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LETTERS FROM THE NEXT WORLD.

BY THE LATE LORD CARLINGFORD.

THE strange heading under which this article appears will, of course, excite bewildered incredulity on the part of many otherwise cultivated people, who, unhappily for themselves, remain still in ignorance of the fact that communication between this world and the next is perfectly possible, when favourable conditions exist. The present state of affairs in reference to this supremely important fact would be ludicrous in its absurdity if it were not so grievous. Millions of spiritualists throughout the world are familiar, through constant experience, with the possibility that friends and relations who have undergone the change called death, may still be in touch with them—may be able to describe the new lives they are leading and the general character of that next world, supposed by the blindfolded multitude to be shrouded in impenetrable mystery, even if it has any real existence at all, which for perhaps most of them is a very doubtful hypothesis. And the blindfold multitude shut their ears to the testimony of their more enlightened contemporaries, as resolutely as they close their eyes, and keep on repeating—"nobody can see; no one has anything to report!"

Of course the millions of people in the next world who are in touch with their friends still in this are very often no more intelligent than the average mortal amongst ourselves, and when vapid or foolish utterances from "the other side" are caught up and repeated, people who cling to incredulity for one reason or another, eagerly declare,—"it must be all nonsense, for the alleged spirits never have anything to say worth hearing."

There lies the greatest delusion of all. Books, in ever increasing number, disprove the assertion, although it is true that as yet even the devotees of spiritualistic research are too often content with communications, which, however genuine, in the sense of not being contaminated by dishonesty on the part of mediums, are, none the less, by no means what they seem. Those who might be capable of improving and purifying the methods of spiritualistic research if they gave themselves to that all important duty, stand aloof from the work, by reason either of individual dulness of understanding, or cowardice in regard to public opinion. Or again, it sometimes happens that for private reasons affecting the persons concerned, communications of the highest interest and dignity, from friends who have "passed on" to the next stage of existence, cannot be given to the world.

For some time past the letters which these remarks are designed to introduce, have come under the operation of the feeling just referred to. They have been received under circumstances that will be described directly, during the last seven years, from the late Lord Carlingford, better remembered perhaps by most of us under the name he bore during his active political life, Mr. Chichester Fortescue. Those who may have observed in the papers during the last month or two certain legal proceedings in which claims to the title of Carlingford have been in dispute, will be in no danger of confusing the author of the present letters with the family engaged in the recent proceedings. Mr. Chichester Fortescue, every politician will remember, was raised to the peerage in recognition of his services as Chief Secretary for Ireland, when Mr. Gladstone's administration of 1868 went out of office in 1874. Then he became a Cabinet Minister during the Gladstonian ministry of 1880, and ultimately died—after a very short illness abroad, in January 1898.

He was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Chichester Fortescue, of County Louth in Ireland, was born in 1823, educated at Christ Church, Oxford, took a first class in classics in 1844, was returned to Parliament for Co. Louth in 1847, and first took office as Junior Lord of the Treasury in 1854. He was in no way related to the family of Swifte, who have lately been disputing their claim to the title and estate of a former Viscount Carlingford, but on being raised to the peerage selected this extinct title, the town of Carlingford being on his brother, Lord Clarmont's, property.

After the death of his wife, Frances Countess of Waldegrave, whose loss he never ceased to mourn, his health, which had never been strong, quite broke down, and after his Party went out of office in 1885 he did not again take any active part in political life.

He had been brought up in the Low Church, Protestant faith, but in after life ceased to believe in the doctrines of the Church. By nature a religiously-minded man he suffered acutely by reason of the difficulty he found, in later years, of believing in a future life, and often spoke, to the recipient of the present letters, of how he longed to believe but could not.

An obituary notice of his career, which appeared in the *Times* when he died, constituted a more complete biography than it is necessary to reproduce here, and described him as "a persuasive rather than an eloquent speaker," going on to observe that all the measures he brought forward "were not only skilfully constructed, but were explained with such clearness and unambiguity of language as to make their drift easily apprehended by the House. Amiable and engaging in his manners, Lord Carlingford was in past days a favourite of society." In the same essay we read, "He lived to see many of his hopes disappointed, and but little of his policy bearing fruit. But he had the satisfaction of feeling that he had done his best for his country, and that if he erred, it was through no motive which a high-minded man would be ashamed to avow."

Very soon after his death Lord Carlingford began to communicate, from the next world, with his cousin, Mrs. Arthur Nugent, gifted herself with psychic faculties which enabled her to become conscious of his presence. As the situation developed it was found desirable to make use of the more com-

pletely developed faculties of another medium, and during the six or seven years that have since elapsed, the communications coming over in this way have constituted an extensive correspondence, the more private portions of which have embodied for his cousin, who knew their author very intimately in life, such overwhelming certainty of his actual identity that the whole correspondence as it now stands is one of peculiar and entrancing interest.

The Editor of this Review has now been permitted by Mrs. Nugent to publish extracts from this remarkable correspondence, and it may just be worth while to prelude them by remarking that the lady through whom they are written, a very highly gifted medium, whose integrity is beyond question, for all who know her, would be the first to admit that she would have been quite unable to write them in her normal condition.

From some of the earlier letters the following passages are selected:—

"I have solved that problem which was so difficult to understand when in the flesh. I stand here to-day a man. All the fulness and joy of living is upon me. I slept, and am now awakened. My regrets are all for the years of selfish and unreasoning sorrow, when my life, hope, and intellect were clouded by the overwhelming sorrow which crushed me.

"I look back with regret at my extreme selfishness and regret the repining of years, but the means are at hand for me to make amends. Yes, indeed, you shall see me again as in the old days, before my sorrow came, happy, joyous and bright."

"I see a future of work which I am capable of performing, a bright and hopeful future, wherein my best and noblest aspirations can be fulfilled.

"Mortal life is the training school; this life is the fulness of all things. What seemed wild dreams on earth can here be realized, and only here can we read clearly the lessons of life and their results. Every noble desire and idea can be made perfect, and our Divine Creator's scheme of existence begins to grow clear to me who tried to solve the mystery on earth.

"I see clearly that man cannot live for himself alone, it must be One and All. Selfishness is the word for failure in one's duties

of life. The world is wide, there is work for those who will work. All are one in God. 'I and My Father are One.'"

"I am bewildered almost when fully realizing the vast field of knowledge opened out before my now widely-opened eyes. Things that once seemed dark, mysterious, and unfathomable, now appear to my quickened spirit perfectly clear and easy to decipher. One short earthly existence, even if extended beyond man's allotted time of three score years and ten, is but a poor time in which to learn what earth-life's school has to teach.

"There are hidden things connected with spiritual matters which natural life could not grasp or comprehend. Spirit, the Divine side of Creation, has its own existence quite apart from, although animating, mortal life. It lives on through countless existences, from the beginning of time into eternity, passing ever upwards, never going back, each experience developing, strengthening, and building up a structure fitted to hold its own through eternity."

"The life which runs only on smooth and pleasant lines is never one to be contemplated by progressive and earnest minds. It is over the rough stones and boulders in our path we must climb before our muscles and strength are developed. The spirit and mind of mankind is exercised, strengthened, and developed by overcoming the obstacles that life lays before us.

"At present few mortals recognize the enormous capacity of the human soul, or have sounded half its depths. The Divine is limitless in every direction. Creation in any form is part of the Divine whole. All that is given us to endure or enjoy has a lesson to teach, which the progressive soul soon learns and stores up.

"The man and woman of to-day is the animated and developed inanimate and unthinking creation of centuries and ages long past. Evolution and each succeeding incarnation have produced the existing form of man, and the lessons of ages have formed human intelligence as now exhibited."

"To think of those last years of my life fills me with regret

for them. To know how near to the threshold I stood—how my soul beat upon a door which all unseen by me stood ajar, and which I now know has never been closed between Spirit and Man except by human thought.

"How often, just as millions of others have done, and do, have I cried out for Light, thinking all was dark, not seeing that the Light was there shining in my own soul, and actually prompting the desire for its illuminating powers to radiate through my entire being."

After several other letters expressing thoughts developed along somewhat similar lines, the correspondence assumes a more definitely instructive character.

"Here, in the Eternal Palace of Truth, we see ourselves as we are and were intended to be in the unspeakable scheme of life, part and parcel of the Divine Whole—every created thing in its course of evolution upwards towards that perfect and God-like state from which we originally came.

"I see that we all have our part to do—to leave the earth better for having lived in it. We must leave a trail of light behind us as a meteor in passing across the sky. We must work, not because it is our duty so to do, but because we recognise that we are part of a great scheme and love to take our share. If we work only for duty, it is only from a sense of favours to come. Our whole soul must be in all we do. Nothing is too small to do, and no one so-ever bad, out of the pale.

"Here stands before us the result of selfish belief in empty religious forms and ceremonies; mumbled prayers without noble deeds; wasted lives of human beings immured in convents and monasteries, while the golden days of a God-given earth-life in which an active part was intended for them are lost. I see stretched out before me such a vast field for labour and man's enlightenment. I see surely, in the far distance, the established brotherhood of man; but to-day I see that it is the mistaken forms of the worship of God which is the awful barrier between mankind."

"Long years ago when my Soul was 'in tune with the

Infinite,' I dreamt dreams of doing great things for the benefit of humanity, my country, and my people. Time stole on, and slowly came my awakening, and as I woke it seemed to me that all was as Dead Sea Fruit, and bitterness only at its core. But now with clear vision and radiant hope in my Soul, I realise that my dreams were no foolish dreams, but instinctive knowledge of the earth-bound Spirit. Every long-forgotten sentence will eventually bear good fruit, and I shall know that I have not lived in vain, but faithfully acquitted myself of the task imposed upon me by my Creator when mortal life was given me, viz., to do my best to leave the world one tiny bit better, and further on in progression for my having lived in it. This is the mission we all have on the earthly planet."

"Man alone has invented a beginning of things. Here in my Spirit existence, it seems to me there has never been a beginning, even as there is no end. I find no trace of a suddenly created planet or globe, call it by what name we will; only a perfect and gradual unfoldment and development from one perfect state to another."

"Man never fell from any higher state. He has risen, and is still rising. The Immutable Creator never made a mistake or found the need to curse His work 'Man.'"

"It seems to me here, where I now am, that the highest and best Spirits are not those who have held pleasant places on earth; they are those who have passed through the fire, who have fought the battle of life and overcome the obstacles in their path.

"For those you love, do not pray for easy lives. Pray that they may see the distant Light, and that great strength may be theirs to battle and overcome the weakness of the flesh, and that all the imperfections of earth existence may be detected and healed by their works and their life.

High or low, rich or poor, man or woman, are in the earthly life for a purpose. That purpose is to evolve the Divine within them, until in the last days of the old planet there will be no physical death as now known, only a change, and that so gradual as to be almost unknown."

"When the scientist follows the phases of evolution, the slow but sure transitions from phase to phase of life, each state a higher one in the scale of intelligence than the last, then gradually the question so long tabooed and repudiated by men—that of re-incarnation—must eventually arise, and be in time accepted."

"Before becoming fit to dwell for ever in the Spiritual world, man must have passed through, on earth, all and every phase of existence which tends to develop each and every characteristic faculty that earth-life gives to man. He must be first the rock, then the vegetable, the unthinking, inanimate but living organism; then the instinctive but unreasoning animal; next the savage but reasoning, instinctive, and responsible man; and from that period onward, through generation after generation, the gradually cultured refined being, which from the first beginning of the scheme of creation it was intended he should become; until all his faculties are developed by use, and he has evolved by slow but sure processes, the Angel or Divine principle, the real man, fitted by the refining processes of his many existences to inhabit a spiritual instead of a material world.

"This question of re-incarnation, bigoted minds will not thresh out. Manufactured religions and theology will not accept it; frequently it is confused with the ignorant and childish superstitions of the East, where the real knowledge is confined to the few learned pundits or priests, and a garbled idea is generally accepted and grafted on the minds of the people, who now believe in what is termed the transmigration of souls from the human to the animal kingdom; a clear and distinct evidence of ignorant persons propagating a fact they had not properly or thoroughly sifted and studied.

"This Eastern idea of the transmigration of souls is a distorted knowledge of re-incarnation. The true fact of existence and evolution is—there is no going back, each existence must be a step in advance of the former or last. No matter in what station of life we may appear, there is something to learn which our last state was ignorant of, some attribute in us to be developed.

"Spiritual ethics are not confined to religions of any type or

form, but to life as a whole. Each one must live the life he is best adapted for. There are laws laid down by Nature which are the true laws of God :—*honesty of purpose—purity of mind—toleration for all mankind—duty to yourself as well as to your neighbour—a charity which thinketh no evil—a strong sense of your own responsibility in the world—a determination to resist all ignoble inclinations and mean actions which one dislikes in others.* All these are innate laws of nature. Obey them, and then most truly are we worshipping and glorifying our Creator in the highest."

Within the limits of this article it is impossible to do full justice to the writer's views in all their bearings. His survey of the conventional religious beliefs of modern Christendom constitutes a long and important treatise in itself, but claims consideration as a whole—so that isolated fragments would be misleading.

As he deals also, however, with questions of current politics, one considerable passage from a letter relating to matters of that kind may fairly find a place in this collection of extracts.

"I see how interested you are in the movements of the political world, and, indeed, great issues are at stake, so that all men who love their fellow-beings and their country must take a share in the thought-part if they cannot in the active.

"I have watched with great interest the work with regard to my own dear land—mismanaged and sadly neglected Erin. How often, long ago, I pointed out its tremendous possibilities and natural resources. How an absenteeism had held back the progress and development of the country and its children. The Irish, as I know them, are a simple childish people, who only need example and encouragement to develop into a fine race.

"But what is the history? Far back, Ireland was the seat of great learning; history proves this, but the race was an emotional, impulsive one; proud and hasty; internal warfare arising out of sheer high animal spirits caused frequent dissensions; and then came interlopers, who found a beautiful prolific country which they raided and fleeced; and time went on until the priest gained his foothold. Conquered by England, who never knew or attempted to realize the nature of the Irish, poor

Ireland sank into the depths. And then came Cromwell, who with God's name on his lips and the devil in his heart, swept like a raging flood over the land, bestowing on his myrmidons the lands of the Irish people whom he drove, sold, and slaughtered, out of the country and life. The interlopers in time became more Irish than the Irish. Some assumed ancient names and titles of the people they had ousted, and there are few to-day with any ancient Irish blood in their bodies. You know of the struggles, the risings, the poverty and afflictions of the people, and you know the efforts made by my old chief Gladstone to restore to the Irish some little independence; but he failed, although his was the thin end of the wedge. To know what was needed one had to live in the country and study its people. This was overlooked, never done; but now a step has been taken in the right direction. The King did his duty and went over there, seeing at last how easily won is the trusting childlike Irish heart.

"But other men, good and true, had already been there—Balfour, Wyndham and Dudley. These men can see for themselves the mistakes which have been made; and now with God's good help a better and brighter day will dawn."

From one more letter, in some respects the most remarkable of the series, it will be desirable to quote a few passages in conclusion. It was written in response to a group of enquiries relating to the details of life in the next world; the circumstances under which our correspondent first woke to consciousness after "death," and the extent to which the next life resembles this, in regard to its minor aspects. Lord Carlingford replied:—

"In answer to the questions as I understand them, I can only state, so far as I have learned both by personal experience and teachings vouchsafed to me, that I, Chichester Fortescue, after having passed through the change called 'death,' am now, still to all intents and purposes the same man as ever; taking into consideration of course the fact that the earthly material has fallen from me, leaving me—the part or being whose presence enabled that material part *to be*—clothed and in my right mind.

"I can answer no question relating to Astral planes, or to the

divisions or spheres in one or the other of which I am said to be, I only know that I AM!

"I know that it was death which came to me. I slept, and awakened to find myself in the presence of many friends I had supposed long since lost, who held me in their arms, and soothed me with tender words. But for long I thought that I was dreaming and should awake with all my old doubts, fears and sufferings upon me. How long, or by what means it was at last made clear to me I cannot state; but certainly there came a time when I fully realized the change, and that I lived! The terror—Death—had come to me, and I, who had feared with an almost unspeakable fear this thing, had not known or felt its approach.

"To-day, excepting through your mind and the thoughts of others upon earth, I have no knowledge of time or its passage. On earth we mark time by the rising and setting of the sun. That mass of gas, which is as material as all other earthly things, does not appear in this world of spirit so far as I have yet penetrated, and I have found no record of time as time is known and kept on earth.

"I know of neither day nor night; sunset or sunrise; and in myself have no feeling with reference to it. On earth for many years I actually dreaded the coming of night; the weariness the day had brought to my physical person called for rest, but I frequently realized that my mental, or as I now prefer to call it, my spiritual or real personality, seemed to awaken to life and become active and strong. I never grew tired of thinking—only bodily or physical fatigue caused suffering—and it is the feeling which I always now so greatly enjoy of being able to 'think' apart from physical ill conditions.

"Since realizing my present life I have solved so many things which puzzled and perplexed me when on earth.

"I had always distinctly felt two individualities in myself, and there seemed a lack of peace and harmony between the two. Now I know that the Spirit, exercising its memories of former lives of development and progression, rebelled against the physical environment even while it had to assimilate and profit by the traits which the law of physical heredity had attached to the flesh. There seems to me no doubt that family traits and

characteristics as much as the likeness of parents and offspring, have to be absorbed by the incarnating spirit, and are developed and utilized in the course of its progress towards perfection.

"I am taught that it frequently happens that the same spirit reincarnates in the same family at intervals, but of this I have not yet had personal experience, neither have I learned that there is a given time or period when a discarnate spirit must re-incarnate and return to earth; but I am told that in cases where the spirit lived on earth the allotted time, say three score years, etc., many centuries elapse of material time ere re-incarnation takes place again. But on the other hand, where a child is, let us say perhaps, still-born, or an early death takes place, it frequently, indeed generally happens, that the spirit quickly re-incarnates, and in the same family.

"I know absolutely nothing of any number referring to my sphere or place.

"All I realise is that I am happy, that there is a peace which passes earthly understanding, and that I now possess it. I meet and converse with many who had passed out of my earthly-life and even memory, that I can by desire or will meet others who on earth were known to me by name only.

"I know that there are states infinitely beyond me into which I cannot penetrate at present, and there are others so far below that my spirit recoils from the horror and misery.

"I also realize that this Spirit-world is actually in the midst of the material one. That as spirit and mortals go, they, so to speak, rub shoulders.

"That I retain my actual personality as when on earth, but am surprised and delighted to find a wider and unrestricted grasp and understanding of things. I feel as if hitherto I saw as through a glass darkly, now all things are made clearer and puzzle me no more.

"Touching upon the question of work and employment, I have witnessed no lack. Almost the very first thing which attracted my attention in my own immediate surroundings was the fact, so evident, that all had something to do, the doing of which was happiness and joy.

"The politician and statesman whose work on earth had been soulfelt and earnest still took an active interest in all his former efforts; but now, having the advantage of knowing the motives in the minds of both opponents and friends, a deeper and practically livelier interest was aroused.

"At one moment absorbed in endeavouring to inspire the thought of an earthly colleague to surely grasp, and then render clearly, his thoughts on questions raised—at another, while taking no personal or active part, listening eagerly and delightedly to the expression of thoughts and feelings of men, who, in their wordy wars evolved new thoughts and recalled (unknown to them, but nevertheless stored up) memories and former experiences to their aid and service.

"I have seen the inventive genius—say an engineer, for example—still working at his models in his efforts to produce a more practical machine or article; and I have known that spirit to actually return to earth and find in the mind of a mortal the very clue he (the spirit) required to perfect his own invention. That same spirit I knew had a mortal on earth in affinity with himself, and together (unknown to the mortal), they have worked.

"I see no difference between the efforts of men and women. I have found women as capable of mechanical inventions as any man, her reasoning as subtle, her power of administration equal, and conclude that it is but a question of time upon earth for them to stand on an equal footing; not even a matter of physical strength and development will interfere when the non-reproductive woman cares to undertake what is now considered manual labour.

"I have mentioned only work which requires thought, but I do not forget those whose lives have passed in employment which has called for no thought or effort of mind, and the worker has passed into spirit-life, as it were, fallow or undeveloped. Circumstances frequently are such as to give a man or woman such employment as fills the hands but not the mind or spirit, and such as these have thoughts and ambitions which can be and are carried out in future states of existence. We have no need here for the butcher, for instance; still he comes, and his spiritual career must

be that suited to his condition. His mortal occupation being gone, his real self, the man, is drawn towards what he is capable of assimilating or is in affinity with. The ardent soldier and fighting man will cling in spirit to his old associations, he is there still amongst his old comrades in the barracks, the camp, the mess-room; and not alone, for he finds others with all their old soldierly instincts active as ever, sharing in the old interests, fighting the old wars, and taking sides.

"The teacher who by nature is a teacher, remains so still, and finds amongst the undeveloped ones plenty to do. And so it is with all of us, each taking up an active and useful work, and everything is progressive. We do not turn back. The king or chief of to-day in a later incarnation may be the poorest labourer of a future day, but he has not fallen or retrograded, the life has something necessary for his progress, there is something for him to learn and profit by, which came not his way previously, but without which he can never become a wise and perfect spiritual being.

"And in these re-incarnations there is no disintegration of spiritual parts. The spirit from *first to last* (if there is either) is that which it began, but developed and stored with the accumulated experience of ages.

"Between the incarnations the spirit remains within touch of earth-life, marking the changes and keeping up with the times. He is not removed from mortal ken, and there has never been a time when between spirit and mortal communication ceased. It is always going on, although the mortal may never know, or even dream, that such is the case.

"Now that you have what is called "Modern Spiritualism," a vast body of people know of the fact, but even amongst them little of the real truth is known; and I find many so-called professors of the cult are grossly ignorant of the fundamental truth and facts underneath the physical or surface manifestation."

FORMER LIVES OF LIVING PEOPLE.

SINCE the appearance last July of an article in BROAD VIEWS recounting the details of some former lives of a person known to the writer in this present life, I have received many letters asking for further reminiscences of a similar character, and inasmuch as I have in my possession a considerable number of records relating to former lives of those amongst my friends engaged in occult research, it might seem at the first glance very easy to gratify desires expressed by my correspondents. Embarrassments, however, stand in the way to an extent that can only be appreciated by those who have been concerned with clairvoyant investigations of the past. One simple reason, to begin with, for not publishing a good many of the records thus obtained, is that they are but too often flat and apparently meaningless. The group of lives, the leading features of which were described in July, happened to represent dramatic occurrences of a thrilling character and happened moreover to constitute rather an instructive story for the students of that great natural law, which, on the moral plane, as invariably as on the physical, produces effects as the consequences of causes. The law of Karma was manifest enough in the story already told, and the lives then described hang together as a complete whole.

I have not often found it easy to drop upon similar groups of lives in the past. The law above referred to, invariable as its operation may be, inevitable and certain, is curiously patient, not to say prolix, in its operation. Causes engendered in some given life may not find their opportunity of fruition until causes perhaps

of greater energy have been worked out in all their ramifications, and thus it may happen that some curious stroke of fortune as it looks at first sight, in any life under investigation, seems out of gear with the causes that have been observed in the few lives immediately preceding, and can perhaps only be accounted for by a very protracted research. In one case that I know of, a peculiar and distressing malady afflicting a certain person in this life could not be accounted for except by reference to certain occurrences that transpired during a life in the now lost continent of Atlantis some tens of thousands of years ago. Then it must be remembered that all of us in life at the present time are closely associated in various relationships with other persons who have played an important part in some of our former lives, although, perhaps, the relationships then may have differed in their character so widely from those that prevail at present, that delicate sensibilities are disturbed if the earlier relationships are too freely discussed. And especially where the loves of former lives are all *à tort et à travers* as compared with new combinations worked out by the kaleidoscope of life, the discoveries of the past must be treated with considerable reserve, and their examination, in the interest of scientific progress, has too close a resemblance to "botanizing on one's mother's grave."

I do not observe, on the other hand, that anyone feels especially shy in regard to the detection, in the history of his past lives, of miscellaneous misbehaviour which he would certainly shrink from under the influence of modern morals. Thus, when I was once concerned with an interesting glimpse of a past life belonging to a series represented now by a friend concerned with scientific pursuits, and of eminent respectability, he was seen to be engaged in work, certainly of a scientific character and appropriate to the needs of the period, but distinctly out of tune with modern conceptions of right and wrong. His speciality in that far away Egyptian existence had to do with the preparation of poisons, very often needed for domestic use by ladies annoyed beyond bearing by the shortcomings of their husbands, but constrained, in the absence of a Divorce Court, to take the law into their own hands. In one particular case, such a lady was observed to obtain poison from our scientific friend, and in order

to make sure that it could be relied upon in an emergency, she tried its effect on a slave. The subsequent proceedings interested the slave no more. But all persons concerned at the present day with this incident, have wisely felt that bygones of that sort can be allowed to go by, and the only remark made by my scientific friend when I told him of our little discovery, was to the effect that he was glad to think he had not, at all events, been an imposter, but had sold the lady "good stuff."

In this way, amusing flashes sometimes emerge from the variegated retrospect, and the friends of one English lady now living, and living, of course, a life of the most complete modern refinement, were amused, as her back history was gradually unfolded, to discover her a great many lives ago in an Indian jungle, living as a yogi under those mistaken conditions, which for some Eastern aspirants for spiritual progress, identified dirt with devotion, and assume the progress of the soul to be accomplished in an inverse ratio with the degradation of the bady. In that particular case, indeed, the yogi in question, before his life was over, was enabled by the intervention of a more enlightened friend, to comprehend the misdirection of his energy, and the changes thus brought about in his philosophical conceptions gave rise to a later birth in which we found him a Vedantin scholar of externally respectable, as well as of internally intellectual surroundings. And the long series of lives, of which these two were a part, are not without instructive significance from the point of view of the Karmic student, although I feel bound to say that if we are justified in associating the terrible ordeals of the series with the visible causes in the immediate background, the moral law in this case does certainly present itself as bitterly severe. For among the series of these lives, which, as I have said, included that of a scholarly recluse in India, many thousands of years ago, we came on one dismal incarnation of suffering, in which the Ego concerned, born in the humblest ranks of an Eastern city, lived as a blind beggar woman till she was 80 years of age. These violent changes of social conditions are not usual, and in this case, the only apparent explanation of the suffering life in question, has to be sought for in one preceding it, when the heroine of the story, then a boy intensely eager for occult

teachings, certainly behaved very improperly in breaking solemn promises, endeavouring so to speak, to steal prematurely knowledge, which a wise and perfectly benevolent teacher conceived it better to hold back for the time. A long life of misery seems a very exorbitant penalty for an offence of this nature, and yet again, those who regard these problems from a more exalted point of view than it is easy for some of us to attain, point out that in that beggar life, miserable as it was, the soul accomplished some wonderful processes of interior growth conducive to very beautiful results later on, so that the critic, to whom lives even of 80 years, are but transitory episodes in the long experience of existence, are inclined to regard the blind beggar woman period in that series, as one of the most satisfactory, judged by its permanent results.

Partly for the reasons already described, partly for others it is hardly worth while to set forth in detail, I feel precluded from taking up any one series of lives available at the first glance as they might be for treatment of this kind, to follow out in systematic detail. Nor would it be worth while to do this for readers who cannot attach to such stories the interest felt by those who know the heroes or heroines in their present incarnations. On the other hand, one consequence attaching to the investigation, even of lives that may not be specially interesting in themselves is, that now and then they afford us wonderfully interesting pictures of social conditions prevailing at remote periods of the world's existence, far anterior to those towards which literary knowledge of the conventional type is enabled to direct its searchlight. One case I have before me gives us a view of a life spent 21,000 years ago in Chaldea (by a friend now living). The information obtained in this case, the vision secured by the clairvoyant investigator, does not deal exhaustively with the inner character of the life in question, which for that matter, was probably not distinguished by any stormy or dramatic adventures, but it does introduce us incidentally to a picture o the Chaldean civilisation of the period, which is distinctly interesting.

My friend at the time was a priest and astrologer, highly respected and learned in the knowledge of the time, which phrase

in the mouth of an occultist does not mean what it probably would mean in that of a conventional thinker; does not, that is to say, carry with it any disparaging significance. The knowledge of the time was probably, in some respects, inclusive of much that has dropped out of notice during the devotion of modern culture to the promotion of exact science. But although it was necessary that mankind should be trained in habits of mental exactitude, for which purpose it was necessary that for the time, the attention of the vanguard should be turned aside from the vague charms of psychological research, the Chaldean astrologers of 21,000 years ago possessed a mass of astronomical knowledge for instance, that has only been partially recovered in our latest generations. Again, it is true that in the manner in which we have recovered it, we have exhibited that progress in exactitude which has been the characteristic of all modern growth. But strange as it may seem to those who are most deeply impressed, for example, with the achievement of modern mathematics in connection with the discovery of Neptune, the Chaldean astrologers of the period with which I am dealing, most certainly knew of the existence of Neptune, and of the distribution of the other planets through the solar system. At the time of our friend's Chaldean life, that system was represented by a gigantic model stretching over a vast area of country. A religious temple, devoted to the profoundly enlightened and philosophically religious system clumsily referred to by modern theologians as "Sun worship," occupied a certain place near the city. I do not think at the time it was clearly made out which Chaldean city of the period was in question, but that matters little. At distances corresponding, on, of course, a reduced scale, to the planetary distances from the sun, smaller temples were established in the country, each representing one of the planets, and even the orbit of the asteroids was represented by a group of irregular stones. The model, as I have said, included Uranus and Neptune, and also quite near home, the suspected still undiscovered intra-mercurial planet Vulcan.

The astronomical instruments that our friend was observed making use of were clumsy in their character, more or less no doubt resembling those huge structures at the ancient observatory

at Benares which facilitated some observations that antedated the use of the telescope. Surprisingly accurate results were obtained by these apparently clumsy means. A water clock was used for the measurement of time, and some chemical knowledge must have been within the control of the priests as flames of various colours were made use of in connection with religious ceremonies in the temple. The vestments and ornaments of the priests were very magnificent and great crowds of devout worshippers would assemble to whom the priests read teaching of some kind inscribed on silver tablets in finely engraved hieroglyphics. Our friend lived in a house attached to the temple, with heavy porticos, supported by thick pillars of plastered brick. The house was surrounded by a garden and its owner took much interest in the cultivation of flowers. Food was served quite daintily in small dishes and our friend was observed to drink a sort of sweet sherbet from an ornamental glass vessel not unlike a Venetian goblet. Our friend had already developed the artistic tastes by which, in nearly all his lives as in the present, he seems to have been distinguished, and is observed to have been decorating the walls of some building with mosaics representing hunting scenes in beautifully bright colours. The city near the temple was a large town built principally of brick with high thick walls on which people walked about. In the decorations of the buildings metals of various kinds, copper and its alloys, were freely used.

The death scene at the close of this life was observed. The old priest, as he was then, lay in a kind of state, and many people passed through the room going through the formality of accepting his last hospitality in the form of a little cake with white powder on the top, large numbers of which were laid out in readiness for the visitors. They all seemed to repeat some familiar phrase wishing their departed friend a happy journey, for no one at that date had been taught to look upon death as dreadful,—the strange result for people of our generation of ecclesiastical influences that have somehow loosened the hold of modern Christians on the most beautiful conceptions of their primitive faith; conceptions indeed, which were in no sense the invention of Christianity, but borrowed, with many of their other characteristics, from the earlier religions of the past.

Most people who have arrived at some personal comprehen-

sion of the principle governing human progress through successive lives would no doubt be inclined to suspect rather impressive consequences as ensuing from such a dignified and cultivated life as such just described. But one of the conclusions arising from really profound study of former incarnations emphasises to a remarkable extent the embarrassments which stand in the way of conspicuous spiritual growth after a certain stage has been reached. The broad principle appears to be, that up to a certain level of human development those great natural energies which we may sum up as the law of evolution, carry the entity along the main stream of progress up to a condition that may be symbolised in imagination by supposing that the stream then spreads out into a vast lake in which no decisive current is any longer perceptible. From that great lake each Ego for himself must discover the channels which lead out beyond it on the other side, and navigate them so to speak by his own efforts. To vary the metaphor evolution may be symbolised in thought as a vast cycle, the first or downward arc of which (downward only in as much as the descent of spirit into matter may be thought of as a downward process) lands the Ego at a halfway station in the condition of a competent, intelligent human being endowed with faculties which enable him to survey the situation, to acquire a comprehension of the great scheme or purpose to which he belongs, and then ultimately to unite his own progressive energies with the evolutionary force of nature and thus to ascend the upward arc of the cycle. The comprehension here referred to involves the acquisition of all that knowledge which occult research is gradually rendering available for mankind. Now it certainly happens that many of us float about for a very long time on the bosom of that midway lake above imagined before undertaking the arduous voyages which lie beyond. And thus our friend whose life some 21,000 years ago has above been lightly sketched, passed through many others in succession which indicate no remarkable progress, indeed in some of which we seem to observe a retrogressive movement giving rise through the bad Karma engendered, to some lives of a distinctly undesirable type. From these again the Ego emerges into

periods of more tranquil existence. And as the whole series, culminating in the life now in progress, includes seventeen incarnations, many of them of course are in the female sex, and indeed in this case the groups of male and female incarnations succeed one another with curious regularity.

The next life following the Chaldean experience began a little more than 2,000 years later, and its scene was Egypt. Probably the Karma of unknown lives of a much earlier date, again accounts for the circumstances by which we find it surrounded. The life is not altogether an unhappy one, but it begins under unpromising conditions. The hero is a captive of war, and sold as a slave in Egypt. But slavery in those days was by no means always a condition of suffering. He seems rather to have been a member of the family to which he belonged than a victim of oppression. He develops a great deal of artistic talent; for a time he supports some members of the family to which he belongs by the exercise of these gifts. Ultimately he inherits some property, he marries happily, it would seem, has children of his own, and lives till over seventy, a life devoid of any very thrilling experiences. But after another period of spiritual rest, nearly 1,800 of our years in length, our friend is born in that last surviving region of Atlantis known to students of its history as Poseidonis. The period was about 15,000, B.C., at which the luxury and corruption of the decadent Atlantean race was at its height. Its influences unhappily engulf our friend, and this Atlantean life leads to some depressing consequences afterwards. But meanwhile, it is interesting to observe the Karmic lesson it involves. The previous Egyptian life was one of an altogether admirable moral flavour; this constitutes a claim as it were on Nature for a happy physical environment next time, and Nature methodically provides this in the glowing luxury of the Atlantean capital. Nature, so to speak, does not stop to enquire what use her protégé will make of the gifts he has unconsciously demanded, but he has claimed them, and they are provided for him. Similar illustrations of the way the law works, are familiar to us in other life stories. Some meritorious existence gives rise to externally enjoyable environments next time, but too often the Ego, thus provided for, misuses the privileges in his grasp, and give.

rise to conditions which, in turn, provoke serious suffering at a later date.

That is just what happened with the personage now under investigation. The Atlantean capital of the period was a vast city commensurate in magnitude with London. Its great public buildings rival the colossal remains of Egypt, the architecture is highly decorative, and as with us magnificence is seen side by side with squalor. The lower and degraded slave population is condemned to a very miserable existence, the upper and predominant class is altogether selfish, sensual and cruel, and our friend, the child of a wealthy man and early in possession of considerable wealth himself, adapts himself but to readily to the temper of the time. One young woman owes her early death to his capricious affection and subsequent neglect, and the unworthiness of the life is not rendered the less by an undercurrent of disgust which seems to have been operative throughout the incarnation. It is this feeling apparently coupled with some physical suffering and satiety which gives rise to the suicide which ends this unfortunate existence prematurely. Of course if it had been possible that the influences of the past had enabled an entity so circumstanced to retain the loftier character of earlier periods even in the midst of evil influences and fierce temptations around him, the spiritual results would have been extraordinary and magnificent, but the interior strength had not yet developed to such a degree as to render this culmination possible.

A very curious and unexpected turn of the kaleidoscope shows us our friend in his next life transferred to the female sex and born in the all but savage conditions of an Eskimo tribe in the extreme northern region of the then growing American continent. Strange to say, the life though hard and comfortless from our point of view, seems not to have been specifically an unhappy one. The people around were a simple and contented race, uncivilised, but by no means savage in temperament. The girl we are interested in, grew up a merry round faced creature with black hair and eyes of course, and a strong short figure, cheerfully hauling sledges about the snow and gathering drift wood on the frozen beach. She marries, though not exactly as she would wish, but spends a harmless life of five and fifty

years, which certainly does seem a strange sequel to that of the Chaldean priest. But physical fate continually fluctuates as the Karmic influences vary, although the most depressing conditions leave the interior capacities of the Ego unchanged, ready to blossom forth again whenever environment, the product of new Karmic influence shall allow this.

The life which followed the one just noticed seems to have done much more to expiate the Atlantean existence than was accomplished by the Eskimo experience. Our friend was born again, of course as a girl, in the southern part of the North American continent, in about the region we now know as Mexico, although the coast line of that period exhibited a very different contour. Her parents were in a position approximately equivalent to that of the modern farmer, but did not belong to the governing race. The girl who is well educated and seen to be reading some books or papers in a hieroglyphic character, is an attractive young person, and a man of the higher dominant class falls in love with and marries her, rather against the wish of the parents who apprehend trouble from the alliance, in as much as the young man has a wife already, polygamy being allowed, who is inimical to the new favourite and devotes herself to making mischief. Children are born to the young wife, and to the eldest, a boy, she is specially devoted. But in time the husband falls in love afresh, and since there is some law or custom interfering at all events in his case with a third marriage, our unhappy friend is divorced and sent away to a distant region where, utterly miserable, she pines away and falls into broken health. A desperate desire to revisit her children induces her to attempt an arduous journey back to her old home. Destitute of the proper resources for accomplishing this, she suffers terribly on the road, and when she ultimately gets back meets with an angry repulse. The new wife is hostile, the husband now under her empire is unwilling to be troubled. Our helpless heroine is again driven away, seeks her old parental home, but finds her father and mother dead; contrives somehow to live on there, perhaps recovers some of her parents' property, as she seems not to be destitute, but spends the later period of a life, which extends to over 60 years, in good works among the lower class

of the population by whom she is much respected and beloved.

This seems to be the way in which so many of us mismanage our affairs. Opportunity in one life provides us with every resource of happiness, "instead of which," to adopt the old judicial saying, "we go about stealing ducks," or in other words, playing the fool and making bad Karma. Then the wretched consequences ensue, and very often these bring out whatever latent potentialities of good may be in the nature, and the everlasting see-saw responds to this influence in the progress of time. The rule does not work invariably; some natures may rather be embittered than fortified by suffering; some few may expand towards loftier heights of meritorious action, when provided with the ampler powers of happiness and wealth. But the common fate seems to be much more typified by the lives that have just been passed under review, and the next in succession to that which has last been noticed, will be found at the same time, happily circumstanced and harmless, hardly as yet indeed showing us an Ego appreciative of the conditions required to provide for progress on the upward arc, but constituting an agreeable episode in the long story with which we are dealing.

A. P. SINNETT.

THE COAST OF IRELAND.

IRELAND has been called a plain picture in a beautiful frame. The interior is not exactly flat, in the sense, that Bedford is flat, for, as the poet laureate has truly said, a hill nearly always bounds the horizon; but the coast counties are almost all mountainous and well worthy of the circular tour the present writer had the pleasure of making some years ago. To give a fair idea of the coast beauties one should proceed northward from the capital, and if a good steamboat be not available still a great deal can be seen by taking the coasting railway to Drogheda in the first place.

On the far side of Howth Hill, near Dublin, two very interesting islands jut out of the sea—the furthest, Lambay Island—the nearest and smallest being called Ireland's Eye. This is notorious as the scene of the Kirwan murder which took place fifty years ago. A designer of medical subjects took his wife over to this lonely spot, bidding a boatman named Nangle (from whom I had the story) to fetch them before nightfall. Nangle returned, and Kirwan re-embarked, when the boatman asked "Where is the misthress, Sir?" Kirwan could not answer more than that he thought she must have rowed back by another boat.

Nangle refused to return without her, and made Kirwan go ashore again to search for the lady while he rowed round the island. Night was coming on when the boatman saw a white object lying on a rock near the sea. He rowed in and found Kirwan standing close by the dead body of the lady. "She must have had a fit while bathing," said Kirwan, exhibiting great emo-

tion. They rowed back with the body, on which the coroner's jury sat and brought in an open verdict—a gash in the woman's side suggesting violence.

Scarcely had she been buried when rumour grew strong. The couple had been known to quarrel—some said there was another woman in the case. Nangle confessed to the local priest the suspicious behaviour of Kirwan and was told to lay the matter before the police. Kirwan was arrested, tried, and found guilty. The death sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. He lay in prison for thirty years, and was released only a few years ago. But the mystery was never cleared up, and folks on the spot to this day are divided as to whether he was the victim of circumstantial evidence.

Proceeding Northward the next point of beauty is Carlingford Lough—the Glengariff of the North—running into the land between two ranges of hills—the foot of the Mourne Mountains on the eastern side being clothed with the most luxuriant woods. Pathetically interesting too is this same fiord, for it was here, in the little Roman Catholic Chapel of Rostrevor that Theresa Longworth was wedded to Major Yelverton, subsequently Lord Avonmore. They had been married previously—he a Protestant, she a Catholic in Scotland, after the Scotch fashion of simply taking each other for better or worse. But her religious scruples made her long for the blessing of the Church, and strange to say, this undid her. For the major was advised that the second marriage must annul the first, and *incredible dictu*, he took advantage of the argument and married another lady. But Theresa Longworth was not of the disposition of those who surrender easily. She put up at a Dublin boarding house, and when the landlord asked for his account, referred the man to her "husband." An action against Major Yelverton was brought in the Four Courts, and an Irish jury, carried away by the eloquence of Whiteside, gave a verdict in her favour. How the Scotch Courts upset the marriage and the House of Lords decided that, under the circumstances the marriage between him as a Protestant and her as a Catholic was invalid the world may have forgotten, but the traditions are still alive in the lovely village of Rostrevor by Carlingford Lough.

Sweeping round the south-eastern end of the fiord out towards the open sea, where on a clear day the Isle of Man may be seen, we get round to Newcastle in County Down. And here let me pray that some nomenclature board will give new names to the confusingly many Newcastles in these islands. This spot in some ways eclipses the charms of other seaside resorts on the eastern coast. It is backed by the Mourne Mountains, whose cumulative effect in the blue distance is exceedingly grand, and whose seaward spur ends in Slieve Donard, towering nearly three thousand feet above the sea. At the base lies the demesne, charming in rock and woodland, Annesley Park—the fair mistress of which they say takes such an interest in the development of the spot that she promotes personally much of the festivity at the splendid hotel (the "Slieve Donard") lately erected in the village—a hotel which is now the largest in Ireland. This magnificent building is largely supported by the golfers, for the links here are second only to those at Portrush. Luckily or unluckily there is no direct communication with Newcastle—the nearest station being Gorah Wood, twenty miles off, I should think, over a hilly district. Of course I speak of access from Dublin or London, as the way round by Belfast is a very "far cry." However, if you have a motor car you may do the trip in something like an hour and a half. Perhaps I do wrong to praise this lovely spot remembering that Clement Scott having praised Cromer into popularity revisited it after fifteen years and repented that he ever wrote a line.

We will now skirt round by Belfast Lough to the coast of Antrim which leads to the curious formation of the Giant's Causeway.

Near the entrance of Belfast Lough stands the old Castle of Carrickfergus—making an admirable background to a scene that on a bright summer's day recalls souvenirs of the Lecco end of Lake Como. From Bellagio the view of the Lecco expanse is lovely from the side-scene effect of the perspective, the spurs of the mountains making an exquisite vista as it fades away in the blue distance towards the South. A similar side-scene effect is discernible in Belfast Lough with its alternate sun and shade.

This tower of Carrickfergus is connected with the landing

of William of Orange, but perhaps its most interesting story is associated with the daring exploit of Willy Gilliland. A Scotch Covenanter, flying from Claverhouse and Dalziel in the reign of Charles II., took refuge at Carrickfergus, but "fresh persecution waited him upon the Carrick Strand," (as the ballad sings) and he was forced to lurk as an outlaw on the Collon side. Here the malignants found his "heathy den," set fire to the dwelling, killed his good greyhound, and stole his bonny mare. But the Covenanter resolved to recover his horse "who from the thumbscrew and the boot had borne him like the wind," and sharpening the spike of his fishing rod made for Carrick Castle. Hidden in the ivy he waited till the horsemen came forth, one of them riding his own steed.

Down came her master with a roar—
Her rider with a groan
The iron and the hickory
Are through and through him gone.

He lies a corpse and where he sat
The outlaw sits again,
And once more to his bonny mare
He gives the spur and rein.

He escaped unscathed, and at the present day his descendants own broad acres where once he lay "a hunted brute." I had the pleasure of meeting some of them about twenty years ago in London.

Coasting by Belfast Lough we arrive at Larne where the bold scenery of the Antrim Coast begins. The drive is close by the splendidly indented shore, past Glenarm to Cushendall. When I visited the latter spot there was easy access only by the coast, but now they have made a railway, and the romantic beauty of the place must attract a crowd of tourists. There is a charming strand, backed by imposing hills, wooded here and there, and towered over by a mountain that looks like a long backed lion with his head cut off. This is called Lurighatun (if I spell it rightly) and has the majesty of a titanic sphinx. Hence we pass by a grand glen called Glenariff (not Glengariff, which is in the south) on to the Giant's Causeway. The strange formation has been too often described to need any special description, but I think sufficient attention has scarcely been given to the extremely

beautiful configuration of the adjoining coast which is indeed a succession of startling surprises with its jutting rocks caves and pinnacles.

The next place of attraction is Portrush, which, in addition to magnificent coast scenery, has splendid sands and golf links. It is however so visited and patronized that there is no necessity to dwell on its advantages.

On the border of Londonderry and Donegal comes Lough Swilly—*statio bene fida carinis*—where the fleet now and then finds shelter, and which is strongly fortified against a possible enemy. It is called the Lough of Shadows as there is scarcely a minute in the sunniest day when the sun does not fling the shadow of one of its great hills across the glassy lake. This is best visited from Londonderry city, which, standing on fair Lough Foyle, has scenic and historical attractions of its own.

I cannot speak of the coast of Donegal from personal acquaintance, but the run from Londonderry through the exquisite valley to Donegal town bordering on Lough Eask cannot be overpraised, especially when a bright sun shows up the wonderfully brilliant colouring of the lake and overhanging cliffs. Twenty years ago there was no railway, even to Donegal town and travelling was tedious, but all this has been changed, and tourists now can approach the rough coast in three different spots. From acquaintance with similar desolation in Scotland one would be inclined to imagine that there would be something dark and drear about these scenes. But, strange to say, the impression left on the eye and mind by Donegal scenery is a vision of incomparable brightness. When the sun shines the prevailing tints seen to be yellow and red and silver. This may be due to glistening particles in the rock formation, but whatever be the cause, it adds to the scenes an almost dazzling brilliancy. The atmosphere, too, has a sheen of its own, perhaps due to the rain drops in the sun, that induced a poetic visitor to term it "a glorious palpitating ether."

To pass over Ballyshannon and Enniskillen—inland spots with a charm of their own—one dives into Mayo, and eventually emerges at Westport on Clew Bay. In his Irish Sketch Book Thackeray calls this spot "Eden," and assuredly in certain aspects

it cannot be surpassed, and I doubt if it can be equalled, in the whole world. I have seen the Bay of Naples, the Gulf of Salerno, the Gulf of Salamis, with Egina in the distance, and the Romsdal Fiord in Norway, but the view of Clew Bay in a fine sunset transcends them all. As the sun sank behind Clare Island, the precipitous rock that guards the entrance of the Bay, the sea, and the mountains took on a colouring which cannot be imagined by those who have not seen it. It would require the eloquence of a Ruskin or the brush of a Brett. The sea was one golden plain, the mountains were purple velvet of the most startling brilliancy, and the countless eyots in the gulf seemed to float in a burnished lake. One almost held one's breath at the splendid vision.

And a certain interest attaches to the spot. On the top of that great peaked mountain, Croagh Patrick, whose precipitous side runs down over two thousand feet into the bay, the legends say that St. Patrick performed the miracle that banished snakes and toads from Ireland, and it was from Clare Island that Grace O'Malley—known as Granua Aile, the heroine of the West—launched a fleet that was the terror of the coast in the reign of Elizabeth. The Tudors, being of Welsh Celtic origin, knew how to deal with fellow Celts, and Elizabeth invited Granua Aile to London. Granua at the interview boldly shook hands with Her Grace, as Queen to Queen, and parted from her no longer an outlaw but a devoted subject. She eventually married an Englishman, whose murder by a local chief she avenged by carrying fire and sword into the enemy's territory. Amongst other exploits she sailed to Howth, near Dublin, and paid a bold visit to the Castle there, but was met by the hall door being closed in her face. Maddened by the insult, she carried off the infant heir whom she found playing in the grounds, and only restored him on a promise that the doors of Howth Castle should never be closed again. They say they have stood open to all visitors ever since that day.

Lever, in his "Knight of Gwynne," has made Clew Bay the scene of his story, and gives a brilliant description of its beauty. So numerous are the islets that the peasantry will have it that there is one for every day in the year. On the North side of the Bay the railway company has built a good hotel, from which

drives to Lough Conn and Achill Island are in the day's work. The latter has some of the most striking precipices on the coast, those of the Minaun Cliffs and the Croghan Mountain being the most remarkable, the former for the beauty of its "Cathedral Caves" (painted by Brett), the latter for its eminence of over two thousand feet. The guide book compares the sands of Achill, both North and South, to the sands of Olonne, greatly to the advantage of the former. Wild life is still to be found here, goats on the Croghan, seals in the caves facing Blacksod Bay on the northern side of the island, and once I saw a magnificent eagle sweeping round the heights of the Minaun Cliffs. They caught an eagle on the southside, who had been silly enough to dig his claws too deep in the body of a gigantic goose, and was pounced upon before he could carry off or release himself from his too heavy prey.

The eastern end of Clew Bay is bordered by the woods of Lord Sligo's demesne. This proximity of woodland to the sea is an advantage rarely known, as far as I remember, on the great bays of the Continent. Certainly nothing like this bowery beauty comes to my remembrance in connection with Naples or the Riviera, though here and there one has some small sylvan spots. Perhaps the Jardin des Plantes at Algiers, and the woods of Arcachon, are the best instances, though neither of these has the same environment of mountains as the coast of Mayo.

Half a day's drive from Westport brings us to the Killeries, a long fiord from the Atlantic overhung by Muilrea, an imposing mountain celebrated for its eagles. Near here is the charming lake of Kylemore, where an exquisite castle of white granite stands on a magnificent slope. This is now the property of the Duke of Manchester, but was originally built by Mitchell Henry, who showed marvellous taste in the architectural elaboration of the palace, and in the design of the grounds. Interest attaches to the fact that some of the choicest carvings were made by the peasant masons and stonecutters in the neighbourhood.

The picturesque surroundings of Clifden in Connemara, the great precipices of the Mohir Cliffs in Clare, the natural arches of Kilkee, the caves of Ballybunion, the shores and brilliant vegetation of Valentia Island, visited in succession, bring us to the

South of Kerry, too well known to tourists to need dilating on, but a word must be said for Parknasilla on Kenmare Bay. The roll of the Atlantic here dies away, and the aspect is that of an inland lake, the Killarney mountains in the rear, trees all round, and a shore girt by densely wooded islands of rare beauty, connected here and there with the mainland by little wooden bridges. The grounds of the hotel, a hundred acres, show semi-tropical vegetation, palm trees growing in the open air. Compare the spot with Monte Carlo, and there is scarce an advantage in which it does not excel that favoured spot, save in respect of the constant sunshine that blesses the Riviera. Yet there is sunshine here, too, in abundance, even on wet days in the intervals of the showers, and when it does shine Parknasilla is perfectly lovely. It has been known only within the last ten years, the original hotel, late the rustic retreat of the Bishop of Limerick, having been bought by the Southern Railway Company, who are rightly endeavouring to bring the place into deserved notoriety. Another hotel of imposing aspect is now added, and the attractiveness of the spot may be guessed from the fact that one of its islands was visited by the Swedish Prince and his bride during their honeymoon tour last summer.

Last not least we must refer to the rare beauty and grandeur of the rocks known as the Skelligs, off the coast of Kerry. Tradition ascribes to the great Skellig the legend of the spiritual combat between the Dragon and St. Michael, but there seems to have been a difference of opinion between the primitive Christians of these Western lands as to the exact spot on which St. Michael speared the dragon. The Normans located the conflict on a rock outside Avranches, and to the music of hymns and psalters there rose up that glorious set of pinnacles called Mont St. Michel. The Cornishmen selected a likely mound in the sea near Penzance, and a striking monastery grew between the coast and the horizon. The Irish fixed on the coast of Kerry centuries before the Norman and Cornish claimants took the subject up, and in witness thereof there stand on the top of the Skellig Michel (or Michael's rock) a cluster of beehive dwellings that have lasted from the seventh century. From the base to the top there are seven hundred steps—steps that have been worn by pious feet for twelve hundred years.

The buildings on the summit—no mere huts by the way—are made of uncemented stone, that have stood the storms from a time when there was no England, no France, nor Germany, as we count them. The slabs of the staircase are simple, unhewn blocks—simple as the great seabirds who perch on them, who are so tame, indeed, that they don't move from the path of the tourist. As to the vegetation, it would be difficult to match its glow and richness in the Northern world—the general effect of coloring both of rock and herbage inclining one to the belief held by the antiquary, Doctor George Stokes, that the world holds only two classes—those who have seen the Skelligs and those who have not.

H. A. STACKE.

STATE LOTTERIES.

A PLEA.

M. BLANC, the founder of the gambling Casino at Monte Carlo, has summed up his life's experience in the phrase "*Rouge gagne quelquefois, noir souvent, mais Blanc toujours.*" We need hardly say that we have not the slightest intention of controverting M. Blanc's judgment. In establishing our claim that the revival of state lotteries in Great Britain is well worth the consideration of all earnest social reformers, we shall not deny that in the long run the gambler must lose. On the contrary, we rejoice in the fact. It is just because we believe that "the bank must win" that we ask our readers to recall a few lines from one of Henry Fielding's plays and see if they do not contain a suggestion as valuable to-day as it was when "The Lottery" was produced in the year 1732. The author of "Tom Jones" put his view roughly but strongly when he wrote :—

"A lottery is a taxation,
Upon all the fools in creation,
And Heaven be praised,
It is easily raised,
Credulity always in fashion.
For folly's a fund,
Will never lose ground,
While fools are so rife in the nation."

To put our case in a nutshell. Since "the bank" is the only constant winner, does not common sense decree that the State should gain what benefit is to be derived from so constant a

human failing as the tendency towards gambling. No doubt it is to be regretted that the amiable desires of the two Houses of Parliament which abolished the State lottery have proved unavailing, but it is a fact. No one can say that the spirit of gambling is any less rife to-day than it was when the last lottery was drawn on October 18th, 1826. On the contrary, the recent report of the Betting Commission shews that the habit is gaining ground every year. All that has happened is that the State has relinquished a valuable source of revenue. The profits arising from this irradicable human tendency go into the pockets of private individuals instead of into the coffers of the treasury. Is it not then time to abandon the ostrich like policy of wrapping our heads in our moral togas and persuading ourselves that what we will not see does not exist? Surely the experience of the last eighty years must convince everyone but the rabid partisan of the Anti-gambling League that here we have a human proclivity that will not be checked. If so, there is but one remedy. Let us divert the energies of the gambling fiend into channels where his caperings will be less injurious. Abolish betting at every race course in the country to-morrow, by all means. Slap every bookmaker who attempts to run counter to the new statute into gaol. Close every gambling hell in the kingdom if you will, but unless you provide an alternative your labour will be in vain.

It is the conviction that the re-establishment of State lotteries provides an alternative that is at once orderly and effective, that persuades us that the legislature would be wise to reconsider the hard and fast rule against countenancing gambling that it has chosen to set up.

When all is said and done Great Britian is not the only nation in Europe. More than one of the great powers has long come to the conclusion that repression does not make for virtue. Some months ago an interesting paper appeared in BROAD VIEWS dealing with the application of the lottery system to the State loans in France. The writer made it clear that the French method put a big premium upon thrift. But the lottery pure and simple is equally common in France. In July last, for instance, a lottery containing a million and a half tickets at 20 francs apiece

was issued, 15,300,000 francs was set aside for prizes, the three largest running to a million francs each. The remainder of the 30,000,000 francs is to be devoted to a fund to provide sick pay and pensions for indigent journalists in Paris and the French provinces. It is instructive to note that our Gallic neighbours realise that so satisfactory a result can only be obtained by clearly realising the essentials of the problem. The lottery investor is prepared to pay for his fun, but he must not be denied a run for his money. So we find that in the particular lottery with which we are dealing there are no less than 200,625 prizes. Moreover, the drawings take place every two months until February, 1908, the holder of a twenty franc ticket has, therefore, a surfeit of excitement.

The puritan would no doubt hold up his hands in pious wrath at this pandering to these lower instincts of erring humanity. But can we honestly pretend we are any more moral than our friends across the water. It is perfectly certain that we are by no means as thrifty. We waste our hard earned pence upon the race course, or permit the wives of our workers to patronise the street "bookies." The wiser Frenchmen realises that what is bred in the bone will out, and discovers a method whereby some good will arise, if not to the individual, at least to the State.

But the Englishman may argue that if we are no better than our neighbours, "thank Heaven we pretend we are." He may suggest that British racial characteristics entirely forbid our taking a hand in this devil's game. A glance at the history of the lottery in England will soon dispose of this contention. Our countrymen were able to carry through works that we 20th century degenerates can only envy. The first recorded lottery dates from the early years of the reign of good Queen Bess, 1566-1569 to be accurate. As the official announcements quaintly put it, "the same lotterie is erected by Her Majesties' order to the intent that such commoditie as may chance to arise thereof, after the charges borne, may be converted towards the reparation of the havens and strength of the Realme, and towards such other publique good workes." It, therefore, needs no strong flight of imaginatian to see a goodly portion of the £200,000 received

from this lottery going to the building of the stout little vessels that did so much towards founding the British Empire by defeating the Spanish Armada.

Coming to a later time we cull a short paragraph from the "Observer," of Sunday, November 17th, 1805, a few weeks after the glorious victory in the Bay of Trafalgar. It announces a public lottery and advertises prizes to the extent of £250,000, the first three being worth £20,000 each. "Tickets and shares are selling at every Licensed Lottery Office. Present Price: Ticket £19 15s. od." Such a scheme brought a profit of between £200,000 and £300,000 to the State. There were practically no promotion expenses. In 1788, for instance, the Treasury (28 Geo. III. c. 21) announced a £480,000 lottery. The right to issue it to the public was auctioned, and a tender of £750,000 was received, the net profit to the State, after the payment of all expenses, being £256,958 9s. 8d. Is it not sheer cant to speak of State lotteries "as injurious in the highest degree to the morals of the people" (Resolution in the House of Commons 1819) when the men of this very age were capable of defeating the Conqueror of Europe at Waterloo?

But there is a stronger argument against the present blind regard for the moral fetish which declares all State countenance of gambling, utterly bad. It is to be found in the fact that the highest characters in Great Britain, who had actual experience of the lottery system, gave it their support. How many of your readers are aware that we owe the British Museum, the centre of London's intellectual life, to a lottery? What is more, no less a triumvirate than the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons consented to act as managers and trustees. It came about in this manner. The Library and Collection which Sir Hans Sloane, the well known doctor, had got together was offered to the country for a nominal £20,000. The Treasury at the time did not care to advance the money, and the House of Commons chose to order the issue of a State Lottery (26 Geo. II. C 22) 100,000 tickets at £3 each were issued, £200,000 being spent in prizes, varying from £10,000 to £10. The remaining £100,000 was placed to the credit of the British Museum Purchase Fund. Not only was the Sloane col-

lection bought, but the Harleian and Cotton manuscripts were acquired. Moreover, Montague House was purchased and made ready for the nation's new treasures, and an endowment fund was started. The Museum was thrown open to the public in 1759. To-day, there are some 225,000 scholars working in the reading Room, and close upon a million visitors to the museum every year. Does not this gigantic result justify the price which, after all, was no more than a modicum of common sense in judging a minor human frailty?

It would be easy to suggest equally deserving causes to-day. As we write frantic appeals are being made for £30,000 or £40,000 to prevent Velasquez's superb nude known as the "Rokeby Venus," leaving the country. The picture is absolutely unique. It has been in the country for close upon a century. Naturally the funds under the control of the Directorate of the National Gallery can do little towards preventing the work vanishing into the omnivorous maw of American millionairedom. Are we not then offered a most excellent opportunity of proving that, as a nation, we can look facts in the face? The issue of a "Hundred thousand pound" lottery would most certainly bring in sufficient to secure the Velasquez for the National Gallery. But it would do more, for it would afford an easy transition to the authorisation of an annual State Lottery attractive enough to entice the British public away from the pernicious custom of gambling upon race-horses, and wasting hard-earned dollars upon valueless mining shares. As we have said, the desire is bred in the bone. Newspaper proprietors may decline to publish betting odds. They may even refuse to quote shares that have not been pronounced to be fit for public investment. Our clergy may thunder against the vice, and our philosophers against the folly, of gambling. But unless so human an instinct can find satisfaction in a legitimate manner, it will go on seeking an outlet in illegitimate directions.

It is easy to forget how early in life the gambling craze presents itself. As schoolboys, we used to venture our slender pocket-money upon the result of the 'Varsity boat-races, or even upon the Derby. Indeed, the habit manifested itself even earlier. Your readers will doubtless remember the "halfpenny turnovers" of their youth, which were suppressed by the iron arm of the law,

some fifteen year back. "Regina *v.* Egidio Fabrizi, sweetstuff vendor of Islington," would probably be the reference in the law-books. At the time these "turnovers" were the lollies of the hour. Outwardly, they appeared to be a not too generous slab of not too-attractive toffee. Their charm, however, lay more than skin deep. Some contained coins of the realm, a halfpenny, for instance, whereby the fortunate buyer had his sweetmeat for nothing. But this was not all. Not infrequently, a penny, or even a silver coin presented its shining surface to the eye of the delighted infant, who forthwith proceeded to buy, may be, six "turnovers," in the vain hope that the result would be six threepenny pieces.

The case of the "halfpenny turnover" is merely typical. During the very week in which we are writing, an ice-cream vendor of Stoke-on-Trent was fined £10 and costs, or, in default, one month's imprisonment, for keeping what the charge-sheet described as "a gambling den for boys." The evidence showed that the boys visited the ice-cream vendor's shop every Sunday to play a game called "guess penny." The proprietor of the gambling den held a number of coins in his hand so that the top coin could be seen. The boys purchased the privilege of guessing whether the second coin were "head" or "tail" for one penny apiece. A correct guess was rewarded with threepence, the defendant, of course, keeping the money of the losers.

Nothing is more certain than that the cloven hoof of the gambling fiend will show itself in the most unexpected corners. Suppressed in one direction, the craze crops up in another. There always seems to be some ingenious method of evading the eagle eye of the law for a time.

One of the most instructive instances of this within recent years is to be found in the notorious "missing word" competitions. The public memory is a short one, so we may perhaps remind our readers, that this "gamble" depended in the first instance upon a sentence printed in the popular weekly, *Pearson's Weekly*, from which a selected word was omitted. The question that was to agitate the public was, what was the word? For instance, on one occasion, a lively paragraph described the gyrations of a piece of camphor placed in a bowl of water, ending with the statement

that it would "twirl about in a manner that is extremely ——" What was the missing word? Was it "quaint," "horrible," "strange," or another of the hundred and one adjectives that might fit? Any member of the public who thought he had a clue, enclosed 1s. with a coupon cut from the paper. The total amount received was to be divided among those who rightly guessed the "missing word." In the case of the camphor in the bowl paragraph, the answer was "unaccountable." Hundreds of thousands of people essayed the task. During the last few months of 1892, the craze bit the public so deeply, that some £25,000 was received by the newspaper every week. The circulation of *Pearson's Weekly* advanced from a beggarly 350,000 copies a week to the record figure of 1,050,000. The prizes, of course, became larger and larger. On one occasion, each of the successful gamblers received £8 9s. 3d., on another, £13 4s. 6d. But this was not all. According to the rules, a reader was not confined to a single guess, or a single prize. Any one could send in as many coupons and postal orders as he or she pleased. So a fortunate speculator often received not one £13 4s. 6d., but twice or thrice that sum, or even more. Mr. Andrew Tuer, the well-known publisher in Leadenhall Street, on December 3rd, 1892, fancied the word "awkward," and sent up seventy-five shillings and coupons. "Awkward" won, and he received £634 13s. 9d., £8 9s. 3d. for each correct guess. By this date, hundreds of thousands of respectable heads of families were struggling in the toils which had been so cunningly spread. Most of them were blissfully unconscious that their shilling "flutters" were but subtle exemplifications of a "vice" that they would all have condemned in the strongest terms. Certainly, most of them were unaware that the "missing word" competition was entirely illegal. But it was so. The law officers of the Crown heard that a man could win £600 odd by venturing a few pounds. They realised that it was even possible to win £25,000 by risking a single shilling, and decided that it must cease. Messrs. Pearson were naturally sorry to see so successful an advertising dodge stopped, and did their best for themselves and their readers. But the law was adamant. . . .

In so far as the law does interfere with some forms of

gambling, does any good result ensue? Denied an outlet in a more or less harmless direction, the gambling hunger is satisfied in some other fashion. It is true that the law has stopped "missing word" competitions, so all the more money flows from the pockets of the "backer" into the bag of the "bookie," or, if the gambler belongs to the intelligent middle class, into the banking account of the bucket-shop keeper, who can put his client up to "a good thing in mines." Why then should we not boldly realise the truth? Once we know that the gambling instinct is far too deeply rooted to be destroyed, the suggestion sketched here will appear in a far more favourable light. The re-establishment of State Lotteries in Great Britain may even be regarded as an entirely desirable reform. Thrift might be encouraged by the connection of lotteries with the issue of national loans. At the very least, these lotteries would furnish our hard-pressed Chancellor of the Exchequer with a new source of revenue. A very little experience will convince the country of the innate truth of the words of Bish, the last of the great lottery brokers. Hearing the decision of the government to abolish the lottery in the twenties of the last century, he questioned the wisdom of abandoning "a voluntary tax, contributed to only by those who can afford it, and collected without trouble and expense."

"AUDAX."

GOING TO SEA BY TRAIN.

An old popular saying allows, to be on the safe side, that a cow "may fly," prudently adding that she is "not a likely bird." So with railway trains. They may navigate the seas, but if we added that they are not likely ships, we should be even more cautious than is necessary. A scheme is on foot providing conditions under which we shall be enabled to enter a sleeping carriage at Victoria, and wake in the morning to find ourselves in Paris, without even having been disturbed to show our tickets. Nor does this project contemplate the completion of that much talked of tunnel beneath the straits of Dover, which prudent respect for the silver streak guarding us from invasion has always discountenanced up to the present time. The idea now taking a more definite shape than most of us may be aware of, will provide a new variety of Channel steamer which can take trains on board bodily, and deliver them, goods, passengers, and all on to the French railways at Calais. This "Channel ferry" scheme actually took the shape of a bill brought before Parliament during the past session, although for reasons unconnected this time with the normal inability of Parliament to deal with any practical business, it was withdrawn by its promotors.

Does the project sound to those who have paid no attention to such matters, a wild cat scheme, designed rather as a device for bleeding the investor than as a sober project of engineering? A book on the subject, which has been published within the last few weeks, enables us to realise at all events that the passage of trains

across the sea is not a wild dream of unpractical inventors, but a system of travelling in actual operation throughout the world, under conditions in some respects much more trying than those likely to be encountered in the passage from Dover to Calais. Great Britain, indeed, some years ago, was the country in which a train ferry was first organised, as the railway service of southern and northern Scotland was actually at one time linked together by a train ferry across the Forth to Burntisland. This service was abandoned when the Forth bridge superseded it so effectively, but meanwhile the system had been developed on a very much larger scale in some parts of Europe and on the great lakes of America.

The European region in which trains go to sea most frequently, is that which owes its allegiance to King Christian of Denmark. Several ferry lines connect the various islands of the Danish group, the most important of which between Gjedser and Warnemunde crosses an arm of the Baltic about 26 miles wide, and deals with conditions by no means unlike those which will have to be encountered between Dover and Calais. On this line, which was opened in 1903, four direct trains from Berlin to Copenhagen are carried across the 26 miles of sea every day, sleeping cars attached to them by night and restaurant cars by day. The ferry boats used are paddle wheel vessels with four funnels and single lines of rails in deck, but if we cross the Atlantic we shall find in operation on lake Michigan, ferry steamers large enough to have four parallel lines of rail on deck, and to carry as many trains. The Ann-Arbor Railroad Company sends out four distinct train ferries from Frankfort, one of which, crossing to Manistique, traverses 90 miles of water liable to severer conditions of weather even than those which prevail in the British Channel. Laboriously compiled statistics show that the Michigan waves are bigger, and the Michigan winds more violent on the average than those of the Dover Straits. In all there are no fewer than 78 lines of train ferry in operation in America. One crosses 36 miles of Chesapeake Bay, another connects Harlem River, New York, and Jersey City, New Jersey, the water passage in this case being 12 miles. But it is unnecessary to refer in detail to other services of the same kind.

The most surprising fact connected perhaps with the whole undertaking has to do with the moderation of its estimated cost. While tunnel schemes run into varying estimates in two figures of millions, the Channel Ferry is estimated to cost no more than £850,000, while the net profit on its working is estimated very nearly at £150,000, without allowing for the probable increase of traffic which the augmented facilities of travel thus provided would probably encourage. And these estimates allow of an arrangement which might at the first glance be supposed alone to involve a prohibitive expenditure. One of the most serious practical difficulties connected with the operation of a Channel ferry at Dover has to do with the considerable rise and fall of the tide, embarrassments which are not met with on Lake Michigan, and to a very small extent among the Danish Islands. It would not be possible by means merely of inclined planes to run the trains on board ferry steamers at all states of the tide. So the promotors of the proposed undertaking grapple with the situation by contemplating the construction of gigantic electric lifts, capable of raising and lowering whole trains of such reasonable length as the boats would accommodate. These lifts have been estimated for, and are included in the calculations above referred to.

Of course the great charm of the whole proposal resides in the idea that the passenger for Paris need not, unless he chooses, leave his carriage during any part of his journey. But the promoters of the Channel ferry foresee the probability that as soon as he is exonerated from the necessity of doing this, he will, with the natural perversity of the passenger, desire to do so. The ferry steamers therefore will not merely be cargo boats of the character appropriate to the convenience of trains; they will be fitted up with waiting-rooms, restaurants, smoking-rooms, and whatever luxuries of that sort can be thought of, so that, while on board, the passenger, who previously complained of being forced to leave it, will not be able to complain in turn of being cooped up in his carriage. And the waves beneath will give up, as a hopeless task, in dealing with floating railway stations of the magnitude and shape which the new vessels will assume, all hope of being able to torment him with the malady of the sea.

A WEEK END CONVERSATION.

CONCERNING GHOSTS.

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

The guests who were engaged one evening last year in discussing the eccentricities of the marriage Law, and again last summer in reviewing the intricacies of law in general, were lately occupied in deference to the approach of the Christmas season, in considering the natural history of ghosts. Apropos to some polite inquiry as to the channels in which her genius had recently been flowing, the accomplished Novelist remarked that three magazine Editors had lately asked her for ghost stories.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN:

I should have thought that would be like asking a Royal Academician to paint a sign board. Surely the humblest apprentices in the arts of fiction could turn out ghost stories at so much the dozen.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

It is wonderful how you can rely on the mere worldling to be invariably wrong in his beliefs, when you have to deal with problems involving any super-physical conditions.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

If I am wrong will the dealer in magic and spells kindly explain why he thinks it difficult to write a ghost story. If

laziness did not stand in the way, I would offer my services to the Magazines in want of that familiar product, with confidence in my ability to fill their orders.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

I think the explanation would come more gracefully from our accomplished novelist.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

I could not confess it to my customers, but in the intimacy of this circle I may admit that the modern ghost does require more artistic treatment than that which satisfied the taste of an earlier period. Unearthly moans explained at last by a forgotten Eolian harp, phantoms that can be identified with "her frolic Grace Fitzfulk" are out of date. The modern ghost is insulted if you explain him away. He must be genuine as well as thrilling, and the novelist wants a model just as much as the painter. I don't know any ghosts to draw from.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN:

But as nobody else does either, you are safe in drawing from imagination. That is why I say the task is easy. Nobody can criticise you.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

Listen to him! He is an object lesson. His own limitations are the measure of all knowledge!

OUR HOSTESS:

But, Mr. Meldon, do *you* know any ghosts yourself?

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

Please define the expression. What do you mean by a ghost?

OUR HOSTESS:

Somebody come to my rescue!

OUR HOST:

It is my privilege. A ghost is a disembodied being who has once been a human creature, and who, in some abnormal manner is enabled to revisit the glimpses of the moon in a visible shape.

OUR HOSTESS:

Are there not ghosts you cannot see? I understand they are sometimes the most troublesome, when they make disagreeable noises, and do unwholesome things.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

The genuine ghost must have an appropriate *entourage*—a ruined castle or a lonely grave-yard—otherwise he comes under suspicion of being merely an optical illusion.

THE JOURNALIST:

If his existence visible or audible is testified to by a plurality of witnesses that constitutes him a genuine veritable ghost, but no one witness is enough.

OUR HOSTESS:

But why can't you let Mr. Meldon get in a word edgeways, and answer my question. Have *you* seen any ghost?

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

Scores, if we accept your husband's definition.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

When, where, who, how? what do you mean?

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

Simply what I say. I know many people whose physical bodies are dead and buried, but who still live in another way; who come to me from time to time, sometimes in a visible shape, and I find their conversation more iustructive than that of other friends still in the flesh as a rule.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

I wish you would introduce one of them to me.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

It might not be impossible, Jack Malcomb might be willing. I have rendered him some services since he entered the next life, and he is more grateful even than the occasion warrants. He is busy just now on some scientific study in connexion with a distinguished ghost who was President of the Royal Society in life.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN:

"What did you say was the address of the Asylum where you generally reside?

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

If I were in your line of business I would aim a little more at plausibility. And besides the ghost to be credible must not be vulgarised.

THE JOURNALIST:

Don't you see he's a spiritualist. He merely means spirits.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

Oh; there is nothing to be frightened at in that.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

Then is this a new definition for our much defined ghost. Must he frighten people?

THE JOURNALIST:

No, no! That's merely a matter of nerve. I know a man, slightly, who professes to be a rank disbeliever in anything occult. *But*, he says a curious thing did happen to him once. He was at a country house; arriving unexpectedly, the only room available for him was under suspicion as haunted. He did not care. Was waked in the night by a general disturbance going on in the room. Thought he would see what was the matter and struck a match at his bedside table. As it flamed up, it was blown out by an invisible presence. He tried again, but several times the matches were blown out, though he tried to light two or three together. So he simply gave up the attempt, and waited to see, or rather, to hear what would happen next. There were sounds of anger and strife, as of something being dragged across the room, and then a great splash as of some heavy body thrown into water. After that, things quieted down, and eventually my acquaintance resumed his slumbers. Now those ghosts might certainly have frightened some people but not others.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

If your friend really disbelieved in ghosts his nerve does him credit. As a rule, those people who are frightened of them most are those people who profess to disbelieve in their existence.

When you no more disbelieve than you disbelieve in the occasional occurrences of thunderstorms, you are no more frightened by them.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

But, if you please, I am frightened of thunderstorms.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

That only gives point to my comparison. It is unreasonable to be frightened of thunderstorms, because the probabilities are so enormously against being hurt. And so, equally, or more so, with the ghost; though let me remark in passing, that I merely use that expression in deference to your habits of thought. It is profoundly unscientific.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

But what was the explanation of the matches that wouldn't burn, and the splash.

THE JOURNALIST:

None that meet your needs, neither draughts nor bath tubs in the next room. Only a murder in the last century.

OUR HOST:

There is something there that embarrasses me. I don't think we are any of us stupidly incredulous however cautious we may be in believing any given story. But sometimes the situation described seems so horribly unfair as to be unacceptable on that ground. For instance, a man I know told me he had once actually seen a ghost at a house in Scotland. It was the ghost of a poor unhappy woman with a dead, bleeding body of an infant in her arms, crying over it in the most agonising way. The tradition was that she was the ghost of a woman whose brutal husband in some savage bygone period had killed her child before her eyes in a fit of fury when he had, quite erroneously, distrusted her fidelity. Now she was the innocent victim of a hideous crime. Why, if there is a God above us to deal out justice, should *she* go on suffering misery through the ages?

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

She does nothing of the kind. The science of superphysical Nature gives us the simple explanation. The ghost your friend

saw was the partially materialized thought of the murderer. The innocent woman has been blissfully established in Heaven long ago with her child alive and all memory of the murder wiped out of her consciousness. But the murderer—compelled on another plane of existence to realize the abominable nature of his crime has been thinking of it ever since, and has *created* by such thinking that awful presentment of his victim. It has no more consciousness itself than a picture that might be painted by an artist, but it seems an avenging spectre in the sight of the murderer.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

Are you acquainted with the gentleman in question, in his present environment—that you know so well what he has been doing?

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

General principles give me that knowledge—One need not have been acquainted with a barrister to know that people generally suffer if they go to law.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

By the bye, the law courts ought to be well haunted, if ghosts in distress can be created by the remorse of their victims—why do not the unjust judges and wicked barristers see them.

THE JOURNALIST:

That will, by the hypothesis before us, be their fate hereafter.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

The evil day is happily put off. But I am disappointed. Instead of being helped to an exciting belief in ghosts, I am to understand, apparently that they are, so to speak, supernatural shams,—not really what they seem at all.

OUR HOST:

Let us be fair to our occult instructor. He merely implies that the ghost of the kind that puzzled me are shams. I imagine the "scores" that he speaks of knowing are objective.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

But they are only séance room spirits, and if not shams they are the most deplorably disappointing ghosts of all. They never tell one anything worth hearing: they talk in feeble platitudes, they contribute nothing to human knowledge.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

The advantage enjoyed by people who have never been in touch with real spiritualism is that they feel free to make sweeping statements concerning it. Some spirits it is true are as unintelligent as most people in the flesh; others give us information and teaching of the highest value: others, again, within my own knowledge, are practical enough to prescribe successfully for patients in sickness and to guide mechanical invention.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

That sort of ghost would not be of the smallest use for the purposes of fiction.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

Then let me introduce you to a ghost of another kind. Once upon a time an ardent investigator of mysteries who for the moment shall be nameless, was led to believe that a certain room in a large private lunatic asylum was haunted by the ghost of an inmate who had been shut up there by one of the warders who immediately afterwards was killed by an accident. Nobody else knew that the unfortunate patient was immured there. When long afterwards the room, which had rarely been used, was visited, his body was discovered. He had died of starvation. The next obstreperous inmate confined there was found the following morning dead—apparently of horror. The room was never used again, but the ghost-hunter was fascinated when he heard the story, and wanted to know in what shape the first victim appeared.

He procured an introduction to the proprietor of the asylum and asked permission to spend an evening and as much of the night as might be necessary in the terrible room. The proprietor was absent on the occasion when it suited the investigator to carry out his purpose, but had left instructions with his subordinates. The ghost hunter went down in due course, was received

by the principal warder who seemed to be a little in doubt as to whether he might not be qualified at all events to occupy one of the other rooms as an inmate, even if there was nothing in his demeanour to warrant his confinement in a padded apartment designed for refractory patients.

The room was unfurnished, but at the visitor's request the attendant brought him an easy chair, a small table and a lamp. It was summer time, so there was no need for artificial warmth. The visitor was provided with a book and a cigar case, and his expectation of excitement forbade him to anticipate *ennui*.

"Do you want me to shut the door?" asked the attendant with a grin, that the visitor for the moment assigned merely to his general attitude of surprise, but when the answer was given "Oh, certainly," and the attendant had retired and had shut the door behind him, the visitor perceived with some annoyance that there was no handle inside by which it could be opened again. He was imprisoned as effectually as if he had really been the original victim of the fatal chamber. He had not the least desire to shrink from his self-appointed task, but still it was offensive to his dignity to find himself practically under lock and key.

The room was ventilated, and would have been lighted in the day time by a small square window high up in the end wall—barred across outside. Two small glass frames on hinges closed it within. The visitor drawing his chair beneath them so as to reach them by standing on it, set them open for the sake of a little fresh air—then took back his chair to the table at the end of the room—wound up his watch, lighted a cigar and began to read.

He had not been so occupied for long, when looking up, attracted by a sound at the window he saw behind the bars and looking in at him a face,—but vaguely illuminated by his own lamp. His nerves were not disturbed. He had expected something and something was happening. But in a few moments he was startled to observe that the face seen at first behind the bars was now inside them. He could see it clearly—there was no body—merely a face above a dark cloud; but the face was disagreeable to look at. It had a wild vacant expression,

though it seemed fierce and malevolent. It was the face of an angry maniac.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

A mad ghost! Really, that is an idea. What valuable service to art may be rendered by the expert endowed with real knowledge!

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

The conception is plausible. Insanity in after life might explain many ghostly appearances that are otherwise unintelligible.

OUR HOSTESS:

Please don't interrupt the story to discuss theories. What happened next?

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

How would you like the story to end? Shall the mad ghost develop claw-like hands and strangle the visitor, or infect him with insanity? Is he to be found dead in the morning, or merely playing with straws?

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

Don't be absurd. Tell us what really occurred:

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

Dear lady, don't you see that nothing really occurred; that the ghost our learned friend finds plausible, and that charms you as a novelty, is the weird ghost of fiction—the only kind of ghost that has no place in Nature at all. My story is an imperfect reflection of one made up by some friends of mine to test the credulity of a disbeliever. It is unscientific in its construction from A to *Z*. But if the ghost of fancy is sufficiently gruesome he will be welcome in circles where the genuine helpful, sympathetic friend, returning from the next world to give us interesting news, is driven away by derisive rejection. I have felt the pressure of many ghostly hands, the clasp of some ghostly arms, but these have been manifestations of friendship or affection, and if I were to tell you about them, you would listen politely, no doubt, and wonder afterwards how I could be so infatuated as to suppose such things had really occurred.

THE JOURNALIST:

But do I understand you to imply that no real ghosts are gruesome and malevolent?

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

Some dogs are savage and ill-tempered, but the dogs I prefer to have dealings with are lovable and sweet-tempered. They are dogs, none the less.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

That again is an idea. I will see what can be done with a lovable and sweet-tempered ghost.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

He will not be in season at Christmas. The mad variety will be better in keeping with snap-dragon and the waits.

OUR HOSTESS:

Anyhow, no sort of ghosts ought to be in season when bedtime approaches. Don't you stop up Jem, smoking with George, or I shall have to come down and join you in a dressing gown. I hope you have not made appointments with any of your uncanny friends for to-night, Mr. Meldon?

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

It would have been useless. They are very particular about the society they mix with.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

After that crushing remark, it is indeed time for us to break up.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PUNISHMENT.

PSYCHOLOGY, until within recent years, has been relegated to a back place in the outer court of the Empirical and Doubtful, and has not dared to peep into the Temple of the Exact Sciences. But the trend of modern research seems to point to the probability that at no very distant date she may find herself quite at home there, and on speaking terms with others than the Therapeutists who have been the first to recognize her claims.

For the obvious and wholesale failure of our prison, reformatory, and other similar systems, would appear to rest mainly on our disregard of two psychological facts, (1) the function of the faculty of Will, and (2) the influence of atmosphere. With regard to the first, could any position more morally disastrous be well imagined than that of a human being compelled by his actions to belie his will? We all instantly realize the tragedy of a good man compelled to do ill, but few of us realize that a bad man forced to do well represents a still deeper tragedy—to the man himself. For in the first case the interference is with mere externals (from the point of view of the man's own soul) whereas in the latter it is with the internal, with that faculty of Will which is our Divine Birthright, and for which the very lowest of us in the spiritual scale will fight, even if blindly and unconsciously, to the death. Psychologically, the sinner fights not so much in defence of the sin as in defence of his own individual right to sin, if he so choose, his right in other words, to exercise the faculty of Will.

Theoretically, of course, we all complacently assure ourselves that the law of growth is from within outwards, but practically we reverse the order, and then remain conveniently oblivious of the fact that such a reversal can, and does, only result in mental strife, and moral devastation. Evil, like many other fungi, grows best in the dark, so that to attempt to suppress it by shutting it out from the light is but to increase its strength. This is not to say that a man is to be as criminal as he chooses, but it is to say that no amount of external pressure can affect his internal criminal propensities, and therefore a system based on such pressure can do no permanent good to the individual, and therefore, in the long run, none to Society either.

A man does ill because he *wants* to do ill; it is his will to do ill; and the only way to alter matters, is to turn his will in the opposite direction. When once he *wants* to do well, the battle is three parts won, but to *compel* him to do well is to irretrievably lose it. It may be urged that in our prisons and reformatories, a systematic effort is made to thus direct the will, but what I would say is, that it is attempted under almost insuperable difficulties both for teacher and taught. For here that second psychological fact comes in, *i.e.*, the influence of atmosphere.

We all know how in every day life we are affected by the atmosphere of the folk with whom we come in contact, how one man's mere presence is suggestive of hope and cheeriness, and another's of pessimism and gloom. Every one has his individual atmosphere, and every one is more or less susceptible to that of his fellows. Not one person in a hundred, even when naturally cheerful, can hold out indefinitely and wholly unaffacted, if plunged into an atmosphere where every one is gloomy and dull, and life is systematically regarded as a vale of tears. But how much more susceptible do we become when the conditions are in any way abnormal! If, for instance, the mind is weak or the moral sense feeble, how much more ready will be the response to an evil atmosphere, in precisely the same way that just as a weakened physical body will allow an easy entrance to the germs of disease.

What chance has an inebriate, then, of getting rid of the craving for drink when he is sent to an Inebriates' Home where the whole moral atmosphere is saturated with that craving?

For he not only has to contend with his own, but with the sum total of all the other inmates' cravings, to the influence of which he is peculiarly open on the principle that like attracts like. And so his craving steadily increases, and the inability to satisfy it being only temporary, it is easy to comprehend why, when the interdict is removed, the last state of that man should frequently be worse than the first. If on the contrary, he lived among people who never felt the craving, his own could at least receive no additional stimulus or strength from outside sources.

No one attempts to deny either the existence or the power of this "atmosphere." Even the law, which is about the blindest and the most materialistic thing in existence, recognizes it as a force to be reckoned with, and under the plea of the contagion of emotion, decrees the irresponsibility of crowds, *i.e.*, that the individual members of a crowd, unless obviously instigating to definite acts, shall not be held liable for any act the crowd may perform as a whole. What seems so odd is, that the genius of the law having led it to discover this peculiarly patent fact, it should straightway proceed to ignore it, except in the isolated case of temporary crowds, leaving the unfortunate permanent crowds of prisons, reformatories and the like, to endure the full force of its action.

The boy who comes out of a reformatory, or the man who comes out of a prison, better, or no worse than he went in, is an individual with a future, an individual whose instincts of good are so strong that they have triumphed over almost insuperable difficulties. He is good, not so much because of the reformatory or the prison, as in spite of them. This is not to throw the slightest slur upon the heroic and self-sacrificing efforts of those who work in our prisons and our reformatories; it is only to say that they work against too long odds.

Lastly, we have to consider our really pre-historic views as to the theory of punishment. Criminality is a disease of the mind, (frequently accompanied by physical unfitness,) due to a perversion of the faculty of will. It is moreover an infectious disease, and until we learn to regard it as such, and its victims as sick people, and to treat them accordingly, we shall not be able either to help them or society at large. Moral sickness is ten

thousand times more pitiable than physical sickness, yet what inhuman brutes we should think ourselves if we seized a number of individuals suffering from measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and small-pox, and shutting them all up together, announced to them, "Now stay there, each of you according to the quarantine limit of your particular disease, and when you come out, just remember that illness is an irreparable disgrace, and if you forget it, we shan't."

There is little need to dwell on the effects of such a process on the patients themselves, nor to draw attention to so obvious a fact as that a man might be ostracised from his fellows for a comparatively harmless disease like measles, and return to them to scatter broadcast the germs of a virulent one like small-pox. Yet is not this a fairly accurate picture of the prison system? It is our own limited notions of justice that convert the weak man into the habitual criminal. For consider what we ask of him. We fling him, weak and morally ailing, into an atmosphere saturated with the germs of moral disease; we brand him as a social leper; and then when we find that this treatment does not incite him to rise to any great moral heights, we sigh and shake our heads, and murmur platitudes about the natural depravity of man.

Our whole idea of punishment is so irrational. It should stand for atonement; instead it stands for revenge, the revenge of Society upon the individual who outrages it. The disgrace should consist in the sin; instead, it consists in the punishment. Punishment should offer a man the means of regaining his self-respect, instead it strips away the last rags of it from him. If a man goes into prison with his head downbent he should be able to come out holding it high, and ready to face his fellows, ready to say, "I sinned; but now in so far as in me lies, I have atoned. Let me then return to my place in the world." This, in the case of a repeated offence, might be a demand for justice tempered by mercy, in the case of a first, it would be a demand for justice alone. We do not consider that one attack of measles makes a man a permanent invalid, or that one selfish action makes him fundamentally selfish, but apparently we consider that one illegal action makes him a social leper. Is it not a little illogical?

NORA ALEXANDER.

HOW CICELY KEPT HER TRYST.

By Leila Boustead.

Lord Hollingsworth sat, one darkening afternoon near Christmas, in his comfortable bachelor's flat off Piccadilly. The room was furnished with the evidence of a lavish hand combined with a true artistic note, the note which is never gained where the upholsterer and the decorator have been turned loose to work their own sweet will. Here, everything breathed of the man who had gathered his spoils and treasures far afield, who had, as the gipsies say, eaten his bread in many parts, and trodden alike the four compass points which form the limitations of man's limited wanderings. Tiger's skins were thrown carelessly over chairs and couches and a great stuffed leopard growled and snarled from a corner, giving one the idea of extreme indignation on his part at the indignity of being obliged to carry an electric lamp which had been placed swinging in his open jaws. All over the walls hung heads of big game, horns and antlers, and along the length of the low ceiling, suspended close to it, was a gigantic crocodile, showing his formidable teeth in a sardonic grin.

The master of these household gods sat smoking in an easy chair, drawn close to a blazing fire. On a table near, stood the Tantalus of whisky and the syphon of soda, without which modern man can never think his well-being is complete. It was a delightful picture of cosy comfort, and it was sharpened by the contrast of the wretched conditions outside. For a December fog of the worst pea-soup order was hanging like a pall over

unhappy London, and pressing against the window panes, as if trying to enter even there and poison the brightness within. Lord Hollingsworth shivered and threw some more coals on the fire.

"I wish he'd come," he muttered, "I suppose all the traffic is disorganised. Hang these infernal fogs." But even as he spoke, there was a ring at the door, and his servant showed in a visitor, announcing "Mr. Drayton."

He was a small old man who bore, as so many men do, his profession writ over every inch of him, and which in this case, shouted "solicitor" as plainly as it could shout it. He advanced with outstretched hands, before the other could speak.

"It's all over and all's well. We have won. She's got it," he said.

Lord Hollingsworth drew a deep breath.

"Was it much of a fight to-day? Can you imagine how I have felt boxed up in these four walls with this beastly throat and cold, unable to go to her and stand by her. Poor little Cicely, how is she?"

"All right, I think. She was very plucky. But I never really had any doubt of the result. We didn't ask for any maintenance, of course, only the separation and the custody of the child, and we have got them. We've won all along the line. I wish now we had gone for a divorce."

"Well, she wouldn't, you see. Heavens, I'm thankful she's clear of the brute at last anyhow. How did he—Templeton—look?"

"Just as you'd expect him to," said the lawyer rather enigmatically, and moving to the fire, he proceeded to warm his coat tails at it, in the fashion dear to an Englishman. Then when his host had supplied him with a drink and a cigar, the two men discussed the salient features of the case just fought and ended.

"Well, it's pleasant to win, even when you like your enemy,—doubly so when you detest him," remarked Mr. Drayton at length. "But look here, Hollingsworth, I mustn't forget the matter that has really chiefly brought me here to-night. There is something important I have to say to you."

"What now? Nothing fresh wrong, I hope?"

"Well, it's about your sister—Mrs. Templeton's will. Are you aware that she had made one?"

"Not I—I never heard it. I never even thought of it. You see, I was abroad when she married, and I naturally thought my father had done all that was proper in the way of settlements, settling her own money on her and all that sort of thing."

"Unfortunately, your late father did nothing of the kind. He was, well, to put it mildly, the most eccentric and un-business-like man I have ever met, and, in spite of my objections, your sister married with absolutely no settlements of any description. But that is not all, or the worst. She was, as you know, utterly and blindly infatuated with her husband, and shortly after their wedding, she came to me and insisted on my drawing out a will, in which she left him everything absolutely."

Lord Hollingsworth uttered an exclamation.

"You don't say so? And that has never been revoked?"

"Never. It has always troubled me, greatly so of course since the marriage turned out in this unhappy way, and I have been merely waiting till we had done with the Court, and her separation was secured, before taking further steps. I fancy she must have forgotten all about it, but it is for us now of course to put it before her."

"Then, as matters stand at this moment, should Cicely die to-morrow, this blackguard takes everything to the exclusion of Ronnie—the child?"

"Everything" said Mr. Drayton laconically.

"What an awful position! it must be seen to at once," said the other warmly, "I will go round to her about it as soon as possible. Good heavens, what possessed her? What fools women are sometimes."

"Poor weak loving creatures" sighed the old lawyer, as he rose to take his leave "I have seen something of them in my time." There was a humorously tender look in his mild blue eye. "How can you expect them to be different? They don't know how to take a glass of good port or whiskey, which might put some devil or backbone into them. They live on cat-lap and milk puddings, and of course they run all to soul and sentiment and tears. Then we men ill-treat them."

"Not all of us I hope. But their hearts do run away with their heads in the most unaccountable way sometimes. This thing shall be put right without loss of time. You are going now? Well, good-night, and thanks many for all you've done. You'll hear from me as soon as I have seen Cicely," and Lord Hollingsworth showed his visitor out.

He remained long after he left, sitting staring into the fire, thinking of the wrecked and mangled life of his beautiful sister. And she was his only one. They two alone now remained of the family, and for the last five years, ever since her ill-omened marriage with Harold Templeton, she had suffered all the long drawn cruel humiliation which a brutal and callous bully can inflict upon a woman, until she rose in her desperation and sought the relief which a tardy justice had that day given her. But the law, as administered under our social system, has a way of giving justice with one hand and taking it away with the other. For as the Old Book has it, "Be thou as pure as snow thou shalt not escape calumny," and a woman who has once stepped into the mud of the Courts which sit on matrimonial difficulties, never really shakes it off her feet. She may be proved, by every legal and moral view, to be a perfectly innocent victim, but after a time this trifling detail is forgotten, and it is whispered about her "Oh, that Mrs. ——, separated from her husband, my dear," and as this appears to be an offence equivalent to being separated from your God, the world and his wife, who know no God except themselves, pass her by. So reflected Lord Hollingsworth, as his thoughts wandered into that land of shadows, the future, and he tried to shape out his sister's life, as he would fain have it be. "Poor Cicely, poor little woman," was the outcome of his musings, "I'm glad she's got Ronnie, at any rate," and he fell comfortably to sleep in the easy chair.

The next day, having shaken off the worst of the chill which had been laying him up, and the fog having lifted, he presented himself, true to his word, at his sister's house. She lived in Belgrave Square, with her child, her servants, and a faithful old dependant, who had once been their nurse, and who now acted as housekeeper and a sort of confidential attendant. Lord Hollingsworth found his sister in the morning room, a dainty blue

and white boudoir, where she sat writing letters. She was a small slight woman, of a most uncommon type of beauty. Her hair was the true rare Venetian red, her eyes a dark velvety brown, and her skin pale and pure, and free from the slightest suggestion of freckles. Round the room, astride on a wooden hobby horse, rollicked a beautiful boy of three, who had his mother's russet hair and colouring, but a look of imperious command, never inherited from her. Lord Hollingsworth kissed his sister, and after a few words of congratulation on yesterday's victory, he turned his attenion to the boy who was clinging round one of his legs in the engaging fashion common to his kind. Being a bachelor, he had not the faintest idea of how to deal with children, and they rather worried him. If it was a baby, he always prodded it in the cheek, made a face, and said "Oopsy Daisy." What he meant he had not a notion, but he trusted the baby had. If it was an older child on its legs, he had a dim fancy that to take it by the heels, and turn it upside down, was the proper road into its affections. Therefore, feeling a terrible fool all the while, he played in this interesting manner for some minutes with his nephew, before he suggested that he had come on business, and that the boy had better be dismissed to the nursery.

"It's time he went for his walk," said Mrs. Templeton, ringing the bell, and as soon as they were alone, her brother unfolded his errand to her.

"I know," she said, sinking into a chair, and laying her head back rather wearily, "Dear old Drayton needn't be alarmed. I hadn't forgotten it, but I couldn't be bothered with it until this other business was over. It must be put right now of course."

"It was rather a mad thing to do, Cicely. I mean leaving all to your husband unconditionally—a large fortune as it is. Especially as he had practically nothing to leave you."

"We all do mad things at times," she said smiling slightly, "my whole marriage was mad. Arthur, do you believe in omens?"

"I don't know, my dear girl. I have never considered it seriously—why?"

"Well, because it was so strange, I have often thought of it

since—but do you know that the day I first met Harold, at Lords, there was a terrific thunderstorm just coming on, and I remember that at the very moment he was being introduced to me, the whole sky seemed to darken and an ominous peal of thunder rolled over our heads."

Lord Hollingsworth laughed. His sister's romantic and imaginative notions always amused him, for he had not a spice of anything of the kind in his own nature.

"Then on our wedding day it poured, just as if the Heavens were weeping over me, and I am sure they were," she continued.

"Well, they are going to smile on you now, and the sun shine out," said her brother, "and I am sure you want it. Do you know you are looking very seedy, Cicely?" and he surveyed her more attentively in the searching morning light. She had looked ill and worn ever since her marriage, but now he suddenly noted how sunken her cheek was, how hollow her eye, while the lips had lost their freshness, and a faint blue tint seemed painted round them.

"What is the matter with you? Have you seen a doctor?" he asked.

"Oh yes, he says of course I am frightfully run down from all this awful trouble and strain, and I must get away for a long rest and change."

"And so you must, but this will business must be settled first. It can be done very quickly. You will of course simply put Ronnie's name in instead of Harold's, and then, my dear girl, you just go off to the Riviera, or somewhere, with old Anna and the child, and get out of this beastly climate."

"Yes, I shall be out of it very soon now and in the sunshine," said Cicely dreamily.

"I wish I could come with you, but as you know, business ties me. You are too pretty to go about the world alone. I wish you had gone for a divorce, Cicely, and then you could have married again."

She shook her head sadly.

"I should be afraid to dip into the matrimonial lottery again. That is all over and done with. But, Arthur, you will see that this business is set on foot at once, won't you? It worries me."

"That will be all right in no time," said her brother cheerily, "I will see Drayton at once, and let you know. Good-bye, dear old girlie," and he took his leave.

He was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet once he had made up his mind anything pressed, and the idea of such a will as his sister had executed standing for one moment was perfectly intolerable. He sought the lawyer, and the result of his interview was a prompt letter to Belgrave Square.

"Dear Cicely," he wrote, "Drayton quite understands all that is wanted. Everything will be ready on Thursday at three o'clock, if you will come to his office to sign. I shall be there.

Yours, etc.,

HOLLINGSWORTH.

When Cicely got this note, she happened to be standing by the fire, and having read it, she dropped it into the blazing coals, with the habits of a woman who dislikes accumulating an unnecessary litter of papers about her. Had she instead kept it, the whole world would likely have heard a story which, as it is, has hitherto been known to three people only, and which is now here given to you under names that will not be recognised.

Thursday dawned an intensely cold day. The air seemed full of little falling icy spikes, a mixture of snow and hail, and which cut against the face like needles. Lord Hollingsworth lunched at his club, and at the appointed hour, betook himself punctually to Mr. Drayton's office. The old gentleman was there alone, and the will, the usual neat formidable looking document, lay ready on the table.

"How infernally cold it is. My sister not come yet?" said he.

"No, I expect her every minute. Seasonable weather, I suppose, but it doesn't suit an old codger like me."

"I wasn't so cold among the Eskimos. They know how to dress and to eat. Seal's blubber and skins. Ah, here is Cicely," said Lord Hollingsworth, as a step sounded on the stair, and Mrs. Templeton was announced by the clerk. She was dressed in a long dark blue cloak, trimmed with chinchilla, and a toque of the same fur, with a few violets in it rested on the wonderful hair. She carried also a muff almost as big as herself, but when

she withdrew her hand from it to give to her brother, he was struck by its extreme chilliness.

"You are cold, my dear girl. Come to the fire," he said. But she shook her head.

"No, I can't stay. I must get this business over as soon as I can. It has been very difficult for me to get here at all."

"Ah, the weather. Yes, it's abominable," said Mr. Drayton. "Well, everything is quite ready, and we need not detain you long. But first of all, I must read out the will to you. It is very simple. Everything you possess is left to your son, and by the bye, I have named your brother here as trustee. I thought that would be sure to meet with your approval?"

She nodded her head without speaking as she took a chair, and the lawyer proceeded with the reading of the ridiculous technicalities with which such documents are besprinkled, apparently with the sole object of bewildering any ordinary mind. She listened in silence to the end, and then said "That's all right, I suppose. Ronnie gets everything. Shall I sign now?"

"Certainly, We must have old Jardyce to witness, as under his trusteeship, your brother can't do so," and touching the bell, the old clerk was summoned.

Then Cicely approaching the table, wrote her name with a steady hand in full, clear characters "Cicely Mary Templeton." As she laid down her pen, she gave a deep sigh, and the clock on the mantel-piece struck half past three. They noticed it vaguely at the time and remembered it afterwards. Then Mr. Drayton and the clerk, having duly witnessed, the proceedings were at an end.

"That is a good thing over and a weight off my mind," said the lawyer.

"Yes," said Cicely, shivering, "I am very, very thankful it is done. Thank you so much Mr. Drayton for all your trouble, and now good-bye for I must be going."

"Do warm yourself at the fire a bit first, like a Christian. You look as cold as charity," pleaded her brother.

But she smiled, one of her rare charming smiles.

"No, old man, I really must go."

"Well, I'll see you to the brougham," he said, and went

down stairs with her, but when they reached the street there was no sign of any waiting vehicle.

"Didn't you come in the carriage?" he asked.

"No, I couldn't bring it."

"Why, horses ill, or what? well, I'll get you a hansom," and he proceeded to try and call one. But the snow seemed now to be turning to a dismal sleet, and cabs were being snatched up by cold and weary pilgrims, as fast as they loomed into view.

"There's one going down the other side. I'll fetch it in a jiffey," said Lord Hollingsworth, and rushed off after it. He caught it up very soon, jumped into it, and drove back to where he had left his sister. To his surprise, she was not there. He looked up and down the now fast darkening street, but could see no trace of her.

"She's gone upstairs to the office again after something," he decided, and he returned there himself. No one, however, had seen anything of her.

"Rum," he reflected, as he made his way down once more, "where the deuce can she have got to?"

But the deuce either did not know or did not choose to answer, for echo only answered, "Where?" The mystified peer cooled his heels, walking up and down for some time, till he eventually concluded that she must have seen another cab, and gone off in it.

"Women have a cool way of behaving sometimes" he cogitated, with some pardonable irritation, and getting into the hansom he had fetched, he drove home to his own flat. As soon as he got in his servant met him with a telegram.

"This came for you, my lord, after you went out." His master opened it, and stood rooted to the spot, stupidly staring. "Come at once" it ran "Something terrible has happened. Mrs. Templeton has died suddenly." It was signed by the old servant, Anna.

Lord Hollingsworth clutched the flimsy pink paper with stiffening fingers, and only one clear idea in his head. He must be mad, or sickening for a fever, or someone else was. What on earth did it mean? His sister dead—he had just parted from her! He laughed aloud, and the servant looked anxiously at him.

What time do you say this came?" he asked.

"Not very long after you left, my lord. About two o'clock, I should say."

"Impossible! You are talking bosh, Pringle."

"Beg pardon, my lord?"

The man's quiet voice recalled him to himself. He steadied his brain and looked at the top of the telegram. It had been sent off at 1.30.

"Can I get your lordship anything? You look mortal bad, sir."

"Yes, get me a cab," said his master, huskily; "someone, I think, is playing some abominable practical joke on me." In two minutes he was driving furiously to Belgrave Square.

In after years he never remembered anything clearly about that drive, but branded always on his brain was the recollection of the ice-bolt which shot through him from head to foot as he threw himself out on to the door step, and looked up at the house. All the blinds were down. Then he dimly knew that the door opened, and that old Anna and the doctor drew him into some room, and told him his sister was dead. She had died that morning of heart failure, brought on by the shock and fright of a disastrous scene with her husband, who had called at the house, forced his way in, and succeeded in getting an interview with her.

"I will try to understand," said Lord Hollingsworth, speaking in a calm, odd tone, which he hardly recognised himself. "This was—what time?"

"About one," said the old nurse, "I heard the quarrelling and his cruel voice raised, and then I heard my dear lamb crying, and then I heard him leave the house. I was just thinking of going to see after her, when her bell was pulled sharply, and I rushed in. She was lying back in the chair, pale and awful looking She tried to speak, but there was no time to get her anything—there was no time to do anything before she was gone," and the poor old woman burst into tears.

"Heart, undoubtedly," said the doctor in the even measured tones of the man to whom human griefs and pangs are familiar "I knew it was badly affected, but with care and rest all might have been well. It is an awful thing."

"She had been particularly bright this morning," continued

Anna, sobbing. "She went out for a walk or somewhere, and came in about twelve. She hadn't been long back when *he* came, God forgive him, and now her death lies on his soul."

Lord Hollingsworth was silent. He was aware that he was listening to a perfectly clear statement of fact by two sane and wholly trustworthy people. What then did it all mean? His sister was dead, had died at one o'clock, so they said. It must be true then. The anguish of mind at the terrible fact, at her loss, which he knew must presently rush flooding over him, was for the moment kept at bay by another thought, a question so immense, a question so awesome, that his brain reeled before its issues. If Cicely died at one o'clock, *who, what* had he seen at the lawyer's office that afternoon?

The doctor began to speak again, apparently to him. He heard not a word. He interrupted suddenly, clutching at the old nurse's dress, with a white staring face.

"Anna, think again! She didn't die at one. There is some mistake, there must be."

"Dear heart, Master Archie, don't look like that. It's been too much for you. It was one o'clock sure enough, for as the doctor by the same token can tell you, he was here himself by the quarter after, and said as she was gone, and I sent you that tallygram as soon as I could think what should rightly be done."

"She had been dead some minutes when I arrived," said the doctor.

"Will you come up and see her?" asked Anna. "She looks just beautiful, the dear."

Lord Hollingsworth tried to speak, but failed. He was, in truth, face to face with one of those moments granted only to the few, when the veil between the Seen and the Unseen is drawn aside, when the very air seems to throb with the beat of angel's wings, when the thousand voices of the Night press closer, crying "We are not dead, but living, and living more than you. For it is you who are in death, and we in life eternal."

Yes, sometimes the mills of God grind quickly, and to right the wrong, Nature may be roused to do—no miracle—but her best.

Choking with emotion, his senses reeling under the might

and meaning of the thoughts which crowded on him, Lord Hollingsworth rose and rushed from the house.

* * * * * *

The following morning saw him at Mr. Drayton's office. The faces of the two men looked older by years than yesterday, as if, indeed, the weight of an un-utterable experience had passed over them. On the table lay open the last Will and Testament of Cicely Mary Templeton. Yes, there her fair clear signature stared them in the face, eloquent beyond all language, dumbly giving the damning lie to the dreary doctrine of the materialists, to all who would say that she who had penned it was but dust.

The old lawyer was speaking.

"Of course," he said, "if these facts were to come to the knowledge of the other side, if Harold Templeton, I mean, got hold of them, I fancy the Court would have to sit upon the most entirely unprecedented question the law has ever had to settle. And with the evidence of the hour of death to deal with against this signature, I don't think it is difficult to imagine what the verdict would be."

"You mean—forgery?" uttered Lord Hollingsworth.

"Well, what do you think? Fancy telling this story to twelve hard-headed men. I shouldn't blame them, either. If anyone had spun me this yarn twenty-four hours ago, I should have laughed in their face."

The other nodded silently.

"But," continued the old man, "there is, as I see, no reason the world should ever hear the facts. No living soul knows the real time of her visit to this office, except you and me and Jardyce. He is safe as the grave. She went out in the morning, and it can be supposed she came here then. Let it go so. We have her signature, and the child gets everything. We shall be silent."

He paused to take up the will, and to lock it carefully away.

"When the finger of God has moved" he added, "it is not for mere mortal to do aught but to stand reverently aside."

THE RELIGION OF TO-DAY.

MAN is seeking for truth in all directions; the world in general and this country in particular is seeking with unrest. It is replete with misery and wretchedness and vice of every kind, wealth is gradually but surely accumulating in the hands of the few, while not only poverty, but the pauperisation of the masses is growing day by day. Such a state of things manifestly cannot last. History assures us of that, and if history did not teach us the fact, even a perfunctory acquaintance with human nature might.

Faith is necessary for the world, but it must be a reasonable faith, not a terrible strain on man's credulity, an invitation to him to believe something about which he must not reason or inquire, and which is to be received as a verity, merely or chiefly because it is incomprehensible.

Certainly there are teachers in plenty, but what is their gospel? Listen to them whether they speak in dulcet tones in a stately cathedral or at street corners with raucous voice and ungrammatical English. What is their message, what have they one and all to say, what can the practical man deduce from their teaching or take away with him as the sum total of their discourse? If he be a man with what is called an open mind, that is to say free from prejudice of any kind, he will simply conclude that these men, whatever their particular ism, are merely repeating the formulæ, or shibboleths, or jargon, call it which you like, of a dead creed; that they do not really know what they are talking about, while their voteries deem their faith shines the more brilliantly the less they attempt to comprehend or reason

anent the "mysteries" upon which the particular preacher has been dilating and the cryptic utterances he has let fall in regard thereto. It is all unreal, artificial, the cover—and a most effective cover too—for much cant, hypocrisy and self-seeking.

Will the preacher of a new Gospel spring from among the thousands of ministers of religion of different kinds who weekly and daily hold forth in this much preached at country? There are no symptoms of it, but every sign to the contrary. The religious leaders appear to be either wrapped in an incomprehensible mysticism, or to be entirely exercised about trivialities.

One day recently I visited that vast edifice near Victoria Station, where efforts have been made, not very successfully, in my opinion, to repeat some of the glories of Byzantine architecture. It was the first Sunday of October, and the large congregation were engaged in solemnly presenting the Virgin Mary with England as her "dowry." This jointure had, it seems, been filched from Mary at the time of the Reformation, and "at the express wish of the late Cardinal Vaughan" it is now handed back to her on the first Sunday of October in each year. And while this solemn farce was being enacted—a farce which conserves the anthropomorphic idea of God, and the material aspect of Heaven and the "Queen" thereof—within a stone's throw of that cathedral every species of misery, vice and wretchedness might have been found, poverty of the direst, everything, in fact which can turn this fair earth into a hell for its inhabitants.

Quite recently, again, the Annual Meeting of the Church Congress took place at Weymouth, whereat a Bishop—I think it was he of Salisbury, made an important pronouncement. He said he thought the time had come to revive the ancient custom —"extreme unction" as it is termed in the Roman Catholic Church —of anointing the sick with holy oil. The Bishop remarked that as some of his clergy has recourse to Scotch and Colonial Bishops to obtain the oil secretly, he felt if would be better if he consecrated and supplied it direct. Let the Bishop look around his diocese of Salisbury, and see if the vast population does not require some better pabulum than "holy oil."

And lately, the vicar of St. Colomb's, Notting Hill, informed his congregation one Sunday morning that he had been engaged

in prayer with God on a subject of deep importance. He suggested that he had Divine guidance in reference thereto. The subject was Eucharistic vestments. In the future, as the result of his prayer, the vicar announced that he would celebrate the Eucharist in a chasuble instead of a surplice, and no doubt at "high celebrations," he will be assisted by a deacon and subdeacon in dalmatic and tunicle.

It would be easy to laugh, indeed it is almost impossible to avoid laughing at such fripperies, but they have a serious side. They serve to show, they point unerringly to the fact, that the present pilots to heaven are men who are concerned about—not merely trivialities, but tomfooleries. I do not like using the latter term in regard to any "religious" details, for fear of hurting the susceptibilities of those persons who resent criticism on any matter, directly or indirectly connected with "religion." But what have oils and gold brocade coats, and the presentation of a dowry to the Virgin to do with religion in the real, and not the perverted meaning of the word? For the religious man, priest or layman, there is at his very door a whole world, seeking his help, his advice, his counsel, his guidance; striving to rise out of the slough of this existence; aspiring to its Creator, kept down and crushed and oppressed, moaning and groaning with its sins, its sorrows, its impotency. And what is it offered, this struggling, staggering mass of humanity? A dowry for the Virgin, holy oils, copes and chasubles, dalmatics and tunicles, albs and amices and birettas, ferials and festals, antiphons, octaves, recessionals and processionals—all the paraphernalia of creeds with no vitality, no living faith. Out of such the religion of the future cannot come. The dead only produce corruption, and the dead creeds of to-day cannot bring forth that living, moving, *live* religion of the future, which I look to to regenerate the world and lift mankind in general from its present abject and degraded condition--a creed which will preach, essentially, actually and practically, the brotherhood of man, and teach the world to prepare for hereafter, by the best possible use of the present.

A MAN IN THE STREET.

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL SYSTEM.

ARE WE ON THE RIGHT TRACK?

For fifty years and more, most Englishmen have been quite sure they were on the right track in regard to all the principles which governed their commercial policy. They were assured by persons who contrived to get themselves recognised as experts in economical science, that other nations were very silly to wrap themselves up in protective tariffs; that such behaviour induced various internal industrial diseases, and that none but Free Trade countries could prosper in the long run. Cobden had prophecied when he fought the battle of Free Trade in the beginning that in fifty years time every nation in the world would have seen the error of its protective ways, and would have fallen into line with the Free Trade gospel. As the fifty years dribbled away and every other nation in the world drew its protective mantle closer and closer round itself, the experts allowed this prophecy to fall into disuetude, but they argued instead "if other nations are silly that is no reason why we should follow their example." Now the fifty years have all gone by and the nations which the experts threatened with internal disease are all exceedingly well and thriving: we on the other hand who have been the only nation according to the experts which has been leading a healthy industrial life, are beginning to be justly alarmed at some of our symptoms. But at this date every Englishman living has been so drilled in his youth in the doctrines of the experts that he shrinks with something resembling the feeling a right-minded man has about blasphemy, from allowing himself to suppose that perhaps

all this while the experts have been wrong, and that the great gospel of Free Trade was from its very inception a delusion and a snare.

Beyond question the original champions of Free Trade were entirely sincere and were engaged in a grand fight on behalf of the people. Free Trade in the early forties meant the abolition of the corn laws. Heavy duties imposed on imported corn operated to make bread dear and to enhance farm rents. The landlords got all the benefit. The agricultural labourers could get none of it. They were mere serfs under the law as it stood in those days. They were compelled to accept work at the current rate of wages and the current rates were fixed by their employers. The farmers got only a modest share of it. They had to pay the high rents demanded by the landlords or be turned out and replaced by others content to work for the modest share. The young manufacturing industries of the period were crippled by the high cost of food which made the best wages the employers could afford to pay, insufficient for the support of the workers. The Cobden crusade in favour of free corn imports was altogether right and gallantly fought out to a successful finish. But the momentum of their success carried the Free Traders into regions in which fanaticism, and not philanthropy was the guiding principle. Even in regard to the trade in corn, Cobden failed to foresee the ultimate consequence of absolute freedom from import duties. He laughed at the notion that American grown corn could ever compete with the produce of British farms. The Atlantic voyage in those days was a mighty undertaking, and Cobden frankly ridiculed the idea that wheat raised 2,000 miles away could be sold in English markets at a profit. So terribly has he proved to be wrong that American grown corn has entirely taken possession of the English market with the result that English agriculture has been almost ruined. Various writers have been asking recently whether it is not drifting towards extinction.

In the middle of the last century 4,000,000 acres of British land were devoted to the production of wheat. Now the corresponding figures are less by two thirds. The situation is frightfully serious, for the change means that the British community is de-

pendent for its life on food brought from over the sea. Rough estimates are to the effect that if war with foreign nations should have the effect of stopping our supplies, we should live for about two months and then have to surrender however competent our fighting force. "Oh!" say the optimists, "our navy will protect our commerce!" Let us hope it would, because, otherwise a foreign war would mean the extinction of Great Britain as an independent nation, but it is childish to rely on that trust alone when a little common sense applied to our commercial policy would relieve us altogether of the danger attending the present situation of affairs. England could grow enough corn to feed the whole population of these islands, but not at the prices prevailing under the competition of American grown corn. Tax that for the difference, and then British agriculture would gradually revive.

The manner in which our present commercial policy affects agriculture is an immense subject by itself, but, before going into details, let us look at the operation of the so-called Free Trade system as applied to manufactures. It has long been obvious that the expression itself is a ghastly misnomer. British trade is less free than the trade of any other nation in the world. It is fettered in every detail, barricaded out of every market to which it seeks admission. When the successful repealers of the old corn laws rushed the country into the belief that the abolition of duties all round would make trade free, they were not consciously deceiving their countrymen. They were honestly mistaken. They thought that other nations would follow our example, and that trade *would* then be free. As we know, other nations, instead, have laughed at our example, have marvelled at the economical foolishness of the English people, and have strengthened the protective fences by which they have fostered their own industries; so the Free Trade that Cobden aimed at establishing has never been established. That is the all important point for all students of the question,—waking up at last to the serious consideration of the grievous situation in which the country finds itself,—to keep constantly in view. No one, however anxious under existing circumstances to re-establish a reasonably protective system in this country, would deny for a moment the theoretical perfection of the Free Trade system if it were universal. Ignoring for the moment the second-

ary question whether it can ever be safe,—on this side of the millennium,—for any nation to be absolutely dependent for its food on others,—the universal Free Trade system is of course the most economical as regards production. Every country under that system must apply itself to the production of such goods as its natural conditions enable it to produce to the best advantage. That is the stock argument of the old-fashioned Free Trader. The system has destroyed the British sugar refining industry, for example. The Free Trader says,—"never mind; let the people who formerly refined sugar now apply themselves to some other branch of industry in which as natives of this country they have an advantage over others." Perhaps it is admitted there will be some temporary friction in the course of the transfer, but in the long run the change will be for the better! If a country has no pre-eminent natural advantages then it will have nothing to offer to foreign nations, and will have either to support itself by its own produce, or perish, and be forgotten by the world which will lose nothing by its disappearance.

From some points of view, even that theory might be criticised, but the simple truth of the matter is, that it has never been tried. The system that has been tried, has not been the Free Trade of which Cobden and John Bright dreamed, but a system of according freedom to others, while we ourselves are fettered. And the modern Free Trader has entirely altered the theory to which he claims our submission, from that which was set on foot originally. The facts have parted company from the original reasoning, so the heirs of the old agitation have had to rely on fanaticism. Or if the modern Free Trader reasons at all, he reasons with a stupidity which only fanaticism could tolerate. Granted, he says, that other nations have refused to conform; nevertheless, we benefit by getting their manufactures cheap. If we tax them, and so artificially stimulate the consumption of similar goods produced at home, we are robbing the consumer for the benefit of the producer. The consumer is the idol at whose altar the modern Free Trader is ready to sacrifice, not only, as Artemus Ward put it, all his wife's relations, but all persons who come under the discredited category of the producer. The imbecility of this position is obvious when we remember that everyone,

before he can be a consumer, must be a producer of something. People of hereditary wealth are in a different position, it is true, but may be ignored for the purposes of a broad economical argument, as their numbers are relatively small. Meanwhile, in passing, it is amusing to observe that the modern Free Trader who has induced a good many innocent Liberals for a long time past to look upon him as one of themselves, is in reality, championing a system, which sacrifices the worker for the benefit of the rich and idle few. As a matter of fact, indeed, the miserable system which the total failure of all our efforts to establish Free Trade have resulted in, is as mischievous in various ways to the rich and the idle few, as to everybody else, but if the modern Free Trader's arguments were not rotten to the core, they would be tantamount to the sacrifice of the worker to the idler.

The consumer and the producer are in fact one and the same person for the purposes of any rational argument on this branch of the subject, and in his capacity as consumer he is not benefitted by cheap goods unless in his capacity as producer he can earn money with which to pay for them. Putting the case simply in regard to food, a man is better off even if he has to pay a shilling for his bread if he has eighteenpence to pay it with, than he would be if he could get his bread for sixpence and had only eightpence to dispose of. The cheapness of foreign corn and oreign made goods of all kinds is no blessing to the English working man if his own wages are depressed to an abnormally low level by reason of the difficulty employers find in carrying on trade at a profit. The doctrine of the Free Trader therefore "take care of the consumer and let the producer take care of himself," ought to be turned completely inside out. If we succeed in taking care of the producer we have taken care of everybody. If a man is well off in that capacity he will be fully able to take care of himself in his capacity as consumer.

Sometimes defenders of the present anomalous system under which the victim of foreign commercial oppression is deluded by the assurance that he is in the enjoyment of Free Trade are fond of arguing:—"After all, if the foreigner taxes our goods he is really taxing his own people. Import duties must be paid by the consumer." Now it is true that such import duties as are

actually imposed on some goods coming into this country are paid by the consumer, as in the case of tobacco, because they are not confronted by any domestic production in competition with them. Any one who wants them, must pay the foreign producer's price and the British duty on the top of that. But take the case of some English made goods going into a country like Germany, where the same goods are produced by the native manufacturers, and then the situation is quite different. The British manufacturer has to reduce his price by the amount of the duty or he will not get a market at all. The foreign duty is paid out of the British profit, and that is another way of saying that it is paid at the expense of the British working man, for his employer cannot give him more than the bare wages of subsistence or he would make no profit at all, and be unable to continue in business. Although the familiar fallacy is always cropping up in discussion, whenever a practical case arises, the British manufacturer shows how keenly he realizes that the foreign duty is a burden on himself, as for instance in the case of the cotton duties at one time imposed in India on British goods. The Manchester outcry was furious, and, at the shameless sacrifice of the true interests of India, the duties were abolished by statesmen at the mercy of the Lancashire vote. The manufacturers knew perfectly well that if their goods were saddled with a duty they would have to reduce prices accordingly to keep a hold on the Indian market. The mere volume of trade in such case is an entirely fallacious test of prosperity. For many years past enormous quantities of English cotton goods have been going abroad to swell delusive returns of the Board of Trade, on which practically no profits have been made. The meaning of this is that the wages of the workers have been cut down to the lowest minimum and a barely productive industry is inflated to immense proportions without the nation really being any the better for it. The mill-owners do little more than pay expenses, and the factory hands have to endure existence on a semi-starvation allowance.

How would this condition of things, a conventional Free Trader might ask, be improved, supposing the story to be true, by putting taxes on goods coming in from abroad? That would

not make the export trade any the more profitable, supposing at present it is being carried on at a loss. The simple answer is, that the energies now unprofitably devoted to feeding the export trade, would be turned to the profitable task of supplying the needs of people at home.

PASSING EVENTS.

No ONE who attentively reads Mr. Balfour's speech at Leeds can any longer pretend to be uncertain as to the character of the late Prime Minister's policy. From some points of view there may be much to find fault with with that speech, but certainly it is as clear as crystal in regard to the distinction to be drawn between the two views of fiscal policy entertained by the two winge of the Unionist party. Mr. Balfour does not desire to establish a general tariff on the basis of which he can negotiate for reductions with those nations willing to make corresponding reductions in their own interests. That is the policy of the protectionist wing of the party. He would simply desire to be empowered by parliament with authority to impose duties on the manufactures of those countries which in the course of negotiation refuse to reduce immoderate duties now imposed on English goods seeking their markets. And certainly he maintains with great success his character for consistency, whatever that may be worth, by quoting from a speech he made as far back as 1892 in Manchester, when in answer to a question, he denied that he was a protectionist, but declared "that if foreign nations deliberately screw up their duties on English manufactured goods, there may be occasions on which it would suit us, to bring them to a better frame of mind, to impose in our turn duties on their manufactures."

Mr. Balfour is undoubtedly quite right in maintaining that there is nothing in his policy thus defined which the most enthusiastic representative of Mr. Chamberlain's views need

regard with displeasure. It would be, at all events, a step in the right direction, and would involve for those who accept it, emancipation from the "economic pedantry preached by the Cobden Club." The words just quoted are from Mr. Balfour's speech, and his language, in dealing with the economical superstition represented by the Cobden Club, is very refreshing for all readers emancipated from that curious delusion. Free Trade, as he points out, is not a virtue which a nation practices as a man in private life may practice the virtue of honesty. It is simply a theory as to the most desirable relationship between one country and others. The Free Traders of the conventional type, Mr. Balfour declares, fill him with a surprised disgust. They call their doctrines by Cobden's name, but certainly do not derive them from Cobden's teaching. We all know that Cobden's convictions were based on his honest belief that if Great Britain set the example by abolishing custom duties herself, all other nations would eventually follow suit. The results disconcerted this *naif* belief. As the *Times* suggests, it was just like assuming that if we abolished our navy to save money, other nations would at once abolish theirs in admiration for our financial discovery. As a matter of fact the whole Cobden policy has proved a gigantic failure, and self-styled Free Traders, who endeavour to maintain that it has succeeded, by reference to statistics, cannot accomplish more than a proof—if they accomplish that—that Great Britain has prospered, in spite of the Free Trade system that has failed.

The annoying feature of Mr. Balfour's speech for those who very clearly realize the failure referred to, is that he still struggles to invest his policy with claims to the sympathy of the muddle headed majority, by clinging to the designation of "free trader," and by endeavouring to maintain that his policy represents the genuine free trade idea. In a certain sense that is undoubtedly true, it is only by retaliation, to use that disagreeable word, that it is conceivably possible to get other nations into line with our desire for mutual freedom in exchange. But at the same time there is a want of perfect sincerity in the continued use of a discredited party cry, merely for the sake of rendering it to that extent less available as a weapon for imposing on stupid electors in the hands of Sir Henry C.-B.'s followers. Free trade can no

more be the designation of a party, than for example, such a phrase as brotherly love. It is a council of perfection for which the world at large is no more nearly prepared than for the adoption of a universal religion. The sham free trader who merely wants, by the use of that shibboleth, to catch votes for the supremely important purpose of keeping Sir Henry and his friends in office, ought to be encountered by an honest front attack, and not by a disingenious plea to the effect that there is no real difference between his opinions and those of his deadly enemies.

THE difficulty of dealing with any such problems as those that have just been discussed, is not a little due to the embarrassments of modern political nomenclature. To talk about Conservatives and Liberals in connection with the questions that must agitate the country during the forthcoming elections, is to use language as little appropriate to the actual conditions of the fight, as if we talked about the Guelfs and the Ghibilines. The grand purpose that Conservatives have at present in view, is to make a radical change in the whole economical policy by which this great commercial country is ruled. The ostensible purpose of the Radicals or Liberals is to conserve, with a blind devotion to the past, a system, which, considered on its own merits,—supposing it were now inaugurated for the first time—could only in presence of the world's conditions be received with derisive scorn. No doubt there are multitudes of great questions on any one of which all men concerned with politics would be ranged in opposite camps. But a complete redistribution of forces would be involved as each great question in turn were made the motive of the division. With the fiscal question, called from the chair, so to speak, political forces would naturally divide in two; tariff reformers and Conservatives; the Conservatives in this case being represented by the supporters of that great chieftan described by the German press as Lord Campbell von Bannerman. Those who were radicals in this respect would flock round the standard of Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain. Let education be the test poured into the political solution, and the precipitate ensuing would consist of representatives from both the sections just referred to. Announce

colonial representation as the problem to be dealt with, and the figures of the political dance would be more intricate than ever. No party designation which has yet been invented during the conflicts of interest that have raged in parliament since parliament first became the mainspring of British government, has any longer practical application to the conditions of the present time. The distribution of parties in the present day is solely determined by the official aspirations of this or that group of candidates for office. Every one knows whether he is as regards his political sympathies a Balfourite or a Banneret. But no one can attach any meaning to the orthodox phrases of the past, to the terms Conservative and Liberal, Whig and Tory, Radical or Royalist. And of course there is only one moral for all reflections of that kind. The maintenance of an independent party system which has lost all other meaning except that associated with individual greed for place and power, is the most deplorable form that Conservatism can assume in this convention ridden country.

THE present aspect of that great movement which endeavours to wean the students of physiology from a certain loathsome vice to which they are at present addicted,—the habit of torturing animals in order to see how their bodily mechanism is affected by such treatment,—is extremely abnormal and bewildering. The many societies concerned with efforts to suppress the horrors of vivisection, include apparently, when we examine the lists of their patrons, vice-presidents, members and supporters, a large proportion of the most influential people in the country. Long processions of the highest titles are paraded in the prospectuses of all such organisations; public meetings, when called to support the cause they represent, fill great halls with enthusiastic crowds. The literature of the movement shows beyond possibility of doubt for those who read it—though it would seem that none read it but those who are already convinced—that the vivisection carried on in the physiological schools attached to various London hospitals is characterised by the most hideous abominations of the system. Demonstrations involving intense cruelty to animals of the highest nervous organisation short of humanity, are carried out merely for

the instruction of pupils. The pretence, urged on behalf of the vivisectors, "that these methods of research are indispensable to the progress of our knowledge of the treatment of disease," is probably delusive from any point of view, but utterly inapplicable to the defence of the horrible system maintained in the present medical schools. No progress of knowledge is in any way concerned with the demonstration, before a class of boys, of knowledge already acquired, by means of experiments repeated for the hundredth time at the cost of frightful animal suffering. And yet conventional sentiment represented in this case by a recent article in the *Times*, remains the obedient ally of the vivisector, and the *Times*, giving it voice, reprimands with all the dignified severity it can employ the meritorious, however futile attempt of the Hon. Stephen Coleridge and Archdeacon Wilberforce to prevent the charitable contributions obtained on Hospital Sunday from being misdirected into the service of the physiological schools, and devoted to encouraging the enormities of vivisection. These two representatives of humanity moved resolutions at the annual general meeting of the constituents of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund, held at the Mansion House, the object of which was to make sure that no money collected on Hospital Sunday should be turned from its proper destination, the support, that is to say, of the hospitals in their character as places for the relief of the sick poor, to the support of the physiological laboratories, in which the vivisectionists carry on their abominable work. The amendments were defeated under the influence of that profound ignorance as to the real nature of the facts in dispute by which the conventional sentiment is maintained, and the papers for the most part incur in snubbing and sneering at the philanthropists.

Are they philanthropists or zoophilists in a greater degree,—those who engage in what seems for the moment a forlorn attempt to cure the surgical profession of the evil habit into which it has fallen? Love of the animal undoubtedly in the first instance prompts the effort. Considering how deep the affection may be between the human creature and the dog, the thought that our blind unimaginative law can allow anyone who is desirous to do the deed, to stretch down a dog on an operating board, and after some mock pretence of giving him an imperfect anaesthetic, to

dissect him alive for the edification of a student's class, is so revolting to all the higher instincts that no moderate language can meet the emergency. But in truth, by those who can appreciate from the point of view of advanced knowledge concerning the spiritual nature of the human being, the reactive effect on the human beings concerned, of such practices as those referred to, the antivivisectionist may be thought of as a philanthropist or lover of his own species in perhaps a greater degree than in the other character. Some enthusiasts endeavouring by appropriate investigation to ascertain the fate beyond the grave of those who have practised vivisection during their lifetimes, have sometimes given rise to extravagant exaggeration. The vivisector has in such cases been discerned in conditions of extreme misery the direct consequence of his guilt in connection with that practice. We need not, however, go the length of supposing that special hells are created for the punishment of special vices, nor, however deeply we may abhor the practices of vivisection, can we ignore the probability that in some cases practices that must come under that designation are carried out by men sincerely believing that their investigations are likely to benefit humanity. Even that belief is a most insufficient justification for the practices in question, but that is another matter. Where we can suppose the operator sincere it is possible to imagine that the penalties of his mistake in a future life will not be so terrible as is sometimes supposed. But beyond question the tendency of the great law under which all acts are productive of consequences, is to bring about results of an imminently painful character as a consequence of physical cruelty. In the large majority of cases vivisection experiments have nothing to do with scientific research and are tainted in varying degrees, and often deeply dyed with cruelty of an aggravated type, and for the students who witness them they are lessons in cruelty but too readily learned. And one great principle which has been distinctly ascertained by the students of those higher laws guiding human evolution, which the conventional majority is content as yet to ignore, shows those of us who can understand the significance of reincarnation, that one of the consequences ensuing from cruelty as a cause is physical deformity in the ensuing life. It is not

improbable that whatever the volume of animal suffering engendered in the current period by the maintenance of vivisection in connection with the London hospitals, the volume of human suffering that will ultimately at a future date ensue from this will be even more terrible still.

Now that many of us look in the papers every day expecting to find that the Tzar has retreated to Copenhagen, that the Grand Dukes are preparing for dispersion over the Continent generally, and that the Romanoff dynasty is distinctly as out of date as the Bourbons, the time may hardly be ripe for determining what ought to be the attitude of the British Government in its dealings with the government of Russia. Unless the revolutionary committee, of which Monsieur Joubert had so much to tell us, is really organised more completely than circumstances as yet indicate, a considerable time must elapse after the disappearance of the autocratic regime, before Russia can again be said to have a government at all. But if the present anomalous condition of things should drag on for any indefinite period, if the political strikers should be starved into surrender, if proceedings under martial law should succeed in accomplishing, by further massacre, the suppression of the revolutionary movement, then a question may arise as to what course ought to be taken by the foreign offices of civilised powers in their dealings with St. Petersburg.

Most rightly the King has declined to allow any diplomatic representative of himself to enter into polite relations with the new king of Servia, until that sovereign has more completely separated himself from the responsibility for the assassination of his predecessor and Queen Draga, by bringing the authors of that abominable crime to justice. But while the infamous massacre of last January remains in no way atoned for by the Tsar or his representatives, while the regime with which he is identified still bears the deep stain of disgrace left upon it by the Jewish persecutions, the Tsar is far less entitled to diplomatic courtesies at the hands of foreign powers than that comparatively innocent product of circumstances, King Peter. It may be that ere long the revolution itself will have driven the foreign diplomatists from

the Russian capital, but if that consummation should be delayed by any temporary successes achieved by the old organisation, assuredly it would become a duty with States in tune with really advanced civilisation to break off all diplomatic relations with a ruling power so utterly disgraced by its crimes both of commission and of omission as that of which Nicolas II. stands the theoretical head.

Now that we are approaching the Carnival or Saturnalia of the representative system, it is amusing to observe the conditions of the impending struggle, and to note how the cries with which the air will shortly be ringing are remote from any vital question at issue. Of course, there is one genuine issue before the country. Are we to remain subject to the old tradition bequeathed from days when it was erroneously supposed that by abolishing custom duties ourselves we should induce other natious to do the like, or are we to enter on the path of a new policy the tendency of which will be to render the country comparatively self-supporting? If a man pays ten pounds a year, let us say as a simple example, for bread, buying it at present from America, would he be willing to pay let us say ten pounds and tenpence in order that he might make it worth the while of a British farmer to grow it for him? That being the real issue before the electors will very rarely be stated in so many words. "Will they allow their food to be taxed?" will be the question most constantly set before them, and the interior convictions of many candidates for Parliamentary honours that the elector must be a fool, will encourage him to play up to his folly by every disingenuous device that can be thought of. But while the main issues on which the election will depend, the problems of tariff reform and the question of Home Rule will thus be saturated with insincerity of all kinds, a few genuine aspirations really will possess some of the wire pullers; and here and there may actually influence results. The interruptions attempted during the Prime Minister's speech at the Albert Hall, forecast one of the ideas for which some electioneering enthusiasts will care, even more than for the question whether Sir Henry is to be confirmed in possession of the box

seat, or deposed in the course of a few months. Woman suffrage is really a serious matter. For multitudes of political thinkers the denial of the franchise to women holding the qualifications which would have given it them if they had been men, is a system in which stupidity and injustice are so equally mingled that its maintenance is humiliating to the State as a whole. If those who are in favour of escaping from this humiliation make the women suffrage question a *sine qua non* in their electioneering, a considerable force of opinion, or rather let us say a fairly considerable party, pledged, whatever its opinions may be, to vote for that reform, would be established in the new Parliament. Again, the instincts of humanity are making way by degrees, even among politicians, and if those who are in earnest about abating the evils associated with the practice of vivisection should stand shoulder to shoulder during the forthcoming struggle, parties, and leaders even, might realize that it would pay to vote against the glorification of cruelty. But such is the influence of the party system in England at present, that aspirations which really have any earnest desire behind them are for the most part despised by the majority as "fads," and nothing is regarded as coming within the sphere of practical politics unless it seems to subserve the selfish ambition of one clique or another. Neither Home Rule, nor Tariff Reform themselves as questions would divide the country in the way in which they are bound to divide it, if it were not for the sub-consciousness of everybody concerned, that these questions really determine whether a given constituency shall be represented by a Bannerman or a Balfourite.

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THE GENERAL ELECTION.

WITHOUT referring in any way to the issue of the General Election in its bearing on the party fights of the future, a very considerable number of English people will probably, during the last few weeks, have felt that the country has been going through a performance of which it ought to feel thoroughly ashamed. The Saturnalia of ancient Rome were periods during which the social order was curiously subverted, and the general decorum of life a good deal set at naught. But there, at all events, there was one magnificent justification for the temporary social chaos: the cruelly oppressed slaves had a brief respite from the tyrannies to which they were subject during the rest of the year, and, considering the pitiless character of Roman institutions under the empire, it is not a little surprising that brief interludes of mercy should thus have variegated the normal routine. But nothing in this country, associated with current civilisation, affords the smallest excuse for the ignominies to which all respectable persons associated with politics are subject during a General Election.

In view of the existing conditions of our representative system, election agents are probably right in holding it to be necessary that candidates should address innumerable public meetings, that their friends and supporters should be organised to canvas voters in the way with which we are familiar, and that, in so far as the circumstances of any given period allow, the crudest caricaturing

of public questions in the air at the time, should be encouraged on every platform from which electors are addressed, while the most disreputable hangers-on of each party are egged on to disturb the meetings held in the interest of the other side by senseless uproar, insulting shouts, and occasionally by even more violent behaviour.

But the system under which men of the highest personal refinement and character invested with the claims to popular respect that accrue from long service in the most dignified offices it is possible to hold under the crown, are compelled to descend into the dirty arena of electioneering, and pretend to be blandly respectful to a riotous horde gathered at random from the lowest classes of populous towns, is inherently scandalous and indefensible. It is unnecessary to refer to specific cases in which during the recent orgies of democracy, men whose services and ability ought to have secured them respectful treatment even from political foes, have been howled down at popular meetings, and have been all but subject to personal assault. But turning aside from what may be called the blackguardism of a General Election, the intellectual guidance under which the recent struggle has been carried on, is hardly less despicable considered with reference to the national interests actually at stake. Some of the leading speakers of all great election contests, it is true, endeavour to speak over the heads of any unwashed throng before them for the moment, and address newspaper readers at large with the help of the reporters. But the rank and file of the parliamentary army, duly instructed by their agents, show that they fully understand the superior importance for electioneering purposes of a lurid cry as compared with a serious argument. No matter how grossly false and misleading a cry may be, if it appeals to popular passion, it may serve the purpose of an electioneering agent. From the period of a former General Election controlled by the idiotic cry about three acres and a cow, down to the present day when a scarcely less absurd appeal has been made to popular credulity by a scream concerning Chinese slavery, all general elections follow the prevailing fashion. The voter is assumed to be a fool, influenced most successfully by misrepresentation and falsehood, by effigies representing the problems of

legislation about as accurately as the straw-stuffed figures of November the 5th represent the famous conspirator. A general election, in point of fact, is a period in which the most serious politicians are constrained to sink their respectability to the level of the lowest class whose favour they are compelled to court, to profess an affectionate sympathy with persons who would not have existed for them if they had not self-interest to serve by cajoling them with hypocritical pretences of friendship, and in which the supporters of rival candidates outbid one another in subjecting themselves to personal humiliation in the hope of capturing by this contemptible kind of bribery, votes which would not otherwise be theirs. A general election conducted under existing methods is degraded by the display of deceptive artifices to which men, who amongst their equals would scorn to be even disingenuous, condescend to stoop for the sake of imposing on the dim intelligence of the lower classes whose transcient favours they desire to conciliate for the gratification in most cases of a purely selfish ambition. Certainly, from the point of view of the moralist as well as from that of the less highminded critic whose taste it offends, a general election is a deplorable spectacle, in which the candidates for the most part sacrifice their self-respect to their greed, and the grotesque incapacity of the population at large to comprehend the national problems they are called upon to decide, is rendered manifest by the character of the appeals which the electioneering expert designs with accomplished skill for the confusion of their understanding.

This view of the subject is quite compatible with a recognition of the principle that in spite of its imperfections, experience in civilised lands has shown the representative system to be the only trustworthy basis of government. Its imperfections are really as remediable as they are glaring. Enthusiasts for a broad basis of representation may regard the imperfections with careless indifference, convinced that if the basis were contracted, evils of a much worse kind than those which impart a rowdy flavour to popular electioneering would be developed by the selfishness of the "classes." And one can readily trace in the history of the past the considerations which have gradually landed us in the coarse brutality of the hustings. One can

sympathise even in a certain degree with each successive wave of democratic encroachment provoked by painful experience in the course of constitutional history. The absolute authority of the Crown was discredited to begin with by the melancholy conviction forced even on minds most prone to monarchical sympathy, that perfectly wise and lofty minded despots are unhappily out of date. Assuredly the conditions again of English social life in the beginning of the last century were such as to discredit government by the upper classes even more fatally than the indiscretion of the Stuarts discredited the dignity of the throne. It is true on the other hand, that the latest extensions of the parliamentary suffrage have been due to no genuine popular demand, to no intelligent perception of political necessity, but solely to the subtle trickery of rival parliamentary chieftains, endeavouring to disconcert each other by what may be called competitive dishonesty in their appeal to the lower classes. But even if we have to accept the principle that parliamentary representation must rest upon a very broad foundation of popular voting, the truth is that the disgusting features of electioneering, as carried on in the present day, are in no way essentially inherent, even in the method of ultra-popular representation.

The leading absurdity we have to recognise in the existing system is due to the fact that it is out of date in an age provided with newspapers, telegraphs and railway communication. When established, the method of dividing up the country into a multitude of constituencies that could be addressed by individual candidates, rose clearly from the impossibility, in days gone by, of communicating with the people in any other way. And although from time to time the pretence has been set on foot to the effect that members of Parliament represent, in some peculiar sense, the inhabitants of their own borough or county, that is broadly nonsense in presence of the overwhelming importance of parties under the present *régime* of Cabinet solidarity. Certainly, that *régime* itself is rotten to the core, but its evil conditions need not be discussed in connection with fundamental problems of electioneering, except indeed in so far as it—just as well as a purer system by which it might be superseded,—casts equal dis-

credit on the topographical method of representation. There is really nothing in modern life to justify the continuance of that system which, as all students of parliamentary literature are aware, would be displaced by more than one of the variegated proposals that from time to time have been put forward to provide for what is called proportional representation, or the representation of minorities. And whether carried out in the interest of minorities or for any other reason, it would be possible to design methods of representation under which the kingdom as a whole would simply be one constituency.

But merely in order to escape from the loathsome and ignominious features of such electioneering as is now actually carried on, we need not even discuss the claims of the scheme associated with the name of Mr. Hare, or any others of that kind. All that would be needed to bring electioneering into harmony with the first elementary principles of decency and decorum, would be to stamp out the abominations of public election meetings, and the humiliating practice of canvassing. Printed appeals to constituencies should be the only recognised method of competing for their votes. Personal solicitation ought to be scorned as a method of securing a vote, and the recognised practice of kissing the baby in order to conciliate the voter's wife, should be regarded as morally degrading in an equal degree with the "treat" offered to the voter himself. Will it be suggested that great multitudes of those who possess the vote, even if the Board school thinks it has taught them to read, will certainly not be able to appreciate the arguments of a printed address? Probably multitudes of them would not be able to do this, the recognition of which condition of things is tantamount really to the recognition of the reckless folly by which the privilege of voting has been degraded. But that again is another story. The purification of electoral methods is possible without disturbing the antiquated absurdity of the county and borough arrangement, without considering whether the present distribution of the franchise is rational or idiotic, without inquiring into the substantial justification for confining it to one sex. The public meeting of the present system no more reaches the intelligence of the low class voter than this would be reached by the paper he could barely read. It is not a

method of accomplishing what the printed address would fail to accomplish, it is simply a device by means of which the most ignorant and stupid members of the community can be hoodwinked by political claptrap in favour at the moment. Conducted by a central election bureau, carried out on the spot through the agency of officials as completely detached from the organisation of parties as the clerks in the Civil service, elections might be brought into harmony with the broadest principles of civilisation, intelligence and decent behaviour, even in advance of the time to which we may probably look forward when some attempt will be made to provide effectively for the representation of the national intelligence, instead of the representation of uncultured multitudes swayed by the devices which for the time being have proved most successful in bewildering such intelligence as they possess.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

ANYONE concerned with systematic research in those regions of natural science which have hitherto been regarded as "occult," will be very familiar with the question set down above. He may casually in conversation make some statement relating to acquired knowledge, but embodying an idea unfamiliar to the personage metaphorically described as "the man in the street." Let us say, for example, that he makes some reference to features in the character of the late Mr. Gladstone inherited from his previous incarnation as Cicero. "How on earth do you know he was Cicero, or anything about former incarnations?" asks our friend of the street with scornful incredulity, or, perhaps, if more amiable in temper and endowed with an open, though ill-furnished, mind, the inquiry "How do you know?" may be put forward in a more earnest spirit, dictated by a genuine desire for a comprehensible answer.

But at once the occult student is confronted with the hopeless impossibility of giving an answer in any form of words that can convey illumination to the other man's mind. The situation may be imperfectly paralleled if we imagine the world generally quite destitute of information concerning the science of chemistry. Suppose chemistry had been a secret pursuit carried on by only a few enthusiasts amongst a population solely concerned, let us say, with literary or artistic culture, and suppose the casual remark that had been made was to the effect that the atomic weight of chlorine was 35·5, "How do you know?" would be the inquiry returned at once by the man whose conception of culture was concerned merely with the study of Greek plays and

Italian poetry. Nothing would be more impossible than for the chemist to explain to such a man how it came to pass that he was perfectly sure not merely that chlorine existed as a gas, but that its atomic weight was so and so. He could only recommend the enquirer who might really desire to know how that exactitude was reached, to begin at the beginning, to study the methods by which the nature of the chemical elements had been determined, to investigate the laws deduced from experiment as governing their combinations, and then to advance by degrees to an appreciation of the manner in which the study of these combinations and of their weights as compared with those of other combinations, renders it possible ultimately to reach conclusions concerning the relative weights of the single molecules of each element. Every step of this process if honestly carried out would involve protracted study; but with reference to the facts of physical science, no one cares to plod over the ground that has previously been traversed by the experts. These are sufficiently in tune with the general culture of the period to be accepted as such by the man in the street, who, when the experts tell him that the atomic weight of chlorine is 35·5, feels at once perfectly sure that it is so, although he really is no better equipped for accepting the statement intelligently than for comprehending the other about Mr. Gladstone's previous incarnation.

Will it be possible in the scope of a single essay to explain, in reference to this example taken at random, how the occult student comes to "know" many things in reference to which the average intelligence of his generation remains blindfold? The difficulty of doing this is enhanced by the fact that in the present state of occult research those of us concerned with that stupendously important inquiry reach their conclusions by somewhat different roads. In some cases personal aptitudes qualify a small minority of inquirers to explore the mysteries of nature for themselves, by the exercise of faculties as yet but rarely available. Here and there, at all ages of which we know anything, there have always been a few people gifted with psychic faculties which have rendered them familiar all their lives with realms of nature quite unperceived and unsuspected by the multitude. For

another class of students, intimacy with those so qualified will gradually give rise to convictions regarding the actuality of these generally unperceived realms of nature, only less absolute in their character than those acquired at first hand. To another large class of enquirers the methods of mesmeric research, carried on for a century have rendered them in a general way alive to the important truth that subtler forces and more delicate senses than those appreciated by the physiologist are operative in the human constitution. And again, for a class enormously more numerous than the others, the fact that under certain conditions people who have passed on from this life to another are enabled to communicate back to their friends still in incarnation, by methods appreciable to the incarnate senses, is established by such overwhelming masses of experience that they cannot but regard all the departments of occult research with more or less respectful attention.

But leaving aside for the present that great region of human experience, the first fundamental fact to be studied by those who wish for an answer to the question "How do you know?" is,—the reality of clairvoyance as a human faculty. To compare occult with chemical science, that fact is commensurate in importance with the fundamental fact of chemistry that all the various aspects of matter with which we are confronted in this world are built up of a relatively small number of elements combined in different proportions. No one can get a step forward on the road leading to the genuine comprehension of occult discovery without thoroughly comprehending not merely the fact that clairvoyance is a human faculty, even though at present exercised by a minority of this generation, but a faculty which is manifested by those who possess it in a great variety of ways.

To establish by literary evidence the reality of clairvoyance as a faculty would involve the writing of a bulky volume on that subject alone. The writer would have to collect testimony from a hundred different sources, beginning with those which saturate the early history of mesmerism, including the examination of such historical cases as those of Swedenborg, Zschokke and Cazotte. Then the French authors, Petitin and Deleuze would have to be taken into account, and coming down to more recent periods, the painstaking, protracted, and conclusive experiments of Dr.

Gregory and the remarkable testimony available in various regions concerning the achievements of the French clairvoyant Alexis would have to be passed in review. Then when it had been shown to be at least as absurd to doubt the possibility of clairvoyance as to question the presence of Neptune in the Solar system, more recent writings connected with the work of occult students in our own day could be taken in hand without that preliminary distrust which pervades the minds of those who remain ignorant of the history of the subject. The inquirer would then be prepared to begin the classification of clairvoyant faculties in their various departments. He would see that clairvoyance in regard to the physical plane—the power, that is to say, of discerning events in progress at a distance, of diagnosing the condition of diseased organs within a human body, of reading the contents of sealed letters or closed books—belongs to one variety of clairvoyant faculty. He would find that the power of discerning events in the past, of recovering touch with bygone conditions of the world whether exercised with the view of clearing up some doubtful question of history, or penetrating much further back in time with the view of solving geographical or geological problems, has to do with another variety of clairvoyant faculty. And then he would realise that a third variety quite different from the other two has to do with the power of perceiving the phenomena of what he would then begin to realise as the other planes of nature, imperceptible to the senses concerned solely with physical phenomena, and, finally, when elaborate study of this kind had prepared him to comprehend the possibility of ascertaining facts apparently quite beyond the region of human understanding, he would begin to look into the accumulated testimony of those exercising clairvoyance in this manner without being troubled by the feeling which governs the man in the street, to the effect that such knowledge is unobtainable.

Before getting very far in the examination of the knowledge acquired by occult research having to do with other planes, the inquirer would find an impressive, not to say overwhelming, volume of testimony concurring in the recognition, on certain higher planes, of Beings representing both knowledge and moral development greatly in advance of the level so far reached by

ordinary mankind in the world around us, and his mind would thus be open to the comprehension of a possibility with reference to the acquisition of knowledge again transcending that suggested by the study of the clairvoyant faculty. He would realise that the most advanced clairvoyant amongst us is gradually enabled to feel sure in reference to a great variety of natural problems concerned with mysteries far transcending his own individual powers of research; and having reached this stage the inquirer will begin to be in a position to understand how those of us concerned with occult research in the present day, even if not necessarily gifted with the abnormal faculties required for the personal conduct of such researches, can nevertheless become perfectly sure of certain great principles connected with natural evolution, the future destinies awaiting humanity, and the past conditions from which it sprang, which are as completely obliterated from physical plane records as the continents where such conditions prevailed, have been, in bygone ages, obliterated by the ocean.

But this stage of feeling is only reached completely when we learn something about the possibility of investigating higher planes in other ways than can be furnished by the study of clairvoyance, no matter how effective its development. Long before the course of reading above suggested is concluded, the inquirer will grow familiar with the idea that consciousness is so far from being an attribute of the physical organism we generally think of as the human body, that it is susceptible even during life of functioning in other vehicles of consciousness normally associated with, but capable under certain circumstances of detachment from the physical body. The simplest of such vehicles is known to occult research as the "astral body," and even before the exact relationship of this organism with higher planes came to be understood in the course of modern occult research, experience of many peculiarly endowed witnesses proved that it was possible for a human being, without undergoing the change described as death, to stand sometimes altogether outside his physical body looking at it as an object apart from himself, he himself, the real thinking Ego being at such times embodied in a subtle vehicle belonging in its nature to the astral plane, imperceptible to the gross physical senses, but keenly appreciative not merely of the physical plane but of

that other natural realm to which it is appropriate. And although in the past, records of such experience have rarely been associated with the correct interpretation of what has taken place, the course of modern occult research has rendered the whole process intelligible. Sometimes, if a person has the necessary psychic attribute, the astral vehicle will float away from its natural physical attachments, and the person to whom this happens will be not merely conscious of looking back on the physical body he has left, but of new and exhilarating possibilities of motion and perception with which his previous experiences have never been associated. In many cases, the dreams that even quite ordinary people have of finding themselves able to fly or to move through space at will, represent imperfect memories of consciousness in the astral vehicle, which, for that matter, is almost always detached from the physical during profound sleep, although in the majority of cases at the present stage of human evolution hardly sufficiently evolved itself to be a complete and effective vehicle of consciousness.

Illuminated, however, by the teaching embodied in modern occult literature, a fairly considerable number of those who have appreciated this teaching, and have zealously endeavoured to train themselves along the lines which it suggests, have attained the condition of being fully conscious in the astral body, of acquiring in that embodiment, knowledge of great importance, to be spoken of directly, and in some cases again amongst these, of so arranging matters as to be able to remember when consciousness has returned to its normal physical vehicle, all that has transpired during its excursion on the astral plane. But here, it is desirable to interpolate a few words concerning the conditions which render such recovery of consciousness possible, because every one who once realises the stupendously important truth that some people can accomplish the processes described, is generally eager to know how to set to work and do likewise.

Probably it is within the power of almost every one appreciative of these higher potentialities in the human organism to cultivate, by persistent thought and desire turned in that direction, such conditions in the astral vehicle as may render it serviceable for conscious activity on its own plane. But it does not

follow that such processes of culture will also bring about the capacity in the physical brain to remember what transpires on the other. The conditions which render such transfer of consciousness possible, or on the other hand, those which hopelessly impede it, are now perfectly well understood by the occult studen t In one way the fact of the matter may seem discouraging; from another it may stimulate certain processes of self-culture. The power of any given person to bring back memory from the astral to the physical plane depends entirely on the condition of the etheric matter pervading the physical brain. This subtle matter is described in the aggregate, according to the technical language of occult science, as "the etheric double," and its characteristics reflect the activities of the Ego in his last previous incarnation. To make this part of the story fully intelligible one would have to diverge here into an elaborate exposition of the natural laws by which the environment of each life in which the Ego finds himself, is determined by the aggregate value of his action or Karma, in the last or previous lives. But it may be enough for the moment to indicate that the etheric double is the medium as it were, through which the attributes acquired during previous existences are impressed on the new organism in its successive births. If previous efforts had pointed in the direction of acquiring psychic attributes, the etheric double would have been moulded by Nature in the beginning with that end in view. If previous intellectual activities had been concerned exclusively with matters appertaining to the physical plane of life, the etheric double itself and the physical brain it would have provided for, would reflect those activities and no others. So the truth is that unless in the last life any given individual has specifically desired to penetrate the mysteries of Nature lying above or beyond the physical plane, it is not likely that his etheric double in this life would be qualified to transmit to the physical brain his experience of higher planes. In this matter of superphysical development it is necessary in fact to begin at the beginning, and those who have never till now appreciated the importance of making a beginning can hardly reach psychic maturity in the life actually in progress. They must be content in so far as their aspirations towards occult development are concerned, to realise that at all events the beginning can

now be made,—that most undeniably their future course through the ages will provide for a succession of lives in which the beginnings they make now will duly reach maturity, but that meanwhile as far as the present is concerned, they must be content with second-hand knowledge in regard to those higher planes of Nature, so intensely fascinating to the imagination when their reality is borne in on the understanding even by the mere testimony of others.

And at all events this testimony is now available in such ample measure, is supplied by so many of those who have made the all-important beginning in former lives, that no one capable of appreciating the importance of human testimony when trustworthy and earnest in its character, need remain in any doubt whatever concerning the leading features of that complete science of human evolution and of human relationship with higher planes of nature which is embodied, for those willing to avail themselves of current opportunities, in the literature of occult science.

So now we return to the question "how do we know," or how do we find our way about, so to speak, in vast realms of Nature, wholly inaccessible to the ordinary physical senses? We profit by something much more than the clairvoyance of highly advanced students,—by the facilities which their advancement along the lines just reviewed, their power of going about on the astral plane and of acquiring teaching from representatives of humanity developed to a high degree, invests them with to our advantage. In this way the concurrent testimony of quite a considerable number of responsible witnesses enables us to verify, to the last word, the earliest assurances conveyed to the world at large in the beginning of the modern occult development concerning the existence and organisation of those more advanced representatives of humanity generally described as adepts. In former ages of the world, profound secrecy shrouded the whole organisation and the whole scheme of initiation leading up to it. In this period of advanced religious toleration, in which, even if religious intelligence has not reached a very advanced stage, the mediæval risks attaching to heresy are no longer to be apprehended, it has been found possible to explain the great organisation of initiated adeptship with a freedom from reserve that would indeed have

provoked gasps of amazement on the part of the few and scattered occultists of the middle ages, and owing to the manner in which the earlier stages of initiation leading towards association with that exalted fraternity have been fully defined, some among those provided by the bequest of activity in former lives with the necessary psychic attributes, have been enabled to enter on this great path of progress, acquiring by so doing, so great an enlargement of their natural psychic faculties, that their reports concerning higher planes of Nature acquire enormously enhanced value as compared to what they would have been if they had merely been the fruit of normal or untrained clairvoyance, of unguided wandering in the astral vehicle.

Indeed, the fuller and more exact comprehension of superphysical condition thus acquired, leads us to realize that for the trained and partially initiated inquirer investigating superphysical realms, a finer vehicle of consciousness again than the astral comes within the potentialities of his development. He has learned from the teachers with whom he has come in contact that the astral plane to which he is first introduced in escaping from the imprisonment in flesh represented by his ordinary waking life is, after all, but an intermediate condition beyond which higher realms of consciousness, freed even from the impediments which exist on the astral, are attainable for those who achieve the necessary occult progress. Quitting the astral body in turn, and learning how to establish his consciousness in a still finer vehicle, he may gain access to a condition of exalted spiritual consciousness from the point of view of which a comprehension of things generally is possible, which no simple expression in words can at once define. Even on the spiritual or "Manasic" plane, to use the technical expression, the Ego is very far from acquiring omniscience, but his range of perception in all that concerns the natural design of human life, is so extended both forward and backward that few of the problems naturally presenting themselves to ordinary intelligence down here, would fail to meet with an instantaneous and complete solution. From that plane of consciousness the chain of lives through which the Ego has passed would lie as clearly within the range of his perception as the experience of the last few days within the ordinary waking consciousness. The memory of

nature with which he would there be in touch, is no less vivid in reference to events that transpired millions of years ago, than ordinary recollection is vivid concerning the happenings of yesterday. And it is by virtue of observations undertaken by those qualified to carry them on at this high level that such facts for example as that one casually referred to in the beginning of this essay, the former incarnation of any given personality, is ascertained with a certainty that can only be appreciated by prolonged familiarity with the conditions under which consciousness is exercised on the manasic plane.

AN OCCULT STUDENT.

THE LADY OF THE MANOR.

I HAD originally gone to Elvin Thorpe with no more romantic purpose in view than that of superintending the erection of a power house, designed to supply electric current for the double duty of running the machinery of a paper mill established in the neighbourhood of that picturesque little Welsh village, and for lighting a few houses and shops of sufficient dignity to desire modern luxuries of illumination. Vividly do I remember the first glimpse I had of the Lady of the Manor. She was riding, and had reined in her horse at the junction of two paths through a wooded bit of the valley above my waterfall. I had wandered on that afternoon for some distance vaguely exploring the unfamiliar region, and was ill prepared with an appropriate answer when the beautiful young person in the saddle dominating me, the humble pedestrian in a rough tweed suit, abruptly inquired as I approached her,—

"What are you doing here?"

Her slight figure was deliciously defined in her close fitting habit, her golden hair was plentifully visible under her small, neat hat; her haughty tone suited her young-queen-like aspect, and as I realised afterwards the most truthful answer I could have returned would have been—

"Falling in love."

But not fully realising the actual state of the facts at the moment, I merely said, lifting my hat—

"Pray, pardon me, if I am doing wrong. I was simply strolling up this beautiful valley from the new electric works below, that I am in charge of. Am I trespassing?"

One's voice, of course, tells a stranger more than one's clothes. Miss Mannering's tone changed as she replied, with a bright smile—

"Yes, you are. This wood is a part of my private grounds; but are you Mr. Brandon?"

I acknowledged my identity.

"I quite understand—and apologise for the rude way I spoke. If you come on a few hundred yards further you will get to Elvin Manor by a back road, and you won't be trespassing if you are coming to call on my aunt and myself."

That was how my acquaintance began, and the way to Elvin Manor once learned was not forgotten. Far longer than the task really needed my presence did I hang about those works at Elvin Thorpe—not a very important business for the fairly prosperous firm of electric engineers, in which I was a junior partner. I soon learned all the family history of my adored Elsie. She had been the only child and heiress of her father, who owned some collieries in another part of the country, and had himself purchased the Elvin Manor Estate. The widowed aunt, Mrs. Calthorpe, had been taking care of her since her father's death, when she was about 17, for she had lost her mother much earlier, while still a child. A man named Marston, a junior partner with her father in the southern colliery, had been her legal guardian. She regarded him with mingled fear and aversion, and I gathered from Mrs. Calthorpe that this feeling had been emphasised by the fact that he had endeavoured within the last few years to become much more to her than a guardian. It was a great relief to her when she attained her majority about a year before I first met her, and began to feel that Mr. Marston need not have much more to do with her.

It was not with unmixed feelings that I realised very soon after that wonderful afternoon when fate directed my trespassing footsteps into the private grounds of Elvin Manor, that Elsie Mannering was to be thenceforward the goddess of my devotion. The social gulf between us was terrifying. Certainly I was decently bred, decently well off, but just a middle-class professional man. Elsie was a little queen in her own dominions, distinctly of the upper class. As the main purpose of my present narrative is not

to trace the development of the feeling on her part by virtue of which the gulf was ultimately bridged, I will only dwell for a moment or two on one scene ever vivid in my remembrance.

She had been making a sketch of the waterfall that was being used as the motive power of the electric works I had designed. It was not quite finished, and I was standing behind her chair as she sat at a table near one of the drawing-room windows at Elvin Manor, with the sketch and her water-colour tackle before her. I was not in a very happy frame of mind. Nothing had passed to show whether her bright, friendly treatment of me was tinged with any inclination to accept my worship seriously. I simply dared not risk everything by spoken words of my own. The situation was one in which, I thought, if we are to be more than friends it is for her to indicate her will and pleasure in the matter. I stood silently watching her brush, and longing to kiss the nape of her neck as she bent over her drawing, and then I noticed a curious condition of things. I had done water-colour sketches myself in my time, and as I watched the movements of her hand I foresaw, as it were, a second in advance of each, what she was going to do, or rather, I felt what sort of touch she ought to put in, and then immediately she put it in. The queerness of the thing made me try experiments, and the response came in all cases with extraordinary exactitude. And then I tried a daring experiment. I willed, though without uttering a word, that with the brush in her hand, with which she had been putting in some brown touches on the trunk of a tree, she should write at the bottom of the sketch, "For Phillip Brandon."

Slowly she paused in her painting, gradually the hand drew down to the blank margin at the bottom of the paper, and—slowly but surely—the words were written. And then her hand lay inertly on the table and she did not speak or move.

Not a little startled, I stepped to the side of the table so as to look in her face. She was not looking at the sketch, but gazing out of the window with a far-away sort of look in her lovely violet eyes, and I hastily asked—

"Miss Mannering, are you not feeling well?"

With a little gasp she sat up in her chair, drew her hands

over her forehead, looked at me with a surprised glance, then smiled and rose up, pushing back the chair.

"What's the matter?" she said, "have I been falling asleep over my painting?"

"For a moment I thought you were feeling ill somehow."

"I'm quite well. But I had a funny sort of feeling for a moment."

"Any sort of feeling you are used to?"

"Not exactly used to; but I do remember to have had it once before. It was soon after I came of age, in Mr. Marston's office at Cardiff. I had been going through some business papers with him, and only half understanding them. Then it seemed to me as if I was asleep for a moment or two, and I felt when I woke up just as I feel now—or as I felt just now, when you roused me. I was ashamed at the time, thinking it must have seemed so rude and stupid of me to go to sleep in the middle of business, but I suppose it was only for a few moments, as Mr. Marston did not seem to have noticed anything."

"Well; at all events I have to thank you very cordially for the sketch you have so kindly given me, I shall value it intensely; I did not know you meant it for me."

"Meant it for you!" she said with a laugh, of amusement, not of displeasure, "I didn't know I meant to give it you. But if you beg for it very prettily—?"

"But I wouldn't have presumed, only when you wrote my name at the bottom,—"

"Wrote your name!"

I went across to the table, picked up the sketch and showed it to her.

"I heve not the faintest recollection," she said; "of having written that."

"How very extraordinary."

"I must be a more uncanny sort of person than I thought, if I can do things in my sleep without remembering them."

She seemed more amused than surprised at the idea, though I felt more startled on her account than pleased at the vague feeling that such a strange faculty or liability might be dangerous.

She recognised my claim under the circumstances to the sketch, which I duly carried off.

That evening,—it was to be my last at Elvin Thorpe for the time, at all events, as I could not any longer drag out the work on which I was engaged,—I dined at the Manor, and was drawn by the ladies afterwards into recounting some of my adventures abroad,—encountered before settling down in my more successful career as an electrical engineer. I had been some years previously in Mexico, in connection with some mining surveys, and these had taken me to the borders of the little known peninsula of Yucatan. There at a sort of farmhouse, or hacienda, as they call them in that part of the world, I met my mysterious friend, André Calviati, whom I had not seen since. To have known him, I declared it was worth while to have made the journey to Mexico, though nothing else much worth having ever came of it.

"What was there wonderful about him?"

"Well; it seems ridiculous in the present age of the world, but he was able to do things of the most extraordinary kind: things that if the word was not out of date looked like magic."

Of course, I was called on to explain further and give examples.

"Perhaps they will not seem much when I tell about them, and they were never done as an exhibition of power in any way; but they happened as it were, and then there was always Calviati laughing good-humouredly at my surprise. I had taken up an unlighted candle on one occasion, for instance, to go to my room for something, and was fumbling in my pocket for matches. Calviati was standing close by with his hands in his pockets. And then, before I could strike a light, the candle lighted itself. I could never get any explanation, but I will swear Calviati never put his hand near it. Then one time, one afternoon in broad daylight, I chanced to refer in conversation to some specially nice grapes of a peculiar kind that I had eaten in another part of the country, and carelessly said, 'I wish you grew them here.'

"'Look behind you,' said Calviati, and there, on a little table just behind where I was sitting, a big bunch of the very grapes I had been talking of lay on a broad cabbage-leaf. It was certainly not there a few minutes previously, for I had put down my hat

and riding-whip on that table just before I sat down, and there they were still. It is simply impossible that the grapes could have been there at the time without my noticing them, and nobody had come into the room but ourselves."

"But did not your friend say anything to explain how the grapes had come?" asked Mrs. Calthorpe.

"He never explained anything of that sort at all. Would only hint in the broadest way, that we of the European world were not quite alive to all the possibilities of human knowledge."

"Didn't it seem rather teasing of him to keep you in the dark that way," Miss Mannering asked.

"Not in his case. There was something so kind and winning in his behaviour always that if he fenced questions one asked, one felt convinced he had some good reason for doing so."

"Do you ever hear from him?"

"I have heard, and have often written. He always said we should meet again; that he would not lose sight of me, and so on; but though he seems to get my letters when I send them to the address he last gave me, he evidently by the post marks, writes sometimes from one part of the world and sometimes from another, and does not often give new addresses. I tell you he is a very mysterious personage."

"Haven't you got a portrait of him?"

"No: he never was photographed that I know of, and, by the bye, there is something funny about that. I think I told you I can draw a little, and one day on a bit of blank cardboard I happened to find, I began to try and do a pen and ink sketch of him while he sat in an armchair smoking and talking to me. I did not like what I had done: turned the cardboard round and tried again on the other side. I did not succeed any better, and asked him if there was another bit of card to be had. 'Try the other side of what you have got,' he said. 'But I've spoiled that already,' I said, turning the card up as I spoke, and there to my amazement it was perfectly blank again. All trace of my ink drawing had disappeared!"

"Good gracious! What did you do then?"

"Well: I was getting used to wonders by this time, and I

made another sketch, but it is no use asking me to show it you. I lost it eventually, tho' I fully intended to take care of it."

The strain of saying good-bye that evening in a commonplace way to the dazzling lady of the Manor was a little relieved by learning that she and her aunt were coming to London a few weeks later for a bit of the London season. They had taken a house in Kensington, told me to come and see them any time after a certain date, and in order the sooner to reach the more thrilling episode of my story, let me hasten to explain how it came to pass that I was supremely blessed by finding that I was needed by my beloved one to be always, as, please God, I always shall be, her devoted and adoring servant. There had been a time when, sufficiently well off myself, I had looked on marriage as chiefly attractive because it would enable me some day to endow the woman I might choose, with unfamiliar luxuries and comforts that would delight her. The part of husband to a woman much richer than himself seemed to me repellent. Again, the women I had so far admired had been of the tall, majestic order, crowned with raven locks. Elsie was slight, small altogether, and blonde of the blondest. And yet a time came when I could hold my peace no longer, and said to her words that she was graciously willing to understand though they met the emergency in a roundabout way. I contrived to speak of the theories of marriage I had entertained; of how vain it was in such a matter to frame theories at all; of how I knew now that in the presence of love that was possible no formulated principles could stand in the way. All that remained of my old theory was the feeling that if the one woman whom a man should find to be all the world to him, was far above him in worldly wealth and station, it simply behoved him to let his adoration be apparent and to await her commands if it should so happen that she was disposed to enlist him in her service for life.

"And what is the exact amount of a lady's income that must deny her the pleasure of getting proposals from the man she may be disposed to enlist if he is not quite so well off?"

"I don't know. It is irreducible to figures."

"Of course, what you say applies only to ladies of title in their own right, to countesses and upwards."

Elsie knew quite too well that she had the game in her own hands to be otherwise than light hearted over it, but it is honest truth that at this stage of my progress I did not feel sure what would be the end. She was always bright and light hearted, so that could have no particular meaning. To her last joking inquiry I ventured an answer that she could not pretend to misunderstand unless the pretence would mean my dismissal.

"It applies to all who are ladies of the Manor and upwards."

"Goodness! then even I come in, and you, for instance—just to imagine a case—could never ask me any pointed questions, even if you should by chance come to think of me as the one woman in the world?"

"No; I could only lie prostrate before you, and wonder if the Heavens above had blessings to equal the commands you *might* give."

"Then, Mr. Phillip Brandon, you are a very exasperating person, because you will always be able to say—if certain things should happen—that you merely endeavoured to oblige me."

"The subject does not oblige the Queen by doing what she tells him. He obeys her, and if the husband and wife relationship has abnormal features, so also the vows must be modified to correspond. But, a prisoner waiting for the verdict could not be so tremulous with anxiety as I am—waiting to hear whether you *have* any commands for me."

"Phillip——"

I need hardly say that at this stage of the conversation I found myself on my knees beside her chair with my arms about her. And I was not repulsed.

"So this is your way of lying prostrate before me?"

"I am prostrate in spirit, adoring you."

I like to dwell in remembrance over the whole scene. I won at last the sweet command I pleaded for, and I am not likely to be faithless to the pledges by which I bound myself then and there.

II.

No motive operated to dictate a long engagement. Elsie was absolutely her own mistress, and as far as her aunt's sympathy was concerned that was freely granted. She had been well disposed towards me from the beginning of the time when—as I afterwards learned,—well in advance of the day of the conversation just recorded, Elsie had made up her mind that she would accept my tolerably obvious devotion. Her relations were not numerous. Mrs. Calthorpe undertook the task of apprising those fairly entitled to the compliment of the arrangement that had been made, and although Mr. Marston's rights over my beloved one as her guardian had expired, it was thought seemly to include him in the number of those made aware of her engagement.

About a fortnight of unblemished happiness had floated over our heads, when one morning, soon after reaching my office, I received this alarming telegram—

"Come at once. Something extraordinary.—Elsie."

Need I say that my hansom seemed to crawl. I was relieved in some measure to find Elsie well, and in the morning-room, but soon shared her bewilderment.

"I have had the most extraordinary letter I ever had in my life. Here read it."

It was a formal lawyer's communication, dated from New Square, Lincoln's Inn.

To Miss Elsie Mannering.

Madam,

Our client, Mr. Frederick Marston, of Cardiff, having heard of your engagement to marry Mr. Phillip Brandon, of No. — Great George Street, Westminster, has instructed us to make arrangements with you for the fulfilment of your agreement with him, dated October 18th, 1903, under which you undertook, in the event that has arisen, to resign in his favour your rights and interest in the Rudolph Colliery, situate in the county of Glamorganshire, South Wales.

The necessary papers will be ready for your signature in the course of the week, and any day on or after Monday next we shall be happy to receive you at this office, if it suits your convenience

to attend here, or to meet you with the papers in question at the office of any solicitor whom you may appoint to act on your behalf.

We are Madam,

Your obedient Servants,

PARCHER & TAPETON.

"What does it all mean, dearest?" I inquired.

"Mean! I haven't the faintest shadow of a conjecture as to what it means. I never in my life made any agreement of any sort with Mr. Marston. What on earth do they mean about re-signing my rights and interest in the colliery? Why the colliery is my fortune."

"Of course there is some huge, absurd and inexplicable blunder on the part of these wretched solicitors. Thank goodness, I know how to deal with that kind of gentry. I'll call there at once, and find out what they are driving at. But can you give me any sort of hint that may suggest the nature of the game they are trying to play?"

Elsie was wholly unable to give me the slightest clue. On careful consideration, and on reference to something in the nature of a diary that Mrs. Calthorpe kept, we ascertained that the 18th October, 1903, was the date on which Elsie had visited Mr. Marston at his office in Cardiff to receive certain explanations from him as to the transfer of her property to her own control after she had come of age, but on that occasion she had merely received explanations. She had not had occasion to do anything herself; had certainly not signed any papers important or unimportant.

"I am not such a goose as to sign anything without fully understanding what I am about," she declared, "but, anyhow, I had no need on that occasion to sign anything and certainly did not do so."

Armed with this limited information I set out for New Square, and, after a short delay, was shown into the presence of Mr. Parcher.

"So the young lady has not explained the matter to you?" that personage remarked when I told him on whose behalf I came. I should add that he did not impress me unfavourably in any way as far as his personality was concerned. He seemed a

very ordinary commonplace man of business, but not such a one as might have been suspected at a glance of being concerned in a fraudulent conspiracy.

"The young lady has absolutely nothing to explain, and is as completely in the dark as to the meaning of your letter as I am."

Mr. Parcher evidently shrank from saying anything that might seem rude, and hesitated a moment or two.

"That is very odd, because the matter cannot have escaped her recollection. I suppose that for reasons I cannot exactly follow she wishes you to learn the details from us."

"Pray go on."

"I suppose you know that at one time she was engaged to our client, Mr. Marston?"

"Indeed, I know nothing of the kind, and am quite certain moreover that she never was engaged to him."

"Well, you know *litera scripta manent*. The agreement I will read to you if you like, leaves that point beyond dispute."

"Will you show me the agreement?"

"It's a very important document. I will show it you in due course if necessary, but meanwhile I will let you have a copy so that you can discuss the matter with Miss Mannering, and I give you my professional word that the copy is an accurate copy."

After ringing for a clerk and giving the necessary instructions, a paper was presently brought in which Mr. Parcher looked over deliberately, and then handed to me.

"That is a copy of the agreement on which our letter was based. Frankly it is one of an unusual nature, but I cannot see that it is otherwise than binding on the party concerned."

The paper ran as follows:—

"In consideration of being released by Mr. Frederick Marston from the promise to marry him, which I made in the first instance in accordance with my late father's urgent wish, and renewed after coming of age, I undertake and agree as follows:

"If within the next seven years I should not only continue unwilling to renew my promise to Mr. Marston, but should enter into any other engagement to marry any other person, I thereby forfeit in Mr. Marston's favour all my rights and interests in the

Rudolph Colliery, the property of Messrs. Mannering, Marston and Co.

"Before concluding any such marriage as above described, I will sign a deed renouncing the rights above mentioned, but even if this obligation is neglected, these presents shall be held as a valid transfer thereof in the event of such marriage having been actually concluded.

"Signed, Elsie Mannering, of Elvin Manor in the County of Monmouthshire.

"In the presence of

"Richard Benson, Clerk, of 16, Maxworth Street, Cardiff.

"and

"James Henderson, Clerk, of 84, Jackson Square, Cardiff.

"This 18th of October, 1903."

That the paper of which this was a copy must be a pure and simple forgery was the only possible view which I could form as I read it, but I felt that the whole situation was one of extreme delicacy.

"Of course," I said as calmly as I could, "I cannot regard this—but please understand I am casting no imputation on yourself—I cannot regard it as an authentic document."

"My dear sir, I shall not be quick to take offence at whatever you may say, but I have not gone into this matter precipitately. I hoped the young lady would not take the line of disputing the authenticity of the agreement, unusual in its character as it is, because there is really no room for such dispute. A clerk I sent down for the purpose has interviewed the witnesses to the agreement. They are fully prepared to swear to their signatures. Mr. Marston is also prepared to do the same, as he was present when the agreement was signed. There are any number of witnesses to prove that Miss Mannering was at his office that day. Frankly, what I am hoping for is some sort of compromise. I think the forfeiture exorbitant in its magnitude. I should do my best to induce Mr. Marston to adopt that view if we can negotiate this matter in a friendly way, but don't try to make out the agreement a forgery—for it is just that if it is not authentic."

"I am afraid it is useless for me to say anything more. Of

course, Miss Mannering must be guided by the best legal advice but if she is in a position to swear that she never signed any paper whatever on the day of her visit to Mr. Marston's office, surely the situation becomes—at least, embarrassing for your client."

"I see that you are placed in a most painful position; but I hope Miss Mannering will not be advised to adopt that course. In face of the evidence available it would really be dangerous for her to do so."

In face of the veiled threat these words embodied I could carry on the conversation no longer. I was allowed to take away the copy of the alleged agreement, and with it I hastened back to my beloved one.

I need not trace out in detail the course of the miserably anxious months that followed. Of course, Elsie indignantly denied the monstrous falsehood alleged in the forged document, as for a long time I believed it to be. It was true that her father had at one time indicated a wish that she should marry Marston He must have utterly misjudged the man's character in doing so, for by any hypothesis his villany in the situation that had been developed was glaring, but Mr. Mannering had never pressed the idea upon her, and when Marston proposed to her she had so clearly and emphatically refused him that she had supposed all thought of the arrangement to have been abandoned. It had never even been referred to between them since her coming of age. That her signature to the alleged agreement was a forgery was to her an absolute certainty, and as for the witnesses, that they had been suborned by Marston was equally certain. She could never believe it possible that the scheme of robbery could succeed, and could not be persuaded to listen to any idea of compromise.

Our solicitors—a firm of the highest standing to whom I introduced her were, I could see, a little afraid of the consequences of simply maintaining a defence dependent on the theory of forgery. They employed detectives to question the witnesses and probe the theory of subornation, but the more they enquired the more hopeless it seemed to establish this view. When Elsie's determination to fight for her rights by a straightforward denial of the agreement was clearly unalterable, our solicitor, Mr. Melton, spoke to me very seriously about the position in which she would

be placed if the Courts should uphold the agreement, and my agony of mind in regard to the danger in which my beloved might be placed can hardly be exaggerated. At one time I distinctly leaned to the idea of a compromise,—not for a moment doubting Elsie's word, and thus not for a moment doubting the forgery, but feeling that the snare had been too skilfully laid for us to escape scot-free. The possible loss of money threatened did not much distress me. The income Elsie derived from the colliery was indeed the major part of her fortune. The estate in Monmouthshire was much more a residence than a source of income. She simply would not be able to keep up Elvin Manor deprived of her colliery revenue, but my resources might just have enough to enable us to do this in a fashion if all went well, and there was a gleam of pride for me in the thought that if my darling were ruined I was equal at all events to the task of saving her from utter disaster.

But what if the malevolence of this fiend Marston should lead in certain contingencies to her prosecution for perjury? My faith in the sagacity of legal tribunals was not equal to the task of relieving me from anxiety on that score.

It was the merest chance that first put me on the track of a clue to the mystery of the agreement.

We, Mrs. Calthorpe, my beloved one and I, had been wearying our very souls with talking over the whole dismal situation one evening, when a casual reference was made by Mrs. Calthorpe to the days at Elvin Manor, when Mr. Mannering was still living, and when fairly merry parties used sometimes to assemble there.

"What fun we used to have, do you remember, Elsie, over that willing game. Elsie, you know," turning to me, "was wonderfully good at it."

"Ugh!" ejaculated Elsie, "I hate to think of it now. That abandoned wretch used always to be playing it with me."

"The Marston creature you mean," I said, a flash of thought passing through my brain like an electric shock.

"Yes; I could do just anything he was thinking of, and they were all never tired of seeing the system work. But there we are again, talking of him. For goodness sake let us keep him out of our thoughts for the rest of this evening."

I said no more, but for once I was glad eventually to get away from my adored one, that I might think. It was like a wind driving away a mist. I remembered the day at Elvin Manor, when I myself had by some unconscious mesmerism made Elsie write my name—without knowing she did so—at the bottom of the sketch. I remembered how she had told me that she had once before experienced the dazed, strange feeling with which she revived from her lethargy at Marston's office in Cardiff, when she went there to transact some business after attaining her majority. There lay the whole plot unravelled. Marston had made her sign that agreement in a trance. The witnesses *had* seen her do it. Nothing would have shown them as she sat motionless at the table afterwards that she was in any abnormal condition. They would not have understood the possibility of such a condition. And now, how was this new light to be turned to account?

I shrank from speaking of it to Elsie herself. I thought it could not but terrify her to realise that she was under the Marston creature's power to this extent. That it might even intensify a danger I did not know how to combat. I went to my trusted friend Mr. Melton the first thing the following morning.

"My dear fellow," he said, when I had unfolded my story, "that might be a very interesting theory for people who dabble in what they call psychic mystery to amuse themselves with, but, believe me, no British judge or jury, would listen to it for a moment. You see Miss Mannering has such a visible, overwhelming motive for denying her signature at all risks. Oh, if we could only get her to listen to a satisfactory compromise. That is really all the blackguard is aiming at. He would be scarified by public opinion if he tried to enforce the agreement as it stands. He is the last man concerned to wish to bring the matter into Court. You will see that even there he will announce his readiness to compromise if he gets what he pretends to think his right, established."

"It's no use talking, Miss Mannering feels too bitterly insulted by the proposal. It would be tantamount to an admission on her part that the pretended agreement was genuine."

And so we drifted on and on through the tedious and wearing

preliminaries of the legal proceedings on foot. These took the shape of an action technically for "specific performance" to constrain Miss Mannering to carry out the agreement. Of course the bottom would have fallen out of the attack had she consented to withdraw from her promise to me, but this alternative was never seriously considered, and the only gleams of relief we have to look back upon during the gloomy period I am describing had to do with the manner in which our feelings on both sides enabled us to discuss the alternative with perfect freedom. The mock gravity with which Elsie would ask me sometimes if I really would not like to be released from my bargain, now that instead of being the heiress I had supposed her, she turned out an impostor with no visible means of subsistence, brought back brief touches of her old light-heartedness. And I would suggest that if she thought she could no longer afford to accept my humble devotion, but preferred to wait for a belted Earl sure to be available sooner or later, she could always dismiss me from her service. My heart was just hers to keep or to break as she chose.

But though there was never any cloud over our love, the strain of anxiety as to how the legal trouble might end was very serious, and when at last the day arrived when the action brought against my beloved one was to come on in court, we were simply relying on her denial of having signed the abominable agreement; a denial which the lawyers did not seem to value very highly in face of the fact that by all apparent evidence she had signed it. If she could only have pleaded that undue pressure had been used by Mr. Marston,—that the agreement was monstrous in its very nature, the situation would have been comparatively easy to deal with. But the straightforward denial of what seemed the plain facts,—especially when the motive for denial was so plain also was not a safe position.

So finally one morning we were all actually gathered together in one of the gloomy vaults wherein the justice of England is administered, and Mr. Wiggins, K.C., rose to argue the case for the plaintiff, claiming an order of the court directing Miss Elsie Mannering, of Elvin Manor, Monmouthshire, to give effect to an agreement dated,—so and so, &c.

As our advisers had forseen, he explained at the outset that

there was no intention whatever on the part of his client to press for the actual fulfilment of the exact terms of the agreement, which had merely been designed in the hope that its pressure might induce the defendant to think better of the marriage which the plaintiff had so eagerly desired with the cordial approval of the young lady's father. Every effort had been made to induce her to accept a reasonable compromise, but she unhappily persisted in maintaining the extraordinary defence that she had never signed the all important document, which as his lordship would see bore her signature, duly attested, under circumstances which made the defendant's position absolutely unintelligible. The plaintiff was really compelled by the attitude the defendant assumed to bring the matter into court, for any other course would lay him open to the charge of being concerned in a criminal conspiracy.

Mr. Wiggins had, of course, in the beginning of his speech explained the nature of the agreement very fully, and when he set forth the considerations just noticed, the judge muttered in a commonplace tone, indicating no more feeling in the matter than if he had been clockwork—

"Pass up the agreement."

"Certainly, my lord," replied the barrister.

I turned round from my seat at the solicitors table to look at him as he spoke, and saw that he selected a sheet of blue foolscap from the pile of papers before him—one, the appearance of which I knew but too well, for in the course of all the preliminary negotiations I had been permitted with many precautions against any nefarious designs I might have for its destruction, to see at the offices of Messrs. Parcher & Tapement. But as I turned I saw something which gave me a deeper thrill than even the arrival of the final crisis in the long protracted struggle. Looking back as I did I could see beyond and behind the barristers and the crowd on the floor of the court, the gallery above in which spectators were sitting. There in the front row of seats, towards the side away from my side of the court, leaning forward with his arms on the balustrade, was my never-forgotten friend, André Calviati, of Mexico. He was not looking towards me, but was sitting very still gazing intently down towards the well of the court.

What did this extraordinary coincidence mean. Oh, why, I asked myself had I not known of his presence in London. How precious his advice might have been in the crisis through which we were passing. How *could* he have come to London without letting me know? I was so excited by thoughts of this kind, and by the wonder of Calviati's presence that I hardly noticed, or only noticed in a sub-conscious kind of way, that the sheet of blue paper had been passed across to an usher, by him to the Registrar, and so on to the Judge. But in a moment more my keenest attention was called back to the proceedings in the court.

"Here," said the judge, fluttering the paper that had been handed to him. "You have made some mistake. This is not the agreement."

"Pardon me, my lord, Yes, that is the agreement."

"I tell you it's nothing at all, it's a sheet of blank paper. I suppose the agreement was inside it, and you have slipped it out among your papers there."

"But, my lord, indeed, I saw it as I handed it up to your lordship. It was the agreement that I passed over—"

"Here, look at it for yourself," said the judge, impatiently tossing the paper over on to the Registrar's table, from which it was at once picked up and passed back to the barrister.

I have not often seen a man look more bewildered than Mr. Wiggins as he turned the sheet of paper over and over, and realised that the judge was right. The solicitor on his side was standing up conferring with him. "I certainly put the agreement amongst your papers," he said. "It must be there somewhere," and hastily at first, and then with the most painstaking deliberation, the whole pile was searched without success.

The judge, by this time, was getting a little irritated.

"I don't understand this, Mr. Wiggins, it is very strange that you should have lost the document on which your whole case turns."

"My lord, it is impossible it can be lost, I have had it in my hands this morning, since I have been speaking. I could have sworn I passed it to your lordship. It is the most extraordinary mistake I ever made in my life. Will your lordship look over a copy of the agreement while we are searching for the original."

"No, Mr. Wiggins, I will not look at a copy. I am almost surprised that you should suggest that I should look at a copy. What you have told me about that agreement does not predispose me to have more to do with it than I can help. If it had been forthcoming I must, of course, have investigated its origin further, but as it is not forthcoming I do not see how you are entitled to take up my time any longer.

The barrister on our side could not keep silent any longer.

"I should like to remind your lordship," he said, "that the pleadings will have shown you that my client strenuously declares that no such agreement as that described ever bore her signature at all."

"My learned friend's remark," said Mr. Wiggins hotly, "appears to me uncalled for, it seems to convey an insinuation."

"Then it is one," said the judge interrupting, "which I am glad to say I am not called upon to deal with. No one can want to make any insinuation against your good faith in this matter, Mr. Wiggins, but the application you have made is necessarily under the circumstances dismissed."

Poor Mr. Wiggins made an attempt to get the case adjourned till some later day when the agreement would, of course, have been found, but the judge was not in a conciliatory mood.

"If the document is found," he said, "it will be within your discretion to begin proceedings over again if you think fit. I have had enough of the case in its present aspect, at all events."

As a general movement of all persons concerned in the case was set going by these last remarks, my beloved Elsie and her aunt looked quite as much puzzled and bewildered as Mr. Wiggins himself.

"What does it all mean?" Elsie asked.

"I'll tell you what I think it means," I said. "But look up at the gallery. Oh no, it's no good. He's gone. How on earth shall I find him?"

For I knew the approach to the gallery door was from an altogether different corridor from that giving access to the body of the court.

"What are you talking about?"

"Calviati. I saw Calviati in the gallery only a little while

ago. You remember whom I mean. My wonderful friend of Mexico. But we cannot talk here. Let us come away."

As we passed along the crowded corridor on our way out we noticed our enemy Marston in heated conversation with his solicitor in one of the recesses, but though I should have liked to listen I could not keep the ladies in that loathsome proximity so we got out into the Strand. I put them into their carriage, and, promising to follow as soon as I could, went back in search of Calviati. But all my efforts in that direction were fruitless. I came out again by the other exit on my way to Lincoln's Inn Fields to have some talk with our own solicitor, and in the quieter turning leading thither I suddenly encountered my friend.

"Oh, Calviati. It is you who have saved us! I have been so wildly trying to find you."

"And I had to find you, my friend, for there are some things I have to say still that are important. And they must be said quickly for I have very little time to spare."

As we strolled slowly along he continued—

"You have been saved from a foul dishonourable plot, and it has been possible to save you because that plot rested on a gross misuse of occult power. As you have rightly divined your little friend was made to sign that paper in a mesmeric state, quite unconsciously. Against the misuse of occult power, occult power may be employed. But that is not all I have to say. You will have a very delicate organism in your charge when your glowing hopes in that direction are fulfilled, as they shortly will be, and you must be guided to know how best to take care of her and prevent any recurrence of such accidents as that of—October 18th.

I must not set down in minute detail all he went on to tell me—the instructions he gave me, the light he let into my mind in reference to such sensibility as my beloved Elsie was endowed with, but the conversation was over all too soon. He could not stay in London just then he told me. We should meet again later on, he confidently promised, but for the moment he must say good bye, and would ask me not to turn back with him, nor to ask him any question as to whither he was bound.

"But about the paper?" I asked. "Will that horrible writing never revive."

"Make your mind quite easy on that score. And as for the lawyers leave them to puzzle out the problem for themselves. Tell Miss Elsie what you like so that her mind may be easy too, but the less to-day's happenings are talked of outside your own little trio the better. So now fare you well."

I longed for him to stay, but I could not disobey his wish. I did not move from the spot at which he left me, but I could not help turning round to watch his retreating figure. He was nowhere to be seen, and I supposed he must have turned through the gateway leading to New Square, near which we had passed just before he left me.

Have I seemed to disobey his last injunction in writing of what occurred, when he wished it talked of as little as possible outside our little trio? I had his leave afterwards by letter.

"I refer you," he wrote, "to a certain passage that you will find in a book which I know is in your possession."

Turning it up I read as follows:—

"The thresholds of ignorance are already overpast, and experiment is in need rather of a motive to dignify it than of practical machinery. . . . They are now all incredulous who were formerly dreaded in their belief, and under that safe guardianship we leave them, supine in the conviction that our conduct will neither be attractive or intelligible, much less practically useful to the profane multitude of mankind."

DIVINE DISCONTENT.

It is true now as it was in the olden days, that a man's happiness does not depend upon his possessions. Indeed, the fewer his wants, the greater his contentment. To have, is not necessarily to enjoy: the accumulation of wealth acts as an incentive to secure more, even as the appetite craves for food which nature does not require and cannot use. Satisfaction does not arise from repletion, but from a sense that what one has is being utilized to the fullest extent without satiety. Hence, it cannot be disputed that the poor man has opportunities of enjoyment equally with the rich; nay, we may go further, and say that the former is in a better position to realize all that is best in life, for the simple reason that he is able to appreciate precisely what will benefit him, whereas the latter has frequently not sufficient will-power to resist the temptation of endeavouring to grasp more than he can enjoy. It has been remarked by Mr. Pett Ridge, who has studied life in the Metropolis perhaps more than any present-day moralist, that the happiest lives are to be found amongst those who dwell in comparatively small houses; the more expensive entail greater worry because of increased upkeep, and the desire of their occupants to be considered, from a monetary point of view, as good or better than their neighbours. We have recently heard a great deal of "the simple life," but the phrase is apt to be misunderstood. Asceticism does not necessarily form a part of such a life; on the other hand, whatever is included in the joy of living a pure, and high and holy life has its share, for be it remembered that "pleasure and simplicity are two old acquaintances." Thoreau chose to be rich by making his wants few, and supplying them himself. He realized that content comes from

within rather than from without; that it proceeds from a calm, settled conviction that no outward circumstances can afford gratification unless the mind is king and dictator of his being; and that the secret of happiness lies in being contented with what we have, not in longing for something we have not.

With greater leisure and more opportunities for acquiring money, the love of amusements has increased enormously during the last two or three decades, but it is universally acknowledged that the passion for play has removed peace further from those who indulge in it inordinately. When "to pass away the time" is frequently "killing time," its subjects become wearied both in mind and body, and that which should be recreation becomes really a clog, retarding mental and physical growth. Sometimes, indeed, amusements develop into really hard work, as may be observed in some of the popular games of the present day. To be benefited by any amusement or diversion it is necessary to preserve a balance which is so perfectly poised that the result is invigoration of the whole being. Generally speaking, it may be said that, in order to ensure contentment, the mind must receive primary consideration; if worry of all kinds is eliminated, recuperation will follow, provided the physical powers are not overtasked. "A change of toil is toil's sufficient cure," and work of itself is rarely a cause for repining. But change of work of itself, though desirable, and even necessary, will not produce the desired result unless we are able to build our own mental world, unless, as Emerson finely observes, we "conform our life to the pure idea in our mind," unless

> "For us, the winds do blow,
> The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow;
> Nothing we see, but means our good,
> As our delight, or as our treasure:
> The whole is either our cupboard of food,
> Or cabinet of pleasure."

In a word, there cannot be real contentment unless nature, and thought, and action co-operate in perfect harmony to obtain all that is best, and noblest, in the world around us. The key-word of life is reality; as the transient mirage may illumine for a moment and fill us with a sense of pleasure, but becomes dissipated before the greater forces of heat and light, and creates a

void that proves how illusory it is, so sensuous joys are short lived, and will not withstand the wear and tear of every day life. And it is well to remember that amusements cannot be bought; they are not to be found outside ourselves; nay, the more we seek them, the further they recede from us. If indulged in too frequently, they fail to amuse, and induce weariness and dissatisfaction. Wealth may procure them, but wealth cannot give us the power to use them.

With the advance of civilisation the human race has become conscious of its shortcomings, and, regarded from our point of view, it is well that this should be so. The happiness of the few should not be the sole outcome of man's progress. All should become worthy to receive the joy of earth. And this brings us to consider whether there is not another aspect of discontent which tends to the better realisation of life's work. The more man rises above the animals the nobler are his conceptions of duty. As his mind expands he sees a higher platform, which he endeavours to reach, nor does he, in selfish isolation, forget the privilege of assisting others. It is well, therefore, we repeat, that he should desire to realize some of the possibilities which are within his reach; by so doing he is not guilty of that form of dissatisfaction which helps neither himself nor others. His discontent yields fruit, which is for the healing of life's ills, and, as such, it may be rightly called "divine." Such discontent is heroic, is noble: it is an acknowledgment that evils are remediable: for our heritage is not unalterable. Many of our ideas, respecting the poor need to be revised. There should be no confounding of poverty with pauperism. "The poor ye have always with you" has been too often misunderstood—"the poor" is here contrasted with the smaller number, the rich; and there is no charge of disrespect made against the honest "poor" by Him who "had not where to lay His head." But because of our economic laws, there has been a confusion of terms, and poverty has come to be associated with pauperism.

Unfortunately, poverty is apt to sink its victim socially and morally in these modern days. Hence the desirability, the necessity for "the seeker after righteousness" to see possibilities which the self-satisfied would ignore. Who would be content with the

standard of living among agricultural labourers in the country? Who can be indifferent to the claims of the occupants of two-roomed tenements in city slums? Who would not desire that the hard-worked peasant should have peace and sufficiency in his old age? The fact is that the standard of life must be raised, and we ought not to be contented with the daily routine of the poor of a century ago—work, food, sleep. Yet what do we find at the present moment in the largest city the world has ever seen, London? Of the four million workers in that vast centre over thirty per cent. have wages of no more than a guinea per week per family, while it is calculated there are a million "in poverty," and 300,000 in "chronic want." Say that these people have, by their depraved and drunken habits, and by their improvidence brought upon themselves their present condition, may we not desire their restoration to the ranks of citizens of the wealthiest city of ancient or modern times? Is it not our duty to endeavour to put an end to the miserable "sweating" that is to be found in all our large centres of population?

It is because of this "divine discontent" that humanity is being lifted to a loftier position; that it is now recognised that the lives of all men and women should be useful, and true, and noble. There was a time when the lower strata of society was not disregarded by the Church, but with the advent of the modern industrial system the onus has been shifted upon the community at large; and it behoves those who have the power to help, individually or collectively, to put forth that power. We know that much may be urged against the socialistic movement which appears to be developing in all civilized states. But of true socialism—the socialism that asks and sympathetically responds: "Am I my brother's keeper?"—there is little to fear. Wrapped up in the cloak of selfishness, it is possible to find contentment, but it is a contentment which is alien to the God-like desire to afford help to those who need help; whereas the possessor of a heart that yearns to assist the woes of others and endeavours to ameliorate them, realizes that as long as evil exists there is work to do. Such an one must have within him a feeling of dissatisfaction, in a word, "divine discontent."

J. C. WRIGHT.

THE ETHICS OF FIELD SPORTS.

By Dudley S. A. Cosby.

In order to deal fairly with this question, we must be careful to discriminate between those sports which are pursued with the object of obtaining game for food, or exterminating savage and dangerous animals; and those followed primarily for the sake of the amusement or money that can be made out of them. If followed solely with the object of finding amusement and recreation in the torture and death of sentient animals; or merely for the sake of the money that can be made out of them; then, doubtless, they come under the head of unnecessary cruelty to animals, and are wrong. Such sport as bull-fighting, for instance, still a favourite spectacle in Spain and Mexico; or the ancient British sport of bull-baiting; can only be described as barbarous in the highest degree, and as placing their devotees in the position of what has been well described as "savages without a savage's excuse."

But, although some of the worst barbarities practised by our ancestors in the name of sport have been abandoned, condemned by the more enlightened opinion of modern times; there still remain a few so-called field sports, which, though hardly to be classified as barbarous, nevertheless come under the head of cruelty; among which must be included live pigeon shooting from traps; hare and rabbit coursing with dogs; otter baiting; and the highly ignoble sport of hunting a tame stag. A very broad

distinction, however, must be drawn between those sports which unnecessarily torture and terrify the animal pursued, and those in which fair play towards the quarry is the first consideration of the sportsman.

It is generally agreed that field sports have done much in their day towards developing the English character, helping to make the race a hardy, manly, and healthy one; while bringing out those qualities of strength and endurance which otherwise might only have been developed at the expense of compulsory military service, as has been the case with our continental neighbours, who still groan under the weight of military conscription. It is, too, generally admitted, that they have been largely instrumental in driving men out of the cities with their temptations, into the country; thus placing them in closer touch with nature, and teaching them many of nature's secrets that would otherwise have remained unknown; while enlarging at the same time their powers of observation, calculation and decision; all good and useful qualities to possess, which cannot but go a long way towards the making of a successful nation. The love of field sports, too, has to a great extent helped the spread of civilisation, through giving us a better knowledge of many hitherto unexplored parts of the world; while fostering at the same time that energetic and roving spirit which has placed the British race in the forefront of the nations of the world.

It is suggested by some that the games of cricket and football; all games of skill; and athletics generally; are far more efficacious in bringing out these qualities, without the cruelties entailed in field sports. But, taking the game of football as an example; with the exception of a very infinitesimal fraction of the football-loving community, limited, in fact, to those who actually take part in the game, the remainder are attracted merely as onlookers, flocking in their thousands to witness others compete in the game simply for the opportunity it affords them of betting on, or making money by, the results; or of winning the prizes offered by enterprising journals for the successful guessing of the winning teams. Indeed, it may be said that for one dozen who play the game, many thousands are present merely to gratify the gambling instinct or bet on the result.

The most important argument against all sports which entail the taking of animal life, is that contained in the theory of evolution; which teaches that man has, himself, been evolved through the animal world; that, first through the rock lichens and next through the grasses, the flowers and the trees, was evolved the first animal life; firstly the fishes, next the fowls of the air; followed in regular order by the lowly insect and animal forms; until, at length, after countless ages, came forth from these the form of man himself. Thus, it is pointed out, animals, like men, have rights of their own; consisting, in the words of Herbert Spencer, of "the restricted freedom to live a natural life, in harmony with the permanent requirements of the community"; though these rights are at present made subordinate to anything that can be construed into a "human" want, including flesh eating, fur and feather wearing, and scientific research. Again; it is argued that animals are weak, and therefore require the protection of man; and that, before pain or death are inflicted upon them, we must first be assured such are a necessity. As opposed to these ideas, we are told by a majority of the medical profession that flesh diet is an absolute necessity for inhabitants of the colder regions; while many animals, as we know, if left to multiply, would cause infinite harm to husbandry; and the savage or poisonous ones would destroy not only the lives of the more domesticated animals, but also that of man himself. The argument, however, that "without killing animals, man would have neither wool nor fur to give him comfort and warmth," is manifestly no valid excuse for the barbarous methods and indiscriminate slaughter resorted to in many parts of the world to procure them.

Such, then, are a few of the more important reasons advanced for and against the taking of animal life. The charge of cruelty, alleged against those field sports which are pursued solely for the amusement of taking animal life, and without the excuse of necessity; is fully and amply proved. But where there is no desire to take animal life, except when proved to be mischievous or dangerous to the community, or necessary for food; such field sports can hardly be said to come under the head of wilful or unnecessary cruelty. Therefore, before condemning all field sports as necessarily cruel; it behoves us to discriminate very

carefully between those carried out for amusement only, and those carried out for necessity; while, it must not be forgotten that, rightly or wrongly, the great majority still believe many animals have been given to mankind for food by an all-wise Creator.

It is satisfactory to learn that many field sports, which undoubtedly come under the head of cruelty, are gradually dying out in England. Shooting live pigeons from traps, is a glaring example of wilful and unnecessary cruelty, which Hurlingham, to its credit, is now eliminating from its programme of sports. The placing of live birds in boxes, and, in some cases, plucking out the tail feathers to make them rise well to the guns, is an inhuman proceeding; and it is doubtful whether this particular sport will be much missed by true sportsmen; for, inanimate bird shooting, which is fast taking its place, needs the same skill in competition, without the needless cruelty of the former. Rabbit and hare coursing with dogs, must be classified as an unnecessary piece of cruelty, prolonging as it does the terror and misery of the animal pursued; while, hunting the tame stag, is almost universally condemned by all true sportsmen; for a tame animal, turned down in a strange country, knowing nothing of the best places of safety, can never be said to have a fair or even chance of escape. In the case of hunting the wild stag, wilful cruelty is hardly proved; for the animal being in its own country, knows all the best hiding places; and so has a better chance of getting away from his pursuers; though it must be an open question with many, whether a good gallop over a difficult country after drag hounds is not a finer and nobler sport after all.

We are now confronted with the vital question: Is man intended to eat flesh, or not? For, on the answer to this, must ultimately depend the rightness or wrongness of all those sports which are carried on to obtain food, wherever the lives of animals are entailed. When this question has been finally decided in the negative; then, and not till then, in all probability, will field sports be universally discontinued. Unfortunately, the New Testament writers give us little or no light on this important matter. We read, for example, (John xxi., verses 5-13), that our Saviour, after asking His disciples, "Have ye any meat?" ordered them to cast

forth their nets for a draught. Again, we read, (Luke xxiv., verses 42, 43), "they gave Him a piece of broiled fish and an honeycomb;" and that "He took it and did eat before them." It may, of course, be true that the translators themselves, being human and not infallible, have translated these passages wrongly; and that those are right who tell us that meat eating is wrong, and responsible for nearly all the diseases from which men suffer; but it does appear somewhat strange, nevertheless, that in so vital a matter as this, we have no direct information and guidance from the Bible itself.

We must, it would seem, perforce, console ourselves with the knowledge that all human reforms have come by instalments; and that opinion must first ripen on any subject before a higher standard of thought can prevail, or legislation be introduced. The Humanitarian League knowing this, have very wisely asked first for legislative action, only in those cases of the worst and most degraded forms of cruelty to animals; of which the horrors of the slaughter-houses and the foreign and Irish cattle trades, have early claimed their attention.

For the solution of the great question of animal evolution, we must wait with what patience we can for further enlightenment and wider knowledge. It is a beautiful thought, and many believe it to be true, that animals are undergoing a process of evolution for a higher existence elsewhere; helped thereto, it may be, by man, who has himself been evolved through these same animal forms during countless periods of time. It is a beautiful and ennobling thought, that, "the subconscious desire for better and higher conditions exists throughout all nature;" that, owing to this subconscious desire, the life principle is drawn from the decaying roots of the flowers and grasses into tiny insect and animal forms; and that the soul of the squirrel, which now has its home in the hollow of a decayed tree, was once the soul of that tree, which has evolved itself into conscious life from the decaying roots of flowers and grasses; drawing from these the life principles of a higher animal form; that, when its experiences as a tree had been sufficient, and its material body began to decay, the Universal Consciousness, desiring a higher individualisation of it, moulded it into the tiny squirrel form; to be again, after

further re-incarnations, destined to outgrow that condition, and enabled to use a larger and stronger body.

Though the wisest must still grope blindly in the dark, and the multitudes remain unwilling to learn; the day cannot be far distant when these secrets will be known to all. Till then we can do little except help to ripen opinion, especially that of the young, by early inculcating the fact that cruelty in field sports is as unnecessary as it is wrong and foolish. Thus, at any rate, we shall be doing the best we can under present limitations, to pave the way for future revelation of the mysteries of evolution, of which we can know and realise so little in our present state of defective knowledge. In doing this, and keeping the necessity for love of animals constantly before the young, we shall be doing all we can to help on that future knowledge, and eliminate all the worst forms of cruelty in our day; thus helping and not hindering the great work of evolution.

THE CARLINGFORD LETTERS FROM THE NEXT WORLD.

THE extracts published in the last number of BROAD VIEWS* from the letters received since his passage to the next world, from the late Lord Carlingford (Mr. Chichester Fortescue), were selected with the view of giving the reader his general impressions concerning the new life, its varied aspects and occupations, and the editor deliberately avoided those passages which for many of his readers no doubt will be the most interesting of the whole series, namely, those relating specifically to religious ideas. These are grouped together in the following pages. As explained last month, Lord Carlingford was a man who had been all his life deeply imbued with religious feeling, although dissatisfied with conventional theology. His earliest declarations on the subject of religion, after awakening to the next life, are filled in a way it is easy thus to understand with a sense of exhilaration and delight in fully realising at last the great fundamental truth of all religions,—the existence of God. Refined and developed as the thought is later on, the assurance is conveyed in the earlier letters in the broadest and simplest language.

"I live, I love, I rejoice in the society of long departed friends, but before and above all I realise that most glorious truth—THERE IS A GOD Who lives, and reigns, and loves—not a fierce avenging spirit whose wrath is ever ready, but a benign and loving Father in Whose tender care we all may safely rest."

* The letters from which extracts are given in these articles have been printed in the form of a pamphlet for private circulation. Mrs. Nugent has now authorised their publication at the request of the writer who earnestly hopes that some of those who knew him when on earth may recognise his identity in these communications.

"Let nothing disturb your faith that over all there is One; wise beyond all wisdom; kind beyond all kindness; Who knows that whatever is, He has caused, and it is well. No matter how dark and dense all round you seems, there is beyond, a Light, whose piercing rays must penetrate into the deepest gloom. The Light may appear to reach you slowly and through narrow crevices, all the same, it comes in God's own time and does its work."

"There is but one God, one Eternal Spirit. Between that Spirit and ourselves never a cloud has risen. We need no mediator as He sees our every act, He hears our every whispered prayer, and every hidden kindness is known. Act always knowing that you are the only responsible person, and that no faith or dependence upon others can protect you from the consequences of personal wrong-doing."

And again, a little later on, emphasizing once more the magnificent simplicity of the idea embodied in the passages already quoted, he writes:—

"Let us proclaim a glorious gospel which teaches that God is alone glorified by being permitted to reign on earth and not only in Heaven. That it is not serving Him to spend our mortal lives in fitting ourselves for a future place on high through the medium of candles, chants, incense, and posturing before symbols and graven images of an imaginary God, who is supposed, or said to be, a wrathful and jealous Being far away. But rather let every word and deed be an act in itself of adoration, which shall add to God's glory on earth, inspiring others to copy and adopt amongst themselves, so that 'he who runs, may read' that God the Most High is here amongst men and not hidden in mystery."

And then by degrees, descending to the more minute criticism of theological conceptions he develops a series of views which will no doubt be startling enough for all readers, except those who have trodden in paths of investigation parallel with those in which he is now engaged. Startling as they may be, however, these views will be seen by all appreciative readers to be inconsistent merely with ecclesiastical dogma, and in no sense antagon-

istic to reverential feeling directed towards essentials and not towards superficial detail.

Concerning the Bible his first references to this subject are as follows:—

"Take up with confidence your Bible and begin with Genesis. There you have before you a general survey and summing up of man's immature ideas of creation; each event falls duly in its proper place, but is said to be completed—herein is the great mistake.

"As described, the laws of being were laid down, but creation in the form of evolution continues and was not completed in six days. It is incomplete now, after millions of years; the very facts are patent to all scientific minds, and that is why so many theological doubters and freethinkers exist to-day in this scientific age.

"Man never fell from any higher state. He has risen, and is still rising. The Immutable Creator never made a mistake or found the need to curse His work 'Man.'

"Yet I pray you, read your Bible, for it contains all that is best and grandest in life. The Psalms and Proverbs, many of them lovely and ennobling. The Sermon on the Mount—what more beautiful, or what could lead us much nearer to a pure and holy life? But the end and aim of human existence is not intended to be merely a preparation for a life to come; it is to develop mind and body; it is to make the mortal world something higher and better than it was before we came into it."

"Yes, indeed, I tell you to read your Bible; read it carefully, but not in the spirit of a believer in its Divine source and inspiration, but from the standpoint of a student who recognises it as the storehouse of man's knowledge of human nature ages ago.

"The books comprising the Old and New Testaments were compiled or arranged in order by a number of men whose life work was the study of human beings, their mental requirements, and the safest way to rule and hold them in subjection.

"The old Testament comprises a selected assortment of Jewish history. The Jewish myth of Creation was embellished, and made to forecast an already arranged miraculous birth. The

Mosaic Laws—laws which were all the result of the times, just as the laws and bye-laws of to-day are made to suit the times—were attributed to a mythical person called Moses; the accounts of whom are all legendary folk-tales of a man who turned Jehovah into a stone-mason, and who was said to have produced the Plagues of Egypt—all myths; their only foundation in fact being that Egypt having a tropical climate, had experienced at various times plagues, disease, famine, and tempest.

"The songs of Solomon are mostly love songs of various Eastern poets, and songs of the people. The Psalms of David, some of them positively blasphemous in their fiendish cruelty, speak of the general ferocity of Eastern heathens supplicating their gods."

"The only authentic and inspired word of God is lying between no folded leaves, but open before all men's eyes, "that he who runs may read." The living rock, the stupendous mountain and the snow-clad peaks, the lovely flower, the quivering leaf, the wind that roars and moans, the mighty wave of the sea—herein is the voice of God, let it speak and teach its lesson, appeal to the soul, and impress the mind. And in response lift up your heart, and let your desire be, that you may be gifted with understanding, and power to assimilate the teaching which is for ever before you. Oh! if I had only known —but it is never too late. No door exists which can be for ever closed to man.

"To feel and know for certain that all earthly doubts are ended, to find the vexed question of immortality solved for me, is more delight than words can express. I, who so feared and hated death; the very word I could not endure; and now to wake up and find myself across the mystic bridge which spans the two worlds, Oh! the thought of the Eternal day before me is full of rapture."

"The questions raised in your mind are those which have beset and troubled thousands of thinking and earnest-hearted persons. They are questions which at times distracted my own mind, and at length left me stranded, able to believe in nothing outside of what I saw.

"Certainly I would not have you doubt the existence of a person called Jesus, who was a teacher and reformer; and who was executed by order of Pontius Pilate; but at that day none believed that this man was God Himself.

"The so-called Gospels which are accepted to-day, are the selections made out of hundreds of such writings by interested persons, who set to work to build up a religion, and who suppressed, deliberately, every record, writing, or evidence likely to be in opposition to or place in jeopardy *their facts*.

"Eusebius, with a gang of helpers, was one of the arch-conspirators who effaced the genuine records of the past; and he publicly boasted that he had made all secure, or right, for the Christians. They stamped out all testimony which would stand in the way of the Roman imposture, which had set itself to collect the myths and superstitions of many lands, and to set up there and then the Christolatry which has lasted until to-day.

"The Egyptians contributed largely towards this Christ myth. They had in company with the Chaldeans, Horus, and it is this Horus, whom we now have under the name of Jesus Christ.

"Read the second book of Esdras carefully, and there you will find this Christ both pre-Christian and pre-historic. The Gospels in their present form made their appearence nearly 400 years after this teacher Christ, and are actually and provably merely astrological fables.

"The earliest Christians were Gnostics, and never did accept what is called historic Christianity. Pliny calls them a Hermetic Society existing from all time. Cerinthus, according to Epiphanius, denied that Christ had come in the flesh at all; from Origen's writings we find that there were many and various versions of Matthew's Gospel—all forgeries. Jerome says there were as many different texts as there were manuscripts in Latin. The Emperor Julian held forth on the fraudulent machinations of the authors of historic Christianity.

"Christ as God was an idea (not an entity), held by a sect or church long anterior to the Church which was founded by Rome and called Christian.

"The beginning of the earliest gospel was not biographical. It was written in Hebrew by a scribe called Matthew, and

translated by divers persons according to their knowledge of the language, each translation being different, but containing absolutely neither proofs nor historical elements; nothing more than sayings *attributed to the Lord.* In it are two sayings positively attributed to Christ, but which can be proved to be pre-Christian, and are Egyptian, Hebrew, and Gnostic sayings:—'Lay not up for yourselves treasures,' etc. 'If ye forgive men their trespasses,' etc. In the book of Ecclesiaticus the same appear in this form:—(1) 'Lay up thy treasures according to the commandments of the Most High,' etc., and (2) 'Forgive thy neighbour the hurt that he hath done thee,' etc."

"It would be presumption on my part were I to dream for an instant that my small efforts could work out great results, but certainly do I persistently hope, that somewhere, the ground is ready for the small seed to be sown wherein it will take root, and in due season grow into a sturdy plant and bear good fruit. My one and only desire is to reach those weighted, either by the trammels of superstitious creeds, or almost equally burdensome doubts and unbelief.

"The human spirit when in the flesh instinctively, as the needle to the Pole, turns towards the unknown and to man, mysterious source of all.

"The veriest savage, the barbarian, the degenerate Chinese, all and every have that inherent instinct of a great and Almighty Being. The history of time and the ages is replete with records of man's endeavours to discover and disclose a personal God. The result lies before the present world in many forms. God, Jehovah, has never been reached, so man for himself has created a demi-god.

"The great East has its Buddha, Krishna, Vishnu, Brahma, Mahomet, Confucius, Osiris, and scores of others, all of miraculous birth and mystery. The supposed sayings and doings of all previous Messiahs have been carefully selected and strung together, and the Christ of Nazareth created. Round this lay figure have grown up and developed superstitious and impossible conditions. The myths have grown like a tale that is twice told. The miracles attributed to Iesus of Nazareth are the ancient

allegorical and astrological signs and legends of the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Persians.

"The candles on the altars of the present day are the remnants of the ancient fire worshippers of yore. The very Saints' Days, Easter, Whitsun, and other great feasts, are actually the dates of ancient orgies of pagan idol worship.

"The Bible—Old and New Testaments—was compiled from a mass of folk-lore and Jewish history combined. From every available source were gathered together records of the sayings, doings, superstitious acts, forms of worship, rites and practices of all the then get-at-able peoples of the known world—Eastern all. These were carefully read and re-arranged, and the result was the present day Bible. Legends, myths, folk-lore, etc., which could not be fitted in, and were unsuitable, were carefully expunged.

"There is no great or authentic contemporary writer who alludes to the existence of Jesus Christ as the Messiah and God. He is certainly mentioned in Roman history as a man who came amongst the people as a Socialistic Reformer, and who was punished and executed by the ruling powers. Josephus alludes to him, but many years after his crucifixion, and many know this allusion (the same as that in the book or writings of Isaiah) to be a forgery.

"There is no authentic and contemporary record of the birth, life or death of Jesus Christ. I can say no more. But when all this is said, what have we?

"The New Testament, full of the best, the grandest, purest, and truest guides to the worship of that unknown but ever present Jehovah. To follow these Gospels is to walk in the straight path of honour, rectitude, purity, and happiness. The noblest aspirations of mankind are there embodied. Eliminate the *miraculous conception—the Divinity of Christ—the so-called atonement—the sacrifice of the so-called Lamb of God;* eliminate I say the pagan practices, and you have a safe and sure guide towards existence, both on earth and in the Better Land.

"If you desire perfect truth, begin your studies with endeavours to learn something about yourself, your world, its progression and development. Study evolution. A knowledge of these matters soon stamps out all belief in man's degeneracy and

fall, and destroys the pedestal of Christ's death as the only means of reconciliation between man and his Creator.

"The most religious are those whose knowledge of earthly existence causes them to bow their heads, in wonder and amazement, in the presence of the wonders of creation laid before them in the course of their studies in nature and her works. "Man, know thyself"—then truly shall you begin to realise God and the Kingdom of Heaven, which is at hand."

"Long before the mythical birth of Christ, religious sects were practising certain forms and rites which later became amalgamated with the new doctrines, finally forming one sect or body under the title of 'Christians.' And we have in the writings of historians how the individual members suffered and endured Martyrdom for their religion. We know of their fervour, their enthusiasm, and we reverence and love them for their sublime sufferings for the cause they so loved. But the fact remains, the whole of their religious (?) rites, ceremonies, and worship were pagan, Christ and the Virgin as much 'idols' as any golden calf of the heathen Jew.

"I find that almost every action attributed to Jesus Christ is also part and parcel of the history of Buddha, long anterior to Christ. Also, the sayings of Krishna are identical with both those of Buddha and Christ. For instance, 'I am the Alpha and the Omega'; Krishna says: 'I am the Light; I am the Life; I am the Sacrifice.'"

"Once, in Judea, there appeared a man of great learning, who taught the people new and, to them, wonderful things. He had travelled far and wide, gathering knowledge and wisdom as he went. In Egypt he had learned magic, and how to work what appeared to be miracles. With greater and wider experience, he had developed what to-day are called Socialistic tendencies, and these he began to teach to the people of Judea. Hither and thither he went, attracting attention—and always followers—until at last the attention of the ruling powers was drawn to him and his dangerous revolutionary doctrines, his power over the lower classes, and the large following he attracted.

"Jehoshua (or Jesus) Ben Pandira, was arrested, tried, and

executed. As a dangerous man to the state, as a revolutionist against the existing order of things he was stoned and crucified; and the record of this is in existence to-day.

"The teachings and practices of Jehoshua (Jesus) were however, still remembered; but in course of time became mixed and confused with other legends, myths and folk-lore. His real acts and teachings passing from mouth to mouth assumed other forms, just as twice-told tales do. As yet, little or no progress had resulted either from his life's teachings or his death, but at length there began signs of activity and change amongst men, and we find a new religious group forming itself on an already existing and well-established Church.

"Amongst the numerous persons crucified by order of Pontius Pilate was one Jesus of Nazareth, who had also been a scribe and teacher, and as such had offended against the Roman laws. But he was only one of many, and 'Jesus' was one of the commonest of names. There are law records of the execution of many called so. The identity of Ben Pandira (by this time forgotten except as a legendary character) was cleverly brought down and nearer to date in the person of Jesus of Nazareth; and after laborious efforts covering a period of perhaps 300 years, the world is presented with a miraculous Saviour; and in this *man-created* 'Son of God' we have centred the identity of Ben Pandira, and possibly hundreds of other Jesuses. The works, teachings, and so-called miracles ascribed to him being nothing more nor less than the collection of legendary lore gathered from all sources which I have previously mentioned.

"The new Church of Christolatry adopted to itself all the existing and at that day divers gods and goddesses, turned them into saints, and the pagan festivals, or days set apart on which these gods were worshipped, became Saints, and Holy days, which up to this present time are kept sacred in the Romish and Protestant Churches. There are in existence records which if produced would bring crumbling to ashes the Christian form of so-called religious worship.

"The Jews, who kept careful records from time long before Ben Pandira (and later), have not one single reference to the claims of any Messiah or Divine Being. The very fact that the

Jews repudiate such a person is authentic proof of the Messiah's non-existence; for the record keepers, Scribes, Rabbis, and keepers of the Tulmud were on the spot, were contemporary, and yet know and write of but one man, Jehoshua Ben Pandira, who never claimed divinity, or assumed to any of the marvels the compilers of the Gospels and builders of the Christian Church insist upon for him.

"Priests, after a sufficiently long time had elapsed to make them safe, used Ben Pandira as their lay figure, idealized him, professed to worship him, manufactured for him a long pedigree, tracing his descent so that the prophecies might be fulfilled, and when all was ready, sprung upon the world their Church through which they governed, tyrannized, tortured, and robbed humanity."

"I find that to enter into a full history of the manufacture of the miracles attributed to Christ out of already existing myths, fables, and astrological lore, would require a larger space than an ordinary pamphlet gives.

"The miracle of the loaves and fishes, for instance; several of the disciples being called fishermen; the great draught of fishes, are all derived, distorted and transformed out of the astrological sign 'Pisces,' *i.e.* 'The Fishes.' Jesus was said to have turned the Water into Wine, and repudiated his Mother, another allegorical, astronomical myth. Jesus, the Son of the Christians, was the Sun of earlier or more ancient myths, and in his course, or travels, turned the waters upon the earth into the juice of the ripe grape—finally wine. His Mother—the Earth—he repudiates, as his time 'had not yet come!' *i.e.* the Sun disappears behind or into Mother Earth, to emerge again December 23rd at midnight, and so becomes the Son of the Virgin Mother —Virgin Mother Earth.

"Coming back to earth, I am amazed to find the rate at which men and women are seceding from the Churches, and how little the teachings of Christianity restrain or suppress the natural viciousness of human nature. True it is, that the Western world is certainly more highly civilised, developed and intelligent: but is this because of Christianity? Personally, I cannot think so,

when taking consideration of all the European nations wherever professing that doctrine."

"You ask me, 'Is not the teaching of Christianity, in spite of its mistaken forms of worship, the highest and noblest that the world has yet had?'

"My answer is 'Yes.' Put away the supposed mysticism of Christianity, the worshipping of and through a demi-god, and live up to those beautiful teachings attributed to 'Jesus Christ,' and we shall have a creedless religion of purity and truth; we shall approach our Creator in simplicity and confidence."

"Struggles, sorrow and trials are not meant for punishment, but are part of evolution. God's works continue, He is still unfolding this yet unfinished universe. The world was not made in six days, neither did 'God' rest on the seventh. There is no rest! On, on goes the great wheel of Time! On, on goes Creation in its ascent towards perfection! On, on goes man towards the Living Truth! and difficult though it may be for him to let go the fable of close on two thousand years, yet time and progression will bring about the downfall of the Crucifix as the source of Salvation, and man will have a creedless Church which shall have for its tenets the worship of Almighty God alone, neither saints nor saviours other than man's own actions.

"The march of progress continues westward, as the sun travels, so will civilization until the circle is completed. Along terrible roads and almost endless heights of suffering shall mortals travel; but all lead at last to joy, to universal brotherhood, to peace on earth, to a time when man shall say, 'My Father and I are One.'

"And what teaching, mode of life and practices can bring us most near to a perfect life? Why, such as those attributed to 'Jesus Christ!' The 'Sermon on the Mount' alone, when accepted and honestly practised by mankind, will ensure to him absolute happiness; for it teaches all that is holy, it points out the noblest path to follow; it breathes Love, Purity, Truth, and the Perfect Way to happiness on earth and immortal joy."

The extracts given above may be suitably concluded by one other from a letter in which the writer refers to his wish that some, at all events, of his communications should be made widely known. He says:—

"It is my great desire and hope that they may appeal to someone on earth, who, like myself during my later years there, may be passing through doubts as to Divine protection, or, who in great grief has failed to find help or comfort from what is termed established or revealed religion.

"With every part of my mortal being crying out for faith and comfort, my imprisoned spirit refused to accept what the Church offered by way of solace at a time when death had robbed me of all I held most dear.

"In my sorrow and blindness I cried aloud for the loved and lost. Mortal existence became a burden too hard to bear, and yet I feared to die.

"I had the teachings of centuries strongly inculcated, that death was a punishment, a curse! I feared the unknown even while doubting.

"The religion of priests failed me, and I sank into a dreary and hopeless state until death stole in upon me, and that which had been so feared and dreaded came as a friend, and my burden of life was laid down."

THE MYSTICAL SIDE OF MUSIC.

FROM remote ages philosophers have maintained the singular power of music over certain diseases, especially over those of the nervous class. Kircher, a celebrated mathematician of the seventeenth century, supports the idea, having experienced its operation himself, and gives an elaborate description of the instrument he employed. It was a harmonica composed of five tumblers of very thin glass placed in a row. In two of them were different varieties of wine; in the third, brandy; in the fourth, oil; in the fifth, water. He extracted melodious sounds from them by rubbing his fingers on the edges of the tumblers. According to him, this sound has an attractive property; it draws out disease, which streams out to encounter the musical wave, and the two, blending together, disappear in space. Asclepiades, an eminent Greek physician, living contemporaneously with Cicero, employed music for the same purpose. He blew a trumpet to cure sciatica, and under the influence of its prolonged sound, making the fibres of the nerves palpitate, the pain invariably subsided. Democritus, in like manner, affirmed that many diseases could be cured by the melodious sounds of a flute. Mesmer used the very sort of harmonica described by Kircher for his magnetic cures.

In Thomas Taylor's translation of Iamblichus' Life of Pythagoras we read as follows:

"Pythagoras was likewise of opinion that music contributed greatly to health, if it was used in an appropriate manner. For

he was accustomed to employ a purification of this kind, but not in a careless way. And he called the medicine which is obtained through music by the name of purification. But he employed such a melody as this about the vernal season. For he placed in the middle a certain person who played on the lyre, and seated in a circle round him those who were able to sing. And thus when the person in the centre struck the lyre, those that surrounded him sung certain pæans, through which they were seen to be delighted, and to become elegant and orderly in their manners. But at another time they used music in the place of medicine. And there are certain melodies devised as remedies against the passions of the soul, and also against despondency and lamentation, which Pythagoras invented as things that afford the greatest assistance in these maladies. And again, he employed other melodies against rage and anger, and against every aberration of the soul. There is also another kind of modulation invented as a remedy against desires. He likewise used dancing; but employed the lyre as an instrument for this purpose. For he conceived that the pipe was calculated to excite insolence, was a theatrical instrument, and had by no means a liberal sound. Select verses also of Homer and Hesiod were used by him, for the purpose of correcting the soul. Among the deeds of Pythagoras likewise, it is said, that once through the spondaic song of a piper, he extinguished the rage of a Tauromenian lad, who had been feasting by night, and intended to burn the vestibule of his mistress, in consequence of seeing her coming from the house of his rival. For the lad was inflamed and excited (to this rash attempt) by a Phrygian song; which however Pythagoras most rapidly suppressed. But Pythagoras, as he was astronomizing, happened to meet with the Phrygian piper at an unseasonable time of night, and persuaded him to change his Phrygian for a spondaic song; through which the fury of the lad being immediately repressed, he returned home in an orderly manner, though a little before this he could not be in the least restrained, nor would in short, bear any admonition; and even stupidly insulted Pythagoras when he met him. When a certain youth also rushed with a drawn sword on Anchitus, the host of Empedocles, because, being a judge, he had publicly condemned his father to death, and would have slain

him as a homicide, Empedocles changed the intention of the youth, by singing to his lyre that verse of Homer,—

> Nepenthe, without gall, o'er every ill
> Oblivion spreads; *

and thus snatched his host Anchitus from death, and the youth from the crime of homicide. It is also related that the youth from that time became the most celebrated of the disciples of Pythagoras. Further still, the whole Pythagoric school produced by certain appropriate songs, what they called exartysis or adaptation, synarmoge or elegance of manners, and epaphe or contact, usefully conducting the dispositions of the soul to passions contrary to those which it before possessed. For when they went to bed they purified the reasoning power from the perturbations and noises to which it had been exposed during the day, by certain odes and peculiar songs, and by this means procured for themselves tranquil sleep, and few and good dreams. But when they rose from bed they again liberated themselves from the torpor and heaviness of sleep, by songs of another kind. Sometimes, also, by musical sounds alone, unaccompanied with words, they healed the passions of the soul and certain diseases, enchanting, as they say, in reality. And it is probable that from hence this name *epode, i.e.* enchantment, came to be generally used. After this manner, therefore, Pythagoras through music produced the most beneficial correction of human manners and lives."

Thus far Iamblichus. That music has a great influence on the moods is very well known. Certain kinds of music throw us into frenzy, some exalt the soul to spiritual aspirations. In Arcadia every man was bound by law to learn music, and thus soften the ferocity of his nature.

Low whistling, a melodious chant, or the sounds of a flute will invariably attract reptiles in countries where they are found. The fact has been witnessed and verified repeatedly. Not only by trustworthy travellers, but also by scientists who, we are told, have actually seen snakes charmed to dance and become harmless. One writer on the subject says: "On the music stopping too suddenly, or from some other cause, the serpent, who had been dancing within a circle of country people, darted among the spectators,

* Odyss. lib. 4.

and inflicted a wound in the throat of a young woman, who died in agony half-an-hour afterwards." *

The familiar story of the exorcism of the "evil spirit from God" that obsessed Saul, will recur to everyone in this connection. It is thus related: "And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp and played with his hand: *So Saul was refreshed, and was well*, and the evil spirit departed from him." (1 Samuel xvi., 14-23.)

Already the most ancient Egyptians cultivated the musical arts, and understood well the effect of musical harmony and its influence on the human spirit. We find on the oldest sculptures and carvings scenes in which musicians play on various instruments; we discover on many monuments men playing in bands in concert, the leader beating time by clapping his hands. The Egyptian temples were at the same time public hospitals, and the healing of diseases in many different ways was amongst the various branches of learning in which the priests of the ancient Land of the Nile were skilled. Music was used in the healing department for a certain class of diseases, magnetism, applied in various ways, for another class.

Modern medical science tends to come back to its old standpoint in this respect, and it is worth mentioning that only recently a hospital was founded in New York for the treatment of nervous disorders by music alone!

In an old Indian treatise on music which is at any rate as ancient as the third century before Christ, a connection between physiological conditions of the human blood in the course of a day and the changes of temper which these conditions necessitate is explained; we therefore shall find that every Indian musician takes care to adapt his melody to a particular time of the day, or even the year. This may perhaps also explain the fact that the Pythagoreans, as quoted above, had their peculiar odes and melodies for each part of the day.

Music as an art and a science was held in venerable estimation in India from very early times, and was regarded with a halo of divinity and sacredness. The Rishis of old, the dwellers of the

* I take this quotation at second hand, but the writer referred to is apparently Sir John Forbes, author of "Some Cases of Modern Mesmerism."

forests and the mountains, were chanting in ecstasy the divine hyms of Arkas, Gathas and Samas, and through them were offering up their prayers. In many ancient stories about Krishna we are told that he, in the midst of his Gopi associates, on the banks of the Yamma, played rapturously upon the bamboo flute, whose witching strains, like those of the Greek Orpheus, set the Devas and the mortal men, and even the beasts of the field, and the very hills and streams, a-dancing. It matters not whether we look upon these stories as representing historical facts or fabulous legends, they sufficiently indicate the attitude of mind of the writers, whoever they may have been, towards this very interesting subject. In those olden times no sacrificial rites were supposed to have any efficiency unless two brahmins played upon the "Vina," the Indian lyre, said to be invented between 2000-1200 B.C., whilst the third brahmin was singing. Rites performed in this way were held to secure the fourfold blessings of mortals, viz., righteousness, wealth, gratification of desires and heavenly bliss.

Hindu music was developed into a system in very ancient times, the philosophers of which agreed upon the theory that the end of any music was "rakti," or the power of affecting the heart, and to reach this end they have not only invented various ingenious permutations and combinations of harmonical notes, but have actually laid down rules and medicines for the cultivation of the voice, the singer's instrument. The Hindu musician is said to be able to sing 276 different scales, each different from the other and each having a charm of its own. This they are enabled to do because their sense of hearing and their instruments are not distorted by the method adopted in the West, commonly called "equal temperament." (On our piano it was convenient for all practical purposes to represent, for instance, C sharp and D flat by a single note. In reality, however, they are slightly different, and this takes away much of the value of Western music for the highly sensitive ear of the Hindu listener.)

The Hindu philosopher attributes to each note its corresponding sound in Nature, or rather compares it with the inarticulate sounds produced by certain members of the animal kingdom. Thus the Hindu note Sá, corresponding with our C, is said to correspond with the cry of the peacock, the Ri, our D, with the

ox, the Ga or E, with the goat, the Ma or F, with the crane, the Pa or G, with the blackbird, the Dha or A, with the frog, and the Ni or B, with the elephant. So also each note was supposed to have a sentiment peculiar to it. Heroism, wonder, and terror were attributed to C and D, compassion to E, humour and love to F and G, disgust and alarm to A, and compassion to B. This may not sound quite unfamiliar to students of the European system, in which C is called the strong tone, the D the helpful or arousing tone, the E the steady, calm tone, the F the desolate or awe-inspiring tone, A the weeping and sorrowful tone, and B the sensitive and piercing tone.

In his "Principles of Physics" Prof. B. Siliman maintains that the aggregate of sound in Nature, as heard in the roar of a distant city, or in the waving foliage of a large forest, is a single definite tone of appreciable pitch. This note is held to be the middle F of the pianoforte, which may, therefore, be considered the key-note of Nature. This was already recognised by the Chinese some thousands of years ago. They taught that the waters of the Hoang-Ho rushing by intoned the *kung*, called "the great tone" in Chinese music, and one which corresponds exactly with our F now.

Investigations have already been carried on with regard to the influence of rays of differently coloured light on the development of plants and flowers. The results, though indicating that such influence exists, have not as yet been sufficiently numerous to be the basis of a lasting theory. Future experiments may reap the honour of demonstrating that musical tones have a wonderful effect on the growth of vegetation. However, this enunciation will still be regarded as a scientific fallacy by conventional science that only can behold one point at the time, in the same way as a telescope directed towards the heavens strewn with brilliant specks, is but enabled to hold one single star in its field of vision. Does the man who sees less detail, but whose heart is filled with rapture by contemplating the beauty of it all, possess more knowledge? No, but perhaps he may gain wisdom.

BERNARD ROBERT.

CATASTROPHES.

By Evan J. Cuthbertson.

Notwithstanding the reign of law and order to be observed everywhere in Nature, the history of the universe is punctuated with catastrophes, disastrous events that have little or no seeming connection with those that precede them. The natural sequence of things is rudely interrupted; the normal gives place to the abnormal; cosmos to apparent chaos. It is as if a child, tired of the game, had upset the board; as if an artist, weary of the fruitless striving to realise his ideal, had ruthlessly painted out the labour of months; as if a careless passer-by had kicked at an ant-hill, utterly heedless of the dislocation of the busy life within. Ever and anon, the world is startled by some mad mood of Mother Demeter, some catastrophe or cataclysm in which thousands and sometimes millions of her children are doomed to destruction.

Catastrophes fall into two classes: the first class comprising those due to the two great forces of nature, fire and water; earthquakes and volcanoes being caused by the former, floods, deluges, tidal waves and the like being caused by the latter. The second class of catastrophes are those that happen through the carelessness or fault of man, or that occur in connection with human invention or labour; pit and railway accidents, wrecks, fires, explosions and such like.

The essential elements in a catastrophe are those of sudden-

ness and the want of apparent or probable connection. A railway express is running along as smoothly as it has done for months, or, it may be, years past, and every passenger accustomed to travel by it has forgotten that all that keeps it and its human freight from destruction is a narrow flange on the wheels, that may be measured in eighths of an inch. Suddenly, and without apparent cause, something happens; an axle breaks, or a vehicle fails properly to take the points; some carriages leave the metals, and the train is piled up on the platform of the station through which it chances to be passing at the moment. In the appalling catastrophe are involved the lives, not only of those in the train but of many in the station, including a porter who is off duty at the time, and is seated in the lamp room, quietly reading his newspaper, when the building is wrecked by the derailed express. In his case, the elements of the catastrophe are suddenness and improbability.

But after all, these catastrophes that are connected with man's labour and invention are but the minor risks that are run by the human race; and I shall confine myself in this paper to Nature's catastrophes and their bearing on the doctrine of the moral government of the universe.

And at the outset the two facts that I desire to emphasise are the comparative frequency of Nature's catastrophes and the appalling magnitude of many. It is estimated that perhaps twenty earthquakes of greater or less violence disturb the crust of the earth every twenty four hours: Japan, on an average, endures two a day. Floods are even more frequent; and the tale of their destruction is often unchronicled. Three lines in the evening's papers is all that can be spared to record a flood in China in which twenty thousand perish.

The great earthquakes and volcanic eruptions of recent times can hardly be forgotten by anyone. Who does not recollect the disaster at Martinique in May, 1902, when fumes from the eruption of Mont Pélée, a mass of reddish-brown cloud, rolled down the slopes, killing instantaneously everything it touched, scorching and shrivelling all organic substances, and melting the very metals in its path? It burned to death the inhabitants of the pretty town of St. Pierre and its neighbourhood, men, women, and

children, to the number of 30,000. Some were at prayers when the hot breath came to them, others in the market-place. One was struck dead with the match raised to his pipe; another with the cup raised to his lips. The butcher, with his horse and cart, was in the act of delivering his wares, and the servant at the door with hands outstretched to receive them.

In 1883, the crater walls of the volcano on the island of Krakatoa, in the Strait of Sunda, fell in, together with a part of the ocean bed, and, as the sea poured down its throat, a terrific explosion ensued, which was heard at a distance of three thousand miles. A gigantic ocean wave inundated the adjoining coasts of Java and Sumatra, causing a loss of 36,500 lives, and the destruction of 300 villages, and for three years the dust cast up by the explosion painted red the sunsets all over the world with after-glows of wondrous beauty never to be forgotten.

The earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1755, and the eruption of Vesuvius which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, are perhaps the two catastrophes of older date that are most widely known in the western world.

The destruction of life through cataclysms or floods has been immeasurably greater. Not once or twice, but four times in our era, have floods in Holland and Friesland cost 100,000 lives on each occasion; while few perhaps recall how so recently as 1876 a tidal wave broke over the islands at the Ganges mouth, and in one night slew more than 200,000 members of an inoffensive agricultural population.

Even the annals of our own little island can tell of many a flood. All up and down our literature are scattered allusions to and descriptions of Lyonesse, that lost province of England that lies between Lands-End and the Scilly Isles; and one cannot sit at Lands-End on a summers day watching a west-bound ship under full steam or crowded canvas without dreaming of the once verdant hills and dales, towers and castles, towns and villages that stretch beneath her swiftly gliding keel; and of the now far-off cataclysm that sank all these below the waves. The story of submerged England, although the least known, is not the least interesting in the history of our land.

But all these calamities of history are, as it were, but the

finger aches of Mother Earth compared with the catastrophes and cataclysms of which myth and legend have so much to tell, in which her whole body must have been torn as in great throes of anguish. Modern science has much to offer, and will yet have more, in corroboration of these myths and legends. One instance may be given. In Western America a tremendous lava deluge fills the valley of the Columbia. It is half a mile deep, 900 miles long, 800 miles wide. Many thousands of years ago the whole region was a sea of living fire; and beneath it have been found pathetic records of a past civilisation and a forgotten tragedy—a skull, two mills for grinding maize, and a child's doll.

And, if we leave this tiny earth of ours, and plunge into the abyss of space, our brains reel in the attempt to grasp the vastness of the devastation wrought by an astronomical catastrophe. Early in 1901, a new light appeared in the sky, rising and sinking in illuminative power through a long tale of weeks. Its meaning the astronomers have tried to spell out, and they tell that some 250 years ago, or shortly after the House of Stuart had suffered eclipse at Whitehall, a sun and its attendant planets, a solar system on a scale many thousand times transcending our own, suddenly perished, and the silent sky has flashed the news to us two and a half centuries later.

Said I not truly when I wrote that many of Nature's catastrophes were appalling in their magnitude?

The overwhelming horror of catastrophes, such as those I have rapidly described, has time and again forcibly stirred the imagination of man. By their very suddenness and unexpectedness he is startled into thinking, and his thoughts have naturally crystallised into the question, "how do such catastrophes of Nature affect the teaching of every great religion that this universe is under moral government?" This question is usually put petulantly, often bitterly, sometimes despairingly. "St. Pierre de Martinique," says a recent writer, "remains a memorial of one of the most senseless and cruel crimes ever committed by Nature, a crime that has never been rivalled by the hand of man, the combined swords of Joshua, Zinghis Khan, Tamerlane and Attila would have been powerless to effect so much suffering in so short a time." "How is it," cries another, "that Nature is not consider-

ate of the anguish of sentient beings who think, who plan, who hope, who love, and who yet must undergo thwarting and separation amid a whirlwind of mental and physical agonies unutterable? How can such horrors, — and the chance of them is sowed broadcast in the wide fields of Nature —how can such horrors, from the bare risk of which *our* consciences would start aback aghast, be possible if the administration of the universe is animated by a moral purpose?" Has the creature transcended the morality of the Creator? Is it necessary to teach God ethics? Or is there a God at all, to whom such evil can be attributed? If so, is the evil consistent with love, or even justice? Have the threadbare tags and accustomed catchwords of optimism any relevancy in the consideration of this problem? *Is* all well that ends well? If it can be so proved with regard to cataclysms, then must the end always justify the means, for no more extreme instance could be selected, the happy ending being oft attained through unbridled savagery. Why prate of partial being universal good, of discord being harmony not understood, of God's chastening love, of the far greater weight of glory in reserve, of the vain shadows of this world and the usefulness of earthquakes in leading us to place our trust in a city which *hath* foundations, and which shall never be moved?

At this point in the consideration of the question that has been raised, it is needful to realise that the question relates not to catastrophes and cataclysms alone, but to all suffering, sorrow, and death. Catastrophes and cataclysms, because of their suddenness, unexpectedness and supposed abnormality, startle man, and cause him to think of a problem that is ever with him, but to which he is ordinarily heedless, just because of its continuous presence. Catastrophes have a dramatic effect that stirs his somewhat sluggard imagination, and he cries out at this spectacle of suffering in mass, forgetting all the while that the sum of the unnoticed misery of mankind is much greater. Consumption is responsible for nearly one seventh of the entire death-rate of Europe, and must involve in a single year, and every year, more suffering, more sorrow, and more death than any one catastrophe of history; and yet less thought is given to that disease and its death-roll

than to a shipwreck that numbers its victims at less than a one ten thousandth part. Catastrophes are not more terrible or more sad than the normal tale of pain and death, in many cases they are far less so; the approach of death is unseen, his terrors are not fore-fancied, and where a whole community suffers mourners are few and rare. The fact that in one particularly year 30,000 people are killed suddenly in a striking, though probably painless way, certainly does cause many minds to revolt against the idea of Divine oversight and care, but at bottom the revolt is really against the suffering and sorrow of this life, and it is due to want of sympathetic imagination that most men fail to realise that the 30,000 are but part of some 30,000,000 people who perish of old age, disease, accident or their own fault every year in the ordinary way, without the faith in Providence of very many being in any way shaken.

Now, it is a very remarkable and significant thing that this neurotic dislike of pain and unpleasantness of any kind finds its fullest development in the materialist, the agnostic, and the atheist. It is they, and not the theologians, who (to use Emerson's expression) would fain dress up that terrific benefactor, Nature, in the clean shirt and white neck-cloth of a student in divinity. It is they who are the sentimentalists of modern thought, who would ruthlessly lay bare the quivering nerve of a living dog in some utterly valueless experiment, yet who cry out against the conception of a beneficent Providence, because, forsooth, there is a chance of their bed of rose leaves being blown away.

I say this fact is significant because it seems to imply that narrow views concerning man and his destiny lead to erroneous views about God and his relations to His universe. Men are not driven to become either materialists, or agnostics, or atheists because of the apparently uncontrolled fury of some natural phenomena, on the contrary, it is because they are already materialistic and without an abiding sense of God immanent in the world, that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, floods and tidal waves, evoke in them alternately feelings of rage and fear. I once knew of a man who was of sound mind in all respects but one, he imagined himself to be made of glass. By nature he was

of a kindly, benevolent disposition, a good soul, loving and desiring to be loved by his fellow men, but this hallucination about the vitreous constitution of his body gradually changed him into a gloomy, morose misanthrope, who suspected everyone of conspiring to break him! And in a similar way the delusion that we are creatures of a day makes the materialist jealous of anyone who seeks to steal a single minute of his all too precious time, and bitter against the power, be it God or Chance, that has created him an intelligent, sentient, moral being, merely to be the sport and plaything of Nature's wilder moments.

The ethical value that we put upon any action does depend on our own point of view. "Judge not that ye be not judged," is a maxim that contains a caution as needful to be kept in mind to-day as it was twenty centuries ago; for our judgments are infallible indications of our standpoint. It is extremely difficult to measure stellar distances from a narrow base or without fixed points; and similarly, if our views of life are narrow, and our standards of measurement relative, then our judgments as to the morality or immorality of the government of the universe are apt to be of little value.

The materialist has sometimes boasted that in his philosophy no problem in connection with catastrophes can arise. There is not for him any Almighty intelligence either to blame or to exculpate. The cruelty of Nature, her senseless criminality, are facts which he recognises without requiring to reconcile them with the hypothesis of a just and merciful Creator. But it is obvious that the materialist does not thereby get rid of the enigma. He only merges it in the deeper and insoluble riddle of a universe which in its totality is non-moral, and yet out of which has been evolved man, a moral being, with a code of ethics that tries and condemns that to which he owes his being. Properties can be possessed by an aggregate or assemblage of particles, which in the particles themselves did not in the slightest degree exist, but what belongs to a part must be contained in the whole, the creature's functions can never transcend the power of the Creator. At best the materialist resigns himself to an uninspiring pessimism: evil is here, and is the master of life, and if it lays its hand too heavily on any of its subjects, it can be defied only by yielding up

all that a man has, and by voluntarily going out into the dark. And who can say in these days when even materialistic science is groping in hitherto unknown regions,—who can say how long the grave will be a refuge for the wearied doubter who has failed to read the sphinx of life aright? No! the bearing of catastrophes on the moral government of the universe, their meaning and their place in nature are not to be found in any materialistic system of philosophy, nor can the agnostic maintain that for him no problem of evil or suffering exists, unless on the principle that the steeple-chaser who has stumbled at the first hurdle knows naught of the difficulties of the second.

But what of the Christian? Is his way any clearer? Does his chart show a more navigable channel amid the shoals and shallows in which we have found ourselves? Well, it is much to have the wider outlook; to realise, or at least firmly to believe, that life is no brief candle, no walking shadow or poor player—

> "That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more:"

to have learned to look for the permanent beyond the mutable and the fleeting; to be persuaded that though abyss open under abyss, and catastrophe give place to cataclysm, yet in the Eternal will ultimately be found a sure haven; and to be able to say with the calm confidence of a man whose heart is fixed,—

> "If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea."

Such a point of view inevitably shifts the centre of reality from the seen to the unseen, from the present to the yet-to-be, from the material to the spiritual. So long as it is capable of being maintained, neither vexations nor calamities abate a man's trust. The materialist has but the finite for his portion; his bitterness lies in this, that he feels he hath not, and that there is being taken away from him even that which he hath. To the idealist who hath is given abundantly. Nothing can be taken from him that seems much. For it is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.

Justice, perhaps, demands more elaboration of the Christian standpoint; but space fails, and it is necessary to notice some defects in the position with the view, if possible, of removing

them. And, in the first place, the standpoint I have indicated hardly accounts for the occurrence of catastrophes and cataclysms, although it no doubt enables us to some extent to overlook them. With the stage on which the drama is being played enlarged so as to include another life, they do not loom so big on the horizon; but they are still there, and the indiscrimination which they embody is the chief stumbling-block in the way of a rational interpretation of their meaning. If they are purposeful—and the assumption of the moral government of the universe implies that they are—then what purpose can we trace in them? Observe that from the orthodox Christian—or at least Protestant—standpoint, catastrophes and cataclysms differ from ordinary disease, sorrow, and pain in this important particular, that while these latter may be remedial in their action, catastrophes are entirely punitive. In a cataclysm the wicked die in their sins, while the righteous in the language of the Westminster Shorter Catechism "do immediately pass into glory." In either case the "victims" are precluded from learning any lesson, and we are shut up to the narrow and unsatisfying view that they were sacrificed *pour encourager les autres*. In a cataclysm in which 100,000 suffer, can we assume that all required the same punishment, good, bad and indifferent, saints and sinner, old and young, the hoary criminal, the innocent babe at the breast, the prattling bairn clinging to her mother's dress? God's rain descends, we are told, on the just and on the unjust; are we then to regard catastrophes and cataclysms as so much "weather"? It will be perceived that we are back once more at the old stile, and while the Christian standpoint perhaps satisfied the intuition, it has failed to convince the reason. Let us attempt therefore a somewhat larger philosophy of life.

Our first postulate is that the goal of all mankind is wisdom, not pleasure. Get wisdom, above everything, get wisdom. She is to be sought as silver, and to be searched for as for hid treasures; none of the things that men desire are to be compared to her; she is the tree of life to them that lay hold on her. "Thou Fool," the Sage of Chelsea used to growl, "who taught thee that thou wert born to be happy?

> "If happiness mean welfare, there is no doubt but all men should and must pursue their welfare, that is to say, pursue what

> is worthy of their pursuit. But if, on the other hand, happiness mean, as for most men it does, agreeable sensation, enjoyment, refined or not, then must we observe that there is a doubt: or rather that there is a certainty the other way."

And Schiller:—

> "A boundless duration of being and well-being, simply for being and well-being's sake, is an ideal belonging to appetite alone, which only the struggle of mere animalism longing to be infinite gives rise to."

Our second proposition is that this wisdom is inherent in a man. Wisdom does not come from outside, it is all inside. What a man learns is really what a man discovers, "discover" meaning "to take the cover off a man's own soul." Revelation is is the unveiling, the disclosure of the soul. This is true in virtue of the oneness of man's nature with that of the All-Wise. Fundamentally, His omnipresence and omniscience are in man as being one with him, but with this difference, that in man Wisdom exists potentially and not as in the Deity actually. Wisdom is inherent in man like fire in a piece of flint. And this brings us to our third proposition that friction is the suggestion that brings out that fire. Hence this world of sensations. Life is educative, the reason of nature's existence is for the education of the soul, it has no other meaning. There is no such thing as absolute rest in the universe. Everywhere there is endless flux, molecules are broken up, crystals pass into solution, plant, animal and man compelled to use force, cunning or artifice to earn their livelihood, to defend their life, in the end are broken up, disappear, and reappear in some new form; even the very spheres are subject to seemingly endless permutation. Nothing exists, but it exists not, seeing that it is ever engaged in passing onwards to something else; there is no being without becoming. All this activity implies vibrations and sensations without ceasing. Sensations are the unending blows on the flint that have for their object the kindling of the fire of Wisdom. Sensation is needful; it is the agent of evolution everywhere, and without it there can be no progress. It is the artificer that chisels and shapes the soul, the tutor of the mind, giving man to understand. Wisdom crieth aloud in the streets; she uttereth her voice in the broad places;

she crieth at the head of the noisy streets, at the entering in of the gates.

"Behold," she says, "I will make known my words unto you."

That is, I will explain my actings towards you, for by the "words" of Wisdom were meant of old Her plan, Her purpose, Her activities. The words of Wisdom were always deeds.

> "Because I have called, and ye refused;
> I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded;
> But ye have set at nought all my counsel,
> And would have none of my reproof;
> I also will laugh in your calamity;
> I will mock when your fear cometh;
> When your fear cometh as a desolation
> And your calamity cometh as a whirlwind,
> When distress and anguish come upon you.
> Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer:
> They shall seek me diligently, but they shall not find me;
> For that they hated knowledge,
> And the careless ease of fools shall destroy them.
> And did not choose the fear of the LORD:
> They would none of my counsel;
> They despised all my reproof:
> Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way,
> And be filled with their own desires.
> For the backsliding of the simple shall slay them.
> But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell securely,
> And shall be quiet without fear of evil."

Here, then, according to the Wisdom literature of the Jew, is Wisdom's plan for the begetting of herself in man, and that plan, as I have said, consists in unceasing external activity, producing vibrations and sensations that result in perception. And when a man perceives, then is Wisdom revealed to him. In the passage quoted the sensations spoken of are painful and even cataclysmal, fear, desolation, calamity, distress and anguish, the whirlwind. That is because it is about the painful side of sensation that we have most difficulty, yet it is the commonplace of experience that it is through pain that we gain most.

I have dwelt upon this third proposition that friction is the means by which the fire of wisdom is evoked, because when we see quite clearly that the object of the universe is not that everyone shall be happy and comfortable, but rather that everyone must be stirred up to advance, we shall not be so horrified at the

whip and the spur. The undeveloped mind requires sensations, and it matters little whether they are pleasurable or painful, provided they are strong enough to touch and stir the blunt and horny perceptions. In this view of life, evil, pain, sorrow and disease are entirely consistent with divine justice and even love. Were we condemned to suffer sensation without resulting evolution, then, indeed, that were injustice; but has such an indictment ever been made out? I have not heard of it.

It remains, then, to explain those abnormal sensation-producing activities of Nature, which we have styled catastrophes and cataclysms, and already, surely, from the ground we have traversed, we are able to point the way out of the maze. For the theory we have outlined is cosmological in its range. Its master word is evolution, not through the little span of seventy odd years of a man's life, which is all with which modern Christianity is concerned, but through all the kingdoms of Nature, mineral, vegetable, animal, human, through many states before the mineral, and through many stages beyond the human. Man is the great pilgrim, wandering through the worlds of phenomena, gaining experience from sensations of all kinds, now sunned on by the warm rays of health, and fanned by the soft breezes of prosperity, anon hailed on by the sharp stings of pain and swept away in the whirlwind of adversity, neither sunshine nor storm without a purpose, but all adapted by omniscient and omnipresent Wisdom to afford the experience requisite at the moment. Thus the infant and the old man who perish by fire or water are both hoary pilgrims; the calamity that overtakes them is but one experience out of many, and it will have its varying effect on each. For the catastrophe implies neither everlasting damnation nor eternal glory. Through it they have not attained the consummation, but have only passed on a stage, and not by any means necessarily the same stage. The blow was the same, but the flints were different; the experience was identical, but the sensations most probably varied, and so also the resulting perceptions. "Men," says Iamblichus, "often accuse the justice of the gods, because their view is confined to the present life, but the gods see all the lives of men, and err not in their just decrees."

From this conception of life, many reassuring deductions

follow. It behoves us—and we are enabled—to meet our experiences, pleasurable or painful, with quiet confidence that they will result in our growth. We need not go in search of them, but can take them as they come and transmute them into character. We can live entirely in the present, enjoying and enduring to the full, but without attachment. Thus shall we truly hearken unto Wisdom, and shall dwell securely, and shall be quiet even amid the ruins of our earthly hopes without fear of evil. We cease to be idolaters of the old, to linger, as Emerson puts it, in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread and shelter and organs, and to doubt if the spirit can feed, cover and nerve us again.

> "The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends, and home, and laws, and faith, as the shellfish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigour of the individual, these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant, and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming as it were a transparent fluid membrane through which the living form is seen. . . . Thus the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighbourhoods of men."

So careless is Mother Nature of the form, so miserly of the life that moulds it.

THE FLYING MACHINE AS IT WILL BE.

NOWADAYS, most sensible people admit that travelling by air is one day destined to become an accomplished achievement, but few of them have considered the matter sufficiently to form any clear idea as to the uses to which the Air Car of the future will be put, as to what it will be like, or what effect it will have on commerce and warfare.

Some readers may possibly regard the following statements as the dream of a theorist, but as a matter of fact, they are the result of over 20 years observation and study of the laws of Nature as regards flight, and the deductions made from numerous experiments.

First, it may be as well to declare as emphatically as possible that Balloons will have no part in practical travelling by air, unless, as captive, they may be used to show the whereabouts of the various depots, when clouds or heavy fogs obscure the great centres of arrival and departure, or when, during either day or night, it may be necessary to signal the way clear, or otherwise, that cars arriving may know when to descend to the ground.

The flying machine of the future will be no toy, the smallest that can be of any practical use for the accommodation of human beings will not be a mere matter of lbs. in weight, but tons, and many tons too.

Most people seem to think that flying will be extremely dangerous, but future experience will show that "by air" will eventually be quite the safest mode of travel, and distant journeys by what are now considered fast express trains or record

breaking Atlantic steamers will be shunned by the nervous traveller and those who have any respect for comfort or a desire to waste no time.

One hundred miles an hour is not the highest speed that has to-day been attained on earth in spite of all the friction, jolt and rumble of the railway line, or the automobile track, and yet there are many who will smile (with the beautiful smile of the man who thinks he knows everything) when it is suggested that gliding smoothly through the air at the rate of 300 miles an hour will be nothing out of the common in the near future.

The idea of practical flight or travelling by air as far as it is to-day understood by the general public seems to be confined *first* to the results obtained through the ingenious efforts of a few enthusiastic capitalists, who having floated machinery into the air by means of enormous gas bags, (somewhat in the manner they are accustomed to see vessels floated in water) have succeeded in propelling themselves and their gas bags through the air, upon the same principle that vessels are propelled through water with rotary screws taking the place of the reciprocal movements of Nature, as witness the fish, but not the bird. This method of progression, may, however, be good enough for water, where a speed of 20 or say even 30 miles an hour is more than sufficient to make the vessel independent of the strongest currents that have to be contended against, but neither 30 or even 90 miles an hour is sufficient to make any machine (gas bag or otherwise) successfully contend against the currents of the air, and as it is generally admitted by those who have to do with gas bags that they can never hope to drive them through the air at a speed exceeding even 30 miles an hour, so we may take it for granted that never will a gas bag or balloon be used for practical travel by air from a commercial point of view.

Secondly.—We have the results, or rather the failures, of many experiments with machines heavier than air, but as far as the writer can gather, not one single experimenter has attempted to construct a machine that does not mainly depend upon the principle of propulsion through water to enable it to travel through the air. Many experimenters insist that they endeavour to copy the movements of birds, whilst as a matter of fact they all,

literally and theoretically, drop down to the level of water, and attempt either to screw or paddle themselves through the air as a fish or a duck in the water.

The Flying Machine of the future must conform to the laws of Nature as regards the flight of birds, and as always is the case in mechanical appliances where power has to be employed, the result of the reciprocal movement of Nature will have to be obtained by means of the rotary motion of the machinery. The Air Car of the future will be a large machine with enormous rotary lifters extending on each side of the body, in which powerful engines will constitute the main weight of the entire structure. The lifters will be sufficiently large to act as aeroplanes when not in motion. Just as the railway train beats anything on earth for size, weight and speed, and the Atlantic liner beats anything in water for size, weight and speed, so the Air Car of the future will beat anything in air both for size, weight and speed. It is only want of funds that prevents the writer commencing the construction of a small experimental machine to prove the principle, but once such a machine has been constructed, even if it only be a clumsy parody of the machine of the future, the fact will be demonstrated that it is safer to travel by air than by rail or sea, swifter and more comfortable. We may then look for the immediate construction of immense machines, weighing hundreds of tons, capable of travelling through the air at a speed at present undreamt of, and yet gliding so safely and smoothly, starting away so gently that the passengers seated comfortably in the saloons, reading the latest news received by Marconigram, or discussing an excellent lunch or dinner, will be hardly aware that during the hour and a half since they entered the car at the Central Depot in London they have glided to Paris, and have arrived at their destination. The speed will be so gradually increased or diminished that not even the moment of actual contact with the earth will disturb the sleeper who may happen to be snoring in the best armchair of the first-class saloon.

The flying machine of the future will have no promenade deck as on board ship, and thus there need be no fear of having one's head blown away as many imagine will be the case. It wi

be no more necessary to have outside accommodation for exercise on an air car than on the railway train of to-day, for few air journeys will be prolonged for more than about 15 hours at the utmost, even when crossing the Atlantic from London to New York.

Air cars weighing say 200 tons will be fitted with saloons, restaurant, smoking-room, and all the necessary conveniences for a journey of a few hours, and having only one element to deal with, (viz., the air) there is no reason why the machine should not glide uniformly and smoothly in face of even a severe gale. Eddies aud counter-currents of air are only caused by contact with the inequalities of the earth, like the water of a shallow river running over a rocky bed, and the flying machine of the future will certainly not attempt to travel within a few feet of the ground except when it is intended to alight or at the moment of starting, on the other hand it will not be necessary to travel at any great height (say more than 500 feet) except in the case of very long journeys across the ocean.

Passengers, however must not expect the flying machine to set them down at their own particular door or window-sill any more than they can expect the Atlantic liner to steam along the gutter and allow them to land on the pavement, and yet such, it seems, is one of the general ideas of what the flying machine is destined to do. It is not any more reasonable to suppose we are going to strap a pair of wings on to our shoulders and fly, than to fix a screw propeller to our feet and imagine that will enable us to swim. There will be regular depots from whence the various Air cars will start at stated times. These depots need not be perched high up in the air, as lately depicted by most of the literary prophets of air travelling, for neither the bird nor the flying machine can remain poised in the air alongside the branch of a tree or a platform, except under very favourable conditions. The bird ceases flying and alights upon terra firma (or something equally substantial in proportion to its weight), and so will the flying machine cease flying as it alights at its properly arranged depot, or in fact at any sufficiently large open space where it can be firmly attached to the ground when not in motion.

Thus it will be perfectly practical, and, indeed, most enjoyable, for the millionaire to keep an Air Yacht, in which he can with ease and comfort visit not only his friends who reside on the borders of the Ocean, but also those inland who happen to have some open space or field where it is convenient to descend. He need not even impose upon the hospitality of his friends like the automobilist of to-day; on the contrary, he may ask them to dine with him as comfortably as in a house, and retire to rest in an ordinary bed after his guests have wished him good-night.

Should the owner of an Air Yacht be in London one day, and desire to go shooting in Scotland the next, there is no reason why he should not sleep quite peacefully, whilst his officers and the men in charge are attending to the working of the machinery and guiding his Air Yacht straight for the North in the darkness of the night.

The risk of collision in the air is practically nil. *First.*—There is nothing to collide against, except other air cars, unless one flies as low down as a church steeple, and there can be no reason for so doing except when starting or descending.

Second.—Even when as Tennyson foresees, "the Heavens filled with Commerce," and flying machines are as common as steamers on the ocean, the risk of a collision is very small in comparison with ships at sea or vehicles on a road, for besides passing to right or left, the flying machines can pass under or over, and long before Tennyson's prediction is fulfilled there will be rules for the air, as there are rules for the sea and the road.

Third.—If fog should cover London or any other large centre, the captive balloons will be stationed above it, and will signal when the way is clear to descend, and should there be a fog at sea there is certainly no need for a flying machine to descend into it.

The Flying Machine is not destined for local traffic; railway trains and motor-cars are good enough for that, and will bring the passengers in thousands to the Air Car depots.

The great central depots in the larger cities will no doubt be built upon arches, not necessarily of any great height, but so that vehicles of all descriptions may bring the passengers directly under the various starting places. In smaller towns and country

places, a large open space will serve as "depot," and the expense of flying any line of Air Cars will be as nothing in comparison to the cost of running a railway, or the initial outlay for laying down.

The flying machine is coming, and it will come sooner than many people think; in fact, with the present-day perfection of engines of all descriptions, it is now "merely a question of money" for the construction of a machine to act in accordance with the laws of Nature.

Flying machines are essentially destined for long-distance travel, and it will not be long before they will be seen gliding by day and night to the uttermost parts of the earth, and thus shall we eventually succeed in reaching the North Pole.

GEORGE L. O. DAVIDSON.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE political earthquake, hurricane or land slide of last month, whichever, among favourite metaphors we prefer, is an event on which it is exceedingly easy to descant from the point of view of one's ordinary worldly sympathies, but from that which it is one purpose of this periodical to take up,—from the stage of thought attained by those who appreciate the bearing of occult knowledge on worldly affairs,—it is by no means so easy to offer appropriate criticism. To begin with, a transfer of government, in the existing state of parties in this country from one to the other, is an event of lesser importance in its bearing on great processes of evolution, than at the first glance even broad minded observers of the ordinary type might be inclined to assume. At earlier periods of the world's history, when civilisations that have now passed utterly away were engaged in the struggle of nationalities, and doubtless also in the warfare of parties, in a way which seemed enormously important at the time, the effect of the victories won on the ultimate destinies of the race were probably nil. Nature in truth is concerned with the evolution of individual egos and the struggles of public life with which they may be concerned, just as much as the private trials through which they may pass, all have for their purpose, (in so far as they have any definite purpose at all), the cultivation of individual progress. The qualification embodied in the last sentence—"in so far as they have any definite purpose at all,"—would require a very long interpretation in order to make its full meaning clear. In a world where consequences follow causes with methodical

obedience to the law it does not invariably happen that every incident of life is designed with an educational purpose, but that idea need not be elaborated any further for the moment.

Granting, however, that in the very long run such events as the triumph of the Liberal Party mean nothing in particular, it may be fully recognised that they cannot fail to have a bearing—conceivably an important bearing—on the welfare of the nation. Here, again, the truth is that nations and their destinies are but circumstances of transient significances compared with the vast scheme representing the progress of the human race, but they have their interest for us at the time, and thus even the occultist may be excused for regarding the results of a General Election as interesting for the moment. But no sooner does he do this than he descends from the lofty platform to which he properly belongs, and accepts the condition of cherishing individual opinions, naturally coloured by a body of sympathies having nothing whatever to do with loftier knowledge. The Editor of this Review must share the common fate by entertaining such a body of sympathies in his own case, although eager that these pages should by no means be made the reflection of only one political theory. His effort will be to procure the co-operation of writers of varied inspiration, but meanwhile the first broad impression likely to be produced on coolly observant thinkers by the remarkable consequences of the recent popular vote, will be to this effect. Once more in a new way we are confronted with the deplorably evil consequences of the irrational division of politicians throughout the country into two antagonistic parties. Every possible question that can arise gets in this way answered by no or yes according to the answer given on the side where it first originates. Whatever policy party A may inaugurate, party B pretends to regard with indignation and disgust, and in progress of time every interest in the State thus becomes identified on each side with a theory deduced simply from the accidents of the party fight, and perhaps on neither side from any sincere conviction.

Thus the swing of the pendulum, when it swings, turns every public principle upside down, so to speak, and fills the air with clamorous declarations to which everyone with a well balanced mind must listen with contempt. A General Election becomes a

season of hypocrisy and misrepresentation because the purpose in view has really but little to do with any clearly defined object other than that of planting a particular party flag in Downing Street. In truth, and just because the whole atmosphere of the General Election is thick with falsehood and imposture, the results of changing the political flag in question are much less in the long run, as a rule, than at the first glance might be expected. The traditions of official life are influential with most of the men attaining high office under the parliamentary system. The fierce diatribes they launch against one another during the ferocity of the election represent very often but very slight divergencies of intention as regards the policy they pursue in power. Conservatives will probably find that Sir Henry in office will not tear up many of their cherished institutions by the roots; the zealous Radical, glorying in the dismissal of Mr. Balfour from Manchester, will be puzzled perhaps a year or two hence to determine precisely which of the blessings he may find himself enjoying are due to that curious manifestation of local ingratitude. The rejoicings of the victors and the groans of the vanquished may indeed in both cases be toned down by these considerations.

In the course of his Christmas lectures on astronomy, Prof. H. H. Turner made one remark which will have interested some of his grown-up readers in a greater degree than it can have seemed important to the children. He explained in reference to the Sun, that hitherto the theory concerning the manner in which its heat was evolved rested on the assumption that its volume was undergoing contraction. The shrinkage theory has even been developed by what may be called conventional astronomy, up to a recent date with such affectation of exactitude that Sir Robert Ball, for instance, when he was lecturing on astronomy, to the children of a few Christmases back, defined the extent to which the sun shrank while performing its appointed task of warming the system, and in his book, entitled "The Earth's Beginning," he goes into the subject much more fully. Several pages of elaborate mathematical calculations result in the conclusion that the rate of shrinkage is 16 inches a day, and even so brilliant a writer as Miss

Agnes Clerke, in her "History of Astronomy," accepts the theory that the radiations of the sun "are the direct result of shrinkage through cooling," and gives the annual diminution of the solar diameter as 380 feet. As such calculations point to the apparent certainty that in the long run the sun will have spent all its heat, and have no more to give, popular lecturers always go on to relieve immediate anxiety on that score by pointing out that the earth, at all events, has some millions of years of lifetime to play with, so that no fear need be entertained even by the youngest members of our generation with reference to their own personal interest in the solar system.

But now Professor Turner casually remarks that the discovery of radium has upset previous calculations of astronomers regarding the heat of the sun, and has dissipated the conjecture according to which this was maintained by a process of shrinkage. The properties of radium are such that if we presume that element to enter largely into the composition of the sun, we need not go further in search of explanations connected with the continuous evolution of its heat for incalculable ages to come.

Now the interest of this conception turns not on the possibility that radium will really be found to explain the continuity of the sun's life, but as illustrating the habits of conventional science as applied to natural problems surrounded by conditions which transcend those the ordinary physicist can cognise. It is reasonably certain that just as the shrinkage theory has now been discarded, so in turn the radium theory will be laughed at at a later date. A moderate acquaintance with the phenomena associated with the higher planes of Nature is enough to show that all attempts to account for the activities of the sun in terms of the physical laboratory are necessarily absurd.

In dealing with the question of the habitability of other planets of the solar system besides our own, Professor Turner adopted an exceedingly intelligent position. We do not *know*, he declared, whether they are inhabited or not, but we feel sure, they must be; sure, that is to say, on general principles relating to the uniformities of nature, that assurance being quite undisturbed by the probability that physical conditions on the other planets are very unlike those prevailing on the earth; because we

may feel sure that the resources of nature may provide vehicles of consciousness in other worlds adapted to their climatic conditions.

If he had expanded this idea a little further, he might have planted in the minds of his youthful audience an important conception in reference to the sun, which might have prepared them to receive the discoveries of the future in an appreciative spirit. We do not as yet *know*, even in the light that occult research has latterly thrown upon many problems connected with the solar system, what may be the nature of those energies which maintain the life power of the sun undiminished for periods of time almost undistinguishable for the human mind from eternity. But we feel sure that they are of a nature in reference to which the exhaustion characterising manifestations of energy on the physical plane can never be operative. The conservation of energy as regards the physical plane of nature is a magnificent truth, its appreciation one of the grandest achievements of incarnate human thinking. But the relationship that exists between the energy thus conserved and sources of energy associated with other planes the mere existence of which is as yet unsuspected by physical science, will employ the intellectual activity of future scientists when the mutual relationships of the minor forces will be regarded as belonging to the infancy of research.

GLIMMERINGS of intelligence are beginning here and there to manifest themselves even in courts of law. Early last month a Paris correspondent describes how a hypnotic sensitive was put into a trance in the course of a trial before a judge at St. Quintin in order to demonstrate the reality of her powers challenged as they were by the prosecution. She had been charged with illegally practising as a doctor. In reality she appears to have been a clairvoyante of a kind with which everyone experienced in mesmeric research will be very familiar, who in the trance condition is enabled to diagnose the internal conditions of patients suffering from disease. The defence desired that the proceedings might be adjourned to a hospital

where the girl could have been in a position to prove the reality of her claims. This was not found practicable, but she was put into a trance in court, and the legal authorities were enabled to test the reality of the manifestation by pricking her with needles and pins. The proceedings do not represent intelligence of a very high order, but at all events, a mesmerised witness is so unfamiliar a figure in connection with judicial proceedings, that Mademoiselle Bar's appearance in this character constitutes a new departure of no inconsiderable interest.

BROAD VIEWS.

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COMPLICATED INCARNATIONS.

EVERYONE who has paid even careless attention to the progress of psychic research in recent years, will be aware of the fact that in some abnormal cases certain persons have seen to undergo a change as regards their whole character and memory, in a way that seems to render them, to all intents and purposes, two persons in one. Where only two phases are thus rendered manifest, such cases have been spoken of as those of "duplex personality," in some others several metamorphoses take place and then the persons undergoing these strange changes are described as examples of "multiplex personality." But few cases in the past have been investigated with such patient care, and few have presented features of such extraordinary interest as that of Miss Beauchamp, the conditions of which are described at very full length by Dr. Morton Prince, a medical professor of Boston, in a book just published by Longmans, entitled, "The Dissociation of a Personality."

For want perhaps of the mental guidance that might have been afforded by a more intimate acquaintance with the teachings of occult science, Dr. Prince frequently travels off, in the course of his narrative, into speculations as to the meaning of the marvellous conditions he observes in his patient, which attempt by subtle devices to account for experiences explained much more simply by occult teaching concerning the human constitution.

But criticism of his theories and the suggestion of what may probably be a better interpretation of his facts, may conveniently be postponed until the reader is in possession of the main outline of the wonderful and extraordinarily interesting story he has to tell.

Miss Christine Beauchamp is a young lady with whom Dr. Prince came into professional relations a few years ago, and whom he treated by mesmeric methods for various nervous disorders, severe neuralgic pain and insomnia, with more or less success as regards the immediate purpose in view, but with the incidental consequence of developing in her nature, psychic characteristics of an extremely marvellous order. The Miss Beauchamp with whom our author first had to do, and who is designated throughout the volume as B.I., was a young lady of very reserved and retiring nature, extremely religious, gentle and self-depreciatory to an extraordinary degree, and constantly apologetic in regard to the trouble she was giving,—but little realising, what must have been the actual state of the case, that Dr. Prince, as an experimental psychologist, must have estimated the opportunity of watching over her condition as a great privilege. Very easily thrown into a mesmeric trance, she then developed somewhat different characteristics, was fully conscious of all that had transpired in her normal personality, and exhibited that heightened capacity for remembering bygone details that is one of the familiar characteristics of mesmeric sensitives in the entranced condition. This aspect of Miss Beauchamp Dr. Prince defines as B.II.

As experiments proceeded he became suddenly confronted with an entirely new development in what he seems to have imagined at first to have been a deeper trance. Miss Beauchamp suddenly exhibited an entirely new set of characteristics. In this aspect, B.III. all Miss Beauchamp's usual reserve and gentle dignity was cast aside, B.III. was a laughing, roguish child, stuttering in her speech, enjoying as a joke any embarrassments into which B.I. had been thrown owing to the peculiar psychic conditions ruling her life, and clamorously desirous of being allowed to open her eyes. For up to the time of which we are now speaking, B.III. had only become manifest during the mesmeric trances of B.I. Dr. Prince had a well-founded fear that if B.III. was allowed to have too much of her own way she

might be able to assert herself, and so to speak expel B.I. from their common body, not merely during mesmeric sittings, but at her own sweet will, and this is precisely what at a later date actually occurred. Owing to a nervous shock which B.I. experienced one evening by herself, B.III., or as later on she chose to have herself called, "Sally," took possession of the vacant organism. From that time forth, for a long while at all events, Sally was practically mistress of the situation, and gave rise by her wanton pranks to innumerable embarrassments in the life of poor Miss Beauchamp or B.I., some of them ludicrous in their way, while others were seriously distressing.

Among the most exasperating of Sally's tricks she took it into her head to be very affectionate towards a man whom Miss Beauchamp in her normal state appears to have been disinclined to meet except on the terms of ordinary acquaintanceship. When Sally was in command of the situation she would write affectionate letters to William Jones (the names of this book are purposely disguised by the author for reasons which are obvious), would even make appointments with him, and keep them without B.I. having the smallest subsequent recollection of any such proceedings. Even Dr. Prince, who clings to the conception that Sally was merely some subconscious or subdivided portion of Miss Beauchamp's personality, has to face the extraordinary fact that Sally constantly describes herself as having willed B.I. to do or leave undone certain things, even when she, Sally, was off the scene and B.I. in her normal state. Proceedings of this nature, constantly repeated, showed Dr. Prince that there were really "two co-existing consciousnesses," but do not seem to have enabled him to realise what was probably the actual situation of affairs.

Sally, meanwhile, to use one of her own phrases, for she had a childish love of slang at variance altogether with the tastes and habits of B.I., was distinctly "on the top of the heap," not merely because she could to a great extent control the actions of B.I., but because she possessed a complete recollection both of her own and of B.I.'s periods of manifestation even to the extent of being able to remember B.I.'s innermost thoughts, whereas poor B.I. had no consciousness of Sally's doings, and not till long

after the mischievous personality had been familiar to Dr. Prince was she even suffered to know of Sally's existence. Sometimes for mere love of fun, Sally would constrain B.I. to tell ridiculous lies to her friends, and poor Miss Beauchamp would be aware of the fact that she had done this under some influence she could not understand, and would be distressed by it in the highest degree. But B.I.'s distress, however serious, was a mere joke to Sally. With increasing vehemence she came to have a positive detestation of B.I., or as Dr. Prince would have put it, at all events at that stage of his investigation, of the other phase of herself. She would even make away with Miss Beauchamp's money when in control of the body they shared between them, and Miss Beauchamp returning to her normal state would be wholly unable to account for the loss which she could very ill afford, her circumstances in life being by no means luxurious.

With more advanced occult knowledge to guide him, Dr. Prince would have been first of all much less perplexed by these mysterious vagaries of his complicated patient, and, perhaps, better qualified to deal with them in the interest of B.I., whom he long regarded as the genuine Miss Beauchamp pure and simple. Sally comprehended the position better without being able to explain it. She pleaded sometimes in conversation with Dr. Prince, who retained considerable mesmeric control over her, as well as over B.I., that she had as much right to live as Miss Beauchamp. "Almost piteously she pleaded, 'Why can't I live as well as she? I have got just as much right to live as she has.' To her it was a question which should die and which should live. She never could be made to recognise the identity of the two personalities." Even up to the last, never appreciating the situation correctly, Dr. Prince refers to Sally, long after experience ought to have led him to a different conclusion, as "a dissociated group of conscious states. These are probably entirely pathological, and have no analogy in normal life."

Sally's detestation for B.I. grew in intensity as time went on, and she would have been glad to kill her, but that Dr. Prince contrived to bewilder her understanding by asking what then would become of her, Sally, herself? Sally was not acute enough to perceive that B.I. might have been psychically killed, leaving

her, Sally, in undisturbed possession of the body she coveted, but the facts of this complicated story are by no means as yet before the reader, and it would be premature to attack the interpretation.

Miss Beauchamp gets a little rest in the middle of Sally's tyranny, for during a trip to Europe, lasting most of the summer, she remains herself without undergoing Sally's persecution. It was only by a narrow chance apparently that she enjoyed this interval. As Miss Beauchamp, she had been under medical care in a hospital. Sally contrived to get possession of her while there, and Sally herself,—one hardly knows how to deal with such entanglements,—the body, that is to say, shared by the two personalities, was in robust health whilst in Sally's occupation, although subject to many nervous and even more tangible disorders while simply representing B.I. Sally naturally wished to get out of the hospital and pretended to be B.I., so that the nurses reported her recovered and able to go on the journey her friends had arranged. Dr. Prince writes: "I caught Sally just in time on the verge of her departure to Europe, and changed her against her will into Miss Beauchamp, who was astounded to find herself in my office, her last recollection being her entrance into the hospital ten days previously. Of course Sally's tricks of manner and modes of speech were too familiar to Dr. Prince to allow her successfully to impose upon him, as she had successfully imposed on the nurses at the hospital.

Some time after Miss Beauchamp's return to Boston a new development ensued. "A third person came upon the scene, one whom we had never met before but who seemed quite as much a real person as did the Miss Beauchamp whom we all knew." The circumstances under which she first appeared were bewildering. Miss Beauchamp as B.I. had been subject to another of the nervous shocks to which she was so susceptible. On going to see her the doctor found to his amazement that she did not recognise him. She thought he was William Jones. It is impossible here to set forth the entangled conversation that ensued at full length. But the new personality known thereafter as B.IV., becomes gradually identified with scenes that transpired in Miss Beauchamp's life six years previously. From the consciousness of B.IV., these six years had been completely wiped out, and when

she awakened in 1899 she imagined herself still taking part in a scene which transpired in 1893. Her character as successive manifestations gradually developed it, was much more like that of B.I. than Sally's, although it was not associated with the peculiar religious fervour of B.I. It was, so to speak, a more normal, commonplace character which offended Sally, or rather excited her contempt, and was dubbed by her as the "idiot."

At this stage of the proceedings Dr. Prince becomes indeed bewildered. Hitherto he had regarded B.I. as the real Miss Beauchamp, now it appears as though B.IV. was the original Miss Beauchamp who underwent the change in '93, which established the "Saint," as he sometimes calls B.I., in occupation. The latter part of the present volume,—a large substantial octavo of over 500 pages,—is thus concerned with the search for the real Miss Beauchamp, and the conclusions reached are full of interest and furnish abundant food for criticism; but meanwhile, although it is impossible in the course of an article like this to reproduce more than a portion of the deeply interesting matter which fills the book, it is important to notice the beautiful psychic faculty exhibited throughout his examination of her case by B.I. She was susceptible of hypnotic suggestion even without any preliminary process of mesmeric treatment, and even to those most bewildering suggestions which prevent the sensitive from seeing substantial objects lying directly before her. The following brief passage illustrates a capacity exhibited in a great many other ways.

"I hold up a metal rod (an electrode for an electrical machine) before her eyes and say, 'Close your eyes for an instant. When you open this electrode will have disappeared.' She closes her eyes and on opening them cannot see the metal rod, though it is held directly before her. She sees my hand, as if holding something, but she sees nothing else. I tell her to feel the rod. She puts her hand upon it and says she can feel it; in fact she fingers it, and follows the outline of the metal rod and the ball at the top. She feels something that she cannot see. I now say, 'I shall pass the electrode from one hand to the other. When it is in the left hand you will see it, but when in the right hand it will diappear.' I pass the rod back and forth from one hand to the other, and the moment it is grasped by the left hand

it becomes visible, but disappears as soon as seized by the right."

Again Miss Beauchamp enjoyed the privilege of seeing visions in a crystal or glass globe to quite an extraordinary degree of perfection, and the character of her visions is exceedingly well described in the following brief passage. "When Miss Beauchamp looks into a glass globe she does not see the details of her vision as small objects reflected in the glass, but, after a moment or two the globe and her surroundings disappear from her consciousness, and she sees before her a scene in which she herself is present as a spectator. It seems to her that she is a part of the scene in which human beings,—herself, perhaps, one of them,—are enacting parts as in real life. The characters are life size and act like living persons. When she sees herself as one of the characters of the vision, she experiences over again all the emotions and feelings that she observes her vision-self experiencing; and these emotions she exhibits, all-forgetful of her surroundings, to the onlooker."

Nor were her visions merely occasional or accidental; they could be directed by intention to the elucidation of any bygone occurrence and in this way she would sometimes be enabled to recover consciousness of parts she had been playing under the control of her mischievous tormentor, Sally. But we must turn now to the result of the search for the real Miss Beauchamp.

B.IV., as already stated was much more like B.I. than Sally, but did not show the loftier attributes of B.I.'s character. She was hot-tempered and untruthful, fencing apparently with the difficult position in which she found herself, through only half understanding the circumstances around her. But still she belonged to the earlier period of Miss Beauchamp's existence, and a terrible doubt soon arose in Dr. Prince's mind as to whether she was not really the genuine Miss Beauchamp of whom he was in search. Could it be that B.I., the patient with whom he was so familiar, was herself an abnormal accretion on the original true personality, possibly now restored to consciousness. Poor Sally was of course out of it altogether, and Dr. Prince's complete misapprehension of her true nature,—as this may be guessed at by those of his readers better acquainted with occult philosophy,—introduces an element of confusion into the whole speculations of his

present volume which is much to be regretted. Debating the question whether B.I. or B.IV. was the original Miss Beauchamp, he says: "All the evidence pointed conclusively to the view that Sally, by all odds the most interesting of the personalities, was some sort of a dissociated group of conscious states, and therefore the psychological explanation of this young lady was, to this extent at least, comparatively simple." The comparatively simple explanation of Sally which really offers itself to the mind trained in occult study is of course that she is an entirely independent entity associated by some extraordinary freak of nature with the same body assigned to the entity to be regarded as the real Miss Beauchamp of whom Dr. Prince at the stage we have reached was honestly in search. As an illustration of the idea rather than a definite suggestion relating to the case actually under discussion, one may imagine that for some obscure reasons two independent egos ought to have been born as twins with a separate body for each. By a freak or accident of Nature or for the working out of some profoundly mysterious karmic obligations, the mother gave birth to only one body with which both entities were in magnetic relationship. Later investigations carried on beyond the stage we have reached in describing the book, showed that Sally's consciousness dated back to the earliest beginnings of the Miss Beauchamp consciousness, and that in an imperfect way her education proceeded *pari passu* with the school training of the entity in more complete possession of the common body.

Returning, however, to the path of Dr. Prince's investigations, we find him growing seriously bewildered as to what it was his duty to do or to attempt to do. Suppose it might be possible for him to stamp out, as it were, the consciousness either of B.I. or B.IV. which was he to select? If B.IV. were the real self, she must be kept and the others annihilated. Poor Miss Beauchamp, "the saint, whom we knew so well, whom we had protected and cared for, would be only a dissociated personality, a somnambulist, and must no longer be allowed to live." But B.I. was the person with whom all previous friendly associations were bound up; to attempt her extinction presented itself even to Dr. Prince's mind as a kind of "psychic murder." "It was the annihilation of the

individual," But pursuing the course which seemed to him the only logical one, his therapeutic efforts were now directed towards extinguishing B.I. and keeping B. IV. in existence. Sally's co-operation in this "disagreeable job" was readily secured, so poor B.I. began to feel that she had but rare intervals of existence, that her malady was hopeless and her discouragement became overwhelming. "It seemed kinder to let her disappear ignorant of her coming fate, unconscious of the future that awaited her as her Real Self."

But at all events Dr. Prince was cautious as he proceeded and ready to accept the impulse of any new discovery, and in November, 1899, an extremely important discovery was made or thought to be made, for later events again developed a further complication. It was really Sally and not Dr. Prince who made the discovery. Experiments were in progress with the view of ascertaining whether B.IV. could be hypnotised without complete loss of identity, in the way B.I. had originally been hypnotized with the production of B.II. of whom for a long while we have almost lost sight. "I was in the act of giving B.II. some suggestions about sleeping, when suddenly Sally bounced out and exclaimed excitedly, "Oh, Dr. Prince, I came to tell you that I think the Idiot hypnotized is the same person as B.I. hypnotized, *for I know the Idiot's thoughts when she is asleep just as I do B.I.'s then.* I may be wrong, but I think so." The enormous importance of this suggestion was at once manifest to Dr. Prince. If B.II. in this way synthesized B.I. and B.IV., then B.II. was the real Miss Beauchamp, and neither of the other manifestations! The progress of the investigation now carried on along these lines of conjecture is interesting, as a narrative, in the highest possible degree, but can hardly be detailed here in all its ramifications.

The brilliant possibility first glimpsed was for a time discredited by events. Careful observation showed considerable differences between the B.II. of former times and the new B.II. Again when an attempt was made to wake up B.II. so that she should retain her characteristics as such and thus possibly present a living combination of I. and IV. it would always happen that the awakened personality was distinctly either I. or IV., or if something resembling a joint manifestation were produced, that something

awakened from the hypnotic state seemed scarcely half witted, a being whom it was impossible to trust with the control of the body.

Protracted and embarrassing investigation proceeded, in the midst of which, Sally became much more communicative in regard to herself, and consented, in conformity with Dr. Prince's wishes, to write a complete autobiography of her recollections since childhood. The difficulty of getting this done was immensely enhanced by the opposition of B.IV., who, when she was in control of the body would get hold of Sally's manuscript and destroy it. Then the interest of the story is enhanced by curious complications arising as between B.IV. and Sally. B.IV. detested Sally, but as Sally could not read her thoughts as she could read the thoughts of B.I. was enabled to impose on Sally to a considerable extent. Then it became possible for her to converse with Sally by virtue of the discovery that if she allowed Sally to use her hand in the manner of automatic writing, Sally could do so without displacing her, B.IV.'s conciousness from the body In this way animated and sometimes quarrelsome conversations took place. But Sally got the better of this situation eventually and at last triumphantly informed Dr. Prince that she had got hold of B.IV.'s thoughts with which, truth to tell, she was profoundly offended, finding that behind the mask of pretended friendship, B.IV. was really desperately anxious to extinguish or annihilate Sally.

Meanwhile the situation regarding B.I.'s, II. and IV. were growing more and more bewildering. B.II. waked up as a synthesis of the other two, but according to the conditions of the awakening would be predominately coloured by the characteristics of one or the other. The fusion was imperfect, and so "the family," as Sally calls the jungle of personalities became enriched by a new B.I. and a new B.IV., and beyond this complication again by hypnotised versions of each to be designated as new B.Ia. and new B.IVa., none of whom entirely carry away the reader's sympathies. And yet, though the entanglement of this final stage of darkness before the dawn, seems absolutely hopeless in its confusion, a simple solution is gradually in progress of develop-

ment, and certainly Dr. Prince deserves great credit for having eventually worked it out. The original B.II. obtained by hypnotizing B.I., and the original hypnotized version of B.IV. mistaken for B.II. were in both cases simply the results of what from Dr. Prince's eventual point of view was incomplete hypnotisation. The theory may be unsound, but the practical result justified it as a working hypothesis. A more complete entrancement of either subject resulted in the production of a genuine B.II. actually the synthesis of B.I. and B.IV., combining the complete memories of both those manifestations. This then was the real Miss Beauchamp, and the simple reason why for so long she had been kept from recognition, was found to have been,—Sally's interference. With a just appreciation of the dangers to which she herself was exposed she objected strenuously to the assemblage of the other members of the family into one definite and normal stable entity. She correctly foresaw that this would render her control of the family body very much more difficult, and would tend to squeeze her out of the incarnate existence for which she longed, and this is exactly what happened in the end.

From the Doctor's point of view the achievement was an undeniable triumph. His old patient B.I was not annihilated because her consciousness was blended with that of a newly synthesised personality. Nor was B.IV. put to death, although in union with the saint B.I. her unruly characteristics were suppressed, and her fiercer moods subdued. At the close of the story we find that since January of last year up to the latest period with which the present volume is concerned, July of last year, "the real Miss Beauchamp has been in continuous existence with the exception of a slight lapse on one occasion following a physical illness and other strains." Considering that the present volume has only been published quite recently, it is strange that no postscript has been appended giving us later information concerning Miss Beauchamp than that of the date just mentioned. We can only trust that the stable condition maintained during the first half of last year has not since been seriously interrupted.

But the story, though it has in a certain sense a happy ending, is not without its pathetic touch for those who can see, or who think they can see, a little more deeply into the true nature

of Sally than has been possible for Dr. Prince, unprovided apparently with the experience of those engaged in more systematic occult study. It may be that all the complexities concerning the variously numbered B.'s do represent no more than abnormal phases of one entity, and the patient treatment bestowed upon them by the hypnotic professor may quite possibly have dissipated the abnormal conditions which at one time forbade more than one aspect of the personality to be manifest at any given moment. But no one comprehending anything concerning superphysical states of consciousness,—familiar to those for whom the astral plane is a "*pays de connaissance*,"—can doubt for a moment that Sally is an independent entity. She has her faults, it must freely be allowed. She behaved abominably when first intoxicated with the charms, such as they are, of incarnate existence. And more sympathetic treatment of her case might have opened her eyes more fully to the possibilities of astral plane existence, and thus might have reconciled her to the abandonment of her attempts on the family body. But anyhow, as she has been treated, Sally is the victim of the otherwise triumphant achievement. She has been, to use her own ridiculous expression, "squeezed," so that she can no longer manifest in the flesh at will, but evidently she has not been enabled to acquaint herself with other, perhaps superior methods, of manifestation which might be available for her. The ridiculous conception concerning her (to be frank as regards Dr. Prince's theory) to the effect that she "was some sort of a dissociated group of conscious states," has blinded him to the wrong he has inflicted on her, which, to put the matter frankly again, without meaning to depreciate the conscientious skill with which he has carried out his work according to his lights—is identical in nature with that wrong which he shrank from inflicting on B.I. The only consolitary thought for the looker on is that poor Sally,—at present undergoing a sense of more or less painful depression,—is like every other immortal Ego, whether faultless or faulty, sure to have opportunities at a later date of escaping from the burden of transient suffering however distressing at the time. It would seem as though under the operation of abnormal influences Sally, though excluded from the only body to which she has a partial

claim, is precluded by reason of that partial claim from enjoying free and unfettered consciousness in the astral world. Manifestly her release must occur in the progress of time, and from another point of view it must be acknowledged "frankly" this time at Sally's expense, that while she was in command of the situation she certainly did not show herself entitled to maintain that authority.

With reference to all the other members of "the family," even the occultly instructed reader may be more tolerant of the present volume's title than he would have thought possible at the outset. If Sally is included in the family, it embodies much more than a personality to be "dissociated" or to be re-associated under skilful treatment. But even if some of its apparent complications are to be explained away by Dr. Prince's hypothesis, the case of Miss Beauchamp is certainly one in which we have to recognise a duplex personality, that of the real Miss Beauchamp and Sally. For the rest among all the cases which have been the subject of public report concerning examples of duplex and multiplex personalities, certainly this narrative claims altogether exceptional recognition on account partly of the psychological mysteries with which it deals, partly on account of the curiously dramatic features of the whole story, and very largely on account of the excellent method and care with which the author, Dr. Prince, has in the first instance collected his materials, and in the second has set these forth in a clearly coherent narrative, the main outlines of which are distinctly defined, even although surrounded throughout by an abundance of minute detail.

A. P. SINNETT.

UNCONSCIOUS PROGRESS IN OCCULTISM.

THE scientific world at large is quite unaware of the steady progress it is making in the direction of what is commonly called occultism. Physical discoveries even tend in that direction. The whole body of conceptions relating to electrons developed round the phenomena introduced to observation by the discovery of radium, were anticipated by clairvoyant investigation nearly ten years ago, and were set forth at the time in publications with which conventionally orthodox scientists would have scorned to concern themselves. But in a more interesting way, advanced representatives of scientific research are evolving speculations concerning the unseen and intangible elements of Nature which, as far as they go, constitute fairly sound occultism, and must in the end prove conducive to the more complete acceptance of ideas as yet familiar only to the students of that still unpopular realm of thought.

In a very conspicuous degree, the truth of this assertion is illustrated by a little book lately put forward by Sir Oliver Lodge, with the title "Life and Matter." Its type is large and its pages are few, and half of them represent a wasted effort, for they are concerned with a criticism of Professor Haeckel's bulky volume entitled "The Riddle of the Universe," in reality, unworthy of such an elaborate and serious confutation. Professor Haeckel's book is a crude exposition of nineteenth century materialism, composed from the point of view of dense ignorance concerning modern superphysical investigation, and the fact that Professor

Haeckel has a minute and precise knowledge of superficial details connected with biological phenomena, does not alter the fact that the reasoning in his pretentious volume will strike myriads of people—quite unlearned, compared with himself, as regards these details—as simply foolish. Sir Oliver Lodge shows that it is foolish without using any harsh epithets of this order. But, if his present essay had been concerned merely with its polite, pulverisation of Professor Haeckel's arguments, it would not have been worth the attention it ought to excite. Its value resides entirely in the passages in which the author suggests views of his own, concerning Life and Matter. And our present purpose will be to show how curiously the speculations he has worked out, lead towards, and are as far as they go, absolutely in harmony with, various departments of occult teaching.

In a sweeping consideration of Man and Nature Sir Oliver Lodge writes, "We are part of this planet; on one side certainly, and distinctly a part of this material world, a part which has become self-conscious." The last phrase might be supposed to glance at the whole scheme of occult teaching concerning the gradual development of individuality through the lower kingdoms as a consequence of the descent of spirit into matter. The appreciation of this idea at once raises occult teaching to a higher level than that occupied by any theory which regards the soul of man as a creation. That soul has "become self-conscious," its spiritual essence pervaded the whole realm of Nature from the earliest activities of the solar system. Through inarticulate manifestation in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms it gradually acquired the power of exerting itself in association with matter. With the nature of that sublime consciousness belonging to Divine Spirit in the first instance, we need not for the moment concern ourselves. In order to manifest itself in physical vehicles of consciousness the whole vast process, beginning with the condensation of the original nebula, was set on foot. It is beyond even the limitations of Divine power to evoke an Adam out of the dust of the earth, except by processes that involve the previous evocation of life in lower forms,—and a lapse of time compared to which years by the thousand are but moments. And through the animal kingdom living material forms grow more and more

capable of consciousness until in some of the loftiest they are able, when in contact with something higher than themselves, to engender a feeling of adoration or love. Then the consciousness so individualised becomes a permanent entity. Adam has at last been created with destinies extending through an illimitable future. To the occultist in whose mind the process lies plainly discernible in the retrospect, the few words quoted from Sir Oliver Lodge's book are charming in their lucid significance; hardly perhaps representative on the part of the writer of that complete retrospect which occultism provides for, but nevertheless to be recognised as embodying an intuitive leap in the direction of that unconscious progress so manifest in various directions in the present literature of science.

And as he goes on, the harmony of his language—even if we are hardly entitled as yet to assign it a definite occult meaning,—the harmony of his words with occult thinking, is amusing almost in its precision. "We have acquired a knowledge of good and evil," he points out, "we can choose the one and reject the other, and are thus burdened with a sense of responsibility for our acts. . . . We can drift like other animals, and sometimes do, but we can also obey our own volition." These phrases forecast the fundamental conception concerning the upward arc of evolution recognised even more clearly a page or two further. When the condition just described is reached, "man was beginning to cease to be merely a passenger on the planet, controlled by outside forces; it is as if the reins were then for the first time being placed in his hands, as if he was allowed to begin to steer, to govern his own fate and destiny, and to take over some considerable part of the management of the world." This is an almost direct recognition of occult teaching concerning the upward arc of evolution, the later half of the whole process upon about the middle of which ordinary humanity now stands. As occult writing has constantly explained, spirit working in matter has hitherto drifted by its own inherent energies along the path of evolution. It has accomplished individualisation. It has brought the individual man through the earliest races, in which no loftier task was assigned to him than the realisation of his own identity. Selfishness was not so much the characteristic of the early savage,

as the law of his condition. Man had to realise his separate personal existence, but with the expansion of his intellectual faculties his capacity for grasping intellectual conceptions ensued. Beyond the Nadir point of his physical development, it became possible for him to realise that his will was a force which could carry on the ulterior development of his own Ego-consciousness towards infinite perfection. With the teachings of occultism to guide him, he is in a position to weld his own will-power with the evolutionary forces of Nature. To the midway standpoint he has been brought by these forces alone. Along the upward arc of evolution he can only proceed with open eyes, that not merely desire, but perceive the truth,—with the prospect of ultimate achievement already vivid in his imagination. For the first time indeed, as Sir Oliver intuitively declares, he is allowed to begin to steer, to govern his own fate, to take part in the management of the world. So precisely do these phrases define the occult position, that the reader to whom the occult revelation has long been familiar, will be puzzled to determine how far the phrase represents unconscious progress, or progress which for reasons of his own the writer may prefer to disguise.

In a chapter entitled "Mind and Matter" we find other fundamental propositions of occultism correctly laid down, if imperfectly developed. "The brain," we read, "is the means whereby mind is made manifest on this material plane, it is the instrument through which alone we know it, but we have not granted that mind is limited to its material manifestation; nor can we maintain that without matter the things we call mind, intelligence, consciousness, have no sort of existence." One step farther and we should be in presence of the all important truth familiar by personal experience to a great many devotees of occultism,—and by their convincing testimony to multitudes of others,—that the thinking entity is capable of complete withdrawal from the brain on which it plays as an instrument during each waking moment and of thinking, perceiving and existing more fully and freely, disentangled from the embarrassments of its gross physical vehicle. Most certainly, mind is not limited to its material manifestation, and Sir Oliver Lodge himself has

suggested in former writings that the spiritual consciousness of a human being may be greater than that portion of itself which is manifest in incarnation as it plays upon its instrument, the brain. And as he goes on with incidental speculation arising from the passage we have quoted, his thoughts all point towards familiar occult ideas. "Our actual personality may be something considerably unlike that conception of it which is based on our present terrestrial consciousness—a form of consciousness suited to, and developed by, our temporary existence here, but not necessarily more than a fraction of our total self." And then speculation as to the way in which science might have worked out a theory of light, even if all physicists had been blind, is directly suggestive of the way in which superphysical knowledge may be acquired by those who may be termed superphysicists, even though themselves restricted to the exercise of the physical senses.

One might pick out many other illustrations of the way in which our author's thoughts are guiding him in the direction already defined by occultism, but it may be more interesting to turn to a portion of his present essay in which, for want of a more specific absorption of occult ideas, his speculations are still entangled in the embarrassments of primitive psychology. In dealing with free will and determination he disclaims all power of settling the old standing difficulty. He introduces one rather subtle thought into the controversy as it stands, arguing that the energy which gives rise to phenomena in a material world, is not itself the product of the living will, but may be guided by that will. "Whereas life or mind can neither generate energy nor directly exert force, yet it can cause matter to exert force on matter, and so can exercise guidance and control: it can so prepare any scene of activity, by arranging the position of existing material, and timing the liberation of existing energy, as to produce results concordant with an idea or scheme or intention: it can in short 'aim' and 'fire.'" From the point of view of common place thinking, the suggestion is subtle and interesting, although it will not bear close examination in the light of occult knowledge. Life and mind are vague expressions, but Will is invested with a somewhat more technical meaning in occultism as an attribute of Divine consciousness, whether considered in the

aggregate or as imperfectly represented in each human individuality, and that power, force, or energy, however we like to think of it, is one which undeniably may give rise to physical plane phenomena in a very much more unequivocal fashion than that suggested by the idea that it can merely "aim" and "fire." As in so many other ways Sir Oliver Lodge's intuitive perceptions have led him, in some portions of this essay, to recognise that the theory as to the conservation of energy may not be absolutely true in the sense of being competent to embrace all the phenomena of the world, and it is perhaps a little surprising that anyone familiar even with the common place phenomena of spiritualism should overlook the fact that these alone upset the notion that the total volume of energy in the material world is a constant quantity. Conceivably, if we included the energies of other planes in the calculations, we might find the total volume of energy of a uniform value, but as regards the physical plane alone it is undeniably fluctuating. Whenever the will of a disembodied spirit moves one tangible object from one place to another, energy has been imported into this plane from a region of which the physicist takes no account. Whether that importation subtracts anything from the volume of energy on another plane is a question which for the moment we may leave aside. Perhaps it is drawn from a source that is no less inexhaustible than time and space. But anyhow the energy imported in such simple cases as those above referred to, is of a kind for which we need not go in search to the realm of disembodied consciousness. The Will of an incarnate being, as the occult student knows from experience, however blankly the world at large may be ignorant of the fact, is capable of producing physical effects without the intermediation of any physical mechanism. The fact that Will operates in such cases through the intermediation of elemental agency contributes to enable the occultist to advance one step towards the comprehension of what happens, but does not simplify the transaction from the point of view of conventional scientific thought. It is not a little amazing that the fairly abundant evidence available to the effect that ultra-physical causes are in operation all around us, linking their activities with the physical plane, should be disregarded by ordinary science, but as already pointed out, Sir

Oliver Lodge is inclined to suggest that the conventional view of energy is perhaps incomplete.

He only ignores the suggestions of superphysical research altogether in connection with the old original difficulty about free will and pre-destination, which has in a great measure ceased to embarrass the thinking of those who have profited by modern occult research. Sir Oliver Lodge finds "a real difficulty in reconciling absolute prediction of events with real freedom of the actors in the drama," and he goes on to suggest, in search of an explanation along a wrong road, that the problem must involve a treatment of the subject of "time," from a point of view independent of our limitations. "We all realise that 'the past' is in some sense not non-existent, but only past; we may readily surmise that 'the Future' is similarly in some sense existent, only that we have not yet arrived at it; and our links with the future are less understood. That a seer in a moment of clairvoyance may catch a glimpse of futurity—some partial picture of what exists perhaps even now in the forethought of some higher mind —is not inconceivable."

This attempt to treat the future as an already accomplished fact has beguiled a multitude of metaphysicians into a quagmire of thought. But first as regards the apparent difficulty of reconciling clairvoyant foresight with freedom of the will. The interpretation of the seeming paradox is simple in the extreme when people will once not merely vaguely accept, but comprehend and assimilate the principles of reincarnation. No events come to pass without preliminary causation. Broadly the events of each human life are the product of the causes the entity concerned has set up in former existences on this plane. And the freedom of his will is not contradicted by the fact that he cannot avert the consequences of previous action any more than, supposing him to fall down stairs, he can by an exercise of will escape from the bruises or other injuries that may ensue. That particular act of carelessness has taken place, and its consequences take place in due course, but the man may exercise free will as regards the future, and may come down stairs another time with greater care. The illustration is imperfect from the very lofty point of view, but serves the purpose of the moment. The idea

to be emphasised is that within the limits of qualifications that are not unimportant, but broadly speaking, the events of each man's life—the leading and important events—are inevitable because causes giving rise to them have long ago been completed. But each life is a condition in which the Ego is not merely going through the consequences of former acts; he is providing, by new acts, and, above all, by new conditions of interior feeling, to an entirely new series of consequences to be reaped in a remoter future. The clairvoyant would, indeed, be highly gifted who could foresee these. But with a moderate amount of clairvoyant sight the consequences already impending from an established series of causes in the past may be discernible.

That is the first simple and broad explanation of the way in which free will is reconcilable with what is commonly called determinism. The determinism applies to the current life; the free will is guiding the forces which will regulate the colour of and determine the lives to come. Nor does the occult interpretation of the old-fashioned mystery—no mystery to those whose eyes are opened—stop at the point just reached. It is well known by those who study clairvoyant achievement that visions of the future are sometimes realised and sometimes entirely disconcerted by the event. Down to the most trivial details they will sometimes come to pass in a most bewildering fashion, suggestive to the common understanding that the whole world is a mere marionette theatre in which the self-deluded automata are jerked this way and that without the smallest choice of their own. And then when the vision is disconcerted by events, the clairvoyant is held to be to blame. He has failed to see correctly! That is not the true explanation. He may have seen quite as correctly in the one case as in the other. In both cases what he saw was the body of consequence appropriate to the body of causation then operative, and in the case where his vision has been verified no fresh causes have been interposed. In the case where they have been disconcerted this has happened.

But how, it will be asked, can fresh causes interfere with the consequences of accomplished causation in the past? Because in some cases fresh causation may be brought into play from higher realms of Nature. From the realm in which the causation was

generated, no fresh cause can neutralise accomplished facts. But when the Ego involved in the stream of those accomplished facts, becomes sufficiently enlightened to control forces on a higher plane, then it may be that mere physical plane causation, even including in that phrase the Karma of physical plane acts, may be seriously qualified. The previous explanation regarding the possibility of interfering with the conservation of energy on the physical plane by forces drawn from a plane above, will illustrate the idea. Drop a given weight from a given height on a given surface, and a definite amount of heat will ensue from the arrest of its motion. Interpolate an elemental agency controlled by a being on the astral plane, and the gravitation which attracts the falling body may be neutralised,—the heat engendered as a consequence of its fall, altered accordingly in value. Translating the same idea to the region of Karmic consequences, a man may have encouraged in a former life such tendencies towards revengeful feeling as to have led him, in contingencies necessarily arising, to prosecute, let us say, someone who should have done him a wrong, and the corresponding Karma of the other man, having encouraged passionate action, would have led him, had the prosecution taken place, to shoot the first man, let us say, with a revolver. Now a clairvoyant engaged in a research concerning the future of either of these two might behold the scene of the shooting, and describe it with exactitude. But suppose the vision to have operated so powerfully on the mind of the first man, as to have led him to curb his revengeful feeling. We are not assuming that his character has been ennobled. We are putting the illustration purposely on a humble level of thought. But the vision startles him; he thinks better of his intention to prosecute, and the observed scenes of that little Karmic drama do not take place. The modification of his action has not been fruit belonging to the plane to which that action belonged. If he had merely pondered on general principles concerning the right of a man to prosecute another when he had been wronged, he would have carried out the prosecution. He refrained from doing this because in availing himself of clairvoyant insight he imported a new influence into his action from a higher plane of Nature. The clairvoyant saw quite correctly, even although the vision was

never verified. One might easily frame illustrations of a much more dignified order, for with the opening of interior senses a man's own consciousness comes into relation with higher planes of Nature, and a completely new body of knowledge and motive takes possession of him; the modifications thus imported into what may be called the karmic programme of his life are manifold and far reaching, operative, indeed, in more ways than one, not merely as in the simple illustration mentioned above towards the mere avoidance of trouble, but that is a complication into which for the moment we need not enter. The main proof to be emphasised and understood is that in face of comparatively simple elements of occult teaching, the apparent deadlock between free will and predestination disappears entirely. The doctrine of predestination is so far vindicated that we recognise the inevitable consequences of causes once set in activity, while the more important doctrine of free will is recognised as enabling every human being with eyes open to the truth, to regulate his course through the ages in accordance with the dictates of his own resolutions.

Can the ultimate purposes of Nature with which the drama on the stage of this planet is associated be left to the mercy of such free will as fallible human beings may exert? The question ought to arise at one stage or another in every mind concerned with the problem. But the answer is clear and simple: the ultimate purposes of Nature will be inevitably fulfilled, however remote they may be from the stage of evolution with which our fallible generation is concerned, because in the vast assemblage of independent streams of will an average tendency is certain, as the laws of mathematics show in connection with the study of probabilities. The determination of any given human pair to marry, is guided by no anxiety concerning the future maintenance of the race, but the maintenance of the race is provided for by the probability that amongst the innumerable millions of mankind, an adequate number of pairs will marry. No one can see whether he will be one of those who next year shall post a letter without remembering to write the address upon it, but amongst the innumerable millions who will post letters next year, experience shows that an approximately definite number will be guilty of this curious bit of carelessness. Illustrations can be multiplied *ad*

libitum, but as regards the evolution of the human race, although it depends upon each individual will whether that Ego shall attain perfection or not, it is quite certain that an approximately definite number of those innumerable millions constituting the human family will, in the exercise of their qualified freedom, attain perfection along the road which it is open to all to travel,—or to diverge from.

Perhaps there is scarcely any single idea evolved from occult study to illuminate the human understanding more important than that which, in face of all the evidence that seems at a glance to recognise the future as inevitable, invests each Ego, nevertheless, with the privilege of determining his own share in the final achievement.

Like all other departments of natural study, this which concerns the relationship, not the conflict, between free will and pre-arranged circumstance is full of interesting complexity. That the great and important events of each life are the product of karmic causes, of acts done, that is to say, in a former life or lives is clear and undeniable. That current action may qualify and vary the karmic programme when the Ego is sufficiently advanced to take the reins of destiny into his own hands is also true and certain, but between those two extremes there lie a multitude of intervening possibilities presenting all manner of interesting features. It would be absurd to imagine the most trivial incidents giving pleasure or momentary discomfort, as the consequence of acts in a former life. *De minimis non curat Natura.* And the recognition of this important principle impels us to attempt the difficult task of drawing the line between events of importance and those that are insignificant. Nature, perhaps, regards as insignificant, by reason of their detachment from the progress of our spiritual growth, many events which by reason of their temporary pleasure or pain giving character we may be inclined to regard as fairly important. Personally I lean to believe that the line is drawn higher up among the masses of our experience, than some devoted admirers of the karmic principle would be inclined to allow. But a very profound insight into the mysteries of nature would be necessary in any individual case to determine definitely the category to which each experience should belong.

Again, in the exercise of individual freedom we may sometimes unintentionally invite, at other times unintentionally divert some kind of suffering which the karmic law has either left out of account or has imposed without appeal. But in such cases the invisible agencies concerned with the administration of the law, will in the one case guard us from all serious consequences of inadvertance; in the other will direct our footsteps towards the appointed trouble by one pathway or another, even though we may have turned aside from the first which led in that direction. But in comparison with the stage of thinking which ordinary metaphysicians have reached, complications of this nature are indeed outside the limitations of the problem. All that for the moment need be emphasised in the interests of those for whom the literature of occultism has hitherto been a neglected study, is that in reference to the old standing controversy about free will and predestination there is no mystery left any longer in the matter for those, who irrespective of all question as to whether they are willing to take trouble to acquire knowledge, are simply willing to accept the flood of illumination that has been bestowed as a free gift on the civilised world in these recent years by Those Who Know.

AN OCCULT STUDENT.

THE OTHER SIDE OF SILENCE.

MURRAY SPENCER was far away in the jungle. Near and far nothing but endless jungle around him, cut by placid, murmuring stretches of river-reach. It was Spring, and nature was glorious in her most lovely and savage mood, displaying before the eyes of the one white man in that vast and solitary tract, a panorama of colour, vivid and varied in its many tones and royal tints. The wealth of creeping foliage encircling the forest giants ran the gamut of every line, and the hanging screens of leaf and flower were a revelation to eyes accustomed to the sober green and brown of an English landscape. Spencer had reminded himself that day that twelve months had passed since, in a mood of depression, he had seen the last glimpse of home over a tossing waste of gray, white-crested waters.

It was to cure himself of a fire that had burnt and scared his soul that he had made up his mind to leave the daily associations which had brought an element into his life that fought against his better nature, and the code of honour by which he regulated his dealings with his fellow men, and had won universal respect. His life had been given up to sport. He had looked upon the society of women as entering but little into his scheme of things, and he had reached the age of thirty without a serious love affair. Managing his own small estate in Northamptonshire had given him occupation in plenty, and the surrounding neighbourhood supplied any want he felt for society. Nearly three years before the story opens he had acted as best man to his friend, James Marsden, who from choice had lived a life bordering upon that of

a recluse for many years. Marsden was a large landed proprietor, and his handsome house was visible from the steps of Spencer's smaller and more compact dwelling. The two men were totally unlike. Spencer with his sunburnt face and breezy air, which always brought with him a suggestion of open space and animal spirits. His light-hearted manner and utter and contented ignorance of the scientific or literary world made a strong contrast to his friend's tall, spare figure, stooping shoulders and ungainly movements. Marsden was a few years older than Murray Spencer, but the friendship begun in boyhood had grown close and firm in manhood. The mutual admiration of each seeing in the other what he lacked himself made the strangely assorted couple firmly attached.

Marsden had been absent some months in Cairo, for he was a keen Egyptologist, and on his return he told Murray that he had become engaged and was to be married at the end of the month. Spencer was disconcerted. He had grown used to the idea of considering both himself and James confirmed bachelors, and the idea of a Mrs. Marsden disturbed the prospect. Women had an uncomfortable habit of disliking their husband's friends, and he felt that an element of uncertainty had been imported into the future. The lady was probably a spectacled blue-stocking, and he put her out of his thoughts, inwardly wishing Marsden had kept sensibly to his bachelor life. When he stood by his friend in church he beheld a bride little more than a girl, but endowed with a full share of a woman's triumphant beauty. Her face was lighted from within by an intelligence which told of a high order of moral, as well as physical, attraction.

In the natural course of things when James Marsden and his bride returned from their honeymoon, Murray Spencer was thrown constantly into their society. He shut his eyes deliberately to the fact that, every time he saw her, he was falling more and more hopelessly in love with his friend's wife, but when Marsden was again absorbed in literary work, Murray became more and more the companion of Pauline. Never for the moment did he contemplate the possibility of telling her of his over-powering love and adoration. It would have been sacrilege, and bound as he was by all the laws of man to man to respect his friend's trust

in him, he felt even more strongly bound to utter no word save those of friendship to the woman he reverenced. But, and in spite of his resolves, Murray had more than once to hold himself in a grasp so stern that at the end of a year it was marking lines on his face. He knew that he had, so far, given no outward sign of the passion that was fighting for expression. He knew also that the strain was growing ever greater, that in some moment of unusual pressure he might let fall the words which must brand him as dishonoured in his own eyes and in the eyes of the woman he so truly loved. Who could tell when that great moment might not arrive during their long walks together. How nearly it had come that very day, and his face flushed under the tan as he remembered how he had carried her in his arms across the little stream. The time must never come. That was the fiat of his better judgment. If he could no longer trust himself then he must take refuge in flight, far less ignoble than defeat. Yet, with a despairing touch of humanity, he thought over all their days of comradeship, all their walks through the brown Autumn woods, with the first fresh cold calling a soft blue mist into the near distances of hill and valley, of long rides together *tête-a-tête* when they took their way home after hunting, and the world was dim under a rapidly darkening sky. Was there no moment when an unseen power had told him she guessed his secret? He knew he must leave her. He must give up the comradeship, the joy he had felt in the mere thought of seeing her, and harden his heart to the future stretching so dark and hopeless before him.

Whatever it cost he would take this step, and having made up his mind there was nothing to deter his immediate action. His agent could take over his affairs, and his housekeeper had more than once been left in sole charge for many months. "What have I to wait for?" he asked himself, and as he always spoke honestly to his conscience it answered "nothing."

Murray thought Pauline's manner grew a shade cold when he told her he intended leaving England for an indefinite time at the end of the week. Marsden was cordially sorry to lose his friend, but on the very day of his departure, the proofs of the great book had come, and excusing himself as soon as he could,

he wrung Murray's hand, wishing him *bon voyage*, and leaving him alone with his wife. Their parting was short. He, dumb with pain, could only stammer a common-place remark, that he hoped they might renew the old acquaintanceship in years to come, while Pauline's manner was gentle and charming as ever, if, to his mind, a shade reserved. But when their hands clasped in farewell, for one brief moment their eyes met, and Murray was conscious of nothing but a whirlwind of wild joy, tinged with terror. In a second she had withdrawn her hand, and before he could speak she had already left the room. He stood gazing after her, asking himself if it were true. For surely, if ever love spoke in its own language, he had seen it then looking at him in her beautiful eyes.

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A confused memory remained with him of the journey that had put space and silence between them; and in the re-action that followed upon this sudden certainty, he had often asked himself if the memory of all conveyed by that look was only some freak of imagination, wrought upon by sleepless nights and days of sustained efforts. As the months passed, his old love of sport gradually wore the edge off the intense feelings of misery, and his over-excited nerves took back their healthy regularity as of old. Silence, that great barrier, had stilled the wild fever that possessed him when he left England, and at the end of a year he allowed himself to think quietly over the whole train of events.

So hundreds and hundreds of miles away from home, Murray Spencer sat in the shadow of the boundless forest, until the moon rose full and shed a weird, unearthly light upon the river, which gleamed cool in the shadows with spears of silver brightness, breaking the monotony of its course. His musings had not roused in him the old desire to grapple in a death-grip with Fate; he felt, he said to himself, at last the truth of the comforting philosophy that life has many sides, and if the gates of Love's Paradise were closed, there were still interests and possibilities apart from the fairest fruit of the Tree of Life. Suddenly, as these very thoughts shaped themselves vaguely, he knew not how, but there seemed a presence in the air. The idea brought with it a slight shock, and his heart beat wildly. Where had it

come from? he questioned. Far beyond the shadow the shallows of the river gleamed like diamonds. Had noiseless feet passed over them? Had his dreaming of dead days awaked the love he fancied sleeping? Some new thing had surely happened, for the power of Pauline's personality, so strangely haunting, was on him afresh and stronger than of yore. During the last few months, the ever present longing to know how it was with her, and if she had forgotten, had sunk into the background of his thoughts. But now she spoke again there under the cloudless tropical sky, bright with a stainless glory.

A yearning, imploring desire to see her overtook him. Never before had he felt so utterly hers, so completely in sympathy with her. It seemed to him that he was learning to know her again, and in the realisation of her perfection he stood spell-bound. How was it, he asked himself, that for months he had drifted into a dull content that promised to last? Resignation was hurled from her place in his heart, thrown down and trampled upon by a sense of spiritual union with the woman he loved, which had until that moment never before been his. Instinctively he spoke her name aloud, "Pauline, Pauline!" but it died away lost in the whispering of the night wind and the crooning of the river.

In his dreams he saw her as he had in the past days, but she was no longer behind the wall of Convention. She was beside him, his right to her was unquestioned, and his heart was glad in the knowledge that his love was returned a thousandfold. The weeks passed in a kind of exultation, and he drank deep of the strange draught held to his lips. The longing to see her face to face was his one desire, for he knew that in the silent land where he was he possessed her constant companionship, and the loneliness which at first proved irksome was now a thing of the past: she was part of himself, and his thoughts sought her as freely as when he could, in their old walks together, have spoken to her, and even more so now for his secret was hers at last. He could not have expressed his experience, but a great joy shone in his eyes and his step was light: he had left the dark clouds far behind him.

At last Murray felt that he must seek Pauline in a more tangible form, and after six weeks of his new found happiness he

made a resolve to go back to England. He did not stop to examine his motives, he wanted to verify his right to this dear companionship, for until he could see her and hear her speak, knowing it was no dream, he feared to find himself once more alone with less hope than ever of stilling the pain at his heart. But for the present, at least, Pauline was with him, and love awakened from a temporary sleep was stronger than ever. Her every mode of expression, the turn of her head and the soft coils of her hair—not one detail was forgotten. Space and time and the many waters had not quenched his love, he said to himself as he stood and watched the distant harbour lights, dim and far across the black surging waves that marked the ever-shortening distance between him and Home. The night before they were due to arrive, he awoke from a dream so startlingly clear and vivid that he sat up in his berth and holding out his arms he whispered, "I am coming to you Pauline," and in the darkness it seemed as he strained every nerve to hear an answer, that the voice whose tones he longed for, faintly spoke to him saying, "Not yet, not yet."

It was the end of July when Murray Spencer arrived at the station which marked the termination of his journey. The lamps glowed like stars against the flush of the western sky, and the air felt sweet and soft upon his forehead as he took the well-known way home. There was no conveyance to meet him, for he had merely wired to his housekeeper telling her to be prepared for his return, so leaving his luggage to be sent for, he passed where the road wound over the hillside, and where wood and field lay soft under the starlit sky; taking the short cut which led by the river, he called up the memory of many times when he and Pauline had followed that very path, but the inward surety that now he was returning, not to her, but with her, made his heart beat fiercely. And when he reached the house, after a solitary supper, he sat once again in the little room that was crowded with memories, and his glance resting upon a curiously carved chair, he smiled unconsciously. It was the one she always sat in, for she had chosen it herself when the trio had gone on a tour of inspection to see if the village possessed any treasures in the way of oak or old china, and as he looked at it again he remarked how perfect

her taste had been in choosing the quaint brocade, dim and mythical in its pattern, with which it was covered.

The quiet was intense, and he looked fixedly before him. Lighted only by a reading lamp on a low table, the greater part of the room was in semi-darkness, while beyond, the open window led out into the clear radiance of the summer night. Pulling himself together with an effort, he rang the bell, and the housekeeper answered it, standing respectfully to listen to his orders.

"I am going up to the Hall to see Mr. and Mrs. Marsden," he said rather abruptly.

Mrs. Brown, with an exclamation of surprise, looked strangely at him. "Oh, sir," she said, "Can it be possible you have not heard?"

"Heard what?" he answered with some anxiety, for her manner conveyed the idea of calamity.

"Did you not know that the poor gentleman is alone; Mrs. Marsden is dead."

Spencer felt as if he had been struck between the eyes. The room swayed, and the foundations of his world seemed tottering to the fall.

"When?" he said at last, and his voice was dry and harsh.

"Over a month ago, going on for two. The dear young lady went out riding alone—no one knows exactly what happened, but the horse came galloping in loose, and when they found her she was dead. I saw her," and the good woman's eyes filled with tears. "And there is no doubt she went to the angels, for her face was so happy that she smiled as if asleep."

"Is he at the Hall?" questioned Spencer, whose numbed brain seemed to have lost its grasp of things.

"Yes, sir, he never went away since the funeral, except for a day now and again. They do say he spends the night walking the house, or going to the graveyard. It is a terrible sorrow, she cut off so young and so beautiful."

"You may go, Mrs. Brown," said Murray, standing, his shoulder against the frame of the long window, and his back to the room.

A few short minutes ago he was certain that he was going to see her, as he was that he himself existed. Then of a sudden the

great final word had been spoken. The stone rolled to the door of the sepulchre, and life was shorn of its dimmest furthest hope. Never again to hear her voice, to see her slight, graceful form, to touch her hands in the meeting of two friends. He kept on saying it to himself, "Dead." The words would not bring conviction, and slowly the date of her fatal accident, and the first coming of her wonderful spiritual presence into his life, linked themselves into a chain. Yes, it must have been the day, perhaps the very hour of her death that had given her to him in a strange unearthly way.

The blood rushed warm to his heart as he felt anew the near presence of the woman he so loved. Turning as it were to meet her coming, the faint fragrance of violets, which in life, had always hung round her, struck upon his senses with a thrill of sheer joy.

"If this is so, and I am not dreaming" he said aloud, "you are mine at last Pauline, for in heaven, where I suppose you are, though the gates must be open as you can still come to me, there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, and by some wonderful power once the earthly tie snapped, your sweet soul had pity on me, and found its way to tell me of your love."

A stab of remorse struck him, for he thought of James Marsden, that sad, lonely man in his empty house, so taking the path to the Hall in a strange ferment of feeling, he wondered what he should say, and how he should say it.

Going to the long window of the library by which he generally entered, he found it open. The large lofty room was lighted brightly as when she was alive. The tables were piled with books, and in a deep chair James Marsden sat, his thin hand shading his eyes, looking wearily into vacancy. Roused by the sound of someone entering he glanced up and recognising Murray Spencer, he held out his hand, expressing no surprise.

"You have heard?" was all he said.

"I have James. I simply can't tell you—" Murray's voice broke and he seated himself in a chair which Marsden indicated.

"I can talk to you freely," said his friend, rising and restlessly pacing the room. "I have been in deep water ever since—since she died." He looked gaunt and haggard as he stood before his friend.

"I began life with a childish faith which lasted into boyhood. Then in later years I was doubt-ridden and perplexed as to the future state. There seemed so much to prove, so little tangible, and what I sought ever evaded me. Pauline," and he spoke her name in a hushed voice, "believed strongly in the Spiritual Life, and tried to convince me. If only she could help me now," he groaned.

'Ah Christ, if it were possible,
For one short hour to see
The souls we love,
That they might tell us
What and where they be,'

"I have prayed until the morning light found me still on my knees, but I have heard no whisper, no sound but the awful finality of 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust' and I cannot experience the belief in the promise of 'a sure and certain hope of resurrection.' Cursed with a critical temperament, I could take nothing on trust. I must burrow to the roots of things. 'Ah God,' he cried, leaning his arms on the high carved mantel-piece, where a painting of Pauline looked down half smiling, half serious, upon the anguished face that was raised to hers. 'Send me some sign from her.'

The veins stood out in Spencer's forehead as he suffered in his friend's despair. How could he tell him that Pauline had come back, nay more, was in the very room with him, with a presence so convincing that he never for one moment doubted the reality of her spiritual being. Even as Marsden paced the room again with dejection in every motion of his long thin hands and drooping shoulders, Murray was conscious of the faint scent of violets and the glow at his heart that told him she was near. He sat dumb like a convicted thief. Had he stolen the right of this man to possess her still, beyond the change that men call Death. He who had never faltered in his duty while she was living, save in the instant of parting when for one moment their eyes had met and all unwillingly each had realised what no torture would have induced them to admit in the happy days of companionship. Yet since the allotted time was over and the outward end come, the voice of the soul spoke, and spoke plainly.

"I have attended these seances" went on Marsden wearily, "but I could not be convinced. Others had messages from their

dead, and talked with those they loved, or at least had the consolation of believing that they did. I alone was never asked for. What has become of her. How is it with her?"

Spencer could bear it no longer.

"I don't know if what I tell you will help you James," he said, "I only tell you that I feel her to be as much alive as ever. I believe that she knows about us poor creatures left behind, and is as near us now as if she stood there," and he pointed to the door of her boudoir which led from the library, and against the darkness it seemed to him that for a moment he saw the faint outline of a shadowy form, standing between him and the room beyond.

"I can't tell you how I know it, but I *do* know it." The ring of conviction in his tone struck Marsden, who advanced quickly and gazed at the door with strained eyes. "I see nothing" he said, wearily dropping into a dull lethargy, and fixing his eyes on Murray's face. He looked at him seeing that he was held as by some strange power. "I cannot," was all he said, "I cannot. Perhaps it is my punishment, for I let my work engross my soul and body and it shut her out. Now in her turn she shuts me out." Then speaking very slowly as if thinking long over each word, he went on, "I don't know when I understood that you went away because of her. It came to me as things do when it is too late. Just as now I begin to feel that I have lost her and you have gained her." Murray tried to speak, but torn with conflicting emotions he scarce knew what to say.

"I did and do love her," he answered simply, "but I would have died rather than wrong her or you by saying so."

Marsden held out his hand, and there was a pressage of finality in the long grasp of understanding as the two friends parted. Spencer walked slowly down the path to his home. The strangeness of everything weighed upon him. The interview with James Marsden had been harassing and terrible; coming back into his room full of the familiar objects and things which had been a joy to him to collect and arrange, he felt a sense of satisfaction, and sat down lighting his pipe to think over how he should shape his life into some groove. But he grew restless, and it was impossible to smoke, the longing ever present for something

tangible to prove Pauline his grew unbearable. He placed the chair just where she would have put it, and seating himself on a low divan near, he waited filled with feverish anxiety for what was to come. As if in response to his heart's cry he knew that she was near, and the night wind outside rustled and whispered through the hanging curtains of jessamine and wisteria that framed the window, bringing into the room the stolen sweetness of the garden beyond. Suddenly the longing grew wild, and springing to his feet he held out his arms, "Pauline," he cried, "Pauline," for there she was, a shadowy glory in her face, inspired as if by some vision, the light fell on her shining hair in an aureol and her eyes smiled upon him. Falling on his knees before her he cried, "Speak to me, speak," and in the voice he remembered so well she answered him—

"I have come back from the world beyond to see you. It is granted to me because in the past days we loved deeply and silently, and this is our reward."

"Thank God for that," said Murray, "but may I not, can I not come to you now?" he entreated passionately.

"Not yet," she answered, "I am permitted to see you this once, and once only, because where love is deep as the unfathomable depths that surround the earth-life like a mist, and hide the spirit world by virtue of that love, I have power to make myself visible to you. For my love for you survived the life test, and the waters of death were powerless to quench it, and it is given to me to be near you since the tie that kept me from you while in the flesh exists no longer."

"But I am so lonely, Pauline," he pleaded, "it is desolate here without you."

She raised her hand to silence him. "You must wait God's bidding," she said gently. "Could I forget you now; I could mount through the degrees that still divide me from the Infinite Light whither all move; but the earth holds one so dear I cannot go too far away," her face grew wistful, "and so it is that until you join me I remain a Dweller on the Threshold, where your love holds me fast." Still gazing at her he saw her gradually vanish, and when the morning came he was on his knees with his head resting against the carved chair.

Rousing himself to action he thought long over what Pauline had said to him, and after a broken sleep he went towards the Hall. On his way he met a servant coming down the path with every appearance of distress. He knew instinctively what he was going to hear.

"The master was found dead in the library this morning, sir," said the faithful man-servant, who had been Marsden's valet for years. "And God knows, sir, though I'll never find such another, one can't regret it, for his heart was broken."

Many and many a night afterwards Spencer sat waiting for Pauline, but she did not come, for it was not ordained that he should see her again in the earth-world. But when two have been brought so close together that "Life and Time to Nothingness do sink" no shock of time or tide, no combination of adverse circumstances can sweep them apart.

He lived his life honestly, faithfully striving towards perfection, not hastening unduly to the goal. Never in all the years that followed did he scale the heights of heaven, and stand almost upon the Mount of Transfiguration, but the ever present spirit of the woman he loved remained with him to the end. Did he see her face as he opened his eyes upon the other side? When the tired body was left behind, and his spirit had attained its freedom, was Pauline still waiting for him as she had promised,—A Dweller on the Other Side of Silence?

LOUIE ACKLAND.

A COAST UNDERGOING REPAIR.

By a Retired Globe-trotter.

I am told that the bay of St. Michel, in Brittany, is losing its old characteristics. That part of Europe is not to be trusted any longer as so much *terra firma*. Neptune is nibbling it away continually. Indeed, our Channel Islands illustrate the instability of geography in a more remarkable way than any other land I know. The local histories show that the Channel Islands all formed a part of France up to the year 709 A. D. In the year 565 there died somewhere in Brittany a gentleman by the name of Lo, a saint by profession, and an abbot or inspector of monastries by appointment. On his official tours he used to visit Jersey, and walked across the ditch which alone separated it from France on a plank! Records exist which show exactly whose business it was to provide the plank for the accommodation of the holy man. What has happened since then to widen the ditch in question till it is represented by twelve or fifteen good miles of sea? Nobody knows exactly, and it is not necessary to suppose that an earthquake rent St. Lo's diocese in twain between one day and the next. Jersey may never have stirred from her original anchorage, but Cotentin, the French name of the western shore of the promontory on which Cherbourg is situated, may have sunk down below its former levels so as to be eaten away by the sea. After all a map of the Isle of Thanet, as it was in Cæsar's time, would be something very different from those of the ordnance survey. The Goodwin Sands, as late as the year 1000, constituted a low but fertile and inhabited island, the property of a certain Earl Good-

win who lived there himself. In the course of the following century his estate was devoured by the sea, which simply means that its geological foundations must have subsided. Along the Suffolk and Norfolk coasts, within the last few hundred years, no fewer than eleven churches have been eaten up by the advancing waves, a condition of things which again means a depression in the land levels, as that of the sea itself never changes. And in reference to the Channel Islands, if the story about the abbot's plank is unacceptable simply by reason of negative evidence,—because the world does not seem to have rung with the news concerning the subsidence of Contentin in the year 700 or thereabouts,—we must remember that it took a great deal to disturb people's equanimity in the year 700, unless their own hearthstones were actually concerned. Nothing incompatible with St. Lo's plank is to be recognised in the Roman remains such as they are that have occasionally been dug up in the islands. Nobody contends that Guernsey and Jersey arose at heaven's command from out the azure main, after the fashion of the island which preceded thereafter to rule the waves. They did not come up, the other land went down, leaving them still enriched with the few Roman coins that had been dropped about when they were part of Gaul. And they were islands already when our King John was appointed to govern them in his early youth, before he aspired to larger territories and got into trouble with advanced Radicals at Runnymede. But none the less, it is very impressive to the imagination as you stand on any high point of vantage in Jersey and look over the wide expanse of buoyant water which lies between you and even the nearest outlines of France, to think that the land you are on has parted company with its parent shoer so recently as a little more than a thousand years ago.

Certainly that separation is not to be regretted. It has enabled the loyal inhabitants of Jersey to remain faithful to their old allegiance—to the successors of their own Norman Dukes who conquered the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland. If Jersey had still been insulated by nothing broader than the abbot's ditch it must long ago have been absorbed in the fluctuating fortunes of the mainland. As it is, no one can make a greater mistake concerning the Channel Islands than to think of

them as dependencies of England. Great Britain, ever since the Norman conquest, has been a dependency of the Channel Islands, which remain, indeed, the only fragments of his original dominions transmitted to the heirs of the Conqueror, but are none the less representative as regards their legal status of the ancient realm to which the Anglo-Saxon territory was annexed by the first of the Williams. A few years ago the Privy Council was stupid enough to forget this, and to give a legal decision at variance with the dignity and independence of the States of Jersey. The States addressed their beloved sovereign on the subject. The upstarts of the Council were duly rebuked, and the decision cancelled.

But it is rather of the bay itself in which the Channel Islands are moored—(for the moment, until further repairs are carried out)—than of the islands themselves that I set out to write. The extreme tip of that bay is ornamented by an island on which is situated the wonderful monastery, church and fortress all in one, called St. Michel, around which the tides used to desport themselves every day on principles peculiar to that region.

There is a small island called Tombelaine, two and a half miles from Mont St. Michel. At low water,—that is to say, when the water has all gone away out of sight,—you may notice caravans of people, walking across the desert to Tombelaine. Of course, they have to be thoroughly well up in their nautical almanac, or had to be in my time, if they venture on this journey. When the St. Michel tide came in, you had to take care not to be caught on the sands if you desired to have anything more to do with the warm precincts of the cheerful day. This particular tide used to come in—literally, not figuratively, faster than a horse could gallop. How it manages to do this was not easily explained. Most tides crawl along any distance they have to traverse by degrees. They are allowed six hours for the journey, and they devote themselves to business all the time in a conscientious way. The St. Michel tide did nothing of the sort. It fooled away its time out in the Channel somewhere, till it had hardly any left. Then suddenly it remembered that there was seven miles of St. Michel's desert to be covered. It gathered itself together for a mighty effort; piled up a bank of water three feet high, and came in with a great rush, as though the bottom of the earth had given

way. To be strictly accurate, that is what used to happen during the tides of the equinoctial season. At other times the effect was not quite so magnificent, but sufficient to be amazing. Asking about times and opportunities at the St. Malo hotel, when on my way to St. Michel, I was told by madame in authority at the office, that since they had built the digue, the tide was no longer so "drôle et original" as it used to be, but close inquiry on the spot convinced me that this statement was prompted by local jealousy. St. Malo also has remarkable tides. They rise and fall 49 feet between the two extremes. Why should anybody want to go elsewhere to see anything more surprising than that? But they do not come in seven miles in the twinkling of a bed post, though now,—so recent visitors to St. Michel tell me—they are losing all the gaiety of their youth, and becoming nearly as commonplace as tides elsewhere.

But whatever geographical improvements may destroy the primitive charms of the Breton coast, the human memories of the region will always be absorbing in their interest. The strange horrors of the time when "Carrier came down to the Loire and slew" is alone enough to thrill the imaginative visitor. Souvestre has worked up some of the incidents into a powerful story, "The Bargeman of the Loire." In the days of the Terror, when the guillotine could not devour the vanquished loyalists of La Vendée fast enough, the Republican champions of liberty took to drowning their victims by huge boatloads merely to save time in the first instance. Afterwards they refined upon the system and invented the "*mariages de la Loire*" when individual men and women were tied fast together in pairs and thrown into the water. But while the main object was to get rid of prisoners rather than to provide sport for Republicans, barges were used, taken out into the estuary and scuttled—and the difficulty was to find bargemen who would perform the strange duty required. It seems that the lighter service of the Loire is a very extensive trade; the men who belong to it form a kind of guild, and for long years after the horrors of the Revolution had subsided, the men who were suspected of having taken part in the *noyades* were outcast from the rest; *noyaded* themselves sometimes by their righteously infuriated comrades. The tale told by Souvestre is a rather grim

little tragedy, in which an old boatman on the river betrays his dreadful past in a fit of somnabulism, going along the edge of his boat, and striking down imaginary heads in the water with his pole. The man's son,—the virtuous hero of the story—is included in the ostracism that follows, and the devoted heroine is torn away from all contact with the accursed brood. Under which conditions, of course, the sympathetic reader feels that it would have been better after all to let bygones be bygones. Heroines should always be made happy first, and other people's business be adjusted in the most convenient fashion available, afterwards.

St. Michel is saturated with wonderful memories, though overrun with daily visitors to such an extent that one cannot easily brood over them in peace and solitude. The place reeks with history in every pore. It was first crowned with a chapel in the period when Jersey, according to the evidence already noticed, was still a part of France. The Archangel Michael himself promoted the company of holy monks, with a bishop for their chairman, by whom the chapel was put up, appearing to them in a vision. Over this transaction the bishop acquired the title of saint,—and then miracles began. The shrine prospered, and was frequently visited by the royalties of the period, including Charlemagne, Louis XI. and Francis I. A duke of Normandy, reigning before William, began building at St. Michel on a large scale, and ever since then the vast monastery and church have been growing, until in the fifteenth century the place assumed something like its present aspect—a huge mass of blended rock and building surrounded by ramparts and fortifications—and rising out of the sea—or in the midst of the desert as the case may be—which is no longer a monastery on an island, but an island which has evolved into a monastery *plus* a castle and belt of town clinging round the lower levels. As a structure it is intricate beyond belief. There are halls above halls, in some cases two or three stories of great pillared chambers, elsewhere dungeons looking out through slits in the natural rock. The church is at the top of all, richly ornamented with flying buttresses and profuse carving, minarets, archways and towers. At some period of its history it had a magnificent spire, but the

church itself has been the scene of so many conflagrations that the spire could put up with the annoyance no longer and ultimately fell to pieces. Since when the Government set to work to build a new one, for St. Michel has been taken over by the State as a national monument, and has been elaborately restored—not improved upon in any tasteless fashion, but carefully restored to its former condition wherever the ancient architecture has been gnawed or disfigured by the tooth of time.

We were guided in a drove of sightseers when I visited the place all through the endless cloisters, halls and dungeous, refectories, chapels and platforms, crypts and staircases. I understood we had mounted over 600 steps, counting from the bottom, and it would have been deeply interesting but for the crowd. Forty thousand tourists, chiefly French people, visit St. Michel every year it seems, and the crowding vulgarises the place dreadfully. It interferes gravely, moreover, with other ceremonies that should be performed, for the next most important duty to himself that every one had to attend to, in my time, after or before seeing the monastery, was to get himself served with an omelette by Madame Poulard. Some years previously, Madame Poulard started a restaurant and small hotel at St. Michel for the benefit of the visitor, and somehow she became a personage mentioned by all guide books, and renowned for her beauty and charms of manner. But could one have any actual consciousness of getting an omelette from Madame Poulard when it was a question of waiting outside in a crowd till there is a chance of squeezing into a wild and disordered *salle à manger*. Gloomily one went elsewhere to inferior restaurants, bewildered by finding them all scrambling in some dishonest manner for a share in the honoured name of Poulard, and trying to persuade the innocent stranger that he would get the right omelette and the right smile within their doors.

By waiting your turn, and getting Madame Poulard to let you have a room, and then by staying over some days at St. Michel, one had an opportunity of seeing the place in peace during the early morning, before the hour of the tourist swarm, and indeed, a fellow-guest at St. Malo, an artist, told me he was going to do this, and had done it every year for nine years

past. St. Michel is a place which grows upon you, it appears, and after many years you begin to know it a little; but still there are other places in the world besides, and I find that nine years' devotion a little difficult to understand. I wonder how St. Michel "grew upon" some of the unwilling residents who spent more than nine years—during the period of its full activity—in captivity within its walls; for the place went through the usual ghastly evolution in the centuries that followed the miraculous age of St. Aubret—and became a seat of ecclesiastical authority, and then a prison—a State prison, *doublé*, it seems with a house of correction for heretics, and its cachots are said to have been gorged with prisoners during the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. Later on the revolution emptied it of one set of prisoners, only to refill it with another. 300 priests of neighbouring parishes were shut up there at one time for refusing to take the civil oath; and as lately as the reign of Louis Phillippe, political prisoners were lodged there, more shame to all parties concerned, for the available cachots are not respectable civilised prison cells,—but dark stifling holes for the most part, in which it is difficult to comprehend how breathing creatures could live a week. Some grim narratives—only too vividly illustrated by waxworks in a little museum in the town—describe cases in which prisoners have been found dead behind their gratings some mornings, half eaten by rats; and a prisoner secluded at St. Michel as late as the year 1835, made some curious discoveries. As an artist, he had been allowed to take part in the restoration of some paintings in the church, and in connection with the work, had acquired privileges that would not otherwise have fallen in his way. He came once upon the entrance to a sort of pit through a movable stone in a pavement. Descending into this with a rope and a lantern, he found it to end in an oubliette or vault, inhabited by a crowd of skeletons in different attitudes, the last remains of former prisoners evidently left to starve there.

Less gloomy traditions of the sacred edifice are associated with the great Constable of France, Du Guesclin, who lived there in authority of course, for a time with his gifted wife Tiphaine—a clairvoyante and seeress among other things, but also a faithful and self-denying wife to her noble knight, who for her sake would

have foregone the warlike duties of his rank and office, content to rest on the laurels he had already won. But Tiphaine would not have this. Duty first and love afterwards. She packed off her hero to the wars in spite of himself—and there was no Palais Royal *dénouement* to that story you will understand—nobody else who was biding his time till Du Guesclin would have gone from St. Michel. Tiphaine was a stainless, faultless personage, and it was for sheer love of right that she made her knight go forth to resume that manful slaughter of his fellow creatures for which his right arm was so excellently adapted. How strangely the course of duty moulds itself round fresh ideals as the centuries revolve! Had Tiphaine any cause at heart that she wished her gallant husband to go forth and champion? Not in the least. It was all one to her whom he killed, provided he killed somebody, other knights for choice whose gallantry would be absorbed so to speak into his own. Indian scalps and Dyack heads in Borneo have no prestige of chivalry about them, but are closely allied, after all, to the principles on the altar of which the saintly and beautiful Tiphaine made sacrifice of her domestic happiness.

THE RELIGION OF TO-DAY.

A Reply to "A Man in the Street," by the late Chaplain of Monaco.

The article in Broad Views in the January number, on the religion of the day, is one very typical of the general attitude towards the religious teachers of the time. If there is one thing which a clergyman gets used to at the present day it is to hearing the orthodoxy of the present day ridiculed in literature, and to the sneer for which "the parson" is always considered fair game. They get indifferent to it. They are held up to obloquy because they do not perform tasks to which it is not too much to say that Angels would be unequal. A society, which for the most part does not want to be regenerated, cries out, "why do you not regenerate us." Such appeals as the writer of this article makes when he says, "Let him (the Bishop of Salisbury) look round his diocese and see if the population does not want something more than Holy Oil" are the very quintessence of unreason. Of course they want a great deal more, but can the Bishop give it them? Can he, with a magician's wand, alter the complex social conditions on which poverty, ignorance, crime, drunkenness, all the manifold things which are the causes of human wretchedness depend. Would it not be open to the Bishop to reply to the writer of this article: "These things are as much your business as mine, or rather it is for the society of which we are both members to find out the remedies." What logical force is there in the statement that, close to a great cathedral, every variety of squalor, wretchedness and misery is found. So they are most likely very

near the writer's home. So they are, without doubt, very near the headquarters of the Theosophical Society and the centres of the higher thought. Does this fact make these institutions an absurdity? Is it a sufficient or a reasonable ground for a sneer, that the Churches cannot at once alter complex conditions and so bring about the kingdom of heaven upon earth. The church does what she can, and does she not after all do a great deal more than is done by any other institution?

These ceremonials which incur the contempt of "A Man in the Street," do they not at any rate bring into a good many lives a sense of the unseen? We of the clergy know that in practice it is so. A hard worked shop-girl told me that the great solace of her life was her weekly attendance at the services at St. Paul's. How many have I heard say that they could not support their lives were it not for the solace which the Church's services gave them. "A Man in the Street" (to return) sneers at the authorization by a Bishop of the use of Holy Oil for the anointing of the sick. Let me tell him that we are beginning to find out what (shame to us that it should be so) we had forgotten or not realised, that the prayer of faith and the laying of hands and anointing Sacrimentally does often convey healing. Is it nothing that a Bishop should recognise this, is it nothing that he should authorize his clergy to bring home to men by a solemn rite the fact that there are beneficent powers in the unseen which can be brought to bear upon their lives? "Silver and gold I have not, but what I have give I thee." The ridicule poured out on the adoption of a chasuble is specious, but the argument is "thin." No doubt it is to be regretted that there should be disputes and differences as to the rites and ceremonies of Religion, so it is that experts should differ as to the details of Army Organization. But the fact is that in both we do find practically that small details are of importance. The colours, the dress, the bands, the drill, are necessary to the efficiency of the fighting machine. So we find that Ritual has its use in the elevating of the soul to higher things. Ritual, it is true, is but a means to an end. So is the perfection of our Artillery service. The one as the other can only be organised by attention to details. And in every department of human life there will be conservative souls to whom any innovation is

distasteful, and periods of slovenliness which make re-organization necessary. And the differences and disputes which may arise about details of ritual in a Church are no more the disputes of triflers than are the differences of a committee on army organization. In fact they are a sign of life in that they shew an effort to perfect the organization. The points at issue may seem trifling, but perfection is only attained by attending to trifles.

But "A Man in the Street" brings against the clergy a far more serious charge than that of trifling. He brings against them the charge of deliberate insincerity. "It is all unreal, artificial, the cover for much self seeking cant and hypocrisy." The writer speaks of the clergy as the thousands who daily "hold forth in this much over-preached at land." Is their work *all* preaching? Do they do nothing else? Does the Bishop of London, for instance, do nothing but preach? The writer has the privilege of an unusually large acquaintance among his brethren of the clergy, simply from the fact of his having for a long time led a more or less wandering life, and having been taking what is called occasional duty, he knows something of the life and work of a large number of clergy. And to him the charge of hypocrisy brought against these men as a class seems not one which could be brought by anyone who had any knowledge of the life and work of these men. Does the hypocrite devote himself from morning till night to a life which is very often one of the most rigid asceticism, which at any rate is one long effort amid the teeming populations of our great cities to do something in the service of humanity? In spite of the most wicked slanders of a distinguished lady novelist (Miss Corelli), does not the extreme rarity of anything like a "clerical scandal" prove that the deliberate and hypocritical evil liver is rarer perhaps among the clergy of all denominations than among any other body of men of so great a number. And can anyone deny that there are among them a very large body of men whose lives are one long effort to do all that they can to relieve and ameliorate all that "A Man in the Street" mourns over as do we all. Sir W. Besant was just to the clergy in his portrait of Rev. Smith in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Disliking his theology, his verdict is, "For the sake of his life we will by no means sneer at this young man."

There are none of the clergy I suppose who would not sorrowfully admit their own imperfections. Few I expect who would not admit that the doctrines of Theology do from time to time need re-statement, and that such is a need at the present time. Though if a clergyman should take this line in the pulpit or in print, there will not be those wanting who will condemn such utterances from one of his position. If strictly orthodox he is called a bigot, if liberal a traitor. Most great Christian Theologians have always admitted that our creeds and formulas are after all imperfect because they are but efforts to express in human language the inexpressible. But we do ask such as "A Man in the Street" whether it is right or wise to throw ridicule upon the means by which we try to elevate suffering man to communion with the unseen unless he is prepared to suggest means more efficacious. And we demand that unless he and others can very fully substantiate what they say, they shall not bring against us the dreadful charge of conscious hypocrisy.

G. H. JOHNSON, M.A.
(Late Chaplain of Monaco.)

SOME COMMENTS BY THE EDITOR.

WE may all recognise a good deal of superficial force in the Chaplain's answer to "A Man in the Street." There was superficial weakness in the original complaint that terrible misery lay in the immediate neighbourhood of churches busying themselves with chasubles and stoles, and some justification on the other hand seems to lie in the Chaplain's appeal to the generally good lives of the clergy as well as in the suggestion that even ceremonious ritual may, in some cases, have an uplifting effect on minds attuned to it. But when we go beneath the surface of each essay the protest of "A Man in the Street" against an ecclesiastical system content to perpetuate medieval conceptions concerning the government of the world and the prospects of humanity, is powerful beyond all comparison as compared with the dainty little apologies for neglecting the imperfections of theological doctrine put forward by the Chaplain.

His answer misses the point entirely as regards all serious criticism of the Church as an organised system. The phrase may sound paradoxical at first, but the real complaint that the serious critic makes concerning the Church of the present day,—a complaint applicable as well to Protestants as to Catholics,—is that the clergy of all denominations are conspicuously indifferent to spiritual truth. Perhaps only a few earnest students outside the church even, at the present age of the world,—earnest enquirers, combining religious fervour with the scientific spirit,—are in a position as yet to claim the possession of spiritual truth in any considerable volume. But great multitudes of cultured people in all parts of the civilised world are sufficiently developed in mind to be utterly out of tune with the medieval theology the clergy are content to pretend that they regard as spiritual truth. Let us take a single leading idea to which the church pretends to attach importance still, and consider it in the light of modern intelligence generally,—the idea that God got out of temper with humanity at a certain stage of its progress, pacified himself by allowing a Saviour to bear the penalty of other people's sins, and so eventually tolerated some, at all events, of the human family, in a Heaven they are not supposed to have attained by virtue of their own merit. The idea may be phrased sometimes in vaguer terms which sound more reverential, and the more advanced clergy—in private conversation,—will repudiate the doctrine thus crudely stated; but it is the doctrine their orthodox text books lay down. The central feature of what the Church pretends to think Christian teaching is represented by the simple conception just put forward, and this has contributed perhaps as much as any other influence that has ever prevailed in the world to encourage bygone generations, when faith was more vivid, in sin and wickedness from the penalties of which they hoped to be exempt if they professed with eloquent gusto that they believed in the doctrine of vicarious atonement.

And however the advanced clergy may seek to disentangle themselves from the absurdities of the idea, it would be impossible to deny that great numbers of their colleagues have so far atrophied their own understanding as to believe sincerely in this doctrine,—that people may be saved from horrors in a future state

which they do not deserve to incur, by merits which are not their own, and may thus enter into a future state of felicity to which they are not morally entitled. When the nonsensical scheme is stated in plain terms the theologian takes refuge in the theory that the methods of divinity are inscrutable.

Now apart from the question how far this pernicious doctrine may have been accountable for the sins and sufferings of the world during past centuries, it is quite certain that, even at the worst no more than a small minority of cultured people, outside the church in the present day, accept it sincerely. But even if they are disinclined to trouble themselves with much thinking concerning religious matters, and are quite beyond the influence of such teaching considered as a practical force guiding their conduct, they will form part of that enormous crowd of church-goers for whom the practices of religion are simply matters of social respectability. Their lives may not be destitute of moral principle; quite the contrary. An unwritten code of morals is developed by the influence of civilised life, and it would be difficult to disentangle the threads of that moral fabric so as to determine which are due to some sound conceptions interwoven with religious teaching, and how far others are the bequest of non-theological philosophies. But more and more as time goes on does the Church cease to represent the progress of human intelligence in the direction of comprehending divine things. More and more does it rely, for the loyalty of the laity, on social decorum, the personal character of its representatives, and the painstaking charity of the good parson in the country parish.

Now the world cannot go on for ever content with a mere caricature of that supremely important region of natural science which has to do with spiritual conditions; with the actual truths of human experience lying beyond the changes of death; with the purposes underlying the evolution of the human race; with the divine idea that may be the goal of that stupendous process. The Church of the future, if the future will decide to maintain a Church at all, must be abreast of the most advanced intelligence concerned with spiritual investigation, must have its eyes open to every new possibility of advancing knowledge, just as the eyes of the chemist or physicist are open on this plane of life to every

new discovery which can expand his comprehension of the work with which he is engaged. And because such a character must appertain to any body of persons concerned, as the world advances, with the guidance of its spiritual thought, the present ecclesiastical system, rooted in medieval superstition, hedged in on every side by worldly interests, fearful lest any change in its relations with spiritual thought should compromise its pecuniary welfare, cannot but fall into deeper and deeper discredit as time goes on. The real church of the future, if it comes into existence at all, must be organised on principles utterly at variance with those now in operation. It should be to spiritual science and aspirations, what the Royal Society is to physical investigation,—a body of men very varied as regards their specialities, but all leading men in their way, and all having to do with ways tending towards the expansion of scientific knowledge. The notion of maintaining cut and dried beliefs, irrespective of advancing discoveries that might modify them, should be as grotesquely absurd for the student of Divinity as for the student of optics.

And this is why "A Man in the Street" is disgusted with talk about Eucharistic vestments and Holy Oil. If these were symbols of some idea of noble dignity in the abstract, or in harmony with the advanced spiritual science of the age, they might have claims to toleration, on the ground that some people are in sympathy with symbols; but when they are symbols of nothing,—residual practices springing from ignorance of spiritual science, they are doubly indefensible, though belonging rather to the order of follies that are laughed at, than to that of serious offences against human welfare,—like the whole theory of theological orthodoxy.

SOME COMMENTS BY "A MAN IN THE STREET."

MR. JOHNSON is of opinion that "parsons" are "held up to obloquy because they do not perform tasks to which it is not too much to say Angels would be unequal." I know nothing about Angels or their powers; indeed I am inclined to regard Angels as part and parcel of that medieval superstition which the editor has so effectively dealt with. Nor do I agree that society cries out

"Why do you not regenerate us?" Society, if it cries out at all, is rather inclined to say: "Why do you not leave us alone?" I can assure Mr. Johnson that I at any rate have no desire to sneer at the "parson," nor do I regard him as "fair game" or a subject for obloquy; I am really sorry for him, and I am the more sorry after reading Mr. Johnson's reply to my article if his opinions and ideas be those held by "parsons" generally. Because he seemingly fails to comprehend that the *raison d'être* of "parsons" has long since lapsed, and that most thinking men now regard them as merely interesting relics of past credulity.

Can a Bishop, asks Mr. Johnson, "with a magician's wand alter the complex social conditions on which poverty, ignorance, crime, drunkenness, all the manifold things which are the causes of human wretchedness depend?" Of course he cannot. How could he, since he forms a part of those "complex social conditions" which are largely responsible for the evils referred to? I doubt whether a Bishop would suggest, as Mr. Johnson does, that these things are as much my business as his. I, however, think that such is the case, and, so thinking, I am anxious to sweep away Bishops, "Parsons," and other remnants and relics of medieval superstition. Mr. Johnson considers there is no "logical force" in my statement that close to a great Cathedral every variety of squalor, wretchedness and misery is found, because the same may be found near my own home. No doubt, but I do not make broad my phylacteries by wearing a distinctive costume and hat; I do not claim to be an Ambassador of the Most High, nor to have particular graces and gifts imparted to me by a mysterious "Apostolic succession," nor to be maintained in comfort not to say affluence by other persons because I have given myself to God. What I intended to convey by my reference to the Cathedral was, that the couple of dozen priests therein employed gabbling through incessant services would be more usefully occupied in going out and coping with the misery, vice and wretchedness to be found contiguous to their Cathedral.

I do not think that any of the ceremonies referred to in my article bring into many lives "a sense of the unseen," if I understand aright what Mr. Johnson means by that much used but ill-defined phrase. The object of all ceremonies and ceremonials

in all Christian religions, when one gets at the bottom of them, is simply priestcraft. Mr. Johnson's attempted comparison between the rights and ceremonies of Christianity and the details of Army organization is more than "thin," it is puerile. The details of Army organization are only important in so far as they tend to increase the efficiency of the objective point of an Army, its ability to meet and defeat the enemy. What should we think of an Army solely concerned about dress, and forms, and ceremonies, having nothing whatever to do with its real end, and not only neglecting but ignoring all those matters connected with the object for which it exists? This is precisely the position of the Church, or rather all the Churches. They are occupied, almost entirely occupied, about ceremonies, paraphernalia and finance. Some of the "parsons," seeing but not admitting the fatuity of the religious system they are living in and living by, endeavour to evolve themselves into Presidents of a kind of Ethical Society and managers of Soup Kitchens, Blanket Clubs, and so on. This is, I admit, a much more laudable occupation than being concerned about chasubles, holy oils, &c., but the very fact of this evolution sweeps away these clerics' *raison d'être*. Nevertheless, they still call themselves "Reverend" and talk at least twice a week about things they do not understand and very often do not believe in. I do not bring any charge of hypocrisy against clerics as a body. I know by long experience the capacity of the human mind for self-deception, and the ability of most men to convince themselves of anything they desire, or that it may be their interest to believe. I do not term casuistry of this kind hypocrisy. Many of the clergy of all denominations are married men with families dependent on them: their habits are fixed, their education has been only partial, their ideas are warped through having travelled for years in one direction when they have not been absolutely stagnant. What are such men to do, if, having found out the futility of their career, they were to throw it up? They cannot dig, and long habit has made them beggars in one direction only. They consequently remain where they are, and endeavour to do the best they can. Such men are, of course, not heroes, they are simply minor philosophers.

The "Doctrines of Theology," which Mr. Johnson, even, admits

require re-statement, are now held implicitly by very few reasoning men. I am not quite certain, indeed, how many of these doctrines are left, because the Christian clergy are gradually but surely discarding many of them. Of recent years I have heard the Incarnation, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, and others stated from the pulpit to be non-essentials of belief. I confess I don't know what is essential, nor do I much care. Ecclesiasticism, in my opinion, is played out, and though it will no doubt linger in the form of Roman Catholicism, the non-Catholic varieties of it are hardly likely to long exist devoid of dogmas of which there will soon be none left. What does not seem to have suggested itself to Mr. Johnson, as to other champions of "parsons," is that no Bishop or Minister of any denomination ever thinks of going to the Bible for his Christianity, or, at any rate, he only goes there for just as much as suits him. The Bishop of Salisbury picks out an obscure text to sanction his Holy Oil, which the Apostle James recommended from a medicinal standpoint. This Bishop can, however, find nothing in St. James' Epistle, or any other part of the New Testament to justify his spiritual peerage, his palace, his large revenues, or a State-endowed church. There was no "my Lord" among the Apostles, no "parsons," no tithes and most certainly no chasubles. The counsel of Jesus to the young man to sell all he had and give it to the poor, and take up his cross and follow Him, is often preached from Christian pulpits, but the lesson of that story is seldom applied. Indeed, the Bishops and "Parsons" of clerical Christianity are busy accumulating money. Never a Bishop dies without leaving a goodly sum in cash behind him. His children are well provided for. So, too, are, for the most part, those of the "parson." They act on their human instincts in this matter—those instincts and that worldly experience which teach them that money is a very essential thing, and the possession thereof a very powerful lever, socially and otherwise. They are excellent business men these "parsons," their money is usually well invested, they certainly do not practice the biblical injunction to "take no thought for the morrow," and as they are licensed to beg not only for themselves, but for their families, they manage to attain a much higher general standard of comfort than any other class of the community. I do not

blame them in this matter, but I blame the world. Because the modern cleric is, when rightly considered, a drone of modern civilisation. He is a non-producer, and in a properly constituted community he would, as such, be entitled to nothing. His creed is moribund, and is only waiting to be interred before putrefaction sets in. The world—largely owing to the immense wealth grasped and kept by the various churches—still suffers the "parson," though not gladly, but the tenure of his existence is a strictly limited one, and I should not like to give many years' purchase for it. Religion, of course, is not dead—only the religion of to-day. The latter is destined to go the way of the Paganism of the Roman Empire. Five hundred, nay, one hundred years hence, "The Man in the Street," who turns over the pages of the present volume of BROAD VIEWS in the British Museum, when he reads the lucubrations of Mr. Johnson will, I feel certain, be lost in amazement, that a man affecting to have a divine commission, should have had such scant prevision as to imagine that holy oils and chasubles, bishops and their palaces, the clergy and the church, were likely to endure much longer. "The Man in the Street" of, say, 2,006, will furthermore, I think, wonder exceedingly how an educated gentleman writing only a century previously could have believed that a "hard-worked shop-girl" was really "solaced" by hearing a minor canon at St. Paul's intoning the service against time. Poor shop-girl, if this be indeed thy only solace in life, life has for thee been a veritable cup of bitterness. A drudge all the week—and then a minor canon on one note to soothe thy weary lot! How long, O Lord, how long?

H. B. MONTGOMERY.

PRACTICAL JOKES PLAYED BY LIGHTNING.

SEDATE students of electrical science pay but little attention as a rule to the strange and bewildering tricks that lightning will sometimes play when in its more frivolous moods. These moods are not exhibited very frequently, and for the most part lightning excites admiration or fear according to the temperament of the observer, but the well-known French astronomer, Monsieur Camille Flammarion, has devoted himself for many past years to the collection of instances in which the behaviour of lightning is eccentric and unintelligible, and at the same time so startling and yet harmless as to suggest the notion that it is guided by a sense of humour in its relations to human kind. The records thus collected have been lately published in the English tongue in a volume entitled "Thunder and Lightning."

To begin with, the author gives us an extraordinary series of narratives concerning the behaviour of fire-balls; electrical phenomena so ill understood that up to a few years ago they were treated in some more or less authoritative text books as meteors, belonging to the same category as falling stars, while in some others they were recognised as electrical phenomena and spoken of as "globe lightning." Professor P. G. Tait, writing in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* describes this variety of lightning as the most mysterious phenomenon of any connected with thunderstorms. The globes or balls in question, often more than a foot in diameter, appear, he says to fall from thunderclouds by their own gravity, "sometimes rebounding after striking the ground." He does not venture however to attempt any suggestion as to their

true nature, and the phrase just quoted shows that he has not been in a position to consider such data as Monsieur Flammarion has collected. Fire-balls do not merely rebound from the earth, but wander about in an inquisitive fashion by virtue of some mysterious energies within their own constitution. They sometimes find their way into rooms, before finally exploding, as they seem generally to do in the end. In a well authenticated case in the year 1898 in Marseilles, such a fire-ball made its appearance in a room where a girl was seated at a table. It moved around her without hurting her, then made its way up the chimney and burst in the open air with an appalling crash which shook the entire house. In another case in Paris a fire ball visited a tailor; frightened, but avoided hurting him, and then rose so near his face that he leaned back and fell over, while the ball itself " continued to rise and made its way towards a hole which had been made at the top of the chimney for the insertion of a stove pipe in the winter, but which, as the tailor put it afterwards, the fire ball could not see because it was closed up with paper. The ball stripped off the paper neatly, entered the chimney quite quietly, and having risen to the summit, produced a tremendous explosion, which sent the chimney top flying, and scattered it in bits all over the neighbouring courtyard and surrounding roofs."

In another case where two children had taken refuge during a thunderstorm against the door of a stable containing 25 oxen, a fire ball approached them very slowly, " seeming almost to pick its way between the pools of water on the ground," came so near the children that one of them actually touched it with his foot when immediately a terrible crash ensued in the midst of which the two children were thrown to the ground uninjured, whilst 11 of the oxen in the stable were killed. A more ridiculous but less ferocious fire ball got under the petticoats of a peasant woman during a storm, blew them out like an umbrella, tore some of her underclothing, but slipped out through her bodice without doing her more harm than was represented by a slight mark on the skin. Certainly nothing which is known concerning electric science enables one at present to frame any intelligent hypothesis to account for proceedings of this kind. Except that the phenomenon by its association with thunderstorms has manifestly

something to do with electricity there would be no reason for connecting it with that marvellous force so far as any of its doings are concerned.

But lightning itself without, so to speak, disguising itself or masquerading in any other form, will sometimes in its playful moods play tricks which push the privileges of the practical joke beyond the limits of decency. "One of the strangest tricks," says Monsieur Flammarion, "to which lightning is addicted is that of undressing its victims." In one curious case amongst those of his variegated record, we are introduced to a woman who for some reason has disguised herself in man's costume. "A storm suddenly comes on. A flash of lightning strikes her, carries off and destroys her clothes and boots. She is left stark naked and has to be wrapped in a cloth and taken thus to the neighbouring village." But we must not assume that the lightning in this case was merely punishing the woman for her assumption of masculine attire. Two innocent girls, in another case at Courcelles-les-Sens in France, were in just the same way stripped to the skin by a stroke of lightning, even their boots being torn from their feet, though otherwise they were left safe and sound, and as Monsieur Flammarion not unreasonably adds, "astonished." Unhappily in this case, the lightning was not content with amusing itself at the expense of the girls, but savagely killed a middle-aged woman standing near. Nor are we to suppose that practical jokes of the kind just described are perpetrated exclusively at feminine expense. There is one record concerning a man stripped stark naked by lightning at Vallerois, (Haute Saône), who was not further hurt himself beyond being rendered unconscious for a few minutes. "When he opened his eyes," says the story before us, "he complained of the cold, and inquired how he happened to be naked." Unfortunately for him, the lightning in this case had actually stolen his clothes, for nothing could be found to account for them, except a shirt sleeve and some bits of his hob-nailed boots.

As Mr. Flammarion says, there is no telling what lightning will not do. In one case a girl is sitting at her sewing machine during a storm, a pair of scissors in her hand; a flash of lightning appears on the scene. The moment afterwards her scissors are

gone and she herself, uninjured, finds herself sitting on the sewing machine. A farmer's labourer is carrying a pitch fork on his shoulder; lightning seizes it, flings it away about 50 yards, and the two prongs are found to have been twisted into the shape of corkscrews. Lightning is not in the least afraid of holy water, and in one case when a woman during a storm is sprinkling her house from a bottle thereof, the lightning smashes the bottle in her hands without admonishing her in any other way, although unhappily in other cases it exhibits its indifference to ecclesiastical authority in a more ferocious fashion; for during a storm in 1866, at Dancé, in the department of the Loire, a flash of lightning struck a church, killed the priest and all the congregation, knocked over the monstrance on the altar, and buried the Host in a heap of *debris*. But with reference to tragic occurrences of that nature there is little room for surprise knowing what we do of "electrocution," where the electric energies employed are insignificant compared to those of the thunderstorm. One is not astonished at the loss of life when lightning flashes down on to the earth in human neighbourhood. The cases in which it so flashes down and manifests its power on inanimate objects without killing the people concerned, are those that bewilder the imagination and defy the attempt to suggest scientific explanations.

If we think of a lightning stroke in these cases, as we think of a bullet which might theoretically rip the coat a man should be wearing, without actually wounding his skin, that explanation will not help us far towards understanding the phenomena Monsieur Flammarion deals with. For example, in one case a certain doctor Gaultier de Claubry, was struck by lightning, with the extraordinary result, that, although apparently otherwise unhurt, his beard was taken off him, roots and all, so that it never grew again. Here the electric energy has actually been operative within the man's body, and yet has spared his life.

The book before us, of course, includes a great many records that are far indeed removed from the region of practical joking. Among the more tragic experiences, we come upon a case in which a vessel was struck at the moment when the crew was dispersed over the yards, and endeavoured to furl the sails.

Fifteen of the sailors were killed in the twinkling of an eye. Sometimes people so killed, will show no sign of the slightest injury on subsequent medical examination. In other cases, the the burns inflicted are of such a kind, as to give rise to "a stench nearly as offensive as that of burnt sulphur mingled with empyreumatical oil." And perhaps one of the most inconceivable brutalities of which lightning has been convicted, has to do with a case of a woman who was expecting her confinement. She was struck by lightning. The child of which she was delivered shortly afterwards was found dead and burnt, but the mother was uninjured and recovered her health. And with reference to inanimate objects lightning will be sometimes as capricious as in its dealings with human beings. One case is recorded, although it is dated 1761, so that it cannot be surrounded with the evidence Monsieur Flammarion has collected in more recent cases, where lightning struck a loaded carbine leaning against the wall. "The muzzle was slightly melted by the spark, which ran along the barrel to the trigger, and which it soldered together in parts. There were five bullets melted and soldered together in the magazine and the wads much scorched. However incredible as it may seem, there was no explosion."

While the vagaries of lightning are so unintelligible in their character, it is not on the whole surprising that men of science who do not like making too frequent confessions of ignorance, are generally disposed to take interest in other things.

NICOLAS FLAMEL AND THE ALCHEMICAL MYSTERY.

By Mrs. A. P. Sinnett.

The subject of Alchemy is one that has both puzzled and fascinated a certain class of students for hundreds of years, and is to-day still almost as obscure, from some points of view, as when it was the pursuit most in vogue with men of science and money-seekers in the 9th, 10th, and later centuries. The most thoughtful and erudite of modern writers on this theme have shown conclusively that the true alchemists of all ages were in search, not of gold, but of wisdom. Their transmutations had nothing primarily to say to the physical metals, these being used by them merely as symbols of the potentialities and attributes hidden within the souls of men. "The Philosopher's Stone," "The Elixir of Life," "The Pearl of Great Price," and all such expressions were used as descriptive of a condition of consciousness, a condition transcending in scope and power of cognition, any born of, and limited by the use of the physical senses or the physical brain. This state of consciousness, this inner vision or illumination once attained, there seems to be little or no doubt that physical transmutation from baser metals into gold or silver became a perfectly simple operation, and required neither elaborate chemical processes carried on in furnaces, or vast paraphernalia of any kind. In reading even a few of the many books available on Alchemy it is astonishing to find how

clearly and repeatedly followers of the art are enjoined to remember that the knowledge must be sought for within and not from without, that the mercury, sulphur, salt, or metals generally when spoken of by the writers are not to be mistaken for the vulgar or ordinary metals of the mines. The planets are continually utilised as symbols by the alchemists, Saturn being very much in request.—He almost invariably represents the physical man. — Isaac Hollandus, in his treatise "A Work of Saturn," says, "My child must know that the stone called the Philosopher's Stone, comes out of Saturn, and know, my child, for a truth, that in the whole vegetable world there is no higher or greater secret than is in Saturn. . . . Lock this up in thy heart and understanding; this Saturn is the stone which the philosophers will not name . . . . The name remains concealed because of the evils which might proceed from its being known. All of the strange parables which the philosophers have spoken mystically of a stone, a moon, a furnace, a vessel; all this is Saturn, for you must not put any strange thing but only that which comes out of it. There is none so poor in this world that cannot operate and promote this work, for *Luna* may be easily made of Saturn in a short time, and in a little time longer *Sol* may be made from it. And though a man be poor, yet may he very well attain unto it, and may be employed in making the Philosopher's Stone. Wherefore my child all that we have need of is concealed in Saturn, for in it is a perfect mercury, in it are all the colours of the world." Geber, the Arabian Prince, writes, "The Artist should be intent on the true End only, because our art is reserved in the *Divine Will of God*, and is given to, or withheld from, whom he will; who is glorious, sublime, and full of justice and goodness . . . . Dispose yourself by exercise to the study with great industry and labour, and a *continued deep meditation, for by these you may find it, and not otherwise* . . . . If we have concealed anything ye sons of learning wonder not, for we have not concealed it from you, but have delivered it in such language as that it may be hid from evil men, and that the unjust and vile might not know it.*

* The above quotations are taken from Hitchcock's instructive book "Alchemy and the Alchemists."

Yet all these and many other injunctions of a similar character were absolutely disregarded by the great majority of the men who spent immense sums of money and endless hours of thought, in their search for gold, in purely physical experiments, ever failing yet never wholly discouraged. The more grotesque and even disgusting some of the recipes given by the writers on Alchemy were, and of no conceivable value unless read figuratively, the more eagerly these owls and bats, as Philalethes calls them, carried them out in their laboratories.

It may be interesting in this connection to bring forward once more a few quotations drawn from the works of some of the most distinguished and highly revered masters of the Art of Alchemy. Basil Valentine, born in the latter part of the 14th century, was a monk, but also a man of science who worked with chemicals in a laboratory, and is said to have made discoveries in science much in advance of his time. He writes, * "There are five principal heads to be diligently considered by those who aspire after the wisdom of the true art; the first is the invocation of God; the second, the contemplation of nature; the third, true preparation; the fourth, the way of using; the fifth, the use and profit." In further explanation of what the invocation of God means, he says, "It should flow from the depth of a pure and sincere heart, and a conscience free from all ambition, hypocrisy, and vice, as also from all cognate faults, such as arrogance, boldness, pride, luxury, worldly vanity, oppression of the poor, and similar iniquities which should all be rooted out of the heart with a conscience weeded of all tares, changed into a pure temple of God, cleansed of all that defiles." Further on he continues, "this contemplation which forms the second part of our work, is heavenly and spiritually apprehended, for only the spiritual mind can grasp the circumstances and foundation of all things. Now, this contemplation is two-fold; one is called impossible, the other, possible. The former consists in endless meditations which can have no result, because their object is intangible. Such problems are the eternity of God, the sin against the Holy Ghost, the Infinite Nature of the Godhead. They are incomprehensible, and

* The Triumphal Chariot of Antimony, translated by A. E. Waite. P. 12.

necessarily baffle the finite inquirer. The other part of contemplation is the *Theoria*. It deals with the tangible and visible, which has a temporal form, showing how it can be dissolved, and thereby perfected into any given body; how every body can impart the good or evil medicine or poison which is latent in it, how the wholesome is separated from the unwholesome; how to set about destruction and demolition for the purpose of really and truly severing the pure from the impure without any sophistic guile.' Kirchingrius commenting on other remarks by Valentine on prayer says, "It is not for me to criticise by praise or blame what the author here says about piety, the worship of God, and the invocation of His name. . . . If prayer fulfilled no other purpose, it would at least be useful in imparting earnestness to every search, and concentrating the mind on the object on view. It prevents all distraction and that perfunctory treatment of our problem which is one of the most frequent causes of failure. . . Thus, if prayer be the power of concentration, we can easily understand how it is the means of placing temporal and spiritual blessings within our reach. . . . Hence prayer is highly commended by Basil and all the sages; for godliness is profitable to all things, especially to that which is the greatest of all earthly blessings," meaning the philosopher's stone. Sendivogius, writing on the same theme, says,* "The most high Creator was willing to manifest all natural things unto man, wherefore he showed to us that celestial things themselves were naturally made by which His absolute and incomprehensible Power and Wisdom might be so much the more freely acknowledged, all which things the philosophers in the light of nature as in a looking glass have a clear sight of. . . . But they were willing to speak of these things only sparingly and figuratively lest the Divine mysteries by which Nature is illustrated should be discovered to the unworthy, which thou (reader), if thou knowest how to know thyself and art not of a stiff neck, mayest easily comprehend, created as thou art in the likeness of the great world, yea, after the image of God. . . . . Thou, therefore, that desirest to attain to this art in the first place put thy whole trust in God thy Creator, and urge Him

* New Light of Alchemy.

by thy prayers, and then assuredly believe that he will not forsake thee. . . . Pray, but yet work; God, indeed, gives understanding, but thou must know how and when to use it." Again Alipili, an Arabian alchemist, on the same line of thought, writes: "The highest wisdom consists in this, for man to know himself, because in him God has placed his eternal word by which all things were made, and upheld to be His light and life by which He is capable of knowing all things both in time and eternity. . . . Therefore let the high inquirers into the deep mysteries of nature learn first to know what they have in themselves before they seek in foreign matters without them, and by the divine power within them first heal themselves and transmute their own souls, then they may go on prospering, and seek with good success the mysteries and wonders of God in all natural things." . . . But I admonish thee, whosoever thou art, that desirest to dive into the inmost parts of nature, if that which thou seekest thou findest not within thee, thou wilt never find it without thee. . . . The universal orb of the world contains not so great mysteries and excellencies as a little man formed by God to his own image. And he who desires the primacy amongst the students of nature will nowhere find a greater or better field of study than Himself. . . . O, man, know thyself! in thee is hid the Treasure of Treasures."* Bonus, of Ferara, one of the earliest writers on alchemy, has the following:—

Our art is more noble and precious than any other science, art or system, with the single exception of the glorious doctrine of Redemption through our Saviour, Jesus Christ. It must be studied, not like other arts, for gain, but for its own sake. . . . It may also be called noble, because there is in it a divine and supernatural element. It is the key of all good things, the art of arts, the science of sciences. There are, according to Aristotle, four noble sciences, Astrology, Physics, Magic and Alchemy, but Alchemy bears the palm from them all. Moreover, it is a science which leads to still more glorious knowledge, nor can there be found a branch of human wisdom, either speculative or practical, to equal it. . . . Our art frees not only the body but the soul

* The Pearl of Great Price. Translated by A. E. Waite. P. 139.

from the snares of servitude and bondage, it ennobles the rich and comforts the poor. Indeed it may be said to supply every human want and to provide a remedy for every form of suffering."

It would be very easy to select many more quotations of a similar nature gathered from the enormous mass of literature available on alchemy, and in the face of them it is exceedingly difficult to account for the density and blindness of the hundreds who followed the art in having failed to realise that these were the genuine instructions, without which the chemical recipes, when taken literally, were absolutely meaningless. The question then that arises at once in the mind is—If the purification of the lower nature in man is not only necessary, but the only method of gaining "the Philosopher's Stone," why should the process be kept such a profound secret from poor suffering, ignorant and debased humanity, when by the practice of self restraint and a devotional life men might become good, happy and wise? Where can the danger lurk, if nothing but unselfishness, prayer and self restraint can give the reward to those who seek for this hidden knowledge? There can be little doubt that these alchemical writers disguised under their fantastic language, *not* their real aim, which was undoubtedly one of a lofty and spiritual character, but a secret, the nature of which if prematurely divulged to the world, would surely have become a dangerous power in the hands of unscrupulous and unregenerate men. Consequently, in their books, they emphasise the necessity of a high standard of holiness and virtue in those who search into nature's mysteries, and truly state that without these moral qualifications, success cannot be achieved. But this success refers to the supreme heights of spiritual consciousness, and not merely to the less important but dangerous acquisition of what in these days is spoken of as psychic development. The fact that within the human being lie faculties and powers dormant, it is true, but very ready in many cases to be awakened, was the secret that the alchemical writers successfully concealed from the unworthy and the gold hunters, by putting them on an entirely fruitless line of investigation, while they disclosed to the more serious inquirers the true "Way to Bliss." But granting that this is a reasonable

explanation of the methods adopted by these adepts in alchemy, the puzzle is still not quite unriddled, for why should these men, wise, good, unworldly and unambitious of wealth or fame, have written about alchemy at all, if the knowledge, or any part of it could become dangerous to mankind, either individually or collectively, and why, if they desired to hide their secrets from the public, should they have made use of a symbolism, which in its very nature was bound to attract attention to their proceedings, or to the fact that they held a secret at all by a class of men they especially wished to keep in ignorance. It has been suggested that they wrote their books as a way of communicating with one another when separated by great distances in the world, at a time when travelling was a much more irksome and dangerous proceeding than it is at present, and that they thus published to all alchemists, wherever living, the great news that the "Treasure of Treasures" had once more been discovered. Each in turn describing in metaphorical language the exact process adopted, and the complicated and subtle results obtained. But against this theory, it must be admitted that if the completion of the "Great Work" carries with it all the sages claim of a spiritual nature, then surely physical communication need not have been resorted to by men whose psychic and divine powers would render them independent of ordinary physical plane limitations. Ireneaus Philalethes states in his "Riply Revived," that he wrote his books in order to guide and help earnest students of the art along the tedious and difficult road, and this is perhaps the best as it is the most reasonable explanation forthcoming. For each adept when he had after years of effort found the "Pearl" and realised the glory and joy of its possession, passionately desired that others struggling along the path should also reach that happy condition, and proceeded to explain, as clearly as he dared, his experience, possibly also finding a certain interest in telling afresh, in a terminology of his own devising, of the methods he had adopted, concealing them and the fruits thereof from the vulgar, while endeavouring to render them clear and helpful to the true disciple.

The subject of Alchemy, regarded from this point of view, becomes less difficult to comprehend, and it is comparatively easy

to understand why all the great Alchemists, from Geber, one of the earliest, down to those who lived in the 17th century, dwelt in their writings upon the necessity in this research of moral and physical purity and on prayer, or as Kirchingrius prefer to call it, meditation or concentration.

The chemists, doctors and a throng of needy fortune hunters who followed the work of transmutation, costly in both money and time, for the sake of extracting gold and silver from cheaper metals, seem in their feverish eagerness to have overlooked or disregarded, if observed, these all important instructions as having no application in the field of physical experiments. And although such men were to be reckoned by thundreds between the 7th and 16th centuries, it is more than doubtful whether there can be brought forward one single case of a successful result on those lines of research. On the other hand where the student was working entirely on the effort to raise his own nature and soul by detaching himself from worldly affairs and personal desires, both of which hold the soul in bondage, and restrain it from realising its powers on other planes of consciousness—of such as these there are innumerable examples to be found in hermetic and alchemical literature where success has crowned their efforts. Such as these are historically the only men who were able to produce gold from other metals. Their writings, in spite of the exasperating phraseology employed, are easily understood when once the reader grasps the idea that the human body is the crucible, and his lower nature and tendencies the materials to be transmuted. But even with this clue, the character of the interior psychic action remains, and is likely to remain, sufficiently obscure to the non-psychic student. The alchemists continually in their works regret that the science is misunderstood, and consequently degraded in public estimation by that body of people who are in search only of a physical means of transmutation, and it was this class of investigator who eventually brought the science into disrepute.

Their aims were almost entirely avaricious in their nature, and, as said above, no success followed any of their processes. Those who did gain the "Pearl" were unworldly, and used their

knowledge wholly for the benefit of the poor, for the spread of religion, and in the exercise of all good works. They kept themselves in retirement as much as possible, especially in the dark ages, as the smallest suspicion or rumour being aroused that a man possessed the great secret put him at once into danger. For kings and nobles and men in power were ever ready to pounce down on such a subject in order to gain from him, by fair means or foul, benefits for themselves personally, or for the nations they represented.

Eireneaus Philalethes complains bitterly in his book, "An Open Entrance to the Closed Palace of the King," of the dangers and discomforts that surround men who were either known to be true alchemists or even only suspected of being so. He writes, "Many strangers to this art imagine that if they enjoyed it they would do great good"; so I believed formerly, but the danger I have experienced has taught me otherwise. . . . An adept cannot effect works of mercy to an uncommon extent without in some degree confiding to the secrecy of others, and this is at the hazard of imprisonment and death. I lately had a proof of it, for being in a foreign place I administered the medicine to some distressed poor persons who were dying, and they miraculously recovered. There was immediately a rumour spread abroad of the elixir of life, insomuch that I was obliged to fly by night with exceeding great trouble, having changed my clothes, shaved my head, put on other hair, and altered my name, else I would have fallen into the hands of wicked men that lay in wait for me, merely on suspicion, excited by the thirst for gold . . . . the iniquity of men is so great, that I have known a person to have been strangled with a halter on suspicion; although he did not possess the art, it was sufficient that a desperate man had report of it. This age abounds with ignorant alchemists. However ignorant of science, they know enough to discover an adept, or to suspect him. An appearance of secresy will cause them to search and examine every circumstance of your life. I dare affirm that I possess more riches than the whole world is worth, but I cannot make use of it because of the snares of knaves. I disdain, loathe, and detest the idolising of silver and gold by which pomps and vanities of the world are celebrated. Ah! filthy evil! Ah! vain

nothingness! * No wonder these "Sons of Art" hid their knowledge from the public, wrote under feigned names, and often disappeared entirely from the world, and retired into distant and more secure countries.

One of the most curious and interesting little histories of those bygone times, is that which describes the life and fortunes of Nicolas Flamel. The account of this man's life, and the continuous and ardent study he gave to the work, present a very good illustration of the difficulties to be surmounted, the length of time to be spent, the absorbing interest of the pursuit, and, above all, the glory and joy of the achievement. His fame as an alchemist surrounded him in life, and has remained untarnished up to the present day. He was never subjected to the persecutions and dangers which so many other alchemists underwent, and the interest of his career lies in the account of his incessant industry while in search of the "Stone." His eventual success owed nothing to his worldly position, as his parents were quite humble people, and he never attained to any social dignity higher than that of a respected and well-to-do citizen of his parish. The story and the principal facts of his life are drawn mainly from his Testament and his book* *Hieroglyphics*. And the quotations that will hereafter be used are drawn from Mr. Waite's most interesting volume, "the Lives of the Alchemistical Philosophers," and from "A Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery," a book replete with the most invaluable information on these arts.

Nicolas Flamel was born about the year 1330, probably in Paris, and at all events he lived all his life in that city, or until he was 86 years old, when according to official records he died, and was buried. But, as will be seen later on, there came to be some doubt on this point. Though his parents were poor, Flamel's education enabled him, as he grew to manhood, to earn his living as a scrivener—an occupation which in those days was by no means an unprofitable one. The house in which his parents lived, and which became his own after their death, was situated in Notary Street, in the Parish of St. Jacques la Boucherie, almost adjoining the church of that name. As his business increased, and when he married, he added to it, he set up out-

* Lives of the Alchemistical Philosophers. A. E. Waite. P. 191.

side booths in which much of the work was transacted. In the course of his business all sorts of books and manuscripts passed through his hands, and early in life his interest was aroused in the subject of alchemy, and as it turned out that came to be the real occupation of his life. He married when he was about 40, a woman called Pernelle—her name is almost as well known as that of Flamel, and she always figures in his own writing, as well as in those of other alchemists, as one who could equally, as well as he, transmute the baser of metal into gold. She was evidently no recluse, for before she married Nicolas, she had already buried two husbands. She is described as being still very good to look at, when at 40 she married for the third time. She was also, thanks to the two previous husbands, well dowered, so that between them they had an income more than adequate to their needs and the simple requirements of the age. Their life together was exceedingly happy, so much so, that on three separate occasions in the course of the first 12 years of their married life, they made in legal form three gifts or thankofferings one to the other, in recognition of their mutual contentment. These deeds are still to be seen, and exact copies of them are given in the Abbé Vilain's "Vie de Nicolas Flamel et de Pernelle sa Femme."

Before Flamel joined his life to Pernelle's, there had come into his possession, by purchase, a most interesting book, very ancient and valuable. He frankly says he did not know any more than did the man from whom he bought it, how valuable it turned out to be. He paid for it only two florins. He minutely describes the book in the following words:—"It was not made of paper or parchment as other books are, but of admirable rinds as it seemed to me of young trees. The cover of it was brass, well bound, graven all over with a strange kind of letters which I took to be Greek characters or some such like. This I know, that I could not read them, but as to the matter that was written within, it was engraven, as I suppose, with an iron pencil or graven upon the said bark leaves, done admirably well and in fair, neat Latin letters and curiously coloured. It contained thrice 7 leaves, for so they were numbered on the top of each folio, and every seventh leaf was without writing, but in place thereof were several images

and figures painted. . . . Upon the first of the leaves was written in capital letters of gold, Abraham the Jew Priest, Prince, Levite, Astrologer, and Philosopher, to the nation of the Jews dispersed by the wrath of God in France wishes health. In the second leaf of the book he consoled his nation and gave them pious counsel to turn from their wickedness. . . . In the third leaf, and in all the writings that followed, he taught them, in plain words, the transmutation of metals to the end that he might help and assist his dispersed people to pay their tribute to the Roman Emperors, and some other things not needful here to be repeated."

In connection with this last paragraph, it may be interesting to point out that about the year 284 of this era, Snidas relates that the facility with which the Egyptians were able to make gold and silver, and in consequence, to levy troops against Rome, excited the envy and displeasure of the Emperor to such an extent, that he issued an edict by which every chemical book was to be seized and burned together in the public market place.* Flamel gives a full and particular description of the pictures in his book, but of the text, he says, "As for what was in all the rest of the written leaves which was wrote in good and intelligible Latin, I must conceal, lest God being offended with me, should send his plague and judgments upon me." . . . Henceforth he goes on to say he did nothing else night and day but study this "delicate and precious book." But he could make no headway, being wholly ignorant of the *prima materia*. He became sad and discontented, and this mood so troubled his wife, that he had to tell her the cause and show her the book. She was as pleased and interested in it as Flamel was, but although her sympathy was sweet to him, it did not forward the work. He had the pictures reproduced upon the walls of his chamber, and showed them to all the learned men of his acquaintance, who only laughed at him when he told them they were drawn from a "book that taught the Philosopher's Stone." For want of the right clue and the misunderstanding of the figurative instructions, he writes:—"This strange or foreign discourse to the matter was the cause of my erring, and that made

* A Suggestive Enquiry into the Hermetic Mystery, p. 15.

me wander for the space of one and twenty years in a perfect meander from the verity, in which space I went through a thousand labyrinths or processes, but all in vain." . . . At last he became so impatient of these fruitless efforts, and time passed, in what seemed to him, fruitless study, while yet he remained so ardent in his desire to attain the knowledge that he felt sure the book contained, that he made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James at Mountjoy, in Spain. Pernelle gave her consent, although she had to remain behind and bear alone the long and painful separation such a journey entailed, being quite as keen as Flamel in her desire for enlightenment on the mysteries of the precious book. So he clothed himself as a pilgrim and started forth on his tedious journey. He met with no undue difficulties by the way, and duly arrived at his destination, where, with much devotion, he accomplished his vow, and to some extent met with the reward. For in the course of his travels he was introduced to a learned man, M. Canache, a physician, and, as the acquaintance ripened into intimacy, Flamel showed him some of the pictures out of the book, copies of which he carried with him. The physician at once recognised their meaning and was overwhelmed with excitement and the desire to see the book itself. He arranged, therefore, to travel back to France in Flamel's company, and, while on the road imparted to his companion the all-important key to the development of the Great Work, or in professional language, the *prima materia* towards alchemical adeptship. "He that would see," he writes, "the manner of my arrival home, and the joy of Pernelle, let him look upon us two in the city of Paris upon the door of the chappel of St. Jacques la Boucherie, close by the side of my house, where we are both painted kneeling and giving thanks to God." He wasted no time in applying himself to fresh efforts, spurred on by the hope of success, and the help accorded him by M. Canaches. But he had still to face some years of study before he overcame the difficulties that confronted him. He writes, "Though I had the first principles, yet not their preparation, which is a thing the most difficult above all things in the world—but in the end I had that also after a long aberration and wandering in the labyrinth

of errors for the space of three years, during which time I did nothing but study and search and labour, ... praying also continually to God and reading attentively in my book; pondering the words of the philosophers, and then trying and proving the various operations which I thought they might mean by their words." At length the way lay open before him, for he adds—"Knowing the preparation of the prime agents, and then literally following the directions in my book, I could not then miss the work if I would. Having attained this, I came now to projection." His first attempt was made upon 1½ lbs. of mercury, which he turned into silver "better than that of the mine, as I found by assaying it myself, and also causing others to assay it for me several times." This was done in the year 1382—in his own house, Pernelle alone being present. Then three months later, following the directions in his book, he attempted projections for gold on the same amount of mercury, Pernelle, as before, being the only person present with him at the time. "This mercury I truly transmuted into almost as much gold, much better indeed than common gold, more soft also and more pliable, I speak in all truthfully. I have made it three times with the help of Pernelle, who understands it as well as myself, because she assisted me in my operations, and, without doubt if she would have done it alone, she would have brought the work to the same or full as great perfection as I had done. I had truly enough when I had done it once; but I found exceeding great pleasure and delight in seeing and contemplating *the admirable works of nature within the vessels*. . . . "

I was much concerned for a long time lest Pernelle, by reason of extreme joy, should not hide her felicity, which I measured by my own, and lest she should let fall some words among her relations concerning the great treasure we possessed. For an extremity of joy takes away the understanding as well as an extremity of grief and sorrow. But the goodness of the great God had not only given and filled me with this blessing, to give me a chaste and sober wife, but she was also a wise and prudent woman, not only capable of reason, but also to do what was reasonable, and was more discreet and secret than ordinarily other women are. Above all she was exceedingly religious and devout. . . . After this

eulogy to his wife he proceeds to tell how they utilised the great wealth thus acquired. "We formed and endowed with revenues fourteen hospitals, three chapels, and seven churches in the City of Paris, all which we new built from the ground, and were able to enrich with gifts and revenues. We have also done at Boulogne about the same as at Paris, besides our own private charities, which it would be unbecoming to particularise."

Such are the main facts in the life of this man so famous in the annals of alchemy. He worked unceasingly for at least 21 years before he rose to success. What his labours consisted of can only be surmised; there is no mention in his testament of laboratory experiments. And, indeed, alchemy was such a costly pursuit when carried out on the basis of physical investigation that it was known to exhaust the resources of really wealthy men. But Flamel, although in easy circumstances, had last of all nothing but his earnings as a scrivener wherewith to feed his furnaces, if he pursued his art by their means. Indeed, his income instead of diminishing as time went on appears to have steadily increased, as there is much evidence to show; therefore, it is not likely that he was put to any enormous expense in his researches.

Pernelle made her last will and testament in 1397, and it was executed the following year. She left, with the exception of a small legacy to some of her relations, all her money and property to charity and to Nicolas. It is a very elaborate document, and goes into minute details as to how and where she was to be buried. How many masses were to be said for her, and at what churches; how much was to be spent on wax candles, the amount to be paid for food for the people attending the funeral, and so on—all which is curious, when as some alchemists maintain, she did not die at all, but departed for Switzerland in disguise, to be joined there some years later by her husband—who in the meantime remained behind to cover up her tracks, and to prepare for his own demise and burial on the same lines. Flamel's will is dated November 22nd, 1416, and his death was supposed to take place about three years later. It is a much longer document than Pernelle's, and in it he bequeaths nearly the whole of his property to churches, charitable establishments, and the poor. It is carefully considered, and his goods and money

are distributed with infinite exactitude and care. It is all the more curious, therefore, that there is no mention of the valuable and important book to which he owed his knowledge of and success in alchemy. What became of it, to whom was it entrusted? there is no word to show. If his burial and death were merely a pretence, and he left France incognita, then, of course, all mystery on this account disappears. Mr. Waite, in his before-mentioned "Lives of the Alchemystical Philosophers," gives a quotation at the end of his "Life of Flamel" drawn from a book called "Un Voyage en Grece," by Paul Lucas, and a somewhat condensed version of that extract will form a fitting conclusion to this short account of the labours of the celebrated alchemist. It gives credence to the belief held by some people that Flamel and Pernelle did not die as officially stated, or it may equally well be accepted as being the basis of that belief. There is room for argument on both sides—no absolute proof on either. The incident occurs at Bronosa, in Natolia, and the author relates how he came into touch with four dervishes, one of them, who said he was an Usbec of Tartary, seemed to be more accomplished than the rest, and spoke many languages. "After he had conversed in Turkish, he asked me if I could speak Latin, Spanish or Italian? I said he could speak to me in Italian; but he soon discovered that this was not my mother tongue, and asked me frankly what country I came from? As soon as he knew I was a native of France he spoke to me in as good French as if he had been brought up at Paris," but as it turned out he had never been in France at all. On another occasion the Usbec told him, "He was one of seven friends who travelled to perfect their studies, and every twenty years met in a place previously appointed. I perceived that Bronosa was the place of their present meeting, and that four of them had arrived. Religion and natural philosophy took up our thoughts by turns, and at last we fell upon chemistry, alchemy, and the Cabala. I told him all these, especially in the philosophers' time, were regarded by most men of sense as mere fictions. That, replied he, should not surprise me, the sage hears the ignorant without being shocked, but does not, for that reason sink his understanding to the same level. When I speak of a

sage, I mean one who sees all things die and revive without concern, he has more riches in his power than the greatest king, but lives temperately above the power of events.

"Here I stopped him :—With all these fine maxims the sage dies as well as other people. Alas, said he, I perceive you are unacquainted with sublime science. Such a one as I describe dies indeed, for death is inevitable, but he does not die before the utmost limits of his mortal existence. Hereditary disease and weakness reduce the life of man, but the sage by the use of the true medicine can ward off whatever may hinder or impair the animal functions for a thousand years. . . . . And would you persuade me, said I, that all who possessed the philosopher's stone have lived a thousand years? He replied gravely, Without doubt, everyone might. It depends entirely on themselves. At last I took the liberty of naming the celebrated Flamel, who, it was said, possessed the philosopher's stone, yet was certainly dead. He smiled at my simplicity, and asked with an air of mirth, 'Do you really believe this?' No, no, my friend Flamel is still living; neither he nor his wife are dead. It is not above three years since I left both the one and the other in the Indies. He is one of my best friends. Whereupon he told me the history of Flamel as he heard it from himself, the same as I had read in his book. . . . . Charles the VI., who was then upon the throne, sent M. Cramorsi, a magistrate, and his master of requests, to inquire from Flamel the origin of his riches, when the latter at once saw the danger he was in. Having sent her (Pernelle) into Switzerland to await his coming, he spread a report of his wife's death, had her funeral celebrated, and in a few years ordered his own coffin to be interred. Since that time they have both lived a philosophic life, sometimes in one country sometimes in another. This is the true history, and not that which is believed in Paris, where there are very few who ever had the least glimpse of true wisdom."

AFTER BETTER DAYS.

SOME time ago my attention was arrested by a letter in one of the daily papers, entitled "Birds and Outdoor Relief; Circumventing the Sparrow." It was a plea for the shy birds who hide about our garden shrubs, and who rarely, if ever, approach near to the spots where the bolder birds, "the sparrows," know they are sure to find a meal, in the shape of crumbs from the breakfast-table. This letter had a double meaning to me, it seemed clearly to represent the condition of the "once better off" as against those who are familiarly called "the poor," the sparrows of our gardens, thrusting aside our rarer and more timid birds. Hidden away in some lonely street in our towns, or in little cottages in isolated villages, unknown to the clergy, district visitors and others who daily in some way or other are providing for the wants of the "poor," were poor ladies or gentlemen, shrinking from observation, who cannot endure their poverty being known, will even go without a meal sooner than let the landlady know there is no money to pay for it. How are these shy birds to be reached, and what can be done to alleviate their sufferings? It is a question often asked, and frequently left unanswered for want of knowledge. The task, however, which is a most difficult one, has been undertaken by the United Kingdom Beneficent Association, a charity which pre-eminently stands out amongst the many of the last century as a helper of poor gentle-people.

Before, however, I give a short account of the work done, I would like to draw out the sympathy of my readers, for those who

have seen better days; men and women of gentle birth and refinement and culture who, through no fault of their own, find themselves in middle life or old age without home, money, or friends, and with health so shattered that even were employment to be found, they could no longer earn a living wage. Picture to yourselves, for one moment, the pitiable condition of these people. Many of them are the widows and daughters of men who have held good positions in the army and navy, clerical, medical, and legal professions, some belong to the merchant class, while not a few recall the happy days of childhood spent in some dear old farm-house, surrounded by lands which all belonged to "father." What a change has come into their lives, a change entailing the one room (sufficing for both bed and sitting-room), the fireless grate, with the thermometer down to freezing point, the constant anxiety as to whence the next meal is to come, if failing sight or the infirmities of age prevent the execution of orders for needle-work. "How poor ladies live?" is a problem which puzzles many a wise head, and one which I must confess is no nearer solution than it was 35 years ago, when I first began to study the question. It is simply appalling the amount of distress which I have come across during these years, I should fill a library if I attempted to relate the tales of woe which I have heard, the truth of which I can verify.

Some 42 years ago, the attention of several good men was called to this tragic side of poverty, and, having formed themselves into a committee, they set going the United Kingdom Beneficent Association. An association having for its object "the granting of annuities up to £25 to persons of the upper and middle classes in reduced circumstances who are over 40 years of age, and who are unable from bodily infirmities to earn their own livelihood, and for affording temporary help to candidates awaiting election in urgent distress." Primarily it is what is called a voting charity, but our temporary relief work greatly diminishes the evils of that system. I believe our association to be *unique* in the thoughtful way it caters for the wants both of the annuitants and candidates; for it is truly a nursing mother to all who come under its wing. An annuity is gained by votes; each vote costs 5s., but as there are three elections in the year the actual value is 1s. 8d. per vote.

Unfortunately a very large number of votes are necessary to secure election, but notwithstanding that, last year we elected 57 annuitants by votes, while 47 were selected under special rules by the committee; this is an increase of no less than 16 over any previous year. It is well to remember that for each annuity founded a certain sum of money is invested, thus making the recipient secure for life, however long that life may be.

At the close of last year, 1,028 annuities were being paid. So I am sure time has abundantly proved the need there is for an Association like ours. The annuitants may live in any part of the United Kingdom, and may belong to any religious denomination, as the Association is unsectarian. But so far our work is much like that of any other society of the same character; it is only when we come to the temporary relief work that it can claim its superiority. It is well known, in connection with all charities that require votes, how weary the waiting time is, and this we try to obviate by grants of money from the aforesaid fund to those of our candidates who are in urgent distress, through severe illness or any other temporary difficulty. It often happens that a home is in danger for the want of a few pounds to pay the rent, or change of air is necessary, and very frequently money is needed for a removal, for our poor ladies in this respect are rather like Charles Dickens' "Poor Joe," they must move on. Landladies do not care for lodgers by whom nothing can be made, and who do their own cooking because they do not want her to know how often they go without any dinner. In cases such as these a cheque from the Committee proves of the greatest assistance. But these grants are not all that we do for our candidates. All their days, with few exceptions, are spent in cloudland, but perhaps one of the saddest in the year is Christmas Day. What an awful contrast it must be now to the "better days" of long ago. All around their "poor" neighbours are receiving gifts of all kinds, and reaping the benefits derived from clubs, etc., which are carried on by the benevolent for them, but the poor lady has nothing extra to fall back on; no one knows of her loneliness, and, maybe, empty grate, how should they? Miss —— keeps herself to herself you would be told if you were making any enquiries about her, and there the interest ends; but should Miss —— be one of

our candidates, her Christmas eve is cheered by a good big cheque. For many years past now we have given a Christmas gift of money to every candidate on our list, varying from £3 to £5; this last year we were able to send £5 all round. I leave you to guess the rejoicing with which these gifts are received. Up to the present time we have not been able to extend these Christmas gifts to annuitants, but a new fund has recently been started, called the Annuitants Consolatory Fund, which will enable us to assist them in times of serious illness (how far does 7s. 8d. or 9s. 7d. per week go when a doctor, and perhaps a nurse has to be found) and also, I trust, we may in time have sufficient money at our disposal with which to help some of the most aged to obtain a few extra comforts during the winter months.

But I claimed for our Association the privilege of being a mother to our poorer sisters, and surely one of a mother's duties is to clothe her children, and that we do most royally. There is a store-room at the office in 7, Arundel-street, Strand, and what a beehive that room is. Just think of it! We provide clothing for all our annuitants and candidates, of whom, at the present time, we have over 1,400, and we include as recipients of our gifts any near relative or friend with whom they may be living. To dress, no I should say clothe, on what is left out of £20 or £25 per annum, when board, lodging, and firing have been provided, is an absolute impossibility, and yet to my mind there is nothing so trying to either man or woman as having to appear before their equals unsuitably dressed. To be poor is one thing, to appear poor, well,—you know the rest. They are truly pathetic the requests I receive for suitable clothing, because perhaps the applicant has had an invitation to visit a former pupil, and does not wish to disgrace her host. It is the aim of our Association to do all its work, so as to cheer and brighten the lives of those for whom we are working. Everything in connection with it is managed as privately as possible, and I may add even tenderly, with due consideration for the sensitive feelings which naturally belong to persons "down in the world"; we try to avoid anything that looks like charity, or can *hurt* these brave women who have struggled for years in the battle of life, and who would even now not confess themselves beaten, if it were not for old age and bodily infirmities.

We find friends for them who show them little social attentions, write them cheery letters, &c. Sometimes we can arrange short visits into the country, where they are received into the family circle, and for a time feel themselves each in their former positions.

I shall feel more than grateful if these feeble words of mine arouse any interest in this most pathetic subject. "After better days." It is, without doubt, the saddest side of poverty, and one which is not within "the ken" of many who could help did they but realise it existed. How the sad state of things comes about it is easy to see. It is caused either by a reverse of fortune, in middle life, when it is almost impossible for a man or woman to find any employment, or by the loss of a situation at the same age which cannot be replaced however good the testimonials. How little people think when they part with a governess between 40 or 50 years of age, who has educated their children and shared for years their comfortable home, that unless she can obtain another situation, which ten to one she will not, she may be sooner or later reduced to the condition of those of whom I have been writing, but I know from experience it is the unhappy fate of many.

It has been wisely said that the great art in life is to cultivate the love of doing good and promoting the interest of others. I trust this article may suggest to my readers a way in which they can cultivate that art. I will gladly give any information respecting the Association; or papers relating to the same can be obtained by writing to our Secretary, H. Burton Osborn, Esq., 7, Arundel-street, Strand, W.C.

ADA M. KIRBY,
Kelsey, Landseer-road, Bournemouth.

PASSING EVENTS.

A LETTER published in the *Times* last month, in the type devoted to honoured correspondents, dwells upon the curious contrast afforded between the anxiety prevalent among politicians concerning the religious creeds taught to children in schools, and the ready acquiescence of English people generally in the transfer of an English princess to a Roman Catholic husband, with a new faith as part of her trousseau. Lord Hugh Cecil, for example, "will acquiesce in nothing less, for the children of Church people, than the Church Catechism, the whole Church Catechism, and nothing but the Church Catechism." But meanwhile "the niece of a most Protestant King who denounces Roman Catholicism with a most terrible oath as a very condition of his ascending the throne" acquiesces with perfect complacency in her adoption of that same Roman Catholicism as a condition of a marriage held to be suitable from the worldly point of view. "Bishops, Nonconformists and Cardinals are alike silent and acquiescent."

This is not rigorously true, because one clergyman has made himself comically conspicuous by denouncing the Spanish marriage as an outrage on Protestant principles, but he is merely the exception—the amusing exception that proves the rule. The letter referred to is headed "The Importance of a Faith," in the same humorous spirit, no doubt, which induced a cynical genius, whose name for sufficient reasons has rarely been quoted in recent years, to write a play, entitled "The Importance of Being in Earnest."

But while the obligation to which princesses are exposed, of suiting their faith to the fashions of the countries to which the

conditions of their rank may drift them, the attitude of mind criticised in the *Times*, is really indicative of very much more important currents of feeling than those which, even in the ages of faith, rendered people complaisant to apostacies dignified by an adequate mundane motive. In regard to their creeds, the majority of cultivated people belonging to the Western world, are passing through a transitional period, in which mental conceptions are nearly as entangled as the pictures on a screen exhibiting dissolving views, when the change from the one to the other has just been half accomplished. The cabman of a London street scene may still be perceptible amidst the beauties of a Turkish harem in process of development, or bits of an English village may survive for a few moments among the waves which, to quote the beautiful Tennysonian phrase, "roar rock-thwarted under billowy caves behind the windy wall." The formularies of religious textbooks may still preserve declarations of belief which are as extinct in all cultured minds as the Gods of Olympus, and here and there belated representatives of mediæval superstition cling to the letter of discarded doctrines, that their more intelligent *confrères* attempt with painstaking subtleties to explain away.

In a very amusing fashion this situation has been exemplified during the past few weeks by a teapot storm in the parish of Gorleston. The Rev. Forbes Phillips, vicar of that parish, somewhat remarkable amongst vicars as also a playwright, has incidentally revealed his conviction that the doctrine of the Resurrection does not actually mean that the bones and flesh of the world's churchyards shall revert to their original uses at the judgment day, but simply that in another life a spiritual body of some sort shall be provided for those who have escaped from the imprisonment of flesh, and shall thus relieve the souls of the departed of the painful embarrassment of quarrelling amongst themselves for physical molecules, which, as a matter of scientific certainty must during successive ages have played a part in many more than one human organism on the physical plane. One might have supposed that it was hardly necessary even for a clergyman in the present day to explain away the resurrection of the body in any manner required to redeem it from the degrading and disgusting imbecility of its literal meaning

as expressed in the prayer books. One certainly would have supposed that no man of decent culture could have been found in the present day "from Eddystone to Berwick Bounds" to maintain the literal significance of the grotesque theory which mediæval blockheads have bequeathed to a generation of theologians who ought to be ashamed of themselves for allowing it to stand amongst religious writings claiming reverence at the present day. And yet it turns out that persons have been found, including the patron of the Gorlestone living, who express indignant astonishment that Mr. Phillips can remain in the enjoyment of that living if he thinks there shall be no bodily resurrection of Christ's believers according to the creeds to which he gave his unfeigned assent at his ordination. And a newspaper questioning various persons supposed to represent religious opinion reports Dr. Clifford, the Baptist minister, as declaring his belief that the general body of his congregation actually accepted as a true statement of the facts, that the physical resurrection of the body would take place. One is tempted to paraphrase the language imputed to a certain Indian Baboo, and to ask whether we are really living in "the so-called" twentieth century?

OUTSIDE scientific circles, people will hardly be impressed by the announcement that it has at last been found possible to derive fixed nitrates on a commercial scale from the nitrogen of the atmosphere. The statement may seem to concern merely those interested in the details of laboratory work. As a matter of fact, the achievement represents the possible salvation of the future world from a famine that would otherwise have been impending.

Some years ago, when president of the British Association, Sir William Crookes perplexed his audience by entering into an elaborate calculation concerning the possibilities of wheat production, and the growth of the wheat-eating population of the world. It was shown that the available ground of the world suitable for growing wheat, would fail eventually to supply a harvest sufficient to feed the increasing population of the world dependent on wheat as a staple food. America itself, hitherto regarded by careless thinkers as an inexhaustible fountain of wheat, would in a measurable future absorb all it

could produce, and would even be clamouring for more. Great Britain, dependent on foreign supply for at least three quarters of its bread, would be asking vainly for contributions that foreign states would no longer be in a position to spare. The only hope for the future apparently lay in the development of methods by means of which the fertility of existing wheat fields should be increased, and this result could only be accomplished if the progress of science enabled the chemists of the future to suggest a means by which artificial fertilisers could be manufactured, when the supply of nitrates from Chili should be exhausted. Wheat cannot be grown without nitrates in the soil. Manures of the ordinary kind supply these imperfectly. For many years the Chili nitrates have been the agriculturist's main resource.

But you cannot make nitrates without having nitric acid to begin with; and you cannot get nitric acid except from natural nitrates found already in the earth! And these deposits are by no means abundant or widely distributed. The only hope seemed to lie in the possibility of manufacturing nitric acid from the nitrogen of the atmosphere, the volume of which for practical purposes may indeed be considered infinite. It was always known that the energy of the electric spark provoked the combination of nitrogen and oxygen so as to form nitric acid, but in only an infinitesimal degree. Nitrogen cannot be burned, like some other gases, although the product, if it could be so burned, would be the desired nitric acid. But on the whole it is well for humanity that it can only burn in a temperature considerably higher than than that engendered by its own combustion, or else, as Professor Sylvanus Thompson lately put it in a lecture on this subject at the Royal Institution, the first time the first savage contrived to kindle a flame, the atmosphere of the world would have taken fire and humanity would have been drowned in a deluge of nitric acid.

Now the recent achievement accomplished by a Norwegian firm, the partners of which are not merely manufacturers, but scientific discoverers, has turned upon what seems at the first glance a discovery of purely academical interest for laboratory electricians alone. When the arc light is surrounded by a strong magnetic field, the current of electricity, or what looks like an electric

flame, passing from one of the carbon poles to the other, is spread out into a disc, set at right angles to the centre lines of the poles. This disc presents a very much greater surface, so to speak, to the nitrogen of the air around it, than the mere spark or even the mere current of the arc, and when immense volumes of electric energy are employed, this disc of electric flame may assume considerable magnitudes, even measured in many feet. Thus an arrangement is obtained by means of which nitrous acid fumes can be drawn off, by suitable apparatus, in considerable quantity.

The possibility of working the process on a commercial scale ensues from the fact that Norway has, so to speak, been constructed by Providence with a special eye to the requirements of the electric engineer. The abundant water power available renders it possible for the Norwegian manufacturers who have started the new industry, to develop electric current (which costs about sixpence to an ordinary English consumer), at a cost to themselves not exceeding the fiftieth part of a penny. Enjoying in this way electric power at an absolutely insignificant expense, making use of raw material supplied by nature in the atmosphere and all around in the shape of limestone rock, it is possible for them to turn out artificial nitrates at a cost hardly exceeding a third of that now paid for the nitrates imported from Chili. This condition of things promises a practically unlimited supply of the necessary fertilizer for the wheat fields of the future.

PUBLIC contempt is generally held to be damaging to political institutions in a country like this where public opinion is apt to impress itself, in the long run, on the course of events. So one may be vaguely encouraged to suppose that the party system itself is menaced by possible reforms, which no one could have conceived within the range of practical politics a few years ago. The *Times*, discussing the prospects of the new Parliament with special reference to the importation of its new element, the Labour Party, takes note of the extent to which the House of Commons has lost prestige within the last decade or so, in terms which certainly could not have found utterance in such an important

organ of sedate thinking, until a recent period. For years the House of Commons, we read, "has been falling in popular esteem, and now enjoys a degree of contempt which is much more dangerous than the return of Labour members. The House has never recovered in popular estimation from the disgrace of the rowdy scene which took place there several years ago. Before that, the common people were proud of its dignity, and expected members at least to behave like gentlemen, even if they did no good; and the common people know very well how a gentleman should behave. At one blow the House destroyed the reputation it had, and has not made up for it by increased utility. The futility of its proceedings, the idle recriminations, the waste of time, the frivolity, listlessness, and non-attendance of members, the increasing difficulty of getting through any business at all, and the subordination of the affairs of the country to amusement —all these things have been marked in many a far away constituency by men who have votes, and do not take life so flippantly themselves."

And the result, according to the writer, has been the return of working-class members, whose mission, on this hypothesis, is to restore dignity to a demoralised legislature. Hitherto, we are told, when the voter has been discontented with one party he has had no alternative but to vote for the other. "The only way of expressing disappointment with Codlin was to vote for Short, there was no other choice." Now people are "sick of Codlin and Short," and this epigrammatic declaration sums up much that has from time to time been set forth in these pages concerning the folly of maintaining that two party system, for which the conditions of national life in Great Britain no longer afford any justification, which is wholly responsible for the ignoble proceedings in Parliament of the last few years, the character of which the *Times* recognises in such unsparing language. On the face of it one can discern no likelihood of a really wholesome change as ensuing from the entrance of the Labour party on the scene. But the whole political situation now developed is so unprecedented that no one, as yet, ventures to forecast its probable consequences with any degree of confidence.

As for the immediate objects for which the new Labour party may contend, a programme which has been set forth as embodying their probable aspirations is one which certainly includes some fantastic proposals, but, on the other hand, is entitled to respect as compared with most political programmes hitherto set forth by old-fashioned Liberals and Conservatives by reason of having a defined desire for the public good as its motive rather than the mere discomfiture of political opponents. The Labour members are said to be aiming at equal voting rights for men and women, at the total prohibition of betting news, at the re-adjustment of taxation so as to impose a larger share of the burden on the land, and at an international understanding leading to disarmament. Other projects relate simply to the regulation of industrial habits, the establishment of an eight-hour day for all industries, and such a compulsory closing of shops as shall prevent the assistants from working more than sixty hours in the week.

It is needless to criticise those items in the programme before us which have to do with the regulation of labour. While the country is subject to the competition of foreign communities in which no such restrictions operate, industry could not be carried on at a profit if fettered by provisions like those proposed, however desirable in themselves. The Labour Party will have to abolish all foreign competition by the adoption of a rigorous protective tariff before it will be possible for them to carry out their industrial reforms. And aspirations towards a general disarmament, however reasonable in themselves, must seek accomplishment by some other method than that suggested in the Labour programme. An international understanding between the European Powers as at present governed must be preceded by an international capacity to put trust in the validity of international pledges—which as yet we are very far from enjoying. But, fantastic and impracticable though it may be, the programme of the Labour Party has, at all events, the enormous recommendation of being inspired with something like an earnest purpose disconnected with the only purpose previous politicians in Parliament have ever seemed to care for, that of winning their own way, at any public cost, to positions of authority and emolument.