremely hard to deal with, inasmuch as it will neither be coaxed nor led in the right direction and requires innumerable experiences of a very painful nature before it will turn its attention to, and begin to walk in its predestined track, she has wisely decided that no spiritual progression should occur without its justly balanced proportion of human suffering and that, consequently, there could be no such perfection as was attained by the Christ of Judea until the human ego—or soul—physically encased and functioning upon the physical plane had, during the successive periods of its earthly incarnation passed through every stage of suffering to which flesh is heir.

To those of my readers who are unable to accept what is generally spoken of as the *theory* of reincarnation, I would here counsel complete abandonment of this subject until such time as they shall have reached a more advanced stage of soul evolution, when they will have no difficulty in realising the impossibility of

compression into the tiny span of a single human life the vast scheme of suffering, progression and retributive justice destined to extend over innumerable re-incarnations on the earth plane throughout almost incalculable Cosmic periods.

Possibly the duality of the human soul is a fact somewhat less hard of assimilation by unadvanced mankind than that of re-incarnation, in which case the following passage may be permitted to throw light upon the subject in hand. For every masculine half of the soul there exists somewhere in the Universe its own rightful feminine complement, conceived, made and fitted to it by God himself, and, consequently, impossible of separation either by man or by the law he recognises. By the practice of the mock marriage man has been breaking one of the most important links in the chain of the scheme of creation, inasmuch as he has been repeatedly raising material barriers in the bodily forms of mismated half souls between those whom God has mentally and spiritually fitted to each other.

The coming era of improved human mentality presages the ultimate disuse of the mock marriage, for as soon as mankind has digested the lesson it has taught, it will be succeeded, in a far more universal manner by the true earthly marriage wherein the soul still retains its duality.

After a careful consideration of the words used by Our Lord in his rebuke to the Sadducees concerning their narrow conceptions of the marriage law,* it would appear that duality of the human soul is not maintained on the higher planes of existence, but is there, through the instrumentality of two successive stages of Celestial progression, blended into one—in the first place by the absorption of woman into man, in the second by that of man into God. In advancing this hypothesis I would ask my readers not only to mark the significance of the words, "They twain shall be one flesh," but also to study the details of the

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* Jesus answered and said unto them, ye do err not knowing the Scriptures or the power of God.

For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the Angels of God in Heaven.—Chap. 22nd, verses 29 & 30.

And again.

They twain shall be one flesh. Wherefore they are no more twain but one flesh. Chap. 19, part of verse 5, and verse 6, Gospel according to St. Matthew.

allegorical story told in the first Chapter of Genesis. Although constructed of the dust of the earth man was stamped with the image of God and endowed with qualities which, in the course of evolution must finally restore him to his Creator. As a direct emanation from Deity the first manifestation of man upon the earth plane was perfect; until the coming of woman it would appear that he embodied both sexes in a single personality—in other words he represented the soul in its first stage of completeness.

> "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; *male and female created He them.*"

The italicised words do not refer to Eve at all, inasmuch as she was not then created, they apply to the masculine and feminine qualities of Adam's own soul prior to its state of duality. It is obvious, for reasons which I have not space to give, that Man could not retain this completeness of soul on the physical plane nor was he on it for that purpose—but rather, firstly, to point out the highest condition of matrimony which could be reached by humanity before its amalgamation with the All, secondly to fall gradually backward through the law of retrogression to the next lower condition, namely, the true earthly marriage of the dual soul encased in separate personalities; thence to the mere physical bonds of the mock marriage; and thirdly to learn to climb again through all these same conditions in their *upward* course. By this reckoning we may mark the level upon which we now stand. The quality which brought man down to the lower conditions of matrimony was, and is, sensuality represented at the time of the Fall by the Serpent. The quality which ultimately binds the two halves of the soul into one is pure love, the most active principle of which quality is intuition, this is figuratively suggested by the statement about Adam's rib. To Eve was entrusted the mission of restoring man to God. To this end, and that she might form a link between humanity and Diety she is not represented as having been created of the dust of the earth—until after its materialization in Adam had raised it to a higher state of development. In taking from Adam intuitive love, Eve at the same time robbed him of wisdom, thus driving him to the necessity of

placing all his faith in Reason, a material quality below it, which inevitably led him to the path of retrogression.

With the reappearance of the lost quality of Wisdom, (a condition which we recognise in the second coming of Christ, in the souls of men), must come the true earthly marriage which terminates in the reabsorption of woman into man—in other words the restoration to him of the foremost of the two Celestial principles which by their union constitute the perfect marriage namely, Love and Wisdom.

The decadence of the mock marriage proves that Love is returning to her source, and as she goes, unveiling wisdom in the nearts of men.

ISABELLE TAYLOR.

WEEK END CONVERSATIONS.

SHOULD THE CHURCH BE ENDED, MENDED, OR LET ALONE?

Scene:—*A Country House near London.*
Time:—*Saturday Evening after dinner.*

The friends assembled on this occasion were the same who took part in the conversation recorded in the June issue of this "Review," except that the Vicar who was absent on that occasion had again rejoined the party, while our Hostess's brother, the successful Barrister was detained in town by overwhelming work, to which, he sent word, he would have to devote the whole of Sunday. This led to some remarks on the proper uses of a day of rest when the cigars were lighted—this time on a terrace overlooking the lawn.

OUR HOST:

It's hard lines on poor George that he couldn't come down this week. A really successful barrister is the slave of his own success, and is driven on by it with pitiless severity.

OUR HOSTESS:

What nonsense Jem. I told George he simply ought to be ashamed of himself. He's got more money than he knows what to do with, and yet he goes on working as if his bread depended on taking it out of other barrister's mouths,—not to speak of breaking the Sabbath.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

The dear old Sabbath! But it is so used to being broken that it doesn't mind any more.

OUR HOST:

You are not sufficiently proud, Alice, of your distinguished brother, other kinds of work are works of necessity, besides that of the cook who prepares your dinner or the coachman who drives you to church. A man of George's eminence in his profession owes his service to his clients even though that service is handsomely paid when rendered, and if when the time comes, he can only fulfil his duty properly by working on Sunday, work on Sunday he must. What do you say, Vicar?

THE VICAR:

The problem is of course entangled in a very embarrassing way. We have the plain command before us, but the church is a growing institution. It is tolerant in reference to the strain imposed by modern civilisation on the simple rules that sufficed for a more primitive society. In question of morals that are not absolutely fundamental, men who are at the same time good churchmen like your brother-in-law and of more than ordinary intellectual power, must be guided by their own consciences.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN:

It is very comforting to be reckoned as a good churchman. Do tell me, Vicar, how to keep everyone well in mind of the fact that I am one also.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

I will tell you—my valued friend. Keep silence always and nobody will find you out.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

But that would be so hard upon others,—to rob them of my conversation.

THE JOURNALIST:

And even that heroic policy would fail. Mostyn could never look the part.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

Don't you think so? I think he would look it better than George Greystone. *He*, you see, must be credited with an overpowering intellect, while Mr. Mostyn is more obviously in tune with his world. A man who is so much the fashion, is assumed, as a matter of course, to dance well, be a good churchman, and a good shot.

THE VICAR:

Dear Lady, the collocation of ideas is not quite appropriate.

OUR HOSTESS:

It is Esther's *métier* to be amusing, and incongruity is the essence of wit. If she was on her deathbed she would send for you, Vicar, and be abject in her confessions.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

Strange how difficult it is to discuss the Church in a serious spirit. The topic always seems to come forward surrounded by an atmosphere of humour.

THE VICAR:

Perhaps it does not need to be seriously discussed. Like the foundations of the earth, we take it for granted. Little jokes about men, women, and clergymen do no harm on week-days, but it is comforting to see how serious a view most respectable people take of their church when Sunday comes round.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

You think people serious, perhaps, when they are least sincere. Action may be even more hypocritical than words.

THE JOURNALIST:

If one could only get every one who goes to any given church to say honestly why he goes there, it would be very interesting, but the majority would not even know themselves.

OUR HOST:

Is it, strictly speaking, necessary that they should? But for one I will tell you why I go to church. I am humbly alive to the fact that just in this little neighbourhood my actions are observed.

If I absented myself from church,—though honestly I do not think I should be any the worse man if I did,—there are many poor people living around who would think I meant to treat religious ideas generally as of no importance. They would follow what they thought my example, and be much the worse people in consequence. Frankly, in London I do not always think it necessary for me to go to church.

THE VICAR:

And though of course I think it would be better still if you did, I freely allow that many people may be good churchmen in their hearts without being regular in attending services.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

I like that doctrine so much that I think I must be a good churchman in my heart.

OUR HOSTESS:

You cynic! you are worse really than our infidel journalist. At all events the open enemies of the church are often religious themselves in their own way,—they are aggressive, but they don't scoff.

THE MAN-AROUT-TOWN.

Indeed I would no more scoff at the church than I would bang my head against a brick wall. It is part of a great social order that I profoundly respect.

THE JOURNALIST:

And I disclaim the character of open enemy. I am sincerely in doubt as to whether the church ought to be ended or mended.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

This promises well. Do let us hear him on the merits of that interesting question.

OUR HOST:

Do you mind, my dear Vicar?

THE VICAR:

On the contrary: what I chiefly mind is that people who disapprove of all that I humbly represent, so often think it

necessary to keep me in the dark as to the grounds of their disapproval. I do not think the church stands in much danger from that disapproval. Something was said just now about heads banged against a brick wall. The brick wall in those cases is certainly not liable to be hurt.

THE JOURNALIST:

No: but earthquakes are known to take place sometimes and then brick walls even may crumble. That which stands in this case for the earthquake is the growing force of public opinion in reference to the cost of the church as compared with its theory, and the purpose it is supposed to serve. This coarse commercial view of the matter is not the one which appeals to me most forcibly, but it creates a feeling that is more dangerous to the existing fabric than subtler reflections. As exponents of a religion supposed to rest on indifference to worldly things and which hints at a doubt as to whether a rich man can enter the Kingdom of Heaven, the modern Bishop is a grotesque absurdity, and the superior clergy generally,—his appropriate supporters.

THE VICAR:

The mendicant friar in his day incurred blame too. To-day he would surely be out of date. It is perhaps the fault of our highly civilised habits that we can only associate personal dignity with certain social surroundings. The general officers of the church must be invested with personal dignity as well as the general officers of the army. The state and dignity, of the Bishop is undeniably compatible with self denial and devotion to duty.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

Don't let us harp upon the mere monetary aspect of this question. The church is to be condemned, if at all, not on account of being over paid, but for being—may I speak frankly?—for being ignorant of what it pretends to teach.

THE VICAR:

I think I follow your thought; but, in truth, does the church profess to teach anything? Its duty is to keep people in mind of the teaching given them in divinely inspired writings. Perhaps

it conceives that the divine intention in connection with that inspiration did not extend to the minute detailed revelation which some people seem to crave for to-day. We may not be meant to pry more closely into the conditions of spiritual life. The scripture gives us all the guidance that is necessary as regards the management of our lives on earth.

THE JOURNALIST:

So the church with all its colossal hierarchy and vast resources, its palatial cathedrals, and the rest, exists merely to remind people of the existence of the Bible, and to repress their desire to know more about the beginning and purpose of human evolution than is recorded therein.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

My earnest friend is so profoundly horrified at the costliness of the church, considering its limitations, that he is less impressed than I am by the limitations themselves. I would not grudge the church its bishoprics even, if it even tried to do what I conceive to be its duty. The suggestion that it is *not meant* to learn more about the future life and the methods of divine government than may be dimly suggested in a certain collection of ancient writings, which is childish in the present day to talk of as though it was edited by the Supreme Being, is mere intellectual cowardice—if it is not worse—professional prudence. Every rational survey of human affairs, from savage periods upward, reveals the principle of progress as operative in connection with the development of the human mind. One thing is certainly "meant" by the author of the world to which we belong—that human comprehension of Nature shall advance—not lazily stand still. I am not going to emphasise particular steps in advance that it has taken within recent years, but surely it is impossible for any reasonable creature in the present day to deny that gleams of light, however bewildering the common run of people may think them to be, are breaking through the screen dividing us from other states of existence; a screen that our grandfathers were to be excused for thinking impenetrable. All such gleams of light belong to the department of thought and discovery that it is the business of the Church to cultivate and guide. But instead of doing this the

Church doggedly shuts its eyes to the results of investigation that it ought to be eagerly promoting, while the least intelligent of its representatives are so steeped in the foolishness of mediæval theology, that they fancy the Devil responsible for the dawning promise of accurate knowledge concerning spiritual things.

THE JOURNALIST:

They hold the Devil responsible for progress that threatens to loosen their hold upon the worldly advantages with which mediæval theology invested the Church. The Church is by no means so stupid as our friend would make it out to be. It is fully alive to the principle that a wealthy church is only possible in the midst of a community ignorant of spiritual science. If chemistry had been organised as a church, and multitudes of beneficed professors had enjoyed abundant revenues on condition of teaching the doctrine of phlogiston, the discoverers of oxygen would have been frowned on in exactly the same way that the discoverers of the possibilities connected with Spiritualism and occult research are frowned on to-day.

OUR HOST:

Loaves and fishes have their charms for all of us, but I think on the whole that in working your argument with reference to them you are engaging in a weak line of attack.

THE VICAR:

For my own part, if our iconoclast could persuade me that I am not doing my Lord's work in this parish, I think I should have honesty enough to give up the modest emoluments of the Vicarage.

OUR HOSTESS:

It's ridiculous to talk about loaves and fishes. Why the clergy all round are shamefully underpaid. If it was not for their devotion to duty they would strike.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

How fascinating a thought. Imagine Methodist blacklegs brought in by desperate churchwardens, to carry on a neglected service, or Roman Catholic priests, protected by constables

marrying your hero and heroine and opening the way for the villain to dispute the validity of the ceremony and the legitimacy of the next heir.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

The Church owes much to the fact that its vagaries have a humorous aspect. But you cannot get away from the reflection that an organised, endowed and socially respected body of men, professedly concerned with teaching spiritual truth, ought not to be committed to a body of belief, which, to put the matter mildly, is out of date. Unless the clergy can recast all their formulas in accordance with intelligent thinking, and provide for the illumination of religion by spiritual discovery and knowledge, they will be putting force behind the movement that aims at the ending rather than the mending of their edifice.

OUR HOSTESS:

But are those courses you refer to the only available methods of dealing with the church? Can't you let it alone?

THE JOURNALIST:

That course certainly has the recommendation of rendering its ultimate collapse all the more certain.

OUR HOST:

I do not think you have any of you taken the whole situation fairly into account. Grant even that your bishops' palaces are out of tune with primitive christianity—that the clergy as a body are too neglectful of spiritual research, and much of the dogma they cling to out of date, still, the enormous usefulness of the church in the country at large must not be overlooked. You cannot govern a great people, the masses of which must be content to think crudely, without the influences of religion to steady them, and it matters less than our spiritual researchers imagine, whether the national religion is in exact accordance with the most advanced metaphysical philosophy.

THE JOURNALIST:

The defenders of the church who follow the guidance of that idea are really paving the way for its ending. Human intelligence

will advance, say what you like. If the church resolves *not* to do so, a breaking strain must ultimately be reached. As an establishment it may for the moment be more useful than a religious chaos, for the purpose of keeping the rustic mind content with that station of life, &c. But a chaos might be more capable of developing a religious system which the intellectual classes could accept. The choice seems to lie between religion and respectability. I am in a sense the enemy of the church because I am in favour of religion.

OUR HOSTESS:

There is only one way of dealing satisfactorily with religious questions. As long as people are allowed to talk, discussion is never ended. I am comforted by thinking that in the pulpit to-morrow our dear vicar will be able to crush you all—without being bothered by arguments. Meanwhile it is getting too dark to sit out here any longer.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT IN INDIA.

By a District Officer.

Retrogression may, in general, be regarded as a fatal policy, yet, if it can be clearly shown that a given position ought never to have been occupied, it is surely better to recede than to cling, through sheer obstinacy, to that which was known by all practical men, even on its first inception, to be erroneous, and has since distinctly been proved to be a scheme demanded by no condition of circumstances, by no popular voice, and patently impracticable.

That the Marquis of Ripon was actuated by conscientious motives in a highly remarkable degree is a fact as unquestionable as is the circumstance that more than one of the measures introduced during his viceroyalty was infelicitous in the extreme, both in conception and in inevitable result. Fortunately, some of these measures, for instance, the universally condemned "Ilbert Bill," were stifled at their birth, but the Act instituting Local Self-Government remains with us as a fatal legacy from an epoch of disastrous and most mischievous legislation.

To clear the ground for our argument regarding Local Self-Government, it would, perhaps, be well to consider first the manner in which the affairs of each district were managed previous to the introduction of the new *regime*. The old administration was conducted by Boards, District or Municipal, according to the purpose required. These were largely, if not entirely, official in their composition; the Deputy Commissioner or the Collector of District was President, while the Civil Surgeon, the Executive

Engineer, and the District Superintendent of Police were *ex-officio* members, the Assistant Commissioner being, as a rule, Honorary Secretary. In addition, one or two Native Extra Assistant Commissioners, or Honorary Magistrates, might occasionally be appointed as members, but the working body was always composed as above. For this choice of personnel there were excellent reasons. These officers were the men best acquainted with the requirements of the District; they were constantly travelling through it, and, above all, were absolutely and necessarily disinterested administrators, except so far as concerned the welfare of the tract of country which it was for the time being their duty to administer.

The work was carried on in businesslike fashion. Each officer had ready his brief memorandum of requirements as to repairs for roads, bridges, public buildings and similar matters, noted by him in his journeyings of the previous month. If the Budget allowed for the execution of an undertaking, the work was put in hand at once.

As an example of the alteration in procedure caused by the new law, a personal experience may be of interest. The writer happened to be at home when the Bill under discussion became law. He was posted, on his return, to a District, where three of the principal officers were detached to an adjacent hill station for duty during the summer months. He was the only Englishman not thus pleasantly employed. Hearing accidentally that a meeting of the District Board would be held at a certain hour, he went, as he considered, in duty bound to the place of assembly, only, however, to be informed that his presence was not needed, that he was not a member of the Board, and had no *locus standi*. If his professional advice should be required he would be summoned to give it, but that at present it was not so required. Yet one of the principal items on the agenda was a proposal to make alterations in the constitution and administration of the District Police Force, a matter in which the writer, as Superintendent of that body, conceived himself to be interested. The members present were all subordinate officials, Extra Assistant Commissioners, Assistant Surgeon, Tehsildars, &c., none of them Europeans. This was but a small municipality, but—*Ex uno disce omnes*. In hill stations,

indeed, European commercial interests preponderate, and, since a seat on the Municipal Board carries with it neither honour nor interesting occupation, it naturally comes to pass that the members owe their election mainly, if not entirely, to interested motives. The *vox populi* is, theoretically, the controlling power, but we may reasonably doubt whether the people at large really interest themselves in the faintest degree in the personality of their representatives.

Would it be impossible to return to a former state of affairs, leaving the administration in the hands of men who have no conceivable private interests to serve, who are of proved integrity and devotion to duty, who can have no other motive for action beyond the desire to benefit the district over which, for a brief period, they are set in authority?

PASSING EVENTS.

ANXIETY has been expressed by some of the newspapers in connection with the alleged purchase of a steam-coal bearing estate in South Wales by a German syndicate,—but people free from the curious prejudice that so widely exists on the subject of export duties, will be unable to see where the need for anxiety arises. Even Mr. Balfour has spoken of the purchase as one which the government could not regard with indifference, but at all events if the government felt itself free to adopt the very simple course, in certain emergencies, of imposing a practically prohibitive export duty on Cardiff coal, we need care very little whether the mines were the property of British or foreign owners.

Apart altogether from certain emergencies it is grotesquely absurd that we should supply foreign navies with a peculiar kind of fuel of which they are specially in need, and of which we happen to have a monopoly, when even the national resources of Great Britain are strained to keep up our naval strength in safe superiority to theirs. Some writers have even argued that the stores in the earth are not inexhaustible, and that we are giving foreign navies fuel that before long we shall be running short of ourselves. But even if this view exaggerates the foolishness of our policy it is deplorable that the government should be so far enslaved to a superstition that it dares not put a drag on a system that anyhow threatens to become a national danger, simply because a factious outcry would be raised if it did, with the advantage in its favour of the prestige attaching to the maxims of "free trade."

No doubt any fiscal change disturbs existing industrial conditions. A heavy export duty on steam-coal might oblige mine owners to curtail their operations and throw workpeople out of employment. If we were in imminent danger of war that unhappy condition of things would have to be faced, but while peace is not immediately threatened, one may grant that it must not be lightly incurred. The rational policy would be such that the regulations of peace time would minimise in advance the industrial crisis that war would bring on. The *principle* of the export duty should be firmly established to begin with. The perfect condition of things to be aimed at would be one in which no more men should be habitually employed in the production of steam coal than would be required to supply the needs of our own navy and mercantile marine. All foreign customers should pay an export duty which would be frankly regulated to guard against the use of Welsh coal in foreign navies. During general peace the duty need not be prohibitive but its liability to slide up by a simple order in council would be clearly recognised.

Outside the ranks of free trade fanaticism there can hardly be any patriotic subjects of the British crown who would oppose this obviously sensible policy—if it were not that in presence of existing political methods it is the practice of the Opposition to oppose any course of action that might be recommended by the government for the time being. But at any rate, if the purchase of a coal bearing estate by a German syndicate is an event which the government cannot regard with indifference, that can only be because it cannot face the risk of giving the Opposition the advantage of the free trade cry by adopting the simple course which would deprive the purchase in question of all disagreeable significance.

In connection with public affairs, as in other ways, many a true word is spoken in jest, and from time to time the present writer has ventured to suggest—but only daring to put forward the idea as a humorous flight of imagination—that the peace of the world would best be provided for if England and the United States, arranging an indissoluble alliance for the purpose, should

call upon the other nations to dismantle their navies. The Anglo-Saxon race would then undertake the police of the seas, and it would clearly be understood that it would be a *casus belli* for any other power to build a battleship. Pressure, to put the idea mildly, might of course have to be exercised in the first instance, to induce the other nations to fall in with this programme, but the strength of the British and American navies combined would be equal to the necessities of the case.

Of course it must be granted that the proposal hardly seems to come within the area of practical politics—not at the first glance. But strange to say, it has gravely been shadowed forth in the recent writings of no less a person than Mr. Paul Morton, the late Secretary of the United States Navy. His utterance takes the shape of a paper written at the request of the newly constituted association called "The Potentia Organisation," launched under the auspices of certain more or less distinguished leaders, for the purpose of cultivating good international understandings. Sir Vincent Caillard, who has held important offices in connection with Egypt, M. Jules Claretie, Professor G. H. Darwin, Sir Michael Foster, F.R.S., and Dr. Charles Richet, are among those who have appended their names to the preliminary prospectus of the association, and they explain their object to be the diffusion of accurate information concerning international events and movements. They aim at combatting "narrow, prejudiced, and often interested views and news, that contribute so much to international mistrust and misunderstanding!" Several papers have been issued under their inspiration already—published in various journals in England and abroad—and Mr. Morton's essay, which has especially prompted these remarks, appeared in the *Standard* of a recent date. In this, he argues that it is the duty of the American people to devote themselves to the construction of a great and powerful navy, not because it need in any way stand in rivalry with that of Great Britain, but for exactly the opposite reason. It is unthinkable, he declares (with perfect justice) that England and the United States can ever again be at war with each other, but "With the navies of the two countries large enough, when combined, to constitute an unquestioned authority in the affairs of the world . . . there

would be a possible moral obligation resting in the possession of this power which would be as compelling in bringing about united action for peace throughout the world, as any need for self-protection." The sentence is a little obscure—perhaps it has purposely been left so—but the only meaning it can bear is exactly that which has been plainly set forth above. The Anglo-Saxon race is at the head of civilisation as regards its ethical development, and might exercise a power commensurate with its superiority in that respect. By doing so it might *put down* war! All attempts to induce the nations collectively to abjure war have proved deplorably futile. It may be time to go to work on another principle. And if the proposal has not yet fully established itself as a serious international programme, at all events it still wears a delightfully entertaining aspect.

BESIDES privileged occultists who know a good deal about the conditions of life entered upon by those who go through the experience commonly called "Death," multitudes of people are vaguely confident that somehow the consciousness of departed persons is perpetuated even after the earthly body is done with. Few of these however give themselves the trouble of thinking out details. The simple-minded believers in the Heaven of winged angels, clouds and golden harps will certainly not perplex his understanding by endeavouring to realise the aspect—as regarded from the point of view of Heaven, so to speak,—of the situation developed by a great war like that going on in Manchuria, and yet there must be a difference from that point of view between the normal condition of things when a regular moderate stream of new comers is in process of arrival, and that prevailing when multitudes of bewildered entities are "dumped," to use a familiar phase, by their thousands in the territories of the next world. The idea may seem fantastic, extravagant, materialistic to many people who prefer to keep their conceptions of the next world in a hazy state, but in truth, if there is a next world at all, and if people who die out of this one go there, the idea is eminently practical and reasonable, and by all accounts received the actual situation of affairs is all but overwhelming for the administration of the (immediately) next world.

Is the phrase disturbing to conventional thinkers? By degrees the study of Nature in her higher aspects will familiarise an advancing race with the conception that the Divine Will expressed in the manifestations around us, is worked out everywhere by hierarchies of Being intermediate between Man and his Creator. The realm visible to physical eyesight is a very small part of the whole. The mechanical forces which regulate (in some measure) the conditions of physical life are but a few of those,—guided by conscious intelligence on loftier planes,—which are concerned with the regulation of human affairs. And in the nearest of the invisible worlds that we may speak of as "the next,"—unless we like to use a technical expression and call it the Astral Plane,—there are agencies in activity for dealing with new arrivals, just as nurses and mothers are the agents of Nature on the physical plane in dealing with new arrivals here.

And the battles in Manchuria have given them more than enough to do of late!

A COMICALLY absurd question has been under discussion during the past month in the columns of the *Daily Mail*. Correspondents are asked "Should clergymen criticise the Bible," and one might suppose that they would sarcastically inquire in return "Should journalists criticise the Government?" But amazing as it is, quite a crowd of fanatical laymen rush forward to protest against any assaults on "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture." One such writer has been concerned with collecting frightful examples of clerical readiness to qualify biblical allegories by the light of reason and common sense. From the point of view of those usually in the habit of doing this for themselves, it is agreeably surprising to find how many distinguished dignitaries of the Church have really shown themselves in tune with the intelligence of the age.

Canon Henson declares the Gospel evidence of Christ's physical resurrection to be worthless. Dr. Sanday—a great scholar and divine—has stated that the incidents of Christ's temptation "are on the face of them not historical facts." The Bishop of Birmingham—Dr. Gore—has admitted that the historical evidence of our Lord's birth of a virgin "does not compel belief." As to the Ascension and the physical going up of a material body, Arch-

deacon Wilberfore has pointed out that "What is up in Galilee is down at the antipodes." The Bishop of Winchester has demolished the accepted version of the Gift of Tongues at Pentecost. And the whole position of belief in the Bible was given away by the Bishop of Birmingham when he said that "Prophetic inspiration is consistent with erroneous prediction."

Well done these spirited pioneers of ecclesiastical progress. The writer of the letter from which the quotation is derived asks pathetically "shall the clergy be allowed to pick the Bible to pieces." No doubt he would sympathise with the pious old lady who objected to the revised version on the ground that she preferred "the Lord's own words." And the existence of the attitude of mind he represents is an illustration of the way successive waves of evolutionary progress overlap one another. Early geologists talked of the stone age, the iron age, and so on, as though they were successive periods, one beginning where the other left off. Clearer observation shows us that here and there in corners of the earth the stone age is with us still, or is but lately extinct. The zealots of the *Daily Mail* correspondence exhibit a stage of mental growth that is suggestive of the stone age, when compared with that of the real intellectual vanguard.

In truth, of course, the question should be not whether clergymen should criticise the Bible, but whether it will be possible for them by welding such criticism with their teaching from the pulpit, to save the Church alive as a spiritual organisation for the service of the future.

ARCHDEACON COLLEY is among those who,—being at the same time in a position of worldly distinction and experienced in spiritualism—are brave enough to face conventional disapproval or ridicule and to avow their convictions. In the course of a lecture given at Leamington some months ago he said, that the time was not far off "when the invisible would be seen, the intangible sensibly felt—when matter should rarify to spirit, and spirit solidify to matter." We of earth might then go on spiritual excursions into the realms of the transcendental and those in spirit life might avail themselves of the life atoms and the matter of earth in order to communicate with us. Millions of people for forty or fifty years have been well aware that all such possibilities

have already been realised. The ignorant majority would be astonished if the truth were known, to find how many persons enjoying their respect on account of eminence either in science, literature or the church, are really of Archdeacon Colley's opinion but reluctant to face the consequences of saying so.

MOST people feel that among the manifold perils of this life the chance of being buried alive is too remote to be seriously alarming. So, for the majority in question, the importance of securing really trustworthy assurance that death has actually taken place, in any given case, before the undertaker iscalled in, is carelessly disregarded. But those who have made the subject a special study, have some frightful stories to tell concerning the exhumation of coffins in which the condition of the corpse has shown that the person buried must have wakened up after being consigned to the grave; also concerning cases in which this horrible experience was only just averted by the recovery of consciousness on the part of persons supposed to be dead, at the eleventh hour. Certainly we cannot but feel that warnings of that nature justify the existence of the "London Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial" whose quarterly journal, "The Burial Reformer," is advertised on another page.

The truth is of course that in spite of the marvellously exquisite technical skill of the modern surgeon, the knowledge of the medical profession as a whole concerning the mysteries of life and death is very imperfect so far. Its progress is retarded by the obstinacy with which medical men as a rule concentrate their attention on the physical aspects of life and ignore all that might be learned by studying its psychological aspects. Throughout the last century medical men as a body fought against the discoveries, such as they were, of the early mesmerists, although these were full of significance—not even yet properly appreciated,—with reference to the intricate influences of mind on matter. Nor have the doctors of our own period escaped from the tyranny of the physical plane in dealing with diseases and their remedies. Of course the physical aspect of these is hugely important and perhaps in nine cases out of ten ailments merely represent some physical disorder. But what is a doctor worth who cannot deal

with the tenth case as well? And for that it may be imperatively necessary that he should recognise for instance, the phenomena which occultists call "obsession" and the detachableness—so to speak—under certain conditions of the soul from the body it has not yet arranged finally to dispense with. Again, the curative powers of mesmerism in its many varieties will necessarily play an important part in the enlightened medical practice of the future, even though it may be a mistake on the part of those already enthusiastic on that subject to suppose that the recognition of those powers will lead to the suppression altogether of drugs and "physic." But for the most part meanwhile medical men are still under the dominion of the old dogged dislike of all super-physical theories, and in dealing with their tenth cases are sometimes led to behave as barbarously as a man who should try to amputate a limb with a hatchet.

The perfection of their physical knowledge and skill may claim something like reverence, but from the psychical student's point of view their resolution to resist enlightenment is appalling.

"THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE" is an association inspired by a very beautiful emotion. There is all but boundless scope for its activity in this piebald period of the world's growth. The deplorable condition of medical morals,—while the infamous practices of the hospital "laboratories," the torture chambers of the vivisectionists, are raging around us would alone provide humane reformers with enough to do. Pigeon shooting and rabbit trapping also claim their attention, and it would be difficult to overrate the argumentative force, literary vigour, and magnificent truth of a pamphlet entitled "The Horrors of Sport," by Lady Florence Dixie, just issued by the Society in question. Directing attention again to minor matters some papers emanating from the League on the "Bearing Rein" show how serious a need there is in the interest of the hard-worked slaves of the stable for an energetic protest against the thoughtless cruelty of the showy harness so often used by fashionable carriage owners. But just at present the energies of the League—judging by the papers it is issuing, are largely directed,—misdirected many of us cannot but think—against such remnants of the old-world system of corporal

punishment as still survive in the methods of justice and especially in connection with the discipline of the navy. Caning and birching must undoubtedly hurt, but punishment is meant to hurt, and the question whether it is cruel is a question of drawing the line. On the face of things corporal punishment in some way or another is the most natural kind of correction that any person in authority—from the mother to the judge—can inflict on a culprit. And if we could get rid of the artificial notion that disgrace attaches to being whipped in a greater degree, than to being subject to the degrading and long drawn miseries of the prison cell, the treatment of the criminal classes might be greatly simplified, cheapened, and probably improved as regards its curative effect.

Thus it is a pity that so generally admirable a body of people as those constituting the Humanitarian League should waste their energies on the rather ridiculous agitation in progress concerning what is called "flogging in the Navy." The real horrors of flogging in the Navy in old days had to do with the monstrous lengths to which it was carried—not with the principle. That gave rise, no doubt, to the reaction which ensued. But the cruelty of the present age is to be discerned in the hideous length of prison sentences, not in the excessive use of the whip. More whip and fewer "years" should be the motto of the modern prison reformer. Certainly whipping may be brutal—if brutal instruments are used—but civilised intelligence would surely be equal to the taste of devising suitable instruments and regulations if sound principles were once admitted. Probably the prison "cat" at present used is a brutal instrument. But why cannot the Humanitarian League invent and press for the use of a whip that could be warranted to hurt effectively at the time of its application without damaging the culprit permanently? That would be a much wiser course than the one it is actually taking.

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'ERE TARA FELL.

THE STORY OF A FORMER LIFE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT night saw the last of her fear of Erin's wild fighters. She saw more kindness in their fierce eyes than in any women's. At first it was for their King's sake; then perhaps a little for her own. Later her old shrinking fear of uncalled for rebuffs and hard words vanished; for never did she hear one or the other towards her from the King, or from any of those tall, dark-eyed revellers in Tara's Palace. Happiness seemed to have given her back a joyous kind of childhood she had never before possessed. Under all this was a steady craving in her passionate little heart, a craving to serve him better, to please him more, to die for his mere pleasure if that could be.

She was thinking this one night as they sat listening to a harper's song. He was listening, silent, as he sat in the high seat at the head of the great hall, his elbow on his knee and his chin on his hand. She looked up at him once from where she sat at his feet; the gleaming torch-light flashed back from the gold circle in his hair, and the glitter of steel and gold the company wore. As she listened she shivered a little. In the strange passionate sadness of the harper's song did she see that great hall in desolate, forgotten ruins, and that laughing, gallant company of the flower of the Gael—where? The song ceased on a dying

chord. As it did so he put down a hand to her hastily, and, perhaps, felt the sudden coldness of hers.

"Child, what is it; thou art pale as a little ghost," he said then, and he took up a horn of wine and gave it to her.

She tried to smile again that night at the feast, but that shadow that sometimes crossed her was there. Parting might come, and how was she to bear it? But something roused her and all there at that moment. She heard Red Cormac's long cry resound down the hall.

"One comes, O King," and then a long list of names that seemed to belong to one man, as far as she could understand.

A man pushed his way up the hall. He was short and shaggy-haired, and looked worn by rough travelling. He saluted and then stood upright, flinging out his arms and speaking excitedly in a tongue she did not understand. She saw the King's face harden as he answered in the same tongue, then translated rapidly to the company. A distant Prince was hard pressed by enemies; if Erin would come and help him, never would it be forgotten. At that there was the blue flash of a hundred and more swords. They would go.

CHAPTER X.

SHE was standing alone in her chamber, a little sick at heart, as she always felt when he was going. It was a thing difficult to conquer, and when she heard a hand at her door, she ran across to her bronze mirror to see that her eyes bore no traces of tears. He came up behind her and took her in his arms before she could turn.

"I have only a moment, as there is much to be done," he said. The grey dawning flickered into the place. He looked down into her eyes and spoke again. "Thou art weary, little one; go to sleep—and remember—" he took hold of her shoulders and gave her a little shake—"remember we part not, thou and I, whatever happens."

That element of fierceness in his action and his kiss brought back her courage. On the morrow he was gone.

. . . . . .

They had gone with the clatter of arms and the roll of scythed chariot wheels. She watched them march past over the great ramparts of Tara. As they passed he glanced upwards, and there was a smile on his lips, though his eyes were dark with a sudden half-fierce tenderness; then she was alone.

CHAPTER XI.

A night came when she got an insight of what might happen to her if a strong hand was not between her and fate. Months had passed since his going to that distant war. It was near midnight and she was alone. She had put work and music away from her and lay curled up, thinking her one thought—how good life was, and would there ever be a time when she might be of some use to him, and to the land he loved with a passion that has its reflection in the heart of many a Gael of Erin now. He had often laughed and repeated Red Cormac's words that had said "she brought them luck." The thought of those words made her heart beat as she lay there. Some time ago she had given up the puzzle, as to why his dark eyes always held that look in them, when they fell upon her. Day or night the deep glance of them said love, and love for her. And in her soul she knew this love was a holy thing. She remembered one night after a feast in honour of a great victory. Men had drank deep, and dawn was gray in the sky before the princes and nobles of Erin rose and went. She remembered how that question had struck her again that night; why, why among so many fair noble women? She had watched him taking leave of haughty Provincial kings, princes, and nobles of his own Clan. He had looked so gallant and tall, and his proud, dark Milesian beauty seemed heightened by the glory of conquest, though for all his iron strength he was obviously weary, for the past invasion had been no light thing. There were dark lines under the deep blue-black eyes, and when they stood alone at the foot of the winding stair that led from the great hall, a quick sigh of relief escaped him. She had drawn back to let him pass her, but he put an arm about her and pushed her up the first few steps in front of him. He had spoken no word till they stood out in the waning moonshine on the great

ramparts of Tara. The morning star was up and shone pale gold over the mist of the distant hills. Then he spoke.

"Child, I sometimes wonder when all this will vanish; we fight and fight, and yet, as the gods live, I sometimes think these folk from the North will wear us out."

She shivered. "But they could never do that while thou art here, my King," she said, wondering why that dark shadow fell over her heart again.

He laughed. "Little heart, I am not immortal, and when I go, others will go on fighting in my place, or others may fall—who knows?"

"How could this fall?" she murmured, half to herself, looking at the great ramparts under which lay a hundred war-chariots tilted against the wall, idle at last. She could hear the distant stamping of horses at rest in the great stables below. Again came the thought to her. "I love my King more than life or soul, and yet I can do so little."

"Except love," said his whisper in her ear, and she knew he had guessed her thoughts again, as he took hold of her and drew her closer. "There is much for me in that; can'st not see it?" he said then, with a half-fierce persistence that thrilled her like music. "Child, child, you give me all you can, and you'd have given it had I been a beggar and no king, that day in the forest." He smiled at her, for the tears were in her eyes. "Life or death, good or bad, peace or war, there's thou and I, and there's love, so there's no mending it," he said, with that sudden challenge in his voice that she had heard before.

"No," she said, with a glad little sob. "And life or death I am thy slave—thy slave—and I thank the gods for it."

And now he had gone again, and she was left alone.

CHAPTER XII.

ALL at once she felt a little cold and frightened, she knew not why. It was midnight, and the wolves howled from the snow-clad forest. The woman who served her had gone away that day to visit a friend. Suddenly the door creaked, then swung slowly open, and without a pause a woman entered just as the girl sprang to her feet. The woman paced into the room slowly,

letting the furs about her silken robe slide back as she did so. The whole significance of her presence came upon the girl with the force of a blow. The woman was tall and stately, with pale, perfect features, and a wealth of red-brown hair confined by a fillet of gold. Una noticed, in that moment of dead silence, that the jewel-hilted knife at her girdle was drawn half-way out of its sheath. The girl's eyes wandered down to her own golden girdle; she also wore a knife, but with a dreary sense of helplessness she knew, if it came to that, she would not win. The silence broke with the woman's laugh.

"Well, I did not expect to find such a child; no wonder I could not get a man to do it; *they* are fools all."

The girl answered nothing; there seemed nothing to say. Only her thoughts raced. "He will come back, and I shall not be here; I wonder what they will tell him. I'll never see him again, never hear his voice, never, never again!" The words in her brain seemed to beat in her ears like the muffled thunder of waves. She must not be a coward, she thought then; he had loved her, had held her in his arms; she should have learned the courage of a queen after that; to be more worthy. Then she realised that the woman was speaking, and her voice seemed to come from a long distance away.

"'Tis almost a pity he will not know the truth, but I value my life, and after all, such as thou art can be bought any day, thou—"

The last epithet made the other facing her pull her last courage together. She felt as she used to feel long ago, when those women struck and taunted her—too proud for many words, but what she said seemed to bring her doom nearer.

"I am not *that*, the King knows, and—and the gods."

She felt dazed and weary and a little sick, but the words seemed to calm her strangely. She could even have smiled at her own words. His name had come first by instinct; well, they said the gods were merciful, they would understand as he had done always.

She saw something flash upwards, and then a scream, not from her, but from the fair woman, roused her. She turned her head and saw that he was standing facing them. He had come home sooner than any had guessed. His mail shirt was dinted

with hard blows, but the battle-weariness had left his face for the moment now, and the girl noticed that the great sword was loose in its sheath as the woman's knife had been.

She began to tremble at last when her eyes fell on his face; for never had she seen him look terrible as he looked then. The fire in the deep eyes shone black in the dim torchlight. And he said never a word: only those fierce, dangerous eyes seemed to fix the woman motionless, as a trainer's eye holds a wild beast. Suddenly she caught up her cloak and fled, and the howl of those distant wolves was the next sound that fell on the girl's ears. Then the place began to rock about her, and she was very cold; she stumbled forward blindly and fell on her knees at his feet. Next moment he had her in his arms, and was hushing and soothing her like a mother a frightened child, for she was broken down at last. The cowering fear on the fair woman's face, and that death-doom that had gleamed for a moment in his eyes suddenly made her burst into helpless tears.

"O King, I cannot die, I cannot die and leave thee," she found herself sobbing. "Thou wilt not—" She stopped herself, not daring to go on.

"Kill her?" he answered, in a strangely quiet voice. "No, not now; but if that knife had fallen, I—" He checked himself and clasped her closer.

And she knew she was safe, henceforth, from the fair woman's knife, but she often dreamt of that flash of uplifted steel.

CHAPTER XIII.

So life went on for her. Possibly had she lived in Christian times people might have shaken their heads at her utterly pagan state of unthinking, passionate happiness. But in that day there were none to do so, except women who envied her, and of them she saw very little.

One day there was a great chariot race at Tara, between the King and a Gaulish Prince, who was his guest at the time, and who was a famous driver. There was no favour shown to king or noble in the famous races of Tara, and many put much gold on the Gaul's chestnut horses, but all the men of Tara on the King's

black pair. She had glanced rather timidly at the place where the women watched, for, from where she stood, she was lost in the crowd. Then she thought she *must* see, and turned towards the women's place.

"Stay," said a voice behind her; "we don't want thee to get a knife slipped into thy little ribs up there."

She turned and saw the harper who sang in the great hall, and with whom she was great friends, though she could never understand why he looked at her with a half-smiling pity sometimes. Now she suddenly realised that there might be danger for her, as he said. There was a crowd, and what more easy?

"But I cannot see," she said, piteously; "'tis worth risking a little danger for, and—"

"Come with me," he interrupted; "I'll warrant thou'lt see more than any."

They both plunged into the crowd and through it, out to where Red Cormac and others stood, guarding the edge of the plain. An old woman, who somehow had pushed her way through to the same place, stumbled, and Una caught hold of her and managed to keep her up. The old woman glanced at her keenly.

"The gods bless thee," she said; "I do not seem to know thy pretty face."

"'Tis our Luck, mother," said Red Cormac over his shoulder. "And if *she* can't see this race, who can, forsooth?"

A muffled thunder of horse-hoofs drew nearer and nearer. Red Cormac gave a backward lunge with the butt of his spear, as the crowd surged forward with a yell of "Connor, Connor, didn't we say it! He wins! he wins!"

The harper had bent down and swung the small figure up on to his shoulder, as if she had been a child.

"Ah! thou art good," she said, with a little laugh of delight. "Now I can see."

On came the horses, almost neck to neck just then. Later she saw the Gaulish Prince (a little man, tough as whipcord, with dancing black eyes, and a wrist of steel), but now her eyes were on the chariot of the black horses and their driver, as he swept past at that furious pace, his black curls flying about his ears. He turned his head as he passed, saw her and smiled, then bent

forward and called to the horses: they passed the chestnuts of the Gaul by a head.

She thanked the harper and went back to her own quarters.

She found the woman who served her in a wild state of anxiety. "Thank the gods," she gasped, when Una appeared.

"I went to see the race, did'st thou go?" said the girl.

"Go? I went," said the woman, seizing Una, and beginning to put her attire straight, for she had got into a somewhat dishevelled condition with pushing through the crowd. Her hair was loose, and she had lost the blue fillet that had bound it, and her jewelled belt was pulled crooked across her blue silk tunic.

"It was worth it," she said, with a satisfied sigh.

"Worth it?" said the woman, "when I have to watch every scrap of food that goes into thy little mouth; and when I saw thee walking towards those fine ladies on the ramparts to-day, when I had heard—Oh, my dear, my dear!"

She surprised Una by suddenly bursting into tears. The girl tried to comfort her, as the woman groaned out that she heard of a plot that the Queen—; she stopped with a gasp.

"You mean they want to kill me," said the girl; "they can't, because the King—" She broke off and went on brightly. "There must be some mistake; why should they want to hurt me, after all? I don't do them any harm (and I am so little use to him)," she added to herself.

"They say you know too much; that—" the woman went on, then checked herself hastily. "There, I was only anxious; don't think of it," she said, drying her eyes.

But the girl knew well enough that her enemies had failed again. The thought came to her that if he fell in one of his many battles, her days were numbered. That thought was rather a relief than otherwise: if she did not die by another's hand, then she meant surely to meet death by her own—for life prolonged after he went from her would surely be a burden too great to bear. She thought of it often—when he was away in many wars in far lands. She sometimes had a dream from which she would awake shivering—a dream of men building a great cairn on some lonely plain; a cairn that was to cover the splendid lithe body, and the beautiful proud face and the eyes that had always

grown soft for her. Once she awoke from that dream with a wild cry on her lips, and she saw that it was dawn and that he held her in his arms. He had ridden home ahead of his men as he often did.

"Child, child, *that* will not be parting for us," he had said when she whispered sobbingly that she could not hear such dreams.

"It will, it will," she had moaned with a terrified childish persistence.

And he had clasped her to him with a sudden fierce grip that almost hurt her. "It will not," he had answered almost sternly, and she had tried vainly to think that same thought.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was the evening after the great race. He had come with the Prince from Gaul. The famous driver plunged into a string of obvious compliments.

She shook her head, smiling. "I do not understand, Lord," she said.

"As well thou dost not," laughed the King. "I saw thee in the crowd to-day, little wretch; I—" He paused, with a swift word of apology, in Gaulish, to his guest, and continued: "Sweetheart, don't go so alone again to games or elsewhere; the Prince here does not know our tongue, so I can speak. There was danger for thee to-day, and do not do it again."

"I will not, O King," she faltered, suddenly realising that the danger was greater than she had thought. But presently she was merry enough, and making frantic effort to understand the Gaul's conversation.

"He says thou art no higher than my sword," said the King once.

She put her head on one side and looked at the Gaul gravely. "With all respect, I don't think he is so much taller either, O King," she said.

He laughed, and answered the Gaul swiftly. The latter suddenly flung out his hands and talked for a good minute, without stopping, Then she saw the King's face darken as the other went on, and he rapped out a curt sentence that seemed to check

the Gaul's glib words like a flash. For the other flushed darkly, but then rose, and with what sounded like some excuse, bowed low, and left the place. The girl felt rather bewildered for a moment, then she went up to the King rather timidly, because his eyes were flashing fire and his lips were white. Once before she had seen that fierce stare in those eyes she loved—once before when danger threatened her.

"Thou art not angry with me, my lord," she said piteously, as she put rather a trembling little hand into his. "I—I did so want to see thee win, and—"

He interrupted her by clasping her to him passionately.

"Angry with thee, little child? 'Twas not *that*," he said, laughing rather hoarsely. "'Twas something my honoured guest said to me just now, and I've realised that I cannot kill him for saying it, that's all."

Quite suddenly it dawned upon her what the Gaul's words had been—to many men usual and even friendly words in that day. She was a slave, and the Gaul had asked the King to——. She felt rather cold and a little sick. He lifted her on to his knee suddenly and put her face against his shoulder, as he had done that night in the fort long ago. Neither of them said a word, and she lay still, her eyes hidden; only once she moved, found his hand, and held it to her lips. There was a little lump in her throat, but she felt strangely happy, and her heart held a sort of passionate, proud gratitude to him for his past fierce words. It was moonrise, and the light glinted softly in upon them both. They could often speak much so, without any words at all.

So ended the day of the great race at Tara.

CHAPTER XV.

THE end of that wild love-dream was so sudden, and must have been so terribly bitter to the King's proud heart, that it is rather hard for one who heard the story straight (as it were from one of them), to write it down. After all, there seemed something very reasonable in the little slave's whole-hearted worship of him. He seems to have been a man (perhaps more common in that day than many think) of a soul that, in spite of his hot Milesian blood and strong barbaric passions, was exceptionally clean. That he

was one of the greatest heroes Erin has ever owned there could be little doubt, from talk of his doings in Gaul and Iberia, and his determined repulses of invaders from the Northern Sea—repulses that always seemed to drive them back—for a time at least. Perhaps he may have felt simply pity at first for the child he had tried to help in the forest that day—pity that had become another thing, with the fierce impulsiveness of the time. In that day there could be no question of right or wrong in his dealings with her; he had seen her, had wanted her, as he said, and she was his body and soul. Had he loved a dozen women more than her, it would have made no difference to her love for him, because for her "the King could do no wrong." And he——? Perhaps she was more to him than she could know herself.

Somehow the tales of the wild kerns who followed him, such as Red Cormac, seemed to remain almost more in her memory than stories of his great victories. There was one telling how he had sprang in front of an enemy's grinding chariot wheels to drag a wounded kern into safety at the risk of his own life; another (this was one of Red Cormac's) how, after a great battle with the Northern foe, a young charioteer lay dying, and had craved to see the King to say farewell. The King had not come off unscathed himself that time—he had been badly wounded; some blunderer had told him, Cormac said—and he always dragged at his red moustache excitedly at that part of the story—and he had risen and gone, again at the risk of his life. There were a thousand other such things told of him. With all that came his fierce sense of absolute justice, that was a thing that made many fear him, but that made his wild skin-clad warriors ready to follow him through the cold gates of his nation's Hell, if need be.

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE was a great banquet one night in Tara's Palace. The woman was helping Una to dress as usual. The girl felt strangely excited, and her heart was beating almost painfully under her rose-coloured silken tunic. She could see in the great bronze mirror that her cheeks were flushed and her eyes burning. The woman clasped a golden necklace about her throat, then

turned to go and leave her as she was ready. The girl, with a sudden impulse, ran after her, and before she reached the door of the great stone chamber, seized her by the hand.

"I only wanted to thank thee; thou hast been very kind to me," she said, half-laughing at her impulse to bid the woman a final farewell.

The woman looked down at her and her lips quivered suddenly. "Little Lady, what dost thou mean?" she said.

"I mean thou art the only woman who cares for me a little," said Una, "and thou hast treated me with honour—I who after all am—"

"Hush!" said the other half fiercely, "I know what thou would'st say to me. Well, listen, I have seen much and travelled far; I have served queens and such—such as thou, and I know the low-bred when I see them. Thy folk were never born serfs, my dear—here comes the King; good night." She suddenly bent her head and kissed Una's little hand. The girl pulled her face down to her and kissed her.

"Good-night," she said, feeling that the words ought to have been "Farewell."

CHAPTER XVII.

"I WAS only thanking her for being so kind to me, O King," she said, when he entered laughing at the woman's hasty departure through an opposite door.

He looked down at her with a sudden tenderness in the deep eyes. "I wonder who would not be," he said, then with a quick smile, "Ah! thou art thinking of those women; who cares, little one; here's something for thee."

He tossed up a thing that glittered golden in the torch-light, and she caught it in mid-air.

"O, King," she said with a little gasp, regarding it with wide eyes. It was a bracelet—a snake with gleaming ruby eyes.

"From Iberia," he said as he sat watching her, his arms clasped behind his head, and the light behind him on the golden circle in his dark curls.

"'Tis too beautiful for me; I—I—have so much," she said, a sudden lump in her throat, though she smiled.

He grew grave suddenly, as he pulled her to him and looked down into her eyes.

"As the gods live, I wish I could give thee more," he said. He smiled again, seeing that her eyes were dim, then bent his head and kissed her on the lips. "Well—I must go now, sweet," he said, "thou wilt come presently. We expect a Northern envoy to-night; they expect me to make terms with *them*, forsooth." A sudden cold chill crept over her heart as he went on, squaring his shoulders in his proud, quick way—"My answer always, is unconditionally never, but they try the same game almost every year."

He had walked towards the door, then turned suddenly and held out his arms. She ran to him and clung to him almost convulsively. He laughed a little strangely, and bent down till his cheek was against her hair.

"Little love, we shall meet again so very soon; you almost make me think that I am going from thee for many a long day," he said; then kissed her again and let her go.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Northern envoy had entered the great hall and stood speaking fearlessly, in spite of the growing anger in the King's eyes. He was a man of middle height, square built, with a mass of shaggy fair hair, and blue eyes that gazed straight into the flashing dark ones opposite him. The girl watched him from where she sat on one of the steps of the high seat—watched like a little hawk, for two questions had entered her head. "Why did the man keep his cloak about him (the hall was very warm), and why were his eyes the eyes of a man that had taken his life in his hand for some great stake? She waited, tensely, while the King spoke, clearly and haughtily, and flung back Erin's answer in the powerful invader's very teeth.

And the answer was—Defiance and war to the death! At that there was a shout, and the rattle of unsheathed swords. But the girl sat still and watched — and watched. She saw the Northman's arm go up, saw one of the guard behind the King spring forward too late. She was the nearest to him there, and she leapt up, almost by instinct, and flung herself backwards

across his breast. She felt him snatch at her to fling her aside, but that was too late also, thank the gods—ah, thank the gods, she thought in that wild second. Something was pricking her throat, not hurting much; she tried to turn in the arms that held her, tried to speak, but something warm came into her mouth and choked her. She was very sleepy, and it was rather cold; was that sound the wolves howling in the forest? Well it did not matter, she was not alone, for she felt his arms about her and heard his voice.

"Envoy or no, he has broken truce--take him away!"

The words came like ice—cold and hard—and they frightened her a little. Why was he so angry? She gave up the puzzle; she was too tired. But she wanted him to speak to her, wanted ——It was very dark for what seemed to be long years, but possibly were only minutes. She tried to speak, but something warm choked her. She knew the dreaded parting had come.

Out of the darkness came his voice and the close clasp of his arms. "Little love, can'st hear me? Do not try to speak, but listen. They have left us alone now, thou and I. Thou hast done all thou could'st do for me now, and would to God I had died!"

Something splashed upon her face. She tried to say "Not that for me, my King," but could not. It flashed across her what a black day it would have been for Erin had that flying knife found its mark. She would have liked to say it, but could not. A little light came to her eyes suddenly, and she saw his face and the look in the deep eyes as he sat in their old way with her in his arms like a child. She was trembling a little, and it was cold, but she was glad he loved her; what a beautiful impossibility it all seemed. It suddenly seemed warmer, and she was so weary, 'twould be best to sleep. He turned her face gently, and hid her eyes against his shoulder. She tried to nestle up to him closer—if that could be, and felt the steel links of the mail-shirt under her cheek. How strange! They were in the gray fort on the coast of Alba again, and his lips were on hers, and she could not breathe under his passionate kiss. But that did not matter; it was sweet even to be hurt a little like that by him. Then the darkness fell, and she knew no more.

CHAPTER XIX.

THAT was the end of the story. When she had finished it I looked at her and my eyes were wet; only hers were quite dry, but there were blue lines under them. Then she scrambled up from her seat on the hearth-rug, walked calmly across to my washing-stand, poured out some water and drank it off with a toss back of her head. Then she sat down again and stared at the fire.

"Thank you for listening; I never have told another living soul," she said, "and it really takes less out of me now, than it did when I was a girl in the school room and told it to myself."

"Poor little thing," I said simply, and she looked at me with her odd pretty cynical little smile.

"Thank you," she said again. "Yes it was rather awful to have all *that* part awake, as it were, and the rest rather a hideous muddle."

My next words were meant to be consoling. "You may meet him again, who knows?"

Her answer was characteristic; it was given with a tolerant little shrug of the shoulders. "They don't breed such men now. I was right you see; we've parted, I think, always; he was too high for me, and one can't be so—so happy twice over."

She fell silent again, staring at the fire, then spoke. "Do you think I am a little mad, or not?" she said softly.

"No," I answered, "I do not." She seemed content with that.

I have often seen her since then, grave or laughing, or rather reckless, rather depressed with life—but always with that look of waiting n her eyes.

THE END.

UNITED.*

CHAPTER XVII.

PATATRAS!

COLONEL FILDARE was a very well-built, soldierly old man, of middle height and compact figure, bald as to the top of the head, with the hair left to him grey and the full moustache almost white. He was standing on the hearthrug as his daughter came into the room, in a buttoned frock-coat and light gloves—a good-looking old soldier, with much force of character depicted in nose and chin, showing no trace of unusual excitement, though his dark eyes, gleaming below shaggy white eyebrows, always gave his face, in repose, an expression of intensity. Terra and he were well-matched in their dignity and strength. He greeted her without any theatrical display of emotion, either of joy at the sight of her, or anger at the peculiar circumstances under which they met. He held out his hands, into which she put hers, and he kissed her on the cheek.

"Well Terra, my dear, I am glad to see you again."

"I am glad to see you, papa." After a pause that was only momentary she added, instantly falling in with the attitude of coolness and composure of which he set the example, "I hope you have been having a pleasant journey."

"Well, yes; most of it was pleasant. The last part has been

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

anxious, it is true, but there has been nothing the matter with the trains or the boats."

"I am sorry you have been anxious, but I hope that feeling is over now."

"Well, yes; the worst of it is over. I was afraid of being too late."

Terra seated herself in an easy chair. The Colonel remained standing.

"Too late for what, papa?" she inquired calmly.

"Too late to—to introduce you to some one you ought to know. And I'm not in a hurry to do that now, for I am afraid it will give you pain."

The answer conveyed nothing to her mind, but was so unlike what she had expected that she opened her eyes wildly and looked full in her father's face, with a combative expression, but still a sense of bewilderment, as nothing yet showed her the particular form of attack she was called upon to encounter.

"I do not understand."

"Just so. I don't want to startle you, though you are so courageous. I want you to realise first that I am not come here to fume and make a disturbance, though you have been arranging to carry matters with rather a high hand."

"It was impossible to explain. I have always relied upon your full approval in the end. You could not see at the time how peculiarly unfortunate it was that you insisted on delay. I was sure you would not have done so had you really understood all the circumstances."

"Marriages last a long time. It is seldom so unwise as young people may think to be rather deliberate about it in the beginning."

There was a strange tone of reserved strength about her father's manner that puzzled Terra. He did not seem angry, but he was clearly out of sympathy with her marriage programme, and yet as free from excitement as if he held the command of the situation.

"I am glad to be able to explain all to you, papa. It will take a little time, but I will begin, if you like. You see, as I was old enough to act for myself, I was obliged to decide for myself; I could not think of myself as a child waiting for orders."

"No, my dear, certainly not. You are of age, and your own mistress. That is what frightened me under the circumstances; I thought you might be taking a step of importance without knowing all the reasons *pro* and *con*, and be sorry afterwards."

Terra sighed, as over the weakness of human nature exemplified in her father's attitude of mind.

"I do not think I shall be sorry afterwards; but what I cannot at present make out is why you are not delighted with my engagement. When I find my happiness in a marriage of an extraordinarily brilliant character, one might have expected my friends, and you especially, to be well pleased. Have you imagined that Count Garciola is—how shall I put it ?—an adventurer, and not what he seems ?"

Terra asked the question in a tone of reserved strength herself this time, and with a comfortable consciousness of the evidence at her command to be had by ringing the bell.

"Then am I simply crazy, that I can't make out what—why you object, if you do object ?"

"Pardon me, my daughter; I have not come here to object. You have reminded me that you are of age, and I should never profess any authority I had no right to enforce. I do not even come to reproach you for having a little upset the Margreaves. You are your own mistress."

Terra did not form into words the inquiry, "Then why have you come ?" feeling that it would be rude, and a poor return for her father's submission to the somewhat aggressive declaration of rights on which she had practically entered; but she looked the inquiry in silence, though not without a gleam of affection in her expectant gaze.

"I am come, my daughter," said the Colonel, taking two paces foward, and standing beside her chair, lightly resting one hand upon her shoulder, "to give you a piece of information on which you will be free to act exactly as you choose. But to begin with, get rid of the idea, if it is in your mind, that I want to tyrannize or constrain you. I couldn't, you know, if I wished to."

"What *do* you mean, papa ? Do speak plainly."

"I will; but I never had such a painful duty to discharge in life. I am making all this delay lest the shock of what I have

to say should do you harm. I am what's called breaking something to you."

Terra was gradually feeling unnerved; but she could not escape as yet from the impression that all these strange manœuvres—unexpected as they were—represented some sort of policy directed against her marriage which it was her business to confront and disarm. She did not attempt to speak, and merely waited for the disclosure.

"There is an obstacle in the way of your marriage with the Count that has no more to do with my fancies on the subject than with the Governor-General of India."

Terra was paling, certainly, but there was a dark, fierce look in her face.

"Terra, my poor girl, you can no more marry Count Garciola than you can marry Sir James Margreave."

"Why?"

"For the same reason. Some one else has been beforehand with you."

Terra leaned back in her chair, and the full meaning of what had just been said came over her soul as with a sensation of physical agony that made her, without consciousness of the action, put up both hands to her bosom. Her father remained standing beside her, looking down on her face as a surgeon might watch a patient, to see if he were giving way under the effects of an operation.

She grew quite pale, and the room swam before her eyes for a moment; but her will instinctively asserted itself against the inclination to faint, and she recovered self command enough to say slowly, after a few moments of heavy breathing:

"My father, if you say this without knowing it is true——"

"I should deserve, then," said the Colonel, going on with the sentence she seemed to find it difficult to finish, "that you never spoke to me or looked in my face again."

"And yet it is *impossible*. You are the victim of some frightful deception. You believe it true; but it cannot be!"

"I said unless I *knew* it to be true you would have the right to refuse ever to see me again."

"If it is true, you must pray God with me that I may die."

"May God strengthen you, my child," said the Colonel solemnly, "to bear this trial!"

"Let me think," Terra said, in a low voice.

Her father drew a chair near hers, and sat down.

Presently Terra spoke again.

"What you have said has nearly killed me; and even if you should be wrong, I shall hardly be the same again. But I know you are saying what you think true—that you are not playing any part. Papa, I unsay one thing I was trying to say just now—what you said for me. Even if you are wrong, I shall be able to forgive the mistake. But do not think I believe it. You must tell me all you know, and then I will see the Count. There shall be no misunderstanding."

The Colonel bowed gravely.

"If you are strong enough, that will perhaps be best; but you are setting yourself a hard task. The facts are these. The Count married when he was a young man, in Seville, before he became the important personage he grew to be afterwards, when his father and elder brother died. The woman was far below him in station, though, of course, very handsome. They lived together for a time on terms that rapidly grew intolerable. In a fit of passion she attempted his life. When he cast her off, this fact against her—for there were witnesses who but just frustrated her attempt to stab him as he slept—kept her quiet. That is fifteen years ago. He has spent his time since then chiefly abroad; she, with another man of her own class, who has passed as her husband. I have testimony with me that proves all this; I have papers, and I have—the woman!"

Terra shrank at the last word, but uttered no cry. She said calmly, as her father ceased speaking:

"I will hear what the Count has to say. How did you learn all this?"

"I cannot tell you."

Terra looked up in sudden surprise.

"Build no hopes on that," said the Colonel, "There are other secrets mixed up with this. I am bound, in honour, not to reveal them. They do not affect the authenticity of what I have told you. See the Count. Tell him what I have told you

—and that I declare myself in a position to prove what I have said."

Mrs. Waterton was sent for at last, and was not a little bewildered by the state in which she found her guest—looking as though she had gone through a three week's illness in the last half hour.

Terra did not pretend that nothing had happened, but begged her to ask no questions for the moment, but to send for Count Garciola: to send an urgent message that would bring him without a moment's loss of time.

"I will wait here till he comes," Terra said, without moving from her chair.

Mrs. Waterton did not dispute the directions given her, but looked with some embarrassment at Colonel Fildare.

"Am I to tell the Count," she asked, "that Colonel Fildare is here?"

"Colonel Fildare," replied the person in question, "will not be here when the Count arrives, so you need say nothing on that head. My daughter wishes to see the Count alone, and I respect her wish. I have to offer you my profound apologies for my intrusion and strange behaviour. That will explain itself later. But it may be that my daughter will want to send for me again after she has seen the Count. May I rely on your great kindness for the despatch of a messenger to me in that case?"

"Yes; certainly."

"Then I will wait till I hear from you at a place conveniently within call—Bailey's Hotel."

Mrs. Waterton went away to write a note and give her orders to a footman, to seek for the Count, in a hansom, wherever he might be, if not at his own hotel.

Terra begged her father to leave her, and he went. Mrs. Waterton came back to her immediately afterwards, with a double purpose of offering moral support to Miss Fildare after the interview she had evidently found trying, and of ascertaining what line of attack the Colonel had developed, apparently with such remarkable effect. Terra, however, was in a frame of mind very unlike that in which, on the evening of her arrival, she had found relief and pleasure in talking with her hostess. She remained im-

movable in the chair in which she had received the terrible blow just dealt her, in a condition of lassitude that seemed out of keeping with her usual energetic character. She made no pretence of disguising the severity of her wound; but she told Mrs. Waterton that she could explain nothing till she had seen the Count. She acknowledged herself to be almost distracted; but conversation would not only be no relief—it would be impossible.

"You shall know all later—or it will not matter; but I *can't* explain."

The effort to speak at all was evidently a strain on her nerves, too great to be borne, almost. In turn, Mrs Waterton left her to herself.

So, when the Count arrived, which he did after a brief delay, the servant having found him at home, Mrs. Waterton met him in the hall, and beckoned him into her morning room. He asked what was the matter, with some appearance of anxiety mingled with displeasure.

"Colonel Fildare has been here, and has had an interview with his daughter. She seems strangely overcome; but I do not know what has passed between them."

"Where is he?" asked the Count, with the displeasure of his tone asserting itself in the ascendant.

"He has gone; but Miss Fildare will say nothing till she has seen you."

The Count said he would go to her at once, inquired where he should find her, and went upstairs.

The white, tearless, but distracted face she turned towards him, as he came in, was startling in its expression, and indicative of some feeling that a mere stormy interview with a despotically-minded father opposed to her wishes could hardly have accounted for in the case of a girl with her unusual strength of character.

"What in heaven's name is the matter?" he began.

"Salvio, I do not believe it!" she answered, with wild fervour. "This is a horrible nightmare! But come and tell me what I have heard is false."

He came up and drew a low chair close to her, and put his arm round her, and kissed her as he took her hand and held it in

his own. She did not resist, but did not respond. She looked in his eyes with a gaze of inquiring terror.

"Now, what is it that you do not believe, but that affects you in this extraordinary manner?"

"They say," said Terra, in a low choking voice, "that you are married already."

The Count gave no melodramatic start, and did not draw away from her altogether, though he drew back a little, nevertheless—still holding her hand. He paused, gazing at her intently for a little interval during which she looked back still into his eyes in search of the truth, with knitted brow and lips apart.

"You did right not to believe," he said at last.

"But, Salvio, don't torture me! I don't believe, but tell me it is a horrible, baseless story—this cruel falsehood! Who has imposed it on my father?"

"My poor Terra, you have suffered. This story is, as you say a baseless and a cruel falsehood, so far as it implies that there is any existing bar to our union. I do not know, I cannot guess, the first word of this mystery—how it has come up in this way to trouble our peace; but take comfort at once, and know that we can afford both to disregard it utterly."

"Tell me more, Salvio! tell me everything there is to tell. I have been driven nearly mad. My father talks of proofs, and certainty. But it would be so much easier to die than to believe."

The Count's look darkened, and his voice deepened. As usual, he was deliberate in speaking.

"It is hard on you," he said at last, "that you should be tortured in this way; but it is hard also on me that I should have to defend myself against nameless and unsupported maligners. I do not know what you have heard; but I will not let pride stand in the way of trying to restore your peace of mind. It is true that many years ago, when a very young and impulsive man, under strange conditions that do not matter now, I married. This horrible episode in my early life—horrible for many reasons—is completely passed now, and I have desired to treat it as though it had never taken place, as, indeed, it has never been known, as I thought, to more than a very few persons. Why

should you have been called upon to listen to its details, when it is passed, repented of, and done with? The woman is dead."

The manner in which he thus explained the case brought forcibly back to her the manner in which Colonel Fildare had wound up *his* narrative of the same episode: "I have proofs; and I have the woman." If the Count had happened to word his denial of the charge brought against him in some different form, she might not have been stung by the suspicion that now assailed her, and would probably have flung herself sobbing into his arms. As it was, the dry, tearless agony at the heart continued; she remained silent for a while, with the same wild expression as before upon her features.

"The awful horror of such a story as this is that it may be denied—it may be all false—and yet it stands there still before the mind, making the whole of life one fearful spectre."

The Count let go her hand and leaned back in his chair, moving it as he did so an inch or two away. He said, as it were, with a touch of sternness or loftiness in his tone:

"I begin to fear you have not been wise enough to treat this story really with unbelief, as you told me at first."

"Salvio!" she cried out wildly, "have pity on the terrible position I am in. Help me to see that it is all a cruel falsehood; but how can I help being in this state of agony? My father says he has brought the woman with him here to London."

The Count was startled now in earnest, and sprang up in his excitement with a half articulate cry of anger. He advanced a step or two and stood upon the hearthrug.

"Who has dared to plot this against me?" he exclaimed.

Indignation at the idea of so elaborate an attack would just as easily have explained his words and action as the apprehension of a serious menace under the other hypothesis.

"What am I to do?—what am I to think?" Terra moaned.

"I have said that the woman is dead," the Count repeated after an interval, in which he stood with his clenched hand [redacted] mantelpiece, looking straight before him with knitted [redacted] He turned towards Terra again as he spoke, and faced [redacted] stare resolutely.

[redacted]hoever has been brought here—if anyone has really been

brought—must therefore be an imposter, bought by some enemy of mine to play this part—I will fathom the mystery. *Your father*, you tell me, has made himself the ally of this plot. I will see him. But Terra——"

There was a kind of warning or menace in the tone with which he pronounced her name, and he paused as if hardly knowing how to frame the thought in his mind into words.

"Well!"

"My love for you seems destined to force me into humiliation. I must know at least that whatever experience of that kind I go through, is compensated for, at all events, by your perfect faith and trust."

"Have I failed in faith and trust?" she cried vehemently. "What would you have me do? Am I not to ask you for the truth in face of such a dreadful story as I have heard to-day."

"You have questioned me, and I have answered you; and now if you trust me you will refuse to listen to another word on this subject from anyone but myself. Is it not clear that if I can see my way to treat this story with contempt, and carry out our marriage in spite of the worst that anyone can say—of the most alarming appearances that can be constructed to annoy and obstruct me—you may be bold also to follow my example? That is what I want you to do, my Terra. I will fight the calumnies that may be brought to bear against me. I will shield you from all knowledge of them, if you will only let yourself be shielded. I will make your life a dream of bliss if you will only be true to your love for me, and listen to no one who would set you against me. Does not every act of my life show how I am devoted to you? But, Terra, there can be no half-hearted devotion on either side in such a love as ours. You should be to me as I would be to you—faithful, even if this false pretender, whoever it may be, really were the curse of my boyhood come to life again."

He approached her again as he was speaking, and sat again in the chair near her, and would have taken her hand again, but that she had put both up to her face and leaned back with her eyes covered. And yet the wildness and excitement she had displayed at the beginning of the interview were subdued rather than inflamed by the new feeling that was coming over her—a feeling

of benumbed hopelessness; a miserable dawning consciousness that all the bright prospects of the future on which her spirits had floated so buoyantly of late were fading away—that the beginning of the end was come—that, somehow, everything in which she had believed and trusted was crumbling beneath her. "If this thing were true!" He could face that as a kind of supposition which required her still to be faithful to him, though marriage in such a case would be mockery. And this was the union which, in its prospect, had so flattered her pride.

"You can talk about humiliations," she said, "and yet think I ought to bear such humiliation as that."

He sat upright in his chair, his expression dark and reserved.

"Not even to win back your love, that a few words from your father seem to have driven out of your heart, will I stoop to *prove* myself free to marry you, as I have told you I am. I may prove that to others, if you are strong enough to marry me without wanting such proof."

"Oh, Salvio!" she moaned in a low voice, with her hands still to her face, but turning from him as she spoke and leaning her head sideways on the back of the chair, "that I have loved as I *have* loved; I would have married *you* if I had had to die the same year for doing so."

She was addressing the ideal in her own heart rather than the living man at her side. He answered her:

"Terra, there need be no thought of dying, but only of living in perfect happiness with me, if you are not mad. I tell you, you only have to face a spectre that will shrink to nothing if you confront it. Why cannot you be strong to do that, if you love me as you say? You cannot doubt my love for you."

He tried to embrace and draw her to him, but she shrank away and put aside his arms. The act was, as it were, a fatal and decisive turning point.

"Then you repulse me!" he said in a deep tone that was almost fierce.

She turned round and looked at him across the new and strange barrier she had thus planted between them.

"You tell me I must trust you blindly," she said, "and believe that this story is false, though you yourself talk in this strange

way about it—as if it ought not to matter to me, even if it were true. It is not possible for me to feel such trust. Unless you proved to me now that it was false, I should believe that it was true."

He sat silent, with arms folded. There suddenly came upon Terra a sense of shame at the thought of sitting there discussing the position with him any longer, and through the intense misery which possessed her whole being she felt the sting of wounded pride. It nerved her for the practical exertion it was needful now for her to make. To get away was the problem before her—to get away without breaking down. Not to break down meant not to think, and she stood up with all her life-dream in ruins around her and her consciousness centred on one idea—to go to her father at the hotel close by. She uttered no word of farewell, but went straight out of the room and upstairs to the room she was occupying. It was all strewn with the signs of the dressmaking preparations: but the women who had been in attendance on her when her father came had gone into another room, where their work had been chiefly carried on. She hurriedly put on her hat and mantle and went down, only listening for a moment on the upper landing to be sure that the stairs were clear. A footman who saw her as she reached the hall level hurried forward to open the door for her, looking wonderingly at her as she passed out. She merely shook her head as he asked if she wanted the carriage, and went out into the street. She knew her way to the hotel her father had mentioned, which was very near at hand. As she walked on, anger gathered at her heart, filling her veins for the moment with the energy of passion. The Count's love for her had been of the kind that was merely a convertible term for his own desire. He had condemned her with cold, cruel resolution to the shame which an ultimate exposure of the dark truth in the background of his life would inevitably have brought upon her. Certainly he had had the courage to face all risks himself; but these may have been in some way guarded against by the semblance of proof he might have had ready, to make it seem that he had justly imagined the woman dead. As for the state of the facts, it was borne in now on Terra's mind that things were as her father said, and she no longer thought of the accusation as one that was in any way in suspense.

She found her father at the hotel. He got a private room, and asked her no questions till they were secluded there. And it was not necessary for him to ask her questions to learn the broad results of the interview that had just taken place. Indeed, she spoke first when the door was closed—in a hard tone, but making no pretence of disguising the abject humiliation into which she had been brought.

"I have come away. What do you mean to do with me, papa, since shame and misery will not kill me outright?"

Colonel Fildare's natural habit of mind, fortified by military training, prompted him to feel that in the fitness of things penalties of some sort ought to follow the frightful insubordination of which Terra had been guilty; but, at the same time, the crisis was still very recent and the culprit a beautiful young woman, not to mention her being his daughter. It was not in him to be effusive under the circumstances, but he had no inclination to be severe.

"I mean to take care of you, my dear, of course. We must consider our future plans at leisure. I have not put up here. I spent last night at Sir James Margreave's. He had very kindly come up to town to meet me."

It was an aggravation of Terra's wretchedness to find in this way that, with the best intentions on her father's part, he was a little puzzled what to do with her. It was not to be assumed as a matter of course under the circumstances that she was free to go back to the Margreave's house in Park Street—which indeed was not mounted just then to receive anyone, the servants being all in the north. She could not help seeing that already she must have given a great deal of trouble in bringing Sir James hurriedly to town. Colonel Fildare ruminated over the situation without confiding to her the various alternatives he was considering. Eventually he rang the bell and ordered lunch, and a brougham for three o'clock. He had to go back to Sir James Margreave's, he explained, during the afternoon, and it would be better for Terra to drive with him, rather than sit brooding by herself. He could not go immediately, however, for he expected a visitor with whom he had made an appointment. He would secure a room for Terra at the hotel where they were for that night. She was as well there as any-

where else, and the following day they had better go out of town for a bit, say to Bournemouth.

Terra was so bowed down and meek in her misery that he was touched and ready to forget the trouble and anxiety he had lately been going through on her account, though every now and then surges of resentment assailed him as the further complications of the moment presented themselves. He was alive, however, to the uselessness of attempting any consolation just then. All he suggested in that direction was to the effect that it was a bad time for Terra to go through, but that she had at all events escaped results that might have been worse. He asked her very few questions, and after a while suggested that she should go and rest for a little in her room.

"The visitor I expect," he said "has to do with your affair; but there is no need for you to be worried about that now."

Terra was willing enough to be alone, and went to her room accordingly, to lie down on the bed and hide her shame-stricken face in the pillows.

Some time elapsed, and then a knock came at her door, followed by her father's voice. He came in at her bidding, after she had got up from the bed and had taken refuge instinctively in the darkest corner of the small room.

"Perhaps it will be best for you to see my visitor, Terra," the Colonel explained. "It is a lady whom you know."

"It will be dreadful for me to see anyone."

"The lady is Mrs. Malcolm, whom I understand you have met at the Margreave's. It does not matter now how she comes to have helped me in this delicate matter, but she has helped me in an important way, by looking after a certain person I found a very awkward charge on my hands. Lady Margreave, you know, knows her very intimately. Let that suffice to explain how she comes to be mixed up in this affair. She thinks you must want a female friend at this crisis, and wishes to see you. I hope you will let her come."

Terra was not in a position to dispute such wishes just then, and in this way Mrs. Malcolm shortly replaced the Colonel, who, being thus relieved, arranged to go to Sir James Margreave's by

himself, and enjoined the ladies to do justice by themselves to the lunch he had ordered.

No more perfect nurse than Mrs Malcolm, for a patient in such mental trouble as that from which Terra was suffering, could anywhere have been found. Her grave, earnest sympathy was as soothing as any such external influence could be. Her natural unselfishness made her not only gentle and forbearing, but its subtle radiation exonerated her from all suspicion of holding back unfavourable criticism in the inner recesses of her heart. Terra had been disinclined to say a word about herself at first, or to talk of what had happened; but by slow degrees she was won to be a shade less reticent. She reproached herself bitterly and scornfully for the desperate steps she had taken in defiance of her friends' wishes, and the frightful trouble, annoyance, and inconvenience she had inflicted on everyone round her. This gave Mrs. Malcolm the opportunity of making all this seem light and unimportant. The great thing was that she had been saved. The people belonging to her, who loved her, would be so happy in thinking of that, that they would certainly not remember any personal trouble they had contributed to saving her. And at last, by making little of everything connected with the matter, except the pain in Terra's own heart, she achieved her great triumph, and brought forth a flood of tears—the first the girl had shed through all the tearing excitement of the morning.

It was long after this event, and when Terra had spoken to her freely, though incoherently enough, of the horror through which she had passed, and of the utter desolation in which she was plunged, that Mrs. Malcolm advanced her benevolent plans another stage. The necessity of seeing about toilet necessaries and clothes led up to this.

Terra was naturally sick with disgust at the notion of having to concern herself with such matters again, considering the very different auspices under which she had been doing the same thing for the previous two days. And then Mrs. Malcolm asked why she should worry herself about such things at all. Let her go back that afternoon with her—Mrs. Malcolm—to Richmond, and tay there till she could get her own things from Oatfield. She ras quite alone—her brother away—she had no other guest—and

Terra could be in total seclusion for a few days, till her father had devised some future plans. Of course it was settled on those lines, to Colonel Fildare's immense relief, when he came back in the afternoon. And Terra spent that evening, worn out with suffering, on the sofa, in the drawing room overlooking the river, where Edith Kinseyle, a few weeks previously, had lain in trance and given the strange news that had provoked such momentous consequences.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ENGAGED.

EDITH KINSEYLE had written to Mrs. Malcolm pretty frequently during the interval that had thus elapsed, and her letters, having no character of special confidence, had been sent on to Marston, who had also received some on his own account from the same source. Again at Deerbury Park, Edith had been in the midst of social gaiety, but had not said very much on this subject in her letters, which had been chiefly concerned with the other side of her double life, and occasionally had been brightened by news of fragmentary experiences associated with the new phase of her clairvoyant gifts. She wrote from time to time of having been visited by the appearance she described as "Zephyr," and sometimes he had given her little bits of information, unimportant in themselves, but none the less interesting under the circumstances, as to Marston's or Mrs. Malcolm's doings at the moment, which she then eagerly sought to verify. She complained to Marston, however, that she did not seem to be getting any further; that it was very interesting and very wonderful to be in relation in this way with a superhuman being, but after all, when the wonder and novelty wore off, she did not see in what way she was wiser or better for Zephyr's acquaintance, highly as she prized it. Marston had counselled her to demand of her spirit friend, when next he came, that he should procure her visions of the kind she used to have when in trance, but without allowing herself to pass into an unconcious state. In reply, she sent word:

"I got a visit again, last night, from my inattentive and

neglectful Master Zephyr, and had my wits sufficiently about me, first of all to scold him roundly for not having been near me for a whole week, and, next, to make the demand you suggested. He took my scolding with the most disrespectful laughter, and as for my request to be enabled to see the Spirit Queen, he suggested that I had better send first for Queen Victoria, and see if she would come at my bidding. I said he was very rude and unkind, and that I wanted him to help me to be greater and wiser than I was, and not merely to keep me amused. It was very strange, then, what happened. He seemed to recede away to a great distance, but yet to remain plainly visible to me, and then, somehow, to shoot down upon me a ray of something that seemed to pass over my inner senses with a pleasurable, though intoxicating sort of feeling. And then, for the moment, he vanished away altogether. Then immediately afterwards he was in the room again as before. 'Don't you see,' he said, 'it can't be managed at present. But I'll show you some pictures.' And then he began making dissolving views in the air before me—or somehow, in my own fancy, I seemed to see them in the air before me. I saw myself, first of all—looking like a fly in amber—inside a great block of glass or crystal, and *you* were in the picture too, on the outside of the glass prison, sweeping your hands against it. I did not seem to pay any attention, but as the scene changed I saw myself flying away like a sort of butterfly out of a chrysalis, while you were lying pale and motionless amongst broken fragments of the glass, or ice, or whatever it was, far below. It did not seem to disturb me in the least to see you in this unhappy plight, though you looked as if you might be dead. Then Mr. Zephyr put the *dramatis personæ* of his show in quite another position, and I saw myself, as it were, coming down a mountain path, with cloud above, going onwards towards a glorious and beautiful sunlighted valley, while you were standing far behind me, higher up on the same path, separated from me by the cloud, looking very dignified and imposing, and holding what looked, at first, like a portrait of me but what I saw then was a looking glass which reflected me as I walked below (in spite of the cloud). This picture seemed to give me a most uncomfortable feeling, though I had not been in the least distressed by the other, in which you seemed to be dead!

Whether *Zephyr* intended to imply by all this that I was a perfectly heartless and selfish person, or what, I don't know. I suspect he meant something uncivil, for, as I tell you, he was not at all in a respectful mood."

Some time elapsed after this letter came before any further despatches were received from Deerbury Park, either at Richmond or the Temple. Then Mrs. Malcolm had a letter which came to her a few days after Terra Fildare's arrival on the scene. She did not send this letter on to Marston, but wrote to him, suggesting that he should come over and see her.

He went to Richmond in the course of the afternoon, and found Mrs. Malcolm alone in the drawing-room to receive him.

"You are not looking well," Mrs. Malcolm said directly after her greetings.

"I'm not feeling so especially; but there's nothing specially the matter."

"I have had a letter from Edith," she went on, "but I so much wanted to talk it over with you that I asked you to come down instead of sending it."

As she put the letter in his hands while speaking, he did not ask, as her manner might otherwise have suggested, whether there was anything the matter, but read it without a word.

Edith had written:

"MY DEAREST MARIAN,

I've been in a whirl, and I haven't written to you for ever so long—a week or ten days. My excuses are manifold and all sufficient. First of all, I can hardly get a moment to myself, in view of the claims made on my time by my future husband! There is the great news launched. I have been paired off by my destinies and my friends with Colonel Danby, of whom I have often spoken to you. Everyone congratulates me, and tells me that a brilliant and delightful future is in store for me. All these good wishes will count for nothing unless I have yours, so write to me *at once*, and say everything you can imagine that is sweet and exhilarating. But my affairs are much more complicated than they will seem to you so far. My friends have been making frightful discoveries about me. I have got nothing worth

speaking of in the way of a left lung. There was a great London doctor here, on a visit a few days, who found me out. I do not feel in the least little bit unwell, but I am decided to be absolutely unsound; what you would call in a horse 'hopelessly screwed.' Naturally you will say, under these circumstances, Colonel Danby ought to be let off his bargain; but he actually made the bargain with his eyes open. The doctor says I most certainly ought to go to Algiers for the winter, before the weather should turn in the least cold; and it was this very remark that led to his proposal that he should take me. So the programme is that we are to be married from here about the end of September, and then fly to the south."

She went into some further detail, and discussed the possibility that she might somehow contrive to see Mrs. Malcom before the fatal event. She might have to come to town to do some shopping. And she asked Mrs. Malcom to give news of her to Mr. Marston, for whom, for the moment, she had no news "of more worthy matters," nothing occult having happened to her since the night of the pictures.

Marston folded up the letter when he had finished it, and sat turning it in his fingers, without making any immediate comment. Mrs. Malcolm, in the corner of the sofa, went on with some knitting on which she was employed. With her, knitting was, in a measure an act of consideration for the people with her at any time. It seemed to justify them for not speaking if they did not want to, though it always subsided into her lap, and was effaced by other interests, when conversation began.

"So," Marston said at last, "that was inevitable, I suppose. But it has happend soon—very soon."

"The discovery about her lungs is what we were warned about."

"We are so blind and helpless in this life," Marston dreamily said, after a further pause; "and those who feel blindest because they realize what might be known, are the few who know perhaps a little more than their fellows."

"What do you mean, more exactly?"

"I mean that it is difficult to know what the whole situation means—what is for the best. Should one wish that she might

live—or knowing what she really is, might there not be the truest wisdom in holding back that wish?"

"We could not contemplate her death without great wretchedness."

"Language is weak. If I say, What does one's self matter?—I am pretending to arrogate to myself an unselfishness superior to yours, which would be absurd. You would sorrow to lose her in a pure, unselfish way. For me——"

"You would sorrow more."

"I should sorrow more—well, yes, perhaps I should; but the sorrow then would hardly add an appreciable pain to what I must feel in any case. That is the normal condition of things. Fate has put me in contact with her just enough to make me love her, so that the thought of her blots out every other idea that life can suggest, but necessarily leaves me there. And that being so, it is a kind of painting on the lily in an inverted sort of way, to say that anything else can cause me sorrow. You love her with a perfectly beautiful and unselfish feeling. And I—well, I may most honestly say I do not love her in a selfish way; but I cannot help loving her in a self-regarding way."

"According to what was said, you might have won her in spite of everything. I do not understand that, Sidney. What did it mean? These things are never said idly; but I do not see how this could have been averted by us, even if it had been right for us to avert it. Can there be any further complications pending? Will this marriage, do you think, be broken off?"

"I should not think so."

"But then——"

"You will see, if you think," said Marston. "The time has gone by during which I might, in the words spoken through her, have chained her life to mine——"

"How? You have had no opportunity. But, ah! do you mean——"

"I mean, of course, that, after all that went on here, and after the extraordinarily close mesmeric relation there was between us, made a thousand-fold stronger than it would have been otherwise by my intense love for her, I could have made *this*," holding up the letter, "utterly impossible long ago, had I striven

to do so. You will feel that no mighty invocation of magic would have been needed for me to have filled her with such an intense desire to come back here, that she would have come back before now; when everything else might have followed."

"I see. And you would bring no influences of that sort to bear upon her?"

"Assuredly not. Would it not have been base to do so?—no matter how I might have worshipped her,—if it had been conceivable that she could have made such a sacrifice."

"How little the world at large understands the ebb and flow of events."

"It has been hard, sometimes," Marston said, "*not* to long or her in the way that would have been an active force."

"Certainly I do not think you need blame your feeling for her as selfish."

"That's what I say; but it is complicated. I knew something of this sort must come; but it has come soon. I thought we might have had her as she was for a little longer; and now there is the dreadful complication about her health—her life. What ought we to wish for—for her sake? And we are so blind."

"There is not much responsibility involved in wishing," Mrs. Malcom said. "So, at all events, I wish she may recover and get strong. If that is possible, it is the plain law of life that we should keep people living with us as long as we can. Besides, in the chances of life, while she lives, we may always see something of her from time to time."

Marston still pondered on the ideas in his mind, and merely suggested, in reply to the last sentence—

"Unless we escape ourselves."

"Don't be morbid."

"How strong the influence of habit is even on your strong nature, Marian. Provided I do not make the mistake of trying a short cut, by which I should probably lose my way, how can anything be less morbid, how can anything be more rational and cheerful, than for a man who cannot see his way to being happy in this life, to look forward eagerly to the next, and speak of such eagerness openly and frankly? If we were honest in our professed beliefs, should not we say sometimes to one another, as we

meet: 'I'm very sorry to see you. I hoped, for your sake, you were dead!'"

"That seems intellectually true; but one's instinct against it may be born of a higher intuition."

Their talk wandered off for awhile into problems of this nature, and then came back to practicalities in regard to Miss Fildare, whose final adventures Mrs. Malcolm recounted; though she had told Marston before, by letter, of her break off with the Count, and her arrival in Richmond. Of course, both Mrs. Malcolm and, through her, Marston had been apprised by Ferrars, during his operations on the Continent, of the various circumstances connected with his enterprise—of difficulties he had found in his way, to begin with, overcome in the end by money and resolution; of his journey to Brindisi, the only place at which he could be sure of intercepting Colonel Fildare; and finally of his return to the Hague, leaving the woman he had brought from Spain in the Colonel's care. Mrs. Malcolm had been instructed to meet the Colonel on his arrival, and provide for the accommodation of the important witness. Knowing the very headstrong character of his daughter, and over-estimating, as events turned out, the danger that she might simply refuse to listen to an extravagant story, unsupported by adequate proof, the Colonel had conceived it all-important to keep the heroine from Seville within easy reach.

Terra herself did not come down while Marston remained with Mrs. Malcolm.

"I might as well merely have sent you the letter, after all, perhaps," she said at last, when he was going. "There seems nothing for us to do in the matter. I was wrong, perhaps, to give you the trouble of coming for nothing."

"Your perfect sympathy made you wish to be present when I got this news; and in sending for me you did a kindness, as you always do."

"I wanted your advice, however. I should like to see her again, of course, if she comes to London, as she says. But whether to press her to come here again or not, supposing she is able, I could not determine."

Marston thought for awhile, and then:

"I think it would be very desirable to ask her here again. Physically, I can do her good, I know. I could see her in peace for a little time nowhere so conveniently as here."

Mrs. Malcolm said she would try; and then, as they were parting, said she was sorry to see him looking so wretchedly ill.

"I am afraid that all you have heard to day will not serve to revive you."

"You will cling to your theory that physical life is a blessing?" he said, with a smile.

"I am quite sure it is a duty we owe one another to preserve it *for* each other, at any rate; and if you let yourself run down too much, you will give me the trouble of coming up to the Temple to nurse you."

"I shall not forget what you say. Perhaps it is a duty we owe one another. But you shall not be taxed in even your overflowing kindness to nurse me. That will not be necessary, you will find."

He spoke almost as if there were some significance in his words beyond their literal meaning; but at the time she did not realize what this might be.

Letters of congratulation went to Edith by that evening's post both from Mrs. Malcolm and from Marston. He wrote to her cheerfully about her health. He felt sure, he represented, that it was by virtue of a sound instinct or "intuition" of her own that she herself was so cheerful on that subject. Her organism was probably of a kind that would disconcert the experience of a doctor used only to the ordinary phenomena of physical life. She might be flying, so to speak, on a crippled wing, but might have so strong a natural affinity with the upper regions of the air as to be secure from all danger of falling.

"That is perhaps a clumsy metaphor," the letter went on, "and no illustration I can think of just now exactly fits the case, but the sources of your vitality are not the same as those which feed the life of more commonplace people—of that you may, if you please, safely trust me to know more than I can quite fully explain. Assuming, therefore, that you are in no peril, even by reason of the great doctor's discoveries in the region of your left lung, you will permit me, I hope, to offer you all the best wishes at this crisis of

your life that can be framed by the truest and deepest imaginable friendship. I will not disguise from you the disappointment I feel at the thought that I am not likely now to have any further opportunity of watching the development of your higher attributes. I have never disguised from you the reverence and enthusiasm on my part which the contemplation of them has excited, but you will realize without an effort that if this new relationship that you have entered into is to be for your happiness there can be no feeling concerning it in the breast of so true a friend as I humbly claim to be, which is worth talking about in presence of the dominant feeling —that of gladness with you for your sake. Life is a great mystery even for those of us who fancy we know a little more about it than the majority of mankind. As we come to comprehend something about the higher complexities of our nature, we can never look at even the lower events of physical existence without some reference to these. But it is so difficult to fit all considerations perceptible from this higher point of view properly into their places. As the circle of knowledge widens, the horizon of ignorance expands, for there is infinity in all directions, and only the most narrow-minded observer thinks he can explain the whole. The upshot of which is, that though I look upon you as quite fit, so to speak, for what we call heaven, and though I certainly think heaven a better place of residence than earth, my philosophy comes to an abrupt end in presence of the simple earthly fact of your engagement, and I can only retire back into my own den with my futile conjurations and studies, and trust in the hallowed formula of the fairy stories, that you may live happily ever after."

It remained uncertain for a week or two longer whether Edith would be able to pay Mrs. Malcolm another visit before her marriage, and in the interim Terra Fildare had tided over the most difficult time connected with her trouble, not merely in so far as its most emotional aspect was concerned, but in regard to the petty embarrassments about her wardrobe and personal properties generally. Her complete seclusion at Richmond enabled her to carry on for a few days with things lent her by Mrs. Malcolm, and then her own luggage, packed under the direction of Lady Margreave, was sent on from Oatfield. Little or nothing was

said during her stay at Richmond concerning George Ferrars. Mrs. Malcolm faithfully reported all that had transpired to the Hague, and did not try to mould her brother's destiny. Obviously it would be premature to raise any question of that sort now, and Mrs. Malcolm was content with having done the right and serviceable thing at the right time, leaving subsequent events to the guidance of the persons chiefly concerned. Terra was meanwhile sincerely grateful, as also was the Colonel, her father, who had been spared the trying duty of wearing down the first sharp edge of his daughter's grief. He had written to Mrs. Malcolm proposing to come to town—he had returned to Oatfield in the first instance with Sir James Margreave—and resume possession of Terra, with a view of taking her abroad for a continental tour; but Mrs. Malcolm had pressed her to stay, and her own inclinations were strongly in favour of that arrangement. Mrs. Malcolm's soothing and unobtrusive sympathy and companionship were far more acceptable just then than her father's company, and the Colonel, for his part, had been easily persuaded that it would be best for his daughter to stay on quietly where she was, rather than undertake a tour she could hardly, under the circumstances, be expected to enjoy. So her Richmond visit was indefinitely prolonged. At last a little opening appeared in the clouds, which seemed at one time to bar out all prospect of a visit from Edith. It was considered necessary by her friends that the best medical skill available in London must pronounce upon her case before the arrangements for the winter were definitely selected among the various possibilities suggested by an anxious bridegroom with an ample purse. She was to be brought up to town, she wrote, under befitting chaperonage, and lodged for a day or two at Claridge's—or rather, that had been the idea at first, the Miltenhams' town house at that season of the year being very much dismounted; but Edith had "moved for leave to bring in an amendment," as she expressed the matter in her explanatory note, rather mixing up some of the parliamentary talk she heard going on around her. She had suggested that she would bid adieu to her girlhood by paying a short visit to friend of friends, Mrs. Malcolm, and with the advantages nging to her position had carried her point. "The oppo-

sition saw I really meant it," she wrote, "and discreetly gave way."

So one day in the early part of September it came to pass that, having been duly surveyed by her battery of doctors at Brook Street, she was delivered over with much ceremony, and gallant protestations from Colonel Danby concerning the magnitude of the trust, to the custody of Mrs. Malcolm, who came up to town to meet her. Her leave of absence was to cover three days. Colonel Danby had a short conversation with Mrs. Malcolm concerning her apart from the others who were present.

"The verdict about Miss Kinseyle," he said, "seems to be contradictory in some respects. There is a great deal of organic disorder, but a great reserve of general strength in her constitution. From a mere examination of her lungs the doctors would have expected her to have been much less healthy and vigorous generally than she seems. The inference would be that the organic attack, though no attention has been paid to it hitherto, has been defeated by Nature, and does not threaten further development. But under the circumstances, it is needless to say that the utmost possible care must be taken to guard our patient from its renewal."

Edith herself laughed and joked with Mrs. Malcolm on their way down to Richmond about the solemnity with which she had been inspected. She did not feel ill in any way whatever—had never felt better or stronger than during the last few weeks, and the new theory that she was a very fragile invalid, requiring to be surrounded with elaborate precautions, seemed merely part of the fuss incidental to her engagement. It gave Colonel Danby a great deal of innocent amusement to lay out a plan of campaign against the unfelt foe supposed to be conspiring against her welfare. The Riviera was their first line of defence, and Algiers their citadel. They were to keep several steamboats ready saddled at Nice, and watch their enemy through stethoscopes. At the first cough they would slip across the Mediterranean, and a serious cold would involve a strategic movement on Madeira. She was in mortal terror lest some medical authority should declare a hearty laugh too great a strain on her system, in which case she would be condemned to read sermons and serious poetry for the whole of

the honeymoon. Certainly it was immensely devoted of Colonel Danby to make her health in this way his main preoccupation, but if she was obliged to pose as an invalid for the whole winter, she would have to try a low diet, and be bled at intervals to cultivate an appearance befitting the part.

(To be Continued.)

"WHY I BELONG TO MY PARTY."

THE following papers are the fruit of the Editor's request—addressed to various friends and others representative of various opinions—to the effect that they would answer the question set forth above, and, giving reasons for the faith that is within them, explain why in each case they belong to their respective parties in politics.

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

Edmund Burke is the chief defender of party government, which he esteemed as the best method of carrying into practice all great political principles. But he is not singular in this view, for, indeed, it may be said that every great English politician was essentially a party man, though it frequently happened that men of light and leading on special questions went into the opposite camp. Fox, the Whig, was thoroughly Conservative as regards Ireland retaining her own Parliament; and Pitt, the Tory, was a Free Trader after the school of Adam Smith, before Cobden was born. The Imperialist Chatham condemned our attempt to suppress the Colonials in 1776; and as to Peel, Gladstone and Disraeli, their changes have made England what it is; yet none of them ever ceased to be a party man. The only men who could be said to be independent of party were never highly esteemed as leaders. I allude to Cobbett, Roebuck, Cowen, Lord Randolph

Churchill before he got into office, Gibson Bowles, and notably Robert Lowe, although it may be that for short periods some of these politicians had far more influence than if they had toed the party line.

That party discipline is essential to the carrying of political measures is in itself a justification, but there is perhaps a better reason for such a bond in the fact that party conflict alone forces the people to take an interest in national affairs. Exaggerated as the partizan statements may be, offensive to the philosophic or calmly patriotic mind, and, in a degree, even hurtful to the cause of truth or justice, yet they undeniably compel the indifferent to wake up and see what all the "pother" is about. If we could conceive a perfect legislative machine that would turn out the wisest measures suited exactly to the wants of the body politic, the very perfection of such machinery would get rid of all public anxiety as to the effect of such legislation. John Stuart Mill, in his "Representative Government," says that the worst of a despotic government, even when beneficial, is that it causes the subject population to rely too implicitly on its prudence and care, and so leaves them practically helpless when the despotic machinery, for some personal defect, breaks hopelessly down.

But, above all epochs, this is not the age wherein to belittle that political interest which comes from party conflict, for it is to be feared that public affairs are in danger of being abandoned for more exciting topics. Our daily papers give pages to Sport, and sometimes one column to Parliament. In America, the wedding of a wealthy American lady to an English Peer takes up ten times the space that the day's proceedings in Congress occupy. A *cause celebre* rivets attention for weeks, where a speech of Lord Roberts on Army Defects scarcely fills the space of a leaderette. A *premiere* at one of the theatres is treated to an analysis, even in the matter of the ladies' dresses, such as is not bestowed on the Scottish Churches Bill, authorising a nation to change its religion. "Place me next to anyone," said Disraeli, "who will not talk politics"; and this request is echoed more and more every day, until, if this magnificent scorn at all that affects the public weal goes only a little further, the King will have to apologise at the opening of Parliament for alluding to politics in his speech from

the throne. Just fancy the unmitigated delight the defender of "philosophic doubt" would have in drawing up such an apology!

It may generally be averred that the partizan feeling, for good or ill, is more rife in southern nations than in the north of Europe. It is in a measure more forensic and esteems oratory, almost more than judicial deliberation. To a certain extent it may be said that States that have had their laws codified have been remarkable for eloquent advocates, since this codification is in its result a simplification, and the very simplification of the law renders the task of the judge far more easy and definite. Therefore the laying down of the law has not in States with clear codes called invariably for the highest intellects, and we thus find that in Rome, France, and Mediterranean countries generally, the advocate has generally been esteemed as highly as the judge. But where there has not been such codification the judge has a hard task to win through the maze of myriad precedents—

> "Through which a few, by wit or fortune led,
> May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame."

This legal training subserves its political purpose, and in England the judicial temperament will always be rated higher than that of the advocate, although at present the enthusiasm of the latter is more urgently required to excite public interest in the crying wants of a State staggering under the "too vast orb of its fate."

Philosophically considered, there does not seem to be much reason why a citizen should not by turns favour each party—Conservative or Radical—as it promises to carry out the schemes beneficial to the State. But experience teaches us that such eclecticism in political affairs generally leads to indifference. Your impartial judge is too apt to say "there is a great deal to be said on both sides," and this frequently eventuates in that indifference which I think is the growing evil of political life. Now it is impossible to imagine a very Conservative party—advocates of the world as it is—making strenuous efforts to improve. Drunkenness may be admitted as a vice leading to national disaster, but a quiet mind will think not twice, but a hundred times, before he closes public-houses, even where they are not wanted. It needs radical fervour to achieve a reformation even of the smallest

dimensions ; and certainly a party that increases the money value of a spirit licence is not likely to tamper with such a "property." This so-called property is not the creation of law. It is a legislative creation, and in the opinion of many a growing monster of the Frankenstein description. Clearly anyone who feels that this is an enormous evil, cannot but adopt any party means for getting rid of it. That is to say, in respect of such a growth an eradicating operation is absolutely essential. Perforce then, even those who love not the knife as a remedy must admit that, if the danger is to be averted even for a time, some heroic measure must be adopted. This in the eyes of a temperance reformer is the justification of his being a radical.

Take again the question of cruelty to animals. There does not seem to be much reason why this should be a matter for one party more than another, but somehow it is forced on one that the Ultra-Radicals are more sensitive on the point than the Conservatives. Your quiet Tory does not like "shrieking" even in a good cause; but some evils cannot be cured without what some call a breach of good political manners. The best mannered people in Europe—and especially the most Conservative amongst them—are the most indifferent to the torture of animals. It is not the poorest who err worst. Costers do not use bearing reins, and from the indifference of the upper classes to cruelties on their own properties, rabbit trapping, &c., one is forced to the conclusion that bad mannered as some Radicals may seem, we must join them or never have the evils redressed at all.

It is growing on us all that economics will have to be introduced into the public service, but it is useless to appeal to the representatives of great interests to effect the necessary retrenchment. The large landed proprietor, the great contractor, the wholesale manufacturer, are so much bound up with the interests of those who favour extensive expenditure, that they are the least likely to cut down the estimates in Imperial or municipal affairs. We want men who are above these interests, and, alas! we cannot get them in the Conservative party.

In addition, we want to get rid of "muddle" in political life, and this cannot be got by centralising responsibilities. The most centralised empires are not only the most inefficient, but the

most corrupt (witness Russia), and it is only by the sub-division of duties that we can ever keep public work under proper, that is to say, immediate control. This immediate control can only arrive by means of devolution. The real public spirit of localities, thoroughly awakened by a sense of the dignity attaching to municipal matters, may effect—indeed, in many places, has effected—notable improvements. Let us trust folks to manage their own affairs more and more, even if this eventuates in something like the Cantonal spirit which, after all, has done so much for Switzerland without impairing the national feeling. This "devolution" can only be carried out by a "Radical" party.

H. A. STACKE.

WHY I AM A TORY.

BY SIR ROPER LETHBRIDGE, K.C.I.E.

I will try to answer this question with frankness—though it will involve a confession with regard to my earliest political convictions. Also, I wish it to be understood *in limine* that, when I indicate what I understand to be the Tory and the Radical line of country, respectively, I do not expect any Radical to agree with me. Nor do I expect assent from every Tory, in these days of short political memories; for I find good, young Conservatives like Lord Hugh Cecil, identifying Toryism with the pseudo-Free-Trade doctrines of ultra-Cobdenism, which were the especial aversion of all Tories in my younger days, and which have never received, even from modern Conservatism, anything more than a very grudging and qualified assent.

If I were asked how it was that I became a Tory, I am afraid—though it is hardly in accordance with BROAD VIEWS—I should have to answer, in the words of an old music-hall song:—

> Every boy and every gal,
> That's born in-to this world alive,
> Is either a little Liberal,
> Or else a little Conservative!

Only, even as a baby I went one better, and was born a little Tory. From my cradle I was taught the "same old story—nothing new," about the Radicals—they neither feared God nor

honoured the king, and were the cause of all the blue-bottle flies in the butchers' shops.

In those days they were called Whigs—or if you wished to be to their faults a little blind, you called them Liberals. But their failings have always been the same. It is only in very minor details that they differed from the pro-Boers of to-day, or the Mad-Mullah-phils, the Separatists, the Fenians, the Passive Resisters, the Free Fooders, the Methods of Barbarism, and the other Catilines of modern Radicalism. They were depicted as enemies of mankind on principle; but this hatred of their species was strangely tempered by a morbid love for the enemies of England. Thus, they hated the British Farmer but loved the foreigner who ruined him by under-selling his corn. They hated the Sovereign, the Army and Navy, and the Church; but they loved the revolutionaries of Paris, and would gladly cut off the heads of the young Queen and Prince Albert, just as their predecessors had served King Charles the Martyr, and their friends had served Marie Antoinette.

As a small boy, my earliest acquaintance with my country's history was derived from a most fascinating little book—probably out of print years ago—called, I think, "The Churchman's History of England." The "Novels" of Sir Walter Scott were my daily amusement—I had read them all, and some of them many times over, by the time I was twelve. All my early literary exercises seemed strongly to confirm my pre-conceived notions about the great English political parties.

When I went to Oxford, Toryism was rather out of fashion at the Union. Nearly all the cleverest youngsters had adopted, under the glamour of Gladstone's influence, that curious hybrid form of Liberalism that endeavoured to harmonise Sacerdotalism in the Church with Little Englandism in the State. But there was a goodly remnant left who had never bowed the knee to the Gladstone Baal.

With these I consorted until the Gladstonian tyranny was overpast. And I lived to see the Gladstonian *idola* overthrown, [illegible]ford as elsewhere, by the logic of events:—Egypt, Gordon, [illegible]e Sudan; the Indian Frontier and the Afghan War; South [illegible]and Majuba Hill; and, last not least, Ireland with its three

F's., its Kilmainham Treaty, its Phœnix Park tragedy, and its Home Rule Bills.

But if I became a Tory by early teaching, and also by early prejudice, it was my Indian career that made me an earnest and whole-hearted Tory by settled conviction. The Editor, himself a distinquished Anglo-Indian, will bear me out when I claim that we Anglo-Indians are well placed for taking an outside or birds-eye view of British party-politics. And I venture to think I had special opportunities—first, as a Professor of Political Economy in an Indian University; and secondly, as the Press Commissioner with the Government of India, an office in which I was necessarily made acquainted with the inmost workings of the official mind, and the ultimate motives of the government policy, on every public question of importance.

I can appeal to the experiences of far abler economists than myself when I say that a conscientious student of economics in any university outside Great Britain and Ireland soon finds it impossible to rest contented with the shallow dogmatism—shallow, at least, in some most important questions—imposed on the economics of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, by the genius of Ricardo and the imperious Radicalism of John Stuart Mill. In the United Kingdom that dogmatism served its turn, because it was favoured by numerous adventitious and temporary circumstances, and by the eloquence of such eminent Radicals as Cobden and Bright; and for a long time in this country it helped to suppress the Toryism of Derby and Disraeli. But in every other university in the world, in which the writings of Adam Smith were recognised as the foundations of economical science, the prevalent superstructure had been Toryism, as expounded by List and his school, rather than the Radicalism of Mill. So as a Fellow of Calcutta I found myself more than ever a Tory on fiscal questions; and on my return to England I bore testimony to this faith by a signed article in the *National Review* of March, 1885, entitled "Is an Imperial Fiscal Policy Possible?"

And on general questions, the "aloofness" of the Anglo-Indian position—though removing, I hope, the Tory prejudices of which I have here made confession, and enabling me honestly to believe that a Radical may be, and often is, a true though mis-

guided patriot—strongly confirmed my belief that Tory policy is on the whole far better for the country than Radicalism. And for the following reasons:—

There seem to me to be two broad differences between the Tory and the Radical. The first is in regard to domestic policy. The Tory believes that the interests of all classes in the community are *au fond* identical, and that the aim of the statesman should be to find the proper *modus vivendi* between them. The Radical believes that the consumer's interest clashes with the producer's, the landlord's clashes with the tenant's, the farmer's with the labourer's, the employer's with that of the employed, the churchman's with the nonconformist's, and so forth. Especially does the Radical hold that the interests of the "have-nots" clash with those of the "haves"; and in all these various differences he is always on the side of the more numerous, and seems to me inclined to hound them on against the minority. I admit that this may be, and often is, on the sound ground of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number"; but it seems to me undeniable that it may sometimes be for the sake of votes. Anyhow, whatever may be its motive, I strongly feel that the strife-making tendencies of Radical policy are most pernicious.

The second great difference between the Tory and Radical is in matters of Foreign, Colonial, and Indian policy. The Tory is so far a cosmopolitan that he wishes well to all the world; but he holds that, as other nations take very good care to look after their own interests, our own first duty is to look out for ourselves and for those who are fellow-subjects with us of King Edward. On the other hand, the Radical is always so conscious of the shortcomings of our national character, and so desirous of doing full justice in everything to the foreigner, that on most international questions (to use the slang of the Tory platform, which is perhaps too sweeping, but is broadly true), he is "the friend of every country but his own." His motive, as I have admitted in regard to his domestic policy, may often be a good one. When the foreigner attacks us, the Radical may say truly that he looks upon himself as the judge, not as the counsel for the defence. But in the law-courts it would often go hard with the innocent prisoner, if no pleading were heard save that of the counsel for the

prosecution. And on that analogy I think it goes hard with our national interests—as it did after Majuba Hill—when the foreigner attacks us, and the Radical Government proceeds to fraternise with him.

ROPER LETHBRIDGE.

Carlton Club, August 17th, 1905.

THE WORK OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL COLLINS, R.A.M.C.

As you have been good enough to offer me an opportunity in BROAD VIEWS of answering the question "Why I belong to the Liberal Party," I shall endeavour to give here, as succinctly as possible, a few reasons for the faith that is in me.

My attachment to the Liberal Party arises from a long and careful consideration of the subject, and, as I believe, a fairly just appreciation of the work that Liberalism has done in the past, as well as from the firm conviction that there is much for it to do in the future, work that only a spirit of Liberalism can be trusted to carry out efficiently. Space is not here available for a lengthened reference to the heroic struggles which our reformers in their efforts to make life less tragic and miserable for their suffering fellow men, have so painfully yet cheerfully undergone. Nor is it necessary. The marks they left on the world are not such as time can efface.

Those men who have done the highest and best work for the world at all times, and in all lands, have been deeply imbued with Liberal principles. Foiled, baffled, broken in body and mind, they have often been, and have gone to their graves without seeing the objects they had in view realised. But the spirit that animated them did not die. It inspired those who came after them, and we now reap the fruits of what they sowed in weariness of heart and soul.

There is no record of a spirit of Liberalism dominating a nation without that nation advancing in civilisation, advancing along those lines on which every lover of humanity would wish to see progress. Where Conservative influences prevail nations stagnate or decay. China, Russia, Turkey and Spain proclaim this truth in language unmistakable.

In our own country, during the last century Liberalism has been the predominant sentiment in our political life. To it we owe almost entirely all the progress we have made, and we have progressed more during that hundred years than we did for a good many centuries before. It has obtained for us liberty of thought and speech, education of the people, a free press, abolition of the "Test Acts," thus permitting men of character and ability to enter the service of their country if they so choose, established a more humane system of penal laws, enabled the masses to obtain better food and more of it, has attended to matters of sanitation, and abolished the purchase of commissions in the army, etc.

Men are still living who were thrown into jail for claiming such freedom of speech as we allow to everyone to-day. The days are not far behind us when the publications of most profound and honest thinkers of our own times would have been suppressed, and their authors rather roughly treated. Thanks to our party, such authors may now sleep in peace, without fear.

Of late years, and especially during the last decade, the Conservative or reactionary spirit has had a revival—temporary, it is to be hoped. What the results have been your readers will no doubt estimate differently. It has brought about the Boer war and the present state of South Africa, stimulated "Jingoism" and music-hall heroics, has added the word "Mafficking" to our dictionaries, captured the Board Schools and handed education over to the priests, and made a muddle of military matters and heavily increased taxation. Over such measures the country is not likely to rejoice for a great length of time. Mr. Balfour states that the work of the party is done, and that it has no longer a *raison d'être*. This is as much as to say that the last page in the history of reform has been written. Not so. Work, and a good deal of it, remains to be done by the party. Education cannot remain as it is; the housing of the poor urgently demands attention, emigration must be attended to, the dispensing of justice must be improved, taxation lessened, and, above all, the question must be dealt with. This last lies at the root of of our social troubles. The cry of "back to the land"

seems but a hollow mockery in our day. Whose land are the people to go back to? The land back to the people would be a more fitting proposal. True, they still have the public highways, and when at last, tired, weary, and worn out, they reach the end of their journey, they are allowed some few feet in one cemetery or another, that they may no longer be a nuisance to their more fortunate fellow creatures.

Yes, there is still work for our party to do, and to those who can best do the work, all serious work in this world is sooner or later committed. Signs are neither few nor insignificant that the country, sick of the present confusion in its affairs, will soon call once more upon the Liberal Party to take charge of its destinies, as the only one from which lasting reforms of a beneficial nature can be expected.

R. COLLINS.

THE IMPERIALIST POSITION.

I am a Conservative because I put "Patriotism" before "Party," and have nothing in common with the Little Englanders, of which the present Liberal Party is mostly composed.

The time has gone by for small States, and if England is to hold her place amongst the Nations of the World, she must wake up to this fact. The Liberal Party do not appear to be able to grasp this truth, or to be capable of grappling with the larger political problems of the day, but are too content to squabble over petty questions which might be left to local authorities. In other words, they prefer to "fiddle whilst Rome is burning."

I have no faith in the promises of the Liberal Party, they promise everything at election time, and never carry out their promises. They mislead the so-called working man with catch-penny cries, such as the "Three Acres and a Cow," which turned the Conservative Counties into Liberalism a few years ago. They intend to do the same at the next election with the "Free Breakfast Table." Such cries may win elections, but it is bad for the proper government of this great country. The one idea of the Liberal Party is to pander to the Voter, and nothing can be more fatal than this.

I am a Conservative also because I consider that the Leaders of that Party are not so easily led astray by flashy and clap-trap "popular" opinion. Reforms are no doubt necessary, but these should be very carefully weighed and considered before they become the law of the land. Over legislation is proverbially bad, and nothing is more dangerous for the welfare of any country than to be swayed by specious orators.

There are too many of this class amongst the Liberal leaders, and I belong to my party because I see the dangerous character of the present Liberal Party.

H. P. B.

DATED FROM A CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

Before I can explain with any comfort to the reader why I belong to my party, I must enable him to understand as far as possible what party I belong to. Unhappily in this country, unless one is an Irishman or a bricklayer, one has a very limited choice of parties, and from one's cradle, according to Mr. Gilbert, must be either a Liberal or "a little Conservative," and in so far as I have belonged to Conservative clubs as soon as complete emergence from the cradle allowed, have voted (whenever I have taken the trouble to go through that irritating ceremony) for the Conservative candidate, however stupid, and always feel "ugly," as the Americans put it, when I see a picture of Mr. Gladstone, I suppose I must be reckoned as a member of the Conservative party. But when the question is why that should be, it claims in my opinion the investigation of a far deeper mystery than people are generally disposed to associate with their political activities.

Do any of us join our respective parties as a consequence of considering, in the light of pure reason, the question whether some proposed legislation, some line of policy identified with this or that party in the State, is best conducive to the welfare of the country at large? To begin with, neither party in the present degraded state of English politics will allow itself to be identified with any settled policy or any proposed scheme of legislation. Opportunism has governed the manœuvring of English parties

for some decades gone by. One reason why—if I estimate my own feelings correctly—I feel ugly in the presence of Gladstonian portraits, is because it seems to me that the great statesman in question has had to do more than any other single person with the establishment of opportunism as the rule of English public life. But at all events the manœuvring of each party is more or less surrounded with an atmosphere of feeling which in the one case represents sympathy with the idea of government by the upper classes, and in the other with attachment to the idea of government by popular majorities. In the one case a common-place Conservative no doubt believes himself to be engaged in defending valued institutions against the aggressive attacks of brutal assailants; in the other the common-place Liberal believes that the voice of the people is really *vox Dei*, and that pure selfishness rules the policy of those who are in possession of the world's wealth and privilege. In neither case do the representatives in question comprehend their own motives.

The very names "Conservative" and "Liberal" disguise and confuse the issues at stake. There is no more liberality in Liberalism than dislike of change in Conservatism. The genuine Conservative, if he could, would change the whole face of English politics, tear up democratic institutions by the roots, and effect a revolution in the interests of the crown and aristocracy. The thorough going Liberal would be much more eager to deprive and take away in one direction, than to give in the other. If we go down deeply enough into the origin of the feelings which prompt democratic or aristocratic sympathies, we should find them depending almost entirely upon one fundamental tendency. Does the deepest necessity of one's nature crave for the exercise of loyalty towards some incarnate object of enthusiasm, or does it fight against and resist the idea of control in any of its varieties? Sentiment in politics is stronger a thousand times than reason. The song which glorifies the men "who stood sublime, while tyrants crouched before them," expresses one complete theory of politics, while thrilling ballads of the Jacobite period embody the inner philosophy of Conservatism.

Prompted by sentiment, reason, of course, submissively collects appropriate arguments. It is not my business to catalogue

those collected for the support of democratic sympathies, while I should rather be inclined to ridicule than to reverence the conventional reasons paraded on the other side. Sentiment for the moment induces me sincerely to believe that any Foreign Secretary who would consent to take office under "C. B." would probably make a horrible mess of our international relations, and, prompted by antagonism to the traditions of Free Trade, I am prepared to maintain that the dictates of reason are overwhelming on the side of Protection and Colonial Preference. But anyone who really thinks below the surface of things, will realise the utter absurdity of supposing that any arguments will ever convince a supporter of "C. B." that Chamberlain is in the right, or reconcile an Imperialist to the abject absurdities of a defenceless tariff.

Modern parliamentary strife having assumed so very grievous and contemptible an aspect, some of us, probably, on each side of the dividing line are wondering whether the whole system of party government is not out of date. In times gone by the system has served its purpose. However inspired with the principle of loyalty, one may recognise that the condition of things prevailing in England during the earlier half of the last century was one which almost claimed revolutionary remedies. There was little enough scope for the exercise of loyalty in those days, and those who should have been governed by that idea had become the representatives of a selfish oligarchy, whose influence in public affairs was cruelly oppressive. The Liberals of the last century fought a noble fight, and won victories which may be cheered in the retrospect even by those whose sympathies attach them now to the Conservative side. But the genuine Liberals of the past, having won their battle all along the line, have been, as it seems from the point of view I occupy, succeeded by a dismal troop of camp followers who have no nobler purpose in view, as they wave the old flag, than the accumulation of plunder. Parliamentary fighting has degenerated till it is a mere struggle for the spoils of office, or, at all events, from this side of the fence, the Opposition seems inspired by no nobler ideal. Is it beyond the range of possibility that the worn-out methods of the past may be frankly discarded? Why are we to be for ever cursed by the conflict of two opposing bodies, the one invariably pledged

to oppose for opposition's sake, no matter how sincerely in the interest of the nation the group in power may be endeavouring to behave ?

What is the tap-root of the evil system which has thus grown to its present deplorable vigour ? Simply the unnatural, unreasonable, unwholesome habit of regarding the aggregation of Ministers concerned with supervising the various departments of the State as constituting a solid body bound to swim or sink together. The solidarity of the Cabinet is the abomination of modern politics. How has it come into existence as a system ? Simply, in truth, because George I. could not speak English. He could not preside, as the earlier traditions of the British Constitution required, at the meetings of the Privy Council. If we could revert to a system in which the Sovereign should exercise in reality the function supposed to be his by the Constitution—that of appointing his Ministers—we should get clear once for all of the ignoble miseries which the spectacle of parliamentary proceedings during the last session has presented to our disgusted gaze. Such a system would not involve the subordination of Parliament to the Crown. No Sovereign could maintain any Minister in office who was obnoxious to Parliament, but the dismissal of one who had incurred parliamentary disapproval would not mean, as at present, the disturbance and dismissal of twelve or fourteen others who might be carrying on the administration of their departments in accordance with universal approbation.

When such tremendous problems as those of 1832 were before the political world, perhaps it would have been impossible —though only perhaps—to have worked successfully with the method here suggested. But now it is childish to suppose that a Minister for Foreign Affairs could find it impossible to go on with his work because a Minister for War had been declared incompetent by a vote in the House of Commons. It would be equally ridiculous to imagine that a Secretary of State for India, supposing some one, by a wild hypothesis, well qualified to fill that office, need be hunted into obscurity because, perhaps, a President of the Board of Trade had been shot down by an adverse vote. There are no doubt enthusiastic Liberals—unconsciously Con-

servative, in the stupid sense of the term—who cling to the traditions of the party system. There may be Conservatives so ill-qualified to express in action the principle of the sentiment to which they owe allegiance, as to believe also in the maintenance of the existing routine. But the finest development that would be possible for the underlying sentiment of Conservatism, would be one that would lead to the dissipation into thin air of all the catch words to which the party at present is attached, the collection in one net of all the available administrative talent at present divided into two sections by the floor of the House of Commons. The loyal National Party of the future might, perhaps, emancipate many so-called Liberals from the tyranny of their old traditions, and would assuredly provide a splendid new sphere of activity for those who at present, for want of a better opportunity, are compelled to describe themselves as members of the Conservative Party.

The ultimate theory on which democracy rests,—to the effect that wisdom can be distilled by voting from vast areas of ignorance and folly,—is one which could only have found favour by reason of the circumstances which at one time made it conducive to the interest of certain individual leaders. It is not entirely unreasonable to contend that by giving an ignorant and stupid man a vote, you encourage him to make efforts which may tend in an infinitesimal degree to render him less ignorant and less stupid eventually. But to imagine that his vote is given to him because its exercise by him gives rise to the best conceivable results in parliament, is so idiotic a conception on the face of it that one is hardly encouraged to regard modern politics as a pursuit with which reason or intelligence have anything whatever to do.

A. P. S.

A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY.

By the Rev. Chancellor Lias.

May I be allowed briefly to give my political history? In my boyhood I was brought up in strict Tory principles, and, like Guy in Miss Yonge's now almost forgotten novel, "The Heir of Redcliffe," should have been ready to fight and die for Charles I. A study, later, of the histories of Macaulay and others convinced

me that kings existed for peoples, and not peoples for kings. Thus I became a Liberal. In later times the "New Toryism," as Herbert Spencer called it (meaning the tyranny of majorities over minorities), as well as Mr. Gladstone's abandonment of Gordon and his subsequent surrender to Irish Nationalism, frightened me back into the Unionist ranks, just as it did Roebuck and Horsman, the late Duke of Argyll, and Mr. Goschen, and at a later period still, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, and other distinguished men. The two former names may seem, perhaps, rather an anachronism, but I have mentioned them because it was Mr. Gladstone's tendency towards what is called "Little Englandism" which drove their hearers into opposition. I am now an Imperialist, and nothing more. By Imperialism, as applied to this country, I do not, of course, mean one man rule. I mean the rule of the majority of the British race throughout the Empire. As a former member of the Imperial Federation League, I desire to see the Federation of the British Empire effected as soon as possible. It is impossible, I hold, to give the rights of citizenship to races who are not qualified to exercise them. When they are so qualified, I am convinced that Englishmen will no longer withhold them. They are far more likely to anticipate than unduly to delay such a concession.

I am not wedded to the personnel of the present administration. My admiration of Mr. Balfour as a Prime Minister is not unqualified, and I do not pin my faith on any of his subordinates. I should be pleased to see Sir H. Fowler and Sir A. Grey, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. Asquith join the Government. I could even follow Lord Rosebery as a Prime Minister, if I knew what he meant to do. But I cannot follow a statesman who, when we were at war in what I believed to be a just cause, stigmatised our ways of carrying it on as "methods of barbarism" before the whole civilised world. Neither can I place Ireland in the hands of the sworn enemies of this country, or place its government in the hands of people who think that the interests of this country are to be postponed to that of every other country in the world, or to those who would legislate for the welfare of any particular class to the exclusion of the rest.

J. J. LIAS.

SOCIALISM IN THE LIGHT OF OCCULT SCIENCE.

For those of us who contemplate the problems of life from the point of view of some knowledge concerning the principles which really govern human evolution, there is much at the same time amusing and pathetic, in the various schemes aiming at the promotion of human happiness embraced in the vague term socialism. We need not for a moment stop to consider the objections brought to bear against the views of those who call themselves socialists, by rivals inspired with enthusiasm for the policy described by the term "individualism." In both cases the people concerned are groping vaguely in the dark in search of ideals to which they can be guided by no trustworthy clue in their possession. But the student of occultism, in criticising the proposals of the socialist, may begin by giving away with both hands all the arguments that can be brought to bear against co-operative methods by those who believe in the supreme virtue of individual effort.

The reasons which really preclude the possibility of working out in practice any such designs for the promotion of human welfare, as those for instance embodied years ago by Mr. Bellamy in his well-known book, "Looking Backward," have to do with facts concerning spiritual conditions underlying human progress, the true character of which is wholly unsuspected by the commonplace political philanthropist. Of course, Mr. Bellamy's book was

only one of a great number following out somewhat similar lines of thought. One of much more recent origin, entitled "A Vision of the Future," by Miss Jane Hume Clapperton, may claim our attention directly, and only within the last month that much admired and amiable dreamer, Count Tolstoy, has set forth, in a long article translated and published in the *Times*, his earnest conviction to the effect that human welfare depends entirely upon the abolition of that "great iniquity" private property in land. The equitable division of the soil amongst those prepared to cultivate it is, in his estimation, the one supreme need of mankind. Superficial and frivolous objections to this course might be set up on the ground that private property in land would not be extinguished by taking the acres from one owner and handing them over to another. The suggestion has some flavour of resemblance to that, underlying the familiar Irish conception of Utopia, where every man was to have a hundred a year and another man to wait upon him. In Russia perhaps—from the phenomena of which country Count Tolstoy deduces conceptions which he supposes to be capable of world-wide application—it is not impossible that peasant proprietorship and the application of "*la petite culture*" might work well for a time as compared with existing systems, though even there it is probable that the conflicting influence of vodka in some cases and virtuous thrift in others, would soon bring about a distribution of the fields by no means in harmony with the good Count's programme.

For the moment however let us put aside all immediate practical considerations relating to the economical merits of big and little estates. At variance with views which have hitherto prevailed in England important testimony has, indeed, been accumulated in considerable volume of late in favour of cultivation by means of small allotments, and, as a question of practical politics, great interest attaches to the controversy with which that evidence is concerned, as well as with large schemes of land nationalization which need not be associated in any degree with the doctrines of socialism. For people whose political opinions may be described by the colour of the electioneering posters they favour, rather than by any more detailed form of words, land nationalization is generally regarded as a radical proposal to be

supported, as such, by the democratic candidate and treated as diabolical in its wickedness by the true blue Tory. It really lies quite outside the area of political sympathies favouring in the one case democracy, and in the other, government by the upper class. It would rob the country of many decorative remnants coming down to us from a feudal period; it would not necessarily conduce to the system of government by the least educated masses of the people; it would be compatible with infinite reform in the direction of disfranchising the unworthy, and it is really a scheme of a highly practical character to be considered with reference solely to its economical consequences. But it is not a scheme dependent entirely on that ignorance of the true principles governing human evolution which is the foundation on which most of the theories embraced by the term socialism actually rest.

In taking this view one need not be supposed to be dealing merely with those extravagances of socialism with which Count Tolstoy, for one, is in sympathy, by virtue of which every one is supposed to be supplied with everything according to his need, while every one is equally supposed to be willing, in his enthusiasm for the common good, to exert himself with zeal along any lines of industry for which he may be qualified. Without diving into the depths of occultism in search of an explanation, practical observers of life will recognize that all people are not equally endowed with altruistic enthusiasm, and that under the socialistic system those who developed the largest body of need, would not always be those on whose behalf it would be most desirable that the others should exert themselves gratuitously. The real reason why it is absurd to suppose that artificial rules and regulations could establish equality of welfare among all members of the community is to be found in the fundamental truth that there is no real natural equality pervading all members of the human family, in the way the socialist takes for granted. All writers of the Tolstoy or the Bellamy type start with the assumption, as if it were an undeniable axiom, that every child that is born, comes into the world on equal terms with every other, free of all previous claims or responsibilities, a new divine creation in each case set up by Providence with a stock in trade of limbs, appetites and capacities, identically the same throughout the race, and con-

stituting an equal credit on the accumulated resources of the race, if the selfishness of individual magnates had not enabled them to absorb more than their proper share. A great many blunders, more unfortunate even than those which have to do with political beliefs, arise from this absurd conception that each new child is a new creation. This idea has been somehow developed in the western world through the stupidity of Christian theologians during the last dozen or so centuries. Not by any means because of their Christianity, for, correctly speaking, primitive Christianity is wholly free from the delusion in question; but simply by reason of the stupidity which in that, as in so many other ways, has perverted the whole course of ecclesiastical teaching. But for the moment turning aside from the confusion imparted to religion and ethics by the complicated misconception referred to, let us concentrate our attention upon its bearing on the dreams of the socialist, most of which avowedly rest on the theory that every human being comes into the world with equal claims on its consideration.

To begin with, those who comprehend the magnificent patience displayed by nature in the gradual growth of a human individuality, know that the process is one which in all cases involves the expenditure of enormous periods of time. This is not an opportunity that could be conveniently made use of for setting out at full length an explanation of the means and methods by which the occultist acquires his knowledge. These can be studied in the vast literature that has gathered round the subject in recent years. But for the moment it will be more convenient to deal with conclusions than with processes and reasons that lead to them. We know that a human ego is first ot all differentiated from previous spiritual conditions in forms of a very primitive order. Subject to reservations which need not be considered in connection with the main course of the argument before us, everyone now living in civilised communities, whether in a lofty or a lowly station, has at some remote period in the past gone through life in presence of what would generally be called savage or barbaric conditions. With attention concentrated simply on the physical aspect of natural phenomena, modern biologists have grasped the idea that the human body is

the product of a very slow and protracted evolution, the earlier stages of which were carried on under conditions very unlike those of modern civilisation. But neither the modern biologist nor the dunder-headed modern theologian have as yet grasped the corresponding idea that the human ego, soul or entity, call it what you like, that which really is the being we have to deal with as we look at a man, has itself been the product of an evolution equally protracted. Of course, that evolution has not been exactly concurrent with the physical evolution of the body. Every-one now living must have a physical pedigree extending backward from son to father (or, what is perhaps more important, from daughter to mother), back through illimitable ages in which years are reckoned by the million rather than by the century. But there is no spiritual identity to be observed along that line of physical descent. Each man, as we look at him, has a spiritual pedigree also, as certainly a fact, could we trace it back, as the other, in the course of which we should find him gradually developing the complicated attributes of intellect and morals of which he is now the accumulation, by virtue of a series of incarnations in bodies adapted by previous development to express his growth at each given stage of his progress. The spiritual pedigree is not a series of naturally linked forms like the pedigrees of modern life, to which such exaggerated importance is attributed. It is a single stream of consciousness, a trace impressed upon the imperishable records of the past, reaching back in an unbroken line to the period when the entity in question first of all emerged from the ocean of an undifferentiated animal life.

At the earlier stages of that huge process he was little qualified to reflect problems of social organization. He was in a condition of mind represented amongst us by that of the child in its cradle opening observant eyes for the first time (as far as that personality is concerned) to the phenomena of nature around. The primitive man although involving in his subtle constitution, potentialities that may relate him later on to the higher planes of existence is for the time being a creature concerned alone with the [illegible] of material facts around him. It is only after all b[illegible]le lives have been spent in that early condition, t[illegible]h we call in their perfection the characteristics of

the intellect begin slowly to accumulate around the nucleus of unintelligent observation. In parenthesis we may observe that amongst the manifold absurdities engendered in modern thought for want of knowledge concerning the true method employed by nature in developing a human ego, none are more ludicrous to the occultist than those that have to do with the commonplace attempt to account for what is called abnormal genius. Such attempts must indeed be grotesque whenever they are built on the ludicrous belief that each human being in every new cradle is a new work of the Creator. Were that so, genius or any abnormal faculty would indeed be an enigma of infinite profundity. But occult science accounts for the genius as readily as for the giant oak tree. The one is no more the growth of yesterday than the other, but the product of protracted evolution, the last stages of which merely represent the perfect result at which the world gazes in wonder, although in its last manifestation it probably impressed a generation that occupied the earth from ten to twenty centuries ago.

Now, coupled with these reflections, in order to obtain an accurate comprehension of modern society, we have to remember that the entities, with which the world is populated at the present moment, have commenced their pilgrimage through incarnation, at periods of time differing not by centuries, but by millions and tens of millions of years. Figures, however dazzling to the imagination, are hardly, it is true, worth using in this connexion, because, however dazzling, they are for the most part inadequate. But, at all events, when the principle is comprehended, the main idea, which it is important to enforce, can be appreciated, if we use none but algebraical symbols for the periods that have to be taken into account.

Let our thoughts take one other departure before their various streams are concentrated on a single point. We are all familiar with the old division of past times into the bronze, the iron, the stone ages. Gently setting aside the beliefs they profess on Sunday, all educated thinkers understand that in remote periods corresponding with certain geological strata, the inhabitants of the world were savages whose most complicated implements had been chipped from one bit of flint by another.

That picture of the past is incomplete, but for the moment it will serve. It is recognised that after the stone age had been going on for an indefinite period, the use of metals gradually supervened, and mankind perfected the arts of mutual destruction by the invention of bows and arrows. No one professes to define the century in which more complicated civilisations first arose, but they are recognised as having arisen at some time or another, and the only serious thought to be found in this very broad conception of human growth, if we consider alone what may be regarded as the current cycle of progress, has to do with the way in which it ignores the manner in which the successive ages overlap each other. Looking at the present population of London, it is certain, considering the magnitude of the population, that some of the entities now in life must have passed through their stone age during an antiquity that is all but unfathomable by thought, while others have emerged from savage conditions in which the stone age was perpetuated here and there in holes and corners of the earth up to a relatively recent period. These need not be thought of as to blame for having so recently been immersed in savage conditions. They are no more to blame than the seedling sown last year is to blame for not being the giant tree, but, as a matter of fact, the seedling is younger than the tree, and the man, lately evolved from earlier races, is younger than he who has lived through myriads of lives since his corresponding emergence. And the younger entity has thus to go through the experiences which the older went through myriads of lives ago, and now for anyone who has been patient enough to follow these converging lines of thought, it will be seen that the inequalities of life are not artificial in their character ; are no more the product, fundamentally and intrinsically, of human selfishness, than the superior condition of the European as such, compared with that of the African pigmy, is explicable by any grasping selfishness of his.

No doubt as soon as this fundamental idea is realised it is necessary to guard it with many qualifications. One need not for an instant deny that social inequalities have been aggravated in their pressure by the arrogance of those in a position to oppress weaker members of the community. At the present age of world whatever opportunities for evil doing are granted to

any sections of the human race, we may be quite sure that multitudes will take advantage of them and exercise their privileges in their widest scope. But these in truth are the excrescences in the social order we have to criticize as we look around. The fundamental fact in a community consisting of those who are engaged in rough manual work, and others who enjoy the privileges of wealth and leisure, is a condition of things arising as inevitably from the operation of Nature's law as the differences of complexion to be observed when viewing mankind in a more comprehensive fashion as we think of it scattered over the two hemispheres. Exceptional conditions apart, the young people are doing the hard work, and the older people taking their rest. No doubt the conception seems terribly inexplicable to those who can look at nothing but the momentary manifestation before them. When the older who are taking their rest are represented, let us say, by the gilded youth of a luxurious aristocracy—the younger, who are doing the work, by the bent forms of aged ploughmen at their toil—the idea we have just presented may seem not a little absurd; but the absurdity lies merely on the surface, and, exceptions apart, which can easily be considered by themselves, it is a simple truth which must be recognised before social theories can be reconciled with reason, that very broadly speaking, those who are born to the inheritance of leisure and privilege, and the opportunities of moral and intellectual culture, are those who are far older in evolution than the humbler classes engaged in manual labour. Their opportunities may be terribly misused, the grand privileges with which they have been endowed grievously neglected, and then in the patient course of the ages they will suffer in their turn for such misuse and neglect, except in so far—poor people—as they are merely victims of the stupid teaching around them, that has blinded their sight to the true nature of their responsibilities.

And, furthermore, it must be recognised (exceptions apart) that the lower classes are broadly, not merely younger, than those more comfortably circumstanced, but less completely endowed with mental qualifications arising from the protracted observation of life in all its varieties. They are bound to grope their way more or less painfully through the experiences of physical

life before reaching the stages at which they can expect to be invested with leisure to digest the accumulations of their experience. This thought properly apprehended need not be held to imply that we are justified in being careless concerning the hardships and privations of the poor. The world at large is still very confused in its thinking, and apt to misunderstand all revelation of superior wisdom in the first instance. Undoubtedly it is the law of nature, as we have shown, that society should be classified and stratified pretty much along the lines that have actually been followed, but it is equally the desire of nature that the progress of those on the lower strata should be promoted in all practicable and reasonable ways by those who have already ascended to the upper levels. If these fail to realise the duty of so doing, so much the worse momentarily for those whom they have neglected, so much the worse more than momentarily, for those who have neglected their appointed tasks. But the help to be rendered should not be of the kind embodied in a meek response to the familiar French epigram "*ôte toi que je m'y mette.*" That is the blustering Radical's sole conception of the way in which socialism should be carried out, and the infinite foolishness it represents engenders in due course the brutal selfishness of the oppressor. But, however contemptible a shape that selfishness may often assume, incarnate wisdom itself would enjoin the superior officer of nature, however ready to be self-denying, to retain his own place and his own authority.

And how is that idea compatible with the generally accepted theory of popular and representative government as the perfection of modern political intelligence?

The question opens up a very wide realm of thought. Few people will deny that the best imaginable government, as far as the results to be attained are concerned, would be that of a perfectly wise and benevolent despot. But as the services of such despots cannot readily be secured, the conventional belief is that democracy affords us the next best system of government, and, at all events, protects mankind from the miseries attending the rule of despots who are neither wise nor benevolent. And that much may be granted even by the philosophical observer. But problems of government are ill-understood unless people can survey the

whole progress of human affairs from periods lying far back behind the records of literary history. There was a time for this world of ours when wise and benevolent despotism really prevailed amongst the young races belonging to civilisations that have long been forgotten, and conditions of social happiness prevailed at such times in consequence, to an extent which has been observed with wonder and delight by those who are capable, by the exercise of unusually perfect faculties of clairvoyance, to look back across the gulfs of time to the periods in question. Under wise and competent control it is wholly unnecessary that any community, whether great or small, should include within its conditions the miseries of poverty and ignorance that modern cities exhibit in such dismal abundance. But guided along the paths of a productive industry like so many docile children, the people of the early age above referred to gained little as regards their interior growth by the untroubled incarnations of the *régime* they enjoyed. We can see that for the progress of the race as a whole, for the progress of each individual entity belonging to it, it was necessary that periods of more strenuous effort, of trial and difficulty should supervene. The disappearance from human affairs of that benevolent despotism so clearly shadowed forth in all the earlier traditions of "divine kings" was inevitable. The human family on the large scale, like the single family growing up to maturity, had to be left to fend for itself, and thus in the great design of nature the idea of popular representative government gradually supervened, not, as the modern enthusiast or radical reformer imagines, because democracy and constitutional government are the best machinery for managing human affairs—the best product of political intelligence—but simply because it was necessary that mankind in the mass, as well as in the individual, should learn wisdom by feeling the consequences of its own blundering.

Bad kings came on the scene in fulfilment of nature's programme to wean mankind from attachment to the royal idea, and undoubtedly in some countries during modern times the conflict of the two systems has shown us democracy engaged in abolishing abuses and defeating the selfishness of oppressors on a lower level than those who represented the degradation of monarchy. A time was in our own country not long since when democracy

broke down much that was indefensable in the institutions of the *régime* immediately preceding it, and its achievements have served in various way to disguise its true character, and to endear its methods to observers sympathising with human suffering, which, if they could only see more clearly, they would recognise, as in many cases, but the product of democracy itself. For the sufferings of the industrial army in its lower ranks are really the price paid for freedom, for individual liberty, for exemption from that stern discipline which could alone protect the idle and improvident from the consequences of their own shortcomings.

The neglect of all these thoughts, the disregard of the principles governing human evolution on a large scale have given rise to all the amiable delusions of the modern socialist. Turn to Miss Clapperton's volume referred to above, immeasurably superior in its intellectual value to good Count Tolstoy's incoherent raving. Its whole drift is dictated, so far as it is concerned with economic problems, by a misapprehension of the causes that have given rise to the evils the authoress proposes to combat. She observes a condition in which the proletariat carries on its back, as Sindbad carried the Old Man of the Sea, the rich classes with their innumerable dependents, the army, the navy, the paupers, the criminals, the Royal Family, and the Government officials. "Slavery of the many for the comfort and enjoyment of the few," that is what humanity has attained to, so far, in the evolution of society. That is in reality the result accruing to society from the withdrawal of benevolent despotism and the transfer of power to the multitude.

Free scope is given in this way to the operation of individual selfishness. The vast differences in human capacities ensure the triumph of the selfishness which is most intelligent. The freedom of all enables those who can, to get the better of their neighbours, and in truth "the slavery of the many for the comfort and enjoyment of the few" is the ultimate product of leaving the many in control of their own affairs. This does not mean that the social evils of the present period are to be borne as inevitable. We need not be denied the hope that as loftier wisdom prevails the few will [redacted] to realise that responsibility attaches itself to privilege. By the many, who will never really have the guidance of

affairs except in stormy periods of revolution, will be guarded by the wiser few from the consequences of their own blundering, and in the spirally cyclic progress of mankind, conditions of Government, somewhat resembling the benevolent despotisms of old, will return to us in a modernised condition. But the Socialist, who imagines that by democratic methods this merciful change will be accomplished, reminds one of the German story concerning the bear who can think of but one was of combating an enemy. Scorched by a hot stove, the only thing that occurs to him to do is to hug it more vehemently. Just so the modern democrat, distressed by the spectacle of the human trouble that has really accrued from the vagaries of popular liberty, conceives that the only hope of the future resides in giving the populace more liberty still. Miss Clapperton presents the Socialist case with unusual force, because with unusual moderation, but the answer is the same whether the complaint is couched in dignified language or in the rougher terms with which we are more familiar. "The extremity of contrast between rich and poor," we now read, "has no ethical justification. Why should one baby be born to an income of one hundred thousand a year and another to a constant struggle for a bare existence?" For an ethical justification of nature's ways we may sometimes search in vain, but an explanation of the contrasts referred to above will readily be discerned in the laws of nature by the occult student. Inequalities of condition are as naturally ordained as inequalities of climate, and when in communities like ours they are sometimes grotesquely exaggerated, that has been the direct outcome of human folly mismanaging its own freedom. For the occult student the hope of the future resides entirely in the growth of that wisdom already dawning amongst the few, and in the absolute and unreserved abandonment of the Socialist's fantastic dream!

AN OCCULT STUDENT.

WISDOM IN WEDLOCK.

A MODERN VIEW OF THE MATRIMONIAL PROBLEM.

AVERAGE READER *(indignantly)*: Good heavens! Not another paper on this eternal topic, surely?

WRITER *(blandly)*: I quite understand your feelings, but in the present case you have brought it on yourself.

A. R.: And how, pray?

W.: Why, whenever you have come across any would-be marriage reformer, either in the flesh or in print, have you not invariably, after hearing what he had to say against the present system, challenged him to produce a better one? Even when you have grudgingly admitted that marriage as now constituted is far from being a general success, have you not always wound up with the triumphant assertion that any other system "wouldn't work?" Indeed, this phrase, together with another culled from Madame Sarah Grand about "the morals of the poultry yard," constitutes your whole defensive armour against the shafts of the Reformer. Of course, I quite understand that, in challenging the world to devise a better system of marriage you have not the slightest wish to be taken at your word; you have only adopted what you consider the readiest way of stopping your opponent from pounding you with unpleasant truths. For, of course, it is not pleasant to be told that the present system of sexual relations causes an immense amount of wholly needless suffering, and is largely responsible for a lowering of the whole——

A. R.: Well, if it's not pleasant, do you think you are going the right way to make me finish your precious paper ?

W.: A thousand pardons ! I was carried away by the sequence of ideas; it was all the fault of my pen being too full. But I will gladly omit what I was going to say, since I see from the fact of your interrupting me that you knew it all before; and I will come at once to the main part of my task, which is to lay before you a scheme of marriage which I think might answer for certain temperaments better than the scheme generally in vogue in the world to-day. But at the outset I beg you to keep before your mind that it is only for some people that any change in the established order is necessary. Possibly the majority are satisfied with the present state of things—though, personally, I do not think they are—but in any case I urge that there is a minority to whom our marriage system is not adapted, that these people are by no means the worst members of the community, and that their numbers are increasing every year. I do not think it is hard to find the reason for this—it is the growth of Individualism. At a low stage of development neither men nor women offer any prominent characteristics to distinguish them from other men or other women; and so, to put the matter crudely, any average elementary man can marry any average elementary woman with a reasonable prospect of happiness for both parties. But with higher development come tastes, ideas, refinements, mental subtleties of all kinds, with their attendant periods of ecstasy or agony; and thenceforward it is not a question of any man or any woman, but only those who are attuned to the same key, that dare enter on the terrible intimacy of married life. Here we have touched on the point which more than any other has deterred, and is every day deterring, many of the best men and women from marrying. To anyone with the merest rudiments of spirituality, a certain amoun of solitude is a daily necessity; it amounts to a mental torture to have anyone, however dear, about his board and about his bed, and spying out all his ways. In modern marriage a man and his wife, on all but the few top rungs of the social ladder, may be said to be welded rather than wedded; not from choice, poor souls, but because custom will have it so. To such a pitch is the absurdity carried that in certain middle-class circles, even when a

man and his wife are barely civil to each other, it is considered a slight to invite one of them without the other; and this despite the obvious fact that a husband and wife are almost invariably better company when apart—as indeed are any two people who live together. Whether they are devotedly attached to each other or bitterly hostile, they are equally ill-adapted to "make things go"; while as for the large intermediate class of the habitually married, who has not suffered from the wife who spoils her husband's best story, or interrupts him just when he is growing interesting over some reminiscence? Who has not felt sorry for the wife whose high spirits or innocent flirtation have vanished before the marital frown from over the table? Unless two married people are on quite exceptional terms, they never go out to dinner together without each of them reserving at least a fraction of his or her attention for what the other is saying or doing, with a view to subsequent explanations on the way home. Even where they have settled down into an entirely harmonious relationship, it is almost invariably a mistake for them to be asked together, this state of harmony being generally the outcome of the over-mastering personality of one of the two, which has had the effect of reducing the other for all conversational purposes to a mere reflection of alien sentiments; so that to ask them together amounts to no more than asking one of them in duplicate—and few hosts or hostesses are so fond of symmetry as to regard that as desirable. In other cases the weaker nature, lacking even the energy to become the echo of the stronger, lapses altogether into a contemplative and imperturbable speechlessness, begotten it may be of deep internal peace, but hardly tending to the enlivening of society. In short, in the great majority of cases, a man and wife to appear at their best must go out, like the two little dolls in the old-fashioned weather-glass, on different days.

A. R.: Yes, but I say, you know, that's being done more and more every year. If you have inveigled me into reading your paper only to dish up a commonplace idea like that, I look on you as nothing short of a fraud.

W.: My dear Sir, the thin end of the wedge is bound to be commonplace, or there will be no chance of inserting it; but if you can bear with me a few minutes longer, I will try to drive

the principle a little further home. For I quite agree with you that the mere custom of going about separately is not nearly enough relaxation of the marriage bond for some natures. I need not touch on the revolting custom of two people occupying, as a matter of course, the same room night after night from year's end to year's end, for thanks to the spread of cleaner ideas, and the contact with nations more civilised than our own, this foolish and indecent habit is rapidly being left to those who like it; but apart from this, it is for poor humanity a terrible strain to be confronted for the rest of one's life with the same face at the breakfast table, to find the same person with the same greeting or the same grievance on one's return to dinner, never to know in one's own home the joys of solitude, or, what all who love wisely have learnt to value, the sweetness of missing what one loves most. It is not each other's company which proves so irritating to many married people, it is the inevitableness of that company. As if there were not enough points on which daily life is bound to be monotonous, without spoiling that most beautiful of all human compensations, companionship, degrading it from its birthright as a matter of favour to the meaner level of human nature's daily food; regarding it in much the same spirit as we regard the sunrise or our health, matters of course, which call for no extravagant display of gratitude! In countless ways we are compelled to make each day an almost exact copy of its fellows; we cannot vary our dress or our toilet, or even our food to any considerable extent, but it is quite possible to vary indefinitely the company in which we eat it. What an amazing thing it is that two people, who presumably value each other above all the rest of the world, should give themselves so little chance of keeping up their illusions, should ruthlessly degrade the finest of their feelings, trampling them beneath the iron heel of the Habitual! Surely he was a wise man as well as a perfect epicure who took for his motto *Ni jamais ni toujours.* If this be so—and those who have felt it will know that it is, while those who have not will probably never get as far as this paragraph—it is obvious that in a more highly developed community a husband and wife will never live under the same roof.

A. R.: But I protest! I shouldn't like that at all—neither would my wife for the matter of that.

W.: I take it that you and your wife get on well together.

A. R.: Oh yes! Admirably on the whole. Of course we have rows every now and then and try and make things uncomfortable for each other, but it soon blows over, for really we are very fond of each other at bottom.

W.: Yes, that is the worst of it.

A. R.: What on earth do you mean by that?

W.: I have generally noticed that those people who are quite fond of one another at bottom are apt to let very little of their fondness appear at the top. I suppose their affection is like the sand in an hour glass; there is only enough to fill one partition at a time, so when the bottom one is full, the top is necessarily empty. But this is beside the point. I want to make a suggestion for those people who are not satisfied with the present conditions of matrimony. Of course, there are thousands of men who ask for nothing more than a housekeeper and a bedfellow, just as there are thousands of women who are willing to act in both capacities for any decent man who will marry and keep them. But there is, as I said before, an increasingly large class who think that marriage should contain a good deal more than this, as well as a good deal less; and it is in the interests of these people that I am venturing to propose that married people should have separate homes, whether houses, flats, chambers or what not. Of course, there is nothing to prevent each of them inviting the other to stay for a certain number of days or even weeks; but at the end of the time the guest will return to his own fireside, and (let us hope) wish himself back again with the other. For to miss the company of those we love is not wholly a pain, but to be unable to rid ourselves of uncongenial society is torture undiluted.

A. R. (*angrily*): I wish you would keep your confounded antitheses to yourself. I am not going to be convinced of the workableness of your scheme by epigrams.

W.: No, nor by anything else. Surely you have found out by this time that there is only one source of conviction, and that is experience. Argument proves nothing to anyone: if the conclusion does not coincide with what he has learnt by his own life, he will

simply brush all logic aside with the unanswerable formula, "I don't think so."

A. R.: Then what good are you hoping to do with your paper?

W.: Certainly not to prove anything: but merely to suggest to those people who are suffering under the ordinary system of marriage, or who dread embarking on it, a way in which they may get the best out of that institution without running the risk of breaking their hearts or spoiling their lives.

A. R.: I suppose you see you are assailing the very basis of society—the family.

W.: I suppose I am. But I am too old to be frightened with words. Family life is an admirable thing so long as it is a voluntary union, but where it acts as a hindrance to the friendship which would otherwise exist between people, it is time a little common-sense were used as a solvent. Patience and self-control no doubt are virtues which it is highly desirable that everyone should acquire; but surely they may be learnt in some other circle than the home. And quite apart from marriage, the family life lasts a great deal too long for the children. The patriarchial system was all very well in the early stages of society, when union was the only strength, and the conscience was collective rather than individual, but surely it is monstrous that at the present day there should be women of 40 and 50 living at home with a quarterly dress allowance and no latch-key; that there should be men of like age still living as guests under the roofs of their parents, who never seem to realize that the children they used to smack have now grown up—as, indeed, thanks to their surroundings, they probably have not. Can it be wondered at that women marry simply "to get away from home," or that men fly to London or Timbuctoo or anywhere where they can fend and fight for themselves, living as men rather than tame cats? Why, even among birds the parents have sense enough to bundle the little ones out of the nest as soon as they are old enough to fly. I should like to render it penal for any parent to stint his sons' or daughters' growth by keeping them at home after they are of age. However, all this is a digression; but please do not imagine I make a fetish of the family or consider it offers any obstacle to the adoption of my scheme.

A. R.: But the children? Have you forgotten them? Or, perhaps there are not to be any children in your ridiculous establishments.

W.: Of course there are; indeed, it is as much in the interests of the children as the parents that I am proposing this scheme. There is no better atmosphere in which children can be brought up than love; everything which helps to keep their parents, in the best sense of the term, "in love" with each other will help to foster the dawning affections of the young, just as the children will inevitably be affected by any coldness or hostility which the parents may show towards each other. In their early years the children will, of course, live with the mother and be regarded as her property. Nowhere is the iniquity of the English law more manifest than in the view it takes of this question. Physiologists may not yet have determined whether the father or the mother has the preponderating influence in the physical and mental formation of a child, but the merest rudiments of justice would determine that, so far as there can be property in a human being, the child should belong to that parent who has endured months of pain and peril to give it birth. From the time the children are old enough to go to school their disposal can be a matter of arrangement between the parents, who naturally will continue on terms of the closest intimacy so long as they both wish it.

A. R. (*interrupting*): Ha! but suppose one wishes it and the other doesn't, what then?

W.: When the world gets a little more civilised, and self-respect is practised as well as preached, such a state of things will be impossible. It will be quite enough for a man to know that his attentions are unwelcome for him to cease to offer them. And in that case the fact that he and his wife are already living in separate homes will make their new relationship—not necessarily an unfriendly one—a good deal easier to adopt. Most husbands and wives who wish to change the rôle of lovers for that of friends find the alteration hampered by the mere externals of their domestic life, often to such an extent that the alteration is never [redacted]—to the degradation of both of them. But to come back [redacted]hildren, of whom I was speaking when you interrupted

me, so long as the parents continue on friendly terms the father will see as much of them as he wishes; should those friendly terms come to an end—a very unlikely event where the friction of inevitable intercourse is avoided—it is highly desirable that the children should see as little as possible of a parent who cannot avoid quarrelling with their mother.

A. R.: And who is to pay for the upkeep of these two establishments?

W.: I have been waiting for that. But first of all let me congratulate you on having kept the financial question so long in the background; it really looks as if you were willing to admit that money is not the main point to consider in marriage, and in a mercenary age like the present that argues an amount of unconventionality which gives me a lively hope of your ultimate conversion. For to be quite frank, you have hit on the weak spot in my scheme. It is curious, by the way, that trait in the average Englishman; you put before him an elaborate scheme involving tremendous issues, political, social, moral or what not, and beyond a vague feeling of irritation that anyone should want to play pranks with the existing order of things, he is incapable of making a single criticism that is not puerile; but if his pocket is affected he all at once becomes possessed of almost abnormal intelligence, and with unerring accuracy puts his finger on the weak link in your chain. I suppose the secret is that he has really studied how to make money, but has allowed a knowledge of politics, sociology and ethics to instil itself into his brain if it cared to do so as he went along, which naturally it very seldom did. Anyhow, you are right in supposing that it costs more to keep up two establishments than one; or to put it in another way, if one establishment can be run with a certain degree of comfort or luxury, two establishments maintained for the same sum will have to be managed on somewhat simpler lines. But in practice this objection will probably not prove a great obstacle; the people who are too highly evolved to be willing to live a lifetime together under the same roof are not likely to be people whose standard of luxury is very high. The class whose incomes are so small that they really cannot afford to keep up two set of rooms, however modest, are in fact the very last class who would wish to do so—

they would indeed probably think anyone insane who could suggest such an idea. While as for the average everyday man and woman, to whom money means a good deal, it will always be in their power to choose the way in which they will spend their money—whether, in fact, the seclusion they will get by living in separate houses is worth the sacrifice of the greater show they can make by living in one.

A. R.: Then you don't propose to alter the present economic basis of marriage?

W.: Certainly not, so far as this present scheme is concerned. No doubt in time that will be revised, like everything else, from the translation of the Bible to the British constitution, but all I am now aiming at is to make it possible for a greater number of married people to live in wedded happiness than can do so at present, to increase in fact the number of happy homes.

A. R.: But you don't want any legislation to do that.

W.: Of course not. It cannot be done by legislation. The great obstacle to reform is not the apathy of the legislature but the timidity of the public. That is the reason why all attempts to alter the law of a country are futile so long as public opinion is against them. The first thing is to get people to think, to evolve theories of life for themselves, and to have the courage to put them in practice. Of course they will have to pay for it—all pioneers have to pay for the privilege of leading—but if the social experiment turns out a success the sheep of humanity will not be very long before they adopt it, though they will probably have too much proper pride to forgive the pioneers.

A. R.: And so you are conceited enough to suppose you can persuade poople to adopt your ridiculous system of separate homes?

W.: Good heavens, no! I am not so foolish. Nothing will ever persuade people, as I said before, but their own experience. All that I have ever dreamt of doing was to make it a little easier for those people who have evolved the same scheme as myself to put it into practice.

A. R.: Humph! I very much doubt whether anyone else—

outside Bedlam—*has* evolved the same scheme. I don't want to be hard on you, for I can see you are in earnest about it, but, frankly, I think I can tell you what will be the opinion of all reasonable men and women who read your paper.

W.: And that will be ——?

A. R.: Simply that your scheme wouldn't work.

C. B. WHEELER.

PASSING EVENTS.

ONE hoped better things from Professor Darwin in connection with the meeting of the British Association in South Africa. The address he delivered at Cape Town on the 16th is sadly below the level of interest generally attained by presidential addresses of that kind. Naturally enough it has mainly been concerned with speculations arising out of the radium discoveries, but it does little more than review the familiar facts,—or guesses?—arrived at so far, and but for one suggestion of curiously small intellectual value, the address is not alone an old story for the scientific audience to which it was addressed, but in truth contains nothing which is otherwise than utterly familiar to every newspaper reader of scientific tastes.

And graver charges may be brought against Prof. Darwin's address than those which merely have to do with the fact that it is dull. He attempts, as a tribute, so to speak, to the name he bears, to evoke from the studies of radio-activity and the electron, a theory of evolution as applied to the inorganic world which shall correspond in some degree to that which his illustrious father developed in connection with biology. He thinks that an idea parellel to that embodied in the phrase "natural selection," may be applied to the evolution of the atom. Recognising now that the atoms of chemical elements are to be regarded as made up of some large, as yet unascertained numbers of electrons, Prof. Darwin suggests that some of these may have assumed a condition of stable equilibrium, while others have failed to achieve this condition and therefore become by degrees extinct. A kind of natural selection is discerned in the continued life of the stable elements.

The conception itself stands upside down as compared with the biological theory with which it is supposed to correspond, because it is certainly opposed to plausibility to imagine that while the process of constructing the chemical elements is going forward, Nature begins with the construction of those that are most complex instead of beginning in the obvious way with those of the simplest forms. And this thought leads us to appreciate one of the most serious shortcomings of the present address: its entire disregard of that infinitely superior and more scientific theory concerning the origin of inorganic matter put before the world as far back as 1887 by Sir William Crookes. The theory then evolved is known to all scientific students under the title given to it by its author "the Genesis of the Elements," and that really was a brilliant feat of scientific imagination, long before the discoveries which now facilitate speculation along these lines, were made. Sir William Crookes imagined a previous state of matter from which matter, as we know it, in the form of the chemical elements was evolved. This previous state of matter he described as "protyle," leaving it quite uncertain as to what period in universal creation it belonged to. But whenever the genesis of the elements began, then, he supposed, two mighty forces were put in operation, one continuous in its effect and perhaps to be regarded as analogous to cooling,—although at that date it may have been difficult to regard protyle as sufficiently advanced along the evolution leading to physical matter to be itself susceptible of heat,—the other great force, necessarily hypothetical at the time because probably outside the range of those with which as yet science is familiar, was supposed to operate in a pendulous or cyclic spiral. And each great swing of this force gave rise to a series of elements generally emphasising some peculiar characteristic. For the moment it would be inconvenient to attempt the complete explanation of the theory. For those unfamiliar with it it would be necessary to furnish diagrams and to explain many of the chemical and electrical properties of the elements. But, at all events, without waiting to understand it thoroughly, anyone may understand the significance of one result which ensues from it. The elements of lightest atomic weight are represented as evolving first, and, as a

matter of fact, those of the lighter atomic weights (corresponding with the idea of the simplest interior structure) are those which are required to build up the commoner rocks constituting the earth's surface. Next in order of atomic weight, and presumably of evolution, we find the procession of elements required for building up the vehicles of animal and vegetable life. Far later in the series we arrive at the denser metals, and by a little expansion of the Crookes' theory in the light of modern experiences with radium, we can imagine that Nature, proceeding with the construction of more and more complicated atoms, eventually overstepped the limit of stability, and in giving birth to radium produced an atom which involved in its constitution the liability to spontaneous disintegration.

It is for reasons which this brief summary will render obvious, that Prof. Darwin's theory of natural selection amongst the inorganic elements will present itself to minds familiar with the earlier speculation, as putting the whole conception upside down.

Apart from the incomprehensible omission from the address before us of all reference to the Crookes' theory, it sins against some of the most recognised principles of science by stating as established facts conjectures connected with electrons which certainly do not as yet rest upon any secure foundation. Certainly other physicists beside Prof. Darwin are working with the hypothesis that the electron is an atom of negative electricity. And applying ingenious mathematics to this notion, Prof. J. J. Thomson has interpreted the construction of physical atoms in a manner which is so intellectually pretty that it has captured many imaginations. But it suggests the applicability to the case in point of one sound remark put forward in the course of Prof. Darwin's address, to the effect that theories sometimes may be provisionally helpful even though in the long run they have to be recognized as unsound. The probability that the electron will ultimately be recognized as a particle of physical matter,—probably the finest particle that can exist as such,—bearing a charge of negative electricity will probably be vindicated by the time the phenomena of radioactivity shall have undergone study for a few years more.

SUPPOSE that a newspaper, representing, at all events, in its own opinion, the highest culture of the age, should publish an article, entitled "Our Ignorance Concerning China," and beginning with the broad assertion "We know nothing whatever about China," should proceed to speculate concerning the possible significance of allusions to China embodied in the writings of Marco Polo. An article of that kind would seem a little out of date in the estimation of most readers, but it would be precisely on similar lines with one published in the *Spectator* a week or two ago, entitled "Our Ignorance Concerning the Next World." This grotesque and ridiculous composition begins with the dogmatic statement "We know nothing whatever concerning the next World," and the rest of the paper is made up of such vague speculation as we might have imagined a fairly intelligent person deriving, 300 years ago, from a study of the Scriptures.

Now the simple truth is, that for the last 50 years a body of literature has been accumulating on the subject of the next world, inspired by thousands of contributors already living in that world and availing themselves of such means of communication as our progress—our slow progress—in the study of Occult Science has enabled them to employ. The fact that the literature of spiritualism includes a good deal of highly untrustworthy narrative, conflicts no more with the broad position that great masses of it are approximately trustworthy than—to use a very familiar illustration—the occasional appearance of a forged bank note conflicts with the sound general belief that many good ones are also in circulation. A host of distinguished men connected with scientific work and the higher branches of literature, have been from time to time engaged in accumulating and weighing the value of all this information. And within recent years distinct progress has been made in the expansion and education of certain human faculties, which—although their possessors are few compared with the multitudes who do not possess them—are fairly frequent in the present day, and contribute in a very important degree towards clearing up the information concerning the next world, which we receive from those already in presence of its conditions.

It is unnecessary with such a text as this ludicrous display of ignorance or wilful folly in the *Spectator*, to go at length into the

great subject which modern occult research has opened out before us. For many thousands of intelligent inquirers in this country, for millions taking the world all over, the conditions of life in the next world are so well understood as to rob the change called "death," of almost all its terrors, of all indeed for those passing on, however impossible at the present stage of human development it may be to neutralize the pain that death must so often inflict upon those that are left behind. Such cases as that of the late Frederick Meyers,—whose death-bed letters glowed with enthusiastic interest in the prospects of the journey he was about to undertake,—in the fullest confidence concerning its destination,—illustrate the attitude of mind which Spiritualism with all its imperfections has been the magnificent means of evoking amongst its myriad followers, ever since it established amongst us the broad positions which render that next world, of which the pedantic ignoramus of the *Spectator* knows "nothing whatever," almost a "pays de connaissance."

In the papers of last month some of us may have read the sad little story of Mrs. Higgs. A Shoreditch coroner found her lying dead from starvation in a miserable room somewhere in the Kingsland region, where no traces of money or food could be discovered. The most conspicuous object was a notice to quit from the landlord, who desired her to leave at once as "I don't wish to send our men to put your things outside." From the dead woman's 14 year old child some of the facts of her later life were ascertained. The father died some months ago, and except for some minute earnings by the mother, the child's salary of 2s. 6d. a week, was all the two of them and two younger sisters had to live upon. If imagination is allowed to evoke the details that culminate in such little tragedies as this, the pictures created are almost as horrible to look at as those concerned with the physical tortures of the ages, commonly supposed in comparison with our own, to be dark. And four or five cases have recently been noticed in the papers, probably but a few of those which a more exhaustive search would have revealed, in which people have either died of want or have chosen the short road of suicide as the only escape

from the miseries of destitution. Men of the working class have actually killed themselves within the last few weeks by reason of being unable to obtain the work which would have yielded them a simple subsistence. It is easy, and often perhaps justifiable, to assume that the loafer of the streets is suffering for his own sins, destitute, by reason of moral worthlessness, but it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that in this country, where the theory is that a poor law protects every one from absolute starvation, and where at all events stupendous sums are collected by rate payers, too often ill qualified to provide them, with the view of giving effect to the theory,—nevertheless the administration of the vast sums thus collected is somehow so ill-managed that the people whom the ratepayers would be most anxious to relieve, are exactly those who simply starve to death rather than accept the public charity which it is their right to claim.

Of course, the subject is saturated with difficulty. The workhouse rendered too attractive would pauperise millions, perhaps, who at present are stung to exert themselves on their own behalf. Yet after all allowances have been made along these lines of thought, the fact remains that the gulf between the theory and practice of the poor law is so profound that the actual system stands self-condemned, even though few of us might be able to provide a cut and dried scheme that would work better. The truth, of course, is that no single scheme within the limits of our current civilisation could be expected to answer successfully. While the ignorant masses of the people are left in the enjoyment of that personal liberty so dear to the Liberal politician of our period, economic confusion must prevail throughout these masses which no superficial treatment can possibly cure. It would be perfectly possible not merely to insure the whole community against the possibility of individual starvation or want, but to make sure that none would be without the decent comforts of life, provided intelligent authorities above were armed with the means of enforcing obedience throughout. Poverty and its deadliest privations constitute the price paid by civilisation for individual liberty, and laws far wiser than are likely to emanate from a faction ridden legislature would be required even to keep down to a minimum the sufferings that individual liberty must bring in its

train. Still even to such crude and clumsy organisations as County Councils and Parochial Boards such cases as those of Mrs. Higgs are ignominiously disgraceful.

ONE is inclined to wonder why Sir Gorel Barnes conceived that a certain divorce case of elementary simplicity lately tried before him ought not to have been heard in private. The case in question belonged to that common order that might be described by a simple algebraical expression,—*a versus a'* + *b*, where *a'* is of course a lady who has found sufficient reason for allying herself with *b* rather than with the original *a*. A time will probably come, as intelligence gradually colours the proceedings of the divorce court, when *a'* in every such case, will be transferred to the other side of the equation as a simple matter of business when she applies to the future office in Somerset House, where such arrangements will be registered. In other words, when the conventions which, in ecclesiastical interests, have been associated with the marriage contract are apperciated at their proper value, the all-important principle will be recognized that no woman should be constrained to remain the unwilling companion of an uncongenial man, when she might see a way to rearrange her life on a more satisfactory basis. The large majority of the *a versus a'* + *b* cases, would disappear from the records of the courts altogether by one great reform in the law, which would invest every woman with the right to claim a divorce if she chose, with or without reason designed. Obviously the same privilege could not be accorded to the man. But there is something abominably horrible in the notion of a woman chained in marriage (with all that represents), to a man whose companionship, etc., has become repugnant to her. The case especially suggesting these remarks, although dozens of others might serve the purpose as well,—is of elementary simplicity. No mighty tragedies were involved, but the lady speaks of the sort of life she has been leading for some years as intolerable, while the "*b*" in her case is almost on good terms with *a*, and suggests that if divorce proceedings can be taken at once "it will be better all round to make a fresh start."

Yet in presence of these simple circumstances the jury, doubtless guided by the judge, was perverse enough to fine *b* £1000 as damages, and for some unfathomable reason, although *a* was anxious to be accommodating and not to create unnecessary scandal, the judge insisted on having the case reported, declaring "that it was very advantageous that such cases should be heard in court." The only advantage that other people will be likely to see in connection with the open hearing is that which the judge certainly had not in view. The more these cases are thought of by people, taking a clear sighted view of human relationships, the more likely we are to approach the time when the simple *a* + *b* cases will be disposed of by a clerk in a public office and the costs limited, let us say, to a 5s. stamp on a certificate of registration.

As a comprehensive criticism on pulpit eloquence, one could hardly wish for one more direct and explicit than that incidentally put forward at a recent meeting of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association, by the distinguished physician whose personality is so familiar to frequenters of the Royal Institution, Sir James Crichton Brown. He conceived that the clergy would be much better employed in teaching the first principles of sanitation than "in preaching silly sermons." Some of the clergy might conceivably argue that another alternative presents itself, of which they take advantage by preaching instructive sermons. But many wearied listeners (denied the privilege of commanding sleep at will) will probably find Sir James' criticism echoing in sympathetic breasts.

But at all events some representatives of the clergy can eclipse the silliness of their sermons by their doings out of the pulpit. The vicar of a parish in Cornwall (St. Crantock's) is described by the papers as having lately shut up his church, except during actual service, on account of the "irreverent" habits of the women in the neighbourhood, who have been guilty, it seems, in some cases of entering the building without any covering on their heads other than that provided by nature. Few modern practices, caricaturing some ancient prescription, are more idiotic than the rule which obliges women to wear in church the

garment which another prescription obliges men to remove. On the strength of an *obiter dictum* assigned to St. Paul, the ridiculous theory that in church women must appear with hats of some sort, has acquired the force of an eleventh commandment amongst all adherents to the religion of respectability. Although outrageously offensive to the extent of giving rise to painful scenes at theatrical *matinées* the monstrous picture hat of the period is the one female garment which, in the estimation of the vicar of St. Crantock's, is absolutely indispensable. He is horrified, his announcement tells us, that women "should presume to enter God's house with no signs of reverence or modesty upon their heads." The elevation of the picture hat into the condition of a symbol of modesty, is an incidental consequence of the notice under review, which is only in one degree less ludicrous than the perpetuation in the present day of female fashions prescribed by an early Christian saint a couple of thousand years ago.