BROAD VIEWS.

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1905. No. 22.

THE LINGERING OF COERCION IN IRELAND.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED TURNER, K.C.B.

TOWARDS the close of the recent sterile session the House of Commons was engaged with the treatment of expiring Bills, which had either to be allowed to lapse and become non-existent, or else to be renewed and invested with revived authority. For the most part the proceedings were scarcely of a kind to claim attention; but in one case, the matter in hand, discussed unfortunately after midnight, and, therefore, but very meagrely reported and made known, would if it were understood in its full sense excite deep interest and widespread indignation in Great Britain among all persons of level head, equable judgment and common sense, who are not under the heel of a small but demonstrative party, in the North of Ireland, whose unchangeable battle cry is "Protestant ascendancy," and to meet the views of whom,—an infinitesimal minority of the people of Ireland,—the administration of that country is mostly conducted.

The question put to the House was, whether the Arms Act, by virtue of which the Irish Government takes power to proclaim certain districts and makes it a crime to possess or carry arms within them, should be consigned to non-existence or should be renewed, to the infinite irritation of the inhabitants of the banned districts in particular, and of the whole of the Irish people in general, excepting of course the above-mentioned favoured few. The Irish

nationalist members fought stoutly and bravely for their countrymen, and Mr. Healey scored effectively when, alluding to a promise made by the Tory Government that the Arms Act should not be renewed if the country remained free from crime; he referred to the table at which the ministers stand when addressing the House as a great receptacle of truth, compared with which Mount Ararat and other places where eternal truth was uttered sank into insignificance. The cheers and laughter of the House showed how Mr. Healey had thrust home.

All, however, was in vain. A sense of justice was not to be looked for from the ministerial benches; the opportunity of removing that which is a real grievance to Ireland was contemptuously set aside, and the Government, upon this occasion amply supported by its latterly indifferent and somewhat recalcitrant followers, secured a respectable majority, which decreed that Ireland should still smart under an injustice, which no Government would dare to suggest should be applied to any portion of England, Wales or Scotland, or our free colonies.

By virtue of this Act, a few weeks ago, the police visited the houses of the tenants of the de Fresne Estate, where extensive evictions were being, or had been, carried out, and seized a number of guns, which are stated to have been mostly worn-out obsolete and incapable of being fired. Such acts of objectless tyranny would be ludicrous owing to the dense stupidity of their inception, were it not for the resentment of the victims, which is produced by such deeds, and which is spread more or less all over Ireland.

The matter, though of no great intrinsic moment in itself, is especially important at the present time, as showing the inequality of treatment meted out to Ireland, when a fearless body of men are advocating and working for the "wretched, rotten, sickening policy of conciliation," as an Ulster Member of Parliament characteristically described it in the House of Commons. Such well intentioned and excellent efforts, however, like those of Mr. George Wyndham, to bring about peace and good-will between the majority of the Irish people and the rest of the Empire, in spite of Land Acts, Local Government Acts,

Agricultural and Technical Education Acts, can never be a *fait accompli*, while the feeling exists in Ireland that its majority is regarded as an inferior and subject race by the Government of the country, to be ruled according to the ideas of a bigoted and narrow-minded minority, and in a manner which savours of childish malignity and spite.

Far be it from me to underrate the value of ameliorative measures, which have been passed by Parliament in favour of Ireland. One may well ask oneself, why such acts which, introduced in the last ten years, have apparently indicated the determination of the rulers of Great Britain to do justice to and remove the grievances of Ireland, have not had the effect of abolishing, or at all events, of greatly reducing the dislike and suspicion of England, which has existed in the minds of the majority of Irishmen for centuries. The answer is an easy one. *Timeo Dandos et dona ferentes*, says the Irishman who has been deceived by dust thrown in his eyes by the Government, far too often to place much credence in the new heaven and new earth which is so often, mirage-like, suspended before his vision. He knows also too well that most concessions made to his country are the result of ebullitions of discontent, which, however pressed down by force, will rise to the surface from time to time "to show that still she lives," and take the form of agitation, greater or smaller, as the case may be. These outbursts of popular sentiment invariably result in some concession, which naturally the Irishman takes to be due to his own astuteness and timely agitation. Needless, however, to say, he is not inspired with any overpowering or marked sentiments of gratitude to those who concede, as he considers, not from any leaning towards his country or affection towards his race, but because such concessions are wrung out of his opponents through his own efforts, are bestowed grudgingly, and of necessity for the most part, and would not be given at all if he did not make things uncomfortable. I suppose no one who pretends to know anything of Ireland will venture to assert that had the Irish people, *i.e.*, the majority, been contented to remain in the position of the serfs of Russia, which they occupied not so very many years ago, and had not evinced themselves, in many ways, formerly by force, now legitimately by means of their Parliamentary representatives, they

would have been in the comparatively favourable position which they occupy to-day.

Not long ago I met a prominent Member of the Irish Party, with whom I have long been acquainted, and asked him how matters were going with Ireland. He replied, "Excellently—you see that when the Tory party is in office our people only have to agitate a bit, and then off goes another slice from their friends, the landlords!" A high compliment to the astute opportunism of the Ministry then in office, if not to their loyalty to their friends in Ireland, who are thrown remorselessly overboard, to stay for a while the inevitable and immutable course of the oncoming foe. Poor landlords! how infinitely better would have been their position to-day if a quarter of a century ago they had accepted the invitation of Charles Stewart Parnell and had joined with him in insisting upon Ireland's right to autonomy as far as regarded her own affairs. No Parliament would have withstood such a movement. But no, in such a case that poor shredded ray of Protestant ascendency would not have had enough canvas left on its bare pole to act even as a scarecrow, and the self imagined conquering race would have had to acknowledge themselves openly, as on a level with those they regarded as the conquered.

It passeth the wit of man to imagine, why, having conceded to agitation and given way in matters of serious moment, step after step, usually to the detriment of its friends, the Unionist Government should persist in perpetually irritating the Irish people by means of contemptible pin-prickings, such as the enforcement of the Arms Act, which are not in the slightest degree necessary, and which in the minds of the people affected, entirely undo the effect of and choke any gratitude, which might otherwise arise from amelioratory measures. These annoyances can only be due to the desire to show that "resolute government" still exists, though its allotted term of twenty years has passed, and as a sop to the Ulster party.

Ireland is, as Mr. Walter Long, the present Chief Secretary, is stated to have acknowledged, free from crime; secret societies, outrage and murder are things of the past, and though by no means contented she only works to her end by means so legitimate,

that no reasonable person should complain of them. There is no more justification for the recent measures as regards firearms, than there would be for similar procedure in London, far less than there would be in many districts in England where poachers sally forth in gangs, to shoot gamekeepers and others, who interfere with them in the pursuit of their quarry.

Of late, as Lord Dunraven points out in his pamphlet, "The Crisis in Ireland," a certain section of Unionists have been favouring the public with a grossly exaggerated picture of the condition of Ireland, which tends to give the impression that that country is seething with crime. These statements are the result of gross ignorance or are made to suit the ends of the speakers. Ireland is no more in a state of unrest than is her step-sister England, and criminal statistics show that she is far more free from crime than England or Scotland. In the latter, last year there were recorded 20,000 indictable offences; in Ireland, with the same population, 18,000. This is all the more remarkable when it is considered that in Ireland the deepest dye is always applied to the most insignificant breaches of the Law, if it can be shown that they have the smallest smack of the agrarian about them, and that according to the tenets of Dublin Castle, even the writing of anonymous letters with a minatory dash about them, a process which a certain portion of the Irish people love to adopt, in order to work off their feelings, but which in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases do not go and are not intended to go any further, are classified as crimes. When I was Commissioner of Police in certain disturbed counties in the South West of Ireland from 1886—92, I received such letters by scores; with the exception of a few, the wit and descriptions of myself in which made them worth preserving to me, I consigned them promptly to the waste paper basket, whereas they might have gone to swell the dire record of crime and outrage forwarded to and piled up in Dublin Castle, and hung out from time to time as proof of the desperate nature and criminal intent of the Irish Ishmaelites.

My experiences of Ireland for nearly ten years have been somewhat unique. In May, 1882, Colonel (now Sir Henry) Brackenbury was,—in consequenceof the Phœnix Park murde rs

a terrible deed, perpetrated by a band of desperate and reckless fanatics, such as discontent and oppression will ever generate,—appointed chief of all criminal investigation machinery in Ireland, with the title of Assistant Under-Secretary for Police and Crime. He selected me as his assistant. We found Ireland seething with secret societies, the object of which was to force the hand of the British Government and to obtain justice for their country through crime and outrage, if it could be done in no other way. These societies and their crimes were as entirely beyond and outside the control of the Irish Parliamentary Party as of that of Dublin Castle itself, though beyond doubt pressure was put, or rather attempted to be put on Mr. Parnell and his party by the Irish extremists, whose wild idea was to shake off the hated Saxon yoke and establish an Irish Republic. Such notions have often been attributed formerly to the Irish Party in Parliament whom, needless to say, it has always in certain quarters and for obvious reasons been attempted to associate, if not actually to identify, with the wild dreamers of an Irish Republic.

The most prejudiced and bigotted enemy of the Irish Nationalist Party will hardly now venture to assert that any such connection existed or that the Phœnix Park murders were not the greatest blow to the progress of the Irish Parliamentary Party and of the legitimate aspirations of their country, which has yet befallen them, since nothing ever placed a stronger and more powerful weapon in the hands of their enemies—not even the deplorable disruption of the party, the ever to be regretted scene in Committee Room 15, and the fall of that great Irish patriot and born leader of men, Charles Stewart Parnell.

Sir Henry Brackenbury did not remain long in Ireland, and Lord Spencer, then Lord-Lieutenant, appointed me to his staff, on which I remained till the autumn of 1884. Lord Spencer's regime, essentially intended to be one of justice and mercy, was sorely let and hindered at its start by the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and the Under Secretary, Mr. Burke, and by the terror which this awful crime gave rise to throughout Ireland, and especially in Dublin, where nearly every official of the Castle was invariably for a time escorted by a pair of armed and stalwart constables. Coercion and Crimes Acts were the natural sequence

of these murders, and produced the equally natural exacerbation between the Irish Government and the people.

Hence it was that Lord Spencer, to whom all coercion and oppression is odious, and who was always really attached to the Irish people, was forced to bring in measures which were hateful to him, and to become the target of the most bitter and rancorous abuse of the Irish Nationalist Party, who naturally judged only by deeds, while the encomiums of the coercion loving Party, which were heaped upon his head, for his stern administration of the law, could hardly have afforded him much compensating satisfaction. His rule was as successful as it could be, under the terrible circumstances which attended its commencement.

In 1886 I served as Private Secretary to Lord Aberdeen during his short viceroyalty of a few months. Crime was then still rampant in the South and West of Ireland and gave the greatest anxiety to the Executive. The deep sympathy with the Irish shown by Lord and Lady Aberdeen produced amazing results in an incredibly short time in Dublin, and while they were regarded as true and warm friends by the Irish nation at large, friends who had come if possible to establish justice and equality in Ireland and to remove grievances, they were made the subjects of most bitter and rancorous abuse of the party which endeavours to uphold its ascendancy at the cost of the majority in Ireland.

Lord Aberdeen's rule in Ireland was, unfortunately, too short to have been attended with any lasting beneficial results: Mr. Gladstone's Government went out of office in the early autumn of 1886, and Lord Londonderry, with Sir Michael Hicks Beach as Chief Secretary, was appointed Lord Lieutenant.

As above stated, the south and west of Ireland were seething with crime, that part of the country was honeycombed with secret societies, outrage and assassination were rampant, and the use of dynamite was often resorted to. Even in Kerry, that most quiet, peaceable, and crimeless corner of the country, a state of things altogether abnormal existed, and murder was frequent. Sir Redvers Buller was sent by Sir Michael Hicks Beach to deal with crime and re-establish law and order in Kerry and Clare, and he was good enough to ask me to accompany him. He grasped the situ-

ation almost at once, he saw, as a matter of course, that the first thing to be done was to re-establish order and stamp out crime, but he also attributed the existence of unrest and consequent crime to their true causes, and felt and stated that the condition of Ireland could never be satisfactory or permanently peaceful, till the causes of which the crimes were the outcome, were removed, and the people of Ireland convinced that the law was not made and operating for the benefit of the ascendency classes and the landlords and not for that of the poor. He was bold enough to state this before a Royal Commission presided over by the late Lord Cowper at Killarney, which was appointed to investigate the abnormal state of agrarian crime in Ireland. Needless to say, a storm burst over his devoted head, and he was made the subject of tirades of invective by the minority in Ireland and their partisans in England. In one case it was said by an eminent, capable and excellent, though prejudiced Irish Peer, now deceased, who was a member of the Royal Commission, that Sir Redvers Buller had come with good intentions, but that he had placed himself in the hands of a *Fenian* (*sic*), and had become infected! This Fenian was my humble self, so termed because when private secretary to Lord Aberdeen I had shown myself to be sympathetic with the Irish majority in the grievances from which they suffered. Anyone who is acquainted with Sir Redvers Buller will acknowledge that he is not usually to be swayed as here supposed.

Sir Redvers was appointed shortly afterwards Under Secretary at Dublin Castle in place of Sir Robert Hamilton, a most broad-minded and singularly able official, who was removed because he was supposed to be too eager to redress Irish grievances, and held strong convictions that the best way of so doing was to give the country autonomy. He may have been premature, but in principle, he was undoubtedly right. The time may even now not be ripe for such a measure, but the manner in which the county councils have worked in Ireland, in spite of the apprehension and dismay, and the lugubrious prophecies of those who asserted that they meant destruction to all sound legislation, and of the so-called loyalist party in Ireland, is a proof of the superior intelligence of Irishmen, and shews that when they are

given the opportunity they will administer their own affairs far better than England can do it for them.

The idea that any sane and intelligent Irishman looks for or desires separation may be dismissed as lunacy. As a nation they are as loyal as England itself, and the recently intensely enthusiastic greetings given in Ireland to the King, who is known to be the friend of Ireland and a peacemaker, show that the people are not so mad or so stupid as to imagine that their welfare and salvation depend upon the establishment of a separate Government in Ireland, such as would part them from the mother country and lead to their utter weakness, poverty and destruction.

When Sir Redvers went to Dublin Castle I succeeded him, as Commissioner of Police in Kerry and Clare, to which Cork and Limerick were added on the death of the Honourable Thomas Plunkett. In this post I remained till 1892, when Mr. Gladstone's Government returned to office, in consequence of which Sir West Ridgeway and myself were no doubt very justly and properly removed from our respective appointments by the Government, and Mr. Morley, then Chief Secretary, for as instruments we both represented coercion *in excelsis*.

Mr. Balfour succeeded Sir Michael Hicks Beach as Chief Secretary at the end of 1886, and like Lord Spencer, had to fight a very hard battle, able and far-sighted he saw that though law and order must be restored, exceptional legislation was a means and not an end, and that there were many and serious grievances in Ireland which it was essential to redress, if anything like real peace and content were to be established. Directly, however, in 1890, he made his first step in the path of conciliation, the almost frantic applause which had greeted all his measures of coercion from a certain party, died away, and probably had he not been transferred to another post his popularity would have been metamorphisised into abuse such as that which fell to the lot of Mr. Gerald Balfour, and also of Mr. George Wyndham, the throwing over of whom in deference to the Ulster party is one of the weakest of many weak spots in the record of the present Government.

The choice of Sir Antony Macdonnell as Under-Secretary, whose principles and leanings were notorious, the conferences with Lord Dunraven, the bravest and most outspoken of men, who

has ere now sacrificed office to principle, and whose name in connection with the present crisis in Ireland, will ever be gratefully remembered, the work in progress for the conciliation of Ireland, must all have been known to the Prime Minister and approved by him. How much better a position he would have occupied in the eyes of thinking men to-day, had he upheld Mr. Wyndham and Sir Antony Macdonnell, and refrained from making that extraordinary statement that devolution, or extension of local government, is worse than Home Rule itself, the bogey of which, he is always apparently eager to wave in the eyes of the English public.

That Sir Antony MacDonnell, like Sir Robert Hamilton was not dismissed in consequence of the Ulster outcry, while Mr. George Wyndham was allowed to fall to the ground, excited for the moment considerable comment. Now apparently credit is taken by the Irish Government for not having given way and for having retained Sir Antony as Under Secretary. Had this been due to the sense of justice and courage of the Government, the latter would have been worthy of all praise. Unfortunately it is but too notorious that the dismissal of the eminent ex-Indian official, the initiation of whose appointment as Under-Secretary of Ireland rests with the most capable member of the Cabinet, who, when Governor-General of India, had opportunities of learning Sir Antony MacDonnell's great worth and capacity, would have involved the resignation of Lord Lansdowne and probably of others. This was a contingency which Mr. Balfour could not and dared not face especially having regard to the position the Government, already so largely composed of *remplacants* of those who have resigned, occupies in the eyes of the public, as judged from the result of every bye-election which takes place. In spite therefore of the agitation created against Sir Antony MacDonnell by the minority in Ireland, in which they appear to have been substantially and openly aided and abetted by certain of his own colleagues in the Irish Government, not even when the crisis reached its most acute period, did the Government dare to throw the Under-Secretary overboard to the wolves. As has been said, the agitation was all, or at all events mainly, directed against Sir Antony MacDonnell, who was the aim of the agitators; not he however, but the Chief Secretary was laid low. With this result,

unfortunate and deplorable in many ways, the minority in Ireland is forced to rest contented.

Mr. George Wyndham is much to be sympathised with. Private Secretary as he was to Mr. Balfour, in Ireland, he had most ample opportunity of learning the necessities of the country, which his sympathetic nature enabled him to understand; he, like Sir West Ridgeway and the writer of this article, went through a time of the severest trial and probation, and I venture to think that all feel alike that, though coercion and exceptional legislation were for a time necessary to restore Ireland to order from disturbance, such a cure could only be temporary, and that what the knife must cut away are the causes which have produced disturbance, and which are due to no fault or original sin of the Irish people, but of those who have governed them. But, as Sir West Ridgeway writes in the "Nineteenth Century" of August, the Government has surrendered and gone over bag and baggage to the extremists, and at the bidding of the leader of the latter have "got rid of this wretched, rotten, sickening policy of conciliation."

There is, as Cicero says, nothing fixed or stable among men, but all things pass and repass even as the ebbing and flowing of the sea. Under such a system, or rather such a want of system of government, Ireland will suffer and decline till she is permitted to manage her own affairs in a manner acceptable to and accepted by the vast majority of her people. Lord Dunraven, President of the Irish Reform Association, at the end of his admirable pamphlet on the aims of the association, (The Crisis in Ireland, 1905, Chapman & Hall, Ltd.), writes as follows:—

"Such are our proposals, and they have been denounced as revolutionary. We are, it is said, insinuating Home Rule in disguise. Home rule is a vague and undeterminate expression and our proposals may be Home Rule disguised or undisguised. I do not quarrel with the name, I have no objection to it as applied to myself, but the assertion that our proposals are repeal in disguise or dualism in disguise, or that they abrogate the ultimate and effective control of Parliament, is utterly absurd. What is the ultimate power of the House of Commons? Is it not that it holds the purse-strings, and can grant or refuse, diminish or increase

supplies? As our proposals do not aim at curtailing the power of the House of Commons in that respect, how can it be pretended that they do away with the practical control of Parliament?

"Let me sum up the position to make it perfectly clear. The ideal of the Irish Reform Association is:

1. To relieve the Imperial Parliament of a great mass of business to which it cannot possibly attend at present, by delegating to an Irish body legislative functions in connection with Irish affairs.

2. To ensure that business peculiar to Ireland shall not be neglected as it is now, but shall be attended to by those who understand the needs and requirements of the country.

3. To apply local knowledge and experience to the financial administration of the country, and to ensure that all economies made shall be devoted to Ireland and expended in developing the resources of the country, and satisfying the needs of the people."

Such is the system proposed by the Irish Reform Association, and as it has been termed "the wretched, rotten, sickening policy of conciliation" by the leader of that party in Ireland which is opposed to all conciliation, as calculated to lay for ever the bogey of Protestant ascendency, all open-minded and reasonable men will come to the conclusion that Lord Dunraven and the Irish Reform Association are on the right road to bring about lasting peace and content to the great majority in Ireland. The way will be long and it is too much to hope that anything like rapid success will be attained. Hostile and vacillating forces are too many for such a consummation however devoutly to be wished. The wishes and feelings of the majority in Ireland however must and will prevail in the end, and Lord Dunraven and his association have sown seeds which will most assuredly bear good fruit in due season.

Zermatt, ALFRED E. TURNER.

Aug. 16th, 1905.

UNITED.*

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MIST CLEARING.

MRS. MALCOLM had already explained by letter the circumstances under which Terra Fildare was then staying with her. They would be a square party for dinner that evening, she now told Edith, for she had laid on Sidney Marston for the service of any psychic emergencies that might arise during Edith's short stay. When he came, towards dinner-time, Edith greeted him with a sympathetic smile, and said it was delightful to be all three "as they were" again. The excitement of the moment obliterated all traces of the worn and weary look that Mrs. Malcolm had taxed him with at their last interview.

"And you are so little changed to look at," he said to Edith, "that it seems difficult to realize the great change that has really taken place."

"How did you expect me to be transmuted? Ought I to show myself crushed by the burden of care so soon? At all events I have come down to Richmond to throw it off for three days."

Marston was constrained and awkwardly silent at first. Mrs. Malcolm focussed their talk after a little while on the old topics that used to engage them formerly.

"I have been out of your world down here," she explained,

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

in reference to some incidents connected with people Edith thought she knew, to which allusion had been made, "and have been quite content with Terra's companionship. Besides, I have been most interested,—in getting your letters,—in what you have told me of your psychic adventures."

"I havn't been having any lately. *Z*ephyr has been a faithless friend, and has altogether deserted me. I am beginning to think he is a poor substitute for my old trances—with Mr. Marston at hand to make me remember all the nicest parts. I think we must celebrate this happy reunion by having some more. But Miss Fildare will be wondering what on earth I am talking about."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Malcolm. "I have told her quite enough of what used to go on here to prepare her for anything that may take place."

"I had no idea that you were so—wonderful a person when we were together at the Margreaves'," Terra said.

"Oh *please* don't look upon me as anything of the kind. Mr. Marston is the magician, and I am only a sort of instrument for him to play upon."

"History repeats itself," said Marston, replying to Edith's last remarks, "according to the current phrase, but not in the narrower cycle of private lives, I fear."

"I do not seem as if we had ever left off from the point of view of this my own old sofa corner. Marian, I am glad you are not given to hunting your furniture about the room. I would never have forgiven you if this sofa had not been exactly where I have been used to find it."

"I wonder if its magic still survives," said Mrs. Malcolm. "How do you think, Sidney ?"

"I should think Miss Kinseyle is about as likely to have lost her psychic attributes as Joachim to have forgotten the violin in the last few weeks."

"Or Mr. Marston to have lost the art of paying compliments," added the young lady herself. "But that habit is too deeply engrained to serve as an example for me. Perhaps, I have merged myself altogether in my commonplace aspect since we last met. Perhaps, as Mrs. Graham Lee used to put it—

don't you remember?—I shouldn't mesmerise now, even if I were tried."

"I think," said Mrs. Malcolm, "that the temptation to try will get very serious after dinner."

Marston did not warmly endorse the proposal; but as he had never been in the habit of attempting to impress his wishes on their arrangements in the former time—content to direct the actual course of the mesmeric processes when these had been decided on or demanded by the ladies—his passivity in the matter now did not strike them as remarkable. They went in shortly afterwards to dinner, and the little ceremony passed over without any special incident. Terra, indeed, had been troubled with an uncomfortable feeling—as the conversation reverted from time to time to the psychic mysteries with which she was quite unfamiliar—to the effect that perhaps she would be in the way, and had indicated a readiness to take herself off into privacy when dinner should be over; but Mrs. Malcolm had declared this wholly unnecessary.

"I do not treat you ceremoniously, my dear, by interrupting our talk to try and explain things to you. But do you, on the other hand, spare us the feeling of being rude by remaining quite at ease yourself. I am especially pleased to have you here while Edith is with us."

In the drawing room afterwards she again reverted to the idea which possessed her imagination.

"Well, what are we going to do this evening? It is very nice to have you here, Edith, and chatter idly as we have been doing, but the combination seems to suggest something more."

"What does the master of the ceremonies say?" inquired Edith.

"He is the servant of the ceremonies, if you please."

"But why are you not eager to renew our old proceedings, Sidney, if you are really disinclined, as it seems to me?"

"Disinclined is certainly not the right word. It is more fascinating to me than I can say to watch Miss Kinseyle's psychic flights at any time, and it would be rather more so than usual to night. I merely wonder if you recollect that the counsels given through her in her last trance were against repeating the process in the old way."

"I should think," Edith said, "that the orders were not intended to operate for ever. There has been a long interval."

"It was left to your discretion, if I remember rightly," said Mrs. Malcolm. "Was not that so?"

"Yes; I think it was so left, and that is what makes me so cautious. I can't see my way through it quite. I can't see any reason why it could possibly do harm, but there must have been some reason in the warning."

"Suppose we try," Edith suggested, "and then if I go black in the face, or begin to scream, you can call me back. I can't feel frightened of anything in this dear old sofa corner, and with you at hand to take care of me."

"Then let us try," Marston said; perhaps it is only a superstitious reverence I entertain for a warning your lips have spoken. It may be that your impulse and Mrs. Malcom's are better entitled to be trusted than mine. Besides, I am not sure but that my impulse is in the same direction now."

There were no preparations needed beyond the simple movement of his chair a pace or two forward, but a great deal seemed embodied in the fact that Edith should again put her hands in his, going back across the memories of the painful scene they had passed through in that room on the last evening of her former visit, to the earlier time of their first acquaintance. There was no mystery between them now. The dark horror in his life had been disclosed and shuddered over, and a little interval had smoothed down the storm of emotions thus evoked. She knew now all that there was to know about him, and resumed their sympathetic intimacy on its old footing. And yet, as he took her hands, he noticed some costly rings upon them that had not been there before, and the meaning of the shining symbols stung through and through his imagination as it were, and left a physical sensation in the track of their rays. He said no word about them, and did not even look at them, but in a little while she drew away her hands and took off the rings.

"Take care of them for me, Marian. They seem to me somehow in the way. That will be better," as she restored her hands to Marston's keeping, and looked up in his face with a smile.

"Is it fancy, I wonder," she said soon afterwards, "or do I see a kind of cloudy light floating about between us?"

"I suppose you see something. Could you lower the light, Mrs. Malcolm? She might make out more clearly then."

Some candles that stood upon the mantelpiece had been already blown out so that they might not glare in Edith's eyes, but a lamp was burning on a table behind her. Mrs. Malcolm went to this, turned it down as low as it would go without being quite extinguished, and put a shade over it.

"Oh yes!" Edith cried, "I do see a light. Don't you, Marian?"

Mrs. Malcolm saw nothing distinctly. Marston, appealed to in turn, said he did not see, but felt an influence which might be what Miss Kinseyle saw.

"It seems to flow from your side and move round towards me in eddies. And there is light round your hands, too! Hold away your hand for a moment. Yes, like that," as he held it pointing towards her. "There is light coming from the tips of the fingers."

As her eyes grew more accustomed to the darkness she was able to observe these effects more distinctly, and described the colour of the light she saw as a purplish-blue. Then, by her wish, Marston stood up, and moved a little away from her.

"That's very curious," she said. "I can still see the light, and it still flows from you to me, but as you draw away the cloud grows more like a current or band. Get away now into quite the far corner of the room. There, that is still just as plain as ever."

"I dare say I can tell you when it looks most distinct to you," Marston said, as he leaned against the wall at the side of the room farthest from her sofa. "Wait a few moments. . . . . Now!"

"Yes; I distinctly saw the light brighten. A sort of pulsation passed through it."

"That is the mesmeric, or magnetic force, no doubt, which you, as a sensitive, are concious of. I know when it goes out towards you by my own sensations."

"I'm beginning to understand things," she said dreamily, in the influence of that light. "Come back again now."

She remained thoughtful and quiet as he sat down again beside her.

"You need not take any trouble in the matter. You are magnetising me all the time."

"I know."

"Do my forehead a little, though; perhaps it will make me see clearer."

Marston laid his hands on her head, and made a few passes of the kind that had generally before sent her off to sleep. And, indeed, this time again it seemed as if the usual effect had been produced. She lay with her head back upon the pillows for a minute or so in silence, sighed a little, and then said:

"It's draining your life away."

"What then?" said Marston.

"That has been going on some time. You have been forcing the current to flow—it is not merely that I have been absorbing it. That is why I have been feeling so strong and well. I ought to have been nearly dead by this time, if I had been left to myself."

Marston made no comments on these calmly uttered assertions, which were put forward in a subdued voice, sentence by sentence, and slowly. Presently Edith resumed:

"I can see the feeling that has governed you. You have not been trying to draw me towards you. You have not wanted any reward, but have so arranged things that your vital strength is all draining away, to make me strong at your cost."

"And is not that a very good arrangement? I do not want strength, and you do."

"I cannot accept the sacrifice—knowing all it means."

"Then let what you are saying be wiped off your physical memory, so that you will not recollect it when you wake.

She made no direct reply to, or acknowledgment of, this injunction.

"It is not of any permanent use, after all," she went on. "This influence is preventing the effect of my illness from showing itself; but the causes are going on all the while. The doctors are mistaken in thinking they have been stopped. It will require a

stronger influence than anything you have yet been able to do to save my lungs altogether from getting worse."

"A stronger influence, you mean, than anything I have been able to do yet; but it might be possible for me to accomplish what is needed—by a final effort."

She remained silent for a little while, and then still speaking in the same calm and unimpassioned tone as before, answered:

"Yes; I must answer you truly. You have penetrated some great mysteries, and learned to understand some part of the power controlled by self-sacrificing love. But you do not know all that your own project will accomplish. You cannot know all the risks."

"Are not we bound to do all we can for one another?"

"Not bound to do what you want to do for me."

"If not bound, at least permitted?"

"It is never right to waste power obtained at such a sacrifice. It may be that the knowledge I have acquired to-night as to the nature of the sacrifice you are trying to make for me will defeat your own intention. Already that purpose, as far as you have already carried it, has been imperilled. It was dangerous to let me learn so much."

Marston looked towards Mrs. Malcolm, though the darkness was too nearly complete to let them see each other's faces.

"This was the meaning of the warning against another trance," he said to her in a low voice.

"Try and turn her on to something else."

"There is something else," Edith said, answering the suggestion herself, "going on all the while. Don't you see it, Marian?"

Hitherto in her trances she had been apparently unconcious of any voice but Marston's. Her response, in this way, to Mrs. Malcolm's remark was a novelty.

"I only feel an emotion, dear. My guardian's magnetism is all about us."

"Come and take my hand, and look straight before you with me."

Mrs. Malcolm came to the back of the sofa, and kneeling

there with her arms on the low back, took one of Edith's hands. After a time she gave a low murmur as of admiration and awe.

"Yes; I can see her faintly through the darkness, as though at a great distance."

"She says, so kindly and sweetly, that she is not so far from us as we are from her. That sounds a paradox; but she means that we do not yet realize how near she is to us, so she seems far to our eyes."

"Does she seem far off to you also?"

"Yes; not as I have seen her before, when my body has been completely entranced. But then I was drawn to her by her power. It is different now. But it only makes me wish to feel as I used to with her. I do not see and feel to-night as I have done before; but I understand things better. Oh, everything else does seem so poor and worthless, compared to the glory and joy of being away there with her in the state she is in. Nobody would live in the body, if they knew what it was to live in the world of spirit. And yet it is not merely by quitting the body that we can reach the world of spirit. People who cling to physical life do so with wisdom very often; though they do not know why they are wise. They would be very foolish if what they believe was really as they believe it. One must never hasten the change."

"Not even for you, then," said Marston, "would it be wise to hasten the change."

"Certainly it would not be wise to hasten the change. Why do you ask me questions I am bound to answer, but also bound to leave only half answered?"

"I must ask you what arises in my heart to ask you. I am willing to listen to anything you have to say to me beyond the direct answer."

"Why are you talking with her in riddles?" said Mrs. Malcolm. "You seem to understand each other, but I cannot follow you."

"Do you ask me questions, Marian," Edith said in reply, "and I shall perhaps be able to answer more plainly to-night than usual. But ask me about the things of the spirit life. It seems a kind of blasphemy to talk of anything else when *her* influence is upon me."

"But there is one thing I want to know, that it cannot be wrong to be anxious about. Are we going to lose you, dear, or to keep you with us."

"You will never lose me, Marian. We shall be more closely united hereafter than we ever have been, or can be, amid the barriers and changes of life in the body."

"That does not seem to answer what I was anxious about for the moment. I can't help thinking selfishly of the present, though I would be reconciled even to losing you, if you say distinctly it is best for you."

"Wait and see. I cannot tell you which is best now."

The strange conversation was prolonged for a considerable time, Mrs. Malcolm obeying the injunction to press no further for definite information about Edith's prospects of life, and asking questions relating to her own past experiences in relation with the Spirit Edith described herself as interpreting. When at last Mrs. Malcolm, speaking to Marston, asked if he did not think Edith ought to be brought back to consciousness, they were made fully aware of the fact—already suspected from the course the proceedings had taken—that this time she had never properly lost consciousness,

"You need not make any efforts to bring me back," Edith said. "I have never been away. I know this time all that has taken place."

"You remember all your talk with Mrs. Malcolm, and how it began?" asked Marston.

"And also my talk with you, which came first. You can only keep away from my physical recollection what has never been established there."

Marston was silent. She spoke in a significant tone, but very gently and sympathetically.

"You might turn the lamp up a very little," she went on; "and then by degrees I shall feel as usual again. I am rather languid at present."

They did as she suggested, and discussed the new phase on which her faculties had thus entered at length, in all the bearings it suggested. Then, as their eyes grew used to the light, the room was restored to its ordinary condition.

All the evening, however, Edith remained in a rather dazed and dreamy condition, and spoke of feeling weak and exhausted, as she had never felt before after one of her trances.

"I am not free from self-reproach in all this," Marston said. "I fear I ought never to have agreed to attempt another trance. It seems almost to have done you harm, and—perhaps—has worried you needlessly with some fancies."

"I do not regret what has happened," said Edith. "Not at all. It has been wonderfully instructive. Perhaps a little sobering for the moment, it is true. That may be all for the best. Meanwhile, self-reproach under the circumstances does *not* seem to me quite the right feeling for *you* to be troubled with."

It was not till after Marston had gone that Terra Fildare joined again in the conversation.

"How good you have been, dear," Mrs. Malcolm said to her, "to sit quiet and self-effaced the whole evening. So much that we have been talking about must have seemed quite unmeaning to you."

"I have not understood it," Terra said; "but that only makes it stranger that I should have been so impressed."

"How have you been impressed?"

"I can't describe. Awestricken, somehow. It seemed so thrilling that you and Miss Kinseyle should have been seeing something that I could not see. But it was not that only—but perhaps I ought not to ask questions."

"Ask any questions you like."

"What was it Mr. Marston had been doing?—something that Miss Kinseyle seemed to find out about while she was talking."

After a short pause, Mrs. Malcolm answered:

"That would be for Edith to say, if she likes."

"He has been suffering himself," Edith said slowly, "to an extent I never dreamed of before, in the effort to make me well."

"That was what I vaguely made out; but I was not sure. And without even intending that you should know?"

"Yes; that is what makes the self-sacrifice so very complete."

"Self-sacrifice! What an extraordinary thing it is, when you come to think of it," Terra observed reflectively.

"It is unusual," said Mrs. Malcolm, "but happily not quite impossible."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SACRIFICE ACCOMPLISHED.

THE next day did not work itself out quite in accordance with the intentions the little party at Richmond had formed. Marston, to begin with, did not come down in the afternoon, as had been proposed. He telegraphed to Mrs. Malcolm in the morning to say he was not very well, and a great deal occupied, so that he could not join them for lunch—nor, perhaps, even at dinner; but he would certainly appear in the course of the evening.

Mrs. Malcolm was puzzled, the notion of Marston being kept away from Edith, when he had the option of being in her company, by any occupation she could think of, seeming absurd. But Edith's condition gave her concern also. The girl seemed somehow dispossessed of the bounding good spirits that she generally enjoyed. In the morning she slept long and heavily. She declared herself still tired when Mrs. Malcolm went to her room, and accepted the offer of breakfast in bed. Not that she was eager for the breakfast—she was simply disinclined to leave her bed. Mrs. Malcolm sat with her, and talked and did knitting; and Edith read for a time, and only got up in the middle of the day. There was nothing the matter with her, she protested; she was merely dominated by the sentiment of the previous evening.

"All the same," Mrs. Malcolm argued, "if Colonel Danby saw you this morning, he would have a poor idea of me as a nurse for you."

"I dare say. People are so strangely mistaken about things they think they understand very often. I *am* languid to-day, and more face to face with the fact that I am ill than I have ever been before. And yet, if I were snatched away from Richmond just now, I should disappoint some hopes, I am quite sure; and should probably never be well enough to be manœuvred about the south of Europe in the way Colonel Danby proposes.

"You talk with as much confidence, my dear, as if you were in your clairvoyant state."

"The two states are coming together, Marian; and it is a very strange experience. But don't be alarmed about me. Nothing could be so good for me, in regard to health even, as being down here, though I don't look flourishing to-day; and you don't want to be told, I'm sure, that it is best for me in every other way."

She got up in the middle of the day, and sat in the garden for a time, and then did a little piano-playing, and so on, whiling away a very quiet day. During intervals, while they were alone together, she and Mrs. Malcolm left nothing that concerned her, in the current crisis of her life, untalked of. She would not dilate at any great length, however, on her engagement, though she did not show any inclination to shirk the topic. The thing explained itself, and there was no intricacy of any interesting kind to be disclosed concerning its origin. As to Sidney Marston, and his sad position in the world, they also talked at length.

"Is there no hope, don't you think," Edith asked, "that he will get a little more cheerful and interested in life after a time?"

Mrs. Malcolm could hardly explain to Edith all the grounds she had for believing this impossible; but, attributing the hopelessness of the case altogether to the circumstances which had crushed him, she nevertheless admitted frankly and fully that the case was hopeless.

"He sometimes has talked," she said in a way that has frightened me; for I do not think that anyone has a right to put a violent end to life, however wearisome it may be. But I must say—though I would not say this to him—that, if poor Sydney could be kindly translated by a higher power to another sphere of existence, I should mourn personally, for I have a very deep friendship for him; but not for his sake."

"It seems to shock me—the idea," Edith said, after a long, reflective pause, "death is so strange a metamorphosis. I suppose it ought to seem more shocking for me to contemplate the idea in my own case. It would disappoint so many people, now, if I were to die. And as you say, it might be a release for Mr. Marston, while I ought to enjoy life if anybody can; and yet——"

She did not finish the sentence at once, but went on presently, in a dreamy voice:

"From what you say, I suppose, if some higher power should say either I or Mr. Marston had to die, you would choose me to live?"

"It's a comfortless kind of fancy for you to have, but—of course I should."

"And yet it would be odious and horrible for me to make that choice."

"My dear, the idea is—rather repulsive, as you say. People in general could hardly realize the idea of choosing to live at somebody else's expense, in that way, except as a selfish choice. But, if one can imagine that you had the power of choosing, it would certainly be a poor kindness to Sidney to choose that he should live, and see you die."

The idea was not developed any further, and the day passed —not exactly in sadness, but as though clouded by some solemnity, and quite without any of the bright sallies of high spirits which generally threw a moral sunshine on any company to which Edith belonged.

"Dear Marian," said Edith, after they had gone through the brief and simple ceremony of dinner, and were re-established in the drawing-room; "I think it would be best, if you do not mind, that you should leave me to speak to Mr. Marston by myself for a time to-night. I know he will wish this; and I shall have some things to say to him, which you will know all about, no doubt, very soon, but which I ought to say to him in the first instance, with no one—not even your dear self—by to hear."

"Very well, dear. I am sure your impulses are entirely to be trusted."

"I knew you would not mind."

"*Mind!* As if I could have had so petty a thought! Terra and I will settle ourselves in the dining-room."

When, a little later, they heard a ring at the outer door, which they knew to mean Marston's arrival, Mrs. Malcolm was gathering up her work-things to go away in advance of his coming; but Edith objected to this, and said there could be no such hurry.

"Let us wait and have some general talk first. We shall see. Perhaps I may be mistaken."

"You are getting beyond the liability of being mistaken in your intuitions, I think."

Marston was paler than usual, and evidently under the same kind of serious impression that had overruled Edith herself during the day; though his dark eyes seemed to gleam with more intensity than ever, and his manner to show a suppressed excitement.

"Are you better than in the morning?" Mrs. Malcolm asked. "I was afraid at first you were seriously ill, to be kept from coming to us as intended."

"My coming was very certain in the long run though it was a little delayed."

"Perhaps it was best for Edith to have a perfectly quiet and restful afternoon. She has not been at all herself to-day."

"I suppose last night left its effects upon her; but I trust they will be only transitory. I am not anxious."

"How dreadfully unfeeling," Edith said with a touch of her usual gaiety, but a look that guarded the words from being taken too literally. "At Deerbury I could not cough without being gazed at with fearful solicitude; and if I had caught a cold the household would have trembled."

"I think all the better of Deerbury. From that point of view anxiety is most reasonable."

"You have been getting further and further from the common standpoint of late, it seems to me," said Mrs. Malcolm. "Have you been making any special progress, Sidney, in mysterious knowledge?"

"It is against all recognised rules and regulations for people who are studying mysterious knowledge at all to boast of their progress. Still, for once I may give myself a dispensation. I have been making progress—in some directions. I have concentrated my efforts more on learning certain things, with a definite purpose in view, and have succeeded in proportion to my concentration."

"I don't think you look as if success had agreed with you."

"Knowledge is worth more than physical vigour; and no one should understand that better than you."

"That is quite true; but so few people are weaned from the things of this world sufficiently to realize it."

"Scarcely anyone. Not I, for one, though I can state the theory in words."

Edith was listening silently, looking at him with a fixed gaze that seemed to see more than the external appearance of things. Mrs. Malcolm went on with the dialogue:

"What paradox do you mean by that? I should say you were as little wedded to the things of this world as a human being can be, to live at all."

"One may care not at all for the hundred-and-one pursuits and pleasures that most people are absorbed by, and yet not be weaned from this life. I can imagine conditions under which I should revel in it and enjoy it intensely. While that consciousness lurks in the background, it is a spurious kind of spirituality that is achieved by merely growing indifferent to life as it is."

"Sometimes I distrust even your metaphysics, when you get morose and revile your own personality."

"You can see what I mean by comparing my spirituality, born of discontent, with the spirituality of nature and sympathy that Miss Kinseyle shows in her trances and half-trances."

Launched on this current, the conversation went on for some time longer on the same lines. It was only a phrase of Edith's later on, when the subject had been changed, which led Mrs. Malcolm to withdraw from her share of it. Marston had declared himself quite ready to refresh their sensitive by a dose of the old strengthening magnetism, which had exercised so potent an effect upon her on former occasions.

"I do not say I will not consent to be helped," Edith said, "but before I do I must come to some understanding with you, Mr. Marston."

"Well," said Mrs. Malcolm, "as I want the understanding come to, I shall leave you to arrange it by yourselves. Come, Terra, let us leave the magician and his pupil to their conference."

Marston merely answered, "Thanks? it's very good of you," opened the door for her as she rose and went out with Miss Fildare, and then returned to the seat he had been occupying—a

low easy-chair near the sofa corner, in which Edith was as usual established.

"It is a part of the strange artificial life which we lead, that the chance of saying a few words alone to you should be a difficult privilege to gain."

"Did you inspire me to ask her to leave you alone with me?"

"I tried to."

"It only makes me the more anxious to speak plainly about all this. I have all kinds of impressions as to what you have been trying to do—more than impressions; and yet I do not like to speak of them to you till I am quite sure, in the ordinary way, I mean, by your telling me."

"I wish nothing better than to tell you quite plainly all that is in my heart about you—all I feel, and all I have provided for—though I saw last night that you came to know it by your higher faculties. It is quite needless for me to be conventional and self-suppressed any more. It is a farewell I am taking of you, Edith, my beautiful queen; for I have learned how to realize the cry which rose to my lips, though I could not utter it then, when I was last talking to you in this room, on that miserable evening when I made you see the gulf between us, so plainly visible to me all along."

He had come up to her quite naturally and untheatrically as he spoke and knelt down by her side, taking one of her hands, which she made no affected effort to withdraw, but suffered him to hold quietly as he went on. She leaned sideways against the arm of the sofa, looking into his face with sad tenderness.

"What I thought, then, as I stood by you here was: Oh, that I could pour my life out at your feet, and know no more the desolation of vainly yearning for you! But it was a fruitless and empty groan then, and if my wish had been realised at the moment as I framed it, no purpose would have been served."

"I have had the reflection of your feeling in my heart all day, and it has made me so intensely sad."

"But now—it is sad still of course; but there is one thing made clear, and that is, what you know already, that I have found a way to pour out my life, not merely to ease my suffering, but in your blessed service. You ought not to have known it yet. I see

now; there was the mistake of last night. But for that mistake, in the final and complete transfer to you of the life-energy which holds my body and soul in unwilling companionship, you would have gained all that was needed without the disturbance of feeling due to knowing how it was gained. Now you must know and understand it all; but, my pure and unattainable love, do not reject the offering. Take it in perfect frankness and simplicity. Let your acceptance of it be the only return you can make—the only return you can make for my unutterable love."

She did not speak as yet, but only shook her head slowly and sadly, though her hand vitalized itself in his grasp, and conveyed thanks more eloquent than words.

"If you do this, then you condone last night's mistake for me."

"My friend, you talk of laying down your life for me in a way that ought to startle me into terrified protest, only I have understood what you meant since last night, and have been thinking of nothing else—so I am not startled now. But you must not—you *must not*—I could not accept life on such terms."

"But, Edith——"

"Hush! Think of the whole thing from my point of view. I am bewildered about myself; but remember what pledges I have given. Your supreme devotion is so wonderful, you are entitled to say anything to me; but I should be frightfully to blame if I go on listening to you. It is all a terrible entanglement."

"Edith," he repeated softly, but firmly, again using her name, in spite of her protest, "I may give you your dear name because, in telling you of my love, I am not pleading for any reward—as you truly saw in your clairvoyant state last night. The memory of this love shall not be a trouble in your heart in the future, but, if I may humbly say so, an elevating thought. It is not as if I ever dreamed of trying to tear you away from the bright prospect life holds out to you, to make your beautiful existence my prey. I have never contemplated the idea that you could make the extravagant sacrifices required to bring that about. Death sanctifies such recollections as this talk of ours to-night may leave with you; and in the very act of telling you how I adore you—in this one-sided exhalation of love—I am speaking almost as I might have spoken in a written paper, to be left behind me when I go away. I had

thought that would have been all I could do. I meant to have written a letter to you, to leave in Marian's care, that she might have given it you some day when alone with you. But you divined everything last night, and now I may speak instead of writing; but it is the same thing. Edith—Edith, my divinity, never mind how or why I love you in this way—never mind the mystery of the thing—perhaps that will grow clearer later; but, you see, the fact is so, and cannot be altered. I love you in a way which, if you could constrain me to live on—for I should have in that case to live without you—would make life a torture. It would not be in the nature of things that you should have any corresponding feeling. I know you have not, and I do not claim it for one instant. All I claim is, that you should think of me with just so much trustful regard as may enable you to receive my offering without reluctance, and wear the memory of it as something that need not be in any way irksome."

"I tell you I could not. It may be weakness of a kind. If I wanted to live for any grand purpose, then I would accept what you offer me; but if I live, what will it be for? Just to lead an empty, frivolous, luxurious life, that will not make me or anyone else any better really. Dear friend, you forget that the very influence you have been bringing to bear upon me, especially since last night— indeed, since last night it seems all translated into that—tends to raise my thoughts and aspirations above the sort of happiness life holds to me. Would it be happiness at all, now? I hardly know; but, at any rate, that sort of happiness purchased this way would be unbearable. I cannot—I cannot——"

"My love, be merciful and gracious, and do not reject my offering. For, Edith, dearest, I tell you the die is cast—the step is taken. I could not draw back if I would, and Heaven knows how little I would if I could! This day has been spent in work that cannot be undone. If I had been dying from common-place illness in the ordinary way, and you had come to me, when the result was known to be inevitable, at my entreaty, to give me the blessing of dying with your adored face before my eyes, I should not be more free than I am to speak to you as I am speaking. I shall never see you again, my beloved, after this night. Listen——"

As he spoke, they caught faintly the sound of wheels on the little sweep of road coming up to the hall-door from the main road for the house stood back a little from the thoroughfare in which it was situated.

"I have got a carriage here to take me back to town, for the—the irritation and strain of going by the railway after I leave you would have been too much to face. My Edith, that is my excuse for the freedom I give myself in these last few moments. Even now I love and reverence you so that I would obey you if you deny me the farewell I want; but you will not rob my parting from you of the sweetness, the remembrance of which will be the blessing of my future existence—the one thought, the one consciousness that will vibrate there."

He leaned forward as he spoke, and gathered her slight form in his arms and kissed her wildly again and again. The conflict of emotions by which she was torn and shaken forbade her from speaking distinctly. Her eyes were swimming with tears and her lips quivering.

"I give you my life, my own. It is my supreme act of will. You cannot refuse it. It is transfusing into your being as I speak, and my heart, that has been beating for you only for so long, is beating nearly its last now in glad and proud exhaustion for your sake as it rests for the first and last time against your own. You shall be happy in this life, my glorious queen—in this life as well as in the next—and you will not be pained by the recollection of this evening after the first excitement of it has passed. You will *know*, with your splendid spiritual consciousness, that this settlement of things is best. My beloved, we could not both be happy on this earth, at all events, and I choose to stand aside and let you pass; and then—I do not know what will happen to me exactly; but I shall be no longer bound to this suffering organism which has been condemned to exist apart from you. Anyhow, I am of service to you in dying, and I can be of no service to you living."

Whatever influences were working upon her—the intense excitement through which she was passing, or something else as well,—were now so powerful that any coherent thought, not to speak of argumentative protests, were wholly impossible for her. She lay

in his arms panting and flushed and giddy with the tumultuous energy pulsing through her veins. She clung to him, unconscious of what she was doing, and he remained kneeling beside her, clasping her in a close embrace and murmuring words of love and devotion and farewell. Under the dominion of a different kind of bewilderment his own words became more confused and his own sight uncertain after a time.

"Ah!—I am staying—too long," he stammered,—"I must go—good-bye—good-bye."

He rose to his feet, staggering as if intoxicated, clutched at the chairs, and made his way to the door. The noise he made as he stumbled across the hall attracted Mrs. Malcolm from the dining-room. He had already seized his hat, which he held in his hand as he opened the outer door.

"Sidney, what on earth is the matter?"

"Don't stop me—good-bye. *She* will explain."

"Ah, you will fall!" she cried, as he almost fell over the two or three steps which separated the level of the hall from that of the road.

Edith came flying through the hall from the drawing-room as he was opening the carriage door.

"Do not let him go," she cried, "Marian—he is very ill. Stay; I command you to stop. I will not live without you."

"Too late! too late!" he answered, but rather in exultation than in sorrow. He was stepping into the brougham, but she came impetuously up to him and he embraced her once more. "I shall carry your last thought with me," he whispered, "my love, my love—my gratitude and blessing for it;—but do not keep me back another moment." With the same gesture he put her away from him, and threw himself backward into the carriage, drawing the door to after him. "Drive on," he called in a loud voice to the coachman.

The tone of intense adjuration in which he had bidden Edith not to delay him, held her paralysed in obedience to his wish. In the darkness outside Mrs. Malcolm and Terra Fildare in the hall had not seen what passed. The carriage started off quickly, and its wheels in a few moments grew fainter along the road.

"Darling," said Mrs. Malcolm, coming to the door and call-

ing to Edith. "Don't stand there. Come in out of the night air; you will be taking cold. Tell me what extraordinary thing has happened."

"Taking cold!" repeated Edith, with a strange scorn for the idea in the tone of her voice. "You don't know yet, Marian. There is little fear of my taking cold." She came back into the lighted hall, and faced Mrs. Malcolm—gazing at her wildly. "Good Heavens! it is terrible."

"What possesses you?"

But the noise in the hall had attracted one of the maids.

"I will tell you," she said, seizing Mrs. Malcolm's hand and dragging her along to the drawing-room with a greater exercise of force than she was conscious of giving out at the moment. Terra hesitated whether to follow, but Edith held the door open and called to her to come.

"Why should there be any secret? Surely such things should be known, that people may understand what heroism is possible."

The whole situation seemed to flash on Mrs. Malcolm's understanding as they stood together in the room without another word being spoken. Edith stood on the hearthrug with compressed lips, breathing hard through her nostrils. Mrs. Malcolm uttered a cry and put up her hands to each side of her forehead.

"Yes; he has died for me," Edith said almost fiercely. "We shall never see him living again."

"How do you mean, died?" cried Terra. Mrs. Malcolm, understanding the whole position, had remained silent, but Terra was startled into disregarding her usual rule of not asking questions across the current of her friends' mysterious talk, by the nature of Edith's last exclamation.

"You may well ask," Edith said. It was a necessity for her to speak, in the intensity of her excitement and vehemence, and Terra's complete ignorance of the whole mystery involved was an opportunity on which she seized.

"These things which are so strange to you are tremendous realities to him and to me. He had always been able to make me strong—to refresh me by magnetism when I was enfeebled—and that used to exhaust him in exactly the same way it strengthened

me. It was a transfer of vitality. He could give it out, I could absorb it. But these small efforts in the past were as nothing to what he found out at last to be possible. He has learned how to pour out his life in a great flood upon me, so that I have been made strong and well, and he—is dead at this moment in the carriage that is driving his body to London!"

Terra uttered a cry of astonishment and horror, and sat down trembling in a chair. Mrs. Malcolm put her handkerchief to her eyes, and sitting down on the sofa corner, buried her face in the cushions. Edith began to pace the room, backwards and forwards along the side that was clearest of furniture, pushing the light things out of her way as she passed.

"But why," asked Terra presently in bewilderment, "why has he done this?"

"Why? Well, indeed, you may ask, for love, I suppose, does not often take such a turn as that. He had come to care for nothing in life but me, and now I see quite clearly he had such power over me really, though I never felt it, because he never tried to exert it, that he might have drawn me to anything, in spite of—in spite of everything that made me never think of him in that way. But he wouldn't do that, because he cared more for my happiness than for his own—more for my life than for his own. Oh, Marian, was there ever anything so heroic, when you come to think of it? It is not the sacrifice of life that is the great thing. It is the other sacrifice that overwhelms me, though the life sacrifice illuminates it so wonderfully."

Mrs. Malcolm shook her head and looked up when thus addressed, speaking with difficulty, for she had been giving her lost friend a genuine and hearty tribute of tears.

"It is altogether beautiful and noble, and it is miserable to lose him, but I verily believe he did the best and wisest thing possible."

"I am not sure," said Edith.

"Do you mean that his intention in some way may fail?"

"Fail?" In one way it is accomplished. I could tear myself to pieces for it, but as for my physical strength I feel wild with strength—like a panther or a leopard. But I can't bear the feeling. If it was altogether another sort of strength he had

given me, if I was so much the higher raised towards the nobler state he has sometimes been able to put me into, that would seem a result better worth the sacrifice; but merely to get health—that is not what I want, not what I care about—What?"

The last exclamation was suddenly uttered as if in answer to some interruption that had not come from either of the two living people with her. She had stopped suddenly in her walk facing the unoccupied corner of the room, as though the interruption had come from there.

"Did you see anything?" she asked of Mrs. Malcolm, who had looked up, following the direction of her gaze.

"No."

"It was Zephyr again. He was visible there for a few moments, and he seemed to speak to me, but I did not distinctly hear what was said . . . What did he mean? I feel he meant to call my attention somehow——"

Obeying an impulse that she did not stop to reason about, she went to the door and threw it open.

"There!" she cried impetously, Don't you see that——?"

Both Mrs. Malcolm and Terra Fildare sprang forward and looked out into the hall, following the direction to which her arm pointed.

This time they both saw—the same effect she saw herself.

"Mr. Marston!" Terra called out in astonishment.

"Sidney?"

Edith herself made no sound, but she made a step forward beyond the doorway. Marston's figure had been seen by them all, standing in the middle of the hall, with a proud and joyous look lighting up the face. As Edith stepped forward it seemed to grow indistinct. She paused, and it remained in sight a few moments longer, and then seemed to move across the hall and disappear, though there was no way out in the direction towards which it passed.

"Oh, good Heavens!" Terra exclaimed, trembling violently, "was that a ghost?"

"One that you need hardly fear," said Edith. "My noble, true-hearted friend!" She went out into the hall and wandered about, standing where the figure had been perceptible just before, and passing across in the direction it had taken.

"He looked happier than ever he looked in life; did he not, Marian?"

The vision somehow worked a soothing effect upon her, but when she came back into the drawing-room she found Terra very much overcome and almost fainting. Her nerves, entirely unused to psychic appearances, had been upset by the sudden contact with what to her had all the terrors of the supernatural. She had clung for support to Mrs Malcolm, who guided her to the sofa, and her usually glowing colour had faded to an earthy tint.

Edith went to the dining-room to get water, and, held up by Mrs. Malcolm's calm and resolute assurances that there was nothing to be frightened about as much as by her own natural strength of character, which made her instinctively struggle against faintness, she passed the critical moment without actually losing consciousness. She took some of the water which Edith brought, and wet handkerchiefs were dabbed on her forehead till she recovered her self-possession and could talk of what had occurred.

"That sort of spectral appearance," Mrs. Malcolm assured her, "is often seen when people are at the point of death. Nothing is more natural than that it should have been visible here under the circumstances."

"It's such an overwhelming thing to actually *see*," she protested, none the less. "But how did you know it was there?" she asked of Edith.

"Zephyr told me. That's a spirit I see all to myself. He showed himself and spoke to me just before, and then I half understood what he meant, and opened the door."

"But do you mean to say you saw some other spectre in here?"

They were none of them in a laughing mood, so the question, which at another time might have had a ludicrous aspect, was met by some grave explanation that had all the greater force for Terra by reason of the shock she had just gone through.

"I *wish* Zephyr would come back and talk to me quietly," Edith exclaimed impatiently after awhile; "he might tell me things I want to know," and in her eagerness she called aloud upon her absent sprite; Terra shuddered, and entreated her not.

"It wouldn't affect you," Edith said. "You wouldn't see

him. Marian even does not see him. But it seems no use for the moment. Perhaps I am too excited just now; I may be able to get him to come when I am alone upstairs and quiet."

This idea appeared so frightful to Terra that it led to further talk about psychic phenomena, which constituted a revelation for her that could hardly have had the same effect at any other time. Her nerves, however, had undergone so great a strain that she gladly accepted Mrs. Malcolm's offer to take her over into her own room for the night.

"I thought I was a fairly courageous person," she said; "but I am sorry to see I am a greater coward than I thought."

"There is no question of cowardice or bravery in the matter, my dear. It is a question of familiarity."

Edith meanwhile had grown all the more impatient for the seclusion of her own room.

"Perhaps I shall understand things better in the morning," she said; and with that they separated.

A THEORY OF DREAMS.

PSYCHOLOGICAL writers from time to time have started various theories concerning dreams, turning generally on some subservient physiological theory relating to the lobes of the brain, and generally treating the state of consciousness on the part of the dreamer as a paralytic reflection of his ordinary consciousness in the waking state. Scientific views of the whole subject have long since parted company with those which were in favour when Pharoah consulted Joseph concerning the strange behaviour of the lean kine, and in its superb contempt for all which it does not fully comprehend, modern cultivation has gone as completely to one extreme in its contemplation of dreams, as ancient credulity travelled in the other direction when the cloudy conceptions of sleep were treated as divine oracles. Very little appreciated, meanwhile, by the busy world at large, a certain school of psychological inquirers, encouraged by the general theory of superphysical nature put forward in theosophical writing, have been employed, amongst other tasks, in unravelling the mysterious complexities of the dreaming state, with the result that they have developed something which seems at least entitled to be called a theory of dreams.

The embarrassment which any modern writer must be troubled with in attempting to explain such work to his contemporaries at large, has chiefly to do with the character and nature of these methods. He is engaged in using as an instrument of research certain faculties of the human mind, the very existence

of which is a subject of uncertainty or incredulity with most of those he is addressing. There is something rather absurd indeed in the fact that the capacity described by the term "clairvoyance" should itself at the present age of the world be treated as a subject for incredulity. Few facts in the higher branches of physical science are established on a more certain foundation of experimental knowledge than the broad fact that, under certain conditions, an approach can be made to human consciousness through other channels than those of the five senses. Half a century ago Dr. Gregory, in his laborious treatise on Animal Magnetism, gave the world the results of his own abundant work in the investigation of clairvoyance, and gathered together the corroborative testimony of many fellow labourers in the same field. Ever since then the voluminous literature of mesmerism has been concerned more or less with the same topic; while almost everyone who has taken any serious part in mesmeric inquiry will have come in contact for himself with illustrations of clairvoyant power of a more or less striking character.

I must not expand this paper to unreasonable length by beginning with a preliminary excursus on the subject of clairvoyance, but half a dozen books on the subject may be quoted, in reference to anyone of which the same remark might be made that Dr. Esdaile makes in reference to the work of Dr. Pétitin—author of "Electricité Animale"—that "Dr. Pétitin's cases alone are sufficient to establish the reality of natural clairvoyance."

Even, however, amongst people who have no rooted prejudice at variance with experience on this subject, very little may be known concerning the possible developments of clairvoyance in relation to the *psychic* phenomena with which the consciousness of mankind is concerned. Major Buckley, one of Gregory's contemporaries, who carried out an enormous series of observations with over a hundred persons who exhibited clairvoyant faculty in a greater or a less degree, was concerned almost entirely with that manifestation of the faculty which has to do with the perception of material objects inaccessible to ordinary vision; and many people who have an imperfect acquaintance with the work that has been done in this direction imagine that the whole theory of clairvoyance revolves round that particular phenomenon.

Another large body of cases, indeed, might suggest a somewhat wider view of the subject. The great host of enquirers, whose mesmeric operations have been chiefly turned to the cure of disease, are familiar with that variety of clairvoyance which enables the sensitive to diagnose the condition of his own internal organs, or those, indeed, of other patients, and to foresee the course of obscure maladies with extraordinary precision. But many such clairvoyants have described appearances connected with the physical organs which have to do with the play of forces hardly to be thought of as belonging to the physical plane, and the truth is that, directly the higher clairvoyant faculty is properly opened, it comes into relation with an enormously wider realm of nature than that accessible to the senses of sight and touch. This condition of things is one of the commonplaces of modern occult research. It might be made the subject of elaborate treatment by itself, but I can only refer to it now without stopping to discuss it in all its bearings, in order that the reader may not be left quite in the dark concerning the ways and means by which the conclusions I have to speak of have been reached. It would be impossible to make these conclusions intelligible if I had to stop at every moment to fortify the collateral references they involve. Each of these can be studied on its own merits, by anyone disposed to take the trouble, in the tolerably abundant literature which is now accumulating around the whole subject.

That which a properly qualified clairvoyant perceives when he turns his attention to the psychic as well as the physiological condition of a sleeping person, can be made at all events intelligible by a brief glance at the view such a person will already have reached concerning the actual constitution of man. This view, let me say at the outset, need not disturb the most spiritual conceptions that can be formed concerning the nature and the destinies of the human soul, any more than progress of knowledge concerning the actual constitution of the earth's crust interferes with truly religious thinking. The occultist is simply, as it were, applying higher microscopic power to the facts of nature immediately in contact with physical life. His own loftier spiritual conceptions are far better in keeping with the corresponding views of the religious world than hasty observers are apt to

imagine. But, confining our attention to the results of this higher microscopic investigation, we find the human organism to be a more complicated piece of mechanism even than it is shown to be by the investigations of the dissecting room. Roughly, the body has to be thought of as a vehicle of consciousness appertaining exclusively to the physical plane of Nature. It is interpenetrated by other vehicles of consciousness adapted to function on and be brought into relation with the phenomena of other planes of Nature, in a way intimately connected with the progress of the soul towards its higher spiritual destinies. There are intervening realms of Nature lying between the physical and the highest spiritual manifestations of consciousness, concerning which many of us know a great deal more than the world at large is yet concerned with. Some of these higher vehicles of consciousness are distinctly separable from the lower, when the lower are in a dormant state, a condition of things which involves the true explanation of some mysterious occurrences which the Psychical Research Society has laboriously investigated in its great works on "Phantasms of the Living," and brings into the region of scientific comprehension, experiences which for the world at large, while they remain entirely unexplained, are conveniently disposed of as a rule, in defiance of human testimony, by the vague though simple theory of hallucination.

Without going into a complete analysis of the super-physical constitution of a human creature, it is enough for the purpose of this explanation to realise that the true soul may function apart from the physical body in an organism consisting of matter belonging to what occultists call the Astral Plane, and, when in this vehicle, is capable of consciousness as complete and vivid as that which it experiences in the waking state of the body. The truth is, in fact, that the consciousness of the waking state is the consciousness of the soul in its Astral vehicle, the body being little more than an instrument which connects it with the physical plane of nature and puts it into relation with that plane for practical purposes. It also for that matter operates to stifle rather than accentuate the capacities of the true soul in respect both of its consciousness and its perceptive power. The first notion which presents itself to the ordinary mind in reference to

the theory that consciousness may exist in vehicles out of the body is, that in such a case the consciousness in question must be of a vaguer and more dreamy character than that which we experience in the ordinary waking state. The reverse of this is often the true state of the case. The lower vehicle, while serviceable for its own uses, may prove an impediment to consciousness rather than a stimulant. Its condition always operates powerfully on the higher vehicle, which, when passing from its material encasement, is always on the alert to return at the first hint which renders its presence necessary; and even in cases when in a trance of the body, in natural or induced sleep, the higher vehicle may have drifted to a considerable distance, the slightest nervous shock of the lower organisations will draw it back to its place with the rapidity of light. But none the less is the natural tendency one which separates the higher from the lower vehicle whenever the lower is perfectly at rest.

This separation is to be observed in almost all cases when the human creature is asleep, but as a rule the higher or Astral vehicle does not go far. Indeed, in the case of people who are not developed as regards their spiritual capacities of consciousness to any high degree, the true Entity, when out of the body, may be almost as much asleep as the body it has quitted. It is not in need of rest on the higher Plane, but its growth has not been such as to render it familiar with the possibilities of activity lying before it when once clear of the material encasement. None the less is it open to impressions, and on the Astral Plane, even if we do not suppose that the person in question has attained to any considerable activity of consciousness there, it is open to multitudes of impressions of a kind differing entirely from those which appeal to the physical senses. It does not merely see, hear and feel; it perceives, by virtue of a faculty differing widely from sense perceptions, and is exercising, whether consciously or unconsciously, almost without restraint, the faculty which is represented in activity, although under very confusing circumstances, in connection with the various phenomena of thought transference—susceptible, under favourable conditions, of some manifestation, even during the waking state. Suppose that the situation were as simple as this first glance at its conditions would imply, a dream

might be regarded as the recollection, when it has returned to the body, retained by the soul, more or less confusedly, concerning its experiences while out of the body. If this constituted the whole story, however, our dreams would be of an immeasurably higher order than those to which we are accustomed. The Astral Plane of consciousness, indeed, is not regarded by the occult student as one which in itself is identified with the higher possibilities of his own being, but it is, nevertheless, a field of consciousness of enormous variety and extent, experiences connected with which might be startling and unusual as compared with the experiences of physical life, but would none the less be reasonable and coherent. The actual confusion of our dreaming is the result of a complicated condition of things having reference to the state of the physical organism during the period for which the true soul has been withdrawn from it.

That physical organism, even when without the true soul which inhabits it, is something more than a mere assemblage of nerves and muscles. We find it to be permeated by something which may be thought of as an ethereal duplicate of itself, the finer material of which constitutes a connecting link or bridge between the still finer material of the Astral vehicle and the truly material portion of the organism. This ethereal duplicate is itself an explanation of some curious spectral phenomena into which it is not necessary to enter here, and plays a transcendently important part in the growth and development of the body, guiding the molecular arrangements of its grosser material, but into this department of the subject it is not necessary to enter here, and I simply refer to it in order that it may not be supposed that the Etheric Double of which I am now speaking has been invented by the occult student to account for the phenomena of dreams. The part it plays in connection with such phenomena is entirely subordinate to its particular function in the human economy, and in truth all speculation concerning nervous action, and the part played by the brain in connection with consciousness and sensation must remain mere blind and futile groping after the truth, while the nature and energies of the Etheric Double are ignored by the physiological student. However, for the purpose of the present investigation all that we have to recognise in connection

with this Etheric Double is, that its capacity for receiving impressions derived from the Astral Plane of Nature is scarcely less complete than that of the Astral organism itself,—the vehicle of the true soul. When the two are intimately blended, as in the case of the ordinary waking state, the true soul consciousness dominates the situation. The Etheric Double merely then acts as a link between the soul consciousness and the physical instrument, or the other way about, between the sense impressions of the physical instrument and the soul's consciousness. But when the separation described above takes place during sleep, the Etheric Double remains open to direct impressions from the Astral Plane, whether these take the shape of passing events which have an actual objectivity, or of records concerning past events, which have left, so to speak, a pictorial impress on the highly plastic matter of the Astral Plane. The complete examination of this subject would take us into the whole mystery of memory, and into that still more widely reaching mystery which has to do with the capacity of clairvoyant vision for looking up pictorial impressions on the Astral light which relate to past events at large, not merely to those with which the thinker may himself in the past have been associated ; but for the purpose of this explanation it is enough to recognise that, as regards those pictures of the past, with which he has himself been associated at the time of their development, the Etheric Double may perceive them afresh in obedience to any of those complicated influences under which they are stimulated, some few of which may be classed vaguely in accordance with the commonly received expression as the association of ideas.

We now have before us a rough, but not inaccurate concep tion of the state of things prevailing in the case of ordinary human beings during sleep. The true soul in its Astral envelope is floating apart, though perhaps only a little apart from the body and taking note of whatever events are, so to speak, transpiring in its neighbourhood, under conditions which enable it to exercise its reflective capacity with more or less freedom, for all reasoning capacity existing in the consciousness of the complete human being is functioning in this Astral vehicle. The Etheric Double meanwhile is receiving impressions with no more capacity for

reasoning about them than a photographic plate. Language is perhaps strained when we speak of it as receiving impressions, because that phrase seems to imply the exercise of consciousness concerning the impressions. That is not the idea I wish to convey. The impressions received by the Etheric Double will not be in any true sense the subject of consciousness until the return of the true soul to the body. Then they will, as it were, be remembered, but they will be remembered in close and generally inextricable confusion together with the materials, whatever these may be, that the true soul has been gathering during its absence from the body, in the separated Astral vehicle.

Without going further, we are now in presence of a view which might be thought to account sufficiently for the incoherent confusion of thought that is generally associated with the dreaming state; but there are worse elements of confusion to be taken notice of as we go on. I have spoken of the bodily organism pure and simple as an instrument either to express on the physical Plane the activities of the higher consciousness, or to operate as the channels of perception surrounding that Plane, but after all the organism is one of an extremely delicate character, which, without being susceptible of consciousness in itself, is nevertheless so influential on the consciousness of the soul while in the encasement of the body, that a reflex action between the instrument and the performer is continually going on. The actual physical conditions of the brain affect and modify states of consciousness when the whole being is awake, and so during conditions of sleep the physical condition of the brain will affect the impressions retained on what may be thought of as the photographic film of the Etheric Double, and will thus influence the whole body of memories which spring into activity the moment the true soul returns. Now in perfectly healthy sleep the whole brain may fall into a state of tranquility in which it sets up no such reflex action as that of which I am speaking, but on the other hand the reflex action continually arises either from some slight derangement of the physical organism, or through mere mechanical influences operative on the body as it lies asleep.

Now one conjecture of ordinary physiology concerning

the lobes of the brain is perfectly well borne out by occult observation. For coherent and healthy thinking through the intermediation of its physical organism, the soul must enjoy the use of a brain both lobes of which are in uniform activity. When one is in activity and the other is either at rest or paralysed, a wholly irrational and confused thinking is all which can be done on the physical Plane by means of such a disordered instrument. In sleep, disorders of the kind are constantly occurring, one lobe of the brain may have gone completely to rest and its companion may not be at ease in the same way, so that even the incoherent impressions derived during such a condition by the Etheric Double from the passing phenomena of the Astral Plane will be distorted and erroneous. Again, looking at the other end of the process going forward during sleep it must be remembered that while the majority of mankind are quite familiar with the process of thinking through the physical instrument, they are not equally familiar with the process of thinking through the Astral vehicle. The powers of that vehicle are, as I have said before, enormously greater than anything the soul can be used to in the waking state, but the power of making use of them and of bringing to bear upon them the highest qualities of the mind, is an art which has to be acquired by degrees. That power is something which may be thought of indeed, subject to many qualifications, as playing an important part in that evolution of the man's higher nature which it is the purpose of life to accomplish. But so long as the power has been imperfectly acquired the reasoning faculties of the thinker on the Astral Plane will be subject to some confusion, while the liability under which he lies to be confronted with phenomena concerning which his reasoning faculties at their best would be unable to make sense, operates to render the whole position more embarrassing than ever. Is it strange that the sum total of impressions put together concerning the experiences of sleep, when the transaction is over, should be entangled, and meaningless in the way we so often find them? The best element in the sum total, that which is contributed by the returning soul, is moreover the least definitely remembered. As a rule the nonsense photographed on the Etheric Double is the most conspicuous part of the final picture, because the

power of retaining within the physical encasement a complete recollection of whatever transpires to the soul outside it is one that can only be acquired by degrees. In the majority of cases it exists very imperfectly in people who are not either naturally or artificially developed in regard to their psychic capacity.

Properly thought out the explanations which have now been given will be found to account not less satisfactorily for the occasional phenomenon of significant or important dreams, than for the common run of nonsensical experiences during sleep. We get the nonsense where the conditions making for confusion are prominent as they generally are; we get the significant and important dream in those cases where it happens that the capacity of the complete being to retain in the waking state the recollection of what transpires in presence of the soul out of the body is fairly well developed, and when sound sleep as regards the body, and favourable conditions of tranquillity as regards the impressions of the Etheric Double, have left the field tolerably clear for the record of more important experiences. It may be that on the Astral Plane the soul has been in true relations with some other Entity of loftier knowledge than itself. In that way it may have been inspired with teaching or information of definite value or significance, or it may be that its evolution has reached a somewhat abnormal point so that not only is its consciousness out of the body clear and vivid, but its capacity to make use of the knowledge it can thus acquire, strong and unimpeded. We come also within range of explanations concerning those most mysterious dreams of all which forecast coming events, and are actually worked out on the physical Plane of life in due time. Coming events may sometimes be the product of causes already set in motion. With the enlarged vision of the Astral Plane the soul may actually cognise these causes and perceive the end to which they are drifting. Sometimes a prophetic dream may be disproved by the event. This merely gives us the happy assurance that the affairs of the world are not engaged in one merciless entanglement of necessity; that causes set in motion may sometimes be counteracted by others of newer origin, that inferences actually drawn on the Astral Plane at one time in presence of a

body of converging tendencies, may be themselves defeated by the intervention of some freer agency. At the other end of the scale the theory I have been setting forth equally accounts for the idiotic nonsense of average dreaming, and, above all, for that characteristic of such dreaming which continually meets the observer, the fact that no matter how absurd may be the adventures of sleep, they seem to excite at the time of their occurrence no surprise. The photographic plate is not surprised, however strange may be the impressions thrown upon it, and this is constantly the condition of things in regard to the dreaming of the Etheric Double, which on the return of the soul consciousness is revived, so to speak, in exactly the state in which it was deposited on the sensitive mirror, and if remembered at all will be remembered under the conditions of its deposition. The soul, it is true, can reason about them afterwards, and see that it ought to have been surprised at the time by some preposterous conjunction of occurrences, but it will also remember that at the time, as a matter of fact, it was not so affected.

Of course, I set this explanation before readers who are not especially concerned with occult study as a "theory" of dreams, but the use of the phrase must not be held to imply that it is a product of an empty speculation. It is something more than that. Even from the point of view of knowledge derived in other ways, that the Etheric Double exists and that the vehicle of the true soul is separable under certain conditions from the bodily casement, the theory itself is the direct result of clairvoyant researches applied to the investigation of the matter in hand. There is a widening gulf, unhappily, between the current knowledge of the world and the work that is going on in various departments of research which have to do with the exercise of the higher psychic faculties. Earnest students are for ever climbing higher and higher on the path on which they have entered, while public knowledge, having lost sight of them almost from the beginning, is more and more, as time goes on, out of touch with their later conclusions. However this may be, the fact remains that an increasing number of people engaged with the realities of occult research, not with the lighter trivialities on the outskirts of the

great enquiry which evoke foolish notice from time to time in the newspapers, are now enabled to apply their observation to such fields of enquiry as those in hand, and not merely to do this, but also to bring direct experiment to bear upon the facts they are studying.

A. P. SINNETT.

SOCIALISM FROM THE OCCULT POINT OF VIEW.

THE Rev. Arthur Baker, minister of a Congregational church in the North of London, and a staunch defender of certain socialistic positions traversed by an article in the last number of BROAD VIEWS, sends us the following reply to the arguments of "An Occult Student," who in turn, as will be seen, adheres to and expands his original declarations.

Those of us who preach both Socialism and Theosophy are often supposed to be guilty of a strange inconsistency; as Theosophists we teach that the evolving soul is attracted to the kind of environment suited to its development, but as Socialists we desire to modify many environments, and even to get rid of some altogether. Are we not then like Penelope, who unpicked every night the portion of the web she had woven during the day, and do we not by either half of our teaching neutralise and nullify the rest? And those who have read the article on Socialism in a recent number of BROAD VIEWS, will be more puzzled than ever that people still survive who claim to be very good Socialists, and very good Theosophists as well—nay, who assert that the basic reason why they are Socialists is because Socialism is the necessary corollary of their Theosophic belief.

It is not my purpose to dissect the article that I have just mentioned, but it contains one statement so surprising to those of us who are intimately acquainted with both Hoxton and Belgravia, that one is quite unable to pass it by. The writer's view

is that people in the West End are the advanced souls, and that their wealth and leisure are privileges that they have earned for themselves in past lives ; while the manual labourers of the East End are the young souls, who in the course of many incarnations will perhaps mount to the exalted level of their West End elder brothers. Now I believe in the distinction between young souls and old souls, but I hold that this application of the doctrine is altogether wrong. The test of a soul's age is not social position, but moral purpose and spiritual determination and loving self-sacrifice, and I have no hesitation in saying that in all these qualities the East End is far ahead of the West, and that, so far as the essentials of character go, the average young workman (whom I know well) is infinitely superior to the average young aristocrat, whom I know perhaps still better ; and what is true of the men, I know to be true of the women too. And surely this is what one would naturally expect. The child, when it first goes to school, starts in the bottom class and is given a very easy task ; when it has mastered that easy task, then it is promoted to a higher class and more difficult work. When a young soul has learned to maintain its equilibrium in the easy environment of the West End, then it is promoted to the harder environment of Hoxton, and is given the more difficult task ; when a soul has managed to resist the temptations of drink in Belgravia, then it goes on to meet the same temptations in Haggerston, where all the circumstances of life almost compel the drinking habit. It is the East End that is the school for advanced souls, and not the West ; and the most advanced souls that I know have been born and bred in the slums of Hoxton, and regard the benighted West End with a tender pity and a great compassion.

Of course there is drunkenness in Hoxton, perhaps more than in Belgravia, but it takes more than one incarnation for a soul to master any environment, and the soul may fail again and again in the harder environment, though it has conquered the easier ones long ago. And when I jostle against a penniless, blear-eyed, drunken woman in Hoxton, it does not seem to me at all impossible that in her last incarnation she may have been a pure and virtuous queen ; she has been promoted to the harder environment, and at her first trial of it has naturally failed.

But if this is our belief as Theosophists, why then should we as Socialists seek to modify an environment that affords so admirable a training-ground for the advanced soul? My first answer is that the environment is far harder than is needed for the purpose of the soul's development. Under no form of Socialism will the world be lacking in hardships and sorrows and obstacles, so that the soul will always find opportunities of testing its strength against opposition and thus developing its powers; but there is no need for the appallingly arduous obstacles that by our competitive system of industry we ourselves have created. The handful of Spartans at Thermopylæ did their best, but they were simply snowed under by the enormous Persian host. The chess player who regularly encounters an antagonist slightly superior to himself will rapidly improve in his play, but if his opponent is much too good for him then he loses hope and makes no progress. Dumb-bells of a moderate size strengthen the boy's body, dumb-bells of excessive weight simply exhaust his frame and leave him an utter wreck. So, too, there is a poverty that stimulates and helps, there is an uncertainty of livelihood that promotes perseverance and zeal, there is a lack of leisure that makes one realise the preciousness of time; but in Hoxton we have a lack of leisure that leaves no opportunities for higher things, we have an uncertainty of employment that blasts every high enterprise and noble hope, we have a poverty that no longer stimulates a man but crushes out all that is best in him, brutalises his nature and degrades his soul. And even those who in Hoxton do win their way through are piteously exhausted by the effort and marred by the struggle, and bear the traces of their awful conflict for many a life to come. For purposes of soul-development our environments are either too easy or else they are too hard, and the soul that seeks a hard environment is obliged to take one that is far harder than it needs.

My second argument is, that a competitive environment re-acts with fatal effect on the soul that has to breathe its desolating atmosphere. The only pathway to competitive success is through looking after one's own interests; it is the selfish side of one's nature that is fostered and matured; it is the selfish qualities that are developed, not only by all our business actions,

but by all the talk and thought around us; and the noblest and best qualities of the soul are stunted, and atrophied, and withered, and dwarfed. Getting, and not giving, is the law of business life; giving, and not getting, is the law of the evolution of the soul. Many a soul starts in this competitive scramble with the highest ideals and the noblest aspirations, but after a few years, ideals are vanished and aspirations have faded away; the qualities that competition develops have taken their place, and the man is selfish, and pushful, and grasping, and hard, and cruel. Of course, a few souls still survive this poisonous miasma, but you will find them either in the Bankruptcy Court or in the workhouse; the road to moral success is the road to business failure and ruin. But Socialism, if it means anything, means at least a system of industry where you no longer shove your neighbour down, but where you cannot help yourself without helping others, and cannot help others without helping yourself.

The argument, however, which to me as a Theosophist carries most weight, is the utter incompatibility of this competitive system with our own religious beliefs. We believe that man in the essence of his being is one with the Divine, and that in God all men are one; in our thoughts and in our prayers, and in our inner life we are seeking to realise this unity. And therefore the whole of our moral consciousness rises in revolt against the compulsion we are under to deny this unity in every act of our industrial life. In the depths of our soul we seek to love our neighbour, but in dismissing our workman we rob him of his daily bread. In the recesses of our heart we strive to be our brother's keeper, but in business life we decoy away his customers or seek to obtain his post. How is it possible for the soul to really think love, when all the time it is compelled to practise hate? How can we feel towards men as brothers, when in our industrial life we have to treat them as competitors and foes? Love in the heart demands for itself love in the economic environment; brotherhood in the soul claims an economic externalisation of brotherhood in the world around us. I do not say that all Theosophists should necessarily engage in Socialist propaganda, and there are doubtless many forms of Socialism that fall short of this spiritual ideal; but I do say that no Theosophist who really

understands the economics of modern industry, can remain a contented buttress of the immoral fabric; I do say that no Theosophist who professes the doctrines of fraternity and sympathy can live a harmonious inner life, while he takes part in a competitive system that is the denial of brotherhood and the repudiation of love.

ARTHUR BAKER.

BY AN OCCULT STUDENT.

Mr. Baker's glowing sympathy with the sufferings of the East End people has interfered apparently with his study of the principles governing human evolution as revealed by occult science. We do not arrive at these by inferences as to what is likely to be the case, on the assumption that the world is ruled in just the way that a good man of our level of intelligence would rule it, but on observation of the actual facts, by means of faculties appropriate to such a research. And whether the arrangement seems to Mr. Baker reasonable or otherwise, the fact appears to be that, subject to individual exceptions, which are, of course, numerous both ways, there is a general upward social drift of human beings in incarnation, and this operates in a way which renders it necessary to consider the conditions defined by the phrases "young" and "old" souls.

To begin with, these phrases are misleading, although it is true that some souls now in incarnation are older than others by countless millions of years. But that difference has reference to periods ante-dating the existence of this world, and to explain the whole matter would involve a long treatise on some of the most intricate mysteries of what is commonly called Creation. So far as this world is concerned, it is necessary first to realise the fact that the humanity it bears has had its origin in worlds preceding this by incalculable aeons. So far as this world is concerned, the first influx of human souls represented those at the early stage of individual growth. As the rough work of physical evolution on this planet proceeded, entities representing somewhat more advanced conditions of being came into incarnation in due order. Quite the loftiest representatives of the human family arrived

latest. Thus, if we talk of this world only, the "younger" souls are really the oldest, to put the matter paradoxically. The oldest, as far as this planet is concerned, are those who never had any experience as human beings except on this planet, but who thus have belonged to it from its earliest stages of its existence.

Now whether our socialistic friends think it fair or not, those entities representing the most advanced conditions of evolution are provided with incarnations affording them favourable opportunities for intellectual and moral growth, and if the Socialist conceives that such opportunities are best provided in the ranks of the humblest poverty, he differs apparently from the power we vaguely describe as Nature, because it is clearly discernible for those who can investigate such problems that the most advanced entities arriving at the close of the procession of this planet were actually found in incarnation in the upper classes of the great Atlantean race in which they made their appearance, and have remained in such incarnations ever since.

And then it is perceived that the immediate law which governs the conditions of successive incarnations has to do with the specific aspirations of the individual concerned. The notion that the matter is arranged by a wise and amiable pedagogue controlling the wires of his marionette theatre is one that has to give way entirely to the more scientific conceptions derived from occult study. The law is that each man is his own creator after he has been conducted by certain evolutionary laws to a certain stage of his progress, and he creates his environment as he advances by the specific desires of each life in turn, subject to the embarrassments he may unintentionally himself put in the way of their fulfilment by action conducive to different sorts of results. Now, this law alone is enough to explain the statement put forward above, that the progress of evolution involves a gradual upward drift in social position. It never involves a sudden leap from one level to a level of much greater exaltation, for this simple reason that no one can actually picture in his own mind the conditions of life belonging to stations very greatly exalted above his own.

Imagine, for example, the thoughts and aspirations of a poor girl earning her miserable living by match making in the East

End. She does not know enough of the circumstances surrounding the lives of Belgravian daughters to have any specific desires pointing in that direction. Her desires have to do with conditions of life slightly better than her own, some of which she may have contracted, and assuming that she does nothing to impede her progress, her next life realises some of these aspirations, and on the higher levels the same rule again prevails.

When once the conditions of ease and refinement are attained, it does not by any means follow that aspirations point in the direction of wealth or rank; they may have a predominant artistic or intellectual purpose, and the advancement thus attained by the Ego would be represented by ever increasing aptitudes in the environments he would attain to for the progress of the pursuits in which his real interests are immersed. But allowing for this and turning to the problems of rank and wealth, the same principle operates. The very lofty stations in the world's hierarchy are reached by those who for some reason, from the level but one degree below them, have fretfully desired further advancement, and socialistic sneers concerning Kings and Queens—though we may freely grant that Kings and Queens are often entitled to very little admiration, are hopelessly out of tune with the actual working of Nature's laws. It is a profound delusion to suppose that the methods of reincarnation involve proceedings so absurd as the transfer of Egoes abruptly from very lofty to very lowly stations, or the reverse.

Now, the situation roughly here sketched is "for those who know"—if we may be allowed the use of a phrase, the arrogance of which may be excused by its antiquity—the actual state of the facts. How are we to reconcile it, in our own thinking, with the undeniable claims on our sympathy, and help of those who are still struggling upward from primitive conditions of being in the humbler classes of great civilised communities? Their condition is often grievous and terrible, and frightfully worse than it need be if human institutions were more wisely ordered. Even such a remark as that claims an elaborate amplification. Are any conditions actually existing outside the programme of the Divine intelligence represented by the laws we are sometimes enabled to discern? At all events, we must act as if that were the case, or

we should never move a finger to relieve the sufferings of our fellow creatures. We must act as though the miseries of the East End were evil things in themselves and remediable by our effort. And then we come face to face with all the practical proposals of Socialism, resting for the most part on the quicksand of a false assumption that everyone could be trusted to play his part in a system based on the theory that all are born to the inheritance of equal rights. Surely the most moderate grasp of occult teaching should make it apparent that this assumption is erroneous, and that the best approximations to universal comfort that could be reached would be attained by a wise control rather than by unfettered liberty.

The wise control was once exercised for periods in the past history of mankind, and widespread welfare was its consequence. But apparently, in accordance with the whole design, periods of greater stress, and even suffering, were necessary to rouse the latent capabilities of what Mr. Baker would call the younger souls, and so the eras of democracy succeeded the golden ages of benevolent despotism, and the wretchedness of impoverished multitudes arises as its consequence. We cannot for obvious reasons restore the benevolent despotism. But we can sometimes perceive the direction in which the wretchedness incidental to popular liberty has run into needless excess, and the methods by which a qualified system of control, even directed by no greater wisdom than that which is available in modern government, might mitigate some of the sorrow at the sight of which our hearts must bleed. Of course, this view will seem extravagant in the estimation of those whose thinking has been stereotyped along the lines of Mr. Baker's essay, but whoever from an entirely impartial standpoint will ponder on the problems of human life, must realise the force of the great principle that, at all events at the humbler stages of human evolution, suffering is the price of liberty.

This explanation may not be thought to cover the view set forth in Mr. Baker's essay, according to which many humble workers in the East End are morally and intellectually superior to many leisured representatives of the upper class. They do really cover it because aspiration will sometimes tend simply

towards luxury, sometimes towards interior progress, and, again, where the privileges of station are terribly misused, the Karma of such mistakes will even override the force of aspiration, so there may be rougher lessons in store for those who may be regarded as bringing the blessings of luxury into contempt. But while from the lofty point of view the spiritual progress of the soul is of immeasurably greater importance than its temporal welfare in any given birth, it is unscientific to disregard the happenings of one birth, making for happiness or suffering, as unimportant. They are not by any means regarded as unimportant by nature any more than,—to regard the same problems in one of its larger aspects,—does nature conceive it as of no moment whether a soul should be incarnated in civilised Europe or in Central Africa.

PROFESSOR DARWIN AND THE MOON.

THE second part of Prof. Darwin's address to the British Association was concerned with a new theory relating to the origin of the Solar system. He frankly tells us that he makes no attempt to carry back the story behind the time when there was already a centre of condensation or sun, about which there circled another condensation or planet. As the main purpose for which we endeavour to frame hypotheses concerning the origin of systems has to do with our legitimate interest in their beginnings, we do not seem much helped by a theory which assumes the beginning to have been accomplished, and merely engages itself with conjectures referring to later developments. But from the point of view of information derived from sources of knowledge with which ordinary science is hardly as yet concerned, some of us do know enough about the beginning of Solar systems to realise with considerable confidence that the state of things Prof. Darwin assumes to exist at the early period never existed at all, and therefore that the conjectures he builds on this entirely ill-founded hypothesis are worth absolutely nothing.

Occult information in reference to this subject corresponds so closely in some, at all events, of its leading features with the hitherto established conception of nebular condensation, that it is hardly necessary to make any appeal to occult teaching in refutation of Prof. Darwin's idea concerning the manner in which additional planets might be formed by the aggregation of meteoric swarms, if we allow ourselves to start from the assumption that

the sun and one big planet are already established in business. Accumulating observations concerning the nebulæ, scattered all over the Heavens in such wonderful abundance, have enabled us to realise the life history of a new system, and by comparing the different stages of growth which the various nebulæ represent, we are enabled, with considerable confidence, to follow the whole process from its early stages to its conclusion.

But one may partly comprehend what may be described as the intellectual motive of Prof. Darwin's new theory by remembering the attachment he has shown in former writings to the importance of tidal friction as a formative process in connection with the evolution of planets. This view is especially prominent in the present address in connection with its theory of the moon's origin. Here we are dealing with a subject brightly illuminated by occult science, though so far the prey of entirely bewildered guess work on the part of conventional astronomy.

Astronomy has been described by a highly unscientific critic as a science of pure curiosity. The thought at the bottom of this misguided epigram being to the effect that other worlds, even if they exist, can never be any concern of ours, and that facts, so far as we can get at them relating to their distances and magnitude, are out of gear with the problems on which human welfare depends. But, at all events, the curiosity which astronomical research in later years has been enabled to feed, is highly dignified in its character, and perhaps represents an undefined presentiment to the effect, that when human wisdom has advanced some stages further, we shall find that other worlds in the universe are not so completely out of touch with our own interests as they might have seemed from the point of view of a more primitive culture. Anyhow the truth is that the magnificent foundations of knowledge which the purely physical investigations of ordinary astronomy have laid down in unconscious preparation for a loftier structure hereafter, is already in process of being supplemented by a considerable volume of information relating to subjects which, from the point of view of purely material science, seem destined to lie for ever beyond our reach. Prof. Darwin concludes his elaborate address with a phrase, intended, no doubt, to embellish mathematical genius with a flavour of modesty, but really indica-

tive,—for those who can see only a little into the future—of the comic arrogance underlying much scientific thought that plumes itself on its humility. "We may, indeed, be amazed," Prof. Darwin declares in his final conclusion, "at all that man has been able to find out, but the immeasurable magnitude of the undiscovered will throughout all time remain to humble his pride." So far so good, but the concluding sentence puts a complexion upon this phrase in which there is very little real humility. "Our children's children will still be gazing and marvelling at the starry heavens, but the riddle will never be read." The implication embodied in this phrase to the effect that its author can forecast the ultimate limits within which human understanding will be confined, might surely be regarded as over confident by many even of his most conventional hearers, while from the point of view of those who know that means already exist by which some of the riddles he regards as insoluble have already been read, the old epigram referring to the pride that apes humility will, perhaps, be remembered.

Already many representatives of conventional science are beginning to be aware of the fact that human intelligence can be reached by other channels than those of the five senses. Those primitive thinkers who suppose that belief in clairvoyance is a baseless superstition, must surely put a jealous guard over their ignorance in order to maintain their opinions. But even those who recognize some of the possibilities associated with the higher forms of clairvoyance may hardly be aware of the extent to which it is available as an instrument of research in connection with astronomical phenomena. In truth the memory of Nature which certain kinds of clairvoyance can lay under contribution, is incapable of being weakened by time. That memory is as vivid in dealing with events that transpired before the foundations of the earth were laid, as with the happenings of yesterday. And thus for the occult student, as a matter of fact, the earlier history of the solar system is not a subject to be dealt with merely on the basis of reason and probability, but one which may become the subject of investigation relating to the actual course of events. Volumes, of course, might be written in amplification of these last few sentences. An article in this Review (February, 1904) on

"The Memory of Nature" did something towards elucidating the mystery, but for the moment we may rather be concerned with the results obtained by exploring some of the contents of Nature's memory than with the methods of that fascinating research.

However little the idea may recommend itself to those who have long been nourishing a very different belief, our Moon, as a matter of fact, instead of having been detached from the mass of the earth at some early period of its formation, is enormously older than the earth itself; was actually a living planet, considerably greater in magnitude than the Moon as we now see it, long before those condensations of nebulous matter within the Solar system took place, as a consequence of which the earth came into existence.

Of course this view of the subject is so terribly at variance with the conventional beliefs (or orthodox guess work) of modern astronomy, that people unfamiliar with the possibilities of occult research will be unable to regard it as anything better than a wild speculation. But on the other hand, from the point of view of those whose eyes have been opened to the possibilities of acquiring information by occult means, the course of events as regards the history of this planet and its predecessor—the remains of which constitute our present Moon—are so well understood that the whole body of speculation in Prof. Darwin's address, based on the idea that the Moon was originally a portion of the earth is, to be frank, so wide of the mark as to be ludicrous rather than merely erroneous. Tidal friction just now is very much in fashion with astronomers, and is worked as hard in the attempted explanation of phenomena, with which it has nothing to do, as amongst a certain class of super-physical investigators the theory of telepathy is also driven to death. In both cases the force under consideration is really operative in Nature, but in neither case does it play a part approximating in importance to that which is assigned to it by its enthusiastic votaries.

The great discoveries concerning the past history of the Solar system that have rewarded occult research, hang together in a beautifully scientific way, and the fact that the Moon was a living inhabited planet before the Earth was formed is merely one of a series which interpret the vast processes of human evolution, so

enormously more extensive in their range than even Darwinian speculation has suggested. It would be inconvenient here to attempt the systematic exposition of the part the Moon formerly played in these processes, but those who may desire to comprehend the subject more fully will find it amply dealt with in the current literature of occult research.

We may surrender to tidal friction the establishment of the Moon's synchronous rotation and revolution round her primary, although it was only in her feeble old age that she found herself reduced to the condition of a satellite, thus obliged to regulate her movements in subordination to the influence of her majestic daughter. But when the real facts are known, the conventional guess concerning the Moon's origin seems terribly absurd.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

By Philip Sidney.

An examination of the statistics, officially published concerning the average number of visitors inspecting the British Museum, shows that, taking into consideration its inestimable claims on the public interest, this magnificent treasure-house, one of the wonders, not only of England, but of the world, does not attract into its portals a third of the number of persons that it ought to, by rights, in the course of a year. Of the total number of the persons inspecting it, moreover, a very large and disappointing proportion is made up of Americans and of foreigners. The ordinary Englishman, indeed, visits it once, in duty bound, but once only. He goes away, as a rule, bored and disappointed, without having seen half what he expected or wished to see, and quite oblivious of the fact that, but for the objects of interest being so clumsily arranged, this dismal building would provide him with matter for study and instruction which would fully occupy his time, not for one short visit, but for a long and pleasant series of visits. I purpose, below, to examine into the causes of this lack of popularity of the British Museum, and to point out also, the necessity for establishing certain much-needed reforms in the administration of the building generally, and in the arrangement of its contents, which should most certainly be carried out both in regard to the management of the Museum proper and of the Library and Reading-Room. By the "British

Museum," of course, I am referring only to the central establishment in Bloomsbury, and not to its branch mainly devoted to Natural History, in South Kensington.

First of all, among mere minor details, it is to be deplored that the exterior court-yard, through which all visitors have to enter the British Museum from Great Russell Street, should not be made more attractive and ornate. Could not the grass-plots be laid out in flower-beds, and much of the dreary waste of gravel transformed into the same? The classic façade too, deserves, perhaps, a finer flight of steps than those at present disfiguring it which are laid down out of all proportion to the height and size of the Ionic colonnade surmounting them; and could not the presence of so many pigeons, inhabiting the corners and crevices of the roof, be dispensed with, for they are often responsible for the dirty condition of the steps?

Another defect, observable from the exterior, is the obvious misuse of the space available. A large portion of the frontage is taken up by the residences of the chief permanent Officials on the Museum Staff. Now, admittiug the fact that the Library is already so over-stocked, that with the greatest difficulty only, is room being found to place the new books and periodicals daily coming into it, one would have thought these private residences would long ago have been given up for the business pnrposes of the British Museum. An arrangement to this effect could very easily be arrived at with the officials inhabiting these buildings. These gentlemen could be compensated for the loss of their residences by being allowed an addition to their salary, in lieu of the free-quarters assigned to them here, and I am betraying no confidence in stating that the execution of such a scheme would, I believe, be not unwelcomed by the majority of the officials concerned. The actual gain to the British Museum by the surrender of these houses would be inestimable. It would solve, for almost a century to come, the whole question of finding house room for the new books, and so far from proving a financial loss, carrying this scheme into effective operation would prove, in the long run, a considerable financial profit.

Entering the British Museum the visitor has fault at once to find with the complete lack of all concise directions to enlighten

him as to the whereabouts of the different galleries, what they contain, and how to get to them. It is true that guide-books can be bought, and printed slips can be obtained gratis in the hall, but this is not nearly sufficient; what is wanted is a comprehensive plan of the whole building posted up in a conspicuous position, together with sign-posts pointing to the sites of the various galleries. In this respect the British Museum cannot favourably compare with the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, in the corridors of which every facility and provision is afforded to the visitor by the erection of plans and sign-posts pointing out where to go. At South Kensington the central hall is well lighted, whereas that at Bloomsbury is too dark and gloomy.

Ascending from the ground floor to the first story, the visitor, male or female, of no matter what age or condition of health, has to toil up an extremely long and very steep flight of stairs, a most trying and tedious proceeding. Surely, one would imagine, the cost of erecting a lift would not be too severe for the country to meet, in order to enable sight-seers to inspect in comfort the treasures of our great national Museum. A sliding staircase, constructed on the same principle as that used in some of our larger shops, would also be a distinct improvement upon this steep and ugly flight. Arrived at the upper story, the self-evident absence of all facilities as to where to find what one wants, is more apparent here even than on the lower floor. The condition of things is one of chaos. The only possible method of discovering what one seeks is to ask a policeman, or a curator. The varied contents of the different galleries are arranged in the most monotonous manner possible, there is nothing to relieve the eye, and there are not enough seats to rest wearied tourists. Such a state of things suggests, as a remedy, the regular employment of properly qualified guides, who for a small fee, shall, by the permission, and under the direction of the Museum authorities, be licensed to show visitors round the building, and explain all that there is to be seen.

But, if the internal condition of the British Museum proper calls for criticism, what is to be said concerning that of the Reading-room and Library? Here there is also much to be

achieved in the way of rearrangement as well as reform. Inadequate allowance still seems to be made, as it was in the beginning, to provide for the vast increase both in the publication of books and periodicals, and in the number of those persons desirous of obtaining a ticket to come here and read them. The departmental rules rigidly governing the Reading-room and Library, were excellent, no doubt, as times were half a century ago, but they are quite out of date to-day.

To begin with, considering the enormous number of persons who have permission to use the reading-room, it is deplorable that this edifice, with its huge dome (having the largest circumference but one in the world), should be so badly ventilated. It is not too much to say, as more than one doctor has to my own knowledge testified, that to use this room frequently, as many persons do every weekday for many hours a day, is to risk injuring one's health. The atmosphere of this room is a strange mixture of impure air and draughts, and it is clear that it requires closing for the space of at least one whole month at a stretch, in order that it may be repainted, cleaned, and its system of ventilation rectified. As it is, at present, it is only closed twice a year (it is open on Bank Holidays) for the space of four days at a time, and, needless to say, this brief period is much too short to be of any use whatever.

Next, a very different system invites adoption in regard to the time occupied when issuing the books to readers. Recourse to the telephone could remedy this. Instead of waiting, perhaps, fifty minutes before getting the book one requires, during which interval the written order for the book passes through many hands and necessitates the active employment of at least four people, the whole proceeding could be simplified with a great saving both of time and labour by simply telephoning the press-mark (the identifying number) from the central desk to the inner rooms, where the books are shelved. This simpler plan would, I conjecture, enable the reader to get any book given out to him in half the time during which he is at present kept waiting for it. Then, again, several minutes are wasted by the unfortunate reader in filling in the printed ticket that he has to present when he requires a book. He has to write out a separate one for each book. On each

ticket, no matter how many books he may be getting out in the course of the day, he has to inscribe his name, the number of his seat, the date, and the year of the book's publication, besides furnishing full details as to the title of the book, its press mark, and the name of its author or publisher. Now, the fulfilment of several of these conditions is quite unnecessary. As a matter of fact, only three items are really requisite, viz., the reader's name, the book's press mark, and the number of the reader's seat. As each book is identified by its press mark no need exists to add a description of its title, its author's name, its publisher's name, and the date of its publication, any more than there is any necessity to date each ticket sent in. By the arbitrary imposition of such unpopular restrictions as these, a reader, whose time is limited, but who much wishes to refer to an important book, perhaps for a few minutes only, and may have come a long way to do it, s often compelled to go away with his, or her, task only partly accomplished, and sometimes without having time to wait until the book reaches him, or her, after all.

Yet another arrangement in the Reading-room calling for alteration is concerned with what are known as the works of general reference. These books are not kept inside the private rooms, but are ranged on the shelves inside the public room, free for every reader to take down and use without having to fill in a ticket. These volumes include most of the standard works in English literature in all departments—artistic, scientific, genea logical, historical, medical, theological, topographical, legal, bio-graphical, and poetical. But they sadly want sorting out and redistributing, for quite twenty per cent. of the technical works on these shelves are hopelessly out of date, are never now consulted by anybody, and occupy spaces which ought to be covered by later standard works on their respective subjects.

Other draw-backs, standing in drastic need of removal, are connected with the refreshment-room and lavatories. The crowd of daily visitors, although it ought to be larger, certainly needs a better refreshment-room than that at present in use, which instead of being poked away in a corner of the Egyptian Gallery, should be removed to a more convenient position easy of access to all. Of the lavatories it can only be said

that they constantly stand in urgent need of new brushes and basins.

It is to be regretted that some suitable room, or hall, within the British Museum cannot be set permanently aside for lectures, —for lectures to be delivered by acknowledged experts on the various collections in the Museum, and on the history, geology, and archæology of the countries whence those exhibits are derived. It is true that a few private lectures are occasionally given in the winter time, but they are not nearly sufficient in number, and the prices charged for tickets of admission are too high. A course of public lectures, at low prices, delivered during the autumn and winter by acknowledged authorities on their particular subjects, if well advertised, would become very popular, and would do much towards getting the general public to come more often to the British Museum, as well as to appreciate its contents.

The British Museum, in fact, ought to follow its junior, the Natural History Museum, at South Kensington, a good deal more closely. Here, everything is a great deal more up to date, with the capital result that, although its position is in nothing like so central a locality as that held by the senior institution in Bloomsbury, it is decidedly more popular and attractive. That the British Museum is in any way hampered by having an inefficient staff is not the case. In all departments the officials are most capable and trustworthy men. But their hands are tied, for the system of red-tape is too much for them. They cannot do anything of themselves, towards reform—not even of the very simplest kind—without first applying to Parliament for permission. For instance, a few years ago, when the Trustees of the Museum very wisely wished to weed out and destroy a lot of the rubbish accumulated in the newspaper room, in the shape of old numbers of insignificant provincial journals, they were deterred from doing so by the fact that certain persons had determined to oppose their scheme on its coming before the House of Commons. The Trustees, therefore, should be endowed with wider powers, absolutely irrespective of the control, or veto, of Parliament.

Special facilities should be accorded to the heads of schools to take their pupils, male and female, over the British Museum. One morning or afternoon in the week might reasonably be set

apart for this, and capable guides should be appointed to instruct the young people during their visits. After all, the chief aim of a national museum ought to be to instruct, and the public should not be hampered, as at present by petty restrictions from acquiring the knowledge about the Museum's contents, that they should acquire. In our great picture collections—the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the Wallace Collection, and the National Portrait Gallery, two days a week are set aside for the use of students, but the public are still admitted on those days on the payment of a small fee. Why should not two days in the week be similarly reserved for students at the British Museum?

Again, concerning the existing regulations for admission into the Reading-room and Library, it is, of course, somewhat difficult for the authorities in charge to decide who shall, and who shall not be admitted to use it, for if a man be a rate-payer, with a respectable record, it is not easy to prevent him claiming a quasi-legal right to be allowed to use an institution towards the financial maintenance of which he regularly subscribes. In this respect, nevertheless, the Directorate should be endowed with wider powers, and should make enquiries into the antecedants of every applicant seeking permission to work in the Library, before granting the applicant a ticket of admission; although the new rule, by which tickets are only granted for a period of six months at a time (at the expiration of which they have to be returned to the Director on approval, before they can be renewed) vexatious though it be, is an excellent administrative plan, and enables the Director to maintain a closer supervision over each individual reader.

Finally, may it not seriously be asked whether the time has not arrived to reconsider the advisability of claiming for the Library of the British Museum a copy of every new work published in Great Britain and Ireland. Of the new books sent in the course of a year to be housed in the British Museum, and to have their titles entered in the catalogue, not forty per cent. are worth permanent retention in the Library. It is a fact that new novels are not given out to readers until five years after the date of their publication, but this makes no difference whatever to the position, for they occupy a place on the shelves from the time of

their reception, and their titles are printed as soon as possible in the catalogues. The output of current fiction is, indeed, so enormous that the day must come when the utmost difficulty will be experienced in finding room in the Library of the British Museum for all the new novels, pamphlets, and newspapers, whilst the catalogues will be increased so tremendously in number and size, that finding the pressmark of a book required in them will form quite a lengthy labour. Under the circumstances, therefore, it would be wise to determine not to include in the British Museum Library any more works of fiction in future, and, at the same time, to curtail considerably the number of the newspapers and magazines now being admitted, for the library is so overstocked that even the very catalogues furnish a small collection of themselves, and in some cases, even now, it takes quite a quarter of an hour to find in any one of their volumes the work wanted. What things will be like, therefore, in another twenty years' time, unless some stoppage be put to the existing system of cataloguing so many novels, one trembles to think ! It is, indeed, not too much to contend that the curtailment of the accumulations of novels and useless newspapers is the most important of all the pressing reforms which ought to be carried into operation at the British Museum.

It is to be hoped that many of these projected schemes for reform, as suggested above, will be carried into adoption, and that at no very distant date, for they have all been urgently required for a long time past, and it is nothing short of a national reproach that our greatest museum should be administered in so lax and decadent a fashion. To carry them into successful working would necessitate, it is true, the closing of the whole building to the public for at least one month, but this would mean both time and money gained in the end, and it would be better to shut it up altogether for three or four months, and have the alterations thoroughly completed once and for all, than closing it now and then for a few days only, giving thereby no time reasonably to execute any satisfactory or permanent work during such contracted intervals. Closing the building for some months, in addition to effecting the various improvements already mentioned, would afford a capital opportunity to instal a new system of

electric lighting throughout the whole of the British Museum, which, during the dark and foggy days of late autumn or winter, suffers severely from insufficient illumination. In the interior rooms of the library, indeed, where the books are stored, there is actually no artificial light at all, so that on a foggy day no books are given out to readers from want of light to find them, and thus it is no uncommon thing, at intervals during three months of the year, to find work in the reading-room brought practically to a standstill, for the good reason that the readers cannot get any books to read, excepting, of course, the few standard works kept on the open shelves in the principal room.

VISION AND VISIONS.

A PSYCHICAL PUZZLE.

By J. H.

Vision, according to our dictionaries, means, "the act or seeing external objects;" also, "the faculty of vision." The term is generally held to be synonymous with Sight, but, strictly speaking, it is not so; and it seems advisable to discriminate between the two terms so that, in what follows, the sense in which each is used may be understood. The difference may be most readily perceived by a comparison between the Faculty of Sight and the Faculty of Vision. The Faculty of Sight is a natural endowment, requiring for its exercise an elaborate and exquisitely adjusted physical mechanism. Vision, on the other hand, may be called Educated Sight. The most perfect physical apparatus will not convey a correct impression of an external object to the mind until the mind has learnt to use it.*

The Faculty of Sight, then, may exist apart from Vision, as we understand it, for the exercise of which intellectual activity is an essential condition. Vision, then, we may take it, is spiritualized sight which, through the natural organ, reveals external objects to us. But it does not stop there. The Spirit—I use the word advisedly as more comprehensive than Mind—the Spirit, having learned the art of visualizing with

*This is a well known fact, but for an interesting illustration see the case described by Dr. Maitland Ramsay in the "Lancet" of 16th May, 1903.

the aid of the Faculty of sight, sometimes refuses to be controlled by, or interfered with by, anything material which would restrict its revelations to external objects, and amuses itself visualizing things which have no existence: things purely subjective to which the term "Visions" may be quite properly applied. A Vision in this sense is simply another name for a hallucination—it is a thing distinctly seen which, in fact, does not exist, and which has not even any basis of objective suggestion. There seems no other way of accounting for the phenomena exhibited in the case of Mr. A., described by me under the title of "Certain Unusual Psychological Phenomena" in a paper which appears among the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research published last Spring.

After an interval of fully three years, during which only on a few occasions, and then for only a few minutes, was there any return of hallucination, Mr. A. has recently (in March, 1905) had almost a repetition of his first experience, during a period of three days and partially three nights, seeing subjective images in great variety and undiminished beauty and brilliancy, but with some variation which, though inconsiderable, it may be important to record on the chance that some apparently insignificant fact may tend to elucidate the mysterious phenomena or prove suggestive.

Mr. A's condition remains practically unaltered. He is 74 years of age. His right eye remains serviceable, though defective, but he has been without a left eye for more than four years. He is in good health, a keen observer, and an accurate recorder of facts; and the accuracy of his notes—from which I draw my information—may be relied upon.

The first thing noticed by Mr. A. while walking along one of the streets with which he was well acquainted was a rough chasm, as if cut in a mass of rubble, with large stones protruding at the sides. The width of the opening was about four feet and the depth about three feet. On this the sun seemed to be shining brightly, the shading and shadows being perfect. Here and there along the bottom large stones stood up or lay, and among these some bits of straw and leaves as if left by running water So perfect was the representation—even the distinctive

texture of the stones could be discerned—and the whole seemed so absolutely solid and real that A. started and stopped, afraid to take another step, although he had the arm of his wife and knew that at that particular spot there was nothing of the kind but solid granolithic pavement. Assured of this, he walked on nervously, as apparently at each step his feet went over the edge of the chasm which stretched out straight in front of him. After going on thus about 50 yards he got into a tram-car and, to his great relief, the vision disappeared.

This was purely a hallucination in broad daylight, it was indistinguishable from a solid reality and it had no objective basis whatever. A. had never seen a place of the kind and there was certainly no such place in the locality. What makes the case so peculiarly interesting is the fact that A. was destitute of the usual —or any—physical apparatus which is supposed to be necessary to effect visualization. The vision occupied the field of the left eye (but there was no left eye) while the right eye did not see the vision, but objective images only through the usual medium; and hence, as the visualization was purely from beginning to end a mental operation, it was as plainly seen with the eyes shut as with them open.

Passing from this to other hallucinations seen on this occasion the manifestations, while retaining the same general characteristics as on the first, were distinctly more varied in detail, more intense, more gorgeous in colouring, and more brilliantly illuminated—in all cases bathed in brightest sunlight. There were only two changes worth mentioning. One of these was that, whereas on the former occasion the hallucinations did not appear during the night, on this they did appear each night, which was chiefly interesting as exhibiting the difference between hallucinations and dreams. It also seemed to prove that they were unaffected by and independent of hypnotic influence, unlike dreams in that respect. At night, as during the day, when hallucinations were visible A. was invariably wide awake. The hallucinary images referred to were not constantly seen, but only recurred at intervals during three days, becoming less frequent during the third day.

The second point of interest I shall notice is this circumstance. Whereas on the first occasion movement of the subjective

images was not observed except in relation to movement on the part of the observer, on the recent occasion movement, independent of images in relation to each other while the observer remained stationary, was frequently seen. For example (to use A's own words): "I see, towards the left, two men about fifty feet away going along a footpath towards the right, beside a well-built wall of hewn freestone, all the beds and joints of which are clearly seen. One of the men is a soldier in a scarlet jacket and the other is a bluejacket. The soldier is nearest the wall, but when they come in front they seem to have some difference about how they should walk and the bluejacket drops behind and pushes in between the soldier and the wall, and in this order they pass on and disappear a little to the right of my nose, without any apparent change on the wall. While this is going on in front I see close beside me the appearance of a young woman wearing a Glengarry bonnet with two eagle's feathers sticking in it. I could only see the side of her face, as she was staring intently at the two men walking past. I saw her quite distinctly, yet I can almost say, 'I saw her but a moment.' The freestone wall gradually assumes a different appearance and shows a magnificent display of costly wall decoration—slabs of marbles of many hues, of mosaics, enamels and inlays of many kinds, including slabs of gold. The slabs are in many forms, with an average superfices of about a foot, but all fitting together in the manner known as Cyclopean masonry. The artist had not been content with mere gorgeous colouring, but the whole surface was enriched with delicate engraving in almost infinite variety. As I gazed on this spectacle a screen passed before it composed apparently from its fracture of large thin slabs of ice joined together. This passed from right to left, partially obscuring the background from time to time, as thicker portions of the ice, or reflections on its uneven surface, intervened. Such variations made its steady and perfectly horizontal movement evident. After this had continued some time it gradually assumed the appearance of wire netting, smooth and black; and finally an iron grill of rather elaborate design—the whole moving steadily on with the changing reflections of the subjective light (!) showing quite naturally and correctly on the many convex surfaces of twisted black wire.

I shall only illustrate the independent movement of these subjective images by one other example:

On a screen of almost transparent delicate fabric suddenly a gold frame appears of oval form, the greatest diameter about 8 inches. In the centre there is what seems to be an exquisite miniature of a lovely girl in a straw hat trimmed with daffodils. Before you have looked at her so long as you might wish she turns her face slightly, but gracefully, towards you and gradually decends down and towards the left out of sight, the frame remaining unmoved and empty. A slight variation of this was the following: a similar image with a different headdress appeared set in a concave shell of gold; and as she looks at you the shell begins to revolve—you see the scalloped edge of it pass over her smiling face and she is lost to sight!

I may mention another movement not noticed on any previous occasion. A living creature of indescribable form springs forward till apparently it comes against the chin and then it is seen no more. It appeared to me to be about the thickness of my wrist—a dirty white colour and covered with shaggy hair, like a Scotch terrier. There was also a slight indication of a black nose, but as its head shot forward fully a foot without any appearance of a body following, it must be regarded as a nondescript. I think it important to mention it, however, because the phenomenon was exceedingly startling. I instinctively raised my hand to ward off the threatened attack." This must be regarded as a noteworthy and significant fact in connection with certain phases of lunacy. For, as the subjective image is indistinguishable from reality, a slight variation in detail—the addition of a face, or savage head, or diabolical expression, for example, and the repeated spring of the creature at one's throat—might unhinge a mind naturally timid and unaccustomed to regard such manifestations with equanimity.

Everything seems to point to the conclusion that the conception and the visualization of these images is independent of physical agency. As we have just seen, they continue to remain strictly within the area of vision assigned to the left eye, and this although there is no longer any eye there, while over the right field the right eye still remains supreme, even detecting objects

through the subjective images on the area where the two fields overlap. Physical mechanism on the right side, though impaired, exists and acts in a natural way. On the left side it has no existence, and therefore cannot act in any way. The connecting link between external things and the brain was cut off and no current of excitation could possibly have its origin except from within, yet it is difficult to understand how this can possibly be, for we cannot attribute the invention of these images to the imagination, as the imagination cannot be regarded as independent of associations drawn from the storehouse of memory, and, in effect, no trace of any process of the kind is to be found, nor can we find any mechanism dissociated from the left eye capable of creating more vivid and realistic visions than those which the organ in a natural state produces.

The important question remains: Are these phenomena purely spiritual manifestations independent of any physical mechanism and destitute of the organ through which alone, so far as we know, the excitation caused by external objects is conveyed to the brain? The brain cannot even draw on memory's storehouse, as the subjective images are entirely novel, and, as we have seen, even the will is powerless to induce the Spirit to visualise one single familiar object, or to persuade it to discontinue its unwelcome manifestation!

Is there, then, in man in his normal state a power which we designate "Spirit," to which the "mind," as heretofore defined, is subject, which is paramount over the will, and which is able to convey to the brain subjective images of its own devising without the aid of any mental faculty, or of any physical environment or medium which we have been accustomed to regard as indispensable? If we answer in the affirmative, then we practically admit that further attempts to solve the mystery must for ever remain futile. But if we refuse to go this length, and assume that the first cause of these hallucinations is not a Spirit, but a pathological condition, then we must ask the physiologist to find out and tell us what that condition is. If he is able to detect the cause he may also be able to prescribe a cure, and so to alleviate the mental sufferings of many. For, is it not the case that certain forms of insanity practically

result from this hallucinary condition becoming chronic? If, approaching the investigation of these phenomena from the physical side, we only find ourselves plunging deeper and deeper into inextricable difficulties, it may nevertheless be possible to obtain some insight into the pathological condition which seems to be coincident with, if not essential to, the production of such hallucinations. Meantime, it is impossible to conceive how a power inherent in man—call it Spirit or what you will—can, without the use of any physical mechanism whatever, continue to exhibit its fantastic but withal beautiful "variety entertainment" to a sane man still able to use the mechanism which Nature has provided. The Spirit does not distort or interfere in any way with the *only* natural apparatus left to him for objective vision. If he shuts his eyes the objective vision disappears, but not so the other—the subjective phantasmagoria remains as luminous as before: it is absolutely independent of the natural organ and its cause must be looked for somewhere else.

It will be observed that the hallucinations we have described are essentially different from the delusions of the inebriate or those under the influence of narcotics, which are strictly of the nature of dreams in which a great deal is assumed which is not actually visualized. Delusions such as those referred to by Dr. Helen Bourchier in a recent number of "Broad Views" may possibly be traced by the scientific physiologist to abnormal physical conditions due to a specific cause, but hallucinations are not the evanescent phantasmagoria of a mind diseased, and if it be true that physiologists are familiar with such phenomena and can trace their origin to physical causes, it must be allowed that they have failed to give any explanation intelligible to people of ordinary capacity—much less to suggest any cure for the spiritual aberrations due to a physical defect.

NOTE BY AN OCCULT STUDENT.

Invited to comment on this paper my first remark must be an expression of surprise that people sufficiently interested in superphysical experiences to be members of the society for Psychical Research, and contributor to its proceedings, should

be content to remain in ignorance of the far-reaching explanations of such phenomena as are here described, furnished by the leading Theosophical writers. The author of the above paper says "there seems no other way of accounting for the phenomena" of Mr. A.'s visions except that put forward—the theory that they are hallucinations, "a thing distinctly seen which, in fact, does not exist." There are many other ways of accounting for such phenomena as a perusal of Mr. Leadbeater's writings for instance on "The Astral Plane" and on "Clairvoyance" (or others by the editor of this Review) would have suggested. A thing seen may not exist in the shape of a physical plane manifestation, but may have a perfectly real existence in the matter of the Astral Plane. And if the corresponding senses of any person happen to be stimulated to activity, he will see the astral plane "thing" mixed up with physical plane objects as Mr. A. saw his chasm in the street.

It is ludicrous that J. H. should dogmatically assert, in respect of this vision, that it had "no objective basis whatever." Astral plane phenomena are just as objective as those of the physical plane,—though controlled by very different natural laws. The fact that Mr. A. perceived his visions as well with the eyes shut as when they were opened is in no way surprising. The astral sense of sight does not depend upon the mechanism of the eyeball.

No mystery need be held to attach to the fact that some of Mr. A.'s visions represent people in motion. The so-called pictures of the astral light are always in motion and apparently alive. "Certain phases of lunacy" are no doubt associated with this state of things and the dense ignorance of the commonplace doctor—whether concerned with mental or physical disease, of all that has to do with the perception of astral phenomena is productive of terrible mistakes in connection with the treatment of "lunacy."

The ingenious speculations with which the paper concludes illustrate very forcibly the hopelessness of psychic research which sets out with the attempt to account for super-physical perception by reference to physical organs—the eyes, the brain, or the nerves. The workers in the S.P.R. have been patient in collecting facts but marvellously careful in avoiding the consideration of facts col-

lected by other people,—even when the one set would illuminate the value of the other. Obviously if the Astral Plane is anything like what occult investigators assert it to be, all such experiences as those above referred to, and hundreds of others which the commonplace would regard as wrapped in mystery, become almost *banale* in their simplicity. In view of the fairly wide basis of observation on which the descriptions of the Astral Plane rest, it would surely be the wisest course for all persons interested in any sort of psychic inquiry to examine the theory of the Astral Plane, —to put the idea in that modest fashion for the moment. But instead of doing so, many otherwise highly intelligent persons wander into volumes of futile guesswork concerning the meaning of simple astral experiences, and keep up the belief that phases of Nature that are perfectly well understood really by the genuine student, are still shrouded in profound obscurity. The whole situation is not free from ludicrous aspects but one can hardly enjoy these, in view of the extent to which its present condition must be deplored.

PASSING EVENTS.

IT has been the fashion during the past month to sing hymns of rejoicing over the conclusion of peace in the Far East, and considering the fact that something like a million of men were standing opposed to each other in approximately equal numbers only waiting the word to engage in a conflict, the horrors of which might even have eclipsed those associated with the fighting round Port Arthur, it may seem almost inhuman to stand back gloomily, unwilling to share in the general applause bestowed on the proceedings at the Portsmouth Conference. And yet it is but too easy to understand the indignation which has stirred the Japanese people at the sight of what looks very like a surrender, by diplomacy, of the position so painfully won by heroism in the field. Some of the English critics who have approved of the Japanese concessions have argued the matter (as from the point of view of Japan) pretty much as follows. They have conceived Japan, as it were, saying to Russia: "We have punished you for your treachery, we have secured ourselves against your aggressions in the future, we have shown the world how hollow are your huge pretences of strength, and since you would now rather see further oceans of blood spilled than pay your just debts, we scornfully cancel the debt, rather than sink to your moral level and make war for money." But the worst of it is that this view of the matter, though it may be logically developed from the Japanese concessions has not been explicitly set before the world, and in this way, although Japan may be secure from further outrage at the hands

of her neighbour, the world at large has missed the advantage which might have accrued to it from the more complete humiliation of the power which, within and without her boundaries has been, for generations, a blot upon the civilisation of mankind.

Fifty years ago Tennyson rejoiced to think that "God's just wrath shall be wreaked on the giant liar." But the work accomplished in the Crimea was incomplete, and the young power which has grown into maturity so wonderfully within those fifty years has been constrained to put forth all its new-born vigour to deal once more with the same "Giant Liar" in Manchuria. The results achieved have, of course, been thrilling. It may yet prove that they will bring about the disintegration of the whole vast system of iniquity known as the Russian Government. But for the moment the conditions of the peace have been such as to enable the Russian Government, with some semblance of plausibility, to put an utterly false construction on the terms agreed to. The Tsar's telegram to General Linievitch, published in St. Petersburg on September 3rd, and addressed, of course, as much to the Russian people as to the General in Manchuria, is a gross misrepresentation of all that has taken place. No one would expect truth from the Russian Government under any circumstances, but in this case the agreements actually recorded invest the imperial telegram with only too much plausibility. The Emperor wrote as follows:—

"The negotiations at Portsmouth led, on August 19th, to a refusal of the demands of the Japanese Government regarding the cession of Sakhalin, the payment of a war indemnity, the surrender of ships lying in neutral harbours, and the limitation of our forces in the waters of the Pacific Ocean. After further negotiations Japan, on August 29th, yielded to all our conditions, but asked for the return of the portion of Sakhalin occupied by Japanese troops, which part was held by Japan until 1875 and ceded by treaty in 1875 to Russia."

This pronouncement has a flavour which is almost ludicrous for those of us outside Russia, who realize that the terms conceded to her by Japan were the outcome of contemptuous generosity rather than of necessity. The Power whom Russia wantonly designed to plunder, who had driven back her unprincipled

aggression, who destroyed her fleet, defeated her in every battle, turned her out of the great fortress she stole, and stood ready to defeat her again on a more awful scale than ever, is represented by the Emperor's telegram as though cringing before the Russian might, making demands which Russia has loftily refused, and finally as "yielding to all our conditions." Whether this representation of the case is more mean than mendacious may be a matter of opinion, but it is rather disgusting that the circumstances surrounding the agreement made in America should have made it possible, even for the Tsar of Russia, to twist the facts into this caricature of their real meaning.

In spite of all, it may be well that the war was stopped before the actual battle imminent in Manchuria, but it would certainly have been desirable that the foreign press, and especially that of Great Britain, should more distinctly have emphasised the true character of the conclusions actually reached. The substantial results of the war guarantee the security of Japan; Port Arthur has been torn from the keeping of the Northern brigands; Korea is secure from their machinations, Sakhalin has partially, at all events, returned to its original sovereignty; but for the rest it is only too true that much of the prestige which ought to have belonged to the victorious combatants in the late war, has been juggled away from them by the diplomatic tricksters into whose hands the American President has unintentionally played, in his anxiety to bring about on almost any terms a restoration of the world's peace.

CERTAIN returns lately issued in connection with proceedings before the County Courts afford a vivid illustration of one among the preposterous absurdities of the law; one belonging to that class where the stupidities involved are so gross that most people leading common-place respectable lives, would disbelieve in their existence. Ask any ordinarily well-informed person who may, in the course of his general reading, have perused Dickens' novel "Little Dorrit" whether imprisonment for debt, the abominations and follies of which were dealt with in that instructive story, are operative amongst us still, and the answer would certainly be "No, the system of imprisonment for debt was

abolished in this country a long time ago." And yet the returns referred to show that in the year 1904 no fewer than 11,066 persons were imprisoned for debt.

The hypocrisy of the law, as was very fully explained in an article published in this Review last February, turns upon the fact that theoretically no one can be imprisoned for debt, but may be imprisoned for contempt of court if he fails to pay a debt adjudicated against him. To the victim it must be a matter of supreme indifference whether he is locked up for being in debt or for not paying his debt at the order of the court. Either way the imbecility of the proceeding is the same. The illogicality of supposing that if a man cannot pay a debt, he is the more likely to be enabled to do so by being shut up and precluded from going on with his work, whatever that may be, is equally great, whether applied to the cases of County Court defendants, or to those with reference to whom Dickens' great satire was composed. One quite understands the interest enlisted on behalf of the existing system. Tradesmen at large find an efficient method of securing payment in the terrors of imprisonment menacing the debtor. But this consideration does no more than emphasize the mischief wrought by the credit system among the smaller tradesmen and their humbler customers. Sometimes it is argued that this system is a great relief to the poor, enabling them to get food and necessaries when out of work, to be paid for in more prosperous periods. But the miseries that the system brings about at present, as exemplified by the return concerning the County Courts, enormously outweigh the supposed advantage. Deny all tradesmen any legal remedy against their debtors, and in some cases undoubtedly at first, customers of the poorer class would suffer, but a system which enforced the principle adopted by some of the greater tradesmen whose "terms are strictly cash," would distinctly work in the long run to promote thrift in the humbler ranks of society where the existing system is provocative of unthrift, independently of its abominable cruelty, which cannot but be deeply impressive to every one who even faintly realizes the amount of human suffering represented by that terrible figure quoted above, 11,066.

ANOTHER black mark against a Judge! When the Beck case was agitating the public mind we were told that nothing of this sort was ever to occur again. It was quite an extraordinary accident arising from a combination of improbable coincidences. But since then four or five, or perhaps more, cases have been casually mentioned in the papers, in which some wrongly convicted man has been set at liberty after having served some portion of his sentence. The latest example of this ghastly blundering, in the Courts we fancifully call "Courts of Justice," belongs to the month just past. A private soldier, Stubbings by name, was released from Brecon prison after having served two-thirds of a sentence of six months' imprisonment wrongfully—as it has since been ascertained—passed upon him at the Breconshire Summer Assizes by Mr. Justice Channell. What communications, one would like to know, have passed between the Home Office and Mr. Justice Channell on this subject? As these cases are multiplied, instead of exciting more and more public indignation they seem to fall into the category of common-place accidents. Public criticism rarely emphasizes the moral to be properly drawn from them, which is that the Judges who are responsible for the mismanagement of the complicated and costly machinery maintained for the purpose of administering justice, ought somehow to be made to feel the consequences of their own blundering when they allow this to take place in the Courts under their control. Juries, someone may argue, are primarily to blame; their stupidity is the cause of the wrong conviction. But stupidity is to be expected from juries called into existence under the present idiotic system. It is supposed that judges are capable of exercising such supervision over their proceedings as will minimize the evil consequences naturally ensuing from the mediæval system they represent. Moreover, anyone who has any experience of the jury system must be well aware of the fact, that practically in almost all cases juries are simply guided to their decision by the summings up of the judge. The judges are the people really responsible of the commission of these unpardonable sins committed in the name of society, when the innocent victims of false accusations are subject to the tortures of undeserved punishment.

THE matrimonial relationship is responsible sometimes for comic, as at other times for tragic consequences. At Slough last month, a groom, Mappson by name, was summoned for assaulting another man Westerway, and Westerway summoned Mappson for assaulting him! A certain Mr. and Mrs. Riffell play the other parts in this little farce. Apparently Mr. Riffell objected to Mrs. Riffell's behaviour in keeping company with Westerway. Mappson was apparently his agent, and the fight with Westerway arose out of Mrs. Riffell's disobedience. And the Slough magistrates reasoned with her. Had she really been walking about with Westerway against her husband's wishes? Certainly she had! "He tries to order me about and control me, and I have never been used to being under control." "But don't you think," pleaded the magistrate, "for your children's sake, if not for your husband's sake, don't you think you ought to give this up?" There was nothing to give up, Mrs. Riffell stoutly maintained. She had merely sisterly relations with Westerway. "And you mean to go on?" the magistrate helplessly inquired. Mrs. Riffell cordially assured them that she did, so there was nothing more to be said. But Westerway was made to pay the fine, and Mappson was dismissed.

The whole incident is grotesque, and on a humble level of life, but is nevertheless in the nature of the straws which show the current of the wind. The modern husband is clearly out of date when he tries to order about and control the lady. As to how far a great number of old fashioned conceptions concerning the marriage yoke are out of date also, is a question already beginning to afford extended scope for discussion, and likely, as time goes on, to open up wider and wider ramifications.

A STRIKING letter in the *Times* last month from a lady who seems to have had some personal experience of convent life, pleads for the urgent necessity of closer supervision over the monasteries and nunneries of this country. As regards the monasteries one is inclined to say that men, who are their unwilling victims, have none but themselves to blame, though perhaps that view is too highly coloured with the careless feeling we are apt to have about

the fate of men too feeble to fight for their own hand. But the nunneries represent a very different condition of things. Miss Young's illustrative example indeed relates to a French convent, the Monastère de Charité, at Caen. An English girl she knew, an orphan at the age of eleven, was drifted into this establishment with about 270 other children. During the nine years she spent there her life was one long course of suffering from continual overwork, overcrowding in ill-ventilated rooms, and ignominious punishments for small shortcomings. She was kept sewing for thirteen or fourteen hours a day, and on one occasion was shut up for weeks in winter time alone in a cold stone cell and fed on bread and water. After somehow being extracted from the Monastère de Charité a few years ago, she died from the consequences of the miserable life she had led there.

Why were the nuns such brutal taskmistresses? They had nothing to gain by it personally, but they were somehow made to share the desire of their superiors to make the convent rich, and in this way worked their miserable little slaves to death. Now Miss Young argues that we don't know anything about the interior life of similar institutions in this country. Factories of any kind are subject to the closest supervision. The poorest little dressmaker who hires two or three hands to help her, is bound under penalties to provide them with adequate air space, and to refrain from driving them more than so many hours a day. But superiors of convents are untroubled by any such regulations. They can drive their girls as they please, have the same motives for enriching their orders as the nuns of Caen, are in a position to punish their workwomen as they please, and in presence of all these conditions, we may be fairly sure that a great deal is going on in English convents which would horrify public opinion if it were disclosed.

Apart, of course, from the industrial side of the problem, the moral or religious aspect of the convent life is open to something more than criticism in the light of modern intelligence. The spectacle that may sometimes be seen in foreign churches of an innocent and probably deluded girl taking the veil and cutting herself off for life from all which life ought to mean for her, is rather more shocking for thoughtful observers free from the

glamour of feeling which surrounds the proceeding from the point of view of fanatical devotees, than,—let us say,—a public execution. That ceremony is perhaps not so edifying as at one time in the history of human folly it was supposed to be, but at all events the victim must be assumed to have been a criminal. In the case of the girl taking the veil the criminals are those who are standing beside her and consigning her to her living death. Nor is this harsh view of the matter as some people will regard it, incompatible with the recognition of the fact that for some few women the conventual life may be the only one in harmony with their peculiar temperaments. It is by no means universally the case that the victim of the veil is sorry for herself afterwards. But that which ought to be provided for in a country like our own, free from the dominion of ecclesiastical tyranny, is the opportunity for every such victim who *does* feel sorry for herself after a few years of convent life, to be formally released from the rash vows she has taken at the altar. The law, in spite of ecclesiastical disapproval, has long provided a remedy for some other vows inconsiderately taken under the same auspices. If the repentant bride of the Church finds herself after a time in need of a divorce, on what logical ground can she be denied so reasonable a privilege?

WITHIN the last few weeks some of the Indian papers have noticed the completion of a new bridge over the Ganges at Allahabad. Anglo-Indians, in even a greater degree than their countrymen at home, use modest language in reference to their own doings. All the familiar phrases of Anglo-Indian life depreciate the importance of the thing referred to with almost comic persistence. The loftiest mountains in the world, when the Anglo-Indian goes there, are for him "the hills." A very perilous sport involving combat with a singularly savage wild beast, is simply "pig sticking" for our friends in Hindustan. The despot ruling over thousands of square miles and millions of people with an effective authority which the Tsar of Russia might envy, is simply "the district magistrate." And now we find the completion of one among the most audacious engineering enter-

prises that the world has witnessed yet, chronicled by an unpretending paragraph in the "Pioneer," and merely described as the bridge over the Ganges, to be opened for all railway traffic on a certain day.

Now, there are one or two bridges in the world, or perhaps three, that are longer than the Ganges Bridge. The Forth Bridge, near Edinburgh, is both longer and more magnificent as an engineering work, but that, of course, is always to be regarded as unique in its character, and its inauguration was accompanied by a ceremony of national importance, the echoes of which resounded all over the world. The Tay Bridge, as far as length goes, eclipses that over the Forth, but is remarkable chiefly for its length and not for any extraordinary dignity of appearance or difficulties overcome. The huge suspension bridge at New York is the third greatest in the world as regards length (7,200 feet), and is certainly the second wonder of its kind, from the point of view of its peculiar character. But the new Ganges Bridge is, to begin with, 6,000 feet in length, or probably more if we reckon its approaches, because the width of the river in flood where it crosses has been given that value. Like most of the Indian rivers, the Ganges, of course, varies in width according to the seasons to an extent quite bewildering to the observer. A stream no wider than the Thames at London, or scarcely so wide in the dry weather, expands to a mighty flood more than a mile across when the melting snows of the hills above pour down their boundless overflow. And this tremendous stream passes down a valley of alluvial soil as ill-adapted to support structures of heavy masonry as any soil that could be found outside the limits of positive quicksands. For the fifteen spans of the Ganges Bridge the piers had to be established on foundations, for which the river bed was excavated for a hundred feet down from its normal surface. The practical importance of the bridge from the point of view of railway traffic can only be appreciated by those who realise how completely the Ganges hitherto has ruled an impassable line across the railway map of India; while Allahabad—the Clapham Junction of Northern Hindustan—is exactly the place at which a convenient crossing of the Ganges will be most serviceable.

BROAD VIEWS.

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER, 1905. No. 23.

INDEPENDENT NORWAY.

BY A RETIRED GLOBE-TROTTER.

So, then, the Norwegians have not been able to stand it any longer! I remember coming in contact with their fearful wrongs some years ago when hunting the midnight sun. The Norwegian Captain of the yachting steamer took a very serious view of them. It was some time before I could penetrate to the heart of his deeply seated injuries, but the awful features of the spectre were unveiled at last. "If I go to any consulate abroad to do business the papers given to me are made out for 'Sweden and Norway;' why shouldn't they be made out for 'Norway and Sweden'?"

That is the outrage that has been rankling for years in the Norwegian mind, and Scandinavia would swim in blood if it had to be borne any longer. The Norwegian is gentle, amiable, and honest to an extraordinary degree—as one of that nationality whom I met on the railway from Trondhjem to Christiania explained to me. We travelled on a little narrow gauge railway. The train moved cautiously as if in fear of falling, but provided you with a pillow and blanket and room to lie down in, and a guard who touched his hat to you so often and exhibited so much eager politeness, that he reminded me by sheer force of contrast of guards I have been subject to in America. My Norwegian acquaintance appreciated the situation from his point of view, being himself, it appeared, a naturalized citizen of the United

States. He says the only way to deal with an American guard is to use bad language, and consign his eyes to a dreadful fate. Then he will recognize you as his own flesh and blood. But you run the risk that he will want to stand you drink. The Norwegians on the other hand, though a troublesomely democratic people, are sweetly amiable in their personal bearing. My new friend tells me of many little traits of their character. They are so honest! You may leave a gold-headed umbrella leaning against a fence while you go up a mountain, and find it there for certain when you come back. No one would take what did not belong to him. And in these little communities scattered all over the country "They all know one another: when one dies they all cry for him." I thought the phrase rather prettily expressive, and it had a quaint effect to hear sentiments that were Norwegian to the core, conveyed in English that, while fluent as to construction, was pure, unadulterated American in regard to its twang and little idiomatic turns. Fourteen years in the Western States had given my acquaintance much of the outward aspect of an American, besides the accent, but had not weakened his Norwegian tenderness for the old parents at home--near Trondhjem—whom he had just been to visit, and with whom for a little while he had left his English wife while he went to Christiania on business. It had been such a happiness to him to see the old people take her to their hearts as their daughter. Fancy all this coming out in conversation quite naturally and simply, all through the nose, and coupled with the assurances mentioned above that in the States you should always tell the guard to go to——; and will then find him answer pleasantly, "Why, certainly; come and have a drink."

The tourist generally begins to investigate Norway at Bjorgvin. If I spelled the place Bergen the reader might recognise it more readily, but it would not look so Norwegian, while indeed it would look more Norwegian still if the o were scratched out. Scratching it out invests a Norwegian vowel with a subtle charm in the shape of an accent still more delicate than that suggested by the double dot of German, but the o by itself scratched out would mean an island, and "fjeld" means a mountain not a field, and "log" is a river, not the trunk of a tree. It

seems a pity nations cannot agree to follow the dictates of common sense—the English example—in such matters. But even the French, as it has been sometimes pointed out, persist in calling your face your figure and your figure your tail; so what can be expected in Scandinavia.

The trip to the North Cape in search of the Midnight Sun is an ideal yacht voyage, it has so little to do with the sea. Norway has been thoughtfully created with an eye to yachting voyages, and has been protected with such a thick fringe of islands all the way up, that you can thread your way amongst them for the whole thousand miles of coast, sailing from there to the North Cape without getting out of smooth landlocked water. In early centuries this provision of Nature also lent a piquant and perennial interest to naval warfare. An enemy's fleet might always be lying round the corner everywhere, and was seldom far off. And the smooth water was no doubt regarded then as quite providentially favourable to grappling with one's friend the enemy, so that the attention of all hands could be turned from the management of oars and sails to that of swords and battle axes. The Scandinavian Viking was as fond of bloodshed as Rider Haggard's Zulu, and the Skalds, or poets of these times tell of these engagements with a zest that the present age can hardly comprehend, unless indeed the present age, as regards its innermost taste, is rightly gauged by the great novelist just mentioned—who has worked up slaughter into a comic fine art.

They were not all Vikings, let me remark in passing, who waged warfare along the coast of the Norway fjords in the good old days. Sea-kings our poets call these heroes sometimes, and one thinks of them as of some peculiar order of royalty. But in truth here again the alphabet has been misdirecting our guileless fancy. The Vikings, who have got hold of their *g* somehow on false pretences, were merely Vikins, people belonging to the Vik, or bay, at the southern extremity of the Scandinavian peninsula, and they would rhyme to Dickens if they were honest about it. But they knew their Briton even in those days. What chance would they have had in coming over to conquer the inviolate island of the sage and free, if they had sailed under a vulgar middle-class designation that could only have inspired contempt?

But in presence of the kings of the sea our ancestors were daunted, and the Olafs or Hakons of the Scandinavian heroic age ran their long gallies ashore on English beaches wherever they pleased, or swept them victoriously up any of our rivers. For which victories, indeed, we, their descendants, for Saxon and Norman, and Dane are we, as much as Briton, have much to be thankful for, as they passed a gallant strain into our blood which told, no doubt, at mighty crises in our later history, when the hero of "Westward Ho," assisted by Drake and others, disposed of the Spanish Armada, and Nelson held his own against relatively recent Vikings at Trafalgar.

Trondhjem—known better to the civilised world at large as Drondtheim, though it is not pronounced according to either spelling, but as if it were spelled "Tronyem"—is the cradle of Norwegian monarchy. It has fallen a little out of repair in the course of 900 years, but is provided with a money box in which tourists drop sixpences to contribute towards the expense of restoration. The Trondhjem Cathedral is the Canterbury and Vatican of Norway, or its Westminster Abbey, where its kings to this day are bound, by fundamental agreements of the constitution to come and be crowned, and where, during the ages of faith, when the remains of Saint Olaf were interred here, a spring of fresh water burst from the ground and restored to health all sick people who came and drank thereof.

Coming up from Bergen to Trondhjem we had to stand out to sea during the morning to round the promontory of Stattland, which projects beyond the "Skaergaad" or barrier of islands that protects most of the Norwegian Coast, and then diving in amongst these again came about midday to Aalesund, a small trading town constructed of wood and white paint, and doing business, it is almost needless to add, exclusively in fish. Also I suppose it somehow contributes to the wants of the solitary farm houses which dot the shores of all these island mazes, and constitute a social problem I have not yet solved. The islands are all granite or gneiss rocks, from a few hundred to a thousand or fifteen hundred feet high, on the shelving edges of which, when they shelve sufficiently, the farm-houses are planted. You can generally make out a barn or two and a bit of a dwelling-house,

all built of wood, on the simplest principles that can allow for a door and three or four windows, and you see patches of cultivated ground near them, but no sheep or cattle, and what the people live upon,—unless they graze themselves, and avoid keeping cattle to save the grass—it is impossible to guess. Doubtless they fish: you see boats now and then, though rarely, but that must be a precarious livelihood if you rely entirely on what you catch for a dinner. Nowhere are there any signs of a path or road. What good would roads be on bits of islands that are miles away from the mainland, with stretches of fjord and ranges of other islands between them and the shore? In a few places you see half a dozen such farms within sight of one another, and then perhaps one of the wooden buildings has a pretence of a spire, with a cross at the top and does duty doubtless as a church, when the peripatetic parson of the region goes his rounds, as the custom is here, and once every few months visits each such village, and reads service to the people: performing marriages too, we may suppose, and christening the consequences, for the Norwegians are a very pious folk, and cling to the faint odour of sanctity thus cast over their social relations. But what can they do with themselves in days of twenty hours each, and again, with greater wonder, one may ask what can they do when the nights are of twenty hours, and when for the odd four, with a dim twilight to do duty for midday, there is nothing for the eye to rest upon but snow, over and above the unchanging grey of the dark fjord water?

Just beyond Aalesund is the island of Lepso, rendered famous by the arrival of Miss Mouat. She was celebrated for a day or so in the year 1886. She was a lady connected with the fishing industry, of rather advanced age, and belonged to the smack *Colombine*, of the Shetland Islands. One day the skipper fell overboard, and the crew went to pick him up in the boat, and the smack got loose and sailed away by itself out to sea, with nobody on board but the poor old woman. Storms came on and she was entirely given up for lost, but whether by her management or its own instinct the smack shaped a course for the Norwegian skaergaard, and in just a week ran ashore on that desolate island of grass and granite, where the farm and fisher folk of adjacent

islands, going to look into the matter, found her strange passenger, who was still living though starving rapidly. In their kindly keeping she rapidly recovered, and so passed out of the bright light which blazes on celebrities, back into the obscurity of the Shetland Islands.

Later in the day—steaming on and winding about always among islands—they would be sold, I suppose, by Norwegian land agents, if anybody would buy, at so much the archipelago—we come to Molde, a charming little place on the southern shore of a curved promontory, and thus, though all among the islands, and apparently on one of them, it is actually attached to the mainland, so that there is a road to it. There are two bright little hotels here, for Molde is quite a touring centre, giving access to a beautiful mountain region of Norway, called the Romsdal, and the place looks as gay as if its lines were cast on a Swiss lake instead of far away from civilisation, in the midst of black seas and barren coasts. Indeed, the expanse of water in front of it looks exactly like a lake, and the little pleasure boats about keep up the illusion. It would be worth anybody's while, I should say, to come to Molde for an hour. We stayed only ten minutes and did not land, so we went away with a lingering, unsatisfied longing for more, especially as we had now to sally forth once again from the protection of the skaergaard into the melancholy Atlantic, (we are too much to the North now for this to be the North Sea any longer), and, by reason of reefs, to stand well off the shore, so that for a couple of hours or so we were out of sight of land, considering how the clouds concealed distant mountains, except for long wicked-looking lines of low rock, on which the grey waves whitened. One could not choose a nastier place to be wrecked upon, or a lonelier shore to be lost on. But after an hour of such steaming, and knowing we have another hour to steam yet before coming to the next place Christiansund, we come up with and pass two specks upon the wild waters, which turn out to be common, open, rowing boats, each rowed by two men, except that, in one case, one of the men was a woman. Talk about a sea-faring people! The gulls that follow the ship seem scarcely more at home upon the sea, but what about endurance? How many hours had these people been rowing, for how many more would they be bound to tug at

the labouring oar? Our captain thought it was all in the ordinary course of Norwegian life: the people hereabout would often pull out as far as this and further, merely to fish. Surely, of all the creatures that walk the earth the lords thereof have the hardest fate. If one is a cod, one may end up certainly by getting dried, thus losing consciousness altogether; but then at all events one may be eaten with distaste on fast days in Spain, without feeling the insult involved in the proceeding. The Norwegian who catches the cod does not lose consciousness, unhappily for him, but has to live on and catch more, and row in the cold Atlantic in open boats off Molde. One would far rather have been the cod.

When eventually we are able to turn inshore again we find ourselves at Christiansund—enough of a town to straggle over four islands, all standing close together in a ring, with the harbour in the middle, and on a sort of market place near the local steamboat pier we see a plentiful display of flags showing that the inhabitants, for some strange reason of their own, are making merry. But here, after all, is civilization and a "bog handel," as I make out with a glass,—or book-shop,—on the further side of the market place. There are no superfluous graces about the Norwegian tongue; one does not expect them; but still from the point of view of authorship it does seem hard that the highest flights of one's genius can in this country only after all be bogs. The dried cods go hence in millions to Spain—that is the curious course of the local trade, and the good Lutheran merchants of Christiansund flourish entirely because in Iberia the Roman Catholics think it wicked to eat meat on Friday. It is a pity they cannot export the smell of their business as well as the fish, but the *look* of the town is cleanliness and neatness itself.

So eventually one reaches Trondhjem, where one is at last in close touch with the memory of St. Olaf. That great sovereign, for the saint was also a king, and was a saint chiefly because he made it his business to stamp out heathenism and to slaughter anybody who objected to be christened, fell in a great battle not far from here, about the year 1,000. He first performed beautiful feats, especially cutting in two the head of Thorgeir of Kvistad,

who had taunted him at the outset of the engagement. But Thorslem Knarrarsmid wounded the king with an axe, and though Fime Arnason instantly killed Thorstein, Thorir Hund got in at the king under his mail coat and run a spear through him. Then somebody killed Thorir. But somebody else gave the king a third wound, cutting off his head, or something of that kind, and of these three injuries, though it is not known of which, the saint died. I have left out the politics of the period, but they were all very simple—of a purely parliamentary type—the people who were out always seeking to drive out those who were in. Harold Horfage opened the game in 800 and something. Before that time Norway had no history, but it held a young woman of surpassing charms—a princess whom Harold wanted for a wife. The young woman said she would not marry anybody who did not own all Norway, so Harold swore he would not have his hair cut till he had subdued the entire country, which he did—Rider Haggardly—to the end. Having killed his last king and all his heirs he married the princess, and lived happily with her, and a great many other wives, to a good old age, leaving descendants enough to fill all the heroic pages of Norwegian history with their family wars. First Eric tried to reign, but his younger brother, Hakon the Good, soon settled him, even though he was called Eric Blodox—or Bloody Axe—by reason of his prowess in the field. But he took after his father in the matter of having sons, and these used to come by three and fours at the time and made war on Hakon the Good, who slew them by dozens, but the cry was "Still they come!" Hakon was "good," by the bye, but not a saint, because he *tried* to spread Christianity. It did not answer with him as there came a bad harvest, and the Trondhjem people said it was all because of the new religion, so Hakon had to apologise to Odin, though grumbling all the while, and consoling himself by getting revenge against Trondhjem people whenever he could. In this way he might have lived to vanquish them, and so to be a saint entirely, but that there came a final levy of Eric's sons one day, and caught the king short-handed as regards followers and slew him, or wounded him so badly that he died trying to get home by boat to Bergen—on the same rock where his mother, who was not the

princess, but one of the deputy assistant wives of Horfage had originally given him birth.

Then we come on, in studying Norwegian history, through lively times in which Eric's sons killed each other, to keep their hands in, to the glorious days of Olaf Trejgvason,—not the saint, but a Norsk Arthur and Lancelot rolled into one, of whose mighty deeds of arms the tales are as innumerable as the islands off the Norway coast. Olaf was a great-grandson of Horfage, but there were family complications, in the course of which his mother had to fly for her life, just before he was born, to Sweden. Afterwards she and the boy were taken prisoners by pirates, and Olaf began life as a slave. But having killed one of his owners with an axe, a Russian queen, Allogia, took a fancy to the spirited lad and brought him up to be a glory to his country. He took to the general piracy business for a time, but then got converted to Christianity, and went in for more extensive plunder laying claim to the kingdom of Norway. The leading man there was a certain Earl Hakon, Eric's son having been unable to resist the Home Rule movement. Hakon had a friend Kark, but they suspected each other and neither dared to go to sleep. But Hakon dropped off at last, and then Kark removed his head and took it to Olaf, who cut off *his* to show his disapproval of the deed, but put on the crown and reigned over Norway and baptised everybody he met, or slew them if they objected, in single combat. He even sent a missionary over to Iceland, Thangbrand, "a passionate headstrong man, and a great manslayer," who challenged every chief who refused to accept the new faith, following the example of his master, Olaf,—"whose fascinating personality," we read, did wonders for the spread of his opinions. He could hold a man under water till he was nearly drowned, and convert him in that way if it was necessary, and he even converted a "skald" or poet, who would otherwise have gone on singing the praises of Odin to the end, by giving him an appointment at Court. He was slain at last on board his famous warship, the *Long Serpent*, by a combined fleet of Danes and Swedes and renegate Norsemen, set in motion by the intrigues of a Swedish princess, whose ears he had once boxed to correct her for being a "Heathen jade." And so history brings us soon afterwards to the

days of Olaf the Saint, in the next generation from Harold Harfage by an independent line of mothers, who was only known during his lifetime, indeed, as Olaf the Fat, but who converted people "by administrative process," as a modern Russian would say, even more extensively than his predecessor by the exercise of his fascinating personality.

So now I have got back to the Trondhjem Cathedral, where the Saint's remains were long kept in a costly reliquary of silver, and there worked miracles all through the middle ages. Not that they were complete remains,—they were samples rather, or souvenirs of the Saint collected off his last battle-field, and the cathedral was built over them in detachments, having five times been devoured by conflagrations during the years from thirteen to seventeen hundred. At the reformation some good protestants shocked at the superstition of the whole thing, put an end to that nonsense by removing the costly silver casket. There is nothing here now but the wooden box in in which it used to stand; and thus it has come to pass that the shrine works miracles no longer, and only the aroma of the past, the stirring panorama of Norsk story lingers round the stones of the queer patchwork edifice, the architectural value of which is not very great. Its restoration has been carried on in different styles at different times, and the result, I suppose, can hardly be considered high art. But there is one thing gathered round it besides its memories, which is quite as touching as they, in a different manner,—the cemetery of Trondhjem, where the bygone generations sleep under the most cheerful conditions that I have ever seen prevailing in a grave-yard. This is not laid out with the prim and repulsive decorum of an English burying-ground, but is an undulating bit of wild woodland garden, crowded with trees of bright and cheerful verdure, beeches, birches, plane trees, and a few horse chestnuts, with quantites of flowering white lilac all about. The paths are such naturally trodden paths as you expect to find in a bit of half cultivated woodland, and the graves are everywhere amongst the trees, decorated with flowers, but also growing long grass for hay, which in due season is cut, and collected in little cockles beside the simple head stones. These for the most part are just marble slabs, laid upon the ground,

bearing the simplest inscription—"Her" or "Madam" Janssen Hvilsen, or Olsen, as the case may be, "fodden 1830, dodden 1886," and it does not require much lore of northern tongues to show the meaning of the record. Sometimes the tense is different, and the record is "fodt" at such and such a date, "dod" so many years later. It is like the epitaph on our Royal Fred, who was alive and is dead, so there's no more to be said; except that here in Trondhjem the troubles of life are thus briefly summed up in all earnest piety, and not in a spirit of political satire. We have all of us been fodden, we know to our cost, and we shall all of us be dodden in due progress of time, we may remember for our consolation, and in regard to the mere earthly clay, that can be put under the ground, and the resting place of it marked by a stone, what is there between the two great events—the beginning and the end—worth speaking of after the end has come? The Trondhjem people are a very pious family as are all the Norse populations. They have been so thoroughly converted in the past, as we have seen, that how could they help being religious? But they do not deal with death as with a horror. They take it as it comes with a wise equanimity, and when they visit their relations around the cathedral they come to look forward hopefully, for they evidently make preparation to pay such visits often. Every grave is furnished with a comfortable bench or garden seat, with back and arms, and the whole place at the first glance looks so much more like a tea garden than a cemetery that you cannot help looking round for the little tables that must doubtless be wanted, and wondering where is the bandstand. Funeral customs are always significant of the spirit in which people regard the mysteries of life and death, and though I do not want to speak too well of any system that involves the dead body in the slow processes of corruption in the earth, there is something in the Trondhjem cemetery that seems to indicate a meeker, and therefore a happier acquiescence in the universal law of existence, than is provided for by the costly and hideous formalities of Woking and Kensal Green.

OCCULTISM IN FICTION.

FOR the last dozen years or so the British novelist has been helping himself freely to the teachings of occultism. Most novels of the present day are more or less flavoured with incidents infringing on the region that used to be called the supernatural. If nothing more pronounced is at stake we have some vision of "second sight" coming true, some mesmeric influence asserting itself, some elusive ghost playing a part in the story, and scorning to be explained away by the intervention of owls or rats. The short story of modern times is more often than not tinged with some fancy of the kind conventionally described as "uncanny," and the prosaic telephone even has been impressed into the service of the current romancist, and constrained to bring messages from another world.

And every writer thus falling in with the prevailing fashion has manifestly derived his conception, whatever that may be, from the serious literature of modern occultism. That literature began to appear in the early eighties of the century just past, and it is altogether since that period that the tendency in fiction just referred to has been made manifest. Independently, however, of that significant fact, the occultism of the modern novelist is obviously borrowed from theosophical writings, and eastern adepts grotesquely out of drawing, reincarnations that would make a Buddhist gasp, mysterious manifestations that would puzzle the most experienced explorer of the astral plane, are among the most familiar resources of twentieth century fiction. But very few of the writers who thus realise the charms of occult teaching as

literary capital will condescend to take the trouble to understand the teaching in question sufficiently to handle it with intelligence. They fasten on some single idea suggested by that teaching, and then let their own untrained imagination surround it with an environment of circumstance that is an outrage on the real natural possibilities of the central conception. Without quoting examples from the multifarious writings of second-rate novelists, it will be worth while to examine two books of very recent publication in which occultism (of a kind) is the main keynote of the stories told, in which the writers are in the foremost rank of the artistic world they adorn, and in which, nevertheless, the occultism they expound is utter nonsense from the point of view of the genuine occultist. Mr. G. F. Benson's "Image in the Sand," and Mr. Rider Haggard's "Ayesha" are both of them books which command an enormous circulation. They are not merely flavoured with, they are wholly constructed of occult materials, they will be read all over the world by millions of whom only a small minority will be in a position to criticise them by comparison with the serious occult books in default of which they could never have been written, and thus they are open to a rather burdensome charge in spite of their manifold charms. They caricature natural truths which it is profoundly important that the growing mankind of this world should understand correctly. They mislead the multitude, and to a certain extent impede the progress of those great developments of human thought, which it is the purpose of real occult writers to promote. This is the less pardonable, in so far as it is to the real occult writers that they are manifestly indebted for the plots and conceptions of which they have made so questionable a use.

The real occultist is the last person in the world to desire to retain a monopoly of the subjects with which he deals. To spread abroad the knowledge he may have gained is his duty and his pleasure. To those who may help him in this endeavour he is cordially grateful, but to spread abroad absurd perversions of the saving truths he desires to convey, that is an operation which certainly does not chime in with his aspirations. It is useless to answer that the novelist does not profess to be a teacher. He is in the present day the leading teacher of his time—the teacher

to whom the multitudes listen, while for others of a different order the audiences are isolated groups.

Now let us examine the theory of occult possibilities put forward in Mr. Benson's story. We are introduced to an English baronet resident in Egypt craving passionately for closer touch with his lost wife who has "passed on" from this life some fifteen years previously. He is already in communication with her by the methods of spiritualism through the mediumship of a Mahomedan servant Abdulla. Here to begin with we have a situation of complicated absurdity. Abdulla is represented as embodying the loftiest conception of Eastern spirituality. Such a man, in reality, would be intensely antagonistic to the methods of western spiritualism and would hold mediumship in abhorrence. But as a Mahomedan he would be equally out of touch with the general views of spiritual aspiration imputed to him. Many Mahomedans are, no doubt, occultists—and many Mahomedan occultists—though by no means all, are inspired by lofty spiritual aspiration, but Mr. Benson has made his Abdulla an exponent of Hindu occultism, and to the expert in these studies that is like representing a Methodist minister a devout worshipper of Roman Catholic saints.

Meanwhile, the baronet is craving to get a materialisation of his beloved spirit-wife, and Abdulla is shocked at this desire as unholy, though why he should be, as a medium, to begin with, one cannot clearly see. There comes along an unscrupulous European enthusiast for occult research who thinks he has a talisman which keeps imprisoned or paralysed for mischief, an ill disposed Egyptian spirit who will be set free by the destruction of this talisman. The idea is hopelessly irrational from the occult point of view. An ill disposed Egyptian spirit is quite a possible being; and it is conceivable that a talisman might be a guard for the possesser against his ill will. But the other way about the conception is occult nonsense. However, Henderson, the venturesome European, has determined to destroy his talisman in a certain Egyptian temple associated with the evil spirit, and thus set him free,—to see what will happen,—and the baronet is led to suppose that by taking part in these proceedings he will get a materialisation of his wife. Now materialisations of departed

men and women are familiar occurrences, given the right conditions. Probably no day ever passes in London without such manifestations taking place at some spiritual séance or other. Everyone really engaged in such pursuits will have seen dozens or scores of materialisations. But why such phenomena should be brought about by the liberation of an evil Egyptian from some mysterous imprisonment on the Astral plane, one does not clearly see. If one aimed at accomplishing an interesting demonstration connected,—let us say for example, with wireless telegraphy,—one would not arrange to carry out the experiment at midnight in a thieves' kitchen in Whitechapel. But Mr. Benson seems to think a parallel design appropriate to the mystery in which his hero desires to engage.

Then we find Henderson drawing a circle on the ground, decorated with symbolic figures, within which he, his friend the baronet and his *medium!* for he also has need of a medium for the accomplishment of his magic performance, are to ensconce themselves in safety when the evil Egyptian spirit is let loose. The mixture of ill-comprehended hints apparently derived from Eliphas Levi's writings, or from Barrett's "Magus" in this connection, is very amusing. Ceremonial magic is by no means all nonsense, and circles with magic symbols have their place in certain schemes of a somewhat degraded occultism; but the combination of these ceremonies with the spiritualistic medium inside the circle, and the ill-disposed entity who is evoked outside of it, would be paralleled in a scientific operation by standing on an insulating stool such as is used in some electrical experiments, in order to conduct a chemical analysis.

The evil spirit is unloosed, but just then the baronet's daughter, apprised of her father's unholy doings by Abdulla, rushes in to the temple to effect a rescue. And thus it comes to pass that she is outside the magic circle when the critical moment arrives, and the evil spirit makes her his prey. The father dies, but all the rest of the book is concerned with the awful menace hanging over the heroine as to some dreadful thing that the evil spirit is going to do to her. We never arrive at a clear understanding as to what this great outrage is going to be, and the only trouble into which the young lady falls has to do with the un-

desired love of Henderson, the villain, or "black magician" of the piece. But he works his wicked will so far as he partially succeeds in doing so, by the familiar methods of mesmerism, and the young lady is ultimately rescued from him by the self-devotion of Abdulla, who murders him and commits suicide, a course of action about as congenial to the taste and principles of a holy devotee of Eastern spirituality, as let us say, the forgery of Bank of England notes would be to those of the Archbishop of Canterbury as a means of enhancing the stipends of ill-paid curates.

Now Mr. Benson was quite rightly inspired by the idea that the byeways of occultism might furnish him with materials out of which he could construct a thrilling story, and if he had wanted to make his story revolve round the malignant influence of an evil minded Egyptian spirit,—the surviving entity, on another plane of existence of a wicked Egyptian priest of antiquity,—the experiences of genuine occultism would have shown him how to bring about the desired condition of things in harmony with the dark possibilities of nature. There are people now living in London society who are but too well aware of the fact that such evil influences may produce distressing and even disastrous results at the present day. If he had taken the pains to study the conditions under which such influences may really operate, he would have found them quite as well adapted to the purposes of modern fiction as the absurd imaginings with which he has thought fit to work. And it would not have been outside the limits of reason to suppose that a living occultist, like the Henderson of his story, might have discovered the means of neutralising these influences. Then a little acquaintance with the actual methods of spiritualism would have shown him how his baronet would have gone to work if he had been giving the rein to an unconquerable desire to behold the materialisation of his departed wife, and as such a desire would have been disapproved of by any Eastern occultist of the purer kind, the part played by Abdulla,—assigned to someone whom it would not have ridiculously misfitted,—could readily have been provided for. But Mr. Benson has been content to jumble up together a mass of incongruous materials gathered from miscellaneous occult literature and has produced a story which can only be a laughing

stock for the genuine student of the subjects he has thought fit to handle. At the present period when the supreme importance of the teaching coming to be available for the promotion of human welfare in connection with ultra-material conditions of human consciousness, is already appreciated by a small minority and dimly apprehended by large numbers, great service might have been rendered by a popular novelist who should have directed his artistic genius to the illumination rather than the confusion of the inquiring mind in reference to the possibilities and perils attending attempts to explore the partially hidden mysteries of nature. It is a grievous pity that Mr. Benson has not realized more correctly the character of the task he has undertaken,—with such an inadequate equipment of knowledge.

Mr. Rider Haggard's "Ayesha," the sequel to his beautiful story "She," is scarcely open in the same degree to the criticisms provoked by "The Image in the Sand," simply because it more frankly disregards all pretence of bringing its incidents within the range of what is occultly possible. "Ayesha," like "She," is a magnificent fairy story, and the heroine is just as completely outside the realms of natural possibility as the *dramatis personæ* of "Cinderella" or "Jack the Giant Killer." But at the same time, though the physical immortality of "She" in the first instance, and her variegated appearances in the present narrative, are due to pure imagination, not making any claim to be founded on occult experience, the general structure of the story, both in its first and second part is built upon occult teaching concerning reincarnation. And this leads one rather to regret that the true principles of reincarnation should have been strained to give a theoretical vraisemblance to the reappearance of "She."

When "She" was destroyed in the fire of life, the suggestion was that this process put an end to her physical immortality. And it would seem from the structure of the present narrative that the author started with the idea of simply providing her with a new incarnation. He represents Leo and Holly as living for a time in seclusion in Cumberland after their return from Africa, and then, guided by a vision, as setting out for Central Asia in search of "She" or "Ayesha," to use her name. And they are described as wandering about on this quest for sixteen or more years. Why

this interval? Because it would seem as if the author thought it necessary to give "Ayesha" time to grow up in her new incarnation. But she is altogether so entirely a supernatural person, more so in the present story than even in its predecessor—that this provision was quite superfluous, while it has the disadvantage of turning Leo into a very middle-aged man, and thus rather disqualifying him for the lover's part assigned to him. Not that the love emotion on his part would be weakened by middle age, but from "Ayesha's" point of view he would not be quite the same lover that she parted with in Africa.

It was unnecessary to get into this entangled position, because even its help does not bring the proceedings of Ayesha within the range of natural possibility. She appears first in one shape and then in another, and is altogether the goddess of fairy story in all her doings. So the seventeen or eighteen year interval might just as well have been ignored. It does not in the least degree tend to bring the general design of the story into harmony with the principles of reincarnation, and for the rest spoils the situation from the mere dramatic point of view.

For those to whom the cultivation of certain psychic faculties has rendered the reincarnation teaching a revelation of verifiable truth, the restoration in later lives of love conditions begun long ages ago is perfectly reasonable, but in such cases both persons concerned must equally pass through the transmutations of death and rebirth. The whole situation is wildly distorted when one of the persons concerned is supposed to go on living and in the same body to meet a dead love in a new incarnation. Apart from its other claims the doctrine has the merit of presenting us with a highly spiritualised idea of humanity. The person we look at in any given birth is simply an immortal being clothed for the time in a physical body. He and his companions in immortality play their assigned parts on the stage of physical life, and are then cast for new parts in a new play in which the merits of their previous acting determine the conditions. The new play may often resemble the former in many ways, but they must be two separate and distinct performances,—for one reason because there is a great deal to be done behind the scenes of which the physical plane dramatist takes no account. The sublime significance of

the great natural law on the lines of which human evolution proceeds is entirely missed if we imagine one perishable physical body living through two separate life experiences. That confusion of thought made mere nonsense—from the occult point of view—of Mr. Arnold's novel of many years ago, "Phra the Phœnician." There the hero was supposed to go into long trances, all in the same body, and wake at different ages to renewed lives. The author may have been prompted to conceive this fantastic romance by the circulation in the air of reincarnation teaching, but he mauled it about for the purpose of his tale, in a very grievous fashion.

And unhappily that is the charge the occultist has to bring against most of the innumerable novelists of the present day who help themselves to some idea suggested by occult teaching. Undoubtedly this teaching is full of suggestion which novelists might work up with brilliant success. But how many take the pains to master the real science of occultism, the splendid poetry of which is only appreciable by those who do.

A. P. SINNETT.

UNITED.*

CHAPTER XXI.

SEEN IN A NEW LIGHT.

MRS. MALCOLM did not wait to receive news of Marston's death through any ordinary channel, but telegraphed to her brother at the Hague the following morning, begging him to come over at once in connection with an urgent matter affecting their friend. She said that an explanatory letter would await him at his club, as she had no wish to bring about a premature meeting between himself and Terra Fildare. To Terra she said nothing at the time on the subject of the message, though a great deal of earnest talk passed between them during the day. The events of the previous night had made a deep impression on Terra, and put a new face, for her, in many ways, on her own trouble. Edith had been up early, pacing about the garden by herself, but, though restless and excited, was more inclined to remain alone, wrapped in her own thoughts, than to open them out even to Mrs. Malcolm just then. She had seen *Z*ephyr again in the night, she declared, and had learned some things she wished to know, but had not got her mind clear enough to talk of them for the moment.

"Look at it how you will," she said, "it is a tragedy—a catastrophe of which I am the cause. There might have been a very different end to it, and perhaps there ought to have been."

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

Terra naturally asked, when alone with Mrs. Malcolm, for information concerning the course of Edith's engagement.

"It was a very natural result about Colonel Danby," she said, "Everybody saw that he was paying her great attention at Oatfield; and it was a very nice match for her. But had this affair with Mr. Marston gone far?"

"The situation was so strange and unusual, that though it had gone far in one way, it had not gone on at all in the way you mean. Of course Mr. Marston was in love with her—I knew that—but he never said a word on the subject to her, and he never entertained the thought of marrying her. There was a great shadow over his own life that made him think it would be wrong to ask any woman to share it. He had the most beautifully unselfish nature; and he let Edith know about the shadow that I refer to, in a way that he intended to put all thoughts that he could be aiming at acceptance as her lover out of the question."

"If he had kept the secret, do you think——" Terra asked mournfully. "Could he have made her care for him?"

"I am sure he could; not merely because there was so much lovable in him in the ordinary way, but because he had so much psychic influence over her. You can understand that now, after what you have seen. But it is impossible for anyone who knew Sidney Marston as I did to think of him as attempting to gain any object of his own at the cost of a deception like that. The truth is, I believe, that without any deception at all, even after he had told Edith the secret I speak of—which was nothing disgraceful to himself in any way—that he might have won her. But, as I say, he did not think his life bright enough for her to share; and under the circumstances, much as she liked him, she never came to have any feeling about him that was overwhelming in its strength—enough to make her put aside all worldly considerations."

"Oh, Mrs. Malcolm!" said Terra, with something like a groan. "Just think of the difference between his behaviour and—the way I was treated!"

Absorbed in her thoughts about Edith and Marston, Mrs. Malcolm had not at first seen the intricate parallel. She looked

up at Terra now, as they sat together by the drawing-room window, and realized the course of the girl's thoughts.

"Yes; there is something in common between the two cases. Don't let it hurt you too much, dear. Perhaps it was thoughtless to bring the idea before your mind."

"Hurt me! It ought to hurt me," said Terra. "Oh! I deserve so thoroughly to be hurt for worshiping an image of gilded clay."

The perfection of Mrs. Malcolm's sympathy had always guarded her from the mistake that a friend of less delicacy of feeling might have made, and she had never aggravated the distress of Terra's position by reviling the behaviour of the Count. Even now she did not break out into any emphatic endorsement of Terra's outcry, but cherished her instead, taking her hand and speaking soothingly.

"My poor wounded bird, we are all liable to be short-sighted and to make mistakes in life!"

"But just think of it. There was more than a shadow over the life in my case—something that made it a horror and an outrage to me that I should be asked to share it. But merely because he coveted me in mere selfish desire for his own sake, he exposed me to all that. If my future had been wrecked, and destroyed, and made shameful, he would have been indifferent by that time. He simply sought me as a man might seek the basest gratification for himself. Oh, heavens! to think what human nature is capable of!"

"Human nature is capable of both extremes, dear."

"Yes; I see that now, and the sight of one extreme has shown me the other. But oh! Mrs Malcolm, I was mad enough to love him, and I am so *ashamed* of myself."

She burst out crying and knelt down hiding her face in Mrs. Malcolm's lap. Her wise friend did not regret or ridicule the tears, but caressed her and spoke affectionate words in a disjointed way, without arguing the matter at all. Terra's intense and passionate nature, however, made the crisis a severe one for her, and she went on with fresh self-reproaches when she had recovered command of her voice.

"I suppose a disgusting thirst for rank and riches had more

to do with the matter than I supposed. I ought to go and be a sempstress for a punishment, and earn my living in a garret."

"Terra, dear," said Mrs. Malcolm, not thinking it neccessary to answer the last outcry definitely, "I was drawn to you at first just in mere sympathy with you in your trouble, but I never expected I should come to love you as I do now."

"I'm not fit to be loved."

"Then I must be very foolish."

The strain of her emotion was relaxed after a time, and later on they spoke again of Edith.

"Do you think she is suffering very much?" Terra asked. "She seems so wild and excited I do not understand her."

"Edith has such a wonderful double nature, it is very difficult to judge her thoughts and feelings by ordinary rules. After last night you will realize that. In general it is only people with what we call psychic faculties who can understand others of their own kind. Other people have an incredulous impression that psychic attributes are all fancy and nonsense; but of course, for those who have them, they are the most real things of all."

"But why didn't she fall in love with Mr. Marston?"

"I don't know. As I say, she has a double nature. Of course all the ordinary feelings and facts of life told upon her too. Away at Oatfield, you see, she was under the dominion of the more worldly side of her nature, I suppose, and from that point of view of course poor Sidney would have been an impossible person as a lover. And indeed he *was* impossible, if her health and life could only be purchased by the sacrifice that has been made."

"That is so utterly extraordinary."

"Yes, indeed; but just as physical a fact, you see, as commonplace things that are better understood."

"What a realm of wonder you and she must have been living in when she was down here with you before!"

"Yes, indeed; to a greater extent than you can realize yet. Even after what you have seen you would not be able to believe some things I could tell you about Edith."

"I do not torment you with questions, Mrs. Malcolm, because I have seemed to be so outside it all. But I am sure I should not disbelieve anything you tell me really happened."

"Well, let it come bit by bit, dear. It will be better so."

In the afternoon, when Edith, who had been roaming about the house in an unquiet way, had gone for a walk by herself, Terra began again about her own affairs.

"I think I ought to write to papa, Mrs. Malcolm," she said, "and make some sort of abject confession that I have come at last to see what a fool I have been, and how badly I behaved to him."

"Write him a nice letter, dear, by all means, but I am sure he will not want any apologies. It will be reward enough for him if he can be enabled to see that you are getting over your trouble a little."

"How did he find it all out, Mrs. Malcolm? That's what I can't understand. How could he learn everything all at once over in India, and come straight home, picking up—that woman on his way without a day's loss of time? It's perfectly bewildering."

Mrs Malcolm remained silent.

"Of course I haven't a right to be told anything; but do you know anything as to how he found it out?"

"I know some things, dear, but—it's so awkward."

"Very well," said Terra, with a new impulse of the meekness with which she was lashing her own remorse. "Indeed, I do not complain if you choose not to tell me. I do honestly feel what I say, that I am utterly without any claim in the matter of any sort."

"My own dear, I have hesitated from such different reasons. First of all it did not seem necessary to worry you with details. All I was anxious to do was to soothe and sorrow with you when you suffered. It is very nice of you to reproach yourself, but of course you will not really suspect me of joining with you in any reproaches of that sort. I only look upon you as my dear patient, who has been cruelly hurt, and if I can nurse you into health again I shall be very happy."

Terra responded by a look of gratitude, but said nothing for the moment. Mrs. Malcolm went on—

"But I can see that, of course, you must be wanting to know more, and now I will be brave enough to be frank. You see, we

all helped your father in one way or another, and though it was done, of course, in the purest and simplest way imaginable, I was afraid at first that you might think we had been meddlesome. There, dear, you see it is I who have to make a confession, and I do hope now I have begun it that you will give me absolution and tell me you do not think my interference was impertinent."

Terra gazed with open eyes of wonder, but the right note in her heart had been struck by the conversation of the morning, and without waiting to hear more she sat down on the ground, with her arm across Mrs. Malcolm's lap, and said:

"Now, then, let me know the full measure of my debt to you. So you have not alone nursed me through my misery, but were the person who saved me from the first!"

"I am so glad you take it in that way that I will absorb all the praises you can give me. It is so difficult to do people a service sometimes, because, indeed, it is only a generous nature that can feel gratitude, and one is so apt to excite a very different feeling, especially where there is so much pain to be borne as you have gone through."

"Oh, I'm a very noble and beautiful specimen of humanity, I know," Terra replied with a sarcastic emphasis. "And now may I know some more, and see whether I can forgive you for rescuing me from the horrible snare my own wisdom and goodness was taking me into?"

"I can tell you the main thing in half a dozen words, and you will understand them now, though you could not have done so yesterday. The whole situation was seen clairvoyantly by Edith!"

The revelation was so entirely different from anything she had expected that Terra was dumb for a while with surprise. By slow degrees, and bit by bit, the whole story was told; how Mrs. Malcolm's suspicions had been awakened by impressions Edith had had at Oatfield, and how the whole truth was brought out afterwards during her trance.

"But then, how was the woman to be got at? Did you write to papa?"

"No; that would have wasted too much time." Up to this point of the conversation George Ferrar's name had not been

mentioned. Now, as naturally and easily as she could, Mrs. Malcolm added: "You see, my brother was with us then, so he took his share of the work at that point—went over to Spain and found the woman, and induced her to go with him to Brindisi, where he gave her over to Colonel Fildare, with all the necessary information. And then he went back to the Hague."

The emotions Terra had been going through during the day had exhausted her liability to fresh agitation for the moment. She listened in a kind of stupor, and said nothing in immediate reply while Mrs. Malcolm stroked the beautiful masses of her loose tawny hair.

"Oh, the trouble I've been giving to people!" she murmured presently. "Oh, Mrs Malcolm, what a *pity* I wasn't drowned in my cradle!"

"My dear, do you think there is anybody of all the people concerned who would not feel rewarded over and over again by knowing you were content—that is, that you had accepted the service rendered without thinking it meddlesome?"

"I am very grateful," said Terra in a low voice presently, "to everyone concerned."

CHAPTER XXII.

RECOVERED.

GEORGE FERRARS would have had news of Marston's death even if Mrs. Malcolm had not sent him the telegram. For papers were found upon Marston's person directing that news should be sent to his friend. He lived in utter loneliness at Temple chambers, and had no intimate friends among his neighbours, but the final course of events had been provided for with much careful arrangement. When the brougham reached town, and the coachman endeavoured to obtain from his passenger some information as to which of the Temple entrances he should make for, he could obtain no response. He had to stop and get down from his box, thinking his temporary master was in a very sound sleep. When he found that something was wrong he appealed to a policeman, and then, by the counsels of this sensible adviser, drove to the nearest hospital. There the true state of the case became apparent, and search being made for pocket-book or

letters to identify the dead man, a letter was found addressed "to the proper authorities if I should die suddenly." This letter, in an open envelope, announced that the writer knew he was suffering from heart disease, and might expire suddenly at any moment. It explained that in that case he would wish the news of his death communicated to Mr. George Ferrars, his greatest friend, then at such and such an address abroad, and also to solicitors, whose address was given. The solicitors applied to the following day on behalf of the hospital authorities confirmed the statement in the letter. Within the last few weeks their client had actually mentioned to them that his sudden death was an event within reasonable probability. They held his will, of which Mr. Ferrars was the executor. The whole incident was perfectly intelligible, and was disposed of by a paragraph of six or seven lines in some of the newspapers. The inquest was a mere formality, and before Ferrars could actually start in obedience to his sister's message he received news of the death from the solicitors. He was in London on the day following that on which the conversations last recorded had taken place between Terra Fildare and Mrs. Malcolm.

Mrs. Malcolm had not entrusted even to the letter she sent to meet her brother at his club any full account of the extraordinary circumstances really attending Marston's death. These she gave him at a meeting they arranged in town, at the private hotel in a street off Piccadilly where he generally put up when in London. This rendezvous took place on the third day of Edith's visit, when in fulfilment of the original programme, she delivered herself up to her Deerbury Park friends at Brook Street, coming up from Richmond with Mrs. Malcolm.

"If I could have seen my way clearly," she told Mrs. Malcolm, as they were going up in the train, "I should have insisted on a longer stay with you under the circumstances; but I don't know yet what I ought to do. The only thing I feel bent upon is that I must go back home to Compton Wood for a time. I can't explain what has occurred in any way that will be in the least intelligible to any of the people about me, but I shall tell them I have shared the shock you have experienced in the sudden death of a very near and intimate friend, and this may be an

excuse for some little delay in the arrangements that were being made."

"But are you coming to shrink from them, Edith dear?"

"I don't know. At all events, anything immediate would be intensely distasteful to me."

"I can understand that—and I should be sorry if you felt differently; but still I have a feeling now that since the sacrifice has been made, the truest response you can make to it is to let it bear the fruit it was meant to bear."

"We must see. But at all events for the present I must go to Compton Wood. Marian, will you hold yourself ready to come to me there at short notice, if I should really have need of you?"

Mrs. Malcolm promised, but at once foresaw a possible difficulty about Terra, if such a summons should come soon.

"You must bring Terra with you, if you cannot make any other arrangement; but I have a feeling that I might be wild to have you with me. I feel on the brink of some kind of crisis. I don't know what it is, and I have had nothing unusual happen to me in the way of psychic things—but I seem somehow just ready to burst some sort of shell. That is why I must go to Compton Wood. If anything is to happen to me, it will be at Kinseyle Court."

"I wish I could go with you at once."

"I wish to goodness you could."

They both felt, however, that a real duty stood in the way, and nothing more was said on that subject. Mrs. Malcolm did not go in with Edith at the Brook Street Hotel, but ascertaining that her friends were there, bade her good-bye in the carriage, which had been sent to meet Edith at the station, and then went on alone to see her brother.

"I shall see you again soon," Edith had said, "I am sure of that," and their parting was not treated as a serious solemnity.

"And now," said George Ferrars to his sister, when they met shortly afterwards, "is there any clue to this mystery? I never knew that Sydney had heart disease."

"He hadn't anything of the kind. His death has been something too solemn and wonderful to write of in a letter. But now I will tell you all about it."

When the whole situation had at last been made clear to him, Ferrars declared that the tragedy of the death had been lost in the splendour of it. "It was well and grandly done. That was Sydney Marston all over."

"Yes; it was beautiful and heroic, we have all felt that;—no one more so than Terra Fildare."

"Does she realize the thing? It is so out of the common way that I should think no one could understand it without having been trained by knowing you or Miss Kinseyle."

"She was present, you see, on the evening when we saw Sydney's wraith. That made an immense impression on her. And then there were other things to guard her from incredulity. She understands fully what was done, and it is a great blessing for her that she has so understood it."

"How do you mean?"

"It has let in a flood of light on her mind, and has shown her her own recent adventures in their true colour. It was she detected the significance of the contrast, when I had been so wrapped up in thoughts of poor Sidney that I had not seen it—the contrast, I mean, between the devotion and unselfishness of his life sacrifice on Edith's behalf, and the cruel, reckless selfishness of the man she herself was so nearly falling a victim to. It was a great crisis for her, George, but she has come through it cured to an extent that might have seemed quite impossible, considering the short time that has elapsed."

"I am *very* glad to hear it."

"Indeed, I may almost say that without your name having been explicitly mentioned I have a sort of indirect message for you."

"But, good heavens! Marian you have not told her anything about my share in the late discoveries?"

"Trust me, George, to have done right. I knew your feeling, and I knew the risk, but I knew that the proper moment had come. I never thought to do so so soon, but I told Terra everything, and though it was a shock to her to realize all the trouble that had been taken for her, her final comment was that she was deeply grateful to all the persons concerned."

"How faultless your tact is, Marian! But your perfect influence has been at work, too, for the last fortnight."

"It was Sidney really who worked the double miracle; but my part has been made easy in more ways than one—especially because I have come to love Terra more sincerely than I ever thought to."

"That's good."

"I have not had any talk with you, George, since the crisis. I should like to know whether anything—any subtle working of all that has happened—has affected your own feelings in any way, or whether you still feel as you used about her."

"Of course; one does not change in matters of that kind."

"That's right; because I should think now, in the long run, everything ought to be as you wish."

Meanwhile Mrs. Malcolm said nothing at Richmond of her brother's presence in London, and a few days passed without the fact betraying itself to Terra. Her "nice letter" to her father in the interim had produced satisfactory results, and was answered, as regards the most important reply it elicited, by Lady Margreave. Terra was assured that in view of what she had written to her father she was entirely forgiven, and would be welcomed back to Oatfield whenever she liked to come.

"Very black storms will sometimes break up more quickly than seems likely at first, when the change once sets in," Mrs. Malcolm remarked on reading the letter. "It will be right for you to respond to that proposal cordially, and to go back to Oatfield soon. But you have a second home here, you know, at all times, and you must look on coming here as a duty—a pleasant duty, I hope, but a duty still, seeing that I shall be wanting you so badly."

This led to some discussion as to when Terra should go, and this to an admission on Mrs. Malcolm's part that when she went she herself would go down for awhile to Edith, at Compton Wood. An apprehension that she was in the way of this arrangement was at once kindled in Terra's mind; but Mrs. Malcolm contrived to subdue it by representing that Edith had not yet summoned her to go down. Terra was only partially satisfied by the explanation, but Mrs. Malcolm persuaded her to wait on at Richmond till Edith's summons should come, assuming that it might come within a week or so. Thus they could set out for

their respective destinations together. Then, however, they got talking about Marston, and Terra asked some straightforward questions about what had been the course of events in regard to the funeral, and so forth. What friends and relations had Marston lived amongst ?

"He was practically alone in the world," Mrs. Malcolm explained. "He had a brother in Australia, and a sister out there married."

"But somebody must have looked after the funeral. Who were his nearest friends ?"

"We were by far his nearest friends in the sense of true affection and sympathy. My brother George was his only real intimate amongst men, and of course he has been doing what was necessary."

"He—Mr. Ferrars ? but I thought he was at the Hague."

"He came over to look after Sidney's affairs, and has been doing what had to be done."

Terra was silent. That the fear lest she had been in the way in this matter again, and had been keeping George Ferrars out of his natural resting-place in his sister's house, was passing through her mind, was too obvious to be overlooked. And when she said in a serious, constrained tone, and with a clouded brow :

"Marian, tell me where your brother generally lives when he is in England ?" Mrs. Malcolm met the inquiry with a frank and open smile.

"In Half Moon Street, my dear, at the Crown Hotel. He finds it conveniently near his club."

"But he was down here with you when Edith was with you the other time."

"He used not to sleep here. He came down for dinner, and so forth—but that was all."

"But now he can't come, however much he and you may wish it, because there is an intruder in the field he would find it awkward or disagreeable to meet. What an unfortunate creature I am !"

"My dear Terra, we are all bound to consider your feelings and peace of mind, after all you have gone through. I can easily see George in town whenever I want to ; but you must not be

disturbed in this retreat by anyone till you are quite ready to see people."

"I tell you my retreat ought to have been a penitentiary."

"But you see my poor little house and Oatfield are both competing for you, so the claims of the penitentiary are borne down."

"But, Marian, it is horrible to feel I am making your house unapproachable to your own brother, whom you value so intensely. If it is too disagreeable for him to meet me here, do let me go off at once."

"Who said it would be disagreeable for him to meet you, dear? The whole thing is a question of your peace and comfort. Of course, if you do not really mind having him come here sometimes, he will be very glad to come."

So they met again the following afternoon—quite unexpectedly for Terra. She and Mrs. Malcolm were sitting in the bow-window of the drawing-room, with tea on a little table beside them, also bearing some fancy work materials—with which Terra, infected by Mrs. Malcolm's example, was getting into the way of sometimes occupying her fingers—when the maid opened the door, and, in the most natural tone in the world, said, "Mr. Ferrars."

George came in, grave with a sense of the momentous nature of the visit, but as undemonstrative and simple in manner as if he had been paying any other ordinary call. Terra bent forward for a moment over her work—she was turned away from the door, facing outwards towards the garden—and then looked round, rose up and shook hands, with the usual question of conventional greeting on her lips. Ferrars replied to it in the same terms, kissed his sister, and sat down, drifting into a commonplace chat about the appearance of the garden, the tea, and the wool-work—the key-note of the situation once struck in this way dominated the conversation all the afternoon and during dinner. No burning questions were touched upon, and nothing said in regard to the important part Ferrars had played in bringing about the overthrow of Terra's recent engagement; but the fact that she was ready to be on friendly terms with him—knowing all that he had done—was sufficient evidence for him that she did not resent the interference.

They naturally discussed Edith and her affairs at great length, and Marston's great sacrifice, and all the wonderful views of psychic mystery which the whole of that transaction opened out; but George and Terra were at no time alone together, and perhaps neither regretted that the evening should in this way have been dedicated merely to a dissipation of the first feeling of awkwardness incidental to the renewal of their intercourse.

The ice once broken, Ferrars was free of his sister's house again, and resumed coming there, as a matter of course every day. Probably, if Terra had been regularly settled at Richmond, some time might have elapsed before any definite words were spoken in renewal of his old suit to her; but on the third day of his restored intimacy, he found a crisis impending, on his arrival by appointment for a drive with the two ladies in the park. A letter had come from Edith, claiming the fulfilment of Mrs. Malcolm's promise to go to Compton Wood. She entreated her to come with all possible speed, bringing Terra with her if need were, but in any case to come.

In accordance with the plan already settled, Terra had written off at once to Oatfield, warning Lady Margreave to expect her the following day; and Mrs. Malcolm was upstairs when Ferrars arrived, making her own arrangements for the journey. Ferrars was rather disconcerted by the new programme at first, and sat down in the bow window, not far from Terra's chair with an expression of regret at the breakup of the party.

"One is never left in peace for long in this world. Fate seems to hunt us about in a very persevering way."

"It has been an incalculable blessing for me to have been left all this time with your sister. Her sympathy and friendship are substantial, good things in this life, which it is worth—going through a great deal to have gained."

"You have certainly gained them very completely. I need hardly tell you how fond she is of you."

"I know that is so though the reasons of it are altogether in her own goodness. I have only caused her a great deal of trouble and worry. But it has been my destiny to serve all my friends and relations in the same way."

"I suppose there might be some way of accounting for it, if they none of them mind?"

"I mind very much myself, at any rate. I used to be what people stupidly call proud, which means very surly and reluctant to accept services. Part of the penalty for me has been that I have been overwhelmed by services that——" She hesitated a little, and Ferrars finished the sentence.

"That you need not have known anything about—in some cases at all events. Then you would have been spared any uncomfortable feelings on the subject."

"At the expense of having my own worst qualities fed and stimulated. I am not sorry that I have to acknowledge the help rendered me in spite of myself. It is a good lesson."

There was still some internal chafing in her nature against the attitude she thus took up, which hardened her tone a little; and with the promptitude to misapprehend feelings that lovers are prone to, Ferrars read more in the words than they were intended to convey.

"I do not think anyone concerned can have had the ungenerous desire to look on anything done in that light."

"Nothing was meant in that way, I know, but I can't help reading it so."

"I am very sorry. I did not wish you to know I had played any part in recent events, lest you should—by a most natural impulse—do me the wrong of thinking that I had even the least flavour in my mind of a desire to triumph over you. If I had been your brother I could not have done what I did with a purer or simpler motive. But I had the feeling that, because of some things in the past, it might seem obtrusive."

"Mr. Ferrars, I must be clumsy and stupid in some way. You are misunderstanding me somehow. I merely meant to thank yon humbly for what you did in my behalf. The very fact that you did it in simple brotherly kindness only makes your action the more generous. I don't want to talk of it more than can be helped, but I should have been ashamed of myself if I had not frankly thanked you. Of course you would know I was grateful, but it would have been mean to have said nothing."

"It is very good of you to say that, and now by all means let

us put the matter aside. But I wish you had been staying longer here. Oatfield is a pleasant house, but I have a boundless faith in the virtues of Marian's companionship, and I would rather you had that than anything else just now."

"I am looking forward to coming down here again when the Margreaves return to town."

"I am afraid that will not be till after Christmas."

There was a pause in the conversation at this point. No conversations are so apt to be halting as those in which floods of thoughts have be pent up on one side or the other. Ferrars found he could only break the silence by speaking seriously.

"There is one thing I must say before you go. I shrunk so much from seeming importunate that I should rather not have asked you to remember this just yet; but to guard against any possibility of mistake in the matter in your mind, you will understand, of course that as long as you are free I can never give up—my old purpose—about you. I don't want——" he was going on with some phrase that should have saved her from the necessity of making any reply, but some feelings had been pent up in Terra's breast too, and she cried:

"Oh, George! George! how can you ever forgive me?"

A sort of bewildered sense that he had heard the words before came over Ferrars as she spoke; but he was not in the mood to analyse psychic phenomena at the moment. He was kneeling by her side in an instant, all cautious weighing of words forgotten, broken down by the flood that had burst its barriers.

"Forgive you, Terra! my only love! How can there be any place for such a thought in my heart about you? You didn't think, did you, that I could have changed an atom? I might have had to repress all outward sign of my love for you under some conditions, but nothing could have made me think of you differently from the way I do. And if you lift the seal from my lips, of course the expression of my love for you must come forth in a torrent. But even now I do not know whether you have really lifted the seal."

At all events she did not oppose his caresses.

"What more would you have me say?" she asked.

"Only that if I ask Lady Margreave to let me come down to Oatfield you will not be displeased."

Later on in the conversation, which took a good deal for granted, Terra spoke of her former "pride" again as something that had been pretty effectually subdued now, so it hardly mattered what the Margreaves would think of her when they should learn what had transpired.

"But it matters everything," Ferrars answered. "It matters above all things that you should be protected from any criticism that may annoy you. And besides, I really never hoped to get free speech with you—not to speak of an understanding so complete as this—so soon. The whole thing can remain an absolute secret between us, with Marian alone excepted, of course. I was wrong to suggest coming down to Oatfield. Let that wait."

Mrs. Malcolm came in while they were talking. Ferrars put her in possession of the facts in a delicate way.

"I have heard from Terra of your sudden plans," he said, "but she has promised to come back here as soon as that can be managed, and then I hope something may be settled that will keep us all together permanently. Of course, meanwhile, nobody will be in this understanding but us three."

Mrs. Malcolm went up and kissed her.

"I am so glad, dear Terra."

"You see," said Terra, in a tone of mockery, not without a certain bitterness, "if the Margreaves were told at once, that might be pleasanter for your brother, but it would perhaps involve a little wound to my vanity. Naturally, it is only right, considering how meritorious a person I am in all respects, and such a blessing as I have been to my friends, that anybody's feelings should be sacrificed rather than mine."

"Dearest," said Mrs. Malcolm, "don't you see that we who love you have a sense of luxury in making little sacrifices for your sake?"

"Perhaps," said Terra, "I am indeed beginning to learn the lesson, and to realize that the principle may cut both ways."

(To be Concluded.)

THE FAILURE OF GOVERNMENT BY PARTY.

SOME time ago the *Times* was inclined to lament the weakness of the Opposition, and insisted very strongly on the immense usefulness of a strong Opposition in order to keep the Government up to its work. The *Times* ought to be very pleased at the present state of affairs. The Opposition have succeeded in largely reducing the Government majority, and of late almost every by-election has gone in their favour. The loss of Brighton, in particular, which has long been considered a safe Government seat, was the most serious blow of all to the Prestige of the Ministry. The Opposition is thus undoubtedly far stronger than it was in 1900. Yet have the results of the recent elections been beneficial either to the Unionist party, or, which is of infinitely more importance to the nation at large? Has the cohesion of the supporters of the Administration improved, and has the Prime Minister kept his followers better in hand since the increase in the strength of the Opposition? On the contrary, the disorganization of the Unionist majority seems to be growing every day more pronounced. And its hope of retaining office seems to rest only on the still greater disorganization among its antagonists, and upon the apparent certainty that, were they placed in power to-morrow, they would not long continue in their places. There seems a perilous tendency just now to a deadlock in our Parliamentary system, such as for years paralysed France. And the cause of it, there can be little doubt, is the theory that there must of necessity be two parties in Parliament, of approximately equal strength, which

shall alternately sway the destinies of the country. This amounts to the assertion that the country itself, if it is to be properly governed, must always be divided into two equal sections, in the sharpest possible antagonism in regard to the principles on which its government should be carried on. Whether this condition is one of stable equilibrium may well be doubted. At present moreover, it does not exist. The Imperial principle is largely in the ascendant in the country. The present condition of parties in the House simply measures the effect of a momentary displeasure with the tactics of the present administration. And that dissatisfaction relates to details, not to principles. Should the next election verify the predictions of the Opposition, and should the *soi-disant* "Liberal" party come in with a large majority, the House so returned will be in direct conflict with the declared mind of the country on Imperial questions of the greatest moment. That mind was clearly expressed in 1886 and in 1900, when Imperial, and not parochial questions were directly submitted to the electorate. Who can foretell the disasters which may come upon us, if the expression of a passing wave of dissatisfaction with the action of the Government should commit us to seven years of reactionary political parochialism? It has been made abundantly clear that the country is Imperialist in its convictions. The party now known as "Unionist" is homogeneous in its convictions and aims; the party known as "Liberal" is irreconcilably at issue with itself on the most fundamental principles. The Imperialist Liberal section is at one with the Unionists in regard to those principles. The other sections of the party, the Little Englanders, the Home Rulers, and the Labour representatives, are *au fond* as much opposed to the Liberal Imperialists as they are to the Unionists themselves. In a healthy condition of things the Liberal Imperialist group would form a portion of the great Imperialist party, leaving those who, intentionally or not, are aiming at the disintegration of the Empire, or at disabling it by legislating only in the interests of a particular class of the community, to form a party by themselves. There must be something radically wrong in a conception which leads to such results. It certainly tends to accentuate the spirit of faction. "The duty of an Opposition,"

said Mr. Disraeli on one unfortunate occasion "is to oppose." In other words the duty of turning out the Government is to outweigh, in the mind of a patriotic Englishman, the interests of his country. Measures which are necessary for the national welfare are to be obstructed or defeated, in order that one set of men shall succeed another set of men in managing the nation's affairs. If that be the true duty of an Englishman, it must be confessed that it never was so well understood and acted upon as at the present moment. The spirit of faction has visibly gained strength among us of late. No misrepresentation is too gross, no language too violent, no manœuvre too unworthy for the heterogeneous opponents of the Unionist party. Take the Tariff Reform movement, for instance. It is not the object of the present paper to discuss that movement. But when an eminent Statesman and friend of the working classes resigns office in order to carry out a policy which he believes to be for the good of the country, he ought at least to meet with fair play. But the Radical leaders, whether their opposition to Tariff Reform be based on genuine conviction or not, have almost entirely confined themselves to misrepresenting his language, distorting his meaning, appealing, not to reason, but to prejudice, against him. He is dubbed a Protectionist, when he avows with obvious sincerity that his object is to promote Free Trade. He is charged with an endeavour to increase the burdens of the working classes when his avowed object is to find them employment. And even Lord Rosebery, some of whose subsequent utterances are more worthy of his reputation, seized the opportunity, when the Tariff Reform movement was launched, to damage its author, rather than to discuss his policy in a fair and reasonable spirit. Such are some of the effects of the way in which Government by party is confusing the issues which are before the electorate.

II.

Our party system combines the most heterogeneous elements into "His Majesty's Opposition." And "the duty of an Opposition is to oppose." That is to say, all the various political sections outside those which are actually in office are justified in misrepresenting their opponents, coalescing into factious cabals

with men with whom they have not a single principle in common, postponing the true interest of the country to those of the cabal, if only they can turn the Government out. Whether *àpres moi le déluge* is the result does not in the least matter. Whether, as in ancient Greece and Rome, the British Empire is ruined by the extent to which the factious spirit is carried, is not of the least consequence. The Government is turned out, and *voilà tout!* From whomsoever this dangerous axiom proceeds, it ought to be characterized as it deserves. Besides, popular government in this and other countries has not always been thus carried on. The periods, for instance, when parties have been pretty equally balanced, and when faction has run highest, have not been the most settled or the most prosperous in the history of our country. The nation was never in greater danger than in the reigns of Charles II., William III., and Queen Anne, when party spirit was at its highest and when the oscillations in the relative strength of parties were most perilous. From 1714 to nearly the close of the eighteenth century the Tory Party was scarcely in existence. The administration was carried on by the various groups of the Whig Party. That the personal antagonisms of the leaders of these sections were carried sometimes to dangerous lengths is undeniable. But at any moment they could be terminated without sacrifice of principle. Even in the early part of the nineteenth century there was no such clear line of demarcation between politicians as we have come of late to believe necessary for the proper working of Parliamentary institutions. Moderate Tories and Moderate Whigs coalesced under the Government of "All the Talents" to carry on the war against Napoleon. We learn from the Creevy memoirs that sometimes Lord Grey, sometimes Lord Lansdowne, sometimes other of the Whig leaders were, after the death of Lord Liverpool, on the point of combining with Canning, and even with Wellington and Peel. The sinking of minor differences in order to maintain the credit of a great country is a phenomenon which has often been observed in our history. But it has been reserved for the close of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth century to witness the spectacle of men who have not a single fundamental principle in common, combining together to make Government on Imperialist lines im-

possible. And this at a crisis in the fortunes of our country. Should such an endeavour succeed, the Empire would indeed be on the "Down grade." Even in France, to which it was customary to point for an illustration of the doctrine that Government of groups involved a national danger of the gravest kind, we have recently seen a Prime Minister turned out and another substituted for him without the slightest serious change in the policy of the Government. Does the "Mother of Parliaments" indeed require an object lesson on so vital a point from a country where Parliamentary Government is still in its infancy? Is England, which boasts of her moderation, to succumb to the spirit of faction just when France is emerging from its baneful influence?

III.

What is the cause of so strange a spectacle as English political warfare presents at the present moment? It is this. Men are even more governed by names than things. And this tendency is the stronger in England than elsewhere. It is this which is confusing the issues before the country. The old party divisions and names are worn out, and new combinations and new names are required for new needs. We talk of "Tories," "Conservatives," and "Liberals," as if these appellations correctly connoted modern political divisions. They do nothing of the kind. We talk of "Tories." There is scarcely a single "Tory" in the country. The "Tory" was a supporter of the supremacy of kingly authority over that of Parliament. No one now imagines for a moment that the Sovereign can legislate without the consent of Parliament. Some foolish persons on the Unionist side still call their party by the name "Tory." But the word is seldom used now, save from the lips of persons who wish to raise an unworthy suspicion in the minds of ignorant persons against statesmen with Imperial aims. We talk of "Conservatives." Well! every man who desires reforms becomes a "Conservative" as soon as those reforms are carried. A bishop once said to the writer, when vote by ballot—once part of the Chartist programme—was carried, "I am a Conservative now!" And one remembers men like Palmerston, Horsman, Roebuck, and

other well-known and even militant Liberals, or rather Radicals, become staid and sober Conservatives when other and what they regarded as more dangerous proposals for change than they had ever supported were made. John Bright, that "tribune of the people," and Joseph Chamberlain, the hope of the English democracy, recoiled when they were asked to dismember the British Empire, the mainstay of civil and religious liberty throughout the world. It may further be asked, are any Conservatives left now? Are we not all ready—nay! even eager for change, in these times, when we believe that it will benefit the people. Are not many of our most far-seeing statesmen advocating Imperial Federation, a more far-reaching and radical change than any other, because they believe that the British Empire will be finally consolidated thereby. We talk of "Liberals." What is a "Liberal?" Surely a friend to civil and religious liberty; one who believes in the very widest possible extension of the franchise to the people; one who would carry the principle of individual freedom to the utmost extent, consistent with the freedom of other men. If this is to be a "Liberal," who is *not* a "Liberal" in these days? If there be any who are not "Liberals," but disguised Tories, they are to be found not in the Unionist, but in the Radical ranks. The tendency, hitherto pretty successfully resisted, to substitute the tyranny of majorities for kingly or aristocratic domination is one of the dangers of the hour, and it has been felicitously denominated by Herbert Spencer "the New Toryism." This foe to liberty is to be found, not among those who are absurdly called Tories, but among those who are still more absurdly called "Liberals." It exists among those who would urge the "masses" to trample on the "classes," among those who would set labour against capital; among the Trades Unionists and Labour Representatives, among those who would prohibit the liquor traffic, not among those who desire to legislate for, and secure as much freedom as possible for the community as a whole. In other words, there are no "Tories" now, save in the ranks of those who are mis-named "Liberals." And if we seek for genuine Liberals, we shall find them almost exclusively among those who are mis-named "Tories."

IV.

What is the remedy for this most perplexing state of things? Obviously, to discard party names which are out of date, and to replace them by others which correctly represent the ideas on which we desire the country to form its opinion. Above all, the good fighting term "Liberal" ought not to be made a present to the man who would destroy the best guarantee for true Liberal principles. We must not forget that the Anglo-Saxon race is not far-sighted. John Bull, if we must speak the truth about him, is much given to blundering and slumbering. He has been asleep or mistaken at most of the critical period of his career. It is only his strength, energy, honesty and directness, certainly not his foresight, which has pulled him through. But in these days, when events move infinitely more swiftly than they did, it will no longer do to be behindhand. We may find ourselves at any moment in a difficulty from which neither strength, nor energy, nor any other quality can extricate us. It is therefore of vital importance that our leaders should take care that nothing shall be allowed to obscure the issues on which slow-witted or uneducated Englishmen are asked to vote. It is essential for the electorate to understand that the true division of parties at the present moment is into Imperialists and non-Imperialists. And it is further of vital importance that we should be aware, when we call ourselves Imperialists, that we do not mean the upholding of a military despotism like that of ancient Rome, but the creation of a world-power which shall be built on the common consent of the freest people in existence. We have mentioned an unfortunate lapse of one of the greatest Imperialists our country has known. Let us not forget, on the other hand, the masterly sentence with which Mr. Disraeli outlined at once the character and the policy of the true Imperialist: "*Imperium et Libertas.*" The spread of Anglo-Saxon Ideas throughout the world; the freedom of everyone in the British Empire to do everything but trample on the rights of his neighbour; the expression of Imperial needs in an Imperial House of Representatives; the open door; *real* freedom of trade, not the sham freedom which is content to fling away its inheritance recklessly to others, careless whether it gets anything in return; these are the objects which every British

statesman worthy of the name has before him. They are as far as the east is from the west from the peddling parochialism which reigns for the most part on the "Liberal" benches, and which, if it ever find expression in our Government, may issue in the gravest disaster English history has ever had to record. It is the duty of every patriot to see that this issue is placed fairly and squarely before the country, and that it is not obscured by the smoke of former contests, or by the use of war cries which have lost their meaning. The wars of the future, if they come, will be of Titanic magnitude; they will be fought on a gigantic scale. British freedom, if we are not true to ourselves, may at any time be at the disposal of the despot Czar or the Kaiser, or both. And if the moment find us unprepared, we may meet with a fall from which there is no rising. There is therefore the utmost need to discriminate between local and Imperial needs in the coming election; to allow no parochial red herring to be drawn across the path on which the British Empire, if it is to remain intact, must tread. The ideal of our representative system is that each locality should send its best and wisest man to confer with his fellows on the best means of securing the general welfare. If we cannot yet attain that ideal, let us at least approach to it as nearly as we can. Let party jealousies and animosities be at least reduced to a *minimum*. Let us distinguish clearly between those who are at issue on details from those who are at issue on first principles. Let us separate what is vital to the interests of the Empire from what is not. If the present administration is not, as it pretty clearly is not, exactly what the Empire needs, let it, like that of M. Combes, in France, be replaced by one which, though differing in *personnel* has the same Imperial ends in view. Let every "Imperialist," "Liberal" or "Unionist," be prepared to act together for the country's good But, whatever we do, let us not place the Empire on an inclined plane on which it will move with ever increasing velocity to a destruction which its own folly has prepared for it.

J. J. LIAS.

SHAKESPEARE COMMEMORATION.

ONCE more a memorial to Shakespeare is being discussed. In an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for April, Mr. Sidney Lee tells us that efforts in this direction were made on three different occasions, in 1820, in 1847 and in 1864. Of these the first and last attempts had no tangible result whatever, while in 1847 the funds raised only sufficed to buy the tenements in Stratford-on-Avon.

In considering the cause of this "sweeping failure," Mr. Lee does not attribute it to apathy on the part of the public, but to conflicting opinions as to the best mode of doing honour to the great poet. Yet in his article Mr. Lee advocates that form of commemoration least likely to meet with universal support—a statue of William Shakspere of Stratford-on-Avon.*

The fact can no longer be ignored that a large and ever-increasing number of students of Shakespeare see in Francis Bacon, the author of the immortal dramas, and find that, in every particular, he fits into the position as a key into its lock, opening the door to beauties hitherto undreamt of.

William Shakspere, on the contrary, fits as the key of a barn door into a Brahma key-hole; the only effect of his personality has been to lessen the appreciation of the plays, to hinder criticism and to lower the standard of education in England.

As if to prove the need of a mask for the real author, Dr.

* It may be as well to explain that Baconian writers only employ the spelling "Shakespeare" with reference to the real author of the plays. The actor born at Stratford they refer to as "Shakspere."—ED. B.V.

Stubbs, Dean of Ely, in the Shakespeare Sermon of 1897, stated it as his conviction that "there were some things in Shakespeare that the author might have been burnt for had he been a theologian, just as certainly there were things about politics, about civil liberty, which, had he been a politician or a statesman, would have brought him to the block." That criticism has been handicapped is shown by Lord Campbell's admission, somewhat more than fifty years ago, that "*unless it had been proved to the contrary*, he could have suspected Shakespeare to have been a studious Greek scholar."

At last it had been demonstrated by Mr. R. M. Theobald and Dr. Churton Collins, beyond the possibility of further question, that the author, whoever he was, was saturated with classic knowledge. Dr. Collins, being a Shaksperian, is compelled to believe, or try to believe, that Shakespeare brought himself into touch with the Greek dramatists through the medium of Latin translations, and that he acquired his knowledge of Latin at Stratford Grammar School. But that is a passing phase and will disappear, as all error ultimately does in this

> "World, who of itself is poised well,
> Made to run even upon even ground";

but which is from time to time thrown off the safe rails that lead to Truth by the influence of "bias" and "commodity."

The Shakespeare Plays and Poems, of which the Nation wishes to show its appreciation, cover a period of nearly forty years, beginning in 1576, when there is the first suggestion of a Shakespeare theme, continuing in one long, unbroken series, and culminating in 1623, when the completed and perfected plays were given in a single volume to the world.

But William Shakspere could not have begun to write plays before 1591, according to the latest computation; therefore we are asked to believe that all the first drafts were the work of other men, whose plays, being successful and likely to attract, Shakespeare appropriated, enlarged, and passed off as his own.

And William Shakspere died in 1616, therefore we are told that the manuscripts of the hitherto unpublished plays, twenty in number, and the revised and enlarged versions of others, were lying for seven years *perdu* in some theatre or scattered broadcast

among the actors, till collected by Heminge & Condell and printed in the First Folio.

Heminge & Condell must have done their work well, since, from that time to this, every vestige of a manuscript of a Shakespeare play has disappeared, so far as we have yet discovered, from the face of the earth.

On the other hand, when "A Historie of Error" was performed at Hampton Court in 1576, Francis Bacon had recently returned from Cambridge, where young scholars, on the occasion of any great ceremony, were "in the habit of producing a masque or pageant, or writing or translating a play" (*vide* Stopford Brooke's Literature Primer).

In 1623, when the First Folio was published, Francis Bacon, now Lord St. Albans and Viscount Verulam, was living in retirement at Gorhambury, his mansion near St. Albans, engaged in re-editing his acknowledged works, and doubtless also those "Works of his Recreation," which have so delighted the world ever since.

"For as for poesy," he writes in Adv. of Learning Book II., "it is rather pleasure or play of imagination, than work or duty thereof."

These are the alpha and the omega of his claims to the authorship of the Shakespeare Plays, but step by step, all through the long forty year's era, Francis Bacon's character, his position, his attainments, his experiences illustrate and explain the dramas and simplify their chronology. He who runs may read, but to the most learned scholar, who sits down with the determination not to see, the book is closed.

But there are many besides Baconians to whom the statue of the Stratford claimant would be no adequate symbol of the world of thought conjured up by the word "Shakespeare."

While to the majority, perhaps, of the readers of the plays the author is a mere creature of the imagination, a composite, according to taste, of the characters in the dramas, there are many still called Shaksperians to whom, as to Hallam, "the young man who came up from Stratford" is a stumbling-block and a difficulty, who cannot think of him as the creator of Hamlet and of Lear.

Not a few still exclaim with Coleridge; "does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to men!"

Very many more, seeing nothing in William Shakspere to excite their sympathy or admiration, ignore him altogether and are content to enjoy the inimitable works independently of an author.

It was reserved for Mr. Sidney Lee and his school to profess complete satisfaction and to admit no discrepancy between the spirit of the plays and the life of the reputed author. Yet, including even Mr. Lee, not one of the most enthusiastic supporters of William Shakspere makes the slightest pretence that his identity throws one ray of light upon, or adds one point of interest to, the plays or the poems or the sonnets. The best that has ever been written of him among the thousands of his biographers has merely been apologetic.

It is evident that the statue of this man would call forth no universal enthusiasm even among Shaksperians, while to Baconians of course it would be a travesty.

Added to this there is the difficulty of the likeness. If there were no likeness of him extant it might be possible for the genius for whom Mr. Lee is waiting, when he comes, to throw himself into the spirit of the composition and create a Shakespeare, as Michael Angelo created a Moses, so that all might say, "If the poet was not like that, he ought to have been." But there is no such easy scope for imagination. Two likenesses with some claim to authenticity exist, the bust erected over his grave sometime between 1616-1623, and the engraving prefixed to the first folio. But of these two portraits every line must be changed before any sign of genius or even character could be produced. The inevitable result would be, as heretofore, at once an imperfect likeness and a crippled ideal. It would be impossible that any, or more than a very few could be satisfied. Estimates might be sent in, time and money might be spent, but one more would be added to the list of sweeping failures.

That the dramas are pre-eminently educational must be admitted by all. The Histories are themselves a magnificent series of object lessons. The Tragedies show us the ravages of sin and the spiritual conquest of virtue. In the Romances and

Comedies are delicate lessons in refinement, and kindness, and large-hearted tolerance. In the judgment of Emerson there is no point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, which Shakespeare has not settled. When personal limitations are still more removed, and the plays studied fearlessly as the work of a statesman and a courtier, it may be found that the errors and foibles of individuals and of the age were courteously caricatured or sternly rebuked, and that the dramas exercised a softening and a prohibitive influence on the society, and perhaps even on the politics of Elizabethan England.

They fell short, however, of their evident aim to avert civil war, to induce England to remain "true to itself," and to seek for liberty and justice through unity instead of through strife. Consequently the plays and their influence were submerged in the torrent of blood that followed the breach between Charles I. and his parliament. Only in our own times have they resumed their old position as a moral and intellectual standard, second only to the Bible.

The question arises, were these dramas, with their solemn lessons, and their long, didactic speeches, with even their most vulgar passages tempered by morality, so fully appreciated by Elizabethan play-goers that they could be produced and reproduced upon the stage without loss to the managers ?

The early, and probably more popular plays were performed, as we read on the title page of the 1603 edition of "Hamlet," "in the cittie of London, at the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford and elsewhere," but we know that from 1599, when the Globe Theatre was built, till 1613, when it was burnt down, the Shakespeare dramas were rarely acted on any other public stage.

Some points of contemporary history seem to show that a few literary noblemen were interested in the Globe Theatre. The Earl of Essex had sufficient influence to cause "Richard II." to be performed there for treasonable purposes, in spite of the protest of the manager. One of the few traditions recorded of William Shakspere tells of £1,000 having been presented to him by the young Earl of Southampton. Common sense suggests that the donation had some connection with the expenses of the Globe

or the purchase of shares, since all Shakespeare's other investments were purely personal.

Is it not possible that this theatre was subsidised, and that the performances on its stage were not altogether dependant on the fluctuations of the public taste or the cupidity or magnaminity of the managers?

Whether or not this was the case, it certainly would seem that a Memorial Theatre would be the most suitable commemoration for the poet whose large vision saw the world as a stage, and who, through the stage, sought to teach men so to live that the celestial "lookers-on" need not weep over their errors and "fantastic tricks;" not a theatre that would produce *only* the Shakespeare plays, still less, in a reactionary spirit, seek to foist upon the public all the disabilities of the Elizabethan stage; although it is true that many of the accessories now deemed necessary might in it be omitted, and scenic effect made strictly subordinate to the moral influence of the drama.

In a theatre built at the public expense and with a substantial fund to fall back on, the great work of instruction might be carried on. Many of the finest of the plays, at present unknown to theatre goers because not calculated to draw large audiences, could be acted without fear of loss. Other classic dramas, English or foreign, could be introduced. New plays could be encouraged whose aim was not merely to attract, but to teach and elevate. The resources of history have surely not yet been exhausted. The immortal series might be continued through the Stuart and Hanoverian lines, not perhaps on the same plane of genius, but with an equally earnest desire to make the great actions of our ancestors an encouragement or a warning to their posterity.

But above all things the works of Shakespeare should stand on their own merits. No supposed connection with one man or another should limit the free discussion of these literary masterpieces in their chronology, their purpose, or their scope.

What the author must have been, as revealed in the works, is a legitimate subject of study: but what the works themselves must be, what their educational value must be, what their earliest and latest dates, in defiance of their own evidence, must be, what

their personal references must or must not be, what their object, or their purpose, or their influence must have been or not have been because of their supposed connection with one wholly inadequate individual, this is neither true study nor real appreciation, but wilful blindness and deliberate depreciation.

A Commemoration Scheme which took the form of a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, built and upheld by public subscription, primarily for the production of the Shakespeare dramas, and secondarily for the production and encouragement of all plays having an educational and elevating tendency, if of sufficient literary merit, leaving the title of "Shakespeare" to be interpreted according to the faith of each subscriber—such a scheme would, in all probability, meet with universal and enthusiastic support.

HELEN HINTON STEWART.

PREMATURE BURIAL AND ITS PREVENTION.

A VERY real danger of premature burial is at length being acknowledged by a large section of the public. They have come in to that acknowledgment partly by the persistent publication of evidence collected by the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial, and partly by press accounts of various shocking and gruesome details connected with the subject, details which have been all verified before publication, and which have of late occupied a not inconsiderable portion of the "daily" and other papers. This combined overwhelming evidence forms not only a justification for the existence of the association named, but also specifically corroborates all the testimony which the association has collated. The apathy, however, which obtains on the question is still pronounced, though I would here assert the danger of premature burial is one to which everyone of us is more or less liable. There is no reason indeed why premature burial, in the present lax condition of our burial laws, should not frequently occur. There is, on the other hand, every reason to suppose that it is actually not infrequent. I am speaking now of civil life; on the battlefield, where thousands are slain or severely wounded, there are probably hundreds hurriedly buried while life is still existent, especially in those cases of the wounded ones, where prolonged syncope occurs from loss of blood or unconsciousness due to shock. And as war is so to the fore in our days, I would here like to interpolate the fact that not a single accredited test of death is carried out on the battlefield. Is not that an appalling

thing to have to write? There is then no time, alas, to verify the fact of death, and I presume that the announcement of so-called death is not even made officially, and even if it were, it would be practically inutile as long as no tests for the ascertainment of actual death were applied. How many of our poor soldiers were thus buried alive on the wild wastes of the Boer veldts will never be known, while still more of course have met a similar awful fate where Russians and Japanese have enacted their sickening carnage.

It will, and must necessarily also remain, a matter of ignorance as to the number of people who are interred while still alive in our ordinary civil life, and for this reason, that exhumation, in England at all events, only takes place in about the proportion of one to fifty-thousand burials, the Home Secretary requiring some very cogent reason indeed before he allows an exhumation to take place, and certainly no petition presented by anyone who had reason to think that anyone had been buried alive and wished to set his mind at rest, or verify his suspicion, would be given but a scant chance of having his desire complied with, for officialism would bar the way. The moral is, see to it that the death of your friend or relative be effectually verified before the funeral takes place by those who are versed in the matter, and who are ready, after applying certain tests, either to verify the fact of death, or advise that further time should be given in order that decomposition should become apparent before burial is sanctioned. The difficulty then of estimating correctly the number of those buried alive is very great. Many, however, have endeavoured to compass that difficulty, among these I would like to cite the authors, Messrs. Tebb and Vollum, of that able and exhaustive work "Premature Burial." I would here like to give examples taken from that book.

"They Waited for the Magistrate.—Mr. William Harbutt, School of Art, Bath, writes to me Nov. 27th, 1895:—The copies of the pamphlet 'The Perils of Premature Burial,' by Professor Alexander Wilder, you kindly sent me are in circulation. Almost everyone to whom I mention the subject knows some instances. 'One, a case at Radstock, twelve miles from Bath, where the bearers at the funeral heard noises inside the coffin, but were

afraid to open it without the authority from a magistrate. When it was opened next day the appearance of the body showed that he had been coffined alive, and had had a terrible struggle to escape.' "

Another case quoted is the following—

" From the *Star*, May 13th, 1905: "A woman who was believed to have died the day before was being buried at Doussard, when the gravedigger who was engaged in filling up the grave distinctly heard knocking coming from the coffin. He called a man who was working near, and he came and listened and heard the knocking also. They went to inform the local authorities; a Curé of the village was the first to arrive on the scene, but as no one had any authority to exhume the body, the coffin was not taken up, all that was done was to bore some holes in the lid in such a way as to admit of air. By mid-day all the necessary formalities had been gone through, and it was decided at last to open the coffin. This was done, but whether the unfortunate woman was still alive at this time is doubtful, some of those present affirmed that she was, one thing is certain, namely, that when at 6.30 in the evening it was finally decided to consult a doctor, the practitioner summoned declared that death had taken place not more than five or six hours before. It was thought that had the coffin been opened directly the sounds were heard, the woman's life might have been saved, and she would have been spared hours of indescribable torture and suffering." Many other similar cases are mentioned in the book above-named. But when we leave the question of actual live burial, and come to the consideration of narrow escapes from that awful doom, we can give details of still more numerous cases. In each succeeding annual report of the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial are cited cases, well authenticated, and narrow escapes from live burial; indeed the number of such now collected amounts to many hundreds. Only last year the English people were shocked to read that a girl in Accrington was laid out for burial, the certificate of death given, all preparations made for the funeral, when the alleged dead " came to." This is not by any means an isolated case. I myself have a personal friend who is not only alive, but well, who

some 20 years ago was left for dead, her death certificate having also been made out in proper order. In face of all this overwhelming testimony it is idle any longer to deny the fact that live sepulture occurs much more often than we have any idea of. As members of the Association mentioned, we claim that if this horrible thing only occurred even once in 100,000 burials, that alone would be a good *raison d'être* for the Association, and would amply justify us in attempting to arouse the public from its apathy to the question. Further, is it not too horrible to contemplate for one moment, the idea of being dissected alive! Yet there is ample evidence that such a horror occurs from time to time. One reads of post-mortems being made on bodies still warm, on persons who have been found simply unconscious, and who had not been previously suffering from any organic disease. Cases of this sort are cited in the evidence already alluded to. The blame here should not be altogether cast upon the medical officer concerned, but upon the lax condition of the Law, which allows of the possibility of such a thing to take place. Medical men themselves are often ignorant as to whether, in a certain case, death has, or has not, taken place, and yet such is the anomalous condition of the Law, that he has practically the control of the alleged corpse! The conditions which counterfeit death are very inadequately taught in our medical schools, and hundreds of young fellows are turned out of the hospitals annually who do not have a clear comprehension of what death actually is.

Yet with all these horrors I have written of transpiring in our midst, and all the laxities of the law in relation to the subject—and we wish to put a stop to the former and to amend the latter—the Association makes at present but slow headway. The movement was initiated by the late Col. Vollum, an army surgeon, who was himself laid out for dead after being nearly, but not quite, dead as it appears, in conjunction with Mr. Wm. Tebb, who has had himself a very distressing experience in his family in connection with the danger we are considering; and it was owing to these circumstances that the gentlemen named determined to look into the whole question, and give their time and energy to its elucidation; they, with others to help, organised an Association which both protects its members from the possibility of meeting

with such a terrible fate as live burial, as well as being engaged in constantly drawing the attention of the public to the whole matter. We shall go on—not in creating sensations—but quietly working for changes in the law which will, once for all, alter the present truly deplorable condition of things which exists in regard to our whole system of death certification, death verification, and the burial laws generally.

J. STENSON HOOKER, M.D.,
Hon. Med. Sec. Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial.

London, W.

A DUAL MOVEMENT.

"THE REVIVAL" and "The Education Struggle in Wales —these headings appear not infrequently in the English press. The reader scans the paragraph with an indulgent or contemptuous smile at the former, according to his temper: with a mild interest or pettish indignation at the latter, according to his politics. He scarcely ever troubles to connect the one with the other, nor does he deem it worth his while to understand the spirit of either. Even to us who live in Wales, it requires to be in constant touch with the people in order to grasp the motive power, if one may so call it, of this dual movement, the Revival and the Education Struggle.

To-day the "Annual Tea" at Little Bethel chapel takes place. Like so many of the Nonconformist places of worship in the rural districts Little Bethel stands on a hill, as though proud to hold up its head before the whole world. There is no architectural beauty in the building—white washed walls, square, plane glass windows, and a roof, which has no ecclesiastical pretentions. It has often struck me as a type of the people themselves, those sturdy Nonconformists, who worship within its walls—earnest straightforward men, who feel not the need of outer forms, but facing their God with the same free upright glance with which they face their fellow men, have attained, nevertheless, that union with the Infinite, the essence of all true religion.

Ever since four o'clock the people have been coming by twos and threes up the stony lanes or across the fields—it is the women who come first, for the men are still at work. There are

children too, tiny boys with clean white collars, and small girls in their Sunday best, each armed with a pink ticket, which shows that "Father" has expended sixpence on their behalf. Some of the older folks pause at the door of the chapel to look across at the view, for these Welsh are a nature-loving people. Woods, tinged with the glow of autumn, slope down into the valley, and far away, beyond the fields and scattered homesteads, rise the mountains, purple blue. Then the chatter of voices and fumes of tea remind them of more material needs, and they enter the building. A pulpit faces the door: below it the pews are ranged on either side of long tables, piled with bread and butter and substantial cake.

To the orthodox English mind there is something distinctly strange in these tea parties held in places of worship. I have even heard it said that "the irreverence of those dissenters is really dreadful." This comes from an inability of looking at things from another's point of view. Once it is understood that these chapels are regarded merely as meeting houses, where people may come together to speak to their God, and not as consecrated buildings, for to the Nonconformist the knowledge that God is everywhere, makes all places equally fit to pray in, the apparent irreverence disappears. Their idea of the Almighty is so great that it never occurs to them He would object to seeing His children harmlessly enjoying themselves in the same room, where on Sundays they gather together to sing his praises. In all religions there is much that each one of us can learn, and it has often seemed to me that we should do well to emulate the simple faith and the free broad conceptions of our Nonconformist brethren.

About seven o'clock the tables are removed, and the pews rearranged in their usual places, for the "Meeting" is about to begin. Men and women stream in, Little Bethel is crowded, even to the gallery at the lower end. Several "Ministers" are present, one of whom opens the proceedings with an extempory prayer. It is a beautiful prayer. The Almighty is asked to send Light to His people, that evil may be dispersed, and that peace and gladness may reign in every home. From my corner I note the wrapt attention of the worshippers, who every now and then show their

appreciation by a murmur or a groan of assent. Then follows a hymn, and the place rings with the prayer of many hearts. Music is the natural outpouring of these people, and thus it is that all over Wales singing has played a leading part in the Revival.

The last notes die away, and the Pastor of the Chapel says a few words. He speaks of the work of the Revival in that district, and how many had felt the call to lead a higher life. We have listened but now to a prayer for light. It is just the longing for that Light, the striving for it, the endeavour to live up to it, that has caused the movement, known throughout the country as the Religious Revival. And what is the result to be? Shall the evil in the world be lessened? Shall the Light be carried into dark places? This can only be effected in one way—we must unite our forces. In these days there is much talk of sectarian differences, and earnest men waste their energies in arguing over doctrinal points, instead of joining together against the common foe, the evil in the world. Let there be no more of that—let us realize that what is Truth to one man may not be Truth to another, and realizing it, let us allow to each the right of following the path, which to him is the best, knowing that he, even as ourselves, is striving for the highest. He wishes to battle against sin even as we do—let us join hands with him, and with every earnest man of whatever faith or denomination—and surely, surely, with such united force the evil of the world must be lessened, and darkness and ignorance will be dispersed. Let this be the fruit of the Revival.

As he ceases to speak a burst of applause show that his listeners are at one with him, while I in my corner realise once more how much these people can teach us if we will but learn. That the religions of the world, while mutually respecting each other's creeds should band together to combat sin, and to lighten the darkness of the world—what higher ideal could be conceived?

The next speaker, who rises after an interlude of singing, is a young man with a pale face, and the eyes of an enthusiast. He speaks of the Education Struggle.

"The Revival," he says, "has come at the right time. It is the awakening of the vital forces of religion, whose basis is not intolerance but freedom. And Wales at this moment is making

stand for her religious liberty. People who do not understand talk of the Education Struggle as a mere political move, a stir created by a few Radical leaders to serve their own ends. That is simply because they know not the Welsh people. Bring them down here—let them come among our mountains—let them see our people sacrificing themselves in order to spare the money to help that little county which is being so grievously pressed. Take them to Merionethshire itself—let them watch the little ones gathered together in makeshift schools, deprived of the comforts they might enjoy at the expense of their religious freedom. Then let them ask the meaning of all this. There will be but one answer from the people of Wales, "We fight, we make sacrifices for that which we hold most dear, our liberty of conscience, our religion."

"And if they still don't understand, take them to one of our Revival meetings—they will learn there what all the English newspapers and politicians can never teach them."

. . . . . .

As I make my way home through the moon-lit lanes my thoughts dwell on that mighty force which men call Religion, that force which under different aspects ranges through the world from pole to pole. Perhaps in Wales it dwells in its simplest guise—here we have no ceremonial, no hierarchy, scarcely any dogma. And yet so vital is the power of this simple faith, that from its fount have risen two great movements, the Revival and the Education Struggle.

Reaching the cross roads below the lane, I pause. The air is keen, and full of the earthy smell of autumn. Save for the fitful falling of the leaves the land is still. Up on the hill rising from amid the trees, stands the little chapel, its severe outlines softened by the shadows of the night, and above, from the dark infinite space watches the moon, calm, pure, shedding her radiance over the landscape, enhancing all that she touches —the very symbol of Eternal Truth.

A CHILD OF THE CYMRY.

CAN THE MIND BE CONTAMINATED?

A REPLY.

AN article appeared in the June number of BROAD VIEWS entitled "Can the mind be contaminated?" a question which the writer answers in the negative. I venture to think that in both his premisses and his conclusions he is mistaken.

In the first place, his chief argument seems to be that no knowledge, so long as it is true, can contaminate the mind of the young. Even if that is granted, he would I suppose allow that the mind can be contaminated by knowledge that is not true. Now the minds of children are too immature and undeveloped to assimilate all the knowledge, however true, which is desirable for grown-up persons. The reasoning powers of children are very rudimentary, and their experience is almost nil. Therefore it follows that many of the true facts of life, which grown up people, through reason and experience, can regard in their true proportions, are so distorted, or so ill-comprehended by the immature mind of a child, that they actually convey to him an untrue view of life, and therefore do him harm—in other words, contaminate his mind.

I can recall instances of this from my own early recollections, and so, I should think, can anyone who is able to recollect anything of his own mental development in childhood.

The physical parallel is perfect. As well say that all food, so long as it is wholesome, can be assimilated by a baby six weeks old, as that all knowledge, so long as it is true, can be assimilated by a child of six, or even of sixteen years old.

"There is nothing impure," says the article in question, "in true breadth of mind." No, there is not; but then it is quite impossible for an immature child to have true breadth of mind, just as it is impossible for a baby to have the digestive powers of a full-grown man.

Another statement of the writer to which I must take exception is that the minds of children are not plastic, but are cast in such an unalterable mould from birth that no influences whatsoever can modify it.

It is a sad look-out indeed for the children of our slums, if such is the case. All efforts to remove them from unwholesome surroundings are then futile. They are in fact unnecessary, if the unwholesome surroundings cannot contaminate the childrens' minds.

The Jesuit Father who said that if he had the training of a child up to seven years old, anyone could afterwards do what they liked with him, evidently considered that the mind was plastic, at all events at that tender age; and I think that anyone who recalls the tremendous force of all the impressions made by outward facts in early childhood compared with the comparative faintness of the impressions of later years, will feel bound to confess that his own mind was somewhat plastic in those early days. If not, what do we mean at all by the phrase "receive an impression?" If the mind is encased from birth in a solid steel mould, how can any impression be made upon it? The expression is a contradiction in terms.

In conclusion, I can only say, for heaven's sake let us preserve a little longer, if we can, the innocence, yea, even the ignorance of our children and young people; and may I never live to see that generation of precocious little prigs, whose youthful minds are already developed beyond the possibility of contamination!

ANNA HOWARTH.

OF RASH VOWS.

EVERYONE has found himself at times in a position from which there has been no entirely innocent escape; whichever way he turns, or even if he turn no way at all, a wrong will be done, and somebody's honour, reputation or feelings will have to be sacrificed. Probably the greater number of these dilemmas arise from the making of vows or promises which have to be fulfilled under conditions not contemplated at the time the vow was made. With its customary disregard for the exact meaning of words, that arbitrary entity, the English language, has chosen to describe as "rash" all those promises which the promiser afterwards regrets having made; they may have been uttered deliberately and in a spirit of cold calculation after nicely balancing the pros and cons, but none the less are they classed as "rash vows" if when the day of payment comes the promiser regrets his obligation.

The discussion of the question under what circumstances a man is justified in breaking his word is one which ethical teachers have generally found it convenient to leave alone. Obviously it is for the good of the community that a man should hold himself morally bound to keep his word; but prudent people are very chary about committing themselves to any general statement of the cases in which it is more moral to break than to keep a promise.

Jephthah is, of course, the stock instance that flashes to the mind in connection with rash vows, but his is an extreme case. There are few people, if any, to-day who would hold that the murder—call it sacrifice if you will—of a daughter was a less crime than the breaking of an oath. In his time the relation between parent and child was on an entirely different footing from that which obtains to-day: the Patriarchal Theory was at its

height, and the parent had absolute right of life and death over his children; so that it does not seem to have occurred to either Jephthah, his daughter, or anyone else, that the unhappy human chattel had any rights of her own. Indeed without a vow a father would have been justified in sacrificing his daughter, as is shown by the case of Iphigenia. But in the twentieth century we generally draw the line at murder, even when we hold, as in Clough's Commandment, that we "need not strive officiously to keep alive."

This perhaps will afford us a clue to our attitude generally with regard to breach of contract. We condemn Jephthah's sacrifice of his daughter on the ground that he perpetrated a greater wrong by carrying out his vow than he would have done by breaking it. We feel, too, that quite apart from "the sanctity of human life" the wrong done by breaking his vow involved only himself and his God, whereas in performing his vow he inflicted an irretrievable injury upon a third person, who was no party to his promise. Here again we get light upon our quest: we have ceased to be tribal and become individualistic, so that a promise involving the rights of a third person has no moral validity—any more than it has a legal validity—without his assent.

If, then, we stand committed to the general proposition that a man is justified in breaking all promises the keeping of which entails greater evils than the breaking, we find ourselves confronted at once by the further problem, Evils to whom? Are we to take the promiser himself into account? and if so, are we to account an evil done to him of as much importance as an equal evil done to some one else? Or must he be regarded in the summing up as having put himself out of court by his own act, so that we need only estimate the wrongs done to other people by his keeping his word, and weigh them against the wrongs done to other people by his breaking it? The ultra-honourable people—whom their depreciators term Quixotic—will probably decide that no possible injury to the promiser can outweigh the sanctity of his promise, except possibly where keeping his promise amounted to suicide—the "canon 'gainst self-slaughter" being taken as of superior efficacy to any self-imposed obligation.

But the growth of the spirit of individualism has tinged many

minds with the suspicion that, if selfishness is immoral, self-sacrifice is no less so, and that man is born with certain inalienable rights, one of which is his freedom. From this it would follow that in summing up the respective wrongs done by keeping or breaking his word, the promiser is entitled to rank as a unit on an equality with the other units concerned in his promise; so that a great wrong inflicted on him by his keeping his word would outweigh a smaller wrong inflicted on another by his breaking it. The unfortunate point about the weighing of conflicting injuries is that the promiser has himself to hold the scales, and few things are more difficult than to take an entirely impartial view of one's own conduct. Were the Government to institute a Department for the Relief of Rash Vowers, akin to the Court of Equity, which was originally founded for those cases where the rigid working of the law would cause hardship, there might be some chance of a fair assessment, but till then honourable men will be too ready to sacrifice themselves on the altar of their bond, and the rest of the world too ready to leap lightly out of their obligations.

One of the first duties of such a department when formed would be to draw up a list of subjects upon which no promises were binding. Prominent in the list no doubt would appear "Affections and other Mental Conditions," for a moment's reflection will show the futility of trying to bind anything so elusive—one might as well try to prison the wind in a birdcage. My friend and I love each other because of certain qualities we each possess; if we lose these or if either of us develops modes of thought or action which revolt the other, of what use will vows of eternal friendship prove to hold us together? The remembrance of them will but aggravate the pain we feel at parting. Even to the one he loves best the wise man will say no more than "My past is yours, to hear as much of as you will; my present is yours, to give you all you ask; my future, like yours, lies upon the knees of the gods."

Lovers presumably have a special license in the matter of broken vows. "At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs." The pity is that the "king of gods and men" did not so fashion the human heart as to enable both parties to share in his laughter, for the burden of most of the doleful ditties of the deserted echoes the words of the old song,

"Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bower where you swore to be true."

So that if lass-lorn bachelors and deserted maids could take Jupiter's genial view of the situation, the world would have been saved a very large quantity of inferior verse. It is strange that the marriage service of the Church of England should be disfigured by the vow either party takes to love and honour the other till death shall part them. We will assume that they love each other at the time, since they are willing to be married—though possibly even this modest assumption is not always justifiable—but by no earthly possibility can they know that they will either love or honour each other in a year's time, or ten years' time. Presumably love and honour are like all other fruits, they will come to us if we have worked for them, and will continue to come just so long as we continue to work. It is only juggling with words to say we can love what appears to us utterly unlovely, or honour what we deem dishonourable. Mr. Chesterton—the aim of whose writings presumably is rather to amuse than to convince—tells us in his "Defence of Rash Vows" that in every peal of marriage bells he hears the glad news that one more coward has found his courage. He is right, in a sense; for, of course, it does require a considerable amount of courage, of a sort, to take an oath under the most solemn circumstances to control that which one knows to be uncontrollable. But whether courage of this kind is of a very high order, is questionable; it is even possible that it may rank below the courage that is needed to look back on one's vows and realise that they are broken beyond all hope of mending.

But if we rule out all questions of feelings as improper subjects for promises, there will yet remain the whole field of action; and about this a man may pledge himself as deeply as his unwisdom suggests. It is not wise to say anything which is calculated to lessen the sanctity of a promise, lest people should be encouraged to foster a spirit of light-hearted readiness to take or violate an oath; but presumably circumstances will arise in which the more moral course is deliberately and honestly to break one's word. A promise is a gift made to a man and must in no case be filched from its possessor without his knowledge. If I wish to

regain a present I have made to another, there are only two respectable ways of achieving my purpose, I can either ask for it back, or I can go and take it by force; but I cannot with any show of decency gain my end by picking the other man's pocket. For, whatever the law may assert, robbery with violence is the only respectable form of robbery—which judgment is confirmed by the general esteem in which the soldier's calling is held. And so, having repented of your rash vows, you may go to your creditor and ask him to release you from the bond—which is the courteous and generally prudent course—or you may bluntly tell him that you mean to consider yourself absolved of your promise; which, if less mannerly, is at times more efficacious; but so long as you have a rag of self-respect to cover your nakedness you will not live a lie by repudiating your obligation in your heart and professing it with your lips. And yet it needs a very strong man to carry out either of the former plans; and strong men are not a common feature in the community, though there are plenty of most life-like imitations.

It is not until one has many a time gone through the unpleasant experience of making rash vows and sticking to them "like a man," and gone through the even less pleasant experience of making other vows and breaking them like a hero, that the lesson comes home to him which Tolstoi has expressed in the maxim: "Never give away the control of your own future action." Of course, it is sometimes necessary to do this to some extent, but the less it is done the better; and it would be well for all promises to be made with a penalty clause, so that the person to whom the promise is made will have no right to feel injured if the promise be broken. It is strange that Polonius, in that wonderful compendium of worldly wisdom he gave Laertes on his departure, did not warn him against letting To-day tie the hands of To-morrow; our actions do that for us quite enough already without the addition of verbal bonds. But weak natures are always ready to buy some present advantage at the cost of the future. The youthful offender never hesitates to purchase forgiveness by the ready promise "never to do it again"—a promise so easily made in the hour of detection, so easily forgotten when the temptation returns. Such a promise no wise trainer of youth will be willing

to receive, knowing well, that, if the only obstacle to a repetition of the offence is the remembrance of his promise, the offender is very far from having learnt all the lesson which that particular sin has to teach him, and had better repeat it *ad nauseam* and so have done with it for ever, rather than abstain on a point of honour, and never learn the real inwardness of his offending. But then, of course, wise trainers of youth are not a common product of modern England—most people having grown up rather in spite of their instructors—so that, as a rule, every effort is made to extort, either by blandishments or threats, a promise of amendment from the young, presumably in order to saddle them with the further crime of breaking their word when next they repeat the offence, as they most assuredly will, unless their reason has been appealed to in such a manner as to bring real conviction; for even with the young, the emotions are but waves which surge over the rock of reason. Wherefore every true lover of Freedom will woo her for others no less than for himself, and, so far from taking advantage of a weak moment or a generous impulse in another to fetter his future action, will impress on him, with all the force he can command, that every promise given may prove in the future a chain about his neck, and may all too often sow the seeds of dishonour and remorse.

C. B. WHEELER.

LADY CROMARTIE'S GAELIC STORIES.

THE curiously fascinating narrative, "'Ere Tara Fell," recently published in BROAD VIEWS, has reappeared in a volume entitled "The Web of the Past," by the Countess of Cromartie.* In the book it is accompanied by several other stories all relating, as in the case of the one above mentioned, to an early period of Scottish and Irish life. "'Ere Tara Fell" had a peculiar charm of its own, for those who appreciated the introductory part relating to reincarnation, and the possibility of recovering by abnormal kinds of recollection, which the heroine of that story is supposed to have exercised, some glimpses of a remote past. The new stories by which it is now accompanied are more obviously works of imagination, but in one way all are equally remarkable. They are saturated with the colour and atmosphere, so to speak, of the period to which they relate, in so extraordinary a degree that they seem to give us not merely pictures, but living pictures of the early Gaelic warriors and kings and heroines with whom they are concerned. And they are not merely in this way visions of a bygone time, they glow with an intensity of feeling and emotion that one associates, as a rule, with passionate poetry of the finest order than with mere ordinary prose fiction.

As with poetry of the kind referred to, these old Gaelic tales are tragedies for the most part, only relieved by a more vivid

* Published by Eveleigh Nash.

sense of a life to come than conventional thinking provides for. Thus in the perfect little idyl called "The Forest Temple," the crippled girl with an exquisite interior nature meets her happiness in some higher condition which has nothing to do with the physical world, and in the terrible tragedy "The Heart of Eterscel," the death of the king,—promising him reunion with his lost love cruelly tormented to death in his absence,—is the only touch that relieves the horrors of the situation described. In one case only "The Fortunes of Cailean," does the authoress allow us the comfort of a happy ending, but in truth her gems of imaginative art will not be read by anyone who appreciates their true character, for the sake of the pleasure one may feel in following more common-place adventures to an enjoyable conclusion. They are quite *sui generis*—animated photographs of early Celtic strife, love and passion, that appeal to a far higher range of feelings than are touched by the ordinary short stories of modern life.

A BROAD VIEW OF THE LABOUR PROBLEM.

By the Labour Problem I mean, primarily, the problem of increasing the efficiency of labour. I approach the subject with no desire to belittle the improvements that have been effected within recent times in the condition of our workers—improvements that have come, and continue to come, as the corollaries of an enlightened and humanized public opinion; nor have I any wish to plead for grandmotherly legislation on behalf of a class holding its economic salvation almost entirely in its own hands; but I beg to urge the necessity, from the standpoint of national welfare alone, for a still broader view of working-class questions, and for a fuller recognition of the fact that a nation, alike in industrial and Imperial affairs, is very largely what its manual workers are able and willing to make it.

Our national welfare is staked more largely upon manufacturing, as apart from agricultural enterprise than is that of any other country. Therefore, as our workers are more herded together in crowded shops and crowded dwellings, we should be far in advance of our foreign contemporaries in all matters affecting the health of the workers. But the daily life of our average worker leaves much to be desired from every standpoint of public health and national efficiency. We want cleaner and better ventilated workshops; more sanitary homes in healthier districts;

in place of a few bloated cities—dirty, noisy and noisome—we want numberless model villages, miles away from the industrial establishments, with cheap and rapid transit between the factories and the dwellings; we want pure and nutritious food and drink, and we want women capable of cooking and preparing food, and with will and ability to nurse, feed and educate children in a manner to fit them for efficient workers and dutiful citizens.

Our system of education, so far as the training of children to be useful members of an industrial community is concerned, is a costly and extraordinary failure. We inflict upon our working-class children an excessive measure of "schooling," but of education, in the true sense of the word, we give them little. We push them mechanically through half a dozen "standards," cram their minds with much that is easily forgotten, and of little use even if remembered, we teach them on the yard-stick principle as if they had everyone an equal aptitude for an equal quality and quantity of learning, and finally pitch them into industry and the struggles of life with scarcely an atom of knowledge relating to subjects of every-day interest and utility.

And in the matter of housing our workers we are no more advanced than in their education. Granting that our manufacturing system is essential to our national prosperity, there is no reason why our workers should live so near their work and rear their children—Britain's future men and women—in the demoralizing and debilitating atmosphere of the slums. The era responsible for this intensified industrial system of ours has brought, concurrently, the means of rapid travel, and these means should be utilized to the fullest extent. The railways should be nationalized, and, along with municipal tramways, ***should be freed absolutely to passenger traffic***, so that our workers could live many miles from their work, in dwellings better in every respect than they are now able to afford, and could rear their children in natural and healthy surroundings. Just as the toll gate was abolished and our highways made public property and freed in the past, so should our railways be nationalized and freed now. Just as free walking was established in the public interest in the nineteenth century, so ought free riding to be granted in the twentieth. Free riding would speedily purge our vile city

slums, and transform unmistakably for the better the whole face of society.

Another reform urgently needed in the interests of industrial efficiency, public health and national welfare is an all-round reduction in the hours of labour. To drag our workers out of bed between five and six o'clock, and then shut them up for about three hours among the dirt, dust, and smells of the workshop before they breakfast is a policy utterly opposed to the laws of health and efficiency. Whatever may have been necessary when the industrial system was inaugurated there is no logical reason now, in this age of mechanical appliances and labour-saving machinery, for keeping our workers imprisoned so many hours daily in unhealthy shops as we do. The contention that reduced hours of labour would mean a national handicap in the matter of foreign competition will not bear scrutiny. In the countries where the working day is the shortest, there industrial production is the greatest. Our hours of labour should be brought down to seven or eight per day. From such a reform would come increased leisure and culture, and an increase of that mental and physical efficiency upon which progress and prosperity are founded. The real problem of labour is how to keep our workers physically fit and mentally willing to give good results in the least possible time.

But of the many aspects of our labour question, that of the unemployed is probably the most pressing, for with its solution, or at least with the mitigation of its severity, is intimately bound up all that effects the well-being of the nation industrially and socially. Intermittently employed workers badly fed, condemned now and again to periods of enforced idleness during which their muscles relax, their energy wanes, their vitality diminishes, and their manhood and dignity suffer to such extent that they frequently degenerate into vagrants and paupers, and sometimes into criminals—industrial and social wrecks often beyond redemption—constitute at once a material blight and moral incubus highly detrimental to national welfare.

And, concurrently with the problem of unemployment—this prolific mother of hunger, deterioration, misery, insanity and crime—we are faced with the grave problem of our national

defence. Our armed strength is not what our most competent authorities can pronounce satisfactory. Thus, whilst the State lacks soldiers, men lack employment and food. Then why not, as I suggested through the columns of the *Times* and *Sheffield Telegraph* last year, make the unemployed difficulty the State's opportunity? Why not have barracks, or training schools, in all our industrial centres, in which men and youths who had failed to obtain work in a morning could spend the rest of the day in drilling, and in return for attaining military efficiency be provided with such payment, or rations, as would ward off hunger and its appalling consequences? The unemployed problem will not be solved by charity, or by relief works, or by any rate-maintained industry artificially enhancing the cost of labour and injuring private enterprise. Nor will it be solved by farm colonies, for to make these successful regular labour is required, whereas the problem confronting us is how to tide our workers over temporary periods of idleness. I believe this scheme of mine, if adopted, would meet the needs of our unemployed and the needs of the State. Men would not only use these training schools when out of work, but, after having again obtained civil employment, many would spend much of their spare time in them, would acquire that military skill, competency and enthusiasm essential to an imperial race, and would join the regular army, not as raw recruits, but as qualified soldiers.

Badly paid, badly fed, badly housed workers—discontented, ignorant and unpatriotic—are incompatible with national welfare and progress. Give our future workers a more rational system of education; give our workers, present and future, better dwellings in more healthy surroundings, with free riding between the industrial and dwelling districts; give them pure food and drink (a Pure Beer Bill as a first instalment, as our workers, from the nature of their hot and dirty work, in most industries, are great beer drinkers); reduce hours of labour to eight per day generally; encourage physical efficiency; do not allow unemployed workers to starve and deteriorate; do not pauperise them, but offer food or payment, with prizes for special skill, for attaining military efficiency in well-equipped training schools accessible to every man and boy every hour of every day; in a word, humanise and

rationalise the laws and conditions under which we permit our workers to live—let "health" be our national motto—and we shall not lack an army, industrial or military, capable of maintaining our proud position among nations.

T. GOOD.

A BROADER VIEW STILL.

The delusion underlying all proposals of this nature may be traced to the belief that the working classes would appreciate the benefits designed for them, and live up to the higher standard such benefits would put within their reach.

To begin with, the cost of the schemes developed above would be enormous. Free travelling alone would deny the nationalised railways the chance of earning profits. The taxpayer would have to meet the interest on the capital devoted to their acquisition by the State. As the workmen are to be benefitted and not burdened by the change they could not provide the new revenue required. This would have to come from the rich minority who would rapidly cease to be rich under the new regime, and if the arrangement answered, that is to say, if the working class lived up to it, the result would be a socialist's utopia,—inhabited exclusively by a virtuous lower class, and no upper class at all. But of course it would not answer. The compulsion to work would have been weakened—tolerance and economical inefficiency would prevail. The last state of a country attempting to carry out such ideas as those suggested would be immeasurably worse than the first.

Certainly our present system of national education,—or rather of Board Schools, for little or no education is accomplished,—is contemptibly stupid. It is the fruit of just such delusions as the writer of the preceding essay would sow in a different soil. The cost is enormous—a frightful burden on the taxpaying classes,—and, as Walter Besant showed in his book on East London,—the result practically *nil*. But in so far as its supporters might attempt to defend it, wherein lies its merit? In the fact that it is compulsory, the school is not to be provided for the people who may wish to send their children there. They are to be *compelled* for their own good, which by the hypothesis they do not understand, to follow the guidance of upper class legislators. If they will not

accept the benefits their superiors design for them, they are to be punished. The bearing of the principle on all aspects of the labour problem is ludicrously significant. It is not enough to provide a benefit for the working man. You must have the power of punishing him if he does not accept it! Would the author of the scheme before us be prepared to follow the example of the school boards? Would he summon the workman who continued to live in a slum, and give him 10s. or a week if he neglected to avail himself of the free train? And if the loafer did not come in to be drilled, would he on that account become liable to be "run in" elsewhere?

The democratic reformer, whether he calls himself a Socialist or by any other name, seems never to read the lessons of the world's experience. You can easily arrange to have a working class entirely free from destitution and bad habits, if you can command their obedience by adequately severe penalties. But that system is slavery, and bad for the slave in the long run,—if we regard him as an immortal being with progress to accomplish during his lives in this world,—because he has no chance that way, of developing character and independent resource. On the other hand, if you leave the worker to his own devices—as a free man in a demoeratic community—he will continually use his freedom indiscreetly and get into trouble of all kinds. In truth, the law of this world, in which the majority must work for their living, is a species of slavery, however disguised. Starvation takes the place of the overseer's whip, but it stings quite as severely. The slave owner is abolished, and the laws of nature as rigorous on the moral as on the physical plane, take his place. But only as regards the missing whip. Nature does not provide the food and shelter, as a matter of course, and is to that extent a harder task mistress than the overseers of old.

But can we cut in under her methods, and, leaving the workman his freedom, provide him with the advantages of slavery? By the time the progress of invention has solved the familiar problem how to eat your cake and have it too, we may grow hopeful as to the possibility of accomplishing the other feat.

But must the looker-on who takes a truly broad view of human affairs be content to regard the wretchedness of city slums

as inevitable, at this stage of human growth? Certainly not, but he knows that it will be quite useless to confer free benefits on the working classes, and expect them to live up to these. He must not attempt to control them by force; that system is out of date. He can only control the condition of their lives. It is deplorable that the systems of economy favoured for the last few generations should have driven the working class from the wholesome fields to the noisome factories. The City slum is only due in a secondary degree to the vices of the people living there. Primarily it is the consequence of a political dogma arising out of peculiar circumstances fifty years ago, partially justified at the moment, grotesquely discredited by later experiences, but by that time rooted in the prejudices of the parliamentary class by reason of being a weapon of great effect in dealing with the ignorant multitude. While for the sake of a farthing a loaf we consent to render agricultural industry unprofitable, the lower class will continue to be herded in the towns, to lead insanitary lives, to breed a puny race. Break down the hollow superstition that has "Free Trade" for its lying motto, and by degrees many of the industrial evils that constitute the Labour Problem of the present day would cure themselves.

THE EDITOR.

CURATIVE MESMERISM AND MEDICAL PREJUDICE.

THE *Times* has been publishing some correspondence on the subject of "Christian Science" and the curative achievements associated with that scheme of thought. The fierce antagonism which medical men so long exhibited in connection with the early successes of mesmerism in dealing with physical disorders is still operative in spite of the evidence now so abundantly available to the effect that psychic forces of one kind or another are productive of results when applied to curative purposes, of the kind that would once have been thought miraculous. In illustration of this senseless hostility, portions of a letter which appeared in the *Times* of October 19th, over the signature "Henry Sewill,' may be quoted:—

> At this period of the 20th century, when true science, including medical science, stands on a solid foundation of demonstrated truth, it is most remarkable that vast numbers of people among the educated and cultivated classes should display a credulity not less gross than their ancestors showed in the days of astrology and witchcraft. The essential fundamental facts of medical science here necessary are easily to be mastered by any moderately cultivated intellect. The main source of confusion—the difference between organic disease and merely nervous or functional derangement—is especially easy to understand. Any intelligent person can without difficulty acquire enough knowledge to be able to recognise that the cure of organic disease through the influence of the mind or nervous system is impossible. As well might one attempt by such means to reduce a dislocation, to set a fractured bone, or extract the missile from a gunshot wound. Many diseases, including the zymotic type, not due to injury or to degeneration of organic tissues, are caused by the reception of poisonous materials into the system; and it is no more possible to cut short the effects of these

poisons by the action of the mind than to prevent by similar means the effects of a lethal dose of arsenic or strychnine. On the other hand, a great number of functional and nervous maladies are either due to or influenced by mental states. This is especially true with regard to the consciously or unconsciously simulated diseases often classed as "hysterical." These afflictions are to be permanently cured only by improvement of the general health, physical and mental. Many of the patients crave most for sympathy and attention. They are frequently to be "cured" by any pseudo-miracle which takes their fancy and satisfies their craving. Many of them get rid in this way temporarily of their symptoms; but, unless the prime cause be removed, they relapse over and over again, and in the end become confirmed *malades imaginaires*. There exists no longer any mystery about such cases, and whatever science can do for them lies entirely within the scope of legitimate medical practice.

In reply to this effusion the following letter from the Editor of this *Review* appeared in the *Times* of October 23rd:—

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—Mr. Henry Sewill's letter represents in an aggravated form the grotesque ignorance and bigotry on the part of the medical profession that kept back knowledge concerning the profoundly interesting mysteries of mesmerism for a hundred years. I am not a Christian Scientist, having no sympathy with the metaphysics of that system, but everyone who does not guard his opinions by carefully preserving his ignorance must be cognisant of the overwhelming proof given by the professors of that system that diseases involving organic disorders of the most serious nature have constantly been cured by the influences Christian Scientists bring to bear. Only it is a mistake to suppose that Christian Scientists have any monopoly of such records. Consumption and cancer within my own knowledge have been cured by mesmerism. I know of a case in which a child whose legs were so terribly bowed that the orthodox surgeon proposed to break the bones and reset them, as the only remedy, grew straight of themselves in a few weeks under the influence of one of the faith-healing systems. I know of another case in which a terrible abscess on the face of a poor woman in the country was driven away and dissipated in a few days by a lady who knew how to direct the curative forces of which ordinary medicine knows nothing, and the books relating to medical mesmerism during the last century are laden with testimony in floods to the fact that psychic forces can produce physical results to an extent that can hardly be exaggerated.

The fact that multitudes of people whose interior nature has been corrupted or atrophied by such teaching as Mr. Sewill's letter represents, could not be reached for curative purposes by such psychic forces as I refer to, does not militate against their reality. When the last remnants of the materialistic superstition to which your medical correspondent clings shall have died away, a new and brighter era will dawn for the science of the future as it learns that the "man with the muck-rake" in Bunyan's allegory symbolizes more than one kind of debasing stupidity.

A. P. SINNETT.

SOME PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

[FIRST hand testimony concerning personal experiences of abnormal states of consciousness are interesting, in the present state of general knowledge concerning other planes of Nature, so the Editor has requested a friend whose astral senses are in process of development, to record some of his recollections. The following notes have been put together accordingly.]

About two years ago I noticed that my dreams were becoming more vivid and connected, "almost as good as reality" I would sometimes say when awakening. At last I partially woke up while dreaming, sufficiently at least to feel the wonder and joy of a new experience which seemed to be that of true waking or self-conscious life. On my first experience of this kind I found myself passing through a beautiful garden. One tree was of great size, I stopped to examine it, and in order to make sure that I was not dreaming I touched the trunk, and satisfied myself that it was a solid substance. On the second occasion I awoke to find myself in a large and splendidly furnished room. The ceiling was very lofty, but on examining the room it did not surprise me that I was able to reach it when I wished to examine some carved or moulded work which ornamented the cornice. A child came into the room and began to talk to me, but I could only catch a few words "we think about . . . just as you do . . . " I tried my own voice on this occasion, and found it weak and high pitched. I remembered Shakespeare's reference to astral visitants, "the sheeted dead did squeak and gibber." On another occasion I found myself walking through a wood. I came to an opening where I found the bed of a dried up lake covered with reeds

and grasses. I regretted this as I stood looking at it, and I suppose my regret was equivalent to the creative desire that our teachers tell us is operative on the astral plane, for the hollow was immediately filled with water. Soon the lake was brimming over, and I had to splash through pools of water in walking down to the edge. I have had other proof of the power of thought over the plastic matter of this plane—*e.g.*, when there, successfully willing that my hand or arm should wither away, and then restoring them with a thought, looking round expecting to find gas-bracket, candle, etc., and of course finding the article ready to my hand, etc. I have once or twice found myself in dangerous situations, but on these occasions have felt no fear, as fortunately I have always then been very drowsy, and I suppose have not realized the situation. Nature spirits, I suppose, play such tricks on astral intruders sometimes! I have awakened to find myself on the top of a very lofty iron gate surrounded by spikes which prevented any attempt at descent, also have had to hang on to some support with an abyss of darkness below. On these occasions I was content to wait patiently to see what turned up. not realizing as I have said the apparent gravity of the situation, Frequently I have been greatly puzzled to know whether I was on the physical or the astral plane, the test I have usually applied has been to will that some object should change shape or colour, and if this did not happen I have been satisfied for the moment that I was still in the flesh. On one of these occasions, two old men entered the room. I was surprised at what I regarded as an intrusion, and requested them to leave, which they did not do. From their appearance I judged that they were ghosts, and as I have heard that the vibrations of light tend to break up their semi-materialized forms, I looked round for the gas and candles, which of course were there, and lighted, but this did not affect my companions. I then decided to be friendly, and asked one of them, a very aged and very sad looking man, how long it was since he died. He told me he had lived in the reign of Edward III., that he fell in a battle in which many barons were slain. The following may be a mere coincidence, but some weeks later my gardener brought me a coin of the reign of Edward III. which he had just dug up, and later I was told that a very old farm house in

the neighbourhood had once belonged to Edward III., and that according to tradition he occasionally visited this neighbourhood.

My most interesting experience was when I visited a friend who had recently died. Finding myself in the astral world I willed to go to him. I had been sailing along through very beautiful scenery, but the desire immediately arrested my progress and I was drawn in another direction, passing finally through crowds of sleeping persons till I came to where my friend lay in an apparently deep sleep, the condition in which I had been told I might expect to find him. These experiences are only occasional, sometimes at considerable intervals of time. Since the visit just referred to I have willed to visit other friends who have died at more distant periods, but have either failed to do so, or have been led into the presence of those who were evidently not the personalities they represented themselves to be. I have noticed that a strong effort of will appears to affect those in whose company one is. They will look round or move about as if disturbed in mind.

I have noticed, too, that the shining of the astral body is affected by the thoughts.

On the last occasion on which I was on this plane I willed to visit a room in my house, and this I did, I think, fairly successfully, passing without difficulty, I need hardly say, through such physical obstacles as walls and doors, and remaining outside the physical body till I desired to enter it. I intend on the next occasion on which I find myself in this strange world to rouse myself thoroughly, a thing I have not hitherto thought of doing, and so perhaps gaining a power of more extended and accurate observation. In conclusion I hope that these few abrupt and necessarily egotistical notes may prove of some slight use as another testimony based on actual experience, to the existence of that astral world which lies so near to the one in which we now live.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE ferocity of the German papers in presence of the diplomatic revelations of the *Matin* must strike most Englishmen as so absurd that its disagreeable significance may often be overlooked. The conception of British policy as designed to provoke war and discord in Europe is too ludicrous from our point of view to be treated quite seriously. When German papers denounce us as disturbers of the world's peace, the charge is as reasonable as it would be to accuse the German Emperor of conspiring with the Czar of Russia to abolish monarchy. Nor have the statements in the *Matin*, even if we claim no patience pending the appearance of more authoritative explanations, the character imputed to them as the foundation of the German displeasure. They represent the British Government as merely assuring France that this country would support her in arms if she became the object of an unjustifiable aggression by a foreign power. That sort of promise need disconcert no power guiltless of any intention to undertake a war of unscrupulous aggression. So if the German conscience is clear, German nerves need not have been agitated by the alleged assurance. What English newspaper or minister would have been exasperated by hearing that if we attempted to invade France for the purpose of recovering Calais, the German Emperor would join hands with the Republican President to resist the outrage. We should cordially applaud such a promise.

But international animosities are not unimportant in proportion to their foolishness. German hatred of England is a deplorable fact, however groundless, irrational and discred itable to thoe

who promote it. There is no sense in it from any point of view, however completely we leave higher morals out of account. Germany ought to be the staunch friend and ally of Great Britain on the Continent, and before the unification of the Empire, Germans generally looked on politics in that light. Nothing has happened to change the permanent factors in the calculation. We, on our part, might have been excused to some extent for jealousy of German industrial progress if we had been mean enough to entertain such a feeling, but for Germany to be jealous of us is ridiculous under the circumstances. The evaporation of the good feeling between England and Germany which once prevailed on both sides is traceable to the statesmen concerned with the establishment and maintenance of the German Empire. Bismarck, in the first instance, was always resolute to be friends with Russia, and to be unfriendly to England, for the sake of currying favour with the Northern colossus. If he had lived in the current century he might have estimated Russian friendship less highly, but the present Emperor, though throwing Bismarck over, inherited the worst elements of his political creed, and it is impossible not to hold him responsible for the growth of ill-feeling with regard to England that the German press has sedulously fostered for many years past. His "megalomania," as some of his recent biographers have described it, his diseased personal vanity, bubbling over in all directions, so that we have to go back to Roman history and the days of Nero to find it paralleled on a throne, has brought about the strain of feeling between the two countries. The result is illogical, incoherent, insane, but the Kaiser is to blame for it, as he could assuredly have rendered its development impossible if he had been so minded.

In view of the certainty that the English Government, whatever party may be in power, will do all that is possible to keep the peace, one can hardly regard the idea of a war with Germany as within the area of practical politics, but the danger for what it is worth, resides in the unfortunate consequence of the Franco-German war, the unification of the German empire. That has proved a misfortune instead of a blessing to the world, and Europe would be in a far healthier state if the Prussian incubus were overthrown and the map once more variegated as of old. That

would probably be the ultimate result of a new German war of aggression, so the patriots of Berlin would do wisely in their own interests to keep their savage instincts within reasonable bounds.

THE murder in the Merstham tunnel has roused so deep a feeling of fury against its atrocious but unknown author, that popular prejudice against clairvoyance has even given way in the hope of discovering the murderer. Papers like the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that do not hesitate, as a rule, to sneer at all psychic mysteries they do not understand, have interviewed professional clairvoyants in the expectation of getting information this way from behind the scenes, as to the actual circumstances under which the crime was perpetrated. Unhappily this belated zeal has been unproductive of results, for reasons obvious to those who understand to some extent the laws under which clairvoyance is operative. After the whole country had been ringing for weeks with the story of the mysterious murder, the scent, so to speak, which the clairvoyants were called upon to follow had been hopelessly confused. Anyone will see that while it may be easy to track the footsteps of one person across a field of freshly fallen snow, it becomes impossible to do this if ten thousand persons pour across the field in all directions. The conditions of those subtle traces on what is technically called the astral light, that the clairvoyant has to follow, are just as liable to be confused by the thoughts and imaginings of a multitude as the footsteps in the snow by the crowd. Hundreds of theories were framed, no doubt, within the first few days, by persons interested in thinking how the murder could have been committed. The pictures in the astral light thus developed would have been indistinguishable by any ordinary clairvoyant, from the traces of the actual event. If clairvoyance had to be enlisted in the detection of this particular crime, it should have been invoked without a day's delay. A clairvoyant taken to the carriage in which the tragedy had been enacted before the affair had become the subject of excited speculation all over the country, would very likely have been able to see everything as it occurred. Later on the attempt was necessarily futile, besides which, judging from the newspaper accounts, no clair-

voyant employed seems to have been put properly *en rapport* with either the scene of the murder or the body of the victim. What could have been expected, but failure?

Perhaps it may be as well to add that of course there are many degrees of proficiency in connection with the exercise of the clairvoyant faculty. In its highest perfection it could distinguish between the pictures of imagination and the astral records of actual event. But that kind of perfection belongs only to the clairvoyance of the initiated occultist, who would be precluded by the rules under which he would have acquired his knowledge from exercising it in the service of Scotland Yard. Deep problems of ethics are involved in all such prohibitions. From the commonplace point of view, anyone who can, is morally bound to assist in bringing a criminal to justice, but when spiritual forces are wielded by mortal men their exercise must be related to spiritual purposes. That is the law of a higher tribunal than any concerned with the doings of physical life, and the complete appreciation of its wisdom is only reached by prolonged study of the whole scheme of which visible human life is a part.

ANY daily paper might keep up a standing heading, "The imbecilities of the law," without fearing insufficiency of matter in that department. One entry that might recently have been made would have referred to the case in which a poor woman over sixty years of age was sentenced to death for the "murder" of her husband. The case was reported in the papers of the 21st of October. A certain Mr. and Mrs. Seddon had been confectioners in a humble way of business. Humble as it had been at the best, it was failing altogether in the course of September. The man was 78. The pair decided that the struggle could be maintained no longer. They took poison together. But though the man died the woman recovered; was tried for murder and sentenced to be hanged.

One feels sure that no such absurd sentence will be carried out, but where does the blame lie in regard to its absurdity? The law here is profoundly stupid to begin with, declaring that when two people "conspire" to commit suicide and one survives he is guilty of murder. Stupid laws in this country could only be

revised by a legislature, and no such machinery exists amongst us. The assembly supposed by the constitution to play that part has devoted itself exclusively to faction fighting. But cannot judges circumvent stupid laws? They generally can when they choose, and if the judge in the Seddon case had been smart enough he could probably have found some way of evading the performance of a task in which the elements of farce and brutality were curiously mingled, but which he chose to regard as imposed upon him by law; or he might have so directed the jury—guaranteed by the conditions under which it is constructed to blunder if left alone,—to return a verdict of "not guilty." What did legal technicalities matter when the question was, how to avoid committing an outrage on humanity and common sense?

SIR EDWARD GREY, in the City on the 20th ult., foreshadowed in his speech the probable tactics of the Opposition whenever the General Election takes place. The country is so obviously pleased with the French *entente* and the Japanese Alliance that it would not pay to abuse the Government along either of those lines. The only thing to be done is to wave the tattered flag of Free Trade for all it is worth. The fiscal question is to be the predominant issue at the next election. Certainly it is the only one that can be trusted to confuse the understanding of the electors. And the heirs of a superstition fifty years old will accept dogmatic assertions as though they were arguments. Free Trade, said Sir Edward, had made London what it was. If the sense of the ludicrous were more widely diffused how difficult it would be for platform orators to elicit cheers! The gulf stream among other influences has contributed to make London what it is, and everything good and bad that has happened has led up to the existing state of things. But "Free Trade"—the ridiculous system, that is to say, which usurps that title—has certainly contributed in an important degree to make the deserted farms of England what they are.

No assertion is too glaringly absurd for the use of the electioneering Free Trader. Sir Edward says, "if we had not complete free exchange owing to the protectionist policy of other countries we had a much freer exchange than other countries."

And his hearers are not reported as greeting the statement with derisive cheers, though if he had said that passengers crossing from the Mansion House to the Bank had a much freer passage through the traffic than passengers crossing from the Bank to the Mansion House, the sagacity of his audience would have been equal to discerning the subtle truth that the same carts and omnibuses would be in the way of each group. In the fiscal system of Europe the seller of goods it is true finds the impediment in his way to resemble the circular gates that only turn in one direction. They let the foreign seller in here and keep the British seller out from there. But "exchange" can only be free if it is free to both sides equally, and Sir Edward's remark was thus doubly fallacious. It is incorrect on its face, and inapplicable in substance, to the fiscal problem.

But any nonsense that surrounds the cry, "Free Trade for ever!" will serve the interests of Liberal electioneering equally well. The less clear thinking is encouraged the better from that point of view.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON was very amusing, in the middle of last month, when "charging" his clergy at St. Paul's Cathedral. The richer classes at present especially required clerical attention, he said, because their indifference to religion was becoming a national danger. The people who amused themselves on Sundays with golf, or on the river (not to speak of Bridge) did so because they had no strong religious convictions. "They do not care, because when they were young and impressionable they were never taught, or never taught in such a way as to make a lasting impression upon their lives and characters for ever." Exactly so. The modern bishop and his clergy have proved dead failures at the exponents of spiritual truth. They have offered a generation growing in intelligence a scheme of mediæval theology that modern culture can only smile at good humouredly. The result is that people who have the means of enjoying themselves *are* drifting into the practical adoption of the rule, to eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die. And the bishop class is even misguided enough to try and extinguish the testimony of a few among their number who would try and convince the world by practical

experiment that, at all events, to-morrow we do *not* die, but continue to live, under conditions very largely defined by the previous conditions of our lives here. Of course there is no good reason in nature why people should not play bridge and golf on Sunday, if bridge and golf are to be played at all, but the fact that the upper classes do so, or do other equivalent things almost universally in defiance of the declaration by the church they pretend to belong to, that such doings are sinful, is profoundly suggestive as to the feeling they really entertain about that church and its ministers. Yet withal the bishops try take each other seriously! That is what renders their utterances so amusing.

MR. ASQUITH is also very amusing. He complains scornfully that the work of the last parliamentary session may be described in a few words. The House of Commons met late, rose early, talked a good deal, and did next to nothing. Precisely! Mr. Asquith and his friends took care that it should do next to nothing by obstructive tactics, hardly distinguishable in essence from those of the Parnell period. And then he has the courage to exclaim, in effect, "what sort of a wretched Government can it be that lets us behave in that scandalous manner?" From the Mephistophelian standpoint British politics at present must certainly be a charming spectacle.

MR. W. H. MALLOCK'S writings hold such a dignified position in modern literature that they must be in tune with the thinking of a fairly considerable number of cultured people in this country. His latest book, "The Reconstruction of Belief," is worth attention, therefore, as an indication of important currents in prevailing opinion, and the title is one that may excite favourable anticipations in the religious world. People in sympathy, for example, with the Bishop of London's anxiety to cure the upper classes of playing golf on Sunday, will perhaps imagine that if Mr. Mallock reconstructs belief, sins of that sort will be committed no longer. The authority of the church will be re-established under such a *regime*, and the obligations of Lent

universally observed. But what is the actual extent of the "Re-construction" now provided for? With the graces of style we confidently expect from him, our literary favourite of Fortune reviews and lightly satirises the attempts of the clergy to resist the progress of science, and also the intellectual worthlessness of scientific attempts to extinguish religion. Nine tenth's of the bulky volume before us are concerned with analysing the foolishness of other writings, and the reader wonders as he goes on when reconstruction is going to begin. At last we realise the main idea of the great work. After all, perhaps, as regards Religion in the abstract, —after setting aside the absurdities of orthodox theology,—there may be something in it!—somehow something in the universe which corresponds to the *besoin d'adorer* in the human mind!

The contrast between that which,—if we take Mr. Mallock's writings as an index,—the cultured classes really believe, and that which they pretend to believe, as a concession to respectability, is certainly very instructive.

BROAD VIEWS.

VOL. IV. DECEMBER, 1905. No. 24.

THE AGONY OF JEWRY IN RUSSIA,

AND THE JEWISH TERRITORIAL ORGANISATION.

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED TURNER, K.C.B.

"If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."—*Proverbs.*

THE late terrible butcheries and hideous atrocities which have been perpetrated by Christian Russia upon the Jews, whose misfortune it has been to be resident in that land of civilized savagery, have drawn public attention in this country to the existence, the work, and the aims of the Jewish Territorial Organisation. Its object is to gradually immigrate the whole of the Jews now under the Russian Government into some country under Christian or Mussulman rule, where the person and property of the Jew would be in permanent security from the attacks of Russian Christians, part of whose religion appears to consist in the periodical murder and pillage of their Semitic fellow-countrymen, as was the case in Europe generally some centuries ago. Another Jewish Association known as the *Zionites* is inspired by the same principle, that is, to remove the Jews in Russia from the sphere of the brutal power under which they suffer, and will continue to suffer. Their ends, however, are far

more restricted than those of the "Ito," or Jewish Territorial Organization, as they desire to transplant Jewry direct from Russia to Palestine without any intermediary place of sojourn. This is considered, rightly as I think most persons of sound judgment will agree, for the present impractical and impracticable ;* and though the Jews would be in far greater security under the dominion of the Sultan of Turkey than that of the Czar, compared to which their treatment under the Pharoah, who drove them from Egypt, was mild and paternal, the stability of the Porte hardly appears to be such as to justify under its rule the establishment of a large colony of Jews, destined to endure to the world's end.

It is of the most vital importance in the cause of humanity that Jews who desire to leave Russia should be aided and enabled to do so it is not beyond the bounds of possibility. Were it only the Russian mob which slew and plundered them, one might have some hope that the Government of the country would henceforth take due precautions to prevent a condition of things, which is perfectly described by the words used by Mr. John Bright to express his horror of war, which he said could, "in one short sentence, be summed up as the combinatiou and concentration of all the horrors and atrocities, the crimes and sufferings of which human nature on this globe is capable." Unfortunately it is but too clear that the Russian Government, if it has not actually con-

---

* A correspondent in the *Times* of 18th November writes as follows:—

"The following incident throws an interesting light upon the attitude of the Turkish Government towards the Zionist movement. It appears that one of the principal leaders of that section of Zionists which still supports projects for the immediate colonization of Palestine wrote to an influential co-religionist in order to enquire whether anything could be done to promote a public meeting in Jerusalem for the discussion of this matter. He was informed that, as the Turkish Government is extremely jealous of the whole Zionist programme, it would not be possible to call a meeting for this purpose, but that it might be discussed in a gathering ostensibly assembled for the benefit of teachers in the various Jewish schools in Palestine, in order to afford them an opportunity of comparing notes as to the best means for securing an efficient course of study for the ensuing year.

"Accordingly, notices of such a meeting were published in local Hebrew newspapers, placards, &c. Certain young and enthusiastic Jews, recently arrived in Jerusalem from Russia, incautiously spoke openly about the real scope of the meeting in the hearing of Turkish officials from Jaffa, who at once told the Kaimakan there, and he sent a telegram to the Jerusalem Pasha, informing him of what was going to happen. The Pasha allowed the professed teachers to assemble in the Jewish public library, but as they came out after the meeting they found the police in waiting, who took down their names. The next day they were summoned to the Serai, and required to explain the cause of their gathering. One of them imprudently avowed that they were Zionists. The others, however, denied this, stating that they had only come together to discuss scholastic and religious matters. They were then informed that they could not be allowed to assemble for the discussion of school topics, &c., unless they had a firman. The Governor is said to have promised to ask the Porte for a firman for this purpose, but to have told them very plainly that no Zionist conferences would be tolerated in his district. In consequence of what has happened, the Jewish newspaper which announced the meeting has been suppressed for one month, and the printing press which issued the other articles closed for the same period."

This is sufficient to show the insuperable difficulty which would attend any practical attempt to carry out the Zionist programme.

nived at the late outrages, has, at all events, tacitly approved of and turned a blind eye towards them. Soldiers and police have joined in them, but they have neither been checked nor punished Lord Lansdowne is reported to have said in reply to a representation to the Foreign Secretary upon the subject of the outrages, that he believed that the Russian Government was doing all in its power to stop and prevent these crimes. Naturally the foreign minister was forced to be cautious in his utterances, but one must admit that anyone who believed that expression of faith in the *bona fides* of the Russian Government to represent the truth, would believe anything. Experience has shown but too clearly that no confidence whatever can be attached to the undertakings of the Czar's Government, and anyone of ordinary common sense must feel that a Government which can ruthlessly and without provocation slaughter Russians, men, women and children, who peaceable and unarmed, proceeded to the palace at St. Petersburg to lay their grievances and sufferings before the Czar, will be ready to interfere when Jews, detested by the aristocracy which is nearly without exception bitterly antisemitic, and looked upon by mobs as legitimate objects for plunder, are murdered and their homes sacked.

As a proof positive that the Russian Government has tacitly encouraged the massacres of the Jews, which doubtless have been connived at in some cases, and allowed to pass without interference in every instance by the local authorities, the fact may be cited that the Emperor has conveyed to the troops at Odessa his thanks for their exemplary behaviour during the disturbances; not one word of sympathy came from this august Father of his people to the Jewish portion of his subjects who were being murdered, pillaged and outraged, under the most hideous and unspeakable circumstances, under the eyes of, and in some cases with the assistance of these *exemplary* warriors. The Czar of all the Russias apparently sympathises with the excesses, possibly thinking that Judenhetze and murder may draw hostile attention away from himself and his crumbling dynasty.

One of the most cruel features of these outrages is that they carry in their wake ruin, devastation and expulsion from their homes of men, women and children just as the bitter Russian

winter is setting in. Bitter as the winter is, however, it is not so cruel as the hand of their Russian enemies.

Till the Jews are enabled to leave the land of cruelty and oppression for ever, they will never be safe from a renewal of the recent horrors, and they can have under the Christian government of the Czar no liberty and no security for their lives or their property.

One hears from time to time of a well meaning society in this country, which spends considerable sums of money in attempting to, as it is called, convert Jews to Christianity, from the ancient faith of their forefathers. That society would perform a far more godlike mission if it expended its funds in endeavouring to inculcate in Russians the first tenets of the Christian faith—charity and brotherly love, peace and good-will to all men. What prospect, what hope can there be for Jews in Russia, where they are regarded and treated there as their forefathers were by Philip II. of Spain, by the Inquisition in Italy, or by Kings of England of godly reputation and holy memory, who, when their exchequer was low, used to throw their net *Dei gratiâ* round Jewry in London, and throw its captives into the dungeons of the Tower, on absolutely false charges of clipping the coinage; from this captivity they only emerged on payment of heavy ransom to the pious monarch, or to be despatched to the land of the hereafter. It is not too much to say, that no barbarities nor atrocities committed on the Jews of old, when civilisation was in its infancy, and when religion and bigotry were identical in Europe, when Catholic roasted Protestant, and Protestant Catholic, when young and old were tortured and martyred by holy Mother Church to show her love for God, were more extensive, atrocious and inhuman than those perpetrated of late on peaceable, law-abiding Jews by Russian Christians, partly out of fanaticism stirred up and excited by the Orthodox Church, mostly, however, from that love of pillage and pelf which for centuries has originated and fostered nearly every anti-semitic demonstration and attack.*

* The Archdeacon of London, in his most impressive sermon on the subject of the Massacres on November 19th, said that 25,000 Jews had been slaughtered; the chief Rabbi puts it at 20,000 killed and 100,000 wounded. The number of victims far exceed those of the ever notorious Sicilian Vespers, and probably are not sur-

This latest persecution of the Jews in Russia should act as an object lesson to those who in this country are so eager to keep all aliens from our shores, which have so long been the refuge of the victims of persecution from other lands. The great reputation for freedom and justice which Great Britain has so long enjoyed is too valuable to throw to the winds, and it would be an act of the highest folly, to put it very mildly, if we were to exclude such refugees as are driven forth from Russia by barbarous persecution. We are not without our anti-semites in this country, and if the *Deus ex machinâ* which prompted the Aliens Bill were unearthed, a certain amount of the spirit which moved Antonio, when he met Shylock in the Rialto, would doubtless be discovered.

Very striking and touching, indeed, have been the meetings of protest and display of grief by Jews in this country on account of the sufferings of their fellows in the East, most eloquent have been the sermons and addresses of Dr. Adler, the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Gollancz, Mr. Schewzik and others. The attendance in all cases was enormous, the attention of the whole was riveted on the speakers, and in one instance, when the well-known lamentation of Jeremiah, beginning with the words, "Remember us, Oh Lord, in the day of our trouble," was chanted in Hebrew, general sobbing of men and women took place, showing the intensity of feeling which inspires the Jewish nation on this terrible subject.

But as the speakers pointed out, it is not enough to mourn and to express sympathy with the distressed, sympathy which does not lead to practical result is as "thorns crackling under a pot." For 2,000 years the Jews have cried, and though they have succeeded in many, indeed, in most things, they have never come to a really practical result as to their location, and the deliverance of their suffering co-nationalists from the hands of the brutal oppressor. The late great philanthropist, Baron Hirsch, put aside an almost fabulous sum for the purpose of deporting the Jews from Russia. Under the management of the late Colonel Albert Goldsmid a colony of these refugees was successfully

passed by those of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572, in the estimated numbers of which enormous discrepancy exists. Sully gives them at 70,000, La Popélionère at 20,000. Pope Gregory XIII. ordered a Te Deum to be performed, and other rejoicings. History repeats itself!

founded in Argentina, but since then the good work has faltered, and little progress has been made. Now the fiendish atrocities and horrors, of which the Jews have been the victims, have startled the world, and shown that action must be taken if this oft-recurring brutality is not to remain as a gross scandal to the civilised world. It is for Jews in other countries, who have the power to do so, to act and to act quickly, before *tempus edax rerum* wastes the memory of these horrible episodes. It is for Christian nations to protest and to put pressure upon a country where deeds such as these were perpetrated, and where, in one instance, a procession carrying the cross and sacred images accompanied the murderers. Russia has really brought us back to the darkest of the middle ages, and once more it is but too clear that she is beyond recovery, and that the only remedy for the unfortunate children of Israel within her confines is to enable them to go forth and settle in another land, in which they and their wives and little ones and the property will be in security from barbarity and outrage.

To effect this is the one great object of the Jewish National Organisation, of which Mr. Israel Zangwill is the moving spirit. The offices of the organisation are at 15, Essex-street, Strand. Its objects is set forth as follows:—

(*a*) To procure a territory upon an autonomy basis for those Jews who cannot or will not remain in the lands in which they at present live.

(*b*) It proposes the following means for achieving this end:—

1. To unite all who are in agreement with this object.

2. To enter into relations with governments and public and private institutions.

3. To create financial Institutions, Labour Bureaus and other instruments which may be found necessary.

The present Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alfred Lyttleton, has informed Mr. Zangwill that there will be no obstacle to the consideration by His Majesty's Government of any well-considered proposal which the League way hereafter be in a position to make as to the acquisition of land for the formation of a colony, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in the course of a speech at Limehouse on September 15th, 1904, a year before the late horrors occurred,

strongly advocated as the best solution of the question of freeing the Jews in Russia from the intolerable state of oppression from which they suffer, the institution of a colony on some land within the British Empire, where under its ægis these poor exiles, the victims of cruelty "could dwell in safety following their own religion and their own aspirations, and where they could find subsistence without interfering with the subsistence of others." Mr. Chamberlain then referred to the loss which had been sustained through the death of Dr. Herzl one of the first movers of the present great scheme.

The objects of the association were set forth at a meeting of East-End London Jews, at the Great Assemby Hall, in the Mile-end-road, on the 15th November. The huge hall was closely packed, not less than 8,000 people being present. The platform was draped with black, and most people wore some emblem of mourning. Sir Robert Reid presided, and displayed the deepest sympathy with the objects of the meeting. He was supported by Mr. I. Zangwill, Mr. Langermann, and other prominent supporters of the organisation. Mr. Zangwill, after impressing upon his hearers that the Jews should not put their trust in Princes, but must work out their own salvation, moved: "That this monster gathering of London Jews, presided over by a Christian, while expressing the utmost horror and indignation at the unparalleled massacres of Russian Jews and other Russian citizens, which degrade Russia, disgrace Europe and Christendom, declares that the establishment of an autonomous Jewish Land for the gradual reception of the oppressed Jews, is the only solution of the Russo-Jewish question, and hopes that such a land of refuge may speedily be established under British protection." Mr. Zangwill delivered a most forcible address, and concluded with these words: "I would rather live among savages, red or black, against whom I could be on my guard, than live among civilised whites who drink with you to-day and disembowel you to-morrow." The enthusiastic applause which greeted these words showed clearly how his vast audience appreciated and agreed. Mrs. Zangwill followed, and with a speech of simple eloquence and deep pathos moved her hearers to the bottom of their hearts. Mr. Langermann then read a letter from Mr. Ioseph Chamber-

lain, which is well worthy of being given *in extenso*, as showing the deep sympathy of that eminent and powerful statesmen in the movement, and of his determination to forward it as far as lies in his power.

"Highbury, Birmingham, Nov. 11, 1905.

"Dear Mr. Langermann,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of November 10th, and in reply to assure you of my sincere and continued sympathy with the Jewish people so cruelly oppressed at the present time, and of my readiness to give all the support in my power to any scheme that offers a hope of practical relief from their sufferings.

"When I first saw the late Dr. Herzl some years ago, while I was still Colonial Secretary, he greatly impressed me, not only by his intense enthusiasm, but also by his practical appreciation of the difficulties in his way and of the means of overcoming them.

"His idea was then to appeal to the national sentiments of the Jews and organise a great settlement on a sufficient area of vacant land somewhere under the British Flag where with the help of large funds at the disposal of Jewish organisations, and under a system of extended municipal institutions which would allow full play for Jewish aspirations without actually creating an *imperium in imperio* the Jewish refugees from tyranny and persecution might develop the resources ot a British colony and find a home for themselves.

"This conception of Dr. Herzl strongly appeals to me as being the first promising attempt to solve a problem, the existence of which in its present form is a disgrace and a danger to European civilisation. I was sorry when I learned that the report of the Commission sent out to examine the territory offered by the British Government was unfavourable, and still more to notice the decision of the Basle Zionist Congress, after Dr. Herzl's death, to abandon the project altogether.

"Now I understand that you and your friends have determined to renew the effort on the lines suggested by Dr. Herzl, and although the delay has certainly increased the difficulties in the way, all that has since occurred, and particularly the recent terrible persecution of Jews in the East of Europe, has intensified the necessity for finding some immediate remedy for the existing state of things, and has added to the responsibility of Christian nations in regard to it.

"I should therefore most gladly give any aid and influence that I can command in support of any application that may now be made by a responsible organisation to the British Government to consider favourably the scheme prepared by Dr. Herzl or any amendment of it which experience has shown to be desirable.

"You are at full liberty to publish this correspondence if you desire to do so.—I am, yours faithfully,

"J. CHAMBERLAIN."

This letter shows that it is no hopeless and chimerical scheme, that the Jewish Territorial Organization is planning for the deliverance of their persecuted brethren in Russia.

There is one matter in connection with the withdrawal of

the Jews from Russia, which may delay the fulfilment of the aspirations of the organization, and which would be deeply to be deplored. Last summer at Basle the representatives of the Zionist movement declared that Palestine was the only proper and possible goal. This means the indefinite postponement of the project. It is of the most vital importance that all sections of the Jewish community should be united upon this great movement.

Mr. Zangwill and his association by no means give up the idea of Palestine, but they feel that now is the accepted time, in which, if ever, steps must be taken to remove the Jews in Russia from the influence of their cruel persecutors. There are some eleven million Jews in the world, of whom five million are in Russia. The danger of delay is enormous. Mr. Zangwill candidly acknowledges that the stream of emigration at present following the line of least resistance may aggravate congestion in populous centres, and increase local anti-semiticism till saturation point is reached, and the immigration is restrained by all.

It is a consummation devoutly to be desired, that all Jews will see that it is only by combination of their great forces that speedy relief can be obtained for their down-trodden and persecuted co-religionists, that disunion means weakness, and, at all events, temporary failure, and that through it, as Hamlet says :

> " The natural hue of resolution
> Is sicklied over by the pale cast of thought,
> And enterprises, full of pith and moment
> With this regard, that currents turn away
> And lose the name of action."

ALFRED TURNER.

THE VARIEGATED LIFE OF THE FUTURE.

THE very familiar Latin proverb which treats Death as the entrance to Life, is one which people often echo with a vague sense of its wisdom, without attaching any definite conception to the promise it involves; certainly without feeling that it can do much, in their own cases, to dissipate the lurking anxiety they feel when they themselves get notice to quit the warm precincts of the cheerful day. And in so far as the current religion of the West has endeavoured to amplify the Pagan assurance of the proverb referred to, the prospect of salvation—attended by an uncomfortable doubt lest it should miss-fire—has certainly failed to render the death-bed more attractive for the Christian than for his Roman ancestor, endeavouring to console himself with the prospect of the Elysian fields. The promise that we shall "all be in Heaven to-night" is still for most good churchmen as in the case of the bishop in danger at sea, according to the familar story, a threat to be encountered by the passionate ejaculation "God forbid." And leaving for a moment out of account the result of investigations carried forward along the lines of occult research, Spiritualists are the only people who have really succeeded, as far as they themselves are concerned, in putting the King of Terrors to confusion. Unhappily they have weakened the value of their testimony for the outer world by suffering it to become surrounded by a cloud of undignified circumstance which has the effect of disguising its beautiful significance from multitudes who are repelled by the trivialities of the average seance-room, and thus prevented from ever coming

into touch with the loftier experiences within the reach of those who are patient enough to push forward through the unattractive frontiers of spiritualistic enquiry. Indeed it frequently happens that people frankly prepared to investigate problems connected with future existence in a rationally scientific spirit, turn away with disgust from phenomena however surprising connected with floating accordians, animated furniture and automatic writing, distinguished neither by style nor substantial interest, denying indignantly that proceedings of this nature are entitled in any way to be described as spiritual.

The cultured thinker, meanwhile, disposed, in regard to religion, to acknowledge with Mr. Mallock that "there may be something in it," reaches a far higher level than that attained by the conventional church-goer, for whom Divine service is merely a tribute to social respectability. But he is hampered by a craving to regard the future life as something necessarily sublime in its character, if it is really provided for at all in the scheme of things. He would rather leave imagination to float in a golden haze of uncertainty, than condescend to face the conception that future life, even in any case, may be so petty and contemptible, as in his eyes that of "spirits" content to play foolish tricks in a darkened parlour for the entertainment of the professional medium's casual visitors. Thus it comes to pass that only those are content with the teaching of the priest who are too feeble intellectually to discern its incongruities; that the cultured majority for the most part are sadly sceptical concerning all promises for the future; and that very many, at all events, of those for whom a future life is an ascertained certainty, are left to content themselves with a prospect, as regards its details, which is hardly calculated to stimulate those activities during the life in progress, which, if they understood the matter better, might prepare the way of more exalted conditions hereafter.

And yet the truth of the matter is that the humblest spiritualist content to regard the future life as a pale reflection of that through which he is passing, the most narrow-minded clerical enthusiast who can only think of it as associated with winged angels and golden harps, and the philosophical thinker for whom no future is worth having unless it be dignified by exalted intel-

lectual consciousness, are all of them right in a fashion as regards the theory that each may entertain, but only wrong as each of them regards the others as in the wrong, failing to realise a first great fundamental truth concerning the future life, that it is all but infinitely variegated.

To some extent this may be appreciated in converse with those who have passed on to some realm for which death is the portal; for almost all such superphysical entities will be vaguely aware that whatever state they may occupy, there are others above them and others below them, and room so to speak for vast achievements of progress. But in the sight of those who have some peculiar advantages, the testimony of the ordinary man who has passed on, even if he may bring considerable intelligence to bear on his description of the region in which he finds himself, is by no means the most convincing assurance which it is possible to entertain concerning the prospects of the future. The old phrase about the bourne from which no traveller returns, is not merely disconcerted every day by the return of cheerful travellers by the score or hundred, but the other phrases of old fashioned thinking which regard all the possibilities lying beyond the plane of the physical senses as "unknowable," is equally ludicrous in the sight of those who are aware that vast ranges of that region are daily explored by human consciousness still in the flesh, and have thus already become the subject of many text-books dealing with branches of science that once were clouded in mystery. Of course, one reservation is familiar to everyone who has followed the developments of occult research. The more we know concerning that which once was thought to be unknowable, the more we see further horizons of infinity stretching beyond, and the conviction that human knowledge at the best is little better than ignorance, as regards the totality of things, is amongst the most impressive convictions forced on the minds of those who are farthest in advance of the generation to which they belong. Modesty is one attribute of that enlarged wisdom which at all events transcends the conventional ignorance distinguished by the denial that enlarged wisdom exists,—by the assumption that it is in a position to deny, which convicts it of an arrogance but

too grotesque as regarded from the loftier standpoint. But at all events, if even for the occultist the ultimate possibilities of human consciousness are beyond the range of his vision, and beyond the grasp of his imagination, so much actually comes within his purview, that every problem relating to the future life towards which the thoughts of average mankind may be turned, is readily soluble.

There is no mystery at all about that which happens to the average mortal after he has passed through the experience which is the gateway of the new life. Stated in general terms, his progress may be readily described. He wakes to consciousness in surroundings still definitely belonging to this earth, although invisible to the physical senses,—surroundings described in the technical language of the occultist (of which we must make use in describing aspects of Nature with which only the occultist, so far, is practically acquainted) as the astral plane, and after a more or less protracted sojourn amidst those surroundings, the disembodied entity passes on to a still more refined condition of existence, described by the term which occultism has borrowed from oriental imagery, the "Deva Khan," the Home of the Gods, the Devachan of modern theosophical exposition. Thence, in due time, but only after a protracted rest of an exquisitely blissful character, the disembodied entity returns once more to embodiment, to incarnation, to the physical experiences of the earth life, and as compared with the cloudy suggestions of a feebly illuminated faith this clear prospect of progressive existence is eminently satisfactory to most inquiring minds. And it has the advantage of not being a theory, but an actual state of facts susceptible of verification by the many students of advanced practical psychology who can exercise already the faculties of perception in regard to these higher aspects of our planet's constitution, which, instead of being ruled off for ever from incarnate human consciousness as unknowable, are accessible to senses which must hereafter be developed by the great majority of evolving mankind. Already the simple truth is, that so many representatives of our current mankind have already developed these faculties that the main characteristics, both of the astral and the devachanic realms, are established for those who are intelligent enough to examine their

testimony with at least so much certainty as—let us say—the climatic conditions of the Antarctic continent. Many more people still in life are familiar with the astral plane than those who are familiar with the dismal scenery around the southern volcanoes, Erebus and Terror.

But the mental characteristic of all who are concerned with occult research is one of insatiable thirst for more and more illuminative detail. Inquiry, to begin with, concerning the condition of those who are still in the astral region—the antechamber, as it were, of the still higher and more genuinely spiritual life—shows this to be variegated to a fairly bewildering extent, whether we avail ourselves of the direct testimony of those concerned, conveyed to us by the methods of spiritualism, or by the clairvoyant research of the occult student. And as inquiry proceeds, we begin to realise that these variegated conditions do not merely relate to the infinitely varied moral condition of those who pass on. The character of that which may be described as the immediate future, is certainly determined in some measure by that which may be thought of as the moral value of the life just spent, but is nevertheless complicated and entangled with cross-influences which have a very potent effect in notifying the result. The ascertainable fact certainly is that, even if we investigate the future lives of two persons whose moral claims, for example, may be assumed to be equal, one may be found associated for very protracted periods of time with astral conditions of imperfect enjoyment—the other may pass almost immediately through these to a loftier plane of consciousness and bliss beyond. And, again, if we concern ourselves for the moment merely with astral levels, it would not by any means be true to say that the lowest and least desirable of these are inhabited by none but those of relatively debased nature—the higher and more desirable, by none but those who have, in the physical life just spent, established moral claims to some kind of reward. Nor, on the other hand, would anyone in a position to frame at all events some reasonable hypothesis accounting for the more or less puzzling phenomena of the future life, be arrogant enough to believe that he could reduce the whole bewildering confusion—as it seems at the first glance—to anything resembling a logical scheme of justice or a

scientific reflection of invariable law. At the best one can only at present detect some of the complicated effects arising from variegated bodies of circumstance, and throw into shape some reasonable expectations concerning the probable course of future life for people endowed with attributes of such and such a kind.

Of course the first great principle to be recognised,—and this idea has been present to students of occult literature for many years past,—is the broad conception that the penalties and rewards, or the natural consequences, to be more scientific,—of good and bad action, of action that is to say promoting or impeding the general purposes of evolution, are to be looked for on those planes of Nature to which, so to speak, they properly relate. The man, for example, who cheats another on this plane of life out of goods and property to which he has no right, is committing an act relating so definitely to material conditions that it can only be thought of as encountering an appropriate penalty on the plane of consciousness on which the original offence was committed. Acts of that nature, or the converse acts of generosity, concerned entirely with material life, form part of that which is technically described as the "Karma" (or sum-total of causes defining the conditions) of the next physical rebirth. That is not the kind of Karma or doing which gives rise to consequences in the consciousness of the entity on a higher spiritual plane. Nor is that kind of action effective in determining the level, so to speak, of astral existence which the entity may attain to, or be kept down upon immediately after emancipation from the physical body. At a glance it might be thought that really the astral plane does provide for the reward or punishment of simple physical plane behaviour. It is undeniable that astral entities are sometimes being distressed at the thought of wrong they have done to others in the physical life, it is undeniable that benefits conferred on some, for example, who have passed on in advance, are distinctly productive of happy circumstances in the astral lives of those by whom the kindly acts may have been performed. But still the subtle truth remains that the consequence of the act is to be looked for rather in a later physical life, and the astral plane condition, meanwhile, with which that act may be apparently associated, is traceable, if the subtlety

may be permitted, not to the act, but to the state of mind that has prompted the act. In so far as the evil-doer has been governed by the principle of selfishness, he will find his upward progress even on the astral plane impossible until, in one way or another, the lesson of unselfishness shall have been learned.

But directly we acknowledge this much, we have to deal with experiences which appear to conflict with that simple doctrine. The course of events in futurity would be wholly misconceived if we thought of it as embodying a uniform, continuous progress, in which no step is taken until those behind it have been mounted. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that a person whose life was terribly burdened with evil doing, against whom there should be, so to speak, a terribly heavy karmic account, might, nevertheless, slip quickly through the conditions of astral life, might hardly be conscious of suffering on any of its lower planes, might sink almost at once into the unconsciousness which precedes awakening on devachanic levels, and thus encounter nothing between a distinctly bad life on earth and its next consequence in incarnation, except conditions that are blissful in almost an unqualified degree. And how would such a paradoxical condition of things be accounted for? Not by any theory that would represent the natural law as capricious and unjust, but simply by that invariable rule which recognises superior potency of the most potent forces. The strange case we have imagined would have to be explained by the assumption of various conditions. The life just spent might have been very bad as regards commonplace opinion without really infringing some of the deeper principles determining right and wrong. But it might also really infringe these principles without their disregard having been the deep underlying purpose of the offender. To be more concrete, and therefore more intelligible, suppose a man is carelessly unscrupulous in his business relation, thus injuring others in a way of which he is hardly conscious. Suppose him governed by an intense passion of love for somebody's else's wife, his passion being fully returned, and the consequences being a condition of things which the looker-on must very seriously condemn, and which it is not the purpose of the present argument to defend. But here we can easily see that whatever sense of wrong might

be experienced by the original husband, there would be no desire on the second husband's part to cause him suffering. A man little prone to introspection, governed by impulse rather than by principle, might readily reconcile himself under the circumstances described by the fact that the man who represented the original matrimonial mistake was bound to incur some irritation when it was redressed. And quite a multitude of minor sins relating altogether to the physical life might be imputed to our imaginary example without altering the spiritual efficiency so to speak of that factor in his composition which was distinctly spiritual in its character, the intense emotion of love. Suppose the woman he loved had died first, and that the feelings concerned had been too sincere to fade. That man's future would in all probability be determined by the most potent force that had guided him. The astral plane would hardly afford him a niche which he could exactly fill; such a man's after-life would very probably be almost entirely on devachanic levels, although none of his miscellaneous misdoing would be forgotten by "Karma" on his return to incarnation, not even would the pettiest of his failings be overlooked in the ultimate account.

One might invent a variety of imaginary cases which would illustrate the circumstances under which, on the one hand, a life could only realise its superphysical consequences on exalted spiritual levels, or, on the other hand, under conditions more nearly reproducing the character of the earth life; for that be it remembered is reflected on the astral plane, or, at all events, on some of its levels with amazing precision. And where no very deep feelings are involved, where the details of ordinary existence have entirely absorbed the interests of any given personality, the astral regions on which existence is more or less a reflection of earthly experiences will adequately meet the emergency to be dealt with. Nor need we suppose that a person must be petty or frivolous in mind in order to linger under the conditions just referred to. Intellectual activities of the highest order, unassociated with emotions more specifically spiritual, are found to be compatible with a very prolonged existence on the higher levels of the astral world.

But what is exactly meant here by the word spiritual?

Nothing remotely resembling the common-place religious orthodoxy of the conventional church-goer. Even that characteristic may be admirable in its way, and in a certain sense productive, if other influences allow, of such post-mortem happiness as may be found in the perpetuation of the mental habits in which it takes its rise. But where religious feeling has more to do with ecclesiastical externals than with the essence of devotion, it provides in the next world for its own continuity rather than for any more elevating consequences. That is to say, the person whose religion may be defined as conventional orthodoxy continues, in sympathetic companionship, to be conventionally orthodox still. It is only when the genuine love force is turned rather in the direction of a divine ideal than of another human being, that the religious emotion can really be thought of as spiritual. With enlarged knowledge at a future period of evolution, there may come so much more vivid a comprehension of that which is divine in humanity that spirituality of the sort here referred to may ultimately be more frequently developed than is possible at our stage of progress, but that will not be because the spirituality of the future will in some way be different from the love principle of the present, it will merely be because an enlarged comprehension of what the love principle may mean will invest it with a new significance, and, meanwhile, whether illuminated by advanced intelligence or operative in a consciousness which but faintly appreciates its value, it *is* the force which carries the Ego after death, if he is so carried there at all, to those exalted levels of spiritual consciousness which entirely transcend the interests, varied and attractive though they may be, of the higher astral plane.

A. P. SINNETT.

UNITED.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FUTURE VISIBLE.

THE moment Mrs. Malcolm saw Edith, on her arrival at Compton Wood, she noticed that some subtle change had come over her. The gloomy pensiveness that had settled upon her for the day or two immediately following the recent events at Richmond had given way to a return of something more like her old bright vivacity; but with all this she was evidently under the dominion of some exalted feeling which gave a peculiar radiance to her eyes, and a dreamy sweetness to her expression when her face was in repose, different in some way from the varied and manifold charms it had always worn. Her colour was heightened, but more concentrated than formerly.

"Has anything happened to you?" Mrs. Malcolm asked. "You have a look that I do not understand."

"Quantities of things have happened, dear. I have so much to tell you that I do not know where to begin. I have been living in two worlds since I have been back here; but that can't go on always, and I must choose between one and the other."

"But first, how have you been as to health?"

"A great imposter, I am afraid; but no one except yourself will ever understand rightly about that, and I have not attempted to explain. First of all, you see, I have been puzzling the doctors again. A new light of science was brought to bear upon me before

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

I came down here, after we parted—a medical friend of Colonel Danby's, that he swears by. This man was away abroad when I was first examined, but came back just afterwards, and Colonel Danby had arranged for him to see me before we left town. He stethoscoped and sounded me in every sort of way, and had the satisfaction at last of declaring all the other doctors to have been entirely in the wrong. He quite reassured poor Colonel Danby, and said there was nothing in the nature of disease about me. One lung was abnormally small, that was all. They were both quite healthy. All the doctors were right, and all wrong, of course, but they had not the clue to the mystery. At all events, it made my plans all the more easy of fulfilment, and there seemed no desperate hurry about anything, so I was the less opposed in regard to coming back here for a time than I should have been if I had been thought in imminent peril."

The conversation was taking place in Edith's own room, whither she had carried off Mrs. Malcolm on her arrival, after interviews of politeness with Mr. Kinseyle and Miss Barkley. The window, which commanded a wide prospect over level country, was fitted up as the boudoir department of the room, and here the two ladies were settled in comfortable chairs with a small table between them.

"It's a humble imitation of your bow-window at Richmond, you see," Edith had said when they first came in.

"It is very nice, but——" then Mrs. Malcolm had asked if anything happened, and their more serious talk had begun.

"But tell me at once," Mrs. Malcolm said, in answer to Edith's somewhat equivocal statement, "how you really are as to health. Do you know anything that goes against the last report?"

"Dear Marian, Mr. Marston's achievement was quite successful. The last doctor was right at the time, but it does not follow he will always remain right. There are queer complications to be considered about so eccentric a person as myself."

Already, while she was speaking, Mrs. Malcolm noticed her glance wander about the room once or twice, and now she was looking out over the country as if something had attracted her attention there.

"Are you *seeing* anything, Edith?"

"I am always seeing now," Edith replied. "It is perfectly wonderful how populous the world is, and not merely with the shapes and shades of people, but with spectral buildings and trees that have existed in reality some time ago. There used to be an old Roman encampment on the very site of this house, and I can see it dimly all round us now, with the soldiers and horses going and coming. I have sat here for hours and watched them. This window is like a box at a theatre for me, and this house swarms with animated shadows—if you understand—not the spirits of the people who have lived here, but the impressions they have left behind them in this teeming picture-gallery that the eyes of the flesh do not see."

"And how has it been at Kinseyle Court?"

"At Kinseyle Court it has been glorious. I can get out of myself—out of this bodily self altogether there, and pass into perfect union with——our Guardian. Day after day, if you understand, I have put myself to sleep in the old green chair, and then I have rushed into union with what we used to call the Spirit Queen, and have looked back upon my every-day self, considering what to do with it, and very much tempted sometimes, I can tell you, to let it alone altogether, and be bothered about it no more."

"Oh, Edith!"

"You remember all that Mr. Marston used to explain about our Guardian, Marian. She is our Guardian Spirit in one sense, but then she is not separate or different from us, as one living person would be separate or different from another. I do not want you to look upon this"—touching herself lightly with the tips of her fingers—"as the spirit you have been reverencing; and *this* me, this phase of me, is not of course anything of the kind; but when I rejoin her there, she and I are one. She is just what Mr. Marston used to call it—my Higher Self."

"How has it all come upon you with such wonderful vividness?"

"Because of what Mr. Marston did, though he did not mean to do exactly that. Do you remember, Marian, how I said to you before we last separated, that I felt as if I was going to burst

some sort of shell? Well, now the shell *is* burst, and the energy Mr. Marston put into my body, meaning to give me a new lease of physical life, has been transmuted to something better, just because I was so much more impressed by the absolute nobleness of his conduct in the whole matter than by the pleasure of being restored to health and strength. He understands that now, and will not be disappointed if his work bears a different sort of fruit from that he meant it to bear at first."

"How do you know?" Mrs. Malcolm said; for Edith had spoken in a tone of calm confidence that seemed to imply more than a mere vague trust that things might be as she said.

"He told me so yesterday—though I don't mean that he told me in words, the same as if he had been still in this life. *You* will understand, Marian, if you think of it. When I am properly united with my true self, of course I am in a state which corresponds to the state into which our friend has also passed. Naturally I can exchange thoughts and share feelings with him, as I can also with your own dear Higher Self, Marian—don't you see?"

"You have rushed forward into such astounding developments, Edith, that I can hardly follow you, even in imagination."

"It sounds mystic and unintelligible, perhaps, but it has all come to be so perfectly simple and straightforward to me, that I am sure you will understand it too. And yet, you know, you must not think of us as so many isolated people going about in our Higher Selves on the spirit plane of nature. There is something very curious about that. When I look at my Higher Self from the body with clairvoyant sight, of course there you understand, is the spirit Queen of my former visions in a definite shape radiant and beautiful; but when I fly to her, then I am all thought and feeling, and in the most intimate relations with the thoughts and feelings of that other centre of thought and feeling we have been in the habit of calling Mr. Marston, as with others also. Whenever I appear in the future to you, I shall appear in the shape you have been used to, only much plainer and clearer, and more companionable."

"Oh, Edith, darling, what you say makes me see that you mean to go away!"

Mrs. Malcolm drew up her chair to Edith's, and put her face down upon the girl's shoulder.

Edith soothed and caressed her, reversing the relations that had generally existed between them, in which Mrs. Malcolm had, as it were, played the part of the stronger and wiser friend.

"Dear," she said, "don't you see it must be so? Knowing all I know now, and with the consciousness so vivid as I have described to you of what the other life open to me is like, how can I possibly go on with this? If it had all been different, I might have been bound to stop. But in the natural course of things my life ought to have run out about now. It would have been with me as it was with my mother. Nobody knew she was ill till she was on the point of death. Then it was a hurried good-bye, and all the trouble was over. The *un*natural thing with me has been, that if I had clung very desperately to life I might, through our friend's sacrifice, have circumvented my proper destiny."

"You may be right, Edith, and wisest, but, oh! it will be such a wrench for me."

"That's the sad trouble of it. And it will be a wrench of a different kind for others, too. Next to you, poor papa in his quiet way will feel it most."

"And your husband that was to have been."

"I'm very, very sorry to have been the cause of trouble; but the mysteries of these things are too intricate to understand fully. I only know this much, that if it had not been for Mr. Marston my marriage would have been intercepted just as certainly as it will be. If I could have foreseen everything, of course I would never have let things develop as they did. But still I know, for it has been shown to me, that in the long run the sorrow, such as it will be, that Colonel Danby will feel will do him more good than a little transitory spell of pleasure in having me for a wife. We are not really akin in nature."

It was a hard trial to Mrs. Malcolm to answer Mr. Kinseyle's inquiries, when he sought a little private talk with her during the evening about Edith's condition, and the prospects of her marriage. Hard even to sit at dinner and fall in with the gay humour Edith endeavoured to throw into the conversation, mixed

with great tenderness towards her father and poor "B.," whose mission, by any view of the situation, was fading so rapidly into nothingness. Edith had concerned herself very anxiously for Miss Barkley's future, which she had made her father promise to provide for satisfactorily out of means which, as she pointed out, could easily be spared by her, though the precise way in which she would be able to spare them was left in some obscurity; but "B." was too sincerely distressed at the break-up of her long intimacy with her pupil to look forward with much joy to her independence, and was ready to subside into a tearful hopefulness about the impending separation on small provocation.

"She seems well," Mr. Kinseyle had said, when speaking to Mrs. Malcolm apart, "but there is something about her that alarms me. I do not know why. She seems so exalted in feeling, and yet to dwell so little on the future."

"She has an intensely spiritual nature," Mrs. Malcolm answered vaguely; "and then again she feels, no doubt, that she is bidding a sort of farewell to you and her old home."

"She makes me think of her mother continually. I don't know why, though even her dear mother was not her equal in beauty and intelligence; but her mother was very loving, and Edith has seemed so gentle and sweet of late. She has always been that in one way—a dear, faultless girl—but there is something about her now that seems to bring back her mother to my fancy, and I never properly valued *her*, I think, till I lost her."

"I suppose it is inevitable that you should lose her, too, in another way, and if it is best for her happiness——"

"Of course, I would not be selfish about it; but I wonder will she be properly valued and cherished."

"Mr. Kinseyle, I am sure she will be." Mrs. Malcolm could hardly control herslf, but there was enough in the mere notion that a serious change was impending to justify the solemnity of her tone, and Mr. Kinseyle took the assurance in its simplest signification.

Edith and she drove over to Kinseyle Court the following afternoon in the little pony-phaeton. Mrs. Malcolm had been telling her about the prospect of a happy settlement at last for

Terra and George, and Edith gaily applauded herself for having brought that result about.

"I haven't been altogether useless to my fellow creatures after all Marian, have I?" she said. "How curiously all our destinies have been linked up together, haven't they? I should have been nothing without you to set my feet upon the right path, and without me your brother would never have got his happiness, and Terra's life would have been wrecked."

"But I didn't know where the path was leading you to, Edith. Forgive me for being so selfish, dear, but my heart is bleeding at every pore, and I can't help it."

"My own Marian, I am going to see if I can't do something to heal it this afternoon."

"Edith, tell me one thing, The strain is greater than I can bear. When—when is it to be?"

"When am I going to say good-bye?" Edith was driving the little carriage, and her hands were occupied, but she nestled her head for a moment up against Mrs. Malcolm's shoulder, and said with a bright smile, "Not till you give me leave to go, dear. There, you have my fate in your own keeping."

She would not make her meaning more explicit, but she assured Mrs. Malcolm that, at all events, there was to be no sudden wrench that day. "Don't be apprehensive, dear. Everything shall be made as easy for you as possible."

"I can't treat the whole business as tragedy," she went on shortly afterwards. "I know you are in pain, but, indeed, I do see so clearly beyond. Marian, if I led a horrid, stupid, conventional life, I might drift away from you a thousand times further than I shall drift as things will be. We are in perfect sympathy and union as it is, and you only have to wait a bit and come too. But I am sure you will be happier about it all presently."

They left the phaeton in the care of Mr. Squires at the lodge, and walked up the avenue to the quiet old house.

"Don't you feel the magnetism, Marian?" Edith asked, as they shut themselves into the library.

"My senses are all confused, and my sight is blurred."

"You will be better directly. Wait a bit. I am getting to be something of a mesmerist in my turn. Sit you down here."

And she put Mrs. Malcolm into the corner of a couch in the library commanding a view of the door leading into "the Countess's Study."

"We used to fill the place with such influences," Edith said, "in the Countess's day, that it is still a sort of psychic sponge, and we can squeeze out all sorts of effects from the atmosphere."

She kissed Mrs. Malcolm on the forehead, and stroked her head and brooded over her for a little, and asked her if she did not feel better.

"You make me adore you, Edith, as if you were my Guardian herself; but I don't know that that makes me feel more reconciled."

"Well, stop where you are. I am not going out of your sight; but I am going to have a nap in my own green chair over there."

She went into the inner room, and sat down in the chair she pointed out.

"You'll promise me to wait patiently for a little while, won't you? and I will promise you to bring myself round again presently."

"Yes, dear."

Edith gave a sigh of relief as she settled low down in the corner of her chair, with her head propped on a pillow, and sank into a motionless stupor. But as Mrs. Malcolm gazed upon her, she seemed to see her figure gradually surrounded by a sort of mist, and through her strained emotions came back upon her heart the rapt feeling of ecstasy with which the presence of her Guardian Spirit had always been greeted. By degrees the mist intensified and shone as if with a white brilliancy of its own, and interposed itself before the form of the sleeping girl. Then, as Mrs. Malcolm leaned forward in eager excitement, the shape settled into that of the radiant figure she was familiar with in snowy drapery, but far more vivid and distinct than she had ever seen it before, with bare arms and feet, and surmounted with the old diaphanous veil, through which—so faint and thin it was—she seemed already to divine the well-known and well-loved features. The spirit figure came forward and stood for a moment

in the doorway, and then, lifting one hand to her head, drew away the cloudy gauze from her face.

"Edith, it is yourself, my darling?" Mrs. Malcolm cried.

The spirit-figure came forward with a beautiful exalted smile upon her face. Mrs. Malcolm's clairvoyant faculties were now in full play; and in the way she knew by old experience, though no sound that would have been audible to coarser ears was made, she heard the words spoken to her.

"Dear Marian, yes, it is I, and I shall often come to you—almost whenever you like. You have been so good in doing always all I have asked you, when I could only make myself half known to you. We will have many a talk together now, face to face and much more openly. You have come to know me piecemeal up to now; but it will be my real self you will commune with in future."

"Forgive me, my guardian angel, if I have fought against your will in anything."

"You have got so fond of the casket," the spirit said, with a a wave of her hand towards the inner room, and with no reproachful tone, but rather, as it were, in gentle excuse for the weakness Mrs. Malcolm confessed. Mrs. Malcolm was leaning back with her head almost enveloped in the snowy drapery. Mrs. Malcolm followed the direction of her hand, and saw the bodily form lying motionless in the chair.

"It is a lovely casket."

"But it cannot hold all of me that craves your love. And now you shall sleep, too, for awhile, and we will be even more together than we are at this moment."

In losing consciousness of her physical surroundings, as Mrs. Malcolm leaned back, her eyes fixed and her whole soul concentrated on the face of the beautiful spirit, she never for a moment seemed to lose consciousness of *her*; but by degrees—or rather without noticing the degrees, and yet not suddenly—she seemed to float into a state of beatitude in which she and the spirit were together in an intimacy which blended them almost into one being. Side by side with her in a union closer than the closest earthly embrace, and with thrilling emotions of ecstasy—keener and more intense even than the strong love of her waking consciousness—she seemed to pass

away into regions of infinite distance and splendour, and, without putting her ideas into the slow concatenation of words and phrases, to drink in a sense of the larger existence to which she was thus introduced, and of the relative insignificance of the faintly remembered joys and pain of the physical state of life so left behind. As her thoughts turned to one or the other of the stronger interests of her earthly life, these seemed vitalized before her. As she thought of her brother, he was there beside her, and seemed to be welcoming her to the new realm she was exploring, as if he already belonged to it—and as she thought of Marston, she suddenly found herself face to face with him, recognising him instantly as the friend she had known so long, but as a glorified presentation of himself, with all the old weariness of existence and the stains of sorrow washed out of his nature, and a look of supreme happiness in his wide-open eyes—a glowing consciousness of Edith's presence which, filling his whole existence with rapture as it did, yet left him able none the less joyously to greet her and share with her the sense of love for the object of their double devotion. There was no perception of hurry in the progress of all this; on the contrary, a sense of long, calm durability in their delight, and the panorama of a new nature round them was not neglected, but surveyed as it were by all three with the feeling that they were now in final security as regards their companionship, and in a position to take interest in minor things at leisure. Some impression, too, of her earlier life on earth came back to her, and the corresponding vibrations of emotion were taken up in their turn--always in tune, as it were, to the dominant note of her new condition—her close identity with Edith. She did not measure time as it passed; but the pain that had gnawed at her heart all that morning died quite away, as though it had never been felt, and her soul was refreshed, so that the recollection that there had once been a kind of sadness somehow associated in her emotions with Edith was almost difficult to recover, when the spirit which was Edith, and seemed almost a part of herself, came at last to be emphasised again before her sight as a being external to herself. Not losing sight of her, but gradually taking in as well the impressions of the scene then around her, she was aware again of the library at Kinseyle Court.

"You are not leaving me?" she said.

"Of course not, dear. We shall be always together, really, only there is something to be done, don't you remember, for the others. It is only turning your attention away from me for a little while."

She was awake again now, and understood the situation; but the spirit was still beside her, and the rapture of her influence in her heart cleansed for the time of its distress and trembling apprehensions.

"I had forgotten the burden of life, but it will not be so hard to bear now."

"You will know now I am ready waiting for you, will you not?—even though sometimes for awhile you do not see me."

"Where have we been, Edith? It has seemed to me a great way off, and that we have been away a very long time—a gloriously long time. I am altogether refreshed, as if by a sound sleep after fatigue."

"You must compare notes and ask *her* when she wakes," and the spirit again pointed to the inner room, where Mrs. Malcolm's glance, following her gesture saw the sleeping, bodily Edith as before.

"*Her*! But Edith, dearest, *this* is you?"

"And so without unfaithfulness in love to me you will come to be a little less anxious about the casket, will you not?"

"To do what you tell me is my supreme joy and desire."

The spirit bent over her, and pulsations of intense emotion seemed to sweep across her soul in waves, and then, still smiling and waving her hand in a light farewell, as if to imply that the good-bye was only for a little while, she passed back up the steps and through the doorway, and enveloped in the white folds of her drapery the sleeping figure in the chair. Mrs. Malcolm had the feeling in her ears that the words came back to her, "Stay where you are a moment longer," and then, passing beyond Edith's form, the spirit seemed to grow indistinct, and float upward, and away, and disappear.

Almost directly Edith stirred in her chair, then sat up and swept her hand across her eyes, and then looked across to Mrs. Malcolm and smiled.

"Edith, darling, may I come to you now?" She got up as she spoke, and came across to the door. Edith held out her hands with a bright look of welcome. Mrs. Malcolm came up and knelt by her side, and put her arms round her without speaking.

"Do you remember everything?" Edith asked.

"Every moment—every look. What an ineffable wonder it all is!"

"I'm better worth your friendship that way, am I not, Marian?"

"My dearest, where your soul is centred for the time, that is the phase of you to which my love clings. As you are now, you wear in my eyes the glory of your higher state, and as you are then, you are filled with your own sweet loveliness."

"And you are more reconciled to the situation now, are you not, Marian?"

"I have been looking at it so long from the other side, dear, I have lost for a little the sense of pain it must give from this side. But I am reconciled, dearest, in one way—I am resigned, and accept what must be, submissively."

"The trial for you is that you will seem separated from me, no matter what I try to do to soften the impression, while I shall never be conscious of being separated from you at all. But in real truth, even from your point of view, I shall be more with you than if I had been living in the flesh, away from you most of my time, in all parts of Europe. People talk very stupidly about the separations of death. The separations of life are often quite as complete, and much more so than the other separation may be."

"But tell me, Edith, dearest, are you conscious, as you sit there, of your power to enter on the other life as you please? What was it that floated away and left you just now?"

"I know I can get back into union with that higher part of me when I choose now, but it is she who knows all the rest. You see, this is the unnatural state for me to be in now. I ought to be gone, and I am kept in bodily life by a sort of effort. The machinery is going with an energy that does not properly belong to it. As soon as all restraint is thrown off it will run down with a whirr, like a watch with the spring broken."

Even now Mrs. Malcolm could not repress a little shudder at the idea.

Edith laughed.

"I tell you," she said, "I feel elated about it myself, and I want you to share my good spirits. Of course, poor dear, you have got to bear all the disagreeables, and, worst of all, to help poor papa to bear them. You will judge how far it will be possible to get him to realize all you have been through to-day. I think he will understand it in a great measure, but I shall never be able to visit and console him, because he would not see me in that state as you can. But I am going to say some things to him beforehand that will prepare him to believe you."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HIGHER SELF.

SHE found an opportunity of doing so that evening, when Mr. Kinseyle asked some question as to how they had spent the day.

"Over at the Court a good deal, papa dear. I have been indoctrinating Mrs. Malcolm with my love of the place."

"You ought to get your husband to rent it, or borrow it, from the Miltenhams," suggested Mr. Kinseyle, "and make part of it habitable. Then you might stay there sometimes."

"Poor old Court! I don't think I should welcome the idea of having it turned into a modern dwelling, where common-place people would congregate to have breakfast and dinner. It would take all the poetry out of the place if it were used for anything but to dream in and see visions."

"I hope you have been dreaming pleasant dreams there, and seeing visions of a bright life before you, my dear. Where have you been laying the scenes of them?"

"Ah, so you want to consult the oracle after all, papa, and find out what is going to happen? You would come to have faith in my prophetic sight if my visions should come true, wouldn't you, papa?"

"I'm afraid my imagination is not poetic enough for the sort

of faith you mean. I would not shut out belief in any demonstrated truth, however new or strange, but poetic imaginings, however vivid, do not easily link themselves on to the kind of tests that constitute a demonstration."

"That's true; and I, with plenty of fancies of my own, I am not practical enough to bring them to a focus for you. Mrs. Malcolm would be better able to do that. I think, papa dear, I must put you in her hands, and make you her pupil. I am sure she could explain things far better than I can."

"Perhaps Mrs. Malcolm might think herself better employed in other ways than in wasting her explanations on so prosaic a person as I."

"Well, I can't appoint the time now; while she and I are together here I want the whole of her time to myself. But do you remember this, papa dear, whenever you have an opportunity of discussing my fancies in a really serious and searching way with Mrs. Malcolm, that she will be talking my sentiments, you know, infinitely better expressed. That's really a happy idea."

Keeping to the bright tone of gaiety in which she had already been speaking, or rather, assuming a solemnity of manner that belonged to one of the varieties of her old familiar gaiety, which would sometimes express itself in a half jesting stateliness, she added slowly, and with one hand extended—

"I lay it as an injunction upon you, papa, as a parting injunction mind, which has all the immense importance of a serious occasion, to believe all that Mrs. Malcolm will tell you about me, whenever you two may be consoling yourselves for my absence, by talking of me. Whatever she says to you I confirm, recollect."

Mr. Kinseyle listened with a kindly smile, treating the words as so much airy trifling, but ready to fall in with them, however, to please his daughter.

"To hear is to obey."

"I will improve on that declaration, loyal and satisfactory as far as it goes. To remember will be to obey. But mind you, do not forget. What is the date, and the hour, and the minute?"

Insisting on the realization of her whim, the exact moment was ascertained.

"Put it down, papa. Where is your pocket-book?"

"A capital memory is one of my few good points, dear," said Mr. Kinseyle, affecting laziness good-humouredly.

"And a perfect craze for having my own way *exactly*, one of my numerous bad ones," replied Edith. "Produce the book, papa this *moment*."

The book was produced, and coming round to the back of the sofa on which he was sitting, looking over his shoulder with her arms round his neck, he entered the memorandum at her dictation. "To remember that I have made a promise to Edith on the 17th day of September, at forty-nine minutes past seven o'clock."

"That will do," said Edith contentedly, giving him a kiss: while Mrs. Malcolm, to conceal emotions she could not easily control, got up from her seat, and went over to the window, as if to look out at the darkening landscape.

"I'm a perfect angel for good temper," remarked Edith, keeping up the tone of the situation, "when people do precisely what I tell them."

Mr. Kinseyle went away to write shortly after this, and Mrs. Malcolm sat beside Edith, holding her in a clinging embrace, and giving way to the feelings that had been pent up during the little scene that had just passed. "Forgive me, Edith darling; I am not rebellious, but I can't help crying. It is so sweet to have you with me in this way."

"It is sweeter still in the other way."

"Whichever form is present, that is the best."

They made no pretence of passing the evening with any sort of occupation, music, or reading. They simply sat side by side alone together, not talking much about the impending change, or much about anything, indeed, though every now and then Edith's clairvoyant senses, which were operating with great intensity, led her to speak, not only of appearances she noticed round about them, but of the scenes in which Terra and George Ferrars—he in London, and she in the North—found themselves at that moment, and even of stray bits of conversation in which they were concerned. At last they parted for the night, and Mrs. Malcolm would have liked to ask some question about what they should be doing the following day, but dared not.

It was long before she slept; and her bosom ached with sadness as the hours crept by slowly. She could hardly refrain from getting up and going to Edith's room to sit by the girl's bedside, if she should be sleeping, or to watch with her if she should be awake. But her restless grief calmed down at last, and in the sleep which came upon her, though she hardly seemed to lose consciousness of her room or the impending change, her pain all passed away, and the well known thrill of spiritual rapture swept over her weary senses. She *felt* the glorified spirit of Edith beside her, even as she lay in a state of semi-slumber, consciously refraining from the least movement, lest the conditions of that enchanting experience should be disturbed. She was summoned to wake presently, however, by the voice which spoke to her inner ear:

"Look up, Marian. I am not going to slip away from you."

By virtue of a radiance which appealed to the clairvoyant sense she was as plainly visible as she had been in the afternoon, and even the room, which had been nearly dark before, was faintly illuminated for Mrs. Malcolm's perceptions, through some mysterious sympathy of her inner and outer faculties.

"Dearest, I was afraid to move, lest I should have been only dreaming."

"I could have taken your inner self away with me without waking you up, and we will go away together presently, if you like; but I was obliged to talk to you a little this way first, because I made you a promise."

"Yes."

"But first you do not want to go into the other room now, and sit by the bedside, do you?"

"Of course not while you are here."

"Just so—and Marian, dear, I am tired of the other room, and do not want to go back there either. You will not make me, will you?"

"I see your meaning, but I am too much enraptured with you near me in this way, to feel any sadness in it. Surely I am ready to bear my part of the inevitable pain, and willingly, for your sake."

"You will feel while I am talking to you in this way that

there is no question of my abandoning you—nor of any real separation. I am not asking your leave to go away from you, but merely to keep as I am now; and, dearest, I tell you we will often and often be together."

"Let it be as you will, dearest. I give my consent."

"That's right, my own Marian." The radiant figure seemed to grow brighter and more substantial even than before, and bending over Mrs. Malcolm, embraced and kissed her. "That's so much better so," she said; "and now, do you see any change in me?"

"I think you look a little brighter and lovelier even than ever."

"And that is the change you have been so frightened of."

"Is it finally accomplished, then?"

"That's over, dear, and the machinery I want no more has run down. Come away with me for awhile, and share my freedom and delight."

"Oh, darling! can't you take me at once and for always to be like yourself?"

"Not just yet; but that will come; and promise me meanwhile, you will not be distrustful and impatient."

"You will forgive mere weakness, dear, won't you?"

"You cannot have a thought that will need forgiveness from me, Marian; but it will be easiest for me to be with you visibly when you are most trustful and patient."

It seemed to Mrs. Malcolm, when the morning came, that she had passed through years of time, and that the bodily Edith was a beautiful memory rather than a fact of yesterday. The real Edith came back with her from their spiritual wanderings together, and sat by her bedside and talked with her when she woke; and they waited together till they felt a foreshadowing of the early alarm which was certain to stir the house but too soon.

"And now you may bid me good bye," said Edith, "for a little while. It is hardly good-bye from me at all, for I shall scarcely be conscious of missing any part of you from the Higher Self that will be always with me. I shall be none the less with you because I shall be also with the one other person who has earned so thoroughly the right to blend his existence with mine."

"Happy Sydney!" said Mrs. Malcolm. "Give him my love."

THE END.

FAUST THE MANU.

READERS who were interested in tracing the occult meaning of Dante's Dream may also care to follow the outlines of some familiar theosophical doctrines in the pages of Goethe's greatest poem, "Faust," and I hope this article may start some other students on a voyage of discovery in the same direction.

It is disheartening to a lover of this great poem to find how few really well-read people have ever taken the trouble to study the second part of Faust. If you mention the name to them, they immediately think of Gounod's Opera or of Irving's play, or at the best, of the first part of Goethe's poem, for to them Faust is no more than a beautiful and tragic love-story,—though it is so much more than this. Because of this rather general absence of familiarity with the complete poem I may perhaps be forgiven for summarizing the story as I go, in order to make the accompanying comments intelligible to everyone.

Faust is a poem with three meanings! There is first the obvious man-and-woman love story. Deeper there lies a historical allegory in which the actors stand as symbols for races, or phases of development in the history of those races. Deepest of all, and only at times revealed in brilliant broken fragments, there is a vision-story of the life and destiny of the human soul. The Drama may be divided into five parts. A prologue, a Trilogy, and an Epilogue.

Prologue.
Scenes in Heaven. A glimpse of Faust's destiny.

Part I. Experiences on the Plane of Desire.
(Part 1. of Poem.) Faust's Compact with Mephisto. The story of Marguerite. The Witches' Sabbath, etc.

Part II. Experiences on the Planes of Intellect.
(Part II. of Poem, Act I.—III.) Faust's journey to the Formless World (Arupa Planes). The search for Helen through the Classical Walpurgisnacht. Sojourn with Helen in Arcadia.

Part III. The working out of the dream.
(Part II. of Poem, Act IV.—V., Sc. I.—IV.) Return to the Physical Plane. Faust the Manu? The New People.

Epilogue. Mors Janua Vitæ.
(Act V., Sc. V.—VII.) Faust's Karma. His victory. The Baptism of Wisdom. Death and broken glimpses of his after-evolution.

We will summarize the historical meaning with the story first, so as then to go unhindered by it to the point of view which is our more intimate interest. Part 1., Sc. 1 gives us picture of Doctor Faustus, his shoulders bent with the double burden of years and bitter sorrow. His daily task, that of teaching the lads that throng so reverently about him a mass of empty nonsense which that age takes for learning, but which Faust has long recognised for the rubbish that it is.

The passion of Faust's life is the *desire to know*, and this fact is of peculiar interest when we learn that he symbolizes the Western Aryans (Teuton and Celt), those races that in their riotous youth wrecked the great old Empire of Rome, and who are pre-eminently the devotees of knowledge. The Allegory begins with these races in the period of their discontent (about the 12th century), they are in the transition stage between youth and maturity, and they have fallen into that mood of affectation and pessimism which so often accompanies this transition. (Many people will tell you that they felt a hundred years old just before coming of age). This phase is represented by the bent-shouldered and white-bearded, prematurely aged philosopher of Sc. I. But a change is at hand: to Faust as he sits brooding in his dim cold cell comes Mephisto, not as we generally see him represented, but as a joyous handsome youth, clad in scarlet, the colour of Desire. The evil one is the symbol of Desire and of Negation. (Passion is barren). He

represents the Spirit of Denial and Agnosticism which helped to bring about the Renaissance, and also that re-action from asceticism to animal delights which was the first symptom of this movement (Draper's "Intellectual Development," Vol. II.) He stirs up the prematurely aged man with pictures of the delights he has lost, with taunts of the emptiness he has gained, and finally in despair of gaining the knowledge he seeks from the familiar dusty manuscripts and ascetic life, from his long vigils and oft-repeated magical ceremonies, Faust accepts Mephisto as his guide, *and taking from him the gift of renewed youth*, goes out into the world to learn from nature and from Natural Desire, and in doing so acts more wisely than he knows, for premature cloistering will not help a soul. "Learn ye who would journey to the infinite," says Goethe elsewhere, "the way lies through the Finite that surrounds you."

Part I. gives us Faust's experiences on what we may term the Plane of Emotion or Desire. Mephisto (a mighty power in this realm) offers all that he has to offer in the hopes of gaining this Soul for his own, for the compact between the two is that if Faust shall for one moment bid the passing hour linger, since it is so fair, that he shall from that hour be slave where he is now master. It hardly needed a formal compact, for if Mephisto *with the means at his command* can thoroughly satisfy this ardent soul, the day of its spiritual death will indeed have begun.

Then comes the love-story of Gretchen (Marguerite) the little peasant girl whom the young Faust sees coming home from church. He is inflamed by her fragrant simplicity and aided by Mephisto woos and wins her. Some days light amusement for him and a life tragedy for her, for Mephisto having seen the mischief done, then spirits Faust away to the other end of the Plane of Desire, and keeps his Protegé absorbed during the long months that follow, so that he has no further thought for little Gretchen, and no knowledge of her agonies.

The other end, what one might term the red end, of the Plane of Desire, is symbolized by the scene of the Witches' Sabbath, the Walpurgisnacht on the broken peak in the wild Hartz mountains. It is a picture of lust and foulness beyond all belief. Here the human passions are whipped, urged, spurred to their vilest height.

Here Mephisto hopes for great results, but in the midst of it all, Faust, who has throughout played the part of an intellectually-interested spectator, slips away from the ravening crowd, and, staring across the hills into the darkness, whispers that he sees a vision of the little peasant girl, white-faced, with troubled eyes, and with a thin red line about her neck. He forces Mephisto eventually to the confession that she is in trouble, but the Devil delays and prevaricates; and when, at last, Faust gets the full story, manages to shake off the spell under which he has been living, and hastens back to his Beloved, it is to find her in prison, and insane, charged with the murder of her child. The sight of her anguish changes what was but a passing fancy into an enduring love, and the man would now sell his soul a second time if he could save her,—but he comes too late! She does not know him, will not come to him, shrinks from the door that he has opened for her, and crouches back upon the straw, and in a few minutes Faust has to watch her re-acting the scene that haunts her poor distracted brain, to see her take the bundle of straw she has been nursing so tenderly, and, creeping with stealthy footsteps along the wall, gain an imagined bridge, and throw the bundle from her, and then to hear the wild screams—"The child—the child—save it, it drowns."

He comes too late, for death ends her tragedy before his eyes! So finishes the first portion of the Drama, and we are then told that Faust "descended into Hell." Not to a Hell of eternal torture, as imagined by some of the English dramatists who have treated this theme, but to a Hell of ultimately merciful punishment. The Poet tells us nothing of his experiences there, it is only from a chance verse later that we find his Hell was not a place peopled by demons and filled with wailing spirits, it was a solitary land. There was the fire of his own thoughts—that was all.

With Part II. comes Faust's re-appearance in the world. Mephisto has dragged his unwilling pupil to the Imperial Court, to the centre of all the luxury and the rottenness of the land, with the hope of re-animating some of his dead passions, and to the end of the story never sees what a hopeless task it is. Faust is now physically and spiritually more mature, and looks on undisturbed while all the toys of Vanity Fair are offered to him,

turning aside now and then with an attempt to help the Children of Desire that surround him, but otherwise much wearied by the vain foolishness of the life played out beneath his gaze. Desire is outworn!

This is another transition stage, accompanied by all the weariness inseparable from these periods of waiting, and it is only when Faust at last has begun to wonder whether there is nothing but Vanity under the sun, and Vanity the stale aim and end of all things, that a glimpse of the next stage is revealed to him, when he has a momentary vision of Helen of Troy.

It was a whim of the emperor's to see the fairest woman that ever lived, and it is this caprice that sets Faust upon the path that is to lead him to the new realm. (It is often that a message comes to us thus in the form of a chance remark from a man in a crowd.) But when Helen is by magic brought within sight of the gaping court, they find, as we might expect, no beauty in her, while Faust sees and recognised his ideal. The empire and its satellites would seem to symbolize the more backward among the peoples of those days, while Faust stands as a symbol of the foremost of those races who turned to the Greek ideal of beauty, and by thus turning, brought into the darkness of the Feudal ages the glory of the Renaissance.

Faust is taken away from the imperial court by Mephisto, having been struck down senseless by the greatness of his vision, and is wafted during his trance to the old sacred land of Greece. There he wakes to find in progress the yearly festival of the Classical Walpurgisnacht, a festival (imagined by Goethe) in which all the creatures of the heroic age, Sirens, Sphinxes, Demigods, Heroes and so on, meet upon the plains of Thessaly (as the witches did upon the Brocken) to remember old times, to discourse about old days. Faust wins his way from group to group of these strange creatures during a long summer moonlit night, ever asking for news of Helen, and his search for the Queen of Beauty across the Thessalian plains is symbolical of the ardour with which the Feudal ages pursued the Greek traditions of beauty in marble, in colour, in manuscript, until they came within touch of what they sought. Faust meets Helen at last and brings her down to his own epoch (there are several scenes to express this) and then

they pass together into a central land of Arcadia, a secluded shut-in land into which none follow them. The land of the Ideal, the land of fertile dreams, and it is only long afterwards that we gain a hint as to what some of those dreams were, for while they are shaping there is silence, as there always must be when great things are being formed.

It is only towards the end of Part III. that we see the realization of this dream shaped by Faust and Helen in the land of the Ideal, and then comes the part from which I have taken my title, "Faust the Manu!"

Theosophy teaches that infant humanity is not left to wander unguarded in this bare nursery the world. That when a new race comes into existence it is for some time under the guidance of a teacher,—a Manu,— who in turn is followed by lesser teachers that may take rank as Bards, or Prophets or Kings, and that not until the race can more or less manage its own affairs is it left without divine guidance. The histories of most races contain references to this early guarded period, and have tales of divine or semi-divine beings who came across the sea bringing wheat and the knowledge of agriculture, or floated down from the clouds bearing in their hands the gift of fire, or came from a distant place to teach a picture-alphabet to a people not yet skilled in the art of writing. Sometimes even we have definite statements and lists of these teachers as in the case of the list of the divine kings of Egypt, and the modern spirit puts all this range of facts under the heading of "Mythology and Folk-lore" and then troubles no more about it.

Whether Goethe, in some ways a very modern mind, in other ways a very wise deep-sighted watcher of the invisible, whether Goethe would have adopted the modern heading is an open question, but it is a fact that when he described the life task of Faust, the working out of that dream shaped in the land of the Ideal, he drew a very accurate picture of a Manu or maker of a race at work.

Historically, Faust's task stands, I think, for the separation of the Northern and more intellectual races from the Latin or more emotional races in the days of the Reformation, the latter peoples being doomed from the day of this intellectual phase of the Renaissance to cling to their decaying superstitions and

worn-out dogmas and to fall behind in the march of progress, the former being destined to go forward bearing aloft the lamp of intellectual light. ***Faust's task is this separation,*** and here the historical parallel practically comes to an end.

We must now go back to take up the Allegory of the Human Soul, and can then carry the story on from this point.

Theosophy teaches that ordinary man functions on three planes: The Physical, Emotional, and Mental, the latter being divided into the Plane of the Concrete Idea, and the Plane of the Abstract Idea—the form and the formless division—but that beyond these there are other realms unconnected with the evolution of the ordinary individual. Buddhic, Plane of Love, Nirvanic, Plane of Unity. (Space forbids entering into details about these worlds, and I must refer the interested and uncomprehending reader to the literature published by the Theosophical Society, 161, New Bond Street.) And Goethe, ***as far as I understand him,*** most certainly adopted the same divisions. All Part I. of Faust, the story of Gretchen, the Brocken, etc., etc., is an epitome of the experiences that a soul may undergo on the Plane of Emotion or Desire. But since human souls are, broadly speaking, of two fundamental types, male and female, moved by the desire for wisdom, or by the yearning for love, Goethe has given us a man and a woman as a symbol for each type. The mainspring of Faust's life is ***the desire to know.*** He is the human soul, male, and his path to Heaven lies in restless, ceaseless toil. Marguerite's mainspring of life is ***the yearning for love.*** She is the human soul on its feminine side, and her road to heaven lies through faith and quiet endurance. Her life cycle is not given in much detail, so we will follow only the story of Faust.

We find Faust, in Scene 1, in that apathy which is typical of the physical plane, held prisoner by the inertness of matter. Under the leadership of Mephisto he enters the realms of Desire, and tastes of every emotion that is offered to him, and finds, as we have been told of that poisonous land, that "Under every blossom lies a serpent coiled." He learns this most bitterly and completely at the time of Gretchen's death, and after that, for him the Land of Desire is only the Land of Death.

There is then the inevitable punishment, for every action spiritual, or chemical, or mechanical, brings its consequent and equivalent reaction. Then a period of weary waiting, as there often is between the losing of the lower and the gaining of the next higher, and then spurred on again by the *Desire to Know* Faust gains a glimpse of Helen. Helen, symbol of beauty, that great power of the Arupa planes (region of abstract ideas), who coming down into the lower mental planes (those of Rupa or the concrete idea) will change into a thousand fertile forms, one of which will materialize as Faust's creation of a new race.

Faust, it will be remembered, does not possess her all at once. He is given a glimpse and then is bidden to search. And even that fleeting glimpse has needed striving after. The scene in which Faust tells Mephisto that he has promised the Emperor to call up Helen from the Land of the Shades, is worthy of *very* deep attention. (Part II., sec. 5, Act I.) Faust imagines that Helen can be brought within his grasp by his slave Mephisto, foolishly imagining that ideal beauty is within the reach of the Prince of Desire, and not seeing that such a mighty power comes from far above his petty kingdom. Mephisto soon undeceives him, warns him gravely against the peril of such a search, tells Faust that he will have to journey across a land where there is no rest, no foothold, and there to beg for the glory of her companionship from those dread beings who live outside the boundaries of space and time,—the mothers! (I believe that these triune goddesses are the symbol of creative wisdom behind manifestation, and are one of the masks that hide the world-mind; the third person of the trinity). Faust undismayed, attempts, attains, gains sight of these goddesses, gains his boon, and returns swiftly, not being developed enough to stay for long in such a lofty region,—and then as we saw he searches for and wins Helen, working along the lower mental planes (classical Walpurgisnacht) till he finds her, and then passes with her to where the form and formless meet, into silence and seclusion. (Arcadia, Act III.)

Then comes Part III. and the working out of one of the dreams that the two shaped together, but Helen leaves Faust to work out the task alone, wafting him back to earth again on her veil

for the purpose, and then drifting away to the banks of white clouds that outline the horizon and fading into these, as if to show how illusory the mind-realm is, how it is but a bridge to the real, and will shrivel away in the days when the lower heavens and the earth roll up like a burnt scroll. And then, as then man strains his eyes after her, a soft touch recalls him, and a well-known face smiles close at hand. It is the little peasant-girl Marguerite, transfigured and spiritualized almost out of all recognition; and the strangest scene follows, in which Faust speaks of himself as a spectator watching Gretchen and another fairer Faust, which seems to be part of himself, and yet strangely above him, greeting each other with rapture and together passing away, while he (the lower self) is left on earth alone and sorrowful.

The vision is a prophecy of what follows, for Faust has now to set about the materialising of his dream, and for the next fifty years or more he labours at his task among the material surroundings of earth, unhelped by a single vision. Until now everything has been given to him, done for him, now he has to give back a little of all that he has received. *Faust's task is as we saw that of creating a new race. It is the task of a Manu!* Man by man he must choose his people from out of the decaying civilisation of the Empire, which extends far to the south, and, further than this, he must prepare a new and unsoiled ground on which his people shall develop. He must begin by pushing back the barren sea that now roars over the destined soil, he must drain the ground of its poisonous exhalations, and then he must live among his people day in and day out, teaching, helping, showing, pleading. Through "long stress," "moulding blind mass to form."

It is only after more than half a century that the results begin to show. The work is glorious, but the hindrances were mighty. The old cold shadow of his former self (Mephisto) dogs Faust's footsteps, and often brings his minor schemes to ruin. The land is hourly threatened with destruction from the raging sea outside the great stone barriers, the ground, poisoned with salt, is for many years barren and cold, but amongst the many hindrances, perhaps, the people themselves are the greatest hindrance of all! Goethe tells us little of the inevitable trials

and difficulties of the task, but it is not to be doubted that there were many delays and many rebellions, and when Faust, in times of crisis, returned to his old authoritative manner his subjects admired him, and willingly slipped back into the habits of servitude ground into them for many generations, and when Faust regained his self-control, and once more began the task of training this new race to train themselves, the people wondered and misunderstood, and then misused their liberty. Frequent, too, must have been the desertions, without doubt many must have gone back from the new fertile lands and comfortable quarters to the hovels they once inhabited, merely for the sake of the freedom which they there enjoy, to live like the animals that surround them. Still, in spite of everything, Faust succeeds! and in the last act we find him leaning over the marble balustrade of his palace gardens looking down upon a fertile and populous valley, inhabited by a race that he has created!

After this we come back to the man's personal struggles once more. During the fifty years that have gone by Faust has given of every fibre of his being, and in one way because of this his own progress has (seemingly) been delayed. He now needs leisure again for self-development.

Goethe has almost shirked putting into words the develop ment that follows, and who would dream of succeeding where he feared to fail. He only gives us broken hints, pictures and symbols, and we have to fill in as best we may from the fragments of our own experience and intelligence.

The next scene is one of fear. Faust has left the balcony from which he views his dominions as the chill of evening came on, and now at midnight sits in one of the innermost rooms of his splendid palace, feeling suddenly old, suddenly conscious of the weight of his hundred years borne so lightly until now, having just seen a warning of a death hour about to approach. He has shut himself in to think over and review his life that is about to close, and to our surprise all his knowledge and all his consciousness of good labour accomplished does not seem to avail to help or comfort him in this dark hour. He sits troubled and brooding, haunted by the grim spectre of Care ("Sorge," Distress, Doubt, even Fear) and is muttering to himself that the worlds above are as far out of his

grasp as they ever were. Strange words for one who has possessed Helen and faced the "Mothers," but it seems to be a law of life that great darkness shall precede the time when the words can be said—"It is finished." In some such darkness Faust now gropes seemingly forsaken. Bereft of all help divine or human, shut out even from realistic remembrance of the vision which he has been granted, and haunted by the grey, grim spectre, and by the echoes of all the evil he has wrought, or wished for, during his past life.

No fellow human creature surely can read without shrinking, that scene where Faust sits erect in the great oaken chair and fights inch by inch for his sanity, for his life, for light, with the spectre and the echoes during the long midnight hours. Deeper and deeper grows the darkness, heavier and heavier comes the weight of the curse from out of his foolish past; the light dies out of Faust's eyes, the strong shoulders bend beneath their intolerable burden,—and just when we feel that we cannot thus read of the depths into which another soul was dragged, just then, at the darkest hour, comes the dawn of eternal light!

"Around me still the darkness weighs, heavy as before," gasps the man, "*but from within a light is breaking—*" And never again in the remnant of life that is left to him does the light fail. Faust's consciousness henceforward dwells most keenly in those glorious mental realms which now lie open to his inner eyes, and functions but very dully in the poor blind crippled body of clay which is all that is left to him of mortality. . . .

Shortly after this comes the Scene of Faust's death. "*Mors Janua Vitae.*" And after the opening of that door, only a hint in broken verse of his further evolution.

We are told in the Epilogue that on his journey heavenward he passes three Spirits, fathers of three great realms,—Pater Estaticus, the spiritual father of those who seek to reach heaven through the channels of emotion, Pater Profundus, who symbolising intellect, speaks of its inadequacy unless fulfilled in love, Pater Seraphicus, Image of the Renunciation (Nirvana). Faust, half-conscious passes then on his way to the Heaven of Love (the heaven of the Madonna) which is his goal. Emotion he has overpassed. From intellect he has gained the highest gift, the

inner direct sight, the baptism of wisdom. For the Renunciation of Nirvana he is not yet sufficiently evolved, and for the next stage he is to become a worshipper of Mary (symbol of love, Buddhic plane) and is re-named "Mariunus."

And on the threshold of that plane Marguerite awaits him, and comes to greet him, and then the transfigured man and woman soul having, from fear and desire, evolved wisdom and love, pass inwards from our ken and are hidden in light.

The drama ends with the singing of the mystic chorus:—

"All of mere transient date
As symbol showeth,
Here the inadequate
To fullness groweth.
And the unspeakable,
Here it is done,
While love, the woman-soul,
Draws us upwards and on.

M. CHARLES.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

No doubt the British Constitution is the finest scheme of its kind that mankind has yet devised, but the most annoying circumstance connected with it is that really it has no existence in fact. Nobody supposes it has any existence on paper, but a vague belief prevails among contented Britons at large to the effect that the body of tradition on which the organisation of the British Government depends, has come to be so clearly understood and fortified by various enactments, that in the minds of expert students of the subject, at all events, the principles of the Constitution are laid down with sufficient exactitude to enable them at any time to determine whether such or such proposals would be constitutional or otherwise. A recent volume, by Mr. Sidney Low*—whose qualifications admirably qualified him to hold his recent office as lecturer on history at King's College,—provides us with a magnificent mass of material on the basis of which we may endeavour to erect something like a coherent mental structure representing the administrative system under which we live. The Frenchman who in troubled times desired his valet every morning to inform him what sort of Government prevailed for the day, would have been obliged, if an Englishman, to frame his instruction somewhat differently. But if he had desired every morning to know what modifications had been introduced into the British Constitution, the valet might have had some difficulty in keeping up with the progress of change. Changes, it is true, have never been violent, but they have hardly been less continuous than the growth of a plant.

* "The Governance of England." By Sidney Low, M.A. T.Fisher Unwin.

Mr. Low, for example, traces the manner in which the Cabinet has come into existence in a way that shows what mighty revolutions may be brought about by a series of developments each step of which is hardly noticeable by itself. He does not venture on criticism to any considerable degree, and seems disposed, indeed, to regard the condition of things finally reached as so admirable, in spite of its manifest anomalies, that it is only necessary to applaud the result. He furnishes us, however, with data on which more enterprising thinkers will be disposed to frame conceptions quite out of harmony with the belief that the state of things established amongst us is the best attainable in this best of all sagacious communities. The course of events in the past shows us the existing Cabinet as the product of no settled purpose at any stage of its evolution, but simply as the outcome of accidental circumstance. It has never been legally recognised. As recently as 1851 a Committee of the House of Commons made use of the expression, "Cabinet Ministers," in proposing some new rules of procedure, but the phrase was rejected by the House on the ground that no such persons were known by the Constitution. William III. and Queen Anne presided themselves at those meetings of the Privy Council to which the various heads of departments were then called; and it was only when the Hanoverian dynasty was established and the first of the Georges was unable to speak English, that the earlier Constitutional system was abandoned. Then the heads of departments began to meet by themselves; and it came to pass that they perceived the technical advantage of clinging together as a solid body, and also the importance, from the point of view of their collective interest, of keeping their proceedings secret. And so the Cabinet system came into existence, bringing with it the division of politicians, for parliamentary purposes, into clearly defined parties, and paving the way for the subordination of the Legislative Assembly's legislative functions, to the exigencies of faction fighting.

The constitutional revolution thus effected is really as great as many of the changes that have gone on in continental states when revolution has been recognised as having taken place. The Privy Council, as such, has been annihilated, though no heads have

fallen in the process. The government of the country has passe into the hands of a secret committee designed on what Lord Rosebery has called the Venetian Model. To ensure its Venetian character, its unwritten rules ha ve been developed to extreme perfection. As Mr. Low points out, it has no regular time of assembly, no fixed place of meeting, no office, no secretary, no records. Its etiquette even precludes the ministers who belong to it from taking notes of anything that may be said or done at its meetings, and of late years when the personal claims of leading parliamentarians have given rise to Cabinets of much greater magnitude than those which inaugurated the system, a constitutional revolution within the original revolution has given rise to the Inner Cabinet almost a triumvirate superseding the main body of the Vehmgericht.

Multitudes of people besides Mr. Low, no doubt, look on with humorous satisfaction at the anomalies of the system, and of those connected with ministerial responsibility which arise from it. A city financier may be appointed to rule the fleet, a country squire, more at home in the hunting field than in the library, may be a Minister of Education, the Empire of India may find itself subject to the control of a Nonconformist solicitor, but these conditions find their justification in the parliamentary system, and permanent officials in each department are paid to understand details. Finally the great charm of that system of ministerial responsibility, regarded as the key-stone of our constitution, is to be discerned in the fact, that such responsibility is practically delusive, in so far as dismissal from office is the worst penalty it can ordain, while for those who play the game, "the Pavilion," as Mr. Low figuratively suggests, is not a bad place from which to watch it for a time. Ministers do not break their hearts when they lose office. Nearly always rich men, agreeably situated in the best society of the world, the worst punishment Parliament can inflict on them sends them back with leisure to enjoy themselves, to their friends, their estates, their sports, their studies, and their recreations. "The game can be played with good-humoured complaisance, and with little trace of the social envy and bitterness noticeable in some other countries, so long as the leading performers are a group of men, for whom

politics is only one of the occupations or the amusements of an extremely comfortable existence."

Representative government, Mr. Low admits, like the constitutional monarchy, is still on its trial, and when reviewing the functions of the monarch in the British Constitution he cordially recognises the rehabilitation of Royalty that has been going on for the last two or three generations. As other writers have pointed out, the contrast between Sovereignty as represented on the thrones of Europe in the earlier half of the 19th century, and Sovereignty as it came to be represented at the close of that period,—under the influence and example, as many of us think, of our own great Queen,—is striking in the extreme. And few intelligent observers of modern politics, unless they are saturated with the sentiment of ultra-Radicalism, will fail to recognise in the influence that the King has exerted since he came to the throne on the course of our relations with foreign countries, the one feature of recent English politics that we can look back upon with complete satisfaction. But will reflections along that line give rise to any powerful movement of public opinion directed towards fresh modifications of the British Constitution that may bring us back by degrees to some of its earlier traditions? Mr. Low, far from being *laudator temporis acti*, is almost an enthusiast for the existing condition of things. But his apologies for the two-party system will not find so willing an echo amongst thoughtful observers as they might have evoked 30 or 40 years ago. Even where no active disapproval of that system has yet taken root, its defenders generally fall back upon the theory that no other system would work. That a system would work which should effectually provide for the collapse of the two-party system is a view which at all events some constitutional students are ready in these days to maintain. The system with all its deplorable ignominies exists by virtue of that excrescence on the British Constitution, the Venetian Council which has arrogated to itself the functions of the really constitutional Privy Council over which the sovereign for the time being should preside. If by a happy thought supplemented by acquiescence on the part of genuine patriots who perceived the advantage of the change, the sovereign should issue summonses to the executive committee of

the Privy Council instead of leaving this task to one of its members, that arrangement would involve no outrage on any statutory provision, least of all on any genuine tradition on which the constitutional liberties of the English people depend. And under such a system the unwholesome solidarity of the Cabinet would gently be disintegrated, the necessity for constituting the executive committee of the state, of men pledged to fight together as a party, would quietly disappear; individual statesmen of distinction would hold office on their own merits, irrespective of their pledge to support one another; governments would be longer, either be conservative or liberal, but national in their character, and parliaments would no longer be precluded from criticising departmental administration by the danger of upsetting the whole administration if one incapable Minister should fall under its censure. It may be argued that the abolition of the Cabinet solidarity and the rehabilitation of the Privy Council are schemes that fail as yet to come within the area of practical politics, but that is merely because that phrase has come, by an unhappy perversion of its true meaning, to signify the area of party interests. Nothing could be more eminently practical than the simple change which would emancipate the country once for all from the curse of having its affairs dealt with in subordination to party interests. Of all the theories brought forward in defence of the existing party system, none is more utterly hollow and destitute of reason than that which declares that the system must be endured because it is impossible to devise anything better.

FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF NORWAY.*

By a Retired Globe Trotter.

So—my random talk concerning "Independent Norway" has amused your readers, and you would have me work up more of the notes relating to my attempt to interview the Midnight Sun. Truth to tell, the interview never came off. One time within the Arctic circle we very nearly secured our desired experience. At 11.30 there was the sun—the whole disc plainly visible, lying at the edge of the water and sliding along it, evidently without any thought of going lower. But there are some level streaks of cloud just crossing, and these jealously thicken as the last half hour elapses. Just at 12 o'clock they constitute an objectionable patch obscuring the direct rays, though of course the whole prospect is as light as at any other time during the evening. With that we have to be content, though we are not able to celebrate midnight by lighting a cigar with a burning glass. We hope—not knowing our fate—for better luck next time, and steam away for Tromso, the largest town within the Arctic circle, where we arrive at six in the morning and stay all day.

Some earlier experiences I find dated in my note-book. "On board the *Mira*" (that was the name of our steamer), "near a whale." It was the whale's fault, but it might have been our misfortune. He had not been keeping a proper look-out; had probably gone to sleep, when waked up by a dull crunching sound. Stirring the water, he pushed his head

* See an article under this heading in the last number of Broad Views.

above the surface to look round, and found a clumsy great steamer ploughing its way across his nose almost. Phugh! down he went at once with a great swirl of the tail, not stopping to deliver a blow at his possible enemy, not pausing to consider that as aggressive steamers carry their harpoon guns in the bows and not amidships, he was not really for the moment in any danger. Up he came again on the other side of the ship, and then with one more slooch round of his mighty black back, went away on his own business, doubtless thinking it had been touch-and-go with him that time, and ready to swear that we had fired a big harpoon at him, having treacherously crept near him on purpose while he had been floating near the surface—not asleep, but thinking of his mother.

This happened while we were coming across a wide bit of the Vestfjord, and while the *Mira* was pitching a little in what seemed open sea compared to the intricate channels we had been navigating all day, and *apropos* to the culpable negligence of the whale above referred to—name unknown—with whom we were nearly in collision, our captain tell us that a whaling steamer in these parts, not long ago, got a slap from a whale's tail which stove in her plates, so that the crew had to pull themselves home in their boats, while the vessel went down to the bottom of the Arctic sea, where the family and friends of the marine hero who slew her may be sniffing and making merry round her now harmless machinery of slaughter at this moment.

As I have said, when we got to the North Cape, our expedition did not prove a success as regards midnight sunshine. The breeze came only from the northward, from the region of cold and mist, and the giant black cliff that fronts the polar region, with all Europe at its back, kept its brow wrapped in a white turban, from which a fine rain drizzled; so that the determined passengers who persevered with their programme and went to the top—for the say of the thing, though from that dignified station they knew they would not see a yard in any direction—had to scramble up the steep path in mackintoshes, and reported it to be for the most part thick with mud, of the consistency of half-melted glue. On the other hand, desolation is, of course, the strong suit of the North Cape, considered as a bit of scenery, and

we brought away an impression of it in which there is nothing wanting to the most perfect emphasis of that idea. A dark, slaty, granite cliff, a black, gloomy ocean, a cold grey sky and a driving rain, a sense of great remoteness from all human habitations, mixed up with the sentiment of arctic latitudes, of the lonely whaling stations we had passed, of the snowy margined fjords we had come through, all these ingredients "'ang together and make sense" in a very remarkable way. I borrow the expression from a fellow passenger concerned with the building trade. He had brought no h's with him, but he contributed to the interest of the voyage many shrewd views of men and things. Everybody had to stick close to his own business in these days, he thought. He 'adn't time for much else. That was 'ow it used to be with Mr. Gladstone. People wondered 'ow at 'is age 'e could make such speeches. But 'e stuck to 'is business; 'e was a speech-maker, "and very fine speeches 'e made, even if *they didn't 'ang together nor make sense!*"

We got away from Trondhjem one evening at ten o'clock. The dissipated habits of the sun in these latitudes seems to have demoralised all the boats, and they systematically begin voyages when the shades of night ought to be falling, and if the passengers do not actually "breakfast at five o'clock tea, and dine on the following day," that is merely because collective meals have to be served at some fixed hours. Moreover, if you get hungry at unseemly periods of the night, you can always have what the stewards call "a sandwich and half a beer" in the small hours ayont the midnight sun, while Western Americans sometimes get confused in regard to the refreshments properly in season to the extent of calling for rum-toddy hot at ten o'clock in the morning.

After leaving Trondhjem, the first place of special interest to which we come is an island in the shape of a wide-awake hat with a hole through the crown, Torghatten by name. It is a round, flat island, with a big sugarloaf hill in the middle, about 800 feet high, which is pierced about half way up with a natural tunnel—a hole over 500 feet long, of a square section roughly, and about 70 feet high by nearly as much broad. You can see daylight through it from the ship as you come near, and the only

explanation of the strange phenomenon worth attention is that the island was originally the hat of a giant, who got in the way of another giant who was in love with a young maiden who lived in the island of Lekö. She would not reciprocate, so he got angry and shot an arrow at her, which was badly aimed and went through Thorghatten. The attention of the gods was then called to the disturbance, and they disposed of it by turning everybody concerned into rocks. There they are all to this day, the intervening giant only represented by his perforated hat, but the other one who shot the arrow, at Hestmandö, a bit further to the north, and the maiden, together with the rest of her family, who all shared her fate, at the Syv Sostre, or Seven Sisters. Some modern geologists have suggested, as an alternative hypothesis, the degradation of a vein of mica in the granite of which the island is composed, but on the spot the one explanation seems to be just as likely as the other.

The best day of our whole voyage was that on which we passed up through the Lofoden group. We missed the Maelström, it is true. That great whirlpool lies more to the south than Henningsvar, and, moreover, has no existence, in fact, at all. It is "located" in the imagination of the civilised world at large, and in the works of Edgar Allan Poe, but nowhere in Norwegian waters. The Maelström of reality is merely a channel between islands, like a hundred others, where the tide runs rapidly during westerly gales in winter; but as for the black, shining vortex, with terrific powers of suction, which whirled irresistibly in all our youthful minds, where did the writers of early geography books expect to go to when they took us all in in that shameful manner? In settled summer weather you may fish in the Maelström, or sail over it, or even bathe in it, I am assured, from a yacht's dingy. But on the other hand, if the Lofoden islands have lost their terrors at the approach of the Cook's Tourist, nothing can strip them of their beauty. The mountains are far bolder, loftier, and of more rugged outline here than on the coast of the mainland, while the vegetation of the lower slopes near the water's edge seems far richer. As we turn into one narrow channel, called the Raftsund, it is bewildering to remember that we are well within the arctic circle. The steamer slows down at half speed that we

may enjoy the spectacle at leisure. The sun glows so warmly that great coats are needless and discarded. The sides of the winding strait are two to three thousand feet in height, covered for the most part with birch woods near the water, and brightened with cascades. Snow gleams on the upper levels in great patches and streaks. We meet another yachting steamer coming the other way, and till we are actually abreast it seems as though there will be barely room for the two to pass one another, so narrow does the channel look by contrast with the height of the mountain banks. This effect culminates when we have got through the Raftsund itself, and have slowly steamed to the end of the loch into which it opens. At the end, as we approach it, we perceive, what is quite imperceptible at a distance, that there is an inlet between mighty granite cliffs into which it is just possible, by very careful steering, to insert the steamer's nose. Her nose once in, the rest of the *Mira's* portly person contrives to follow, and there we are in the Trollfjord—only a few hundred yards long, and a *cul de sac*, but celebrated wherever the beauties of Norway are set down in guide-books. The cliffs, two to three thousand feet high, are fairly perpendicular in places, and the dark green water is glassy smooth. Our guns are fired again, but the crash of sound returned by the vast rock surfaces on both sides, is almost too instantaneous to be recognised as an echo, and the little clouds of smoke hang in the still air as though in an enclosed chamber. It is the Witches' Fjord, one of the officers of the ship explains, endeavouring to translate the Norwegian name, but a Troll is not a witch in Scandinavian mythology—rather a gnome or subhuman entity, who fills the fairy legends of the North with his antics, sometimes mischievous, sometimes merrily good-humoured, and always, when opportunity serves, coloured by a pardonable passion for the fair daughters of men. The Norwegian lover has always to be on his guard against the predatory schemes of the Trolls or Huldremen, and when the beloved maiden has been enticed away by them, must always load his gun with a silver bullet if he hopes to be successful in recovering possession of her. The sympathies of the impartial reader, for that matter, are just as likely to range themselves with the Troll as with the human suitor, for the young lady of the story is always treated

with affectionate consideration in Elfland, and is well provided with cows and jewellery. Sometimes she even rears a young family of half-castes, and her mother is occasionally invited over when a domestic occurrence is expected, but the old lady in such cases must not try to steal Troll secrets that will enable her see into Elfland after she goes back. Total blindness is apt to be the penalty of such aggressive curiosity.

Stappen is another feature of interest within a very little distance of the North Cape. It is a great granite bluff, breasting the arctic sea very near the North Cape, and crowded with sea birds to an extent which all the Norway books talk about, and none of them explain. Why should this particular rock be so extraordinarily fashionable amongst the fowls of the air, when there are hundreds of others near—thousands, I suppose, in a range of not many degrees east and west—just the same to all human observation? But at Glappen the gulls, ducks, and other feathered creatures abound as snowflakes abound in a winter storm. That is the only simile which conveys the actual state of the facts, and it does so exactly. Lying off Glappen, as you look up into the sky it is dotted with innumerable dark specks, as when you look up through a snow shower, and every flake is a bird. The face of the cliff is white with them, and as the steamer lay off their island and fired her guns to disturb them, they rose up from the ledges on which they had perched in clouds. Then a rocket was fired in their direction, but it soared aloft, I was glad to see, and burst harmlessly up in the air. You are forbidden to shoot the birds at Glappen, it appears, as the Norwegian Government desires to preserve the unique character of the place, but it is considered permissible to fire a rocket into the midst of the winged community, and then send a boat on shore to see if any birds had met with an accident. Our boat, however, came back empty-handed, reporting no casualties, and then we steamed on a little further, and without any particular ceremonies to mark the event, became aware of the fact by the slowing of the engines, that the bit of misty headland to our right was the famous cape which turns its back to the whole of Europe, and looks northward to Spitzbergen alone, of all named land.

Of course it was a disappointment, though we tried to make

the best of it, and to assure ourselves that we had come for the sake of the Norwegian scenery, and that after all, it would only have been the same old sun there as in Hyde Park, if we had seen it. What did it signify whether we saw it just then or a day or two hence? And for the rest, we have to remember that even if our own tempers are good, Njörd has a good deal to sour his.

Njörd is a demi-god in these parts, with authority over the wind and the sea, and, unhappily for travellers by sea, he has been unhappy in his married life. His wife Skadi divorced him, and took Uller for her second husband; but the passengers of the *Mira* had no concern in these differences, and it is too bad that Njörd would keep thinking of nothing but his matrimonial troubles during our visit to his territory. Neptune, Aeolus, and those other old friends of our boyhood, have no jurisdiction up here, you will remember. We are in the dominions of the Aesir gods,—Odin, Thor, Balder, and the rest; and always liable to come in for some malicious treatment at the hands of Loké,—the Queen mother of all witches and wickedness. British culture is curiously neglectful of this mighty family of divine beings. How many of us are in any degree forearmed, for instance, by any forwarning against the dangers to which we are exposed from the malignity of the Jotuns, whose capital, surrounded by icebergs, is at Utgard, where Loké reigns. Yet the beneficent gods, with Odin in the chair, meet every day in council, beneath the branches of the great tree Yggdrasil, to deliberate over the affairs of the world, and to guard mankind from the attacks of the Jotuns. Yggdrasil is an enormous ash, which spreads over the whole earth. The stars are the fruit hanging on its upper boughs, and an eagle is seated amongst them, whose piercing eyes see all things; while Nidhogg, the serpent, coils in a deep pool below, and is always gnawing at the roots of the universal tree; and a squirrel makes it his business to be continually running up and down, carrying Nidhogg and the eagle all the ill words which either says of the other. It is a very complicated story, Scandinavian mythology—but when one takes the trouble to comb it out a little, it seems to hint at a purer and loftier symbolism than that disguised in the more voluptuous imagery of the southern Olympus.

ON LUCK.

LUCK is a word that many people dislike. They will have none of it, though they mean the same thing when they speak of good fortune or happy chance ; just as the botanists, when they write learnedly of chlorophyll granules mean green leaf-colouring matter, and as the mathematicians when they use the expression unstable equilibrium, mean what the man in the street describes as top-heavy ; but here, if only for the sake of brevity, the monosyllable will be used.

On the 17th June, 1903, a man, who is wise enough to bet very rarely, had been advised to back Kilcheran for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot ; he began to write out a telegram with that object, and wrote down "Two pounds Ku," when he stopped suddenly and exclaimed, "Funny ! I have put Ku instead of Ki. Is there a horse running whose name begins Ku ?" On being told that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild was running a horse named Kunstler, he said, "Then I'll make it Kunstler instead of Kilcheran," and so his telegram was despatched. Sequel, Kunstler won at 33 to 1, while Kilcheran was nowhere. This is an instance of what may be called luck.

What is luck ? This is a question as easily asked as that propounded by Pilate, What is truth ? and it is just as difficult to answer, for one must first decide what is intended by the particular word. The truth that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, as far as the human mind can conceive, is absolute at all times and in all places, but the truth that it is eight o'clock is limited absolutely to the particular place, for at

Constantinople it is so much earlier or later, and likewise the truth of the statement that Mrs. So-and-so is "not at home," depends entirely upon the meaning of the words "not at home" to the person using them, and to the person to whom they are addressed. Thus Pilate was rather a scientific enquirer than a jester when he asked the question, and he might well have been exonerated from blame for not waiting for an answer, for he doubtless realised that the question bluntly put was incapable of being answered without misunderstanding. Now, in human affairs, to which luck is here confined, it is impossible with any degree of accuracy to distinguish between the *post hoc* and the *propter hoc*, and one cannot say with any definite certainty that *because* one acted in such and such a manner, such and such a result followed. There are, indeed, so many factors outside one's personal influence which come into play, that it is egotistical in the extreme to attribute the result entirely to one's own conduct: "Limits we did not set, condition all we do." Nevertheless, the doctrine of chances, as well as the law of experience, entitles one as a rule to assume that certain effects will follow on certain actions, notwithstanding that there are so many influences and forces at work, those which are known being very likely less numerous than the unknown, and, accordingly, in every exercise of human action or endeavour there must of necessity be ever present a considerable element of risk or chance as to the result; there is, in fact, a kind of parallelogram of forces, the resultant of which is dependent upon their relative magnitude and direction. Not that this should be in any way an excuse for negligence or indifference, but, on the contrary, precisely because the exterior and impersonal influences may be so many and so powerful, should the personal factor and energy be brought to bear with all its greatest possible insistence, in order that it may meet with its desired and intended fruition. The principle should ever be one of endeavour, unceasing and indomitable:

> "In the fell clutch of circumstance
> I have not winced or cried aloud,
> Beneath the bludgeoning of chance
> My head is bloody, but unbowed."

Luck may accordingly be regarded as the creature of the

exterior and quite impersonal forces and causes, whose source and working are alike unknown to us, but still, where one can trace a direct and positive connection between one's own endeavour and energy, whether mental or physical, and the result, there one may, without egotism or pride, refer the result to one's own self, not as being the only force, but at least as the guiding or paramount influence. Thus, to make a great profit by a stock exchange speculation may, or may not, be "luck," according as one's judgment, based on solid grounds and carefully arrived at, was or was not the reason for the speculation being undertaken; but to win a large stake in a lottery or a sweepstakes is "luck," for here there can be no exercise of personal judgment, or physical or mental endeavour, but external and impersonal influences exclusively are concerned. So, too, to take another illustration, the purchase by the late Col. McCalmont of the mare Dead Lock, when carrying Isinglass, that mighty hero of the turf, whose earnings have for more than a dozen years exceeded those of the Lord Chancellor, may have been a pure matter of luck or not, according as he acted merely on impulse or fancy, or as he exercised his judgment and knowledge of horse-breeding. One is therefore led to the conclusion that in the affairs of others it is generally impossible to predicate luck, for the extent of the personal endeavour or energy must be a totally unknown factor; and therefore in all matters, except such as lotteries, one should not and cannot rightly attribute the success of another to luck. It is perhaps but human nature for an unsuccessful person to refer another's success to luck, as thereby he shall make some sort of excuse for his own failure; this, however, is not charitable, but is rather selfish and apologetic, for charity dictates, in Bacon's words, that though outward accidents may conduce much to his prosperity and success, still the mould of a man's fortune is chiefly in his own hands.

To what extent, and how frequently, in his affairs a man may rely upon luck, or, as Matthew Arnold puts it, "lean upon the thought that chance will pull us through," is a question to which each individual must find the answer for himself, according to his own experience and personal character; but with the energetic, earnest man, the rule must be in all matters of any importance to

exercise to his utmost ability his personal force and influence, be it physical or mental, leaving, so far as may be possible, no loop-holes for the shafts of chance to pierce, realising, or at least faintly hoping, that "our own acts for good or ill are mightier powers" than any apparently fortuitous circumstances. But withal, and precisely as he expends his own energy, he should grow to appreciate the force of external and non-human influences, which may, and, indeed, so often do, contribute largely towards the achievement of his aim, and he should learn therefrom not hastily to accuse a less successful brother of negligence or listlessness, but rather with charity to allow that his best and most strenuous endeavours may have been put forth, only to be defeated in their object by this very luck or chance :—

"Life still
Leaves human effort scope,
But, since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope."

Indeed, it may well be that luck is but the fulfilment of the will or decree of the Almighty power, or it may be that it is only a matter of harmony or disharmony with environment or the individual's circumstances, for it can hardly be controverted that, as with certain plants and animals, so with some human beings, their existence is subjected to many disharmonies which are continually acting counter to their aims. So that from whatever point of view the question is regarded, to those whose cup is full of success, humility and gratitude should be a more fitting attitude of mind than uncharitable fault-finding with and condemnation of those whose lot is failure. "Two men shall be working together in a field ; the one shall be taken and the other left."

P. F. ROUSE.

THE INNER MYSTERY OF LUCK.

The injunction with which this little essay concludes,—that people who are very successful in life would be wise to assign some of the merit to a force but indirectly connected with their own activities,—is exceedingly well worth attention. It is profoundly true, to take an illustration from the simplest amongst the phenomena with which luck deals, that great success in

money-making is really attributable in but a minor degree to the industrial virtues which the successful millionaire is so apt to look back upon complacently as the justification of his triumph. That large hearted, generous millionaire, for example, Mr. Carnegie, in a little book he wrote some year or two ago to illuminate the world with information concerning the manner in which he made his fortune, shows us how in his industrious youth, having saved up a few hundred dollars, his official chief, in sympathy with his thrift, showed him how to invest these with advantage, and when in turn the few hundreds had borne fruit, abundant fruit, in many figures per cent., this in turn was invested with equal success in larger undertakings. But no doubt there are hundreds of meritorious youths who started in life at the same time, who worked with the same conscientious rectitude, who saved up their dollars with the same far-sighted self-denial, and whose investments in a short time transformed themselves into withered leaves, like the fairy gifts of the child's story books. Probably without the industrial virtues to help, it is not easy, even for good luck, to pursue the wavering footsteps of those who are idle and improvident, but no one who has any considerable experience of life will fail to realise that the necessary virtues, representing, let us say, some five per cent. of the total result, must be fortified by the other ninety-five per cent. contributed by what the unenlightened observer calls "luck," if any really substantial results are to be expected in the direction of brilliant success. The thrifty, self-denying, industrious worker does not often end his days in that retirement inappropriately called the workhouse, but the wide inequalities to be observed between the bare avoidance of that destiny on the one hand, and the palace in Park Lane on the other, must be assigned, by those who can see below the surface, to the influence of forces so ill understood by the world at large that they can only be catalogued under the heading of the preceding article. The mute inglorious Miltons of Gray's legend would be few compared to the disappointed candidates for wealth and honour whose "luck forbade," although they may not by any means have been "sober" in their wishes with reference to "the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

But must we be driven by these reflections to the forlorn conclusion that the destinies of this world are the product of blind chance, and that filthy lucre must be regarded not merely as unworthy of desire in itself, but as flung about by the Fates with utter indifference as to whether—like the gentle rain of heaven—it falls upon the just or the unjust? No very deep insight into the laws governing human affairs is necessary to emancipate us from the gloom of this dismal conjecture, and if people who triumph as regards their worldly welfare were perfectly clear-sighted, as well as perfectly candid, they might after all claim for themselves a larger share in the merit of their success than can fairly be assigned to that immediate action by which it may seem that the success has been brought about. It is only when we recognise human life as continuous from stage to stage that we begin to grasp the possibility of harmonising what seems at first the mad caprice of Fortune, with the conception of an overruling justice which determines the welfare of each individual according to his desert. It is only in a minute degree that we can assign the successes of commerce to the cleverness or care of those who win them, in so far as their acts in the current life are concerned; but from the point of view of those who can discern the origin of modern happenings in the action of a remote past, we may be quite sure that no one attains to conspicuous success (keeping our thought still on the humble level of worldly circumstance) without having paved the way for that kind of success by his action in a former life. It does not follow that the action in the former life would have been of the kind which for the moment seem productive of results in that category. It may be that unselfish efforts to benefit his fellow-creatures by means of such limited wealth as he may have possessed, will operate in the absence of any causes conflicting with that result, to endow a man in the next life with abundant means available for the gratification of kindly impulses if these persist. Woe to him if the gift of fortune finds him wearied of the old endeavour, but to follow out that thought would necessitate a long digression.

It may be that without any such beautiful a beginning of his triumph the modern millionaire is reaping now the fruit of

intense effort in the direction of accumulating wealth in a former life, though such effort at the time may have seemed to be altogether fruitless. At the time perhaps his current destinies were overshadowed by conditions dated further back still, which for some reason or another made the fruition of his new desire impossible. But if it should become, in that middle life, the main purpose of his existence,—rather a sad state of things to contemplate,—the great law of cause and effect which recognises force whatever may be its moral flavour, just as a magnet will attract a piece of iron whether it will be clean or dirty, will respond to the original desire, indifferent, as it were, for the moment, as to what the ultimate consequences may be.

A correct appreciation of these ideas will not superinduce a condition of mind described as Oriental fatalism. For those who understand the law correctly it will be very apparent that even if the environment and incidents of the current life are mainly attributable, in the way we have discussed, to influences originating in a remote past, at all events, the environment and conditions of the next life to come will be wholly the product of whatever forces our own free will is engendering now. Will, which seems to be free, is sometimes apt to bruise itself in vain against the obstacles it encounters in the pursuit of objects of desire within the limits of any current life, but it is absolutely free as regards the cultivation of that aspiration and desire which is not merely determining the process vaguely described as spiritual growth, but is also moulding the characteristics of the next physical life down to their minutest details.

So, truth to tell, there is nothing more unscientific, nothing more illogical, nothing more irreligious, in the best sense of that word, than the denial of the invisible forces which guide our footsteps, even when we are conscious of them in the least, and which the unenlightened thinker fancies it to be foolish to recognise under the only designation which, in this connection, appeals to his understanding.

AN OCCULT STUDENT.

AN APPEAL TO MY COUNTRYWOMEN.

In the new tide of emigration, which is setting towards the shores of South Africa at the present time, it seems likely that the old colony—the Cape Colony—will be overlooked in favour of our two new possessions, and the coming land of Rhodesia. There are obvious reasons for this, in the greater attractions offered by the new colonies, and the present uneasy condition of matters political at the Cape. Yet it is a great pity that it should be so; for never were English colonists of the right sort more urgently needed than now, in the Cape Colony; and it is much to be desired that some portion of the stream of emigrants should be arrested here, before it can all flow northwards.

Some people have spoken as if the resources of the Cape Colony were already exhausted, but this is quite a mistaken idea. Although it has been in our possession for a hundred years, it has never yet been developed as it might be. The dead weight of Dutch Conservatism—to give it a mild name—together with an endless succession of native and Boer wars, has been a continual hindrance to that rapid progress of which other, purely English colonies, can boast with justifiable pride. Capital, enterprise, and population are just as much needed here as in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, and would bring, I am convinced, an equal meed of wealth and prosperity in their train.

The vast Karoos of the Cape Colony are not deserts; their soil, under favourable conditions, is as fertile as any in the world. It requires two things, permanent water, and trees; a judicious application of capital and industry combined could soon produce

both, and would earn a rich reward. There is little doubt, moreover, that mineral wealth exists beneath the soil of almost every part of South Africa; but capital and enterprise are again required to discover where it lies in paying quantities, and to bring it to light.

But the plea which I wish to put forward in this present article is not only, or chiefly, for English men to work the country, but for English women, to help to fill the country with an English population, which, after all, is the one thing needful for the Cape Colony.

The uneasy condition of Cape politics at the present juncture, and the peculiar behaviour of the Cape Government, have their cause in the underlying fact of the tremendous preponderance of the Dutch element over the English in the population. And this preponderance is mainly due to the frequent marriages of English men with Dutch women.

"But," observed a friend to me the other day, "will not intermarriage prove, in the end, one of the most potent factors in the amalgamation of the two races?" I venture to think not. In the first place, it is apparent that intermarriage has done little or nothing so far towards amalgamation. For the two races have always intermarried freely, and yet the line of cleavage is almost more marked now than ever before.

The reason is not far to seek. It is simply the old, universal truism, that in childhood and early youth, in the most impressionable years of life, the mother's influence is always the strongest; and for one English woman who marries a Dutchman, there are twenty Englishmen who marry Dutchwomen.

In the comparatively rare instances where an English-woman marries a Dutchman, the children have a chance of being brought up in English ways, and of learning to speak English; unless, as sometimes happens, the wife makes up her mind to go over entirely to her husband's nationality. It depends, then, into which side of the scale her influence is thrown. But in the numerous instances where an Englishman marries a Dutchwoman, it is almost invariably the case that the children are brought up altogether as Dutch children, speak Dutch habitually, speak English, if they learn it, with a Dutch accent, and are

imbued from babyhood with Dutch ideas, manners, and customs. When they grow up, they marry Dutchmen and Dutchwomen, and in two generations you would not know that the family had ever had a drop of English blood in their veins. To this rule I know, personally, of but one exception. Scores of purely English families have in this manner become wholly Dutch, even corrupting their surname to a Dutch form, in the course of the last fifty or sixty years; and many of these, I regret to add, are among the most disloyal of our fellow-subjects.

I may observe, in passing, that although the Dutchwomen have the reputation of being more bitterly prejudiced against us than the men, I have never yet met anyone who knows a single instance of a Dutchwoman refusing to marry an Englishman. I have even been told that a Dutchwoman never refuses an offer of marriage at all! It is certainly the rarest thing possible to meet with an unmarried Dutchwoman over thirty. I have never met one, but I am told that there is one to be found in this district.

What is urgently required, then, in South Africa generally, but in the Cape Colony especially, at the present time, is a population not only of Englishmen to develope the country, but of Englishwomen to leaven the rising generation with English ideas, and to provide English wives, who will bring up English children in English ways. It is by far the best means—I believe myself it is the only means—of securing a permanent English population sufficient to ensure the progress and prosperity of the country.

I plead, therefore, with my countrywomen at home—with those who are independent of home ties, who have to earn, or prefer to earn, their own livelihood, who have health and energy, and are able to do without luxuries—with such I plead to come out here, to the Cape Colony, and help to make this portion of the Empire ours in fact, as well as in name. Their power to do it is greater than they know; and if their own eyes do not see the reward, their children, and their children's children shall reap it in the days to come. The duties and the burdens of Empire fall not only on the men of the Empire, but on the women also; and if they do not take up their share now, it will be the first time in history that they have failed to do so.

I should like to add a few words about the conditions of life and work out here for women in the country districts; for it is in the country that English colonists are so badly needed, more than in the towns, which have the greater attractive powers common to towns all over the world.

There are three articles which form a necessary part of every woman's stock-in-trade when emigrating to a colony. The first is, I need hardly say, reasonably good health. There is no more fatal mistake than for men or women in delicate health and poor circumstances to come out to this country, as so many have done, to earn their living. The beneficial effects of the climate, which is undoubtedly a fine one, especially for consumptives, are more than counterbalanced by the homesickness, the absence of friends, and accustomed comforts, and the strain of being obliged to work, with the dread always overhanging of breaking down, being ill, and dying in a strange land, six thousand miles from home.

The second desideratum is a small sum of money, sufficient to start a new enterprise, or to live upon for two or three months, until satisfactory employment is found. And the third is a contented mind.

Given these, and a real capacity for work, life in our up-country villages and towns can be made much more than tolerable for those who are content with necessaries and simple comforts, and with pleasures, which, if also simple, are easily to be had. Those who require electric lights, hot and cold water laid on night and day, a post every hour, and a railway station next door, will of course be dissatisfied; I can only advise them to remain where such things are obtainable.

As regards society, my own experience is that there are nice people to be found everywhere, and in every community there is at least a sprinkling of English people. No lady, whatever her occupation, would be excluded from any society that was to be had. No one would dream of looking down upon her because she was, for instance, a needlewoman, or a "lady-help"—and there are many openings for such in our small towns and villages.

A colony is the most practical democracy in the world.

Farm life is more solitary, but it is by no means always dull;

and for those who become enamoured of the veld, it possesses a charm which no other life can offer.

In two words, the life is simple and laborious; but I am glad to think that there are many women to whom, as to myself, that means happiness rather than the reverse; who can forego some of the conveniences of modern civilisation without being either bored or shocked; and who would be content to feel that they were doing what they could, each one in her own place, towards building up the structure of English rule and English liberty, by swelling the numbers of loyal English subjects, in this restless and troubled portion of our dominion.

I repeat once more, the beginning and end of all our wants, the simple solution of all our problems, in the Cape Colony, is an English population. Had we that, we could soon work out our own salvation without troubling anyone; without it, the Cape Colony will never be a contented and prosperous portion of the British Empire.

ANNA HOWARTH

THE SUBJECT, AND ITS TREATMENT IN ART.

By Beatrice Brooksbank.

"It seems to me that the essential point to insist on now-a-days is the *Subject* of a work of Art." So wrote Mr. Frederick Harrison in the July number of the *Fortnightly Review*. Of many subjects that he named, he said some might be honest pieces of handiwork, but these were not art. He required some *impressive trait* in the subject, be the subject what it might; Beggar boy, Sand-hill or Sheepcote, before it could be artistic. Now how strange that Mr. Harrison did not see how he contradicted himself. He insists on subjects being the one thing essential to a work of art, and he goes on to prove it by showing that it is treatment that is the important matter, and not subject at all. Not the subject of Beggar Boy but the impressive *trait* of Beggar Boy he says, is important, which is really the treatment of Beggar Boy. It is treatment which makes the picture either an honest piece of handiwork, or else transforms it into a work of art. The only essential point to insist on, in Art and Literature is Treatment. Subject is neither here nor there, it is of no consequence, it does not matter.

And yet whatever we hear or read in connection with books or pictures, has nearly always relation to Subject. Mr. Balfour believes that subjects for novels are getting used up. If his complaint were true, it is not that subjects are being used up, but that brains are. For variety and novelty depend on Treatment, and Treatment consists of Brain and Hand, of Conception and Expression. The question to be put is this: Does the painter o

writer conceive his idea poetically, artistically? Has he an inner soul, and has he the technical power to convey that inner soul through delicate craft of manipulation of brush or pen?

If he has these he produces artistic work. The difference between "Othello" and the most ordinary melodrama will be found to be in the way Shakespeare *treated* the subject of jealousy. How an artist gets an idea at all we shall probably never know. How do we get our own ideas? Something stimulates the brain, something fuses itself in the crucible of the artist's brain, and he paints his picture or writes his poem. The thing that stimulates the writer may be, according to "La Fontaine," anything—"a chimera—nothing at all." But whatever it is, we must remember, when we talk of subject—that what we really mean is an expression of some conception of the artist's brain and soul. The result, whether noble or ignoble depends on that alone; the subject is neither worthy or worthless, neither better or worse. Literature is one long example of the value of treatment.

Any one who has ever belonged to a painting club where a subject is given to be treated by the members, will know what extraordinary differences in treatment are the results. In ordinary matters our conceptions are much influenced by other people's—so much so that they are often very much alike, and we appropriate, as it were, one conception and call it the subject. But an artist comes along, and gives us such a different conception, that we call it another subject.

Let us think for a moment of the different conceptions of *murder*. If they are historical they may be the popular representations of the murder of the Duc de Guise, or of David Rizzio, and so on; but the most ordinary and general conceptions will probably be connected with police courts and newspapers, and shouts of boys (now happily modified), and sensational posters and fearful details, or else of some thrilling scene in a popular melodrama. But the artist will so paint murder that Ruskin shall say of it: "It is the finest picture in the Academia of Venice"—Cain killing Abel—by Tintoretto. It is merely a different conception of murder from that of the newspaper or melodrama, but people call it a different subject because it is differently presented.

The Crucifixion was a public execution painted when art was the handmaid of religion. There had been trial, sentence, execution. The thieves were executed also. It was a religious conception of an execution in days when religious feeling was embodied in art, and this helped to produce such a different conception, such a completely varied treatment from that of a modern newspaper description or woodcut of hanging a criminal in a jail, that people call it a different subject. It is no such thing; anyone who can analyse the Crucifixion will see it is a different conception. It is quite possible the subject of a public execution might have been eliminated as unsuitable by people who believe that there are subjects unfit for representation in art, but if it were, *all* the pictures of the Crucifixion, of Rubens, Sidoma, and other old masters would have to be eliminated. It is the artist who has to show us how the idea can be expressed. It is not the *what* that matters, it is the *how*.

In Cruickshank's disgusting illustrations of "The Bottle" series, his mind was full of ordinary conceptions of drunkenness, of degraded human beings. But let the lover and creator of Beauty touch the idea, the Greek artist, whether sculptor or poet, and what is the result. The sculptor gives us the half divine beauty of the frienzied Dionysius, the wild grace of the Bacchantes, the sinuous, delicate curves of the drunken Faun, the unquenchable loveliness and passionate abandon of the Bacchanalian dance, as can be seen any day on a Greek vase in the British Museum. Beauty, rhythm, grace and movement are in every line of the Greek figures, in Euripides play of the Bacchae, in Professor Gilbert Murray's translation; a different conception of drunkenness truly from Cruickshank's, but not a different subject.

It is easy to multiply examples. There are many baby pictures in every academy exhibition more or less pretty, twaddling, and trivial, of the "Say Please" and "Peep-bo, Mother" order, and, indeed, the Baby picture, particularly delightful as it is to its relatives, is weighing heavily on us artistically. Mr. Frederic Harrison some time ago seriously condemned it as a subject. He did not realise when he condemned it as a *subject*, that he was condemning Raphael, Perugino and Bellini, and Botticelli and Luini, and Leonardo da' Vinci and Holbein,

and the greatest pictures of the greatest artists who have given us the Madonna and Child over and over again, painters who have not painted merely a child dangling a cherry, but a little St. John offering a fruit to the child Christ.

These pictures of the Madonna and Child are pictures of a baby and a mother, true baby pictures with a difference—*i.e.*, the difference of *treatment*, difference in the brain that conceived, as well as in the hand that painted.

The difference between the Sistine Madonna of Raphael and the most trivial baby picture in the academy is simply in treatment, in conception and expression. We see here how very little its subject has to do with the worth of a picture, and yet many believe that, given two pictures of equal artistic merit, one of a human being and the other say of an animal, the representation of the human being must necessarily make a nobler picture. But this is not true to fact. The value and charm of a picture depends on what it suggests rather than what it obviously reveals. In Holman Hunt's two pictures of "Claudio and Isabella" and "The Pot of Basil," he suggests a high and passionate morality, and love, sorrow and death by human representations. In the "Scapegoat" he suggests with equal force the awful tragedy of sin by the absence of all trace of humanity. The pausing, terrified, dying animal, far from all human succour, left to endure the most lingering of deaths in the sands of the desert, touches us the more from the fact that humanity is *not* represented, indeed the whole meaning of the picture would have been lost if man as well as animal were introduced into it; of the three pictures "The Scapegoat" is the best known, and it is at all events popular.

In the Angelus of Millet, which is full of suggestions indeed! the bell raises in the minds of the devout listening toilers the adoration which lifts them above the degraded conditions of beasts of burden. Could Millet have moved us equally without those exquisite figures in that exquisite landscape? He could, for he has. In his pastel of "The Flight of the Crows" there is no figure in sight, nothing but ploughed land stretching away to the horizon, a square tower of a village church—against it the evening sky, a plough, a harrow lying idle—over all the flight of the crows. What subject can be more unprofitable to an ordinary conception? Yet the picture, without figures or call to

prayer, is as breathless with adoration as the Angelus, breathless with all the mystery of toil and destiny! Man is not visible, but the picture is more human, utters itself in a more poignant language than any study of nature one can recall.

And the inanimate can be so treated as to raise the soul to its utmost heights of emotion and adoration. The Spanish, French and English cathedrals have been painted with the genius of insight into the possibilities, for art, of these poems in stone. The interiors with their mysteries of gloom and colour, the exteriors glowing with mosaics or bewildering with the beauty of their carved figures—animals and plants, the exquisite form and richness of these magnificent conceptions—what are they but treatment of stone? Shelley wrote one of his most exquisite sonnets on "two vast and trunkless legs of stone:"

> "Nothing beside remains; round the decay
> Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
> The lone and level sands stretch far away."

Two broken legs of stone, a shattered face, almost returned to the formless stone out of which it was hewn—an inscription: "My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings: Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair,"—and the illimitable sand which would soon cover it all; these fragments, and Shelley's brain,—result, a divine poem.

It is quite true that Lessing, the great art critic, said there were subjects that could not be represented in sculpture—even though they might be capable of representation in literature—subjects of movement, for instance, ecstasies of feeling, and so on. But critics, however great, are very human, and not infallible; they judge by what has been done. Difficulty gets to appear to them as an inherent necessity. A subject, it is true, may be suggested differently in marble from what it would be in painting, or literature, or music; but how it will be represented depends on the conception of the artist—on the brain of the sculptor. It is they who must give us the how. And dogmas about art from critics who are not artists are always open to revision. Rodin, for example, in his power of conveying movement and force, has given us ideas of the possibilities of sculpture that Lessing never had. It must be remembered,

when certain objectors say that there are subjects totally unfit for representation in art, such as physical and mental degradation, animalism and decay, that it is the objector's conceptions which are impossible. The artist does not reveal the objector's conceptions, but suggests his own. Walt Whitman did so in his own way. And sometimes the artist does it with haze and mystery, with atmosphere and cloud, as in Martin's picture of Hell, where there is none of the grotesque and obscene devilry of some of the earlier Italian frescoes. These suggest merely disgust, but the greater artist suggests horror. Has anyone given so terrible and yet so shadowy a representation of eternal horror in literature as James Thompson in "The City of Dreadful Night." It is a loathsome hell of shuddering despair, and it is so terrible because of its intangibility, its mystery and its fearful suggestiveness. The horror is the horror of the artist, even if morbid, but a yet more formidable crux than anything real is the artificial, the modern outcome of millinery, the fashionable woman as such. In an old book, "Thorndale or the Conflict of Opinion," by William Smith, there is this paragraph: "The most effective antidote against the poetic mood is the presence of a fashionable woman. Before the beautiful woman you kneel and adore. Enter the fashionable lady, you rise and bow." In literature the fashionable woman has been treated artistically. Thackeray has given us Ethel Newcome, and he elicits pathos from her very fashion! "A generous nature and nothing but the world to fill it, a brave intellect and the fiddle faddle of the Court for its sole existence," etc., etc.

No one can deny that in Ethel Newcome Thackeray has treated fashion artistically. She had a generous nature and a brave intellect, she was a woman of heart and brain as well as of fashion. But we do not see much of bravery of intellect or generosity of nature on the eternal simper or crushing scorn of fashion plate faces. Among *Painters*, who has given us artistically the fashion plate? Vandyck, Romney, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many another have given us beautiful women, fashionably dressed—they have not given us the fashion plate. Poets and painters have given us nature and art. Who has sung of, or

painted the artificial, the garden party, or the flower show millinery? *Frith* has sunk us into depths of costume at railway stations, we have seen boatloads of fashionably dressed women at Thames locks—but where has millinery had its *artist*?

It has had it. Real millinery, with the wearer's faces as vacuous of all meaning, as the green lawn on which they are sitting is devoid of shade.

The beautiful Sèvres china figures of Watteau are delicate and gracious in every line and shade of colour. No vulgarity of hoop, patch, or convention but is transformed by his inimitable rendering into something of rare and quaint artistic beauty. Watteau's art is the apotheosis of millinery, it is a triumph, for it is not humanity Watteau represents, but the clothes humanity wears. This is truly a striking example of the importance of treatment. And English art has had its triumph; it has poetised by artistic treatment not only the hansom cab, but Carter Paterson's or Pickford's van. Herbert Marshall has painted a dark, stormy evening, with the high Clock Tower and the graceful outlines of the Houses of Parliament swathed in grey of dense rain. Against these, toiling up the wide street, looms a great dark bulk, which we can just see is an enormous van of massive structure, with a sitting form guiding the dimly outlined horses. Above, a glorious break in the clouds and a red streak of sunset glow in the west, giving the one strong point of colour in the rain-soaken atmosphere; the wet streets reflecting in a subdued manner the colour of the sky. This was van artistically treated, this was the apotheosis of van.

The hot mid-day becomes in poetry and art as poetic and artistic as the early dawn or sunset hues, as we may see in the treatment of Mrs. Barrett Browning in poetry, and of Carl Heag in painting, and in many other artists.

No one, then, can say of any subject that it is unfitted for representation, for no one can foretell the future conceptions of all brains. All we can say is: No artist has yet shown us that it can be treated artistically. And when we hear all round us complaints of paucity of subjects, and comparisons between the worth or worthlessness of subjects, let us say: Subject availeth nothing; it is treatment of subject that is of importance in art and litera-

ture, and the worth of his work depends on the nature of the conceptions the artist has.

It may be well to remember, too, that our own conceptions may influence the artist, if only indirectly. We may be to some extent responsible for the vulgar portraits, the baby pictures, the trivial conventionalities that abound in our exhibitions, and the more if it is true that the artist is mainly a product of his own generation. If we are common-place we may injure a sensitive nature. Matthew Arnold said Gray could not speak out because of his century, and we may think it was Gray's fault for being such a poor creature, and perhaps it was. But poets *are* poor creatures in that sense of the word. They are abnormally sensitive, and alive to the influences around them, and are encouraged or stifled by them. In cultivating and ennobling our own conceptions we may aspire to the privilege of being able to appreciate an artist when he is at his best, and not at his worst.

BEATRICE BROOKSBANK.

CHRISTMAS.

How far the sentiments of genial good-will and charity associated with the season of Christmas, may be regarded as having been developed under the influence of Charles Dickens, may be a question, the mere statement of which perhaps exaggerates the influence of that popular teacher. But at all events, if the modern world correctly appreciated the significance of the season, it might be regarded as having a deeper meaning as encouraging fraternal unity with mankind at large, than even that which it is peculiarly supposed to represent amongst Christian people. Of course those who merely endeavour to investigate the origins of Christmas by research that may be carried out with the help of an Encyclopedia, will be aware of the fact that the 25th of December is a date artificially selected as that which should be kept as the anniversary of the sacred birth. Some uncertainty exists as to the precise period at which the date was actually agreed upon, Authorities, anxious to push back the recognition of Christmas day as far as possible, claim that traces of it may be found as far back as the time of the Emperor Commodus, in the second century, but the most likely story seems to be that in the fourth century Pope Julius I ordered an investigation as regards the presumable date of the nativity, and that the bishops who carried out this research agreed upon the 25th of December.

All recent critics are alive to the fact that the selection could not correspond with the actual facts, because our Christmas period is the rainy season in Judæa when shepherds could not have been

watching their flocks by night. But on the other hand the bishops of the 4th century may have been wiser than their modern critics and may have chosen the 25th of December for the very reason that the date had been accepted as one of sacred significance by a great many religious systems long before Christianity was thought of. Corresponding with the winter solstice, the 25th of December has everywhere, from the earliest ages, been recognised as the birth-day of the Sun. From that day onward his light increases or at all events does so in the northern hemisphere with which alone the religions either of ancient or modern times have been concerned. Solar worship having coloured all Pagan mythology, the birthdays of Adonis, Bacchus, Osiris, and Apollo were all fixed for the same favourite date. In Williamson's important work, "The Great Law; a Study of Religious Origins," it is shown that the birth of Horus in Egypt was celebrated on the 25th of December, and that in Persia the birth of the Sun-god Mithra, "known also by the name of Tseur, or Saviour," was celebrated at the winter solstice. And those who are interested in tracing the evolution of religious ideas take note that the Iranians probably borrowed the name of their mediator, Mithras, from that of Mithra, an Indian deity, recognised in some of the earliest hymns of the Rig Veda.

And if we cross the Ocean and study the religious tradition of Yucatan we shall find the Aztecs celebrating their new year at dates approximating to that of our Christmas day, while farther interesting resemblances are to be discerned in the legend that Quetzalcoatl was ushered into this world by a miraculous birth after which his mother was translated to Heaven, anticipating the assumption of the Virgin Mary. But for that matter all the demi-gods of antiquity are invested with the glory of an immaculate birth, and the legends connected with the birth of Buddha prefigure those of the Christian period so exactly, that some ancient Indian pictures of Maya and her off-spring could take the place, in any Roman Catholic collection, as representations of the Virgin and child. Indeed, both Isis and Ceres have been dignified as "holy Virgins," and a divine infant is to be discovered in the traditions of almost every pre-Christian religion.

So the season we are approaching ought not to be regarded

merely as encouraging the sentiment of unity within Christian realms, but as pointing to the wisdom of an even wider human sympathy which may help to dispel the last traces of that narrow exclusiveness by which the folly of theologians has tainted the beautiful simplicity of the primitive Christian faith. Indeed it may be suggested that people are only half Christian who fail to understand the links of association which connect the Christian system with earlier religious ideas. For example, we read in the book already referred to, "The Great Law," "The close likeness between the birth-story of Krishna, the Hindu Saviour, and that of the Saviour worshipped by Christendom, has already been referred to, as well as the remarkable similarities in the life episodes of the two. According to some authorities, who in other respects may be considered reliable, there also exists an exact parallel in the mode of their death, for we shall come across many cases in the course of this investigation in which crucifixion is supposed to have been the form of death undergone by the Saviour. It is, of course, superfluous to remark that probably not one of the world's Saviours actually suffered death upon a cross. It was owing to the very significant and sacred character of the cross symbol (which will be fully dealt with later on) that crucifixion gradually came to be the recognised form of death which the Saviour must necessarily have undergone."

And, again :—"There is another incarnation of Vishnu called Wittoba or Balaji. He is represented in the form of a Roman crucifix, but not fixed to the cross, though there is a nail-hole through the feet, and the legs and feet are in the position of one crucified. He wears a pointed coronet or mitre, and there appears to be a glory over him coming from above. In one icon or image of Wittoba there is a hole in his side, and on his breast hangs a heart. He is said to be "reborn on the tree of life." There is a picture of this "man crucified in space," as the Hindu sacred books call it, in Moor's "Pantheon" (Plate 98)."

In almost every religion, moreover, the Saviour, who is slain, arises again from the dead. Thus the death of Thammuz-Adonis in Babylon is annually bewailed for three days, after which there follows a day of rejoicing over his resurrection, and "the worship

of Adonis was practised by the Semitic peoples of Syria, from whom it was borrowed by the Greeks at least as early as the fifth century before Christ. The name Adonis is the Phoenician Adon, "lord" . . . . At Byblus the death of Adonis was annually mourned with weeping, wailing, and beating of the breast; but next day he was believed to come to life again, and ascend up to heaven in the presence of his worshippers."

The study of these correspondences need not in any way weaken the interest or reverence with which intelligent Christians regard symbols that ignorant representatives of that faith have supposed to be peculiarly their own. On the contrary such symbols ought to be regarded as having all the greater value when recognised as universal in their application. Anyhow, whether people are alive to the fact or not, the season we are approaching is the most widely sanctioned of all religious festivals that have ever been devoted to the stimulation of devotional sentiment.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE two great speeches delivered last month by the Prime Minister and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, throw a searching light upon some of the most contemptible aspects of the party system. The questions of real vital interest for the country which have to be settled at the next General Election, turn entirely upon the long-standing antagonism between the principles of *laisser faire* and protection. *Laisser faire*,—the principle of letting things slide,—is dignified by those who are prepared to let them slide to destruction, if only the present government can be turned out, by the ludicrously inappropriate term "Free Trade." The policy of guiding the British consumer to give his custom as far as possible to his own countrymen rather than to let them starve if he can save a halfpenny by buying what he wants abroad, is covered by the old-fashioned word "Protection." But simply because this has been discredited in the ears of a multitude unable to see below the surface, Mr. Balfour shies at the use of the word, and repudiates the idea of being a Protectionist. Throughout his speech and throughout the later address by the leader of the Opposition, the hugely important problems at stake are utterly neglected; no word is uttered on the one side to promote the proper comprehension of the advantages that would ensue from a skilful use of the tariff, on the other side there is no pretence of appealing to intelligence on behalf of the free trade idea; nothing but gibes and sneers directed against the enemy, while each great speaker equally endeavours to ridicule his adversary for concealing his future intentions, and sedulously devotes himself, by

raising clouds of language, to the supremely important purpose of concealing his own. Mr. Balfour's address is, of course, by far the more dignified of the two under notice. The Opposition leader seems to aim rather at provoking the laughter of a popular audience than at securing the respect of those among the cultured classes who may read the reports of his eloquence. But the system to which all British politicians are subordinate is one which degrades those subject to its influence, and forbids us to expect either in Parliament or on the platform any illumination of great public questions by the light of reason. Results are to be determined by the extent to which one or other of the party leaders can most successfully mislead the stupid populace that votes.

In so far as Mr. Balfour's speech related to military and naval concerns, he deals with problems which, for that matter, neither the stupid populace nor the cultured classes outside the circle of expert knowledge are really qualified to appreciate. For the following criticisms under this head we are indebted to Major-General Sir Alfred Turner.

"Mr. Balfour, in his Newcastle speech on the 14th November, held out but little hope to the taxpayers, the weight of whose burdens have well nigh reached the limit of toleration, that his ministry would do anything to reduce the present enormous expenditure upon the Army and Navy.

"The following figures are of intense interest, as showing the present colossal sums spent on different services of the State. In every instance it will be seen that the increase under the present Government has been immense. The figures are taken from a return of gross Departmental expenditure presented to Parliament on the 4th May, 1905, upon the application of Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, M.P.:—

	1894—5.	1904—5.	Estimated. 1905—6.
Army ...	£21,653,000	£37,833,000	£37,093,000
Navy ...	£18,550,000	£42,029,000	£40,282,000
Civil Services	£19,319,000	£27,898,000	£28,915,000
Revenue Departments	£13,831,000	£20,588,000	£21,488,000

"Mr. Balfour, as regards the army, soared up to the extreme height of optimism, and made the extraordinary assertion that there never was a ten years in which the British army has so increased in numbers, in efficiency, in preparedness, and immediate preparedness for war. Is he aware that there were in the South African war 131 cases of surrender by bodies of regular British troops to the Boers, besides numerable other regrettable incidents. Such surrenders are without record in the annals of the British army. Lord Roberts, who perhaps even Mr. Balfour will allow, probably knows better what an army is, and what an army should be, than a civilian whose practical knowledge of such matters is nil, has told the nation that the army is not one jot or tittle better prepared for war than it was in 1899, when the enemy were enormously inferior to us in numbers, and untrained, undisciplined farmers. Yet Mr. Balfour has said that we never carried on such a great war before, or emerged from one with greater success! Proh, pudor! The prime minister is a very able and gifted man, but his sense of proportion and knowledge of the military history of this country appear to be in inverse proportion to his intellectual powers.

"Less than two years ago Mr. Arnold Forster declared that the condition of the Army constitutes a grave danger to the Empire, that it is not what our necessities demand; that it is not scientifically organised, that a great part of it is unfit for war, and, further, that this Army, imperfectly prepared, wasteful in its methods, and unsatisfactory in its results, is one of the most costly machines ever devised. I do not pretend to say that hyperbole does not lie among those flowers of rhetoric, but they do honestly give a picture of the Army at the present time, and it is deplorable that the Prime Minister should make such absurdly optimistic and misleading statements about the condition of the Army, which would be dangerous, only that the public is well aware of the condition of things which really exists in respect to it."

By many lectures and writings Sir Oliver Lodge is contributing to enlighten the modern mind concerning the importance of that which may broadly be described as ultra-physical knowledge. And if those who have long been concerned with the

investigation of such knowledge are sometimes inclined to smile at the caution with which he advances, on the whole, probably, it is all the better as regards the ultimate effect to be produced on the average mind that he should halt, as he does, only a little way across the frontiers of the unfamiliar region—encouraging those who may follow him with the belief that they are boldly venturing to explore an undiscovered country, even though, as a matter of fact, it has really been mapped and surveyed by a multitude of predecessors, and made the subject of guide books almost as detailed as those which Baedeker issues for the benefit of tourists in Switzerland.

One day last month Sir Oliver addressed a meeting at Oxford on psychical research and its bearing on science and religion. He spoke of having been much impressed during a recent visit to France with the interest in psychical investigation displayed there by leading men. And he thought that in this country the occurrences with which they were concerned would shortly attract more public attention. The comicality of this remark has to do with the obvious interpretation of the circumstances out of which it arose. In France, no doubt, Sir Oliver would be in touch with the present President of the Society for Psychical Research, Professor Richet, and thus would have been cognisant of the French activities with which Prof. Richet is concerned. He has been less intimately acquainted with similar work which has been going on in this country for the last 30 or 40 years, and is thus imperfectly cognisant of the fact that the work done here in the investigation of occurrences belonging to the category of superphysical phenomena, has been enormously greater than any corresponding work yet done in France. But no doubt the audience he addressed was even less acquainted with the English literature relating to spiritualism and occult research than he himself, and thus would be favourably impressed with the idea that merely in listening to such a lecture as that which he gave, they were taking a step which placed them in the vanguard of progressive knowledge.

But even though Sir Oliver, either by intention or by some strange neglect on his own part to make himself acquainted with the work done by his predecessors in the task of psychical inquiry,

lays down what may be called a poor foundation for his later argument, the argument itself is very forcibly presented. Every great religion, he points out, has laid emphasis on the power of man to develop his spiritual nature, "while two of the greatest religions claim that the development of man's spiritual nature enhanced his power over the material world." And he went on to suggest that the results of exploration in the regions of psychical phenomena would bring about an age of religion in which "divorced from superstition, and allied to instructive and progressive knowledge, it would become a vivifying influence for the masses of humanity." The remark is infinitely more suggestive as regards the negative it implies than in reference to its positive prediction. For want of investigating those mysteries of nature, which its own apathy, or, perhaps, its worldly selfishness, has precluded it from dealing with, the Church (not meaning any one church in particular, but ecclesiasticism in general) has allowed that which passes for religion in the orthodox world to become entangled with superstition, and alienated from progressive knowledge. Enlarged views of the universe, Sir Oliver affirmed, were already common property, and higher conceptions, "already looming in the future," would surely awaken in man "some sense of his hope and destiny."

Certainly the contradictions of modern thinking are not a little amusing in the sight of the critical observer. On the one hand we are familiar with the floods of lip service bestowed upon the system which the clerical hierarchy represents. On the other hand when men of distinguished intellectual culture are speaking under some sense of responsibility, to cultured and intellectual audiences, they calmly take for granted that the whole volume of clerical teaching is a negligible quantity as regards their inner belief in matters transcending the existence of the body, and that the possibility of engendering some hope concerning continued existence after death, turns on the possibility of acquiring information along a new avenue of research. One cannot call the conventional attitude of mind hypocritical, it is too good humoured, too motiveless to be that. But while the doctrines taught by the churches remain at this date pretty nearly identical with those, for example, prevalent in the 16th century, the change in the

attitude of the public mind in reference to them, represents all the difference between fervent conviction and mere tolerant complaisance.

THE man of science dealing with the possibilities of religious development claims our serious attention. When we turn to the public pronouncements of bishops, we come in touch with the amusing aspects of the subject. Even when he makes no pronouncements at all a bishop can hardly fail to exhibit ludicrous characteristics. As one of the leading representatives of a religion especially devoted to emphasising the moral beauty of poverty, self-denial, and indifference to worldly grandeur, the bishop with his palace, his title, and his large income, is a living absurdity, the character of which can hardly be completely disguised, even when the individual bishop, as a man, may have many personal claims to respect. But when a bishop seems to think that as a bishop he is *ex officio* an authority worth respect as an exponent of spiritual truth, he is bound to be more amusing than ever. The Bishop of London in the course of an address to the Women's Diocesan Association last month, devoted himself to an attack on Christian Science as a "gigantic heresy," and lectured his audience as to what they ought to believe in reference to the connection between religious faith and healing. And he taught them by means of a parable. He gave them a narrative concerning his own all but miraculous achievement in dealing with a lady whom he knew, and whom he found in a state of moral collapse through terror at the prospect of a surgical operation she had to undergo. Her physicians realised that in that state of mind the operation would be perilous in the extreme. The Bishop spent with her "a sacred half hour," and so invigorated her religious faith that she walked from her room to the operating table without a quiver. "The surgeons exclaimed: 'What has the Bishop of London done to you?' She replied in simple straight-forward words: 'Something which none of you could have done.'" The listeners to the story as told by the bishop may have thought she might have added: "Which none of you, if you could have done it, would have been vainglorious enough to boast of."

According to the Bishop, Christian Science should confine itself to a meek imitation of his example. It may talk to its patients, but then it must leave them to the doctor. When it goes beyond this it is converting a real truth into a gigantic heresy. But the region of the gigantic heresy is that which contains the whole volume of experience to which the success of Christian Science is due. Nothing in the nature of criticism of that movement could be more doubly irrational than the Bishop's declaration. As far as mere talk goes the Christian Scientists are the despair of those who desire to sympathise with them. As far as their achievements are concerned—in the nature of actually accomplishing cures that seem all but miraculous—they are entitled to a wondering admiration, the limits of which it is difficult to define. The Bishop of London himself could not provide the world with a more entangled scheme of theology than that imposed upon the Christian Scientists by the marvellous personal influence of the founder of their Church. But the collective doings of her disciples represent a body of phenomena concerned at once with physiology and psychic science, than which there are few conspicuous facts presented to the world by modern experience that are more profoundly worthy of attention nor more exactly the reverse of being "heretical," resting as they do on the solid foundation of actual occurrence.