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THE RE-CREATION OF CHALDEA.

"HAMMURABI is the blessing of mankind, which brings the waters of fertility to Sumir and Akkad. Its two banks I made into cultivable land; I set up granaries and provided water for the land of Sumir and Akkad for ever." So ran the proud boast which the Babylonian monarch caused to be inscribed upon the great stele of black basalt which he set up 2,300 years before our era. Time, and the swarms of Mongols and Tartars which poured into Babylonia in the 13th century, have proved old Hammurabi in error.

To-day the greater part of Mesopotamia is a bare whitish-brown desert. Here and there an occasional patch of green tells of a small canal, giving water enough to permit of a little agriculture. For the rest, there are only the ruins of the ancient irrigation works to relieve the monotonous level of the plain. Nothing remains to remind us of the glories of the monarchs whose rule extended from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean. Few would believe that this grey plain, with its stunted tamarisks and occasional marshy stretches, once supported the great armies of Sennacherib and Tiglath Pileser, of Assurbanipal and Xerxes. None could see rising from it the fabled splendour of Harun al Rashid, and believe that here stood the palaces and mosques, the gardens and fountains of Bagdad, as they appear in the glowing pages of the "Thousand and One Nights."

Yet Hammurabi was right when he claimed that the hand and brain of man had made the teeming population of ancient Babylonia possible. Equally human science and energy made

Bagdad the meeting place of the world's commerce nine centuries after Christ. And it is no vain question to ask whether the hand and brain of man may not restore, even to the desert land of Mesopotamia, the glories of the past.

The task is a great one, however. So vast is it, indeed, that it is not surprising that the imagination of the second Hammurabi, who is to restore "the waters of fertility to Akkad," has been aroused by actual experience of the great irrigation works in Egypt. I refer, of course, to Sir William Willcocks. Probably, those who do not realise what irrigation has done for India and Egypt, will regard the "Re-creation of Chaldea" as the dream of a fanatic, as they recall the present expanse of desert and marsh. A prosperous agricultural population in Mesopotamia seems as far off a cry as re-peopling the dead craters of the moon. The great Nile dam has, however, virtually ensured regular harvests in Egypt, a country in which rain may fall once in twelve months. By its aid, the flood waters of the great river are stored for use during the many months when the stream runs low. Bearing this in mind, it is not surprising that an irrigation expert like Sir William Willcocks has been led to ask whether it is beyond human ingenuity to make the Euphrates valley once more as fertile as that of the Nile. His answer is an emphatic "Yes, it is possible." What is more, he puts a well considered scheme before the capitalists of the world. He suggests that for every sovereign they may subscribe, there are at least four as solid and as golden waiting to be taken up.

I have mentioned the analogy offered by Egypt. The "Re-creation of Chaldea" is, however, a far more ambitious scheme than that successfully accomplished in the Nile valley. Briefly, it amounts to the reconstruction of the main irrigation systems which existed in Babylonia before the incursions of the Mongols and Tartars. A successful attempt promises that millions of acres of land will be absolutely reclaimed from the desert, and from the marsh. For a capital expenditure roughly estimated at eight million pounds, Sir William Willcocks promises 1,280,000 acres worth, at least, £30 per acre. In other words, £38,000,000 for an expenditure of less than 25 per cent. of that amount, with the probability of a constant appreciation of the value of the land.

What then is known of the vast irrigation works which enabled Babylonia to rule South-Western Asia for tens of centuries? For our present knowledge we are largely indebted to Commander Jones's elaborate survey of the ancient works. It appeared in the Records of the Bombay Government, XLIII new series, 1857. The maps prepared by Commander Jones have been reprinted with Sir William Willcocks's lecture delivered in Cairo in 1903. In addition, there is a description of the Arabian geographer, Ibn Serapion, who tells of the system of canals as it appeared early in the 10th century. A translation of Ibn Serapion's work has been printed in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for 1895. Only one other thing is needed for the clear realisation of the problem—a map of South-Western Asia. In this six points must be noted. In the first place, the two towns, Babylon and Bagdad, Babylon, the centre of the ancient civilisation, and Bagdad, the centre of Muslim civilisation in the middle ages. In the second place, the two rivers,—the Tigris and the Euphrates. In the third place, the two seas—the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean.

Until the discovery of the sea route to India round the Cape of Good Hope, Mesopotamia, between the Eastern and Western seas, lay across one of the great natural highways. Given the possibility of life, a great trading and commercial community was a certainty at such a spot. The rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates, made life possible. Indeed, throughout its history, Mesopotamia has simply been the country watered by the two great streams. Exactly the same thing may be said of Egypt. Egypt has always been and will always be, the strip of country watered by the Nile. In both countries it was found, at a very early date, that the area of cultivation and the wealth of crops could be immensely increased by a system of water conservation.

In Babylonia, two great systems of canals were cut. The one fertilised the country between the two rivers, the other the country east of the Tigris. In the first system, four great canals carried off the surplus waters of the Euphrates, and finally flowed into the Tigris below Bagdad. Minor canals running from these, irrigated the black alluvial plains which lay between the two rivers. The first of these canals was the Nahr Isa. After leaving

the Euphrates, it was large enough to float ships of some size, but within a league of Bagdad, the bridges and weirs rendered it necessary to unload the cargoes into smaller boats, which actually carried the goods into the city. All these canals were bridged at convenient points. These bridges were either of the Kantara type (bridge of arches), or of the Jisr type (bridge of boats).

The 4th of the Euphrates canals—Nahr Kutha—was named after Cuthah. The word occurs in II. Kings, XVII, 24, as a town whence the Kings of Assyria drew men with which to people Samaria after the children of Israel were taken captive by Shalmaneser. Strangely enough Muslim tradition associates Kutha with Abraham himself, and asserts that the maker of the canal was the grandfather of the Patriarch. The site of the town is still marked by the mound called Tell Ibrahim—the Hill of Abraham. Ibn Hawhal, an Arabian chronicler, narrates:—"Here are great mounds of ashes which, they say, are those of the fire made by Nimrod, son of Canaan, into which he threw Abraham, the friend of God."

Passing now to Eastern Babylonia, we find that the country was watered by two principal canals, drawn from the Tigris, the Nahrwan on the left bank, and the Dijeil on the right. Both started above the final rapids of the Tigris, and were fed by means of massive rubble weirs thrown across the river down stream of the canal heads. The Dijeil canal, and its subsidiary watercourses irrigated the land as for as Bagdad, after which the periodical inundations from both the Euphrates and the Tigris, could be relied upon. But of the two the Nahrwan canal is far and away the more important. It fed, moreover, a whole system of canals and served to irrigate the lands east of the Tigris for at least 100 miles north and south of Bagdad. It was originally commenced by the Sassanian kings in the 4th or 5th centuries, and was finished by the Caliphs. Owing to the immense quantities of silt and the necessity for periodically cleansing the channel, the Nahrwan canal had two heads, forty miles apart. When it was necessary to close one, the other carried the full supply of water.

In the days of Harun-al-Rashid (786 to 809 A.D.) three smaller canals—the three Kutals—were added. These joined the Tigris and the Nahrwan canal. The name of the third Abu-l-Jund,

may be roughly translated as "Supplier of the Soldiers." It reminds us of the fact that the crops raised on the lands watered by it served to supply the troops of the great king with rations.

The immensity of the scheme will be realised from the following figures:—During the first ten miles after the Nahrwan canal left the Tigris, it was necessary to cut a channel fifty feet deep and seventy wide, in the hard pebble bed. The canal can still be traced for long stretches, and is found to be between 100 and 120 yards wide.

And how came these great public works to fall into such utter ruin? The answer is only too plain. Throughout Babylonian history, there are frequent references to the continual necessity for looking after the dykes and banks. What happened in Babylonia was exactly what would happen if the good people of Holland were suddenly to neglect to repair the great sea barriers which have given them their land. When the savage hordes swooped down upon the country, the weirs which had held up the waters of the Tigris fell into disrepair. The stream began to escape from the containing banks, and marshes accumulated. The rivers and canals dwindled into the feeble water-courses of to-day. On the east bank, the Tigris left its original channel, and cutting a new one at right angles to its old course, flowed into that of the Nahrwan canal. It is equally easy to trace what happened further south, in Mesopotamia proper. Prior to the cutting of the canals, the streams had, of course, been able to carry off the supplies of water. There is no need to assume an immensely increased volume of water to account for the "Great Swamp." When the canals drew off great quantities of water the river channels naturally became smaller with the lesser volume. The first consequence of the Muslim carelessness was that the canals began to silt up and finally become choked. When the channels of the Euphrates and Tigris were required once more to accommodate themselves to the old volume of water, they were unable to do so, and the present swamps arose.

Ibn Serapion tells that the swamps had already arisen in his day, and that the place was covered with alternate sheets of water overgrown with reeds and straits of water without reeds. He

dates them from the end of the 5th century, A.D. The dykes on the Tigris had been neglected and the waters pouring through, a breach flooded the low lands. The necessary repairs were made but about the year 629 A.D. the Tigris and the Euphrates rose in exceptional floods, and once more burst their dykes in numerous places. The ruling monarch did his best, crucifying forty dyke men, at a certain breach in one day, "and yet," adds the Arab chronicler, "he was unable to master the water." To-day, as we have said, the vast plain is either desert or marsh.

Now for Sir William Willcocks' remedy. His first proposal is the construction of a couple of rubble weirs upstream of Opis, across the head of the present channel of the Tigris. Above the town the river is a strong stream fed by the snows of the highlands in the lake Van district. Near Opis, however, the river runs into the open country. Opis will be to the Mesopotamian scheme what Cairo, with the barrages or weirs above it, is to the Egyptian scheme. Sir William proposes, moreover, to dig a new channel for the Nahrwan canal in places, and to utilize the ancient channel of the Tigris as a new canal. In addition, the Atheim River, and the Djala River to the East of the Tigris, will be used for the irrigation of the districts through which they run.

No really reliable estimate as to the cost is possible until a fully equipped expedition is sent out to survey the country. Sir William Willcocks has, however, made a rough estimate, and, by a process of carefully rejecting all the country that seems likely to be difficult to deal with, he arrives at the following result:—1,280,000 acres of first class land are now waiting for nothing except water. To supply them, it will be neccessary to spend some £600,000 upon the Tigris weirs. The reconstruction of the main Nahrwan canal will cost 3 million pounds, and the minor canals, say, another four million pounds—£8,000,000 in all. At present this vast acreage is valueless; as cultivable land it can be roughly estimated to be worth £30 per acre. To repeat, at a cost of £7 per acre, you make 1,280,000 acres of land which is at present valueless, worth £38,400,000. Seeing that the price of similar land in Egypt is about twice as much as Sir William's estimate, it is surely time for enterprising capitalists to ask whether a profitable investment is not disclosed. But this

is not all. In addition to the desert land higher up the Tigris there is the swampy country to the South, between this river and the Euphrates. Here, Sir William Willcocks estimates that 1,500,000 acres can be readily reclaimed. At present the arid plains and marshy jungles are dotted with a few cultivated enclosures. Even these are liable at any time to be swept away by periodical inundations. Reclamation would entail the cutting of two great dykes, one by the east bank of the Euphrates, and the other by the west bank of the Tigris. Roughly, the cost may be estimated at £5 10s. 0d. per acre, and assuming an extremely low value for the reclaimed land, the scheme would return £22,000,000 upon a capital expenditure of only £13,000,000.

In view of such prospects, and considering the experience of the chief advocate of the scheme, it may be asked why a party of engineers has not already been despatched to make the preliminary surveys, to amplify the information collected by Sir William Willcocks himself. The answer is that Mesopotamia is at present "a no man's land." Nominally, it belongs to Turkey. The Porte itself would, of course, be only too delighted to see some such scheme carried into effect. The revolt of the Arabs of the Yemen, which has been disturbing Asia Minor for many months past, threatens to spread into Mesopotamia. Already the tribes between the Euphrates are in revolt, and are refusing to pay taxes. A large increase of the sedentary population which would follow the opening up of 40,000 square miles of alluvial country at the head of the Persian Gulf, would practically settle Turkey's difficulties in that region. But the western European powers are unable to take an unselfish view of the matter. Neither Britain, nor France, nor Germany, seems willing to permit one of its rivals to father so promising a scheme. It will be remembered that the same international jealousy has prevented the continuance of the Bagdad railway. These difficulties, however, may be solved in time. In the meantime, it will be recognised to be a thousand pities if any dog-in-the-manger spirit prevents a thorough examination into the feasibility of Sir William Willcocks's scheme, and the construction of the railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf.

As he has said himself, the two schemes enable the world

to contemplate the dawn of a new era of peace and prosperity in an afflicted land. Thousands of industrious labourers from British India, and possibly from Egypt, will soon be flocking to the delta of the Tigris, to begin the railway from Koweit northwards, and the canals from Opis southwards. Cotton, sugar, and Indian corn, as Sir William reminds us, will flourish in the summer months, corn, opium and tobacco in the winter. "A land whose climate allows her to produce such crops in tropical profusion, and whose snow fed rivers permit of perennial irrigation over millions of acres, cannot be permitted to lie barren and desolate, while European capital is seeking a remunerative outlet."

ERNEST H. SHORT.

THE POLITICS OF THE OCCULTIST.

WHEN societies have been formed to promote the study of occult science, it has generally been thought wise to keep them entirely out of touch with politics. And from one point of view it may be recognised that occult science has nothing to do with the warfare of parties. Thus, in the pursuit of superphysical investigation people may remain in cordial alliance, even though, if questions arose having to do with mundane affairs, their sympathies would differ widely. Indeed, all studies connected with natural laws governing vast processes of human evolution, lift the mind into a serener atmosphere than that surrounding questions of the kind debated in Parliament. More especially when such questions are debated in the interest of rival parties, the occultist is, indeed little likely to be drawn into sympathy with either side.

But the penetrating influence of such thought as genuine occult study must necessarily evoke, would be very imperfectly appreciated by any one who imagined that it leaves the student without guidance in connection with great principles underlying national and social government. Just because occultism is the science of human life on the largest imaginable scale, because it is intimately blended with ethics, morality and religious feeling, it must necessarily have a close bearing on all the rules and regulations designed by great communities to guide their collective energy and control individual behaviour. The old metrical maxim about the forms of government that fools contest, "that which is best administered is best," is a rough-and-ready practical

principle sounder than those which govern the political thinking of the man in the street, but in effect is no more than a confession of ordinary human incapacity to determine what forms will really be best conducive to human welfare. It is only in truth from the standpoint of those who can survey human evolution in its entirety, that it is possible to discern clearly what forms of government would be undeniably the best if they could be realised, and to recognise within the limits of that perception, the necessity, at early stages of human development, of accepting the imperfect compromises that may alone, at such periods, be possible. Anyhow, the occultist as such cannot but have opinions as to the manner in which human communities might most desirably be organised, and as to the considerations which in some cases might render it necessary to put up for a time with inferior methods, reaching ulterior advantage at the cost of some temporary sacrifice.

And certainly no one who appreciates the place in nature of the most exalted representatives of the human family,—of those who are spoken of in occult writing as the Masters of Wisdom,—can for a moment doubt that *they* would have a clear conception as to how it might be best to organise national communities, and as to the extent to which, at any given period, it might be well to forego the best organisation for the sake of some indirect purpose which could not with safety be neglected. Thus, although students of the great laws of nature constituting what at present is known as occult science, may in some cases find their attempts to divine what would be the extremely wise conclusion, coloured by habits of previous thinking in connection with mundane interests, even they will inevitably derive convictions from occult study which bear directly upon perplexities associated with the controversies of current politics.

And first of all, taking a wide sweep in imagination over the history of mankind, which for the occultist covers periods enormously greater than those illuminated by mere literary research, we all know that time was when the affairs of our early humanity were directed and controlled by representatives of an evolution superior to our own. The vague tradition of many ancient nations relate to a period antedating their recorded history

when their affairs were under the guidance of "divine kings." These traditions were better founded in truth than the modern historian has suspected, and if we go back to the early conditions of Egyptian civilisation, far antedating the six or seven thousand years of its later decadence — which are all that lie within the field of view of the conventional Egyptologist—we find the ruling power in the hands of those who represented a wisdom and a benevolence incomparably superior to that of the communities they governed. So, also, in some of the states surviving the disintegration of the original Atlantean Continent, authority was in the hands of absolute rulers who guided the destinies of the people for their good along lines laid down by an equally faultless intelligence. And it is very interesting for those who are enabled, in the exercise of perfect clairvoyant faculties, to recover a sight of the conditions prevailing amongst such communities; (equally interesting, indeed, for those who know how to appreciate the researches of those who can see) to observe how curiously tranquil and happy the conditions of life in such countries at such times have been.

Many modern theorists will recognise—as an empty concession to what they regard as a purely theoretical hypothesis—that if you could find your perfectly wise and perfectly good despot, no system of government could be devised that would be better than his. Those who concede this are ignorant, as a rule, of the fact that the actual situation in some parts of the world at one time illustrated the truth of the admission; but happy and tranquil as the communities that were ruled in the way just described have been, that kind of happiness was not conducive to individual growth among those who enjoyed it. It was suited to a period of evolution then in progress, still concerned rather with the development or confirmation, so to speak, of individual consciousness, than with the education of such consciousness towards its higher possibilities. Communities that were ruled by divine or semi-divine kings, were happy as the children of a well organised nursery might be happy, owing their welfare to others, comfortably submissive but inappreciative of the wisdom by which they are ruled, and during the period of childhood, concerned not so much with the development

and fortification of their own individual characters, as with the simple task of growing up towards a physical and moral adolescence. We can look back to some of the beautifully ordered communities of the past, and appreciate the sagacity of the rules and regulations by which their lives were guided, but at the same time we can realise that in being so guided and in having no individual responsibility whatever, the individualities concerned passed through their tranquil lives without gaining any interior strength—without, at the end of such lives being any better able than at the beginning to stand alone, face responsibility, or resolutely pursue a determined course. Growth of a kind was no doubt going on, but not that kind of growth in the direction of spiritual strength which we can discern as an ultimate necessity for every human being preparing for the later struggles of that loftier evolution in which his own educated Will must play an important part. And thus we can see that it necessarily came to pass, in order that the mighty purposes of the whole divine scheme should be fulfilled, that the peaceful indolence of those conditions under which absolute wisdom and goodness prevailed should be abandoned eventually in favour of conditions in which government came to represent nothing better than the line of least resistance among the conflicting passions of the governed, among the conflicting struggles of those guided neither by wisdom nor by goodness, but alone by their own individual passion for pre-eminence.

And thus the democracies of later periods were evolved, no less necessary for the promotion of individual spiritual growth, than,—to regard the whole process of evolution from a loftier point of view—the strenuous life of physical worlds is a necessary education, even for beings qualified by their nature to exist in far more blissful realms of superphysical constitution.

It is interesting to observe how even through the democratic era of modern civilisation the old traditions of semi-divine monarchy have gilded crowns, so often set by destiny on terribly unworthy heads. Humanity clung, by virtue of some of its noblest instincts, to the theory of sovereignty, and loyalty has often been an ennobling principle in public life long after its justification has been but too fatally extinguished. Thus while

the occultist, in dealing with political problems on their largest scale will frankly recognise the necessity of democratic development as the method conducive to individual progress, he is far from falling into the mistake of those who in their passionate abhorrence of monarchy in its more degraded forms, have drifted into the belief that the democratic organisation is itself the method of government best conducive to satisfactory results. It is the method on which the great communities of modern times have been constrained by circumstances to fall back. It is not Nature's conception of government in perfection; it is not the principle on which Nature herself carries out the control of her worlds. Unseen by the blind multitude, the affairs of the human race in their entirety are guided still from above by concentrated Wisdom excelling to an inconceivable degree the best substitute that could be distilled from the thinking of the multitude. The world as a whole, as occultism alone enables us to understand, is governed by a monarchy more absolute than any that have ever been exercised from the visible thrones of nations in the past. In the laws of Nature, which control the moral as well as the physical world, one absolute law invariably prevails, and Nature no more seeks to determine, by consulting mankind, whether such or such lines of conduct shall be sanctioned, than she seeks by the elective method to determine whether fire shall burn or water run down hill. The world is an absolute monarchy, and those who realise the fact most fully are to that extent inevitably attracted in their political sympathy towards ideas which shall, however feebly, reproduce a divine model.

That is how it comes to pass that the occultist sometimes finds himself suspected by those that are less vividly impressed with the beauty of the divine example, of being indifferent to the claims and interests of the humbler orders who, it is supposed by popular theory are especially the *protégés* of democratic governments. Of course, in reality the welfare of all is the goal of every occult politician's desire. How that welfare may be best served is a problem the embarrassments of which are recognised by none more fully than by the politician of the type described. We all know quite well that experience has shown how little the upper

classes of modern communities as a whole are entitled to inherit the power of divine kings in the past, so that in these later ages in which Nature has been weaning us from our own love of royalty by showing us how deplorably the royal caste may be degraded, we are equally compelled to recognise that oligarchies are unworthy of inheriting its lost prestige.

The method of popular election is a deplorable device, as little likely to evoke perfect administration as it would be to design a scheme of chemical affinities if the elements depended for this, on the issue of household suffrage. But for the time being popular election, or something like it, may be recognised, even by the occultist as the only machinery by means of which some sort of provision may be made for the regulation of national life, though even while conceding this broad principle the occultist cannot but be alive to circumstances connected with the present condition of the human family to which the man of the street is necessarily blind. He knows that no delusion is more utterly delusive than the theory that all men are born equal. They may be all born, in the language of the famous transatlantic declaration, entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." That is a theory with which, at all events in its broadest aspects, we need not quarrel. But far from being born *equal*, they are no more equal in interior development than the creatures of the animal kingdom, where *forms* also differ widely. The lower animals of the field or jungle are not the equals of the civilised dog or horse, and in the human family the approximate identity of form throughout the race merely disguises the fact that the spiritual egos by whom these forms are animated, may differ amongst themselves as regards the stages of evolution they have reached no less completely than the varied stages of animal life may differ obviously to the eye. And without hoping for a restoration of government by superior wisdom for which a community still busy with its intellectual growth is not yet entitled to hope, some modification of the popular elective theory might be possible in the light of the guidance derived from the knowledge just referred to.

This is how it comes to pass that the occult politician will sometimes seem, in the estimation of those in whom sympathy

with the privations of the humbler classes is the predominant passion, to be tainted in some way with the class prejudice represented by some form of political belief that has no touch with occultism at all. In illustration of the injustice of this view, it is amusing to turn to some recently published utterances by an occultist, no one, however democratic in his sympathy, will suspect of having been corrupted by early conservative influence. Few writers who have commanded any public attention have ever started in politics as more definitely representative of ultra-democratic sympathy than Mrs. Besant. And yet in some recent lectures of hers, printed as a little book under the title, "Theosophy and Human Life," she avows herself in the light of her later knowledge a heretic in politics as compared with the popular view. "I am afraid that here I am a terrible heretic. I have seen so much of voting that I do not value it very much; and have seen and heard so much of the chatter of Parliament, that I am weary of it; and so, in truth, are thousands of thoughtful and educated people, who see Parliaments, year by year, pouring out ever increasing floods of talk and less and less effective work, because members have to catch the votes of ignorant constituents, instead of serving the true interests of the nation. . . . When it comes to voting, then the most ignorant man, who is absolutely innocent of any knowledge of politics, may give his vote, and it counts as much as the vote of the most learned. He may mark his cross, if he cannot write; his voting paper is worth as much as one signed by a Gladstone or a Balfour. If you are travelling in a ship, will you take the handling of it out of the hands of the captain, who is trained in the science of navigation, and place it in the hands of a sailor, taken by lot, who does not understand logarithms and does not know how to calculate the position of the sun and find his position at sea? But that would be wisdom itself compared with the madness which places the affairs of the Empire in the hands of a vast uneducated proletariat, that knows nothing of what is wanted for the steering of the ship of the State . . . I would not give a vote in national affairs to any one who was not thoroughly well educated, who did not understand political history and political economy, who could not show his fitness for managing national affairs by the work done in the smaller spheres

of individual and municipal politics. I would not give anyone a vote until he was 50 years of age. This is not the modern view in the West I know. But who has the right to rule? The wise, the experienced, the thoughtful, those who have studied and who understand man and life. Does the right to rule inhere in every headlong boy of 21, with no experience, no knowledge, and no training in political affairs, and who yet claims the right to balance his empty head against the heavy head of the statesman with half a century of experience behind him? It is the worst of madness. But the mere catchwords of the political shibboleths blind the eyes of men and destroy wisdom from amongst them."

And the writer of this glowing denunciation of what passes for democracy goes on to maintain that in international politics it is even more rash and unwise to trust the popular impulse than in reference to domestic affairs! With the whole argument we need not for the moment be more concerned than in using it to illustrate the fact that the occult politician need not be suspected of sympathy with mediæval feudalism because he is out of touch with the modern worship of Parliaments and the polling booth. It might conceivably indeed be argued that we should render our government machine a little better qualified to do its work if we were to adopt some such principle as that suggested above and limit the suffrage within a narrow range. If we were successful, we should, to some extent, be reverting to the conditions of the happily ordered communities of old, in which the individual, delivered from the consequences of his own incapacity, is wisely ruled from above. But the occult politician claiming to survey the affairs of mankind from a loftier attitude than that commonly occupied, is bound by the conditions of his vision to accept compromises as he goes along. The rescue of any modern community from the disastrous consequences of democratic rule *in excelsis* would, no doubt, involve the forfeiture of some of the benefits incidentally derived by individuals in their progress through successive lives, from the sufferings their own foolishness may bring about. In strenuous effort, in suffering itself, no doubt to some extent, there reside the seeds of interior individual growth; but the full consideration of that problem would carry us into regions of

occult thinking removed very widely even from the wide area of the occult politics. The main points to emphasise in that connection have already been set forth, and the broadest to remember is this, that in so far as occultism in its loftiest sense is the perfect science of human progress, it must throw light on every department of life with which that progress is interwoven—on the principles, for example, which govern social life, the relations of classes, the relations of the sexes, the relations of children and their parents, in connection with all of which conventions are apt to be the product of blind superstition rather than of the wisdom derived from comprehensive knowledge. On the principles that should guide education, whether amongst the wealthier classes or amongst the nation as a whole, occultism cannot but have an influential voice for those by whom its significance is adequately comprehended, and in the same way nothing can be more absurd than to suppose that that all-embracing comprehension of Nature's design in guiding humanity through the ages, which constitutes occult knowledge in its entirety, can fail to throw light upon the supremely important problems connected with the government and organisation of the State. So occult knowledge, alone indeed, can show us a way through the tangled jungle of prejudice and passion which, in the absence of loftier wisdom, is so often mistaken for political conviction, and it is only a mistaken anxiety for peace that may sometimes lead some devotees of spiritual science to suppress and ignore the politics of the occultist.

AN OCCULT STUDENT.

A BRIDAL PAIR.

By A. P. Sinnett.

Raymond Gaskell was in Heaven; at least it came to the same thing. Lucy Vanerby had looked up, startled and gasping a little, but evidently in no way offended, when he had suddenly crossed the room, knelt down beside her chair and had uttered the all important words:—

"It is because I love you!"

The explanation was in reply to other words of hers, hardly a definite question, but arising out of the circumstances under which he had called.

Miss Vanerby was a tall, fair, graceful girl, in the early twenties, daughter of a country clergyman,—a clergyman in comfortable circumstances, who could afford his daughter an allowance which enabled her to live in a modest London flat with a girl friend, an actress, Miss Atherton, to whom she was much attached. The arrangement was tolerated rather than approved of, but Miss Vanerby had advanced views, did not get on well with her family, and for the rest,—as will perhaps be intelligible later, the family in question were easily reconciled to her peculiar plans. Her mother frankly admitted to local friends that Lucy was a very odd girl,—as good, of course, as gold, but difficult to get on with, and since she and Miss Atherton were so happy together, it was best to let them follow their own devices. Lucy, it was supposed, intended to be an authoress. Well; she was anyhow of no particular use at home, for she had no inclination for parish work. Some of the neighbours suspected a mystery connected with Lucy, but no guess took any definite shape.

Miss Atherton, a few years older than herself, she had known at school and had become devotedly attached to. Visits by Miss Atherton to the Warsetshire parish, by Miss Vanerby to the household of Miss Atherton's Aunt and Uncle in the Regent's Park neighbourhood had riveted the attachment. But again the elders of the household of the Regent's Park did not altogether "get on" with Lucy.

"I can't understand your friend, Milly" Mr. Broad declared to his niece on the occasion of one of her visits. "She's very different somehow from the girl I remember her. She used to be so gentle and modest. Now she seems to me to have grown so self-assertive."

"She's all right, Unky dear. She's a girl with moods, and tenses I know, but she suits me in all of them. Take her as you find her and you will like her in all of them I'm sure."

Then in the long run when Mildred's penchant for the stage had broken through all difficulties, and she was sufficiently successful to be quite her own mistress, the arrangement at the Hyde Park Mansions was set on foot, and the young ladies carried on a *ménage* quite up to date in all respects, without finding it necessary to burden themselves with any chaperon more formidable than Miss Atherton's middle-aged maid, who had migrated with her mistress from the Broad household in the Regent's Park.

Mr. Gaskell's original claim to get afternoon tea occasionally with the two girls had arisen from his acquaintanceship with Miss Atherton, begun at an amateur theatrical club, of which the professional lady was the patroness and star. Gaskell was a barrister by profession, also a journalist and dramatic critic; tinged with Irish blood and so susceptible to female charms that he had unconsciously found safety in numbers up to the time of his invasion of the Mansions, he had of course admired Miss Atherton, but when he met Miss Vanerby, her friend only existed for him as a means of approaching Lucy. His experience as a writer for the press, rendered him useful to her from the beginning of their acquaintance, in connection with her literary ambitions. Discussion concerning novel plots and the possibilities of romantic adventure, rapidly ripened their friendship. On the day when Gaskell, as already explained, found

himself established in Heaven, he had dashed across the boundaries even of the friendship thus ripened. Lucy had declared that his help had been invaluable—" I'm ashamed to think how much trouble I must have given you, I'm sure you must wonder sometimes why you are so good-natured."

Then followed the explosion recorded above, and Lucy was so far from being offended by it, that she could not by word or effort ward off the demonstrations that immediately ensued. But she did enter half-hearted protests.

" It would be nonsense to pretend that I am not glad to hear what you say, but indeed you don't know me well enough to say it. I do mean that seriously. We had much better be merely friends as before for a good long time to come, and if you really feel as you say six month's hence, it will be time to talk about anything else."

" Tigers that have tasted blood," Mr. Gaskell proceeded to point out are cool and patient animals compared to lovers who have tasted the lips they love. Six months hence we shall have returned from our honeymoon, and shall be comfortably settled in our new home. What part of London do you prefer; and do you think a flat or a house would be best? "

Lucy struggled to treat all such questions as the merest nonsense, but she could not formulate any clearly defined reasons why they should be absurd, finding it impossible after practical admissions into which she had been surprised, to allege any personal distaste for " Raymond " himself.

" But there really are difficulties in the way. You don't understand, and I hardly know how to explain."

" Do you mean that your people will be troublesome? Have they schemes of ambition connected with your marriage."

" No, it is not that. My people are fairly well content to be rid of me. You are quite in a minority, you know, in thinking me a desirable person.

" How about Miss Atherton."

" Mildred is—Mildred. She's just everything to me, and I adore her."

"And as far as I can make out she very sensibly adores you, and knows you, I should say, rather better than the people who don't."

"Mildred knows me all through, she's the only person that does."

"That's rather an admission, connected with the fact that she adores you."

"I did not say she did, but she tolerates me."

Gaskell did not find Lucy's vague forecast of difficulties very alarming, and they seemed all the less so in view of the fact that she made no objection to his proposal that they should resume the discussion of them the following day. And it seemed only natural, when Miss Atherton came in, that she should be a bit surprised, and should seem as though there were some unexpressed criticism of the situation at the back of her mind. She could hardly be quite content with an arrangement that threatened to break up the arrangement with Lucy that suited her. For Raymond it was enough that Lucy had been induced to call him by that name, had not been able even to pretend that she found his caresses disagreeable, and he trod lightly on air on his way home to the Temple, untroubled by any shadow of misgiving as to the glorious certainty that Lucy was the one woman in the world for him, and that she had practically accepted him as her affianced lover.

He would have been puzzled, perhaps, though not fatally disconcerted if he had heard Miss Atherton's remark after he had gone away.

"I say, Lucy, that's all very well for the moment, and I like him all round—but there are breakers ahead!"

"I know there are, it's just horrible that I should be persecuted in this unheard of manner. That's what made me so vague to him just now, I wouldn't say a straightforward yes, and I didn't a bit want to say no."

"Shall I tell him all about——"

"No, no, for goodness sake no! We must wait for awhile and see what will happen."

And Gaskell raised no violent protest against the idea of waiting for "awhile," though inclined sometimes to press for the use of some more definite measurement of time in discussions concerning the future. Lucy took refuge in the theory that even if he was rash enough to run all risks with her on the strength only of

their very short acquaintance, she felt bound to be more prudent —to wait till she knew him better before committing herself for life to his care.

"You're quite right, dearest," he somewhat ruefully admitted when the future had been under discussion a month or so after the relations of the two, as lovers, had at all events been provisionally recognised. "Its a prodigious trust that a girl puts in the man she accepts for her husband. I feel so sure of my absolute loyalty to you—if my resolution to do all I can to make your life happy, and am so certain that I shall act up to that resolution that I can't help feeling ready to trust myself with the care of you at once. But I can quite see that you cannot have the same trust in me yet."

"Oh Raymond, indeed," Lucy cried with serious distress in her voice, "if you could see into my heart you would know I trust you unreservedly. Could I have been,—what I have been to you already, if that were not so?"

"Darling! I am sure you don't distrust me, but if you want time to know me better, I suppose you want the positive condition of trust to be more complete before you actually agree to marry me."

Lucy was obliged to leave the matter on that basis, but was only bright and unembarrassed when there was no question before them as to making plans for the future. As a fiancée simply she was altogether adorable in her lover's estimation, gentle and loving, ready to enjoy any little pleasures they shared, enchanted with the interest of the law courts and the appearance of her lover in wig and gown, for already he came in for a reasonable share of junior practice, and was regarded as in a fair way to get on. But still there always seemed some inexplicable need for patience when he made any effort to advance things further.

There was no trouble with the Rev. Charles Vanerby, whose acquaintance he made in due course of time. Formal correspondence, in the first instance, was followed by an invitation and a visit to the Warsetshire Rectory. Lucy did not go down with him. She made excuses that were not entirely convincing, but still he only intended to stay one night. He could make her father's acquaintance quite well in her absence, and perhaps

little matters of business could better be settled by the two men alone.

The Rectory was a very comfortable home. The head of the family had a slight inclination to be pompous, but his manner was understood to be in preparation for his probable transmutation, at no distant date, into a Dean. There was a younger sister of Lucy's, and a boy brother at home. The mistress of the household was formal, polite, but seemed rather constrained. Gaskell's natural, buoyant manner and cheerful good spirits were somehow obscured by the moral atmosphere of the place, but at the same time he was received with the utmost courtesy. He arrived while it was still daylight. The spring evenings were drawing out, and he was being shown over the garden by Mrs. Vanerby and the young people after some formal conversation with the head of the family indoors. As they drifted about in the grounds and greenhouses he was for a few minutes in advance of the other two with the boy.

"I say, Mr. Gaskell," inquired the youngster with a queer gleam of significance in his tone, "What do you call Loo?"

"What do you mean, Harry? Why, of course, I call her by all the nice pet names I can think of."

"Ah, but I mean is she Lucy or Leonora to you?"

"Leonora! I don't understand. I didn't even know she had a second name besides Lucy."

"I guess she rather has a second name, but you needn't say I told you."

"How can there be any mystery about her second name——"

But Mrs. Vanerby and the girl were again within hearing, and the words just uttered were caught up by the lady.

"What's that about a second name, what has Harry been telling you?"

There was a sharp tone of displeasure in the inquiry.

"He merely chanced to tell me what, oddly enough, I had never happened to hear before, that Lucy had a second Christian name—another very pretty one, too—Leonora."

"Oh that's not really a second name. It has to do with a whim, a fancy of her's at one time that she would like to have been christened Leonora. There is some traditions in the family

that do not allow us all to like the name, so I was hoping Lucy had dropped the fancy. Pray don't remind her of it."

Gaskell was puzzled, and his curiosity was excited, but Mrs. Vanerby fenced his natural inquiry as to what the traditions in question might be, and he was obliged to be content with commonplace talk. Nor was any fresh light thrown on the subject during his conversation with the Rector after dinner. This related chiefly to the questions which the father of a young lady contemplating marriage is bound to deal with, the worldly position and prospects of the proposed bridegroom. But as no expectations were entertained by Gaskell that involved the idea of a dowry with Lucy, so no right accrued to the Rector in reference to counter claims. The family evidently welcomed the prospect of getting Lucy married, and the Rector seemed, as it were, to disguise this satisfaction by assigning it to the very satisfactory report he had received concerning Gaskell's character and prospects, especially from Mr. Broad, who had been at some pains to inquire into them. Thus nothing passed during his visit to the Rectory that was not entirely friendly and courteous, but at the same time the young man was vaguely conscious of something in the background that he did not fully understand, was slightly annoyed by finding it impossible to get any definite statement to account for the vague feeling, and was glad, on the whole to get away from the Rectory the following morning. A duty had been performed which he felt to be rather irksome, and it seemed to him, in spite of the scrupulous politeness with which he was received, that his visit had been irksome to his host and hostess. He would, no doubt, be able to get to a clearer understanding with Lucy.

And of course he hurried to her presence on the afternoon of the day he returned to town. Miss Atherton was out, and he found his beloved one expecting him and eager to know how he had got on at the Rectory. He had none but pleasant things to say as to his reception there, and some time passed in the enjoyment of the moment, with Lucy once more in reach of his arms and lips. Then at a stage of calmer conversation he remembered the little incident about Lucy's other name

"By-the-bye, Harry bewildered me for a moment by asking

me by what name I called you, and then your mother said you sometimes had a fancy for being called Leonora instead of Lucy. I could not make out what—"

Lucy interrupted him vehemently.

"What?—what did they tell you? I hate that name."

"What is the matter with it darling? Lucy is the only name I can think of you by, but I understood it was your wish at one time to be called Leonora."

"Oh, don't Raymond. Don't refer to it. Don't *ever* use that name to me. How could they have been so foolish."

"My own sweetest, I'm sure I won't if you don't like it, but what is the little mystery in the background. Your mother said something about some family tradition connected with the name but she evidently didn't want to go into details and I did not press her for them. I would rather hear of anything that concerns you from your own dear lips than from any third person, even your mother."

"Ray, dear," Lucy said slowly, and evidently much affected, "you shall hear everything there is to hear from my own lips, or——" and she hesitated a moment. Then spontaneously putting her arms about him as they sat side by side on a sofa—oh, Ray, don't think there is any mystery I have to be ashamed of."

"My darling, of course not. I never dreamed that there could be."

Lucy continued inarticulate for a time, clinging to him with more *abandon* in her manner than usual.

"If there is some serious trouble to deal with, I shall only want to know about it, my own, in the hope that I may be able to help you."

"Perhaps you will be able to help me. I have always thought that possible. Perhaps you are helping me without knowing it. But,—oh, I can't go into the matter myself. It would distress me too much and might do untold harm. Mildred must tell you. Come and see her to-morrow morning. Meanwhile don't let us talk of it any more. And oh, Ray, will you be content for the moment to know that your Lucy loves you altogether entirely and unreservedly, and solemnly assures you there is no reason why you should not love her."

Never before had Lucy been so demonstrative. Gaskell had always taken the lead in such manifestations to an extent that made Lucy's part in their love making little more than passive acceptance of demonstrations. But her glowing outburst of feeling was oil on the flames of her lover's passion, and so for a little while all conversation in words was suspended.

And then she almost drove him away——

"Ray, dearest, we cannot talk about anything else to-day. It will be better for me to be quiet and by myself. To-morrow—to-morrow everything will be clear—but just now—please dear——"

And so after a little while, profoundly bewildered and utterly unable to frame any conjecture as to what the mystery might be, he went.

Of course, he was faithful to the injunction to come and see Mildred Atherton the following morning. As a constant visitor he was no longer, on arrival, ushered into the drawing room by the servant, but left to enter by himself. As he approached the door he heard the piano going—played with a brilliant and dashing touch, and quietly opening the door—towards which the back of the player was turned, he saw to his surprise that it was Lucy who was playing. She had never revealed herself to him as a musician of that order; had, he understood, merely a moderate interest in music, and he was amazed to see her now dashing off one of Chopin's most intricate compositions, without even so much as a sheet of music before her. He crossed the room quietly, intending to wait till she had finished before making known his presence, but as he came near her she seemed to feel his approach and suddenly stopped playing, was just turning towards him as Raymond threw his arms round her, kissed her with his usual enthusiastic affection, and was just exclaiming:—"My darling! Why did you never ——," when without giving him time to complete the sentence, the young lady started up from the music stool, flung him away violently, and with passionate anger blazing in her look, cried:

"How dare you? What do you mean? Who are you?"

It was Lucy—his Lucy who was speaking, but had she suddenly gone mad—or was he somehow out of his senses?

Pale, trembling even with the shock of the extraordinary behaviour of the girl, he could only stammer in bewilderment.

"Who am I? Lucy, my own, what is the matter with you?"

But no sign of recognition appeared in her look or manner. Flushed and panting with displeasure, she remained standing leaning back against the piano. No words were spoken by either of them for a few moments. The horror of the situation crept over Gaskell's nerves till he almost felt like fainting. Vaguely thoughts took shape in his mind. Lucy must be liable to fits of insanity. That was the mystery about her he was to be told of—and he had been told but too abruptly. The girl spoke first; still with anger in her tone, but with a shade less of the indignant amazement she had shown by her first outcry.

"I say again who are you? What is your name?"

Gaskell was no longer in doubt. How would her mania be dealt with? What was he to do. Quietly, but with a stunned sensation, he answered:—

"I am Raymond Gaskell, my beloved one. Your own accepted and devoted lover. You cannot be quite well. How is it you have forgotten me?"

But with knitted brows and a stormy flush deepening almost as she spoke, she merely ground out the words, as it were, from between closed teeth,—

"Good heavens! How shameful. How dared she!" Then more plainly, "Whom did you come here to see?"

"Of course in coming here my first thought must always be for you, but in truth, this morning, I came especially to see Miss Atherton. Can you tell me if she is at home?"

"It would seem that she is not at home; but she is expected back any moment. She had suddenly to go out of town last night, but sent word she would be back this morning."

The simple coherent manner in which the explanation was given seemed so out of tune with the idea that Lucy was overtaken with a fit of insanity, that it only aggravated the grim terror of the scene. The two remained standing a little apart, gazing at each other with an expression of wonder and alarm on each face, coupled with indignation and resentment on the part of the lady.

At that moment the outer door was heard to open. Both waited, equally expectant; in a few moments the drawing-room door opened and Miss Atherton hurriedly entered; suddenly started back, looked at the two, and simply exclaimed,—

"Leonora! Oh, good Lord."

"Mildred," said the girl, "I have been wanting you so badly. Have you been down at the Graylings'. But you will tell me all directly. If you have any business with this gentleman get it over as quickly as you can, and when he is gone I will come back to you. I will go to my room till you are free."

And then without a glance at Gaskell, but with a smile and a hasty kiss for Miss Atherton in passing, she left the room closing the door behind her.

"What does it all mean," Gaskell asked, with a sort of gasp in his voice as he dropped into the nearest chair.

"My poor friend. It would have been wiser to warn you before. But now the trouble has broken upon you unawares."

"But is it then that my poor Lucy is—insane sometimes?"

"Not a bit of it. That would be far worse. It's not so bad as that at all events, but, its awfully difficult to explain, Lucy is really two persons in one. I believe other strange cases of the kind have been known, but this is the only one I have ever had to do with, and I seem to be the only person, so far, who has been able to be friends with her in both of her aspects. That is why we live together. Her own people can get on with her all right as Lucy, but can't stand Leonora. Its always Miss Vanerby, you understand, but its sometimes Miss Lucy Vanerby and sometimes Miss Leonora Vanerby. They neither of them recollect anything about the other, and without knowing each other, as it were, they abominate each other, and agree in nothing except being friends with me. The whole thing seems ridiculous in one way, but I don't say it isn't very tragic and awkward for you."

"And when will Lucy come back."

"Goodness knows. They don't change about very often; go on for months together, without any change, and then, when Leonora wakes up, she remembers nothing since the last time she was Leonora. It generally takes some startling experience to provoke the change. I wasn't expecting it this time or I would

have insisted on warning you. What has happened since yesterday. Have you had any quarrel with Lucy?"

"Nothing resembling a quarrel, but yesterday, when I came back from the Rectory, she was terribly excited in a way I could not understand when I repeated something I had heard there. The boy Harry—," and he went on to explain what had occurred.

"That accounts for everything. Of course she got a shock and Leonora reappears."

"But what on earth am I to do."

"Ah! now we've got to face the situation. It's quite a matter of uncertainty when Lucy will reappear, but quite certain in my mind that she will, though Leonora will cherish the hope that she will go on for always, just as Lucy did. You see I must talk of them by their different names, though to me they are one and the same person in different moods, and I love them, or her, in either. What you've got to find out is, whether you can do the same."

"Good heavens—the bare thought seems perfidy to Lucy."

"I think it would be worse perfidy if you rush off and never see any of us again. And I've thought the whole matter over ever since you proposed to Lucy, and I can see no other thing for you to do,—unless you can win her in both aspects. You don't seem to have made a good beginning to-day, I confess, but then I have not yet had a talk with Leonora."

"I thought it was insanity."

"Get that idea right out of your mind. They are both as sane as you or I, but its frightfully puzzling for either of them to wake up and find a quantity of things have happened to them of which they remember nothing. How did you begin to get into trouble to-day?"

When Gaskell frankly explained all that had occurred Miss Atherton could not help laughing in the midst of her genuine sympathy with poor Gaskell's distress.

"Poor, dear Leonora, with her haughty stand-off kind of temperament, to be suddenly embraced and kissed by a perfect stranger. No wonder she was furious."

Without any definite programme of action having been determined on, it was eventually settled that Gaskell should come the

following afternoon to tea with Miss Atherton as her friend, at all events, and should endeavour to make acquaintance with Leonora.

An exceedingly bewildering situation developed itself when he did so. Both girls were in the drawing-room when he arrived. Miss Atherton, her usual self in all respects, and Miss Vanerby, her usual self to look at, if it had not been for her unaccustomed demeanour. The girl Gaskell had been in the habit of greeting with a glowing lover's intimacy was haughty and reserved—a stranger to whom he had to be presented afresh—one who coloured and drew herself up in response to his bow, and did not even put forward her hand when Miss Atherton gave her his name. And the strained conversation was carried on between him and Miss Atherton, though all the while he bent yearning, inquiring looks at the familiar form he loved whenever it was possible to do this without meeting an offended glance. He was necessarily so distrait and imperfectly attentive to Miss Atherton's good-natured empty talk, that when he answered one remark about the weather to the effect that he had not "been there yet," vaguely supposing she was going on about some theatre; she broke down the affectations of the situation.

"My dear Leonora," she said, in answer to the look with which Miss Vanerby had greeted the malapropos reply—"it isn't wonderful he should be absent minded. It is only wonderful he has got a mind left at all, when you remember that he is looking all the time at what was Lucy only the day before yesterday."

"Well, the thing to be understood now is that what he is looking at is not Lucy any more, and I devoutly trust never will be. Mr. Gaskell, Mildred has explained everything to me, and I am ready to acknowledge that, under the circumstances, you are entitled to my forgiveness for what happened yesterday. But if it is likely that you may often be coming here to see Miss Atherton, please understand that I am a new acquaintance and nothing more. I cannot object to the presence of my friend's friends in a room which is quite as much her's as mine—more her's than mine, perhaps—but I am myself, please to recollect, and am not responsible for the vagaries of some one else with whom it is my extraordinary fate to be somehow linked up."

Miss Atherton wisely interrupted.

"Don't try to smooth anything out at present, my dear Ray." She had by this time followed Lucy's lead in the manner of her speech in addressing Gaskell. "Take the goods the Gods provide you, and be thankful. I've got three stalls for the Clarionet to-morrow night. Will you come with us?"

"Very gladly, of course."

"Very well, then. Lovely Thais will sit beside you, and you ought to be content whether Leonora or I are cast for the part."

Then questions arose as to the play going on at the theatre in question—and Leonora realised that, though new to her, it was an old story to the others, having been produced nearly six months previously.

"It is monstrous that I should have been kept away all that time. I wonder have you been really content, Mildred, with that ridiculous creature instead of me."

"She isn't ridiculous and she's *you*, Leo, in spite of all you say about her. Don't her things fit you, and have you any fault to find with that tea-gown you're wearing."

"Certainly I have. It's abominable. I hate those dingy, washed out colours. Why did you let her get such a thing?"

"I made her get it because I thought you'd like it, you ungrateful girl. The last time you fell foul of another dress because it was flaring and glaring."

"You poor dear. If you got it for me I will try and like it."

Her words evoked a wave of indignant feeling on Gaskell's part, as they seemed to push Lucy more and more into the background, but then, again, when Leonora had been lying back in her chair, silent for awhile, and Mildred had been carrying on the talk—he could not help the feeling that the girl thus lying back *was* the girl he knew and loved. He knew every curve of her form, every detail of her features. At one moment he would be chilled and aghast at something said that referred to Lucy as absent; at another it seemed impossible to mourn for her while she was *there*, living and breathing before him, certainly in a most unaccountable mood, but might not this somehow pass away? Was it her whim —could he look upon it in that light—to be called Leonora? Had not her mother spoken of such a whim. Could he not gain her sympathy, her affection, even while the whim was operative, and

then would it not be his own Lucy after all whom he would have recovered.

Long after the visit just noticed was over, he went on turning the matter over in his mind along these lines of thought, and when alone was more than ever inclined to attempt, by all possible devices, to recover again the right to hold that beloved form in his arms, to find once more those well-known lips within reach of his kiss.

And then would come the distressing thought—was this feeling somehow treacherous to Lucy? How could he kiss and adore a girl who all the while, even supposing he acquired the privilege in question, would be abusing Lucy and expressing detestation of her? Then, on the other hand, how infinitely ridiculous it was of her to be doing anything of the kind, when all the while she herself was Lucy? though for the time being she chose to ignore that state of facts and to present a new aspect of herself to external observation.

Gaskell was not so ignorant as to be unaware of the fact that other cases as abnormal as those of Lucy-Leonora had been known to science, but till now the mysterious condition thus observed had not claimed his serious attention. An abstract speculation of science is one thing; a personal experience quite another.

At the theatre, where he met the girls the following evening, the Lucy-ness of Leonora, so to speak, was pre-eminently obvious. There was no opportunity for much conversation; nothing prompted Leonora to indulge in diatribes against the other entity—as she seemed to regard the matter—who from time to time contrived to oust her from her own proper body—to usurp her life and condemn her to a temporary extinction. As she sat by Gaskell's side looking on at the play and enjoying it, so that bright familiar smiles played over her face displacing the stormy, reserved and angry looks that had clouded its beauty for the last two interviews, she seemed so completely Lucy that Gaskell had the utmost difficulty to hold himself in and keep up the demeanour towards her of the mere respectful acquaintance. And yet he knew how disastrous it would be to let himself go or say a word even that would rest on his former relationship with Lucy. Still, the evening at the theatre left him predominantly impressed

by the idea that what he had to do was to conciliate Leonora, and that there would be no treason to the adored Lucy who *was* Leonora—in that course.

Unfortunately as time went on, Leonora herself did not look on the matter quite in the same light, though the problem for her was inverted. As the remembrance of her great fury against Gaskell faded partly in the light of Mildred's explanations, which she could not but recognise as exonerating him from blame, partly under the influence of his arduous efforts to conciliate her regard, she grew more tolerant of his advances. One of the differences between herself and her Lucy aspect was that she was much more of a musician than Lucy, she played brilliantly and was eager to hear good music. This afforded Gaskell one of his little opportunities for being of service to her. Partly through his press connection, partly by a trifling outlay of coin that he disguised in the pretences of his press privilege, he found Leonora in as many concert tickets as she cared to make use of; and on one occasion, a week or two after the metamorphosis, it even came to pass that he had the opportunity of taking Leonora to an afternoon concert by herself. Mildred was hopelessly pre-engaged with a morning performance at the theatre to which she belonged. The time had pleasantly passed in impersonal talk on their way to and from the Queen's Hall. He had taken all the pains he could to make the afternoon pleasant for her, and after driving home with her had gone into the little flat for a late cup of tea. As she put some choice flowers he had given her into a glass of water after thoughtfully taking off her gloves, her brow clouded a little and she said:

"Mr. Gaskell, I am going to ask you a rude, disagreeable question, but I must ask it. Why do you take all this trouble to be kind to me?"

Gaskell could not help remembering how extraordinarily she had reproduced the situation in which Lucy, nearly six months before, had provoked the answer he then gave, "Because I love you!" But he realised instinctively that it would be premature in the present case to use the same words. He only smiled cordially and declared that the greatest pleasure he could enjoy was, as a matter of fact and experience, to be found in doing little things for her.

"But though I may be an abnormal creature, with only half a life to lead, I am not half-witted. You are so far misunderstanding me as to be kind to me because you were in love with Lucy, and when I get violently reminded of this I feel very angry—partly with you, partly with myself. I won't have things that are meant for Lucy."

The last words were spoken almost with passion, and a quiver in the voice. She did not indulge in any theatrical extravagance, but without actually taking up and flinging away the flowers to emphasise her meaning, she pointed to them.

"Miss Vanerby," Gaskell gravely began, for he had not yet got on to Christian name terms with Leonora, "I was, I am in love with Miss Vanerby. She, you, may be abnormal. In that case I also must be allowed to be somewhat abnormal, too."

"Don't pretend that you can be in love with two different girls at the same time. You are tolerating me in the hope that I shall turn back again into Lucy. You have only known me a few weeks. And remember I have only known you a few weeks, and my knowledge of you did not begin agreeably."

"I have tried to undo the effect of that disagreeable beginning."

"You have behaved most admirably, of course. I quite acknowledge that, but still—you know—the whole situation is impossible."

"Do you wish me to recognise the impossibility by going away and not seeing you any more? But don't answer that question. I could not bear to have you answer it in the bad way."

Leonora turned to the mantelpiece without speaking for the moment, and began nervously pulling the pins out of her hat.

"Can't you get to look at the whole thing," Gaskell went on, "from my point of view. Don't you see that except when you say harsh things to me you *are* the girl I have loved so long, and can I love you less because you keep me now at a distance. If you were to go down to your own people at the Rectory, would they disown you as their daughter. Is your brother Harry less your brother now than he was before?"

"My people, as you call them, would have to tolerate me,

but would hate having me with them and would long to get rid of me."

"Does Mildred hate having you with her?"

"Mildred is my dearest friend, but it's all I can do to forgive her for also being friends with that other girl?"

"It would be very awkward for you if she were not."

The suggestion flashed upon Leonora almost with the force of a new idea. She turned quickly round, looking Gaskell straight in the face.

"What do you mean?"

"Obviously, that if Mildred could not endure Lucy, she would not be ready to welcome you when you re-appear on the scene. Miss Vanerby," he went on, for she remained silent, gazing at him with a strange, bewildered look, "there is only one way to smooth out the embarrassments of your life. There must be another besides Mildred to whom both you and Lucy are dear, if you will persist in the theory that there are two personalities in you." He drew nearer and put out his hand to take her's. "Miss Vanerby, Leonora——"

"Ah," she almost shrieked, "you are mocking me. It is Lucy you want to take hold of. Lucy in my body! I can't bear it—I can't bear it.'

And she threw herself sideways into an easy chair just as the door opened and Mildred re-appeared, the matinée in which she had been engaged having come to an end as well as the concert.

"What! Are you two quarrelling again?"

"Quarrelling! No," Gaskell vehemently cried. "I thought we were near getting over the possibility of quarrelling ever again. *That* is the girl I love, as you know, in any or all of her moods and tenses. Cannot you persuade her to realise that. It is cruel of her to keep me at a distance."

Mildred made no immediate reply, but took her seat on the arm of the easy chair behind her friend, stroked her hair—murmured "Poor darling,"—pathetically, and then after a little interval, with a lighter note in her voice—

"After all he isn't such a bad sort of fellow—Ray; why not try and put up with him—a little nearer."

With a gasp that was half laugh, half sob, Leonora answered—

"I never said he was bad. He is everything that is good and kind, but—he's in love with somebody else."

"Leonora," he began very softly, kneeling down on the other side of the chair and gently getting possession of her hand, "Is this hand yours, Leonora! It is the hand I have always longed for. Is this cheek yours," very lightly touching it with the tips of his other fingers. "It is the only cheek in the world I shall ever want to kiss."

"Rough on me," said Mildred, with excellent tact, trying to keep the tone of the proceedings on a level from which they would be least liable to relapse into tragedy. "Rough on me, but never mind, go on."

"Will you not think of yourself as having varied aspects, and of me, as loving you in all."

"It won't be bigamy, darling," suggested Mildred. "You will only be a bridal pair."

"And here," said Gaskell, "are two of us making love to you together, dearest, to suit the complication—the two who will always love you in their separate ways, whichever face of you is turned to them at the moment."

And so, before the double attack the outer defence of Leonora's position were broken down, and the engagement of Mr. Raymond Gaskell entered on a new lease of life.

The chronicler of these strange vicissitudes hopes at some later date to learn more concerning their progress and the circumstances attending Lucy's re-appearance after the marriage had taken place.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE ACTOR.

WHY is it that we are so often disappointed with Shakespeare on the Stage? Why do we go again and again to see his Plays, although the plot or story is so familiar that we have nothing to hope for in the way of excitement or surprise from the working out of the conclusion? Is it not because we have first enjoyed them in reading, and know that there is such sense and beauty in the dialogue that we cannot but anticipate pleasure from hearing it well spoken on the Stage, with the accessories of appropriate gesture, scenery and costume, to lend wings to our understanding and imagination?

What was it that the greatest of Englishmen set himself to achieve when writing his Plays? Was it merely to wile away the time for his audience, or was it not rather to lift the eyes of his countrymen to the beauty and dignity of human life when rightly understood? Are not the Plays overflowing with gems of beauty in philosophy, fancy and language? So overflowing, indeed, that he thrusts them even into the mouths of fools. What is there in the character of Polonius—the rat "dead for a ducat"—to lead us to expect that amazing outflow of sense and beauty evoked by the departure of his son Laertes?—

> "There, my blessing with you!
> And these few precepts in thy memory
> See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue
> Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
> Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar.
> The friends thou hast and their adoption tried
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel." Etc.

Shakespeare (or Lord Bacon—no matter for the moment who the author may have been) seems to have felt that he had a message for his race, and to have deliberately adopted the dramatic form as the best suited for his sugared pill—"the play's

the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King." The plots of his Plays are not original. He takes them, as is well known, wherever he can find them. What is his own, and all his own, is the perfect understanding of the science of conduct, the all-embracing sympathies, and the unsurpassed grace of diction, both in rhythm and in the choice of language and similes.

How then does the Actor who undertakes the important task of giving concrete form and utterance to the Poet's imagination, acquit himself? How might we expect him to set about it and what does he actually do?

We might perhaps expect him to say to himself—"Let me endeavour to suppress my own personality and lose myself in worship of the great one whose unworthy representative I am, so that the good sense, wit, and beauty of his thought may reach the audience clearly, and unmarred by any vanity or want of insight on my part!"

But what do we find when the curtain rises? The too familiar unreality of the conventional stage voice, the stilted pronunciation showing that the Actor is blissfully unaware that for once he is uttering the words of an author who needs no help save intelligent and melodious utterance, but is when unadorned adorned the most. In this matter the Actor is not alone to blame. The Manager who "arranges" Shakspeare for the Stage, conspires with him in the endeavour to make some sense and humour out of the supposed dull and antiquated stuff for which the Public have so strange a fancy. Witness the ridiculously exaggerated importance given to the parts of the Nurse and Bottom the Weaver in recent performances of Romeo and Juliet and the Midsummer Night's Dream. But it must be admitted that the Actor throws him or her self nobly into the effort to make up for the author's shortcoming by ridiculous and strangely over-acted by-play, which, like the trappings of the Knight in Alice in Wonderland, are "all his own invention." This is true especially of certain parts and characters in the Plays, but, all through, the passions are torn to tatters, while speeches that are quite unimportant in themselves, and merely sustain the action of the piece, are mouthed out with a false emphasis which makes them seem ridiculous, or are drawled to tiresomeness, and passages

of exquisite wisdom or beauty are reeled off like a patter-song of Gilbert and Sullivan's, at such a pace that the words can scarcely be followed, let alone the sense.

In short, the Actor in general clearly shows that he is not a genuine admirer of the Plays—that he is quite unaware of the excellencies which endear them to the reading Public, and has contented himself with learning the words of his character and leaving the rest to the Stage-Manager. The latter for his part, while equally ignorant of the beauties of the dialogue, does—to do him justice—attend lavishly to everything else—Music, scenery, costumes, and dances.

If we are ever to have worthy performances of the Plays, the Actor must approach them in a very different spirit from that in which he studies more ordinary works. If he would reach and body forth that most subtle essence of the author's profound knowledge of men and things, it is by no means enough to study the plot and commit a part to memory. The dialogue does much more than represent the action of the piece. It is replete—*inter alia*—with the writers views of life, which are in themselves a liberal education, and luminous far beyond those even of the cultured man of the time, whether Actor or spectator; and it must be studied with reverence, diligence, and humility by all who would appreciate it as it deserves—more especially by the Actor who seeks to interpret. As it is with good music, the oftener the words are heard the better are they liked; and hearing would have many advantages over reading (in spite of the inability to turn back) if the words were really understood by those who pronounce them, and were uttered in a simple unaffected voice, with the one desire that the hearer should understand. But in order to feel the propriety of such an attitude, the Actor must be aware of the real greatness of his author, must know that there is something in him of the majesty of true holiness. It was no false sentiment on the part of the religious man who said that for reading in a desert island he would choose the Bible and Shakespeare. To be understood aright, the plays should be studied—so to say—on a man's knees, as some of the greatest works of religious art are said to have been painted.

E. UDNY.

PSYCHICAL INVESTIGATION IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

It has always seemed to me a matter for surprise that, while the ranks of science and philosophy contain the names of many distinguished men engaged in psychical research, religion, as represented by the National Church, has hitherto contributed so little towards the elucidation of these mysteries of mind and soul which might well appear to be its peculiar province. When the old creeds are tottering on their foundations, and religious life in the country is decaying and almost dead for want of some substantial support, and while the air is full of alleged proofs of the extension of human life beyond the grave, the bishops and clergy, as a whole, are blandly smiling or carelessly twiddling their thumbs. Lofty indifference or contemptuous denunciation marks the prevailing attitude of those who have made no serious effort to investigate the subject. Yet all the time the people generally are crying out loudly for some satisfying evidence to strengthen their failing religious convictions.

It might have been supposed that the clergy were specially fitted by their training and mode of life, and by the very nature of their calling, to take the keenest interest in those psychic studies which are eliciting such widespread attention from many of the ablest minds in the present day. Any discoveries which tend to throw light upon man's spiritual condition, both here and hereafter, would have been welcomed, one would have thought, by our professed religious teachers with an eagerness scarcely to be

expected from other quarters. And yet, with one or two brilliant exceptions, none of the clergy have conspicuously troubled themselves to ascertain how far the possibility of communication between the seen and the unseen world, the incarnate and discarnate phases of our being, has been established by the evidence at hand.

Meanwhile, their own system and influence are being steadily undermined, and they themselves by their own neglectful attitude are unconsciously helping to remove the very basis of what they rest upon.

The Bible and Christianity are far too saturated with what used to be called the "supernatural" element, to make it wise or safe for us to doubt the action of spiritual beings upon our world to-day. In our own times, messages are said to be daily received from the spirit world, which are not merely as lofty in their character as anything to be found in the Bible, but they carry us many steps further in our knowledge of man's present condition and future destiny. The humblest enquirer at a modern séance, who, through the instrumentality of some "medium," normally more ignorant than himself, has become convinced that he is in actual communication with his departed friend, has obtained proof and definite knowledge, which the bishops and clergy either decline, or else are incompetent to give him. The influence of our churches is trembling in the balance, and the very existence of the clergy is at stake. Any continuance of their position as leaders of the people depends upon how far there shall be incontestible proof forthcoming to support the faith, now that the traditional props have become inadequate. If it can be demonstrated that human life extends beyond the incident of death, as many scientific men and competent observers assert it can, then it is high time that the clergy, as a body, should utilise the available evidence, and strengthen their own cause by the testimony of their own personal experience. There might be difficulty in persuading men to accept evidence of remote and uncertain origin, but the alleged facts which are now brought forward are easily capable of verification. If there is any possible means of opening communication with the departed, the wealth of information that may be gathered from such a source is simply incalculable; and if the con-

tinued presence of those who seem to have vanished from our midst can be scientifically established, a new impetus and power will move the whole of Christendom.

Tirades upon how much fraud and folly have been mixed up with what is known as "Spiritualism" are altogether beside the mark; we want to know whether it is all fraud, whether there is anything real and genuine about it. The probability is that where there is smoke there is fire. It is only because there are such real things as diamonds that paste ones are manufactured. We may dismiss from our consideration all the phenomena associated with professional mediums as imposture, but the question at issue is in no wise affected by them. The value of the sovereign in my pocket is not diminished because some one has uttered a counterfeit coin. If I and others have abundant proof that we have spoken with the departed in our own homes and the bosom of our families, when no stranger was present, we are not dismayed nor are we altogether surprised if some one who has paid a shilling for admission to a séance, has not obtained what he thinks sufficient value for his money. It is open to everybody, or almost everybody, by personal experiment to obtain proofs that will place the power of communication beyond a doubt. I am convinced that if the clergy could only bring themselves to lay aside all prejudice and traditional theories, and investigate the matter in an impartial, earnest spirit, the results both to themselves and their congregations would more than compensate them for the labour.

For myself it is quite as natural and has become almost as easy to hold converse with my friends in the disembodied state, as it is to communicate by letter or telephone with those still living in the flesh, and the information they give me about their own condition and the help and advice about the performance of my various duties, are not only of the highest practical benefit, but also of the most absorbing interest, For those who, by circumstances, are cut off from so great a privilege, the careful study of the extensive literature dealing with the subject could scarcely leave a doubt in any mind of average intelligence as to the possibility of this communication.

In my own case there was no special qualification that would enable me to receive direct and independent messages from the

spirit spheres, though I had always been subject to a good deal of impressional influence in the pulpit, and also in the preparation of sermons. Fortunately, however, an instrument of exceptional suitability presented itself in my wife, who, though rather averse to such experiments, consented to assist me in my efforts to obtain personal and scientific proof of the reality of another world, and of the continued existence of individualities previously known to us in the flesh. Such proof, I may hear premise, has been abundantly vouchsafed in a manner far exceeding my fondest dreams during a period extending now for over 20 years. I am, myself, naturally of a most sceptical turn, withholding my belief from anything that cannot be established by reasonable evidence, but all my doubts were from the beginning completely set at rest. Those who have even once heard unmistakeable spirit-raps in response to articulated questions will not be likely to dispute, from a merely scientific standpoint, the importance of such testimony. They are only a beginning, of course, but when genuine, are a sufficiently significant fact. I have heard them repeatedly, from gentle tickings on a table to loud knocks in various parts of the room, sufficient to startle those who were not familiar with such sounds. On more than one occasion, when some friend, dying unexpectedly, has been anxious to inform me of his safe arrival on the other shore, a noise has been heard by myself and others that can only be compared to the explosion of a gun, nor have I known till afterwards what the signal meant. One day I was sitting in my drawing-room talking to a lady who had just come in specially to speak to me about a mutual friend recently deceased. She had not been with me half-an-hour when all in the house was startled by a tremendous crash, such as might be caused by the fall of crockery or pictures. I went out to ascertain what was broken, and found the servants rushing through all the rooms in a state of great alarm, but we could discover nothing to account for the noise. The friend informed me on the next opportunity that he had only used the easiest means at his disposal to announce his presence to my visitor.

Besides these rappings and various tiltings of the table we were soon fortunate enough to obtain excellent results by automatic writing. The medium's hand was forcibly moved to write

messages that were sometimes legible and sometimes otherwise, but as to the nature and purport of which we were both absolutely ignorant until they were deciphered afterwards. This writing was usually much more rapid than anything that could have been accomplished by the swiftest penman under normal circumstances. Sometimes the words would be upside down, often there would be the facsimile of the handwriting, a very peculiar autograph known only to myself. Sometimes there would be references that at the time were meaningless to both of us, but which were subsequently explained. Sometimes there would be predictions of unexpected events that were afterwards strangely verified. Many of the writers were relatives and friends, though not always previously known to us; and the messages received were always interesting and instructive, often conveying good advice upon which we acted advantageously, and always evincing an intelligent and sympathetic interest in our affairs. At a later stage more remarkable communications came from an unknown personage, who described himself as my "Guide." He has been represented to me by clairvoyants as a man of venerable and patriarchal aspect; and I am given to understand that he was here on earth in some bye-gone age. He may possibly have forgotten his own name then, certainly he has never yet divulged it to me. He has been most ready at all times, especially in perplexity, to offer his counsel and help. On many occasions he supplied me with subjects and texts for sermons, and assured me that he would always help me by impression. Once I had written on a slip of paper a very obscure text that came into my mind, and as I could not then use it, I laid it away in a drawer, where it was soon forgotten. Not long afterwards it was recalled to my attention by the actual words being written through my wife's hand with lightning speed, and I was requested to preach from it on the following Sunday.

After a few years, however, this comparatively inconvenient process was succeeded by a much easier and quicker method. And now for twenty years my unseen visitors have conversed with me by word of mouth, each using his own characteristic manner, phraseology and tone of voice that no one acquainted with him could possibly mistake. This, which I shall always regard as the

greatest privilege of my life, was quite unsought for on my part, and unexpectedly brought about. Having heard of a certain person in London who was possessed of clairvoyant and kindred faculties, it occurred to me, from motives of curiosity more than anything else, to pay her a visit. Soon after I came into the room this "medium" went through some preliminary quiverings and convulsions and then became "entranced." Her body was apparently taken possession of by an Indian spirit, a girl called "Sekina," a personality with whom the other sitters were evidently well acquainted. When I was first introduced to this somewhat strange acquaintance, she had great difficulty in making herself understood, and would sometimes use words which she said she did not know the meaning of, but they were given to her by others, and she asked if she had repeated them correctly. She would chuckle with childish glee whenever she managed to get out a very long word successfully.

When she addressed herself to me directly, she astonished me with a description of my home or "shanty," 100 miles away, and of the room in which my wife and child were at that moment sitting. Then she continued, "Me see your squaw is great medie, me can speak to you through squaw. When you go back to your shanty would you like me to come and speak to you?" I replied that I should feel myself highly honoured by a visit, and she promised to come.

When I returned home, when the next opportunity for communication occurred, my wife, after some automatic writing in the usual way, laid down her pencil and lapsed into a kind of trance —a state in which she had never been previously. After waiting a few minutes, I was somewhat startled to hear the voice of this same Indian child greeting me, unmistakeably the identical personality who had spoken to me in London a few days before. "Me come," she announced with evident triumph; and then, after she had made a few more remarks in the same broken English and childlike strain, my wife awoke quite naturally, and absolutely unconscious that anything unusual had taken place. From that day to this I have held conversations with Sekina of deep and growing interest, extending now over a period of twenty years. During that time, though she still retains childlike charac-

teristics with a charming freshness and naive simplicity in her mode of looking at things, she has developed wonderfully in powers of thought and language, so that she is capable now of discussing intelligently almost any subject that may be of interest to me.

I think matters connected with our different religious beliefs puzzled her more than anything else at first, and she was a long time before she could make head or tail of them. I expect religious ideas on the other side, to an unsophisticated mind, are less complicated than ours. Once when some other spirit had wished to send the message "God bless you," Sekina did not know what the expression meant. I asked her if she had never heard of the "Great Spirit," and she replied eagerly, "Oh yes, me know that great spirit who is all love and goodness, but that is not your god."

Sekina has brought me advice upon all sorts of subjects down to the minutest details of everyday life; she also gives me vivid descriptions of what is experienced by new-comers to he part. Frequently she is accompanied by a friend, an old Indian medicine man who has given me the most valuable help in treating the serious, as well as simple, ailments that have afflicted my family and myself from time to time. She oftens reminds me with satisfaction, that she has saved me many doctors bills, and she has certainly suggested many effectual remedies which no one here would have thought of. She has also placed me in touch with my departed relatives and friends bringing loving messages by their dictation when they have been unable to speak for themselves. Though Sekina herself by no means professes to be familiar with the highest planes, she has often constituted herself a connecting link, by which the more advanced spirits have been able to talk to me, using the vocal organs of my wife as a "kind of telephone," so they say.

One of these intelligences was an author of world-wide celebrity, and a famous preacher in London for many years. His name, could I mention it, would arouse the interest of thousands of the most highly cultured people throughout the globe. His attractive eloquence gained for him a crowded church, and a congregation that for intellectual quality was perhaps unique. He has now reached a region too exalted for him to be able to speak

to me in a direct or mechanical way, but the scanty notes of conversations with him during several years would be sufficient to form a large volume. Full of touches of his own peculiar humour and versatility of mind, they are invaluable, and, I believe, unique as the record of the experience of a quite exceptionally gifted spirit in the spheres beyond. Uniting, as he did, the highest intellectual capacity with intense spiritual feeling he had for many years devoted his attention largely to questions concerning a future life, and had himself studied the conditions under which communication between the two worlds might be possible. As he has told me since he hoped himself at some future time to exercise the function, and make himself known to those he would leave behind. He spoke to me in the first instance because there had always been a deep sympathy between us, and he recognised in me a suitable instrument through which he might carry on the great work of his life. His advice and help have been more precious to me than I can describe. But for his sympathy and inspiration I should often have sunk under the difficulties of my position. No one, for instance, but a preacher similarly placed can understand the misery of facing Sunday after Sunday a half empty church, especially when those present are almost devoid of culture or intelligence. But it was a source of power and inspiration in itself to be assured that my church was crammed from floor to roof with a crowd of eager souls, that never is there an empty seat, that people are even looking in at the windows to try and hear something. Some of these, who are invisible to me, have often been described.

It is often a great trouble to the clergy that more of their people do not come to church, but according to the information I receive they do come, though unseen by us, in multitudes, wherever any spiritual food is given; and those who were absent while in the body are most regular in their attendance now—but they will not come for husks.

The following words, spoken to me by this great spirit, and recorded in my notebook, may be of interest as a voice from another world:—

"It is a great pleasure for me to come into your pulpit. I was with you last Sunday night, and made such a noise going up the

steps, I thought you must have heard me. You had a very large congregation, in fact you were quite crowded out; you must try to realise it. Such a lot of people from this side keep flocking into your church, and they go away so cheered and delighted. They often ask me if there will be a good sermon next Sunday, and I beg them to come again. They are learning the value of it now. Advanced spirits would not go to your churches, and we have our own here. But I do like your congregation, they are much more woe-be-gone than mine, but you are making them so much brighter, they will soon be able to join mine. Some of them are dark spirits, but teach them all you can to make life brighter for them, they are a little brighter each time they come. You need never mind a few of your own people being away, there are so many on this side anxious to come."

Many of the conversations related to purely personal matters of the deepest interest; but with the following episode—only one example of many similar ones—I must conclude this article.

In the year 1902, for some weeks before the date fixed for the Coronation, I was rather exercised in my mind to find a text for a suitable sermon on the event, and my friend had promised to help me. "This Coronation will be a good thing to rouse people," he remarked, on June 10th. "I always believed in earthquakes—not those volcanic ones, though they too do good in their own way. It's a grand thing for the world to be staggered now and then, to see that things are not always going on as they expect, but there is some great Power behind." On June 23rd, he asked if any text had come into my mind, and I replied that the only words I had thought of were "Thou shalt grant the king a long life." "Oh no," he said at once, "I don't think you could make a good sermon out of that. However, if you will look in that last book of the Bible, the 3rd chapter and 11th verse, you will find something like this: "Behold I come quickly, hold fast that which thou hast, and let no man take thy crown." Obviously those were the most unlikely words that would ever have occurred to my own mind for so joyful an event as the Coronation was expected to be, and I was greatly at a loss what to make of them. But when the startling news of the King's serious illness and the postponement of the Coronation shook the country like an earthquake, I understood

how wise a choice had been made for me. All will remember the imminent peril in which the King's life stood, and whether or no the operation had been attended with such happy results, the words were alike strikingly appropriate. After preaching on this text accordingly, I was informed on June 30th: "You did very well with that sermon in spite of the agitating circumstances. I thought you might find it awkward if I didn't give you a hint beforehand. Every now and then you shall have a little tit-bit like that. We are not allowed to tell much about the future. People want to know too much, but they don't understand our conditions. An all-wise Being controls the different spheres. We can't tell you all that is coming. If people knew beforehand all they had to go through they could never face it, and it might lead to suicide. These tests only come to those who deserve them and wait patiently. People try to order us about as though we were inferior beings, and had no minds of our own, and were not advanced at all beyond them. The pompous manner in which they dictate to us is intolerable."

I will only add that the influence of this great spirit, who has now reached a state, I am told, beyond the power of human language to describe, continues to affect me in a stronger degree than ever, often to the surprise of my congregation and myself. Though I no longer enjoy the privilege of conversing with him by word of mouth, he regularly sends messages through our mutual friend, Sekina, which are of deep and increasing interest.

COUNTRY RECTOR.

PROGRESS IN RELATION TO DIET.

By Mrs. St. JOHN HALL.

ONE of the most encouraging signs of the times for the optimist lies in the fact that the mental atmosphere everywhere vibrates consciously with spiritual progress.

In his passage through the long, long ages man has acquired dominion over animals immensely larger and stronger than himself from a physical point of view, but he has still to acquire dominion over the brute in himself, which at present more or less masters him. The chief factors in the development of our complex human organisation are surely the thoughts we encourage and the food we take to repair the waste of material tissue, and as the very essence of all growth is the overcoming of obstacles, must not the control of the lower nature by the higher be the first step towards the recognition of our individual responsibility and status in the scheme of the Universe. To perform efficiently our daily work the multitudinous cells of the body must be continually renewed, but to renew them by absorbing into our tissues the poisonous germs more or less inherent in all dead flesh must have an extremely deleterious effect on the physical organisation of man. One of the first means towards attaining a clearer inner perception must be the elimination, by every means in our power, of all the grosser elements from our physical environment, and a very cursory study of the intensely interesting subject of vibration teaches us that a gross physical body throws off gross emanations into the ether around us. Once this is realised, our personal responsibility is enormously increased, and if we truly desire to add, each one of us, our mite to the

progress, rather than increase the impetus toward the degeneracy of the race, surely our aim must be to cast aside all that tends to sensuality, or to foster by all possible means the higher instincts of our nature.

The difficulties that beset struggling humanity are very materially increased so long as we practically condone the cruelty and brutality of breeding animals solely to kill and devour their dead flesh in the form of food, which many advanced scientists condemn as unnatural and unwholesome, and quite an acquired taste, as the physical constitution of man points to his being a frugivorous animal. On all sides we are confronted by the "pain of the world," and how can it be otherwise when the kinship of the Universe is so utterly unrecognised by the mass of mankind. It is only as we individually realise that the life we live cannot be lived for ourselves alone, and that the humblest striving toward a completer illumination of our own interior consciousness is perhaps the source of all the true help that can accrue to suffering humanity.

Do we rightly comprehend that the race as well as the individual must reap the fruit of past errors?

Those who adopt a fleshless diet usually find it very materially conducive to a clearer perception of that inner meaning that life holds for all who have arrived at that stage of evolution when such knowledge appeals to them as the knowledge most worth attainment.

One view of the alleged degeneracy of the race has, I venture to suggest, been somewhat overlooked, *i.e.*, that it is due quite as much to the luxury of the rich as to the poverty of the poor, and that deterioration of physique and mental power is by no means the heritage only of the poor, so that a lack of food and unhealthy environment is clearly not the only cause. May it not rather be *inefficient* nutriment owing to ignorance of food values, and a pandering to the gross gratifications of the palate, which for long ages has been allowed to usurp a position of paramount importance in social ethics?

It is impossible to disobey the law without suffering, and in the long run the refusal to recognise our kinship with those immediately below us in the scheme of the universe must produce

want of harmony, with the result that the disease and suffering of the individual becomes the dominant characteristic of the race, therefore, until those who are qualified by nature, character, and social position to be leaders in any department recognise more fully the esoteric meaning of their duty to their neighbour, those conditions of misery which tend to induce degeneracy must prevail.

The masses, in the aggregate, invariably frame their theory of the desirable life by reference to the habits of those whose material possessions are in excess of their own, hence it has come to be an article of faith that to maintain the physical power necessary for efficient work a certain percentage of flesh food is required. Recent events in the far East have proved the fallacy of this belief. It is also well-known that where meat is not an article of diet, the craving for alcohol is practically unknown. As excessive indulgence in alcohol is responsible, directly or indirectly, for so much of the misery and degradation of humanity, would it not be wise to endeavour to sap this evil at the root? What if degeneracy is, after all, but the inevitable result of disregarding the law of love to all things, great and small, for if, "the mills of God grind slowly," they grind very surely, and it may be that this national degeneracy is but a finger-post to point out that man, in his puny finiteness, must conform to law or go down before the march onward and ever onward to the appointed goal. The adoption of a fleshless diet is undoubtedly of great value as an aid to break through the crust of materialism which is such a hindrance to the development of the control of the lower by the higher tendencies of weak human nature. It will not prove an aid if adopted in deference to authority or as a fad, but it will be a great help to the individual, and thus eventually to the race, if practised to aid in the understanding of man's true place in the cosmos. Doubtless it is difficult to overcome the physical desire for flesh food due to heredity and the traditions of the past, but the watchword of progress is renunciation, and the foundation stone of all the sacred records of the world rests on "him that overcometh."

In discussing a subject of such vital importance, it is most desirable to avoid any assumption of finality, or to arrogantly

advance any dogma as absolute truth, for the open door is reached by so many roads that we, none of us, can do more than call a halt in the helter skelter rush we term life, and where we so often heedlessly pass the danger signal, only realising it when the disaster happens, therefore, above all things, let us keep an open mind for anything that tends to the upliftment of humanity, no matter how the methods may vary.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

A TRIPLE SOLUTION.

THAT the Unemployed question is the most pressing problem of the hour no one will deny. While any number of suggestions have been put forth for giving temporary relief to the workless, no serious attempt has been made to get to the root of the evil, for it comes to this, that there should be employment for every man who, not being possessed of means, requires to earn his living; and if there is not sufficient work for all such men, then it is the business of the State to enquire into the matter.

The present system of giving relief by doles and temporary expedients for finding something for the out-of-work to do, while quite right and necessary to meet the distress caused by lack of employment, is only a makeshift arrangement. It does not get to the root of the evil. It is like treating some deep-seated disease by the external application of something soothing. As in our dealings with other important questions of the day, we aim at "Cure" rather than "Prevention,"—at simply finding something for the unemployed to do for the time, instead of seeking to ascertain how it is we have any unemployed. Did we pursue the latter enquiry and discover why there are any unemployed at all, then there would be something to work upon. To this end the following statements and suggestions may be worthy of consideration:—

The unemployed may be divided into three distinct classes:

(1.) Those who are trained workers, but cannot find work to do. (2.) Those who have no "trade," but, while willing to work, cannot find any. (3.) Those who have not the slightest desire to work.

To attempt to deal with all these in one and the same way, is just how not to go about the business. Each of these classes can be dealt with, and dealt with successfully, but each must be treated as a distinct class and quite differently to the others.

To deal first with the trained worker. If there be any number of men, skilled workmen, out of employment in any particular industry, the logical conclusion is that that particular trade or industry is in a less prosperous condition than formerly. If such be an ascertained fact it should be the business of the Legislature to set about the improvement of that particular trade or industry. "Oh, but," someone says, "the prosperity or otherwise of an industry at any particular time, is usually a question of competition, and so on." Yes? Well, if a British industry is suffering from undue foreign competition say—there is a remedy, at any rate, so far as our home markets are concerned. We are not obliged to admit the foreigner on equal terms with ourselves. There is no complaint about the home industries of the United States (you can otherwise regard the idea of Protection as you will) and they have no unemployed question in the States.

Again, an industry may be seriously hampered by insufficient transit facilities, railway accommodation, rates and freight, or other local difficulties that a paternal Government only could improve, redress, or remove.

To what extent the unwise action of Trades' Unions in imposing working restrictions upon their members has tended to hamper and cripple different trades and industries in the past it would be hard to say. Here, again, a watchful administration, alive to the things that really mattered—the material prosperity of the country and the whole of its citizens—would step in.

Not infrequently, while employers and employed have given up work to fight over their differences, the foreign competitor has come in and walked off with the business.

It most certainly should be the concern of any Government worthy of the name to interpose between Capital and Labour in

any big dispute where it appears at all likely that the business of the country will ultimately suffer, and compulsorily arbitrate upon the matters at issue.

It should further be within the recognised scope of the Legislature to foster infant industries, to see that the country did not suffer through a trade being hampered by petty local by-laws. [How very much has been done by local authorities to encourage the motor car industry for example! Our magistrates and police, seemingly, have the one aim of making the driving of a motor vehicle a penal offence.] Heavy and ruinous rating of works and business premises by spendthrift municipalities would be another matter calling for attention. It is the work of a government to govern: the thing of most material consequence to us is our national trade; the chief and perpetual concern of the government should, therefore, be our national prosperity.

Some excellent theorists have held the idea that if one trade fails, a man should turn his hand to another. But he is usually not wanted in another trade, and it is not the normal order to turn from one trade to another. Of course, where, owing to new conditions, one trade inevitably declines while another grows, transference of labour is natural; but if there is any lack of employment for skilled labour in any particular business the remedy is not to turn the men into another trade, but to set about improving the condition of the first-named industry. That a wise administration might do a very great deal in this way is certain.

And how are those to be dealt with who, while willing enough to work, are unable to find anything that they can do—the great army of unskilled labour, what of that?

For the future it should be made compulsory for every youth who had to earn his living, arrived at a certain age, to learn some recognised trade, business or profession, and to ensure this a signed declaration should be required and certificate given, under proper inspection, that a certain trade, business or profession was being acquired.

But would not such a largely increased number of skilled workers tend to overcrowd the various trades, and in consequence there would not be employment for all? There is no reason why it should be so. Work makes work; and the fair and rightful

refusal of this country to take in crowds of foreign unemployed would also lessen the present strain.

To deal with the unskilled labour of the present, steps should be taken to have those men who are not too old taught whatever they are most adapted for. A considerable number might be sent, with their families, back to the depopulated country and instructed in the work of tilling the land and keeping themselves thereby. There are tracts of country lying idle and uncultivated that are capable of supporting large numbers of people. Let there be granted powers of compulsory purchase from the large landowners, and there is a wonderful opportunity of taking the people back to the land. With small allotments and scientific instruction, there should be no difficulty in ensuring the success of the scheme. Why should a man starve in an overcrowded city while there is land only needing cultivation for him to live upon it?

There is a short and sharp way with the third class of unemployed—the "won't work"—the only class that neither deserves nor should have any sympathy.

Whenever there is any real dearth of employment your hulking vagabond, who never works, and doesn't mean to if he can help it, seizes the opportunity to pose as one of the "Unemployed," and grabs all he can lay his filthy hands on, from whatever is going in the way of relief. Our present system of indiscriminate charity serves the ends of such a fellow very nicely. The Apostle said: "He who will not work neither shall he eat."

The way to deal with this last class then is to hunt these men out. "Work Inspectors" might be appointed—and when, after examination before a magistrate, it was proved that a man was incorrigibly idle, he should be sent to prison and kept there for a period and given hard labour, more than sufficient to pay for his keep.

It does not seem to be borne in mind that those who are without means of their own, and do not work, must be kept by the rest of the community. The average Britisher pays his rates and grumbles, but gives little thought as to how his money is spent. For whom are the numberless and expensive workhouses largely maintained? Are they temporary shelters for the honest worker who has fallen on evil days? No, they are principally

"Houses of Call" for that most callous and despicable of wretches, the man who has never worked, and won't if he can help it. This type of man should be considered an offender against the law, and dealt with accordingly. Prison, and reasonably hard enforced labour, with no payment for it, would soon convince this class of person that he *had* to work and there was no getting out of it. The tramp would vanish.

Having no vagabond class to maintain in idleness, municipalities might then do more for the old and infirm, for honest workers whose age alone prevented them from continuing to earn a livelihood. The workhouses (transformed and dignified by a new name) would only shelter the genuine worker temporarily out of employment and the aged. Their bad reputation and the stigma attaching to them would go. State-aided compulsory insurance against old age naturally suggests itself as a means of providing for the wants of those who get beyond work. This also should form part of the new order of things designed to do away with the "unemployed."

HUGH LINCOLN.

AN ARMY OF INDUSTRY.

Having had the opportunity of reading over the preceding article I should be glad to append my own favourite solution of the problem under consideration, the one device in my opinion, which would finally dispose of all embarrassments in this connection with which we are at present confronted. No doubt the arrangement to be suggested is one which would involve the sacrifice of theories occasionally regarded as important by some thinkers. Whether the result would be worth the sacrifice is a question to be determined by the governments of the future which might seriously undertake to deal with the problem of the unemployed.

To begin with, the notion that work is only available in insufficient quantity is grotesquely absurd on its face. The capacity of a great nation to absorb the products of work is absolutely limitless. The difficulty simply arises when we come to deal with the food and other necessaries required to maintain work in its activity; and without embarrassing these remarks

with any treatment of the economic controversy concerning Free Trade and Protection, it is obvious to any intelligent perception that, supposing by a natural miracle all the other countries and nations in the world except Great Britain were swept out of existence, the inhabitants of Great Britain need not starve, though at present we import three-quarters of our food supplies. Although the operation might be costly, as we compare the value of imported food with that which might under certain circumstances be produced at home, it is no less certain that the cultivable lands of Great Britain would supply under appropriate conditions of culture, food enough, not merely for the present but for an enormously increased population. I think it has been maintained by some agricultural authorities that wheat, enough even to feed the population with white bread, could be grown in the counties of England south of the Thames, not to speak of the rest. Certainly not grown on terms that would be economical from the point of view of Mark Lane, but produceable, with modern methods of land fertilisation, if expense were no object.

Now expense in this sense is a term convertible into labour. For example, to help ourselves to an illustration derived from the latest progress of science, if adequate wheat production in Great Britain depended on adequate supplies of nitrates they would be available, if adequate work were put into the task of providing fixed nitrates from the atmosphere. And although electricity cannot be provided here as economically as in Norway, its provision again is merely a question of work applied to that task under less favourable conditions than those prevailing in the neighbourhood of waterfalls. So with a very little trouble in reasoning we reach the conclusion that if the host of the unemployed were employed under intelligent direction, results would be procured that would provide them with the necessaries of life in return.

To work out our problem in a conveniently imaginative fashion, let us assume that the annihilation of all the world beyond the shores of Great Britain were definitely appointed to take place, say ten years hence, and let us assume that perfect wisdom and absolute power resided in a government which (by virtue of a miracle even more wonderful than that we have contemplated as

abolishing the inferior nations!) had been evolved by the methods of democratic election. It would set to work to meet the conditions foredoomed to arise at the expiration of the decade. And it would leave nothing to chance; it would take no risks, it would organise the vast industrial forces of the kingdom in a great army of industry, the energies of which would never be allowed to misdirect themselves. Foreseeing all necessities connected with agriculture, an adequate number of battalions would be drilled in the use of the spade and plough; foreseeing the subsidiary necessities of agriculture an adequate number of battalions would be instructed in the processes of electrical engineering, and the strength of that industrial division would be determined by intelligent forethought concerning the number of tons of nitrates that would be required to fertilise, in a sufficient degree, the available wheat lands of Southern England. The requirements of the population in respect to woven fabrics—when all opportunity for supplying markets abroad had been extinguished by the subsidence of those markets beneath the ocean—would be determined by calculations of the headquarter staff, and the textile division would be a Major-General's or a Field Marshal's command according to circumstances. So with all the varied trades over which imagination might cast its inspired glance, there would not be one in which over production would be conceivable, because over production would be itself a contradiction in terms in a land where everyone had a boundless thirst for the products of other people's industry, and the unemployed would be a small percentage, or rather permillage of the industrial troops under the Government's command, who might, for offences connected with neglect of duty, be for the time being under penal treatment.

Perhaps the whole conception may present itself to the conventional mind as a mere fantastic economical extravaganza on the lines of the illustrious Bacon's "New Atlantis," but that is merely because the conventional mind is extricated with great difficulty from its conventional grooves. The whole scheme would be capable of actual realisation in the event imagined, if adequate power were secured by an adequately intelligent Government, and the next step in the argument is one which may be taken with confidence. The sacrifice made, and the only sacrifice

made, would be that of personal liberty—liberty to go wrong, if they want to take that road, on the part of the working classes. For those who do not want to travel in that direction, the loss of such liberty would mean nothing. Control would take the shape merely of guidance for which they would be grateful, and although absolutely perfect results in an economical sense could only be expected if every worker, high and low, were enlisted in the great army, and his energy thus directed to the region where it might most be needed, an approximation to a perfect result would ensue with such an approximation to the perfect organisation as would be represented by an army of industry in which only those should be compulsorily enlisted who find themselves unable, by their own exertions, to discover the region of activity in which their work would be useful. An industrial army, which should be recruited merely from the ranks of those who are at present the unemployed, would contain, of course, an undue proportion of untrained and inefficient soldiers, but even on those terms its organisation would solve the problem of the unemployed, and solve it by the only device which can conceivably be applied to that purpose—the partial sacrifice for a worthy end of individual liberty that has either been misused or has been found a privilege too burdensome to be longer borne.

WALTER PIERCE.

INTERFERENCE WITH NATURE.

AMERICAN communities are often cheerfully willing to try experiments which the more stolid immobility of the old world render impossible here. It seems that the Iowa Legislative Assembly is considering a bill empowering and requiring doctors to extinguish the lives of patients suffering from hopelessly incurable disorders. The measure is proposed by a doctor who argues that human beings who have no chance of recovering health are entitled to be released from the burden of suffering life. He would surround them with many provisions guaranteeing their safety from misdirected zeal on the part of their medical attendants. Three doctors must be unanimous in favour of putting them out of their pain. The consent also of their nearest relatives must be given, and "if possible," but the proposed law would not make this absolutely necessary, the consent of the patient himself should be secured.

English people for the most part will regard any scheme of this kind as merely a joke, and Euthanasia has hardly been seriously advocated even by writers who have found the conception delightfully fruitful as a theme for fiction. Again, those who consider problems of this nature from the point of view of a somewhat deeper insight into the laws governing human life on this and other planes of consciousness than is commonly possessed by the world at large, will see reasons for hesitating to adopt the apparently benevolent project of the Iowa doctor. But from the point of view of quite common place thinking it is very difficult to see how the principle of the

proposed measure can logically be resisted. A state of consciousness which is merely suffering, must be an evil unless there is some ulterior motive for enduring it, and that is not discerned in the teachings either of ancient philosophy or modern religion. As any humane nurse would be eager to alleviate a patient's pain by an anodyne which should put him temporarily to sleep, on what principle, derived from nothing more exalted than conventional habits of thought, could the humane nurse refuse the anodyne which would enable him to sleep finally and escape from inevitable pain once for all? Common place conceptions concerning the after life, when these are sufficiently vivid to represent any genuine trust by common-place thinkers in the actuality of an after life, do not suggest any reason why inevitable pain should not be alleviated in this way. From the point of view of conventional thinking, indeed, one would not be inclined to regard with favour the near relative who should sanction,—when the patient's consent had not been secured,—the application to his case of the Iowa remedy. But conceivably a time might come if no other currents of thoughts intervened, when people would regard it as mere cowardice to shrink from putting an end to a suffering life, just as it would merely be want of nerve and not humanity which would render the owner, for example, of a horse mutilated, but not killed outright in an accident, unable to put a bullet through its brain and thus extinguish a life that could not but be a perpetuation of misery.

Now from another point of view is there anything to be said against the Iowa project? Most modern students of the partially hidden domain of nature, the realm investigated by occult science, would leap forward at once to say—Yes! Whatever suffering is encountered in a physical life must have its justification in some bygone cause. It has been earned, if not in the life then going on, in some previous existence, and must be borne until the forces giving rise to its existence are exhausted, otherwise it simply remains latent and will re-appear in a life to come. And this consideration does in fact militate against the propriety of suicide as a remedy for intolerable disaster. It very rarely happens that suicide can be otherwise than a selfish remedy. People are isolated, indeed, if they leave no one behind to suffer more or less distress in consequence of such

a proceeding on their part. But the truth is, that like most maxims of life that are broadly true, fanaticism may push to an extreme even the theory that the course of nature in matters of life and death must never be interfered with. Conceivably, from the point of view of loftier wisdom at some time in the future, we may be enabled to see our way more clearly through the embarrassments of problems like this before us. But meanwhile it is obvious that if by a strained hypothesis the Iowa law should become widely general, suffering patients coming under its operation would themselves be merely accepting the karmic conditions of their lives to a far greater extent than they realise. Human beings in their relations to one another are obedient to the pressure of circumstances which are in themselves but the manifestation of a hidden law. It has even been maintained with great force by thinkers commanding our respect, that the unjust sentences, for instance, of criminal courts—by no means so rare as commonplace complacency supposes,—are themselves but tardily-worked-out retribution for bygone offences that have gone unpunished at the time in former lives. The stupid criminal judge may play the part of those concerning whom it has been said: "Woe unto them through whom evil cometh," but at the same time the evil was inevitably bound to come through one channel or another. Thus reverting to the other illustration, there would be no culpable or cowardly suicide in the cases Iowa legislation would provide for, and although few thinkers at present would be arrogant enough to imagine that they have a complete grasp of all the natural law that would be entangled in such an operation, some assuredly, even among the number of those who regard themselves as occult students, would be by no means disposed to treat the fantastic scheme with contempt.

Many possibilities of future interference with the course of Nature come up for consideration in connection with any ideas of the kind we are considering. What ought to be done under the deliberate sanction of law and public opinion, by those who are present at the birth of a horribly malformed child? Again we have to regard the matter from the commonplace point of view and from that of the higher

knowledge. The commonplace thinker is always cowardly in his dealing with such dilemmas. It is easier to let things slide and do nothing, rather than take active steps to combat a given evil. And, of course, the commonplace thinker has obviously on his side the easy reply that abuses might creep in if once the system of destroying deformed infants were recognised. Where are you to draw the line? he asks, and imagines that the difficulty of drawing it in some cases renders it impossible to contemplate the existence of any difference between two extremes. There are cases in which there would be no room or doubt,—if the theory that a hopelessly deformed child should be relieved from the burden of a mature existence in that body were accepted,—and where any genuine doubt prevailed it is obvious that the right course to pursue would be to do nothing.

From the higher thought point of view the problem becomes embarrassing, although the crudest conception of occult teaching in the matter is in favour again of doing nothing, on the ground that deformity in any given case is not an accident of nature, but a legitimate consequence of some former action on the part of the Ego coming again into incarnation. And though it it is true that in some cases, at all events, conditions may arise which may fairly be called accidents of nature—which do not lie within the programme of inevitable consequence—cases which Nature would deal with, if left alone, by the principle of later compensation for the victim affected by the accident,—still it must be recognised that accidents of nature are rare; that almost every given condition of things is the product of legitimate causation. The malformed child on its appearance would thus be recognised by most observers, if occult knowledge were more widely diffused than it is,—as a being inevitably bound to the existence thus foreshadowed, to be accepted as such by those amongst whom he comes, instead of being roughly flung back into the crucible of Nature. Nor will any occult thinker be dogmatically resolved to maintain a distinctly different hypothesis. But there are doubts that may be entertained in connection with the view just suggested. Evolution in its loftier stages is worked out by Nature through the intelligence of humanity as the instrument of its fulfillment. It is by no means extravagant to assume that the

growing intelligence of humanity, contemplating its own progress as a task to be promoted, should determine that some new methods are required as the undertaking advances beyond its rudimentary stages. Imagine it determining that physical suffering on this plane of life should be gradually eliminated from this scheme; that the penalty for evil doing should not be simply the whip, in any natural or artificial manifestation, but interior conditions that would give rise to improvement. One can just imagine that in this way, if it became determined by an enlightened humanity, that no more deformed beings should exist among the human race, Nature, so to speak, would adapt herself to that resolution. The Ego driven in the first instance to incarnate in a deformed body might, as it were, under the operation of the old law, attempt to do so a second time, or a third. Its re-appearance on the physical plane under these conditions would be barred as often as it re-appeared. And then it would find another way in, and Karma would work itself out in a different fashion. It is not by any means certain that we have to go on to the end of all things, bearing, whatever happens, in submission to an over humble belief that it would be wicked to attempt any interference with the dictates of Nature.

As yet, perhaps, the time has not arrived for attempting practically to operate along the lines just now suggested. As the commonplace thinker would argue, no doubt, the principle of destroying deformed children would open the door to many criminal perversions of the law. We have not yet reached a condition of progress, either in the world as a whole, progressing under natural law, or in human society, guided by legislation, for dispensing altogether with pain as a penalty for evil-doing. With much force it might be argued that whimsical philanthropists are too eager to accomplish that dispensation; that physical pain inflicted in a way which is not fatally prejudicial to permanent health is the cheapest, simplest, most deterritive, and most instructive kind of punishment that can be made use of whenever punishments are necessary; but this aspect of the subject need not be brought under discussion at the moment. The main point to emphasise is that interference with Nature is after all an undertaking with

which we are each of us daily concerned. We interfere with the conditions of temperature that Nature provides for us, by fires and warm clothing in chilly climates, by punkhas and thermantidotes elsewhere. We interfere with the course of disease by vaccination and prophylactics, and we subdue the natural effect of surgical operations by anæsthetics, though the doctors to whom the idea was first introduced by the early mesmerists declared, by a solemn resolution, that it would be flying in the face of Providence to do so. We circumvent Nature when we overcome some of the obstacles she puts in our path, by bridging her rivers or tunnelling under her hills, and as in so many departments of human activity, the extent to which we ought to interfere with Nature becomes for the clear-sighted observer, one more question of drawing the line. Anyhow, it is certain that as intelligence advances it becomes the duty of an enlightened race, in one of the most orthodox phrases which the loftier philosophy has ever coined, to *co-operate* with Nature. And how far, and in how many cases that co-operation may legitimately take the form of interference, is a problem on which we are fully entitled to employ our natural intelligence.

MENOSARTHES.

TRACES OF OCCULTISM IN COMMON SPEECH.

SPECIALISTS in the Science of Language have accustomed us to regarding language,—man's medium for communicating with his fellows,—as a document from which to deduce "the range and grade of knowledge of its speakers, their circumstances and their institutions."

They infer that the Aryans at a very early stage of their existence were a nomadic tribe who afterwards settled on the land as agriculturists; they infer that the Accadians used weapons of bronze and ornaments of gold and silver; they infer that the ancient Celts made an intoxicant from honey, baskets of osier and bows of yew; they infer that the ancient Egyptians practised writing on a material made of papyrus, and the Phœnicians on skin; they infer that the Assyrians had lending libraries; these and a host of other conclusions they draw on the ground of the evidence of language alone, quite apart from confirmation lent by other sources of information.

These inferences they draw in accordance with the principle that language is an embodiment of the experience of the people who use it, or of those who handed it down.

Philologists and Anthropologists, however, when they come to a class of terms dealing with suprasensuous facts are, for the most part, content to say they simply represent the *beliefs* of those who used them. But upon the theory of adequate causes, or equivalence of effect to its cause, upon the suggestions of analogy, might it not be legitimately inferred that these words also

had their origin in experience? In order to account for a belief in its fresh and pristine vigorous condition, and, therefore, indirectly for the usage of words that enshrine it, must there not have been an actual relation between fact and percipient, a basis of reality, a ground of conviction?

This timidity shown by our scientists we know, of course, to be due to the fact that such terms refer to an experience beyond the range of their own; but if we were to universalise the scepticism in which a materialistic age has trained us, there would be an end to continuity in the history of thought; and it would require a complete subversion of our sense of proportion and of our theory of values. We should be under necessity of assuming that some of the strongest terms of speech had the slenderest basis in experience, and the most persistent convictions sprang from the shallowest roots. It would involve a pretension of our superiority to the greatest minds whose thoughts have illumined the world, and convert the very source of that greatness for which humanity has paid them reverence, into a vain delusion.

A more rational attitude demands the supposition that language, even where it deals with normally invisible existences, is still a register of human experience, however mistaken may often be the interpretation made of it, while an acknowledgment of the validity of these facts of experience does not necessitate blindness to the process of fossilisation which language undergoes when living contact with the facts it registers survives only as a traditional belief. A rational dealing with the Greek mythology, for instance, would necessitate our attributing its origin to acquaintance with actual beings existing under other than physical conditions, though we must be willing to admit that when through limitation of faculty such acquaintance ceased, a mere belief was liable to receive all kind of materialistic accretion found in the later descriptions of the gods and goddesses of Greece.

For if language is to be trusted on subjects like curds, tents of camels' hair and massacres, it should also be trusted as a witness in favour of realities (whatever they were) corresponding to Urim and Thummim, angels of the Presence; B'ney Elohim, Adonai and Jahweh. It was these realities created the names, not the names that established belief in them. The birth of a fact always pre-

cedes the christening. The reason why a vast number of Sanskrit terms cannot be translated into English is probably that they deal with facts which fall more readily within the experience of a mystical people like the Hindoos, than a practical matter-of-fact people like the Anglo-Saxons. For the common description of the realm of discarnate beings next to our own, like *Kamaloka* (Sanscrit) or Annwn (Welsh) we have no word in English, and attempts to describe them on the part of English-writing seers require resort to such alien terminology as "intermediate state," "purgatory," "Hades," "Sheol," "astral plane." Perhaps the word Hell (cf. Val-halla) meant at one time the whole of this place of departed spirits, until the teaching of Christian priests who identified the pagan ideas with the worse side of their system, reduced it to a designation of the lowest sphere of Kamaloka, and to add to its horror, eternalised it.

Whatever ancient words in our language referred to vision of things beyond the normal range, have fallen into disuse with atrophy of the faculty. A partial restoration of its activity has necessitated, however, a new vocabulary. We have "clairvoyance" and "lucidity" from Salpetrière; while the term *second sight*, borrowed from the other side of the Tweed, has the appearance of being a made term,—the translation of a Gaelic word. The foreign designation, "astral" vision, is as much a foisting upon us of mediæval terminology as "X-ray" vision is of scientific slang.

As the neglected facts of human experience sweep in upon the Psychical Researchers, the effort to keep pace with their inrush by suitable nomenclature has led to perpetrating some of the most barbarous crimes in the annals of literature, as a glance at the glossary of Myers will suffice to show. No longer is it possible to hold language to be "fossil poetry," or believe with Plato that language was too divine to allow belief of its invention by man, when we are asked to live at peace with such phrases as "Psychorrhagic Diathesis," "Retroactive ecmnesia," and be charged with associating even in dreams with "hypnopompic and hypnagogic visions," or with having in our possession "phantasmogenetic centres."

In a moment of innocence, however, or what might be called

"an absence of hyperpromethia," the author of "Human Personality" makes the confession—"For my part, I feel forced to fall back upon the old-world conception of a *soul* which exercises control over the organism."

To readers of Mr. Myers' great work, this dip into "the pure well of English undefiled" is very refreshing. The word "soul," [A.S. *sáwol;* Germ., *seele;* Goth., *saiwala*] may defy analysis, unless we suppose a connection with A.S., *sælig;* Germ., *selig*, which means blessed, happy. This connection would furnish a definition for "soul" as the radiant one, the being who is liberated from the thousand ills that flesh is heir to, the manifold sorrows of its physical counterpart. The derivation of the word *man* from Sanscrit *manu* and its connection with *mind* indicate that from the birth of language the true characteristic of the Dweller in the Body has been its intelligence, its discriminative faculty. Man is the Thinker. The root *ma*—to measure, the suggestion of a being who geometrises, as Plato said of the divine being, lie in the word man. The word *body*, A.S. *bodig* may be connected with "abode," the dwelling-place of the Thinker, or his instrument, that which performs his *bod* or his bidding. It is very likely we should discover a mine of ancient philosophy concerning the Nature of Man, could we penetrate deep enough into their original signification, and I doubt very much whether the case for that theory of language based upon imitation of natural sounds and sense-perception would be regarded as so strongly established as many incline to believe. Without taking into consideration the borrowed terms, *spirit*, *reason*, and the large number of Greek and Latin derivations used in psychological text-books, we have from the study of the simplest Saxon terms a theory of Human Nature as consisting of a triad, a thinker who weighs, measures, values, and minds things; a feeler, who exhibits joy and happiness, dwelling in a physical abode and using it as an instrument to do their commands.

A more secure path of inquiry is opened out by an examination of some current phrases. Such are those connected with sleep.

He falls asleep. He drops asleep or on sleep. What falls? What is dropped? Who drops it? What has become of the

Thinker, the Radiant One? Where is now the vividness of thought, the brightness of intelligence, the passion, the will, all that makes man a Man? Is he withdrawn, and is it upon his withdrawal that the body fell upon sleep? There is a phrase in use in western Ireland for a man asleep. "*He is away*," they say. All over the world we have evidence of this *belief* from Gaul to Galloway, from Mexico to Madras. The practical outcome is that a sleeping man is not to be awakened too eagerly lest he be hurt in calling him back too suddenly. Is there no basis of reality for so widely-prevalent a belief? Even in our sceptical age we cannot help testifying against our unbelief. "*I was nearly gone*," one will say, in awaking from a slight doze.

There are kindred phrases connected with *Fainting*. The word itself implies the principle upon which the "phantasms of the living" were recorded. Something *appears* in a faint that was not evident before. Of a person fainting the current phrase is: "*He is going off*." Methods of *restoration* are tried, of storing back the escaper, bringing him to his old abode, and when this is accomplished, the exclamation announces "*He is coming to*," "*He is coming back*."

The use of these phrases may now be due to custom, but how did they in the first place arise, and what is it in us that favours the custom which our intellect rejects as a superstition? Who and what is it goes off, and comes back, and comes to its own? Unless we adopt some other view than the dearth of view exemplified by materialistic psychology, we must cease to regard language as a register of experience. Occult science furnishes us with a rational explanation of the phenomena under consideration, and our own words are enemies of our household that range themselves on its side.

Further evidence is afforded by terms descriptive of mental disease. "*He is not himself*," "*He is beside himself*." What part of the self is it whose withdrawal engenders melancholy and madness? Is the man partially withdrawn, so as to be of the seer seen *beside* the bodily self? And is that the reason when the disintegration of personality is abolished, and the higher and lower centres are co-ordinated, why there is joy because once more the true man has "*come to himself*," his lower self?

Common speech is hopelessly inwoven with the supposition, which the molecular theory has failed to remove, that man is composed of many principles that are capable of separate existence. Of a *faint*, a man is said to "be gone," but of a *death* "he is quite gone"—gone and quit of his body, so to speak. The same process is implied in the word *de-parted*, the taking of a *part* away *from* the other.

We can hardly describe a certain class of experiences without falling into terms implying a dissociation, which upon the assumptions of materialistic monism is possible. We are "depressed" by grief and "elated" by joy. The saint has his *raptures, i.e.*, he is seized [Lat. *rapere* "to snatch"] and carried into sublimer heights than waking consciousness can reach.

The poet has his *transports*, [Lat. *trans* "across," *portare* "to carry"] when he is borne across the threshold of sense, and by the deep power of joy, sees into the life of things.

The *mystic* has his *trance*, [Lat. *trahere* "to draw," "carry off," or *transire* "go across"] when he is carried out of the world of the tangible into a more ethereal realm.

In his *ec-stasy* [Grk. *ek*=out, *stasis*=standing] is it not possible, as often alleged, that the devotee has been seen withdrawn from his physical vehicle rapt in ineffable bliss, while . . . . "the breath of his corporeal frame and even the motion of his human blood almost suspended, he is laid asleep in body and becomes a living soul"?

Many of these phrases would be meaningless if we attributed to them a physical rather than a psychical origin. We may illustrate by the saying applied to a man during a period of depression, or suspicion or remorse, that "*he is under a cloud.*" Mrs. Crowe, in her "*Night-side of Nature*," relates that "two clairvoyantes in charge of an Edinburgh doctor (who cured by magnetism), were in the habit of saying that the people who came to be magnetised presented very different appearances. Some were described as looking bright, whilst others in different degrees were streaked with black. One or two they mentioned, over whom there seemed to hang a sort of cloud, like a ragged veil of darkness."

Upon such matters the growth of knowledge is certain to

throw ever greater illumination, for if experience in the first instance engendered belief, it is that which can be repeated. The word *Ideal* now refers to what is invisible, but its root is a word indicating "to see," and if one man once *saw* the eternal *ideas*, prototypes of all objects of perception, others in turn shall also see and testify. Meanwhile the meaning of language rests on the testimony of the seer.

For as Coleridge has written:—"The materialist cannot be ignorant that there is not a language in which he could argue for ten minutes in support of his scheme, without sliding into words and phrases that imply the contrary. It has been said that the Arabic has a thousand names for a lion; but this would be a trifle compared with the number of superfluous words and useless synonyms that would be found in an *Index Expurgatorious* of any European dictionary constructed on the principles of a consistent and strictly consequential materialism."

J. Tyssul. Davis.

WOMEN AND THE FRANCHISE.

THE bill introduced by Sir Charles Dilke for the enfranchisement of women was talked out of "the House" last month, but as we shall certainly hear more in the immediate future from women upon this subject, said to lie so near their hearts, a few words may not come amiss from one who has given it considerable attention.

Unquestionably a large number of women are perfectly ready intellectually to be given a voice in the destiny of the nation, but a very much larger number are not. In this paper I purposely ignore the fact that the vast majority of the male electorate are intellectually and educationally unfitted to govern the affairs of the State. I am at present dealing with women only.

I hold that an overwhelming number of female voters thrown into the present illiterate mass of males would not tend to elevate our laws, or harmonise with the wise desires of the few for intellectual progress and general efficiency. There is one mighty and preponderating power which, before the majority of women can be said to have gained the very rudiments of freedom they must cast from out their midst. This binding force and authority so influentially exerted upon them is, in my opinion, the key note of their present inferior, mental and static position. It is the unspoken objection the majority of men hold silently in view when discussing the subject of woman's enfranchisement. I refer to the colossal power the Church holds over the female mind.

So long as so enormous a majority of women voluntarily give over mind and conscience to the parson, and swallow their religion

ready made, they are unfitted to be given a voice in the laws of the country. If women will not think for themselves on the subject they profess to believe the most important in life, is it to be supposed that they will think for themselves on civil and political questions?

We are at present in sight of an educational bill which, let us hope, will break the predominating power of the Church over the State. Many of us hope to see a bill introduced which will place religious instruction once for all in its proper place—the home; but if women had at the present moment any power in the framing of this measure, it is fairly certain that it would be hopelessly reactionary. So long as women consider the Old Testament a proper book to be given to their children and read in the schools, so long must they lie under the stigma of dense ignorance, to which must be applied the adjective wilful.

This ignorance is unfortunately not confined to matters so called religious, it also applies to the affairs of every day life. I submit that the majority of women never read the daily paper, and have little or no interest in affairs which lie outside their own personal concerns. I cannot give a better example of what I mean than the following incident:

On March 1st, or thereabouts, a deputation of advanced women called upon the Prime Minister to state their views. They were told he was ill in bed, they did not believe it, and were with difficulty persuaded of the truth of the statement. I am told they had to be shown a printed report before they would consent to retire. Now every newspaper, of every political shade of opinion had for several days previously been publishing bulletins of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's progress towards recovery. His absence from "The House" was naturally alluded to in all political news, yet those women did not even know that he was ill, not one of them had glanced down the news page of a daily paper. Comment is needless.

Many men who support the enfranchisement of women argue with much truth that barring the addition to numbers, the women voters would make little or no difference to an election, as the majority would vote with their male accessories. I believe that to be substantially true. I know several women who absolutely

subordinate their own beliefs to the beliefs of their husbands. Who not only do this passively, but actively, canvassing and speaking for them in direct opposition to their own views. Most educated women will admit that this is not encouraging to the hope that their sex is now emerging from intellectual servitude.

The imitative faculty in women is far too strongly demonstrated at present to give rise to hope of a change for the better in the immediate future. As long as women are to be met with who can sink their own opinions and float those of their male relatives for the asking, who study to ape men not only in dress and outward appearance, but in thought and action, there is still much for them to learn. What women need to develop is individuality, at present the majority are too engrossed in personality to probe deeper. Those women who dress as nearly as possible in male attire show a primitive want of individuality which is most disheartening to witness.

I would advocate that those women who have emerged out of the embryo state so largely preponderating amongst their sex, should set to work immediately to educate their less fortunate sisters. A regular course of lectures should be inaugurated in which really advanced women should endeavour to stimulate the mass of womanhood, not to attack the male fortress, but to set their own mental house in order, and attain to something like settled conviction and organised thinking. Railing against the dominance of man will only retard the cause. When women prove themselves mentally emancipated, what they desire will come to them in the ordinary course of evolution.

Undoubtedly the first position to be attacked is the female attitude towards the Church. As it is to women that the churches owe their continued existence, it is in their hands to abolish the antiquated dogmas and superstitions with which the Prayer Book abounds. The Thirty-nine Articles ought to be extirpated; the parson who can accept them can accept anything, and is unworthy of his calling; the parsons who can't accept them, and they form the majority, are placed in a most cruel position, honest, yet condemned by their church to be dishonest. In 1865 an Act of Parliament somewhat relaxed the rigorous form of subscription; it left the Articles intact, but afforded a loophole for

the clergy to slip through; a very questionable piece of honesty. The superannuated marriage service must be amended. The fatuousness of asking a woman to honour and obey a man before he has had time to prove himself worthy of either or both those sentiments is simply infantine. The burial of unchristened children in unconsecrated ground must be abolished, or better still, women must be taught that one piece of ground is as good as another in which to lay the cast-off flesh, and they must learn to place more importance upon the ultimate bourne of the liberated soul. There are many other dogmas beneath the dignity of the thinker's notice, but momentous to the ordinary woman, out of which she must be educated. At the present stage women are entirely responsible for the absence of men from the churches, and for the insincere attitude of the majority of the clergy. The former being the result of the latter condition. Woman's persistent and imbecile demand for worn-out and utterly exploded dogma has brought about and keeps alive the two facts above quoted.

Men have not the time or patience to listen to that which their intellectual acumen tells them to be nonsense, therefore they absent themselves from the churches. The clergy say openly that it is only this nonsense which women will accept, that if they try to instill a more exalted, more spiritual meaning into the old materialism, women upbraid them for heresy or else go elsewhere. If it be argued that the clergy are insincere with deliberate intent to hoodwink their adherents, then I answer by saying again the cure for this lies in the hands of women who practically keep the churches in existence.

One has only to glance round congregations who gather to hear Canon Wilberforce, or Mr. Campbell, in the City Temple, to prove the truth of my statement. Where the service offered is in accord with the present intellectual status of cultured humanity, there will be no lack of male attandance. The over-crowding of those churches emphasises this. On the other hand one has only to enter any one of the innumerable churches that have remained servile to the strangulation of Jewish superstition to complete the evidence. Their congregations consist entirely of women. Unfortunately, such churches are in overwhelming numbers

throughout the land. It is to be doubted if a preacher such as Canon Wilberforce, or the Dean of Westminster would continue to draw such enormous audiences outside of London. Edinburgh and Glasgow are certainly too benighted as yet to appreciate their educational efforts. One cannot give strong meat to babes.

The preponderance of women have either never heard of the "Higher criticism" or look askance at it as the work of the devil. The majority are too timid to listen to its true meaning, that of reconstruction, not destruction, far less to read up the subject for themselves.

The result of this wilful ignorance affects the children of the land to a very serious degree. Witness the innumerable mothers who set before their little ones such Biblical heroes as Saul and David. Two men who lived perhaps the most dissolute and criminal lives that history has recorded. Women on this subject are on the horns of a dilemma, either they are wickedly thoughtless or they are in sympathy with the vice and crime of the Old Testament debauchees. Is there any middle course? I wait with perfect open mindedness to have it pointed out.

The question is a very simple one to answer. For brevity I select David and Saul from out of the many Biblical criminals. Are their depicted characters such as to prove ennobling and stimulating examples for good to present-day youth?

If the answer is "No," then why be so wicked as to place them before the opening minds of our children? If the answer be "Yes"—well there must be something strangely corrupt in the mind that can make such an assertion. I might go farther and suggest that the mind that can hold this very unclean reading as the inspired word of God must possess a very remarkable idea of the morals of the Almighty, but this is a digression which I will pursue no further.

I maintain that the purification of the churches, which is such a crying necessity of the day, lies in the hands of women. In place of halls consecrated to dark and worn out dogma, may we not have halls of light, learning and spirituality. Churches which it will be a great spiritual benefit to attend, in which the Almighty may be worshipped as the symbol of all beneficence, power and love, in place of a God of revenge, Jewish superstition and implac-

ability. In place of having to go an hour before service commences, and then humbly beg for a corner in one of the very few enlightened churches in the great metropolis, how restful it would be if one could turn in to any one of the numerous places of worship throughout the land, confident of coming away ennobled and elevated in thought and mind, in place of outraged in every sense of reverence and decency. The terribly degraded conception of God Almighty preached from so many pulpits can cause nothing but repugnant nausea to the men and women who think, therefore they stay away.

It was long before the Church would accept Darwinism many still reject it. In place of the grandiose conception of vast ages of slowly evolving Divine thought, magnificent in its unfurling grandeur, cosmic in its manifestation of the Creative word, they cling to the six days, the Garden of Eden, and the apple.

"Women will have it. Remember if you remove the apple you remove the original sin, and the need for atonement," a Bishop lately said to me.

What incalculable damage that cheap and esculent fruit has caused humanity. As I look on its innocent, blushing cheek as it lies on my table I feel I owe it a deep grudge. It has prostituted the minds of the vast majority of my sex.

Most rudimentary are those subjects which I have briefly dwelt upon, yet the great mass of female minds are not yet freed from their entanglements. Until women purge themselves of the fallacies which at present they hug so warmly to their breasts, it is useless for them to dwell upon their desire to influence the greater issues of the nation at large. Their reactionary tendencies come home to roost, those who have the welfare of humanity's temporal and spiritual progress at heart have no desire to see their influence extended at present.

VIOLET TWEEDALE.

THE RECENT RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION.

By the Rev. G. H. Johnson.

I THANKFULLY avail myself of your permission, to reply shortly to yourself and Mr. Montgomery. First, as regards your own very courteous criticism. Your indictment of the Church is, I gather (1), that she is indifferent to spiritual truths, and (2), that she teaches doctrines which thinking men cannot accept. As a proof of this you single out the doctrine of Vicarious Atonement, which you represent in these words:—"God got out of temper with humanity at a certain stage, 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 their own merit." Now, Sir, there is no religion the doctrines of which have not been misrepresented by its more ignorant disciples. For instance, one knows that the ordinary Buddhist creed is that the human soul may undergo the degradation of re-incarnation in an animal form. But you point out (in Esoteric Buddhism) that this is no part of the creed as held by the educated. So the doctrine against which your strictures are directed is the perversion, the caricature, if you will. The Catholic creeds do not lay down a defined doctrine of Atonement. The words of the Creed of Nicea are: "Who for us and for our salvation came down from Heaven and was Incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin

Mary, and was made man. And was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried." There is no doctrine of substitution there. The Christian Fathers, and all Christian thinkers, are agreed as to the impossibility of exactly defining the Atonement; *i.e.*, the effects of the Death on the Cross. To go into the matter fully would render necessary long quotations from such works as Dale or McLeod Campbell on the Atonement. But two things are certain. The word "for" implies a work not "substitutional" but "sponsorial." Christ died not to save us the trouble of doing something, but to enable us to do it. Christ's work profits those, and those alone, who in some way share His sufferings, who die to sin, as He died. Yet His death is more than an example. It enables man to do this. It is from the lives of saints in all ages, and there are many of them now, that we learn how belief in the Atonement works. The most ignorant Salvationist who has "accepted Christ" would tell you that His work profits nothing except to those who in a real sense are crucified with Him. The perversion of the idea which you have in your mind, which regards religion as a kind of celestial insurance, a "soul saving dodge," which may enable men to make the best of both worlds, has existed, and does exist, but it is a perversion. You are not alone in your contempt for it. Only the other day I heard a great preacher say it was more than paganism, and (2), it is the doctrine of Scripture, and the Church that God's love was the cause, and not the result, of the Death of Christ: "God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son."

I can understand what you mean from your point of view when you say that the Church is indifferent to spiritual truths. From ours, we have as yet no proof of any truth having been revealed higher than that in our Creeds. I have, myself, read with great interest a great deal of Theosophical and Occult literature. Many of its teachings seem of great beauty and of much inherent probability. But we cannot admit them as more than speculations. Clairvoyant investigations seem to yield contradictory results. For instance, I have known many who profess to have obtained information "from the other side," some of whom affirm and some deny the doctrine of Re-incarnation. To us the

fact of the revelation of Higher Knowledge, and the existence of its possessors, is "not proven." I trust in saying this I say nothing which may offend any.

And now, I turn to Mr. Montgomery. This gentleman seems to combine a great dislike of the clerical profession with a very great ignorance of facts. He begins by informing us that "most thinking men regard parsons as interesting relics of past credulity." I do not know to what class Mr. Montgomery's "thinking men" belong. Is it the poor and uneducated? If he were a parson in a poor parish he would have his bell ringing all day; he would find a stream of men and women continually coming to him, with at least the certainty that he would try to do something for them, till his heart ached that he could do so little. Is it the educated and rich? I suppose that those who frequent Continental resorts are a fair sample of these. Now it is a simple fact that people will not go to a place where there is no Chaplain. So well is this known, that hotel-keepers take care to facilitate there being one. And I know from my own experience that a clergyman is the more liberally supported and kindly treated if he is outspoken and honest in saying what he thinks. Does Mr. Montgomery know that the vast majority of Christian ministers are voluntarily supported? In this country this is so of those of the Church of Rome; it is so in all the great Nonconformist bodies. It is increasingly so in the Church of England. Would it were so altogether, for I am rather disposed to agree with Mr. Montgomery in his views as to an Established Church. Did the majority of Christians hold the views of Mr. Montgomery, what he wishes would take place, and the Clerical Order cease to exist. But while the Clergy are supported, it is new to me that it is "in affluence." I know not of what body this would be true. In the Church of England, a benefice which supplies a living wage is a positive rarity. Clerical distress is a matter to which the authorities of the Church are calling attention. It is a matter which will be put right as soon as it is realised. My point is, that throughout the Christian world people do so value the Church's ministrations that they are perfectly ready to maintain them, and the only seeming exception is where, as in the Church of England, the accident of Establish-

ment causes them not to realise that a need exists. I would refer Mr. Montgomery to the official Year Book of the Church of England, in which he will see the enormous sums voluntarily contributed to institutions connected with the Church. But, to those who know the facts, Mr. Montgomery's remarks on "clerical affluence" must almost seem grotesque.

You, yourself, Sir, have said something about Mr. Montgomery's argument, founded on the proximity of Church and slum. Mr. Montgomery says that priests would be better employed in coping with misery than in performing services. In all cases I know of, they are doing both. Mr. Montgomery, would I suppose, say to the builders of a harbour, "Why do you not go out and still the sea?" The answer is, "We cannot, but it is something to provide a refuge." It is a matter of fact and not of argument that men and women do find the Church a refuge, a home, and a means of help and comfort. The case I quoted was merely an instance, one of innumerable ones, but by anyone who has ever been to St. Paul's, with its stately ritual and superb music, Mr. Mongomery's talk about the "drone of a Minor Canon" can hardly be taken seriously.

Mr. Montgomery has it that the object of all ceremonies is simply priestcraft. Why, of course! He might as well say that the object of all a carpenter's apparatus is simply carpentry. The priest has his "craft" just as anyone else. Many think that by just using this word they administer a knock-down blow. But all it really means is that the priest has a certain work to do, and a certain way of doing it, and ceremonial is only a means for the performance of one side of that work, and so long as a man is in a material body, or thinks he is, there can never be a religion of which ceremonial of some kind does not form a part.

But I must part with Mr. Montgomery, with whom I am glad to have had an opportunity of crossing swords in a friendly spirit. There is always in such criticisms as his a something which we shall do well to ponder. The Church has never been as faithful to her Mission as she ought to have been. This her greatest teachers have always admitted. There will always be nominal Christians, who are the great cause of unbelief; there have been some periods of unfaithfulness and corruption, concern-

ing which Mr. Montgomery's remarks would hardly have been too strong, but these are the necessary consequences of a dispensation in which men are free to abuse as well as profit, by spiritual privilege, the possibilities involved in a condition of freedom in which only the potentiality of spiritual progress may be found. I do not think that anyone acquainted with the wonderful Church revival of the last century, could say we are living in such a time now. I can hardly hope with Mr. Montgomery, that a future student in the British Museum will trouble himself about the utterances of so obscure an individual as myself. Should he do so, I can only hope he will give Mr. Montgomery and myself credit for having tried to understand each other's points of view, and not entirely in vain.

G. H. JOHNSON.

PASSING EVENTS.

MR. CHIOZZA MONEY, who has floated into Parliament on the democratic tide, has lately published a book entitled "Riches and Poverty," which represents the actual distribution of wealth in this country as governed by evil principles that have increased in force, are increasing, and ought to be diminished. But more thoughts than one may be suggested by his striking diagrams which represent, in a graphic form, the fact that the poor are much more numerous than the rich, or in other words, that the wealth of this country is distributed unequally. Five million people out of the 43 million constituting the population of the United Kingdom, are in the enjoyment of half of its whole wealth, while the other half is distributed amongst 38 million. Again the 5 million people who enjoy half the wealth, share it in a very unequal way. Two thirds of the wealth in question are monopolised by 1¼ millions, the other third has to suffice for those who are merely "comfortable" on incomes varying between £160 and £750 per annum. And every time the portion of the rich is subdivided, the inequality between the condition of the very rich and the others becomes aggravated to an apparently outrageous extent.

Mr. Money suggests various fiscal devices by means of which these evils might be abated, but he systematically disregards one consideration naturally arising out of his facts. Taxes are paid out of wealth, and not,—according to the methods of Shylock,—by fragments of actual flesh, and it is impossible to derive an adequate national income from only half the national wealth.

The cheap and easy suggestion that the poor shall be exempt from taxation and the rich fleeced to a corresponding degree, is unsound finance, and very doubtful philanthropy. Without imposing scandalously unjust burdens on the rich, without introducing into practical legislation the principle "*la propriété c'est le vol*" governments cannot afford to leave their poor untaxed, simply because the poor in the aggregate, possess at least half the taxable resources available.

Mr. Money does not think it necessary to argue that the unequal distribution of wealth is wrong. He treats that as an obvious matter of course. And he has an ingenious way of twisting the facts so as to emphasise the idea. The miners, for example, who spend laborious lives in digging up coal for export, are represented as sending abroad the product of their industry in return for luxuries, like racing motor cars, that merely serve the pleasure of those who do not work at all. But the argument pushed to its legitimate extreme would imply that no social system is perfect, unless everyone is equally concerned with laborious industry, equally provided in return with such luxuries as it may purchase; that condition of things being as unthinkable really as the Irishman's Utopia in which every man is to have a hundred a year, and another man to wait upon him.

Probably the excessive inequalities of wealth at this moment are to be deplored. The problem, as usual, is one of drawing the line. Mr. Money indulges in magnificent dreams with very ill-defined outlines, according to which fractions of the mighty wealth enjoyed by the rich are to be detached for the purpose of providing decent homes and land allotments for the poor, but he scorns to descend into details as to how this should practically be done, except in so far as he suggests schemes of taxation exempting the poor, and putting all burdens on the rich. The all-important thought which these proposals overlook arises out of the political condition in which this country finds itself at present. With the governing power practically in the hands of the poor, it would clearly be unfair, not to speak of the national dangers involved, if the money to be spent by the governing class should be derived entirely from another. There might be justification in a scheme according to which the poor should be entirely exempt from

national burdens, and at the same time from all share in the work of electing parliaments. A familiar cry emphasises the injustice of taxation without representation, but that country is bound to suffer in the long run from very serious evils if it becomes entangled too deeply in the converse condition, representation without taxation.

PERHAPS in the course of the next few years we may have the opportunity of realising the consequences of divorcing power from pecuniary responsibility. It may be that the new House of Commons represents a transitory phase of national feeling; it may be that the lower classes, now they have for the first time fully realised the fact that power is at last in their own hands, will not surrender it again. But if that should be so, it will be interesting to observe how far the really high-minded enthusiasts, who believe sincerely in popular government, will be able to guard the British House of Commons from developing the characteristics which experience across the Atlantic shows to be naturally evolved from ultra-democratic conditions of Government. We have all been familiar for many years with evidence to the effect that corruption is rampant in many legislatures of the United States. We are all alive to the fact that the classes in America, who pride themselves chiefly on their social value, regard politics as an ignoble pursuit from which they deliberately stand aloof. But we have not often encountered specific statements emphasising these ideas in so startling a way as those embodied in Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's extraordinary volume, entitled "Frenzied Finance." This is chiefly concerned with an exposure of financial methods which the author holds to be essentially dishonest, but incidentally it brings to light the condition of political corruption in America that previous information had scarcely prepared us to expect. In connection with certain operations which some of his financial friends described as designed for the purpose of "fixing" the Massachusetts Legislature, when certain gigantic speculations were in progress during what was known as the Boston Gas War, Mr. Lawson tells us that he started on a round of investigation among men who would talk freely, and discovered in fact that "Massachusetts

senators and representatives were not only bought and sold as sausages and fish in the market, but there existed a regular quotation schedule for their votes." And the condition of things thus described is not for a moment supposed to be peculiar to Massachusetts. The vast financial organisation known in America as "Standard Oil" is represented by Mr. Lawson as owning not only legislatures and governors, but judges also and public officials of various degrees.

That is the bottom of the slope towards which democratic institutions, worked out to their logical consequences, are apt to slide. The first step towards the edge of the terrible declivity is accomplished when parliamentary work becomes a profession, and those who undertake it are professionally paid. For the moment the claim for payment put forward by the new House of Commons emanates from the section especially representing labour. Some writers in the press have acutely pointed out that if the payment of members be adopted, it will for the first time be possible for men of the middle class to offer themselves for election. The *bona fide* working man when elected may be supported by his trades union. There is no such system available for the support of the middle-class candidate for Parliamentary honours. But whatever class is introduced to English politics by the new system, if it should be carried out, the effect will be to provide, at all events, for the possibility of establishing a condition of things at Westminster that may ultimately correspond with that described as existing in Massachusetts.

We are all familiar with the man who,—as ignorant of all that appertains to superphysical research as a costermonger's donkey of Chinese metaphysics,—is nevertheless convinced that everyone connected with superphysical research must be either a knave or a fool. For his part he is determined under no circumstances to waste his time in ascertaining, amongst the researchers, who is which. And that kind of man is represented unhappily by a great number of newspapers at the present day, that are manifesting gleeful delight over an announcement that has lately found its way into the popular press concerning the exposure of a spiritualistic medium named Eldred, in the

midst of an attempt to simulate spiritual manifestations by means of marks, drapery, and false beards. The innumerable cases by which genuine manifestations of the kind imitated by the fraudulent medium have been reported by competent witnesses under conditions defying suspicion, are very rarely noticed in the popular press. But there are multitudes so foolish as to suppose that the cases in which fraud is exposed, discredit the reports of cases in which fraud would have been impossible.

Certainly one's habit of attributing reasonable intelligence to the majority of our civilised fellow creatures is apt now and then, by those engaged inany department of occult study, to encounter a disconcerting shock. It is not enough to say that the existence of a forged bank note does not disprove the existence of bank notes that are genuine; in a certain sense the forgery itself proves the existence of the genuine note that is imitated. And if the critics of spiritualistic exposures that now and then take place had any decent glimmerings of common sense to fall back upon they would see independently of other conclusions that would then dawn upon them, that the spiritualistic fraud would never have become even so frequent as it is, if there had not been genuine experiences in the background, within the knowledge of large numbers, that afforded models for imitation.

THE large majority of English people who never come into personal contact with the English Law Courts are profoundly convinced that no human institutions have ever been evolved that represent wisdom and justice, moral purity and the perfection of reason, more completely than those revered institutions. Closer familiarity sometimes breeds an attitude of mind,—which is seriously dangerous when recognised in its technical aspect. But even without personal experience, those who have paid attention to what some of the newspapers call the "Wadhurst Mystery" will perhaps be struck by some curious circumstances connected with this affair.

The original drama is enacted in very humble life. A Sussex labourer, Stevens by named, lived, in a humble cottage, with his mother. One day in December last, the man being away at his

work, the old woman was found murdered, her throat cut, on her bed, and for want, apparently, of knowing whom to accuse of the crime, the local police authorities accused the son. In due course he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. Then the matter was brought to the attention of the Home Office, and it occurred to the Home Secretary that, after all, there was no evidence worth speaking of associating the man Stevens with the murder. Execution in this case was stayed, and Mr. George R. Sims who has been conspicuous before now in exposing some judicial blunders, has analysed the evidence at the trial in the columns of the *Daily Mail*. He has shown that there was no evidence against Stevens that ought even to have cast suspicion upon him, and one of the jurors who found him guilty has written to the Home Secretary, saying, "Until the judge's summing up I, and several other jurors, had considerable doubt whether the prisoner committed the murder." Thinking the matter over, he goes on to declare, he feels great doubt as to whether the prisoner ought to have been found guilty. So it would appear in reality that the judge was responsible for the outrageous miscarriage of justice which was all but consummated,—responsible for guiding a jury indisposed to regard the evidence as sufficient, to the grossly improper verdict they actually gave!

Of course the incidents of this case condemn the jury system no less clearly than that whieh leaves the judge free of all responsibility, however terribly he may blunder. Roped in at random, regardless of their deficient intelligence or education, the common juryman can hardly be expected to do more than listen with his mouth open for the hints the judge may throw out concerning the verdict that he is expected to give. But the simplest philosophy recognises that two wrongs do not make a right, nor is that result achieved when the numerous and variegated wrongs associated with legal proceedings are left to bring about the result.

Is it a privilege to feel pain? According to newspaper reports a working man at New York claimed damages from a railway company in respect of injuries sustained in a collision, but the only injury defined appears to have been the development of a condition in which he was insensible to pain. His case was

proved in the witness box by a surgeon who applied hot iron to his bare arm till the odour of burning flesh reached the nostrils of the jury, the witness meanwhile smiling with indifference, thus convincing all present that he felt nothing. From some points of view it might have been imagined that in a world where physical pain is so frequently experienced, the railway company might have been justified in claiming gratitude, at any rate, for investing Mr. Lipsitz with his peculiar immunity. But the court thought otherwise and awarded the plaintiff substantial damages. If one could only trust the story it would be full of scientific interest. But the most annoying circumstance connected with wonderful occurrences at large is that, as a rule, when closely investigated, they turn out not to have occurred.

THERE is little reason, however, for distrusting what some of the newspapers have ridiculously described as "the strange case of the haunted man of Abertridwr." The poor man, Craze by name, appears simply to be a medium for the simplest class of spiritualistic manifestations. Through him the elemental forces which bring about such results have been producing rapping sounds wherever he went. Ignorant himself of their natural character, the man found them terrifying. Roman Catholic priests and other clerical experts, as ignorant as their patient, were called in to exorcise the diabolical influence—to surround conditions as simple as a shower of rain with all the terrors of the supernatural! How many other people, one wonders, are unnecessarily suffering frights in the same way, simply for want of generally diffused knowledge concerning the elementary facts of superphysical science?

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NOTES ON SUN WORSHIP.

BY W. WILLIAMSON, AUTHOR OF "*The Great Law.*"

THE dogma and the ritual of almost every religion bear witness to the existence of Sun-Worship.

While the rituals of the world's religions have exhibited in this respect an almost infinite variety, the unique and significant feature in the dogma of one and all, is the fact of the Winter Solstice being the time usually attributed to the birth of the God or Saviour, and the fact that his mother is almost invariably invested with the attributes of a pure virgin.

The ancient religions of Persia and of Peru stand out as those in which the Solar element was most prominently displayed in their ceremonial worship, while only faint traces of it are to be found in the ritual of the last two great religions of the world, Buddhism and Christianity.

A description of the festival called the "Salutation o Mithras," which from the records handed down appears to have been of a most gorgeous nature, may appropriately prelude the consideration of the scattered fragments that remain to attest the existence of ancient solar rituals.

The Persians' most splendid ceremonials were in honour of Mithras, called the Mediator. "They kept his birthday with many rejoicings on the 25th day of December, when the sun perceptibly begins to return northward after his long winter journey; and they had another festival at the vernal equinox. Perhaps no religious festival was ever more splendid than the annual Salutation of Mithras, during which 40 days were set apart for thanks-

giving and sacrifice. The procession to salute the god formed long before the rising of the sun. The High Priest was followed by a long train of the Magi, in spotless white robes, chanting hymns, and carrying the Sacred Fire on silver censers. Then came 365 youths in scarlet. These were followed by the Chariot of the Sun, empty, decorated with garlands, and drawn by superb white horses, harnessed with pure gold. Then came a white horse of magnificent size, his forehead blazing with gems in honour of Mithras. Close behind him rode the king, in a chariot of ivory inlaid with gold, followed by his royal kindred in embroidered garments, and a long train of nobles riding on camels richly caparisoned. This gorgeous retinue, facing the east, slowly ascended Mount Orontes. Arrived at the summit the High Priest assumed his tiara wreathed with myrtle, and hailed the first rays of the rising sun with incense and prayer. The other Magi gradually joined him in singing hymns to Ormuzd, the source of all blessing, by whom the radiant Mithras had been sent to gladden the earth and preserve the principle of life. Finally, they all joined in one universal chorus of praise, while king, princes, and nobles prostrated themselves before the orb of day."*

J. M. Robertson, referring to the Mexican cultus, writes that "in many of the forms of prayer and admonition which have been preserved, we see a habit of alluding reverently to 'God' (*Teotl*) or 'our Lord,' without any specification of any one deity, and with a general assumption that the Lord loves right conduct. This universal God was in origin apparently the Sun, who was worshipped in the temples of all the Gods alike, being prayed to four times each day and four times each night."†

"The Aztecs celebrated their new year, the birthday of the sun, on dates varying from 9th January to 26th December. Their cycle of fifty-two years, commencing on 9th January, and being held every fourth year, one day earlier brought them at the end of the cycle to 26th December. These cycles of four years and

* L. M. Child's *The Progress of Religious Ideas through Successive Ages*, Vol. 1, pp. 272-73.

† See Saliagun's *History of the Affairs of New Spain*, French trans. 1880 *passim.*, cited in J. M. Robertson's *Pagan Christs*, p. 382.

fifty-two years, as well as their greater cycles, were all symbolised by serpents. At the close of the fifty-two year cycle a remarkable festival was held in honour of the 'Elements of Fire.' During the last five days of the period all fires were suffered to go out, and none were kindled in any dwelling or temple. On the last day of the year—viz.: 26th December—the chief priests went to the summit of a lofty mountain, or in the city of Mexico itself to the top of their principal Teocalli or House of God, a pyramid shaped temple, and there, at midnight, with many mysterious rites, kindled new fire by the friction of wood laid on the wounded breast of a human sacrifice. The flame was then communicated to a vast funeral pile on which the victim was laid, while the entire population, anxiously watching from all parts of the country, saw with joy, the flame shoot upwards, announcing that the Sun was born again. Couriers with torches kindled from this holy fire bore them throughout the country, and fire was lit from them on all altars and hearth-stones."*

"In Peru, as in Mexico, there was a solemn religious ceremony of renewing at stated periods, by special generation, the fire used in the temples, and even in the households. In Mexico [as just stated] it was done over a human sacrifice, by means of the friction of two sticks at the end of each cycle of fifty-two years. In Peru it was done yearly by means of a concave mirror. So did men do in ancient Rome, and similarly have northern European peasants done in Germany, in Scotland, and in Ireland, at intervals till our own time, regarding the 'need-fire' or 'forced fire' as a means of averting evil."†

It was on the "twelfth night" after the winter solstice that some of the Celtic people on the Continent of Europe used to kindle the need-fires on the hills by friction of sticks, and the fires were kept burning till sunrise. "Sacred plants were cut and brought into the houses, having been thrust into the flame for a moment. This custom of the yule fires is said to be still carried on in the Western Highlands of Scotland—now, of course, in honour of the birth of Jesus, instead of that of Bal, their Sun deity

* *The Great Law*, pp. 35-36.

† J. M. Robertson's *Pagan Christs*, p. 409.

of old. So fully is this name of Bal, Bel, or Baal preserved that to this day the Highlanders call the year 'Bheilaine,' or circle of Bel the Sun. The fires are known both in Scotland and Ireland as 'Bheil or Baaltinne,' and in the latter country the common word of greeting amongst the people is 'Baal o' yerith,' meaning literally 'are you Baal's man?' It's real interpretation, however, has been long forgotten.*

"Among the Eastern nations the serpent, in the form of a ring or circle, was the emblem of Divinity and Eternity. Pre-eminently was this the case in Egypt, where this figure is constantly represented. The plain circle typified both the sun and his yearly course, just as the crescent was emblematic of the moon and her phases. The glyph of the sun-god Ra was a circle with a point at its centre. Osiris and Horus were also symbolised by the sun's disc variously depicted. On the altar of every Egyptian temple was a disc of gold, sometimes as a plain circle, sometimes with rays streaming from it, and sometimes with the addition of a human face inscribed on its surface. There is a reference to these discs in Jeremiah,† where the prophet foretells that the sun-faces (wrongly translated as images, with a marginal reading of images in the house of the sun) of Bethshemesh shall be destroyed by the King of Babylon."

"When studying the rites and customs of a bygone race, it is a great addition to the picture if some piece of contemporary evidence can be adduced. This is supplied by following prayer of Queen Nefer Thii, the consort of Khuenaten, of the Eighteenth Dynasty. 'Thou disc of the Sun! Thou living God. There is none other beside thee; thou givest health to the eyes through thy beams, creator of all beings. Thou goest up from the eastern horizon of the heavens to dispense life to all that thou hast created.... Thus they behold thee, and they sink to sleep when thou settest, Grant to thy son, who loveth thee, life in truth.... that he may live united with thee in eternity.'‡

"In the tombs of Gizeh and Sakkarah have been found

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* *The Great Law*, p. 37.

† Chap. xliii, 13.

‡ Sir Erasmus Wilson's *Egypt of the Past*, p. 250.

representations of an obelisk crowned with a sun-disc and rising from a truncated pyramid. A sun-disc was placed on the front of the mitre worn by the chief priests. The Druidic high priests are said to have worn a similar headdress when performing their rites, while it is apparent from the description in Exodus (Chap. xxviii, 36-7) that the mitre worn by the Jewish high priest must have been similarly decorated.

"Over the altars of the Persian sun and fire temples was displayed a disc surrounded by the solar rays and graven with a human face. The images of the gods in Assyria and Phœnicia were similarly surmounted with a metal disc. In China and Japan the same custom prevailed—indeed, the circular plate of polished metal which to-day may be seen in the Shinto temples, is doubtless a survival of the archaic disc.

In Mexico we find that the sun-god Tezcatlipoca, who stood next in honour to the Supreme Being (of whom there was no image), was symbolised by and represented as wearing for his chief adornment a circular plate or disc of bright metal, which saw "and reflected all the doings of the world."*

"The Peruvians, however, stand pre-eminent among the nations of antiquity for the elaborate ritual of their sun-worship. From beginning to end of their history—so far as it is known—the sun was the central object of their rites, customs, and traditions. Their royal Incas, indeed, were believed to trace their direct descent from the sun and moon, and all the descendants of this royal sun-race wore in the ear a great circle or wheel of gold.† On solemn occasions the sovereign, who was also high priest, wore a headgear adorned with a sun-disc resembling that of Egypt. In the great temple of Cuzco—the holy city—'on the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity consisting of a human countenance looking forth from amidst innumerable rays of light, which emanated from it in every direction in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal that the rays of the

* Humboldt's Researches.

† Montesino's MS. *Antiq. Hist. del Peru.*

morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceilings were everywhere encrusted. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was 'the tears wept by the sun,' and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal."*

The above description recalls that of the golden vessels of King Solomon's temple given in II. Chronicles and I. Book of Kings.

"In Greece and Rome the rayed disc also symbolised the solar gods, while the statues of Greek deities had bright metal plates above their heads.

"The ancient Irish flag, called the 'sun-burst,' was what its name implies, the sun-disc with its rays of glory. The Scandinavian nations, too, inscribed this on their banners.

"In the worship of Buddha the sun-disc—already accepted long before his time in India as an emblem of deity—was one of the many symbols employed, and on some images of Buddha he is represented as wearing the mitre adorned with the sun-disc and the cross.

"Lastly, in the Christian religion we once more come upon the familiar emblem in the monstrance, or sacred vessel in which the Eucharist is placed for exposure, to the kneeling congregation at the service called Benediction in the Roman Catholic Church. The monstrance, made either of gold or some gilded metal, is of the old sun disc pattern, round and rayed. Here is the whole so-called 'pagan' imagery in full force—the sun—the allegoric figure of deity, which it at once reveals to and veils from the profane gaze, and the God invisible and spiritual worshipped under an aspect visible and material."†

The Solar ritual is also exemplified in the sun-wise turn. "Emblematic of the earth's course round the sun, this custom has been hallowed by use from the earliest times, and practised in widely separated lands. 'Dheasul' is the Celtic word signifying sun-wise, while its literal interpretation 'with the sun on the right hand' is still more explicit.

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* Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*, p. 46.

† *The Great Law*, pp. 102-6.

"To this day, the Brahmin in India bows to the rising sun exclaiming 'May the sun quicken our minds,' which, according to Max Müller, is probably the oldest prayer in the world.' Turning slowly to the south and then to the west, he repeats the following words: 'I follow the course of the sun; as he in his journeying compasses the world by the path of the south, so do I, thus, following him, obtain the merit of his journey round the world by way of the south.' In the now abolished rite of Suttee, the victim walked sun-wise round the funeral pile before her death; while, to this day, the Santhals, a tribe of sun worshippers, carry the corpse three times in like manner round the pile before laying it on its fiery resting-place.

"In Egypt, the same sun-wise turn was taken by the numerous sacred processions, while, like the Persians, the Arabians also, as stated by Palgrave, turn their faces to the east in prayer, as being the direction of the light.*

"The Mexicans faced east in prayer, and in their baptismal rites there was a sun-wise turn made with the infant at the conclusion of the ceremony.† The Aztec teocallis were ascended by a spiral staircase, starting always from left to right. In Burmah and Java, where there are temples of similar construction, the author has been assured that the ascent is made in the same way. The Jewish temple, built after the captivity, had a spiral staircase round the outside of the building, encircling it several times.‡

"The Peruvian's also faced east in prayer, and at the rising of the sun on the day of the summer solstice, they marched sun-wise round their great temple.

"The Buddhist prayer-wheels are scrupulously turned so as to follow the course of the sun, it being considered impious to reverse the motion. Even when passing one of these 'prayer-mills' care is taken that it shall be on the right.§ Andrew Wilson mentions a similar custom with reference to the mounds or stones

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* *Central and Eastern Arabia*, Vol. I., p. 8.

† Sahagun's *History de la Nueva Espana.*

‡ *Ezekiel*, Chapter XLI., 7.

§ Gordon Cumming's *From the Hebrides to the Himalayas*, Vol. II. p. 226.

carved with Buddhist symbols, which are to be met with in some of the Himalayan districts."

In Greece and Rome all sacred processions marched from left to right at starting.

"The Kaaba of Mecca still witnesses seven sun-wise turns made round it by its Mohamedan devotees. This stone was held sacred long before the time of Mohamed, and the dheasul circuits are doubtless but the continuation of the custom of the earlier cult.

"The Celtic and Gaelic customs which still linger in Ireland, and might have been witnessed quite recently in the Highlands of Scotland, are directly traceable to the three or seven sun-wise turns which the ancient inhabitants of these islands, as well as the Celts of Continental Europe, used to make round their Baal-fires. It is said that a circular pathway may still be traced at Stonehenge, round which the priests and people made their daily dheasul circuits.

"The priests of the Christian Church in Abyssinia, when using incense, still take three turns sun-wise round the altar. Processions in the Greek Church pursue the same course; in the marriage ceremony, for instance, the bridal pair following the officiating priest three times round the altar from left to right. In the Easter ritual of the Roman Church the priest, after blessing the water in the baptismal font, sprinkles it towards the four corners of the globe, beginning at the east and continuing by the south. Our own ecclesiastical procession at the consecration of a burial ground, follows the old sun-wise turn, for the bishop and clergy, emerging from the western door, turn to the north and so round by east and south to the western door again." *

But of equal, if not of greater importance than the records of ancient sun-rituals stands the fact of the significant unanimity in the dogmas of all these old religions with regard to the solar attributes ascribed to their Gods or Saviours.

The solar nature ascribed to the early Aryan gods is referred to in the Atharva Veda. "In the evening Agni becomes Varuna; he becomes Mitra when rising in the morning; having become

* *The Great Law*, pp. 110-13.

Savitri he passes through the sky; having become Indra he warms the heaven in the middle;"* while in Egypt a similar statement may be found in the dialogue between Râ and Isis in which the god exclaims "I am Khepera in the morning, Râ at noon, and Tum in the evening." †

In the faith of early Chaldea there was an ancient Accadian Trinity composed of a divine father and mother along with their son. This son appears to have been worshipped as the Sun-god.‡ In subsequent ages, after the Accads had given way to the Semites, a Trinity representative of the sun, the moon, and the evening star, was recognised under the names of Samas, Sin, and Ishtar; but the remarkable fact about this triad was, that the ancient moon-god of Ur, Sin, was the chief person, and was regarded as the father of the other two. Commenting on this reversal of the usual order, Professor Sayee observes that it seems singular to the comparative mythologist "that, according to the official religion of Chaldea, the Sun-god was the offspring of the Moon-god. Such a belief could have arisen only where the Moon-god was the supreme object of worship. It is a reversal of the usual mythological conception, which makes the moon the companion or pale reflection of the sun. It runs directly counter to the Semitic Baal worship. To the Semite, the Sun-god was the lord and father of the gods; the moon was either his female consort, or, where Semetic theology had been influenced by that of Chaldea, an inferior god."§

From Acosta's History of the Indies we learn that the three persons who formed the Trinity worshipped in ancient Peru, and whose names were Apomti, Churunti, and Intiquoqui, were represented as three images of the Sun, the terms signifying respectively, Father or Lord-sun, Son-sun, and Brother-sun.

In Egypt, the birth of Horus, called the Saviour, was celebrated on 25th December. But Horus was not the only Sun-god recognised by the Egyptians. His own father, Osiris,

* Quoted in Max Mullers *Origin and Growth of Religion,* Lecture VI., pp. 290-1.

† Wiedemann's *Religion of the Ancient Egyptians,* p. 57.

‡ Sayee's *Hibbert Lectures,* 1887, p. 193.

§ Sayee's *Hibbert Lectures,* 1887, p. 155.

also called the Saviour (of whom Horus was a re-incarnation), was born—also at the winter solstice—of an immaculate virgin, the goddess Neith, who, like Isis, the mother of Horus, was known by the titles of Mother of God, Immaculate Virgin, Queen of Heaven, Star of the Sea, The Morning Star, The Intercessor.*

Isis is constantly represented as standing on the crescent moon with twelve stars surrounding her head;† while in almost every Roman Catholic church on the Continent of Europe may be seen pictures and statues of Mary, Queen of Heaven, standing on a crescent moon, and her head surrounded by twelve stars. This also recalls the description in Revelation of the "woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."‡ In "Monumental Christianity" may be seen a representation of Isis and Horus—the infant Saviour on his mother's knee, while she gazed into his face. There is a cross on the back of her seat.§

"Osiris and his re-incarnation, Horus, were called 'King of Kings' and 'Lord of Lords.' Like that of Jesus, the birth of Osiris was proclaimed by angelic voices, announcing amid a great light 'the Lord of all the earth is born,'¶ while all nature hushed and stood still to listen. A similar story is told in the Apocryphal Gospel of St. James, called the Protevangelium (Chap. xiii) to the effect that at the moment of the birth of Jesus all nature stood motionless, and a hush fell on the earth and its creatures.

"In Babylon we find Tammuz, the sun-god of Eridu, worshipped as the Saviour. He is described as 'the only son' of the God Ea. His mother, apparently, had many names—'Istar, Tillilli, Dav-kina were all but different names and forms of the same divinity.' Istar may also be identified with the Syrian Ashtoreth, the Phœnician Astarte, and even with the Greek Aphrodite, while some writers have found her parallel in the Egyptian Hathor. She was also known under the names of

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* Bonwick's *Egyptian Belief.*

† Draper's *Conflict between Science and Religion*, pp. 47-8.

‡ Revelation, Chapter XII., 1.

§ Rev. J. R. Lundy's *Monumental Christianity*, Plate 92.

¶ Plutarch's *De Iside et Osiride*, cap. 12, Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, Vol. IV., p. 310, and Wiedemann's *Religion of the Ancient Egyptians*, p. 207.

Mylitta, Lady of the Earth, Lady of Eden, The Morning Star, Goddess of the Tree of Life. She is pictured in 'Monumental Christianity' as Mylitta with the infant Saviour Tammuz on her knee.* In an old Accadian hymn she is invoked as 'O Virgin Istar.'† In other respects also there are correspondences with the Virgin Mary, for she is represented with her divine child in her arms, her head being surrounded with a halo, and crowned with 12 stars. Like the Virgin Mary, too, she was addressed by the title of the 'Queen of Heaven.'

"According to the Babylonian records the birth of Tammuz was of a miraculous nature. But the most remarkable fact in the whole legend is that he was regarded as both the son and the husband of his mother.‡ The very names Tammuz and Istar bring to mind the ancient poem in which the goddess is described as descending 'into Hades in search of the healing waters which should restore to life her bridegroom Tammuz, the young and beautiful sun-god.' Though paralleled in the Egyptian and in other religions, this astounding dual relationship is here brought more in view. Can it be that this old Babylonian legend is but an archaic version of the story of the Christian nativity—God the Son incarnating as Jesus Christ, while he is at the same time but another aspect of God the Father?"§

"It is well known that whereas in the Gospels Jesus is said to have been born in an inn-stable, early Christian writers, as Justin Martyr and Origen explicitly say he was born in a cave. Now, in the Mithra myth, Mithra is both rock-born and born in a cave; and the monuments show the new-born babe adored by shepherds, who offer first fruits. And it is remarkable that whereas a cave long was (and I believe is) shown as the birth-place of Jesus at Bethlehem, Saint Jerome actually complained that in his day the Pagans celebrated the worship of Thammuz (Adonis), and presumably therefore the festival of the birth of the Sun, Christmas day, at that very cave.

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* Fig. 93.

† Sayce's *Hibbert Lectures*, 1887, p. 268.

‡ Sayce's *Hibbert Lectures*, 1887, p. 237.

§ *The Great Law*, pp. 28-30.

"Given these identities, it was inevitable that, whether or not Mithra was originally, or in the older Mazdean creed, regarded as born of a virgin, he should in this western cultus come to be so regarded."*

"Thus" we find Mithra figuring in the Christian Empire in the fourth and fifth centuries alongside of the Christ as supernaturally born of a Virgin-Mother and of the Most High God, and if the Christians made much of some occult thesis that Mithra was his own father, or otherwise the spouse of his mother, they were but keeping record of the fact that in this as in so many ancient cults, and more obscurely as their own, the God has been variously conceived as the son and as the lover of the Mother-Goddess. In all probability they took from, or adopted in emulation of Mithraism the immemorial ritual of the birth of the Child-God; for on the Mithraic monuments we have the figure of the tree overshadowing the new-born child, even as it does in the early Christian Sculptures.†

Mithra originally "is simply the animised sun: later, according to the universal law of religious evolution,‡ he became a spirit apart from the sun, but symbolised by it, the sun being worshipped in his name, and he being the God who sustains it; nay, an actual subordinate Sun-God takes his place even in the Rig Veda. But since in Persian, his name *(Mihr)* actually means the sun, he can never be dissociated from it; and as the same word also means "the friend," the light being the friend of man, and seems to connote love and amity, a moral distinction inevitably attaches to him in a stage of thought in which words have an incalculable significance. He is not a mere benefactor to be flattered. As the sun in Nature can both succour and slay; as Apollo, called by Pindar the most friendly to men of all the

* J. M. Robertson's *Pagan Christs*, p. 331.

† J. M. Robertson's *Pagan Christs*, p. 340.

‡ It is true, with regard to a nation just emerging from barbarism into more civilised conditions, that the process here described might possibly be an explanation of the facts, but there is no such "*universal* law of religious evolution." With regard to such a nation as the Persians, who could trace their civilisation back for untold generations, it is much more likely that the solar symbolism resulted from the traditions of archaic teachings handed down through the ages—teachings given in the infancy of the race by those who had some real knowledge of the underlying facts of existence.

Gods, is also the Destroyer, so the Persians sang: 'Thou O Mithra, art both bad and good to nations'—and to men. And at length the dualist theory holding its ground as a theological system, as it always will while men personify the energies of the universe, Mithra comes to occupy a singular position as between the two great powers of good and evil, Ormazd and Ahriman, being actually named the Mediator, and figuring to the devout eye a humane and beneficent God, nearer to man than the great spirit of Good, a Saviour, a Redeemer, eternally young, son of the Most High, and preserver of mankind from the Evil One.

"Much has been written as to whether Mithra was worshipped as the sun, or as the creator and sustainer of the sun. There can be no reasonable doubt that the two ideas existed, and were often blended. We may depend upon it, that for the weak and ignorant minds, which could conceive of a personal God only under the form of a man or animal, or both combined, the perpetual pageant of the sun was a help and not a hindrance to elevation of thought. We can understand, too, how even to the thinkers, who sought to distinguish between matter and essence, and reckoned the sun only a part of the material universe, the great orb should yet be the very symbol of life and splendour and immortality, as well as the chosen seat of the Deity who ruled mankind; and that it should be the viewless spirit of the sun, who, in their thought, proclaimed to man the oracle of the Soul of the Universe, 'I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.'"*

"The first day of the week, Sunday, was apparently, from time immemorial, consecrated to Mithra by Mithraists; and as the Sun-god was pre-eminently 'the Lord,' Sunday was the 'Lord's day' long before the Christian era. On that day there must have been special Mithraic worship. But we have some exact information as to the two chief Mithraic ceremonies or festivals, those of Christmas and Easter, the winter solstice and the vernal equinox, the birthday of the Sun-god, and the period of his sacrifice and his triumph. That Christmas is a solar festival of unknown antiquity, which the early Christians appro-

* J. M. Robertson's *Pagan Christs*, pp. 303-5.

priated to their Christ in total ignorance of the real time of his birth, is no longer denied by competent Christian scholars when they happen to allude to the subject. That Easter is also a solar festival is perhaps not so fully recognised.* But we know, not only that Mithra and Osiris (and Horus) were specially adored at the vernal equinox, but that, in these worships, there were special formulas representing, apparently at this date, the symbolic death of the deity, the search for his body, and the finding of it."

"Ages before the landing of Cortez on their shores, the inhabitants of ancient Mexico worshipped a Saviour, Quetzalcoatl, who was born in a miraculous manner, and whose festival was held at the winter solstice. His birth was in the land of Tula or Tlapallan, which he left to visit Mexico and instruct it. Having ruled and taught the people for a time, he announced the completion of his work, and entering a skiff made of serpent skins, he sailed towards the East, saying that his father, the Sun, had need of him, but promising to return again and reign. He is represented as a tall man, robed in white, of very fair skin, and with golden hair and beard. The literal interpretation of his name, according to Lord Kingsborough, is the 'Serpent of rich plumage,' according to Humboldt, 'the Serpent clothed with green feathers.'"

"One version of the Quetzalcoatl legend, writes Hartland, records his birth from a precious stone swallowed by his mother, Chimalma. In a variant the Lord of Existence, Tonacatecutli appears to Chimalma and her two sisters. The sisters were both struck dead by fright, but he breathed upon Chimalma, and by his breath quickened life within her, so that she bore Quetzalcoatl. Her son cost her her life. Having thus perished on earth she was translated to heaven, like the Virgin Mary in the traditions of the Church, and was thenceforth honoured under the name of Chalchihuitzli, the Precious Stone of Sacrifice."‡

The Aztec sun and war-god, Huitzilopochtli, had also a

* The probable reason for the vernal equinox having been chosen as the appropriate period for the God's or the Saviour's sacrifice is stated in my work *The Great Law*, pp. 49 and 370.

† J. M. Robertson's *Pagan Christs*, pp. 318-19.

‡ Hartland's *Legend of Perseus*, Vol. I, p. 132, quoted in W. Williamson's *The Great Law*, p. 34.

miraculous birth, and his chief festival was at the winter solstice, when among other ceremonies his image was shot through with an arrow. He is represented as decorated with serpents. "Coatlicue, the serpent-skirted, was already the mother of many children. She dwelt on the mountain of the Snake, near the city of Tula, and being very devout she occupied herself in sweeping and cleansing the sacred places of the mountain. One day while engaged in these duties, a little ball of feathers floated down to her through the air. She caught it and hid it in her bosom; nor was it long before she found herself pregnant. Thereupon her children conspired to put her to death; but Huitzilopochtli, issuing from her womb all armed, like Pallas from the head of Zeus, speedily destroyed his brethren and sisters, and enriched his mother with their spoils."*

In the Orphic theosophy, Attis figures as the son of Athene, the Virgin Goddess†, who in turn is a variant of Anaitis and Tanith.‡ The birthdays of the Greek Bacchus and of the Syrian Adonis were both held at the winter solstice, the former being regarded as born from the thigh of Jupiter, and honoured with the title of Saviour, while the cave at Bethlehem, in which the mysteries of the latter were celebrated, was stated by some of the early Fathers of the Christian Church to be that in which Jesus was born§.

"All Christians know that the 25th December is *now* the recognized festival of the birth of Jesus, but few are aware that this has not always been so. There have been, it is said, 136 different dates fixed on by different Christian sects. Lightfoot gives it as 15th September, others in February or August. Epiphanius mentions two sects, one celebrating it in June, the other in July. The matter was finally settled by Pope Julius I. in 337 A.D., and St. Chrisostom, writing in 390, says: 'On this day [*i.e.*, 25th Dec.], also the birth of Christ was lately fixed at Rome, in order that while the heathen were busy with their cere-

* Sidney Hartland's *Legend of Perseus*, Vol I, 126.

† Orphica Ad Musæum, 42.

‡ Tiele Egyptian Religion, p. 135.

§ Tertullian and St. Jerome.

monies [the Brumalia in honour of Bacchus] the Christians might perform their rites undisturbed.' Gibbon in his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' writes, 'The [Christian] Romans as ignorant as their brethren of the real date of his [Christ's] birth, fixed the solemn festival to the 25th December, the Brumalia, or winter solstice, when the pagans annually celebrated the birth of the Sun.' King, in his 'Gnostics and their remains,' also says, 'The ancient festival held on the 25th December, in honour of the birthday of the 'Invincible one,' and celebrated by the great games at the Circus, was afterwards transferred to the Commemoration of the birth of Christ, the precise date of which many of the Fathers confess was then unknown,' while at the present day Canon Farrar writes that 'all attempts to discover the month and day of the Nativity are useless. No data whatever exist to enable us to determine them with even approximate accuracy.'"*

It will be seen from the above that every great religion of the world, down to our own, has retained traces more or less apparent of the ancient solar symbolism, and it may here be added that, although, as is most natural, the last great religion of the world—Christianity—represents a vast moral advance on most of its predecessors, it must nevertheless be admitted that those religions which most clearly recognised the Sun as being the Seat of Deity, retained a closer hold on one of the fundamental facts of existence.

For, He whom we call God and Father is our Solar Logos, the creator and preserver of our Solar System, which He holds in manifestation by His outbreathed energy.

As the sun's rays reach to the very furthest planet and enfold it, so does His Aura embrace His whole creation to its uttermost limits. The life-giving forces which stream from the sun are no mere concourse of chemical atoms. They are the very breath of our Logos, and the life-forces of ourselves and of the planets are vitalised by His outgoing spiritual energy thus poured upon us all from the heart and centre of our universe.

The Sun being thus recognised as the centre of His life and energy—the focus from which are constantly poured upon us

* *The Great Law*, pp. 40-42.

influences which sustain both our physical and our spiritual life, it should be seen how natural it was that every religion which has arisen among men should have borne some traces of solar origin, and that all should exhibit to a greater or less extent, both in their dogma and in their ritual, the solar epochs and the solar symbols.

W. WILLIAMSON.

"TIR NAN OGE."*

By the Countess of Cromartie.

"Now all along to Tir nan Oge
Are many roads that run."

Norah Chessen.

PROLOGUE.

Cairpre, King of a wild sea-coast dominion of West Erin, had gone to help the Innis Gael of Alba against the invader from the North. Cairpre was a man like many of his kind in that day, a hero of many fights, though he was still young, and one whose virtues and vices never ran to the deception or meannesses of a later day. He loved many things in his bold restless career, but above all things he loved his child, whose mother had died five years ago. Cairpre, in the intervals of hunting and fighting, neglected about half a score of fair women who adored him, for the sake of the little prince Ængus. The child, as soon as he could notice anything, would watch for his father's coming with eager expectation in his big dark eyes.

Now the child had reached five years and had grown stronger than he had been; the folk ceased to shake their heads over him as being unfit for the son of one as strong and comely as their king. Now Cairpre was going to Alba, not for the first time, and he wondered why the child clung to him so convulsively as they said farewell to each other on the landing stage near where two great galleys rocked at anchor.

* Lit—The County of the young—The Celtic Paradise.

"I will come back soon, little heart, and bring thee a Northman's sword," said the King, patting the drooping, curly head.

"I will look out here for thee every day," said the child, as he put his trembling lips against the King's hand. "Every day," he repeated, as Cairpre kissed him, and pulled his cloak gently out of the little hand that clung to it.

Then the galleys had sailed away, and darkness had fallen over the heart of the child.

Winter had come. The galleys had sailed back, but Cairpre was not with them. Women wailed and shrieked, and the tears were hot in the eyes of the fighting men.

Donnacha, his half brother, ruled in his stead till Ængus should grow up—"If that would ever be," thought Donnacha, as his eyes fell darkly on the small face that grew thinner day by day.

The child did not weep. He simply waited as he had promised. Dawn, sunset, and darkness saw the little figure waiting patiently on the rocks. With the winter days he did not cease his watch.

"He cannot understand," many said, pityingly.

"He must be half-witted, then, not to understand death," said Donnacha, cruelly.

"Perhaps he understands better than thou, Prince Donnacha," said an old Druid who had loved Cairpre, and he went to try and persuade the child to cease his watch.

It was a cold winter evening, and near darkness. But when the old man came he found the child's watch was ended. He lay curled up on the cold, hard rocks, his dark eyes still open and on the sea where the King might have come from the Coast of Alba.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE often wondered if sometimes unhappiness does not bring deeper spiritual insight to some natures. An experience that few, if any, will believe, happened to me first when I was a small child, and placed in what were certainly rather unhappy circumstances. I was only five years old at the time, but I remember that instance and more trivial ones of my life as clearly as if they

had happened yesterday. I think it is those who remember their childhood as well as I can only realize how much children *can* suffer if they are unkindly treated. The blind rage against injustice, the fear of worse things, possibly imaginary, and over all the crushing sense of helplessness.

Well, to begin with, I was an orphan, and the old place in the Outer Isles that had belonged to my family for countless generations, had been bought by a distant relative of my mother's, a rich man, with a numerous family. I, being a small boy, too small for school as yet, was thrown in (as it were) with the house, a thing I suppose I ought to have been grateful for, but I was not. I suppose the dogged antagonism of the Islanders, who resented the coming of a stranger, had got into my miserable little mind. But I struggled hard to be polite, though I disliked Colonel Saunderson from the first. I suppose even then I had the Celts fastidiousness about appearance, and I hated his. He was a huge pink and white man, with little light blue eyes very close together, and a thick mouth. His wife was a pale, tall woman, who complained incessantly of the house, the Island, the people, her health, and especially of me. Sometimes I heard words that were obviously not meant for me. Mrs. Saunderson would murmur resignedly about unpopularity, and those tiresome, ignorant people. So I reasoned out in my frightened baby mind that if it was not for the people, the people such as Rory, the fisherman, and Big Donald, who had once gone to Iceland on a whaler, I would possibly fall a victim to some awful fate. I hope, I think I tried to please them at the beginning, but I soon learnt that I was an encumbrance. The other children bullied me incessantly, and my only friend now seemed to be an old collie—Roy.

"I am sure that child's head is quite full of superstitious rubbish already," said Mrs. Saunderson, who had overheard a remark of mine one day.

I cannot now remember what it was about, except that it referred to the moon and the sea.

"Quite right," said the Colonel. "It's the people, stuck-up foreign-looking devils. I never trust men that look like that."

Mrs. Saunderson had murmured on: "I do wish Ian was fairer, like the other children. He's like a little gipsy."

"Come here, sir," roared the Colonel.

I believe he took actual pleasure in making me jump.

I came up to him, and he glared at me angrily, and I suddenly felt a vague sense of contempt that a man as big as he was should try and frighten anything so small as myself.

"Why are you such a black looking little ruffian, hey?" he said.

What I answered must have been picked up from words I had heard or tales I had been told.

"Sassanachs have yellow hair," I said simply. Upon which the Colonel boxed my ears; why, I could not imagine.

Well, all the troubles of a sensitive child, that gets itself thoroughly disliked, were mine. Possibly they would not be interesting to read now, so I will say nothing of them, except the one that was the last great trouble for me, then or now.

The German governess had for the hundredth time that day dinned into my head the intense gratitude I should show towards my benefactors.

"But why?" I had said, puzzled.

"Because if they did not keep you here you would starve." she answered.

"Oh no, I wouldn't," I answered. "I would go to Rory, or Big Donald, or old Sheumus up the hill. It would be fun." And Fraulein sighed and grew silent.

. . . . . .

By degrees I had fallen into the part of scapegoat for the Saunderson children, but one evening I remember well, I got a a severe thrashing all on my own account. George, the eldest boy, had informed me that Roy, my best friend, had been shot, "because he was old, and as stupid as you are," I remember he ended.

I could only see Roy in the evenings generally, when I could escape from Fraulein's vigilant eyes and run round to the stables where he was kept. I generally took him some biscuits hidden under my jersey. I thought that George was trying to frighten me, but I flew at him all the same, the cold fear and anxiety in my heart turning me into an uncontrolled little wild-cat. He was

much bigger than I was, but I fought him tooth and nail till he howled murder and was rescued by his parents. Hence I felt stiff and bruised as I rushed to the stables as soon as I could get away that evening.

"Where's Roy?" I said tremulously to the groom. He was a London lad, I remember, with a kind round face, and he looked at my pityingly.

"Wot brutes some people are," I heard him mutter, as he splashed water out of a pail on to the wheels of Mrs. Saunderson's pony cart.

"Please where is Roy?" I said, and a cold hard band of ice was settling round my heart.

"There, don't you take on, 'cause that ain't any use to Roy now," said the groom.

"You mean he's dead," I said simply.

"That's it," said the lad. "Gawd save the child; don't look like that. You'll get another dog if you're good."

I stood quite still for a moment. So it was true. They had killed my only friend. The biscuits I had kept from my tea for him pressed against me under my jersey, and I took them out mechanically and gave them to the groom. I had meant to tell Roy how frightened I had been about him, and to tell him how the cuts of the Colonel's whip had hurt me. Then, perhaps, I would cry with my face buried in his coat. I do not think (baby as I was) that anyone but Roy ever saw me cry, and now there would be no one to tell things to any more, never any more. My only comrade was gone. For a minute I felt very sick, and there was a strange dizziness in my head. Then I turned and walked away. But when I got out of the stable-yard I ran as hard as I could towards the sea, towards a place Roy and I used to go together sometimes. The people said that in the old days a great battle had been fought there against the Northmen, and that an Irish King, who had come over to help the Islanders, had been slain, and was buried with his war-horse and weapons under the great cairn that stood in a deep heathery glade under a high spit of land that looked over the sea. I remember I had made a story about it which I used to tell Roy. The story of how a small boy had waited on the coast of Erin, day after day fo

one who never came home. The narrative grew rather misty towards the end. Sometimes the child would be waiting still; sometimes he would be gone, and no one knew where he was. Roy used to listen patiently, with one ear up and the other down, and when the story ended he would lick my face, and then we would go and look for rabbits in the high bracken.

But this evening I was not thinking of the story. I do not believe I was thinking of anything, except that Roy was dead, that my head felt dazed, and that I must rush on and on, even though the straight spit of land across which I ran led to a deep drop over the sea. I could hear the little waves break softly on the rocks below, for it was a still August evening. But I did not think of the sea, and I was very near the edge when suddenly something, someone, seemed to rise out of the heather below the overhanging rocks and the yellow birches. "It's one of the *sidhe*," I thought in a dim, dreamy way, and ran on blindly. I could not see very well, but I saw that a figure was standing on the very edge of the spit of land, and that the figure wore a shirt of mail and a green cloak, the great clasps of it shining gold in the fading sunlight. A childish thrill of interest came into my dazed brain, when I saw he wore a long sword in the belt that clasped the deerskin tunic under his mail.

I did not remember anything more till someone caught hold of me and stopped me, and I felt myself lifted down to the hollow between the rocks and the birches that shadowed the great cairn like curtains of gold. I was not frightened, only I felt my teeth chatter with cold, as I clung to my rescuer with both hands. I was too young and too miserable to question much the why and wherefore of things. I only knew that my strange companion was looking down at me kindly, and holding me very gently as he sat down on the heathery bank with his back against the great cairn. As he did so I realized in my vague, childish way that he was beautiful, and that he was the sort of person the colonel would not like, for he was very dark and his eyes were as black as his hair. He had a fine-cut mouth that looked hard, till he smiled, as he was smiling now, in a way that made me suddenly burst into a fit of crying that seemed to melt that tight band of ice round my heart.

"They've killed Roy," I sobbed, and I felt his arms grip me tighter, and suddenly I was not cold any more, and not so unhappy, though the tears were running down my cheeks.

"They haven't killed Roy any more than they've killed me," he answered, in a low, deep voice.

Now I can recollect how easily he could slip into to-day's psychology and back again into one I could hardly understand. Quite lately I had heard a well-known psychologist say that to the inner senses language does not count.

That summer evening long ago I was a poor disconsolate baby, and one thing that comforted me in my strange rescuer was that he spoke just like an ordinary person, only much better, I told myself. The other strange part of it was, I never hesitated for an instant as to who he was. My bewildered mind went from him to the Cairn, till the pile of grey stones and my companion seemed somehow to belong to each other. Even then I must have had a strange kinship with the occult, for I realised quite naturally that if *he* was not dead neither could my dear Roy be dead, and I found myself telling him of my troubles, and I could not help sobbing again when I told him of Roy's death.

I looked up then and saw the angry flash in the dark eyes above me.

"Never mind; I'll see that Roy is quite happy," said the voice in my ear. Then all at once he seemed to lose control of his speech and spoke the old tongue I could understand now.

"Why dids't thou wait for me in the cold, all that winter, my babe. I could not come, though I tried—*how* I tried—over and over again. And then I lost thee. Why, the gods can only know."

He stopped, and his eyes were on mine still.

With a sudden, hoarse little scream I buried my face in his cloak. For a minute that bewildering flood of recollection was sheer physical agony. I saw a tiny child, very helpless and forlorn, on a rocky sea-coast of Erin; saw how he was waiting day after day, for one who never came back; saw the little face grow more pinched and sad, and then at last the place was empty, and the child was gone. And now—I stretched up my arms to him, but he shook his head and smiled.

"No, I must not kiss you," he said, drawing me closer. "Are you better now?"

I nodded and clung to him as I lay back exhausted in his arms. He had unfastened my jersey, and I saw the white teeth clench together, for there was a great cut over my shoulder. But the very touch of him seemed to take the pain of it away. I was quite warm now and rather drowsy.

I heard him mutter "If any man had done that *then*, he would not have lived an hour."

"It doesn't matter," I whispered, and I kissed a corner of the green cloak that covered me.

He gripped me to him in a way that almost hurt me.

"My child, my little son!" he whispered, and I found myself asking, as I would have asked so long ago.

"Father, I was so sad; I waited and waited. Why couldn't you come before?"

"Because I had much to atone for," he answered.

I could not understand then what he meant. I only knew that I had found what was lost to me very long ago, when a little child had died, as he waited for a King who lay under a grey cairn in Alba.

The moon was beginning to show through the golden sheen of the birches when he spoke again.

"You must go now, little heart. I've kept you too long as it is."

I clung to him desperately.

"Can't I stay with you?" I said tremulously. "I'd—I'd not take up much room," I added wistfully.

He put a hand under my chin and turned my face up so that the beautiful sombre eyes looked down straight into mine.

"Not yet, dear little heart; not yet," he said, half to himself. "We'll meet again; we *must* part now." Child, you never disobeyed me once in the old days, so go now." He almost pushed me from him, and I went home, half dazed, through the yellow bracken.

My heart was beating with happiness. I was no longer desolate and uncared for. I laughed a little as I ran home. I remember an odd little prayer I made that night ended with

these words: "Please God, thank you for letting him find me again, and please let me see him again very soon." Then I fell asleep.

Whenever I could I haunted the grey cairn, but I saw nothing. But that did not shake my faith in the least. I used to put my face against it sometimes, and think curious child's thoughts about him. Possibly he was busy and could not come He was a king, and would have things to do. I remembered Rory, the fisherman, had once told me of a place called Tir nan Oge, where, to use his own words "Them old ancient heroes went when they died." He had told me that there was hunting there, and all sorts of amusements. So I drew my own conclusions as to what left me solitary just then.

"I don't want to go to Heaven," I once remarked to the horrified Fräulein, in the middle of a scripture lesson. "Heavens is stupid, and I don't want people with wings." I just checked myself in time from saying that I liked people in glittering chain shirts and with long swords swinging from their belts.

"You are a little heathen boy; you will go to hell," said Fräulein.

"They'll put you into the fire there," said George, pleasantly.

"No, they won't; they won't dare," I said.

"If you are rude to George you will be whipped," said Fräulein, a threat that silenced me effectually.

The days dragged on till it was November. I had offended the Saundersons several times by what they called, and what possibly was, my obstinacy and naughtiness. Suddenly I caught a bad cold. One morning I positively could not get up. My head felt heavy and it hurt me to breathe. Fräulein said I was lazy, and the colonel shouted at me that he would have no shamming. So I got up feeling strangely unsteady. I could eat no breakfast, and when the lessons started the black print danced strange fantastic dances before my eyes. We had to each read a piece of history in turn that morning, ending with me. It was a stiff, pompous child's history, written by a very early Victorian lady. I tried to steady the dancing letters with one finger as I read. I could not spell very fast, as yet, and this morning it was more difficult than ever.

My part read thus, and I felt my cheeks flame, half with fever, half with rage, as I read :—

"Now before Christianity came to bless it, Ireland was a very savage country. Its people were wild and barbarous, and its kings were plunged in the darkness of idolatry."

"They weren't," burst from me all at once. It seemed like another cruel injustice to my muddled little brain.

"Don't talk nonsense. Go on!" said Fräulein, coldly.

But I could not go on, the letters danced so, and it was put down to sinful obstinacy.

George went with great joy to call Colonel Saunderson. Fräulein waited, watching me with the grim pleasure of a cat that plays with a mouse. I tried to say I was not naughty, only ill, but my voice would not come, and I suddenly grew very frightened. If I was beaten now I thought I would die, and in my piteous, childish way I felt that if I died *he* might lose me again, and even though I did not understand them then, his words came back to me. "Not yet, not yet." I felt very sick and shaky, and there was a mist before my eyes, when suddenly out of the mist I seemed to see his face as he bent down and gathered me up into his arms. Then everything was black, and I remembered no more.

I was very ill with congestion of the lungs for some time after that. I was getting better, though very weak still. I used to lie and watched the white capped nurse move in and out. She had the hard common-sense of many of her profession, but I think she had a kind heart.

"Did I nearly die?" I asked her suddenly one day.

"Oh dear no, but you talked a lot of nonsense," she said cheerfully.

"What nonsense?" I said, interested.

"Oh, something about your father going to some war and not coming home, I suppose you were thinking of Colonel Saunderson," she said.

I shuddered. Her words seemed little short of sacrilege to me, so I asked her no more.

I was left alone at night now, for I was nearly better. One night I could not sleep. A coal dropping into the grate made me

start nervously, and I felt terribly alone. I had heard the Colonel say that day that nurse or no nurse I'd be up that week. I hoped so; perhaps then I might get to my favourite place where the rocks hung over the sea and the golden birches grew. But perhaps they wouldn't let me. It was very cold outside. I could hear the rain beating against the window, and I began to sob, principally because I thought *he* was perhaps out there in the cold darkness. Suddenly I felt a hand touch my head. I was not afraid, for I knew who it was, so I caught hold of the hand and pressed it to my wet cheek. *He* was standing there, looking very tall and dark in the dim firelight. I held up my arms to him, and he bent over me and lifted me out of bed. I remember the way he pulled part of his green cloak around me, till I was wrapped in it from head to foot. Then he sat down in the armchair by the fire, saying nothing as yet, only looking at me tenderly with those dark flashing eyes. Suddenly the door creaked and opened. The white capped head of the nurse looked in. I held my breath and clung to the arm that held me, but he sat gazing at the woman unconcernedly, she went up to the bed, looked at it, seemed satisfied and went out. I was too thankful for her departure to enquire why she did not seem surprised. Then he spoke:

"You are like a shadow, you little thing. What have they done to you, tell me?"

So I told him, even the part of the so-called prehistoric history of Ireland, and he smiled and spoke again.

"So you wanted to fight for me, little champion?"

"Yes," I whispered, and through weakness and excitement the tears were running down my cheeks.

"I've wanted you so," I sobbed.

And he held me closer and looked down at me with an almost wolfish hunger in his dark eyes. But I was not afraid. Something in me answered that fierce love in his eyes, and I choked back my tears and began to plead with him desperately.

"Father, please, please take me away with you. I'm so frightened of the people here, and I'd not be afraid with *you* out there."

He answered me with a sort of despair in his beautiful face,

that I could not understand. To me he was the King, omnipotent, but it seems he was not, as his next words told me.

"My little child, I'd give up everything—I'd stay out there in the dark and the cold—if I could take you, but it is not time, not yet."

The fire had flickered up redly for an instant. In its light I saw that the face above me looked tired, and the dark head leant back wearily against the back of the chair. I remember I put up one thin little paw, and stroked his cheek. We were both silent now. Then he spoke again in a whisper.

"I have come a long way to-night—'tis—'tis the old feast yonder."

"They call it Hallow e'en here now," I whispered back.

He smiled. "Do they? Go to sleep, little one. I am tired. I can't stay long; they are calling me now, I can hear the horses."

My eyes were heavy even as he spoke, but my last thought was to cling to him tighter than ever, as then perhaps he would relent, and take me away with him. Then I remembered no more. And when I awoke the sun was shining over the bed in which I lay, and the nurse was saying:

"Well, you *have* slept, and you're looking ever so much better."

. . . . . .

I expect I was better. I think I felt better ever afterwards.

Another new strange adventure befell me when I was about a year older. Fräulein had worked me pretty hard that day, and I had made so many mistakes in my copy book that I had been kept in all that summer afternoon. I had had hopes of going off to my beloved retreat among the heather and the birches, and as I wrote, shut into the empty school-room, the tears had dropped on to my inky little hands. But I toiled away at my task and finished it. I had gone to sleep sooner than usual to-night. A light rain was falling outside. I had listened to the patter of it against the slates above my little room. Drip, drip! It would be soaking into the dry heather, and the birch, and fir trees, and splashing down the stones of the great cairn. That was my last thought as I fell asleep.

I was lying on the moss in a forest glade, and the sun was flickering through the leaves on to my face. I sat up and looked about me; then stood up and looked down at my own small person. I was dressed in a white embroidered tunic that just reached my knees. On my feet were little sandals that laced half way up my legs.

The forest looked very big. Beyond the glade where I stood was a broad green road cut through the deep bracken on either side, a road beaten flat by the passing of chariots, horses, and men, I knew instinctively. To my ears came the distant wash of the sea beyond the forest. Suddenly I heard the thud of horse hoofs and the roll of wheels across the moss. A chariot, whirled along by two fiery brown horses, burst out from among the trees far up the green road, and the driver pulled up with a clatter of bronze horse-trappings, and the clank of half a dozen gold rings on the bare arm that held the reins. He was a young man, very tall and slim with his black hair hanging like a rope over one shoulder, and he was clad in a light deerskin hunting tunic. I suddenly knew that he was my cousin Moran, and that he also had not sailed back from a war in Alba. I ran forward, and he bent sideways out of the chariot and stretched out a hand to me, pulling me in beside him, as the brown horses stood, stamping and eager to be off.

"Oh, Moran, I am glad to see you," I said, half shyly.

He bent down and kissed me on both cheeks.

"Dear little Ængus; I did not think you'd remember me," he said.

And then we drove off swiftly. Out of the cool greenness of the forest, over a stretch of beautiful wild sea coast, where the sea splashed blue as the blue sky over sand and rocks. Then we went at a walk up a steep glen, and down below us in a sunlit valley was the home that had been mine—how long ago? I was only a very small child then, so I took this wonder naturally. Home! Of course, I was going home. It was all familiar. The blue smoke rising from the wattled houses of the kerns far up the glenside; the great dûn, with its stone ramparts, over which flapped the great banner of Cairpre's Clan, with its golden star shining on a field of green. The sun glittered on a sheen of

spears as a company of wild-haired men tramped past, smiling at me, and lifting their spears in salute I thought for Moran, till he said:

"Salute, dear, they are glad to see you."

And I put a hand to my forehead instinctively, and smiled back as they passed and were gone.

At the door of the great Dûn the chariot stopped.

"You will find the King there—so farewell for the present," said Moran, and he lifted me over the side of the chariot, nodded, and drove away.

I hardly waited to see him go before I turned and ran into a rush strewn hall. I looked round it timidly—at the trophies of war and the chase that covered the walls, at the curious carvings on the seats and couches—then something shambled towards me and I gave a cry of joy. It was old Roy. His red tongue was hanging out of his mouth; he was very fat, and he seemed to smile at me as I fell upon him and hugged him.

"Ah, he is a lazy old hound; he sleeps in the sun always, and will not hunt with the others," said a deep musical voice near me. And I had rolled over in a little heap, and was clasping one of his sandals instead of Roy's neck.

"Not that," he said, and I saw there was something wet in the fierce beautiful eyes, and he lifted me up and kissed me many times. I clung to his neck trembling a little, and my childish words expressed exactly what I felt.

"Father, I am so pleased I think I will die."

He laughed, and dropped into a seat, and while we talked Roy listened, with one ear up and the other down, in his old way.

"You were a good little child just now, when you got shut up in that horrible house," he said at last.

"Just now?" I said. "Please, my King, wasn't it yesterday?"

He shook his head, smiling.

"I can't count like that any more; but never mind," he said, laughing at my puzzled face, "you'll know some day when you come here to stay."

"Can't I stay now?" I faltered; but he shook his head with the old words—"Not yet," then changed the subject quickly by saying: "Come and see the horses, little one," and I followed

him out of the great door, and into the sunlight, slowly remembering, as I went. There were the stables, and there at the door, his white teeth showing in a cheerful grin, was Felim, the King's charioteer.

And the King said quietly: "You remember Felim?" and I ran forward and clasped Felim's hand in both mine.

I enjoyed myself thoroughly, stroking the noses of the beautiful horses. After us had come Roy, and he followed close at my heels.

Then, very soon it seemed to be sunset; that is, the light faded, and a soft blue haze seemed to fall over everything as we walked back. I was clinging to his hand with both mine, and presently he bent and picked me up, and I put both arms round his neck and laid my head on his shoulder. Several people passed us. In that glimmering dusk I saw the flash of men's swords as they saluted. Once I caught a glimpse of Moran; he was walking along, laughing softly, as if he was very pleased, and his arm was round the waist of a girl who walked beside him. He looked back as he passed and called "Good night, little cousin," and I answered "Good night," and then said "What a pretty lady," and the King laughed and kissed me.

"Father," I said, suddenly, "why do you let me kiss you *here*, and not—not there—where the cairn is?" I ended, vaguely. The other life seemed half forgotten already.

"You wouldn't understand if I told you," he said, as we entered the hall again.

On the great carved table was a golden plate piled up with large red apples, and a golden cup that was brimming with a sort of yellow drink. On another plate were some curious sort of white cakes. I suddenly realised that I was hungry, and when he told me to eat I obeyed him gladly, asking rather timidly if I might feed Roy, too. It was all so strange and beautiful, and I had been so often told I was naughty, that I was half afraid of asking too much till I saw the dark eyes with that utter tenderness in them on my face.

"Of course, you may feed him," he said; and I gave Roy half my cakes. When I had finished eating and drinking the soft blue dimness was deeper in the hall. I looked at the King

as he sat watching me, and he smiled as I climbed down from my seat and ran back to him.

"You are tired," he said, lifting me on to his knee.

"No, no," I said, hastily, dreading being sent away, though my eyes were heavy with sleep.

On the rushes of the floor I could hear Roy's steady breathing. Everything was still, and over all lay that soft mist. From the open door came a scent that was the scent of honey-filled heather and bog-myrtle, mixed with something else I recognized. I remember I said dreamily: "Are there roses out there, Father?" and he nodded and stroked my head, then spoke:

"Yes, many roses, little child." And then he carried me to where another door led to a stone stairway. Up and up he went till we were in a great green-hung chamber where the golden star shone on the hangings of the wall, and where the blue shadows were broken by the soft light of a swinging lamp.

I was very sleepy, so sleepy I could scarcely see as he put me down on to a couch that felt soft. As he bent over me I clung to his neck with a broken cry against the inevitable parting that I felt instinctively was near. Then I felt him kiss me, with a low, tender word that comforted me as I fell asleep.

When I opened my eyes it was morning, and I was back in my little room and the rain still dripped on the slates above me. I knew, even then, that it was no ordinary dream. I gave my own name to it. "It is dreaming real," I told myself, and in time I came to look forward to it with a sense of delightful anticipation. Sometimes I would reach the great dûn and wait with Roy beside me till the King would come in, obviously from hunting, with two great hounds at his heels; sometimes with Moran and others; sometimes alone. And I got a good deal of sound advice into my small brain as how to avoid trouble with the people with whom I lived, and how to behave in general, as he and I sat and talked, sometimes in the forest, sometimes by the sea that splashed softly against the rocks, or perhaps in the hall where we had first met over there.

I remember a night before I went to school in England I found myself there. I had now reached the mature age of seven.

I had been told by the Colonel that it was a very strict school, where they would, as he expressed it, "take it out of me.' I had awakened in the forest as usual and had run to the dûn to find the King. He was sitting at the great carved table, his elbows resting upon it, and a long roll of parchment spread out in front of him. He took me on his knee, and I sat with my head on his shoulder till he had finished reading. I felt a deep peace fall over my heart which had been so troubled. The other life and all I was going to tell him seemed like a far-away ugly dream. Then he pushed the parchment away from him and spoke:

"So they are going to send you away? Never mind, you'll come here often. Do the best you can, my little heart, and remember"—he looked down at me, straight into my eyes, and I suddenly realised how stern that beautiful mouth could be—"remember to be too proud to lie, and remember that a king's son must not forget the courtesy that is due even to a churl, and it seems that there are many 'over there' now."

"I will remember, father," I said, and he smiled and kissed me.

Then I put out my hand and touched the parchment in which he had been reading, and he unrolled it again and read some of it aloud. It was the story of some great battle, and as I listened my eyes wandered to the weapons on the wall. He stopped and looked down at me tenderly.

"You will have a sword one day," he said, and I felt a quiver of delight and pride run over me. Then suddenly I knew I must go, for I felt that terrible dragging sleepiness fall over me like a cloud. He put his arms about me closer, and we clung together for what seemed so short a time, and then I was back in the cold modern world again.

. . . . . .

I was going to school, and there seemed little likelihood of my ever coming back to the old home. The inhabitants seemed to have accepted the Saundersons as a cross that must be borne, and my acquaintances among them said farewell to me with many blessings and tears in their kind, dark eyes. So my school days began. They certainly 'took it out of me' at that school, as Colonel Saunderson had said they would. It was a suburban

school situated on the outskirts of a large manufacturing town. The account of misdeeds had evidently arrived there before me. I think, to sum myself up now dispassionately, after the years that have passed, I was fundamentally rather a high-spirited, honest sort of a little brat, but the extreme severity with which I had been treated at home, and was treated with here, had made me nervous and sensitive to a dangerous degree. Since I had come to school I had not been able to "get away" as I called it, and the fact made me forlorn and miserable; I felt as if I was walled in in some horrible, dingy prison, and outside was a beautiful garden I could not enter.

My life then, I suppose, was as the life of a thousand other small boys. One day I remember well, for that day I think I told the only really downright lie I have ever told in my life. I knew perfectly well, in my miserable little soul, that there was no excuse for it, because it was to shield no one but myself. I remember what it was now—a smashed vase—and I remember its consequences. I know the master had asked me suddenly and violently if I had done it, and I found I had said I had not, and the instant afterwards the words came back to me—"Remember to be too proud to lie." I had turned and run back. "Please, sir, I did break it," I said. Well, my confession did not save me, and I was known soon enough as "that little liar." I remember that same night I felt strange and ill, as I had done that time at home. At last I dropped into a feverish sleep and awoke—there. The sun was flickering through the forest trees on my face. I felt very weak and tired, but I rose and walked by the road I knew till I saw the dûn in the glen below me. It seemed to take a long time to get there, and I had to sit down and rest several times on the way. At last I reached the great door and entered the hall. Several men were sitting there and drinking wine out of curved horns at the great carved board, and they looked at me kindly as I passed them and made my way up to the dais where the King sat. He was talking to Moran who sat near him. Once I heard him laugh. He wore the glittering shirt of mail he had worn that day by the cairn, and his great cloak was scarlet, and in the blackness of his dark curls gleamed a thin circle of gold.

"It's a council," I thought dreamily, a vague recollection striking me as I advanced timidly up the hall.

He had turned to one of the company who had risen and was speaking eagerly, but as he did so he stretched out a hand to me. I took it and kissed it, then waited tensely. What would he say to me; what would he say? I had disobeyed him for the first time. I had lied. Confession to that man, who had beaten me for it, did not clear me in my own eyes in the least. I sat down at his feet on the steps of the dais, and wondered when the company would go. Then the company had risen, bowed to him, and gone. Moran was the last to go. I heard him say something in a low voice, and heard the King answer almost curtly. Then Moran was gone and we were alone.

"Why my little one, you are not looking well. What is it?" he said.

He had lifted me into his arms, and the tenderness in his eyes made me shiver.

"I've told a lie," I said in a husky little whisper. "I was a coward—and I lied to—to save myself." And I told him what I had done. I could not cry, but I clutched him convulsively, wondering if he would push me away when he knew. "Father," I gasped suddenly, in a voice that would sound far away, even to myself, "I don't mind how you punish me, only please let me stop like this for now. I'm so tired."

"Child, do you think I'd hurt you when you told *them* like that and told me." The low deep voice came to me so gently that my heart gave a great leap of surprise. I crept up nearer to him and hid my face. The voice went on: "Don't you see you're mine, and I love you? Are you afraid of me now, little son?"

"I promised," I sobbed.

He clasped me closer, and his answer made me look up, feeling comforted at last.

"You were one never to break your promises, child. Who promised one day—(how long ago was it, as we counted time then)—who promised to watch for my coming, and who watched in the cold and the dark till—hush, darling, that's all over now."

I was crying at last as if my heart would break. I was so

happy there, and I always dreaded leaving him so, the contrast seemed so dark to my bewildered child's soul. Presently I grew quiet. He had said nothing meanwhile, only caressed me and stroked my head that had felt burning hot till now.

"You've been shaken to pieces, poor little thing," he said, and he rose, holding me in his arms still, and carried me up to that room above.

"You won't make me go away yet?" I said, unsteadily, as he put me down on the couch.

"No, not yet," he said. "You can have a sleep and wake up here, presently. Then we can have a talk before you go."

I do not think anyone could realise what a different little creature I felt when I opened my eyes after what felt like an hour's sleep and saw him bending over me. He had a cup in his hand, and as he lifted me up and held it to my lips I drank obediently. The drink seemed to make me feel better still. He sat down beside me then, and I scrambled up into his arms. We had a long talk then. I answered his questions as best I could.

"No, I had not felt well for some time now," I said, in answer to one of them.

He shook his head.

"If this goes on I'll be having you here on my hands for good," he said.

"Oh, I wish you could," I whispered, fervently, and he frowned, though his eyes smiled.

"Well, so do I, little heart, but you see it is not time yet," he answered.

And then I remember how he spoke to me, and every word he said. He was, and is, no Christian, flesh of whose flesh, and soul of whose soul I was and am, but his words to me ran this wise—that whatever life brought me I must keep clean what used to be our code of honour. Some of the things he said were certainly wholly at variance with the teaching of this modern age, but baby as I was then, I knew that of such teaching heroes had been made. It seemed to bring what is beautiful in nature and what is wholly of the spirit very close together, for with that worship of beauty, even coupled with the fierce doctrine that gives a blow for a blow, was the tenderness for anything weak or

suffering, woman, child, or animal. It was the cult that had made the Celtic race what they had been long ago. It was what they held still in what I, as a child, called the place of "real dreams," and as I listened to his words then I swore that what was *his* will then, would be mine for evermore. And even as I listened I had forgotten the changes in the other world in which I lived.

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Well, after that I felt better. For the few years I was at that school I worked as hard as I could, played as hard as I could, and, be it said, fought as hard as I could; and sometimes I would wake up in the same way and find him. One time, I remember, I asked rather timidly about the mother I had never seen, more from a sense of duty than anything else. All the vague glimpses of the past I had, and all that other side of my life now, had been centred in him only. Suddenly it had seemed hard to me that we should be so happy together, and *she* out in the cold as it were. I saw the beautiful face darken suddenly, and he sighed.

"She has not come yet," he said, and somehow I dared ask no more questions about her.

Well, I do not think that, that one lonely child was any the worse for those brief glimpses of his nation's Paradise. Up to the present I know that however hard life may be for me *here* there waits my real existence beyond in that counterpart of Ancient Erin where men still live and love, hunt and fight under the shadow of the banner with its golden star on the green.

It has all been worth that child's pitiful watch for one who never sailed home, and worth any sorrow in this life.

So ends that experience of my childhood. Sometimes I think that Tir nan Oge must be a shorter journey than we know.

VIBRATIONS.

AMONGST the accessible mysteries of Nature few are better worth studying than those which have to do with the phenomena,—simple at one end of the scale, baffling imagination at the other,—embraced by the comprehensive term "vibrations." The swing of a clock pendulum is a vibration of a character so simple that one may fairly say that there is nothing about it to understand. The vibrations of light which are impinging on the eye that observes it, represent oscillations backward and forward of a certain ultra-refined variety of matter known as the ether, which can be proved to take place at the rate represented by hundreds of millions of million times per second. To understand a vibration of that character one would have to transcend all the conditions in reference to time and space within which our minds are in the habit of working. But again there are intermediate varieties of vibration between those of the purely mechanical order which we can in a measure comprehend, and those of the ether, about which we may talk in words which have little more meaning for those who use them than algebraical symbols professedly representing unknown quantities. Some vibrations, that is to say, are sufficiently wonderful in their character to dazzle the imagination, and yet sufficiently comprehensible to train the mind, so to speak, for the consideration of less approachable mysteries. These are the vibrations of sound operative within a variety of matter less elusive than the ether, the atmospheric ocean in the depths of which we find the conditions essential to our physical life.

These sound vibrations indeed, although this as yet is hardly recognised by conventional science, may give rise in their turn to vibrations in the ether, and those provoke effects of colour so subtle in their character as to elude optical observation of the ordinary kind. But with that we need not be concerned for the moment. The atmospheric vibrations of sound are sufficiently intricate and marvellous in their nature to prepare the student for the consideration of vibrations still more extraordinary in their character which, although hopelessly beyond the range of exact measurement or definite observation must, we feel sure, be associated with the highest activities of thought developed by human consciousness at the present stage of its growth.

These last few words may indicate the motive with which vibration becomes, even in its aspect as a mere scientific phenomenon, a matter of deep interest for all who attempt to penetrate the higher mysteries of their own nature. It is not merely by virtue of a quasi metaphysical guess that we assume vibration in the actual matter of the brain to be going on whenever thought passes through it. The study of vibrations of an order somewhat more nearly accessible to observation than those of the brain, shows us that there is no activity in nature of any kind from which the phenomenon of orderly vibration is absent. Not merely in all that has to do with sight and hearing can vibration be demonstrated as taking place in one medium of nature or another, but all advanced conceptions concerning the constitution of matter itself recognise the principle that the molecules of which it consists are in ceaseless, marvellously rapid vibration amongst themselves. Whatever may be the structure and magnitude, for example, of a molecule of iron, each of the myriad molecules that constitute a mass of iron is recognised, as a consequence of all scientific reasoning, as an independent body vibrating in an area of space sufficiently great to preclude it from actual contact with its neighbouring molecule, though language would fail and figures scarcely succeed in indicating the minuteness of this area.

And now that we recognise heat, together with so many other things, as a mode of motion, we are enabled to speak with

confidence of the manner in which a blow delivered against a mass of iron stimulates the activity of its molecules in vibration, and thus becomes sensible, if the blow be sufficiently violent, in the character of heat. In the ceaseless interchanges of nature nothing is lost that represents energy, and the energy disguised under common conditions in the unnoticed molecular activities of matter, represent in all probability a power which science has not yet learnt to disentangle from its natural seclusion. But it again is manifestly a vibration of elementary simplicity compared with that which has to do with processes of thought in the brain of a human being.

Before attempting to consider these more closely, let us follow scientific observation in dealing with a variety of vibrations which it is just possible for us to investigate and analyse by devices in aid of the sense to which they appeal. The waves of sound in the atmosphere are commonly described as longitudinal in their character. From the bell, for instance, which may set them in motion, some particles of the atmosphere rush outward, go far enough to be, so to speak, jammed together with those in front by which they are thrown back along the path they have taken, while other molecules from those which they have crowded together, spring forward in their turn and perform another excursion. Of course, these processes take place not merely in one direction, but in all, radiating outward from the centre of disturbance in successive spheres of condension, the character of which may be realised in the mind by thinking first of all of the circular ripples extending along the surface of water from the centre of a splash, and then endeavouring to picture the same thing taking place in space of three dimensions. But it is necessary at once to embody with this conception two others, considerably more difficult of realisation. First of all, the magnitude of these atmospheric waves is so minute that, although figures can define them, imagination is utterly paralysed by the attempt to understand the figures. The sound emitted by the speaking end of a telephone when put against the ear is created by the vibrations of the diaphragm, actuated itself by the electric impulses which come along the wire. These we may disregard for the moment although their subtlety claims appreciative study as an independent effort.

But when we think of the diaphragm as vibrating, one is apt to imagine it undergoing an influence resembling that of a pianoforte string made to sound when struck. The sounding string when closely watched will be seen to be surrounded by a minute blur of light which is, in fact, occasioned by its own oscillations on each side of its stationary position. As the blur is visible to the eye it represents a magnitude, for the vibration of the string, that can be expressed in fractions of an inch, though perhaps only in hundredths. But the vibrations of the diaphragm will give out sound, just a perceptible sound, when they are measured by something less than a millionth of a millimetre.

Such a magnitude is, of course, hopelessly beyond the range of imagination, for the infinitely little is quite as impenetrable a mystery as the infinitely great, which we have sometimes to talk about in dealing with astronomical facts. Even the loudest sounds emitted by the diaphragm are produced by oscillations, the amplitude of which is still to be expressed in thousandths of a millimetre, so that if the diaphragm were during the whole of its activity as it records an animated conversation, under the observation of the finest microscope ever made, it would exhibit no perceptible movement. And yet each of these vibrations is taking place with a rapidity which, if any one sound were sustained would represent a great many thousand movements per second. The rate would change with every separate intonation, it would vary enormously according to whether a deep or a shrill voice were speaking, for sound waves may be propagated at any rate, varying between about a score, and at the other end of the scale, about 30,000 per second.

But the most striking fact of all connected with such vibrations is, that they are each of them complicated in their character. Each of the 30,000 which might be produced during one second of time, are waves, so to speak, built up of smaller waves varying in size. The idea is not easily conveyed without diagrams, but diagrams can be constructed which actually represent what is taking place. By methods of great ingenuity, which need not here be minutely described, the sound waves can be made to record their character on photographic paper; and then for each different sound produced an entirely different pattern is the result.

No one can dwell on these demonstrable scientific truths with attention, without being impressed, almost awe-stricken, by the absolutely marvellous and wonderful character of the natural energies set in activity, or shall we say liberated, every time we ring up a friend on the ever ready telephone.

But now let us consider how far the study of these marvellous vibrations in progress all around us helps to interpret some of the mysteries connected with consciousness, which it is the function of occult science to investigate. Perhaps clairvoyant observation, assuming it to be very perfect in its kind, might be directed to the problem with the view of actually determining by observation the manner in which the various regions of the brain are affected by various processes of thought. But independently of any such specific record, legitimate inference brings us within a negligible distance of certainty concerning the vibratory character of brain substance. Physiological experiment is enough to show that different regions of the brain are in activity of some kind when different efforts of will actuate the different muscles of the body. Down to the minutest details, investigation has shown what particular convolution, or part of a convolution is concerned with each movement we can think of as accomplished by any limb, or even internal organ. Now the probability that all such activities are modes of motion, vibrations that is to say of some kind, is overwhelming in presence of the fact discernible in other ways, that every manifestation of natural energy we can think of is traceable to vibration in one medium or another. We can thus push back the mystery of conscious life from its obvious manifestion at the surface, to the region from which those impulses are derived, which convey, through the electric tracery of the nervous system the influences which determine muscular movements.

It may be difficult to carry the investigation still further back with the same confidence that attends its earlier stages. But as an intellectual certainty the conception that these vibrations of brain matter are determined by some ultra-physical impulse is no less complete than any other conclusion in the whole train of reasoning. It is not the grey matter of the brain which impels the student in a search of some

desired scrap of information to sound a particular vibratory note which shall cause his hand to select an appropriate volume from the bookshelf. Something distinct from the strange substance shut up within his skull impels it to send such orders to the artist's hand as may give rise to the picture or the statue. When earlier materialistic thinkers gave themselves no trouble to consider the methods by which the mechanism of the body was worked, they were perhaps partially excusable for thinking of it as embodying the desires and states of consciousness of the whole being. But physiology itself has done much to undermine physiological views concerning the nature of consciousness. Bit by bit the whole bodily machine is shown to be merely a machine played upon by something else. The limbs are nothing in themselves, except instruments available for the service of the entity concerned. The internal organs have each their separate function to fulfil, and though without them the whole machine would cease to work, there is no one of them that can be thought of as supreme over the rest until indeed we finally discern the functions of the brain and recognise that as controlling the others, but as something which it would be simply ridiculous to regard as itself constituting the intelligent entity.

Finally, when its character as an instrument in its turn is recognised by an appreciation of the idea that its vibrations determine the action of the nerves and muscles throughout the body, the intellectual necessity for recognising something superior to itself which imparts to it these vibrations becomes irresistible. The diaphragm at the telephone helps one in imagination to realise this conception; its vibrations impart to the atmosphere those which convey a meaning to the hearer; and the diaphragm in that system may be regarded as the analogue of the brain. But it does not vibrate of its own accord. Subtle electrical influences determine its activity, and these are determined themselves by a consciousness at the other end of the line, a consciousness quite external to the vibrating diaphragm at the ear of the recipient. That the human brain is in the same way played upon by a consciousness not necessarily remote in space from itself, but distinct in kind from itself, is an inference which cannot be resisted by minds to which the study of vibrations is under-

taken with anything resembling a lofty purpose. Of course, in the present age of the world, when psychic investigation is actively engaging the more intelligent explorers of nature's mysteries, we can arrive at the conclusion that the thinking consciousness of a human being is something completely independent of the physical body in which, at any given moment it may be expressed, no less distinctly than the mainspring of a watch is capable of being detached from the works by a competent hand. If the world at large realised which among the problems of scientific research are the most important, it would subordinate almost any other to that which has to do with the possibility for human beings adequately advanced in evolution, to get out of the body in consciousness, to function at a distance from it, to cognise other planes of Nature while absent from it, and to return to it at will.

The extent to which even people of culture at the present day, if they are not definitely concerned with occult research, wil slip back into materialistic habits of thought for want of realising this separability of the soul and body is little less than amazing. One may sometimes hear people, who at one moment seem to believe n the survival of soul consciousness after death, who seem even to realise the actuality of many phenomena indicating the activity of disembodied consciousness, but who at another moment may be caught speculating over the possibility that all phases of consciousness are merely attributes belonging to the grey matter of the brain. While operative, the vague beliefs in soul survival spring in such cases, it would seem, from a mere instinct of courtesy towards a religious system which no one of good taste allows himself openly to reject; but the beliefs that such courtesy engenders hardly penetrate the surface of the understanding. It is only when experience along the line of psychic research puts people into that attitude of mind in which knowledge concerning the separability of the soul and body supersedes all vague acknowledgments concerning the soul's existence, that they begin really to apply this knowledge to the other problems of life and consciousness. Definite first hand knowledge on such a subject generally puts people into an attitude of mind in which their views of the higher phenomena

of nature begin to assume something like coherence and uniformity.

Just at the present stage of the world's progress first-hand knowledge of this kind is difficult to obtain, and thus the majority must be thrown back upon more accessible lines of investigation. This reflection it is which gives importance to the study of vibrations, whether they are concerned merely with the physical plane or perhaps with those still more complicated, still more incomprehensible in their delicacy of form and frequency which belong to regions of consciousness that the disembodied entity cognises whether he has quitted his corporeal body permanently or only for a brief interval. Vibrations appreciated correctly show us the human body as an instrument the soul is making use of to cognise one of the aspects, the physical aspect, in which nature is capable of manifesting. The same study enables us to get rid of some absurd ideas associated with early physiological thinking. Far, for example, from imagining each experience of life as leaving some permanent impression on the brain—emancipating ourselves once for all from the appalling complexity of the records which such a theory would suggest—we realise that the brain need not, and does not retain any single impression whatever, any more, to use the familiar illustration, than the strings of the pianoforte retain the record of any given sonata they have been made for a time to express. The brain is an instrument played upon by the consciousness which is the real entity concerned; while it is in working order it responds to the lightest touch of the musician; while it is in tune—in good health, that is to say—it emits no jangling discord. If it has been subject to injury it will make no clear response to the effort of the player, but in such cases, after a time, the player will be able to get himself possessed of a new instrument on which he can realise his thought with precision and success.

This is the true value of the whole study with which these discursive suggestions have been concerned, and in default of more direct methods of penetrating some among the mysteries of consciousness, the study of vibrations may well be recommended to those who are endeavouring to reach super-

physical conclusions by methodical progress along the beaten paths of physical research. Only one important reservation has to be borne in mind, one which may guard those who speculate along these lines from one conclusion that is almost a snare in the path of those who are unable to push the study of vibrations on to higher planes of nature. Assuredly, wherever our observation can reach—and under favourable conditions, it can reach to realms immeasurably more refined than those around us on the physical plane—we still find thought and states of consciousness associated with vibration, even when the vehicles of consciousness belong to the highest attainable aspects of ultra-physical worlds. What can be the nature of consciousness which is independent of all material vehicles, however refined, and thus independent of vibrations, we are certainly as yet unable from the point of view of this plane's thinking to imagine. But into whatever refinements we may follow the scheme of vibration, we may rest definitely assured that Consciousness,—as something which causes and gives rise to it,—is utterly independent of it in its ultimate nature, and must at some level of natural exaltation be free of the phenomenon which in any manifested condition is developed as the mode of its expression.

A. P. SINNETT.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

WINTER is past and gone. In our gardens the birds sing sweetly on bare branches, where all the possibilities of summer lie enfolded in tender pink buds. Slim daffodils nod to each other as the spring breezes woo them, shy primroses open in the fitful April sunshine, the brown earth is instinct with life, the resurrection lesson is everywhere this Easter morning, when the Catholic Church celebrates the rising of her Lord. We have done our best to learn what Lent could teach us, the pathetic figure of the Master, Jesus, reveals itself to us in new beauty, as striving to understand the meaning that underlies the symbols given, we watched with him in Gethsemane, knelt beneath the cross at Calvary, and felt our past laid bare by the words that fell from His patient lips, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!"

There lies our sole excuse, we did not know what we were doing when we drew close round us the mantle of separateness, speaking the idle word that wounds, indulging in the careless laugh, that sears like a hot iron. We never paused to think of the evil provoked by a scornful rejoinder; vibrations, that once let loose escape our control, and go forth to do their evil work in the world the Master died to save

We did not know what we were doing when we deserted truth for superstition, when we accepted symbol for reality, stifling our intelligence, content that our thinking should be done for us, so that we might remain in the apathy of the beaten ways; but now the shadows have lifted, and we stand forth this

Easter morning to apply the lesson the crucifixion was designed to teach.

Every deep thinker who declines to receive his religion second hand, is aware that symbol must not be pressed too far, and that the crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension, are not peculiar to the Master of the Western Church, as that Church would have us believe, but are indispensable incidents in the life of every saviour of mankind, ere he attain to the Christ condition; one of the preliminaries of initiation, figuring the death to earthly lusts in the candidate, the rising to a higher life. The crucifix takes its place with other historical symbols known to science, and can be traced in many ancient sculptures executed thousands of years before the Christian era. Christ Himself is in no way accountable for the superstitions that have gathered round His name. His whole earthly existence was passed in teaching that Christ is not an individual, but a condition, an overshadowing of the human by the Divine, the taking of the manhood into God, as the Athanasian Creed so admirably expresses it, and a condition to be attained by any mortal pure enough to have reunited himself in essence with the All Consciousness.

This is why, in every scripture, the Christ speaks in the name of the Eternal Power He represents, losing in it His human individuality, just as an ambassador at a foreign court is accepted as the mouthpiece of His King. The Bhagavad Gîta represents Krishna as saying: "Come unto Me alone for shelter, sorrow not, I will liberate thee from all sins;" and when Jesus tells us "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me," he does not allude to a material mediation, as the Church would have us believe, but to the fact that it is only by developing the Christ Spirit that we shall find God.

When initiate teaching guided the infant Church, no such perversion of its Master's meaning was possible, but with the growth of ecclesiastical authority, prejudice crept in, persecution silenced those who knew, and a great temporal power, blood-thirsty, arrogant, reared itself on the foundation of that tender compassionate Saviour, so truly a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief.

Every mystical utterance of the old Scriptures, symbolical of

the upward struggle of the soul, became a biography, the crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension, life incidents, enforced at the point of the sword by the terrors of the Inquisition, the blood sacrifices of the old Dispensation were re-acted in the new, the spiritual signification of the Cross was lost in an anthropormorphic Atonement. Very different is the lesson we gather from this picture of the trials awaiting every human soul. Redemption is the subjection of the carnal to the spiritual, the renunciation of the illusory joys of this material life, the voluntary crucifixion of the self deeply embedded in matter, so that the veil lifts between ourselves and our Creator, and we become "sons made perfect through suffering." There can be, and is, no other means of obtaining the resurrection joy, to which the crucifixion is a prelude.

The Great Master of our church has spoken, and the church has misunderstood and misrepresented him; in his own words having "ears to ear, let us hear," knowing that thus only our hearts will be attained to higher vibrations, and through the anguish pictured as Gethsemane shall we step out into the resurrection, joy, and his promise shall be fulfilled. "I in them, and thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in One."

I laid down my pen and turned to the garden, where Nature emphasised the Easter lesson in the renewal of myriads of tiny lives. From the heart of my flowers came the glad buzz of the bees. "Spring is reborn," was the burden of their song. The little green sheaths pushing through the earth echoed it, the west wind wooing the daffodils whispered it, and high up in the blue sky a lark trilled rapturously to his mate.

Rejoice! Rejoice!

ALICE C. AMES.

"THE ORDER OF THE YELLOW ROBE."

By Edward E. Long.

It is perhaps, difficult to imagine an Order of priests and monks existing outside the Roman Catholic Church whose numbers run into five figures, whose influence to-day throughout those countries in which it flourishes is as strong as it was in the days of its foundation, some hundreds of years before the birth of Christianity, the purity of whose ideals is unchallenged by the most severe critics, and whose sole aim and object it is to uphold the spirituality of a great religion by enjoining its members to tread the path of purity, humility and self-sacrifice, that the masses may emulate them, and thus the more speedily attain to the Higher Life. Such is the Order of the Yellow Robe, whose members are to be found in every Buddhist country, but who are nowhere in greater profusion than in Burma. Upwards of eighty thousand priests, termed *hpoungyi*, and monks, termed *rahan*, there carry on the work of their great founder, Buddha, and throughout the length and breadth of the country their influence may be traced. In the crowded streets of the cities, wending their solitary way along country roads, in seemingly inaccessible mountain passes, the wearers of the Yellow Robe are to be found, for all are free to come and go as they please, to live their life of self-renunciation amongst the people; their lot it is to feel the pangs of temptation at all times, and to compel resistance, to overcome the delights of the flesh by direct battling therewith. No high

and gloomy walls shut them from the outer world and its vanities, no vows binding in perpetuity compel them to lead an austere life, but just as to all who wish to turn from worldly things the Order is open, so to its members its charity pertaineth, and all are free to cast on one side their self-imposed bonds, and to return to the ordinary path of life; and having returned thereto and once again wishing to abjure it, still is the Order open to them, it is always open, no matter how many the backslidings, for it is founded on the sure rock of human experience, that though the spirit may be willing, the flesh is often very weak, that only by being thrown into contact with evil can evil be overcome, that deliverance from evil won in this manner is true and lasting.

Vowed to perfect poverty and chastity, clad in a simple yellow garment, itself indicative of the life of humility to be led by the wearer, eating simple fare—their diet one from which all flesh foods are excluded—and the use of alcoholic liquors strictly prohibited, the priests and monks of the Yellow Robe devote themselves to study and meditation, to expounding the laws of the great and wise Buddha to the people, and to education. In no sense of the word do they correspond to religious teachers and preachers in this and other countries. There is with them no proselytising. Realising, as the precepts inculcated by Buddha teach, that the salvation of each individual can be achieved by that individual only, and that unless there be desire on his part to attempt the work it is useless to interfere, that it is very likely to make him a hypocrite of the deepest dye, one attached to form and ceremonial, but in no wise partaking of the essential spirit of religion, they refrain from all attempts to lure men to lead a better life by promising an impossible reward and an unjust one. But by the humility and purity of their lives they demonstrate what must be done in order to gain emancipation from sin and self. Should, however, an earnest student make enquiries, they will at all times be found willing to expound the Buddhist teachings and on stated days it is their duty to address the people openly, to give out the law of the Scriptures. It is difficult for those who do not understand the working of the great law of re-incarnation to appreciate the attitude of the monks of the Yellow Robe to the laity, for therein lies the explanation of what must seem to Western minds

callousness to the welfare of others. This it is in no sense of the word, though unfortunately so many writers on Burmese subjects have endeavoured to prove it so, and thereby discountenance Buddhism, which gave birth to the Order. The acceptance of re-incarnation provides one with a workable basis for the evolution of the moral, intellectual and spiritual man, by giving him not merely one brief span of physical life and one particular set of surroundings to form the environment here which shall so largely determine his future destiny, but many, many lives and environment of greatly varying character, that from each life he may learn a lesson, the value of which is never lost, but which is re-embodied in the immortal self which persists from life to life, garnering all the treasure physical incarnation has to offer. The monks of the Yellow Robe, realising that the present man the outcome of his former living is, do not attempt to interfere with the natural course of his evolution. If he has arrived at that stage when it is necessary for him to throw aside the things of the world and to practice austerities, they know that the desire to do so will manifest itself, and when he seeks information, it will be accorded. The path will be pointed out, but no responsibility will be accepted on his behalf, it will be left, as it must be, to his own free-will to determine his future course.

One cannot contrast this with the Christian method. To begin with, the Christian Church has lost the doctrine of re-incarnation, and until it regains it, a partial view only can be presented of the religion of its noble Founder. Again, Christianity is essentially a religion of emotion, as opposed to Buddhism, a religion of philosophy. It deals largely with externals, for which Buddhism has little use, and therefore its method of propagation must differ. Whilst Buddhist philosophy is not inclined to flourish in Christian soil, so Christian emotionalism does not appeal to the Buddhist mind, and hence in criticising the attitude of the monks of the Yellow Robe to the Burmese laity one needs to exercise great care lest viewed with alien sight one distorts their ideals and distrusts their motives. All who have resided in Burma and who have judged the Order impartially are unanimous in declaring that it is a power for good in the land, that, in itself, is sufficient to clear it from all imputations, from

all the charges which have been levelled against it by over-zealous missionaries, by travellers, whose hasty opinion should count almost for naught, and by persons evilly-disposed towards any but their own cause.

Although it does not correspond with it in a Western sense, nevertheless the Order of the Yellow Robe may be styled the Buddhist priesthood in Burma and the Head of the Order, termed the *Thathana-baing*, is virtually the Head of the Burmese Buddhist Church, a man possessed of a very great amount of power. It is but reasonable to expect that as such he should be recognised by the Government of India, the paramount authority, and that such is the case is a tribute alike to British justice and tolerance in religious matters. In the old days, before the annexation of Upper Burma, since the *Thathana-baing* always resided in Mandalay and exercised his sway over Lower Burma the refrom, he was not brought into contact with the Government, but at the time of the annexation he was a prominent figure, and, it being recognised how large a part he could play in the pacification of Upper Burma, he was accordingly treated with great consideration. Assurances were given by him that he would exhort the priests and monks throughout the country to maintain a passive attitude and to restrain them from using their religious influence in order to stir up the feelings of the population against the British, who had dethroned their monarch and occupied their country, and in return he was assured that the Government of India would respect the national religion and permit no interference therewith. On both sides the pledges entered into were observed, and with splendid result, hostility was converted into friendship, and in contradistinction to the barbarous treatment afforded by the Spaniards to the Indians after they had conquered South America, the Burmese were allowed by their British conquerors to retain Buddhism, and the utmost respect was accorded the alien religion by its Head being invested with authority by the Government.

The *Thathana-baing*, who survived King Theebaw's deposition, and who assisted the Government on the pacification of the country, died in the year 1895 and immediately an election for a successor was held. The *Pakan Sadaw* received a majority of

votes, but was never appointed *Thathana-baing*, the Government refusing to recognise him, giving as a reason that his majority was not sufficiently decisive. And so for some time the office was vacant, although the *Pakan Sadaw* took the title of *Thathana-baing*-elect and issued orders to ecclesiastical authorities, whilst the opposition party raised up another *Thathana-baing*, who also received no support from Government. In 1900 the *Pakan Sadaw* died, and again an election for a *Thathana-baing* was resorted to. Much confusion had resulted in consequence of the absence of any recognised Head of the Buddhist Church, the Civil Courts having refused to recognise any chief religious authority, and now, the priest who headed the poll dying before the question of his recognition by the Government could be settled, the leaders of the Buddhists approached Government asking that the priest who had polled the next highest number of votes should be installed as *Thathana-baing*. Believing that it was acceptable to the country and the religious community, and that the choice was a good one in every respect, Government confirmed the selection, and towards the end of 1903 the *Thathana-baing* was duly acknowledged and a Sanad, or charter was granted him by the Lieutenant-Governor of Burma, Sir Hugh Barnes, requiring him to assist and support the Government and to comply with its laws, he, in return, being recognized as supreme in the internal control and administration of the Buddhist Church in Upper Burmah, and the Civil Court being commanded to give effect to his decisions and those of subordinate religious authorities appointed by him, in so far as those decisions should relate to matters within their competence. It is, of course, distinctly provided that where the mandates of Buddhist ecclesiastics come into conflict with the general laws of the country they are nullified, but apart from that they hold good, and the recognition of the Buddhist religion in this manner has played a great part in the conciliation of the Burmese.

The *Thathana-baing* holds sway over both Upper and Lower Burma, in matters ecclesiastical his word is practically law, and for the good government of the country, as far as it is affected by religious matters, he is responsible. The system is one which has been found to work admirably. Although the laws of Burma are

administered by officials of an alien religion, they are administered with fairness, and where there is any likelihood that they may clash with the religious susceptibilities of the people, their interpretation is mollified. The difficulty of the situation is not to be underestimated, however, and there are still some points which require very delicate handling, such as the admittance of outsiders to pagodas, when they refuse to pay that mark of respect the religious customs of the country demands, but doubtless time, which chasteneth all things, will remove all obstacles from the path of just and tolerant government in Burma.

But apart from its religious influence, its profound importance as an educational factor entitles the Order of the Yellow Robe to be treated with respect. For over a thousand years in its *kyaungs*, or monasteries scattered over the country, it has kept alight the fires of learning and has rendered yeoman service in the education of the people. Into a monastery at some period of his life a Burmese boy must enter, and here he is given religious and secular teaching, education in this manner being wide-spread; and although now Government schools are beginning to supersede the instruction imparted in the monasteries, it must be remembered that in bygone days, had it not been for such, the state of the Burmese would have been backward indeed. The monks of the Yellow Robe in Burma have done for the people there what the monks of the various Orders in England and on the Continent did for Europeans in the Middle Ages, and for their service they deserve all credit.

An objection to the Order, and one which rests on very good grounds, is that it throws open its doors to all who care to enter, no matter what the motive which may possess them. There is practically no system of supervision, though to any one conversant with the Buddhist tenets it is not difficult to understand why this is so. In consequence one finds within the fold of the Order not a few black sheep, who prostitute its organisation for their own benefit. To this abuse the writer of this article, in his capacity as Editor of the "Rangoon Times," was compelled to call public attention only last year. The particular delinquents on this occasion were, strange, or perhaps not strange to say, Europeans, to whom the prospect of a life of ease as the price of hypocrisy was too

inviting to be withstood. Although not actually admitted into the Order, as probationers these imposters managed to obtain many of its benefits and to trade on its reputation, but wholesome publicity eventually worked the desired end and rid the Order of their attentions. Like all religious bodies and denominations, the Order of the Yellow Robe is easily imposed upon, where absolute confidence is reposed in each member and the motive in joining is to efface self and to attain perfection, it is difficult to detect fraud, and on fraud itself not much stress is laid, the view being taken that it is best to leave it to the individual entirely as to whether his action is right or wrong. Consequently an indifference arises which is apt to conduce to imposture, especially in those monasteries in large towns where European undesirables are likely to be found, and although it is not the rule to interfere in these things, it might be worth the while of the *Thathana-baing* to issue a warning to the monks of the Yellow Robe regarding the acceptance of Europeans as probationers, for such people are not likely to do any good to the Order. On the contrary, they work a good deal of harm, and they give occasion to the critics to sneer and pooh-pooh the fabric on which it is based. A great amount of work has been accomplished in the past, a great amount remains to be accomplished in the future, and lovers of Burma and the Burmese can only wish to see the numbers of the Yellow Robe augmented, that primal purity of the Order maintained and the great purpose of its illustrious Founder carried out in its entirety.

EDWARD E. LONG.

THE DECADENCE OF NATIONAL GAMES.

The assertion that our great national games—football and cricket—are in their decadence, may, at the first blush, seem preposterous; that it is true will perhaps be admitted upon further consideration.

A national game is one that is played generally by the people of a nation. The two great games of England are cricket and football (Rugby and Association). The last now played during eight months out of the twelve, can undoubtedly claim to be the great, most popular game of this country. National games exist, or should exist, for the pleasant recreation and physical health of the manhood of the country. The real test of the value of a game then, must be in this: to what extent does it prove a pleasurable recreation and healthy exercise for all men who need such?

It is strange, but true, that while a game can be wonderfully improved, much study and skill be brought to bear upon it, and its exponents develope such an extraordinary degree of "science" that the playing of the game really becomes a fine art, yet, though the game itself is improved almost past the recognition of the early players (could they see it), its real use and value as a truly national game may have steadily declined. This is the case with football. Formerly men and boys played, badly and roughly perhaps sometimes in comparison with present day practice, but whether they played well or badly, the former generation of men who were interested in the game, did, for the most part

play themselves. Nowadays, the average man interested in football,—*watches*. He does not play himself but leaves that to a few specialists.

Enormous crowds watch twenty-two players. Association football possesses as skilful, if not more skilful, exponents of the game as ever, and there is evidently no decay in the game itself. But clubs are numerically much the same as years ago, the number of players, professionals, having hardly increased, while amateur players of the game have quite possibly decreased.

But are not games to be watched and was there ever a time when all were players and there were no spectators? Certainly games may be watched, but besides looking on, the spectators should also be players. In the old classic Greek days the male spectators of the sports were either themselves contemporary players, or veterans who had taken part in their time. And so it was with us in old rural England when players were many and spectators few. Often there were no spectators, for all played. They were not, it seems, very particular about the number. Though they had considerable less science, it was all much more natural and healthy. But that is going back to the Middle Ages almost.

Of course it can be said that to simply watch a game of football is a healthy recreation, and time spent in the open air is hardly wasted. True, but the object of outdoor games is not merely to amuse or to excite admiration and applause (from supporters of the winning side): their real aim is to improve the physique, to strengthen the limbs, to increase the powers of endurance, to bring out all that is manly in a man, and to teach him the greatest of all lessons, self-control: to show him how to face odds, to bear up against defeat, to submit to it with good grace, and, in short, to bring out all that is best and noblest in him.

What are we benefiting by our present system of games? We are developing in every possible way a limited set of men. We are making strong perfect types of physical manhood. But what are we doing for the thousands of spectators? They are getting amusement and fresh air; otherwise they are not benefiting physically. The difference between players and spec-

tators would be apparent enough if a team was picked haphazard from among the latter and put on the field.

The performances of the New Zealanders have again raised the question of our physical degeneration. The conclusion arrived at by a careful observer is, that we are at the present day producing a small percentage of men of fine physical proportions and a large percentage of men hardly worthy of the name. That this general physical degeneration is largely due to the decay of our national games, to the neglect of play by the many, there is little doubt. "The greatest good of the greatest number" holds true in sport as in other things. What advantage is it to a country, to possess a few thousand really fine men and hundreds of thousands physically unfit? Our large towns are getting fuller and fuller of young fellows, and as fewer of these play, the games of football and cricket become more and more de-nationalized.

Notwithstanding the enormous advances of science and increased knowledge of physical requirements, the nation, as a whole, is far from profiting by it. With all our civilization and the accumulated lore of the ages, we are physically far behind races of men, such as the Zulus, whom we affect to despise, and we have put into practice little of what we have learnt from the ancient Greeks.

The question of Games is a national one. We ought to have a "Board of Physical Education." In ancient days this matter of games was a serious national affair, and it should be so now. Never indeed before was a time when there was greater necessity for the cultivation of the physique, since almost everyone nowadays is compelled to live more or less under unnatural conditions. The stress and strain of life is infinitely greater and more wearing, and the need of physical recreation consequently all the stronger.

The strenuous competition of nation against nation also makes it a matter of the first importance that this de-nationalization of our games should be checked. There is no getting away from the obvious fact, that in the long run that race will be strongest and paramount which produces the largest proportion of sound, well developed, healthy men.

But can games really be made national, meaning thereby that all, or practically all, men take their part in them. Is

everyone, for instance, to play football and no one watch the game? The latter is perhaps an impossible ideal, but the bulk of those who are spectators ought themselves, at times, to be players.

What we require is a national system of physical education, a system that begins with the infant and goes on to the man, a system that shall teach the proper development of every muscle in the body. We want a race of strong, healthy men, not a sprinkling of athletes among thousands of degenerates. A more or less satisfactory and efficient education of the mind is compulsory: a like physical education should be also. *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

Then men would naturally take their proper place in games. Instead of football clubs being numbered by the hundred, they would be numbered by the thousand. And those who watched, themselves players, would do so with the spirit of emulation to learn where their own play was deficient, and to find out how they themselves could make the game more interesting.

It would then be a rare sight to see what is often enough observed in a football crowd now, the man with thin cheeks, nerveless arms and narrow chest. No longer would be heard cries of encouragement given to brutality and foul play, for they who watched would themselves have learnt the lesson of "playing the game," and we should be a nation full of life, strong and healthy, happy and free. It would be "merrie England" indeed once more, and we should be stronger to face the world.

HUGH LINCOLN.

CHEIROPHOBIA.

FORTUNE-TELLERS, like the poor, we must always have with us. They belong to the permanent burden of suffering humanity. Palmist prosecutions bid fair to establish an equal claim to permanency in the affairs of men, as I am reminded by the unceasing supply of newspaper cuttings relating to this matter. Nevertheless, it is manifest that the tidal waves of fashion carry even palmistry on their unstable back, and that we are just now at low tide in this respect. The frantic activity, which extended over a year or two, and culminated in the notorious "Cheiro" case—a case which, I am glad to think, did not prepossess lawyers in favour of palmist prosecutions—has slackened considerably, and there is just now a dearth of cases of this character.

Though this circumstance removes discussion on the subject of palmist prosecutions from the topical sphere, for this very reason the moment seems to me to favour a profitable consideration of the subject. Excessive activity is apt to produce a certain state of intoxication militating against sober judgment, so we may assume that the moment when most of our guardians, of legal attainments and without them, are resting on their laurels, is likely to be better for a reasoned examination of our case than the hour of the chase.

There is evidence before me that the cheirophobes—if I may be allowed to coin a word—have been hard up for cases. The evidence is provided in the report of a prosecution arising out of

fortune-telling at a Prestwich bazaar. The informant—a police constable, of course—enabled the magistrate to take proceedings both against the bazaar secretary and the fortune-teller herself. The former escaped, but the latter was duly fined, despite her plea that she had been careful not to tell fortunes, but merely to read characters. The constable admitted that he was not deceived by the lady's anticipatory talk (which certainly appeared inconveniently wide of the mark). A Blackburn paper, in commenting upon this case, suggests that the moral of it is, that "a very definite line should be drawn between the telling of character and fortunes, and carefully adhered to."

In the writer's opinion the moral of the case is very different from this. The distinction insisted upon by legal authorities, and by the palmists themselves, is utterly absurd. The plea of no fortune-telling is nothing but a transparent and dishonest excuse, a cowardly refuge which amounts to a tacit acceptance of the ruling that *fortune-telling* is *ultra vires*. As a magistrate is never influenced by anything but the facts reported, and his own prejudices, the excuse lacks its one possible justification, that of serving a practical purpose. The plea is usually found to be at variance with the alleged facts, for the simple reason that it is utterly impracticable to establish the distinction in question. The slightest acquaintance with this matter must satisfy us that it would be exceedingly difficult, not to say impossible, for anybody reading a person's character to avoid touching upon his future, and thereby lay himself open to the charge of fortune-telling. If the palmist honestly endeavoured to live up to this distinction, he would have to keep a constant watch upon himself, so as not to say things that might be construed as reflections upon his client's prospects. The position is ludicrous in the extreme. The distinction is nothing but a legal subterfuge, and should not be treated with greater respect than is due to quibbles of this distracting kind.

While criticising the palmists' position, I should also like to condemn the futile attempt they sometimes make to screen themselves by getting clients sign a declaration to the effect that they are satisfied there is no intent to impose upon them. How in the name of common sense can one person express himself satis-

fied with another person's intentions? This sort of thing is merely a half-hearted imitation of the legal methods which fortune tellers as a class have to contend against, and nothing could weaken their case more than such ambiguity.

The Prestwich case further illustrates the extreme clumsiness of these uninformed terrorists. Fortune telling in, if I may put it that way, its more sportive mood, has come to be looked upon as quite a recognised feature of bazaars and kindred functions, and I see no objection to treating the subject in this lighter vein, whatever its serious pretensions may be. That police constables should invade bazaars and deprive them of this picturesque attraction is an unpardonable stupidity, and proof positive that the cheirophobes have lost all sense of proportion in this matter.

The man in the street is probably far from realising the frequency of these palmist prosecutions. Unless he happen to breathe the air of Folkestone or some other equally favoured town, where a specially energetic Bench keep up the supply of offenders under the Vagrancy Act, news of modern witches driven to the stake will only drop down upon his breakfast table at rare intervals, never amounting to more than a faint echo of all the noise these palmist cases are making up and down the country. For, in truth, the noise is not insignificant, and the money extracted from the unhappy practitioners should go some way towards alleviating the pressure of local taxation.

If it be objected that the treatment of these discredited professionals is an unimportant matter, I venture to protest. An injustice which costs us £10,000 per annum is no less offensive to sane minds than one which figures out at £100,000 on the wrong side of the Police Court Budget. Neither can it be reasonably argued that the people concerned in these prosecutions are people who do small credit to society and deserve correspondingly little sympathy from the general public. In such matters we cannot allow any consideration as to the intelligence and social status of an individual to sway our judgment. It must conform to the general principles that have come to be recognized as most beneficial to the preservation and growth of collective life. Some of those principles are legal;

others are not. In upholding them we are simply discharging a debt that we owe ourselves, not doing an act of grace to other people. It is as important to *everyone* of us, that they should not be violated, as is the duty of self-preservation upon which all progress ultimately depends.

In the present case we seem to have a particularly virulent example of legal practices contravening those fundamental principles. It is especially necessary to call attention to it, because we have here an outstanding relic of penal legislation which is both barbarous in principle and unconstitutional in practice. To put people right with regard to these palmist prosecutions is to clear our notions concerning the limits of legal interference in private life. To fix the boundary line between individual freedom and social responsibility must ever remain a difficult task, but I see no great difficulty in deciding whether these prosecutions should be classed with reasonable defensive measures, or with unwarrantable interference.

The law concerning palmistry and kindred practices is very vague and ambiguous, as such law is apt to be. Everything depends in practice upon the discretion of the man who administers the law, and it cannot surprise anybody, therefore, that a study of legal opinions on the subject tends rather to confuse than to enlighten one. Parliament has laid it down that palmistry is not in itself illegal; *intent to deceive* must be proven. This seems reasonable on the face of it, but it is in reality one of those cowardly maxims which are bound to work mischief. Even an honest, intelligent magistrate would find it extremely difficult to decide about another person's intentions; to do so would require an amount of psychological insight which very few men can boast of. Still more difficult would it be to *prove* intent to deceive; in fact, were the magistrates loyally to accept the ruling of the House, we should hear very little about palmistry cases in the courts, for I have not yet seen the record of a single prosecution in which the charge of intentional fraud was made good.

It is quite obvious, however, that our magistrates have taken the law into their own hands, on the assumption, I suppose, that the Home Secretary couldn't possibly have known what he was

talking about. As a consequence we have Mr. Herbert laying it down in the Folkestone Police Court that "telling fortunes is absolutely forbidden in the whole of England," which is absurd, and does not become less so, because we have the Liverpool stipendiary declaring (in June, 1904) that "people went to these places to know what was going to happen in the future, and that was illegal." The assumption is that the Vagrants' Act of 1824 warrants this attitude towards everything that can be classed with fortune telling, which, it is true, is prohibited by that Act. But as everybody knows, the Vagrants' Act was specifically directed against the gipsies, and apart from its doubtful merits as a precaution against "rogues and vagabonds," it should be obvious to the meanest intellect in the legal profession that the conditions which gave birth to the measure were totally different from those obtaining nowadays. To use the Act to get at palmists who are householders and ratepayers, looks as if eagerness to punish outstepped discretion. The cap most decidedly does *not* fit in this case, and the only defensible course, open to people who desire authority for stopping what they conceive to be a dangerous practice, is to seek for legislation on the merits of the case as it stands at present. They have not done this; neither have they, as the next best thing to do, taken the ruling of the Home Secretary. The only other alternative is judicial tyranny, similar to that which the Vaccination Amendment Act has fostered. The law is used as an instrument for vindicating any petty prejudice that the presiding legal genius may happen to have on the subject.

The object of the prosecuting bench must either be to prove that there has been fortune telling (taking fortune telling *per se* to be illegal), or to establish some semblance of proof that there has been fraudulent intent (taking the law to operate only against those palmists who intend to deceive their clients). The issue in both cases is perfectly clear. The legal mind, however, must conceive of some third attitude to take up in this matter, for I find the Eastbourne Town Clerk (October, 1904) reported as saying that "he was not required to show that anyone was deceived; but it was a question of fact whether there was any intention to deceive on the part of the defendant. If there was

no such intention, he could not conceive with what object the fortune was told." As an instance of legal imbecility, surely this pretentious twaddle is hard to beat. What does it mean? That it is a question of fact whether the woman in question intended to deceive? It seems to be a question of belief, rather than of fact. And it is quite evident that the estimable Eastbourne clerk has got his belief in order. Rather than *prove* anything, he gets over the difficulty by persuading himself that there *cannot* be any other motive but fraud for telling people fortunes. I will not insult my readers by assuming them to be equally blind to less offensive motives. In the case referred to, defendant's counsel suggested that the prognostications might come true; but this magnificent Town Clerk airily waves the suggestion aside, seeing that nobody was in a position to decide the point, and clinches the argument by asking defendant if she will *guarantee* that what she has foretold will actually happen—which, of course, she could not. Why this obvious uncertainty should be taken to support the prosecution's case, rather than the other side, passes my comprehension. The case, by the way, was an exemplary one, as showing that there was no intent to impose upon anyone, as the woman was obviously in earnest about her science. Nevertheless, the magistrates decided that "there must be a conviction in this case!" Why must there? We are not told—but the defendant was told to pay 40s. and costs. If the magistrates had kept the issue clear by avoiding all talk of "intent to deceive," they would have behaved at least like sensible men who knew what they wanted and how to get it in a decent way. "The law says you mustn't tell fortunes; you have done so; sorry to have to ask you for a special contribution of 45s. to the upkeep of our admirable espionage system. Good bye!" That would be clear and unmistakeable.

Unfortunately, lawyers seem to have a professional objection to clearness and direct methods. What an amazing waste of time and money has been incurred over these palmist trials, to go no further! The pretext is thoroughness and impartiality, I suppose; the delusion that Bench and Jury have to hear both sides to enable them to make up their minds, must be kept up for the good of the common peace. Yet the decision is all the

time a foregone conclusion. What useful purpose the examination and cross-examination of witnesses and accused is to serve eludes me. It would only take a minute to decide whether an attempt to tell fortunes had been made, and no amount of evidence can prove that there has been intent to impose.

The detailing of defendant's sayings and doings must be done with the purpose of making her pretentions look absurd; they more often make the examiners ridiculous; but this humiliating fact they do not realise. In one case they fine a man £25 for telling a policeman he ought to borrow money and start business for himself, when he would succeed, &c. This is evidently taken as evidence of palpable fraud! In another case a lady is fined 20s. (it is impossible to find out what determines the amount of the fine, which may be anything from 2s. 6d. to £25 in addition to costs), because three witnesses were there to indignantly testify to her foretelling things (which they couldn't possibly know wouldn't come to pass), and saying things about the children of one witness which were admittedly quite true. At one trial a letter was received from a gentleman at Bath, saying that defendant promised his wife another husband and wealth upon her second marriage. He thought it a shame silly women should be swindled in that manner. Where does the swindle come in? Had the gentleman of Bath made up his mind to outlive his wife, or how? I am sure, she *deserved* some compensation for her present misfortune in being tied to such an egregiously foolish husband.

It is really a very extraordinary spectacle to see case after case got up in the same manner; by trapping the unsuspecting palmist through the willing co-operation of a police-constable and his wife. I know of no other kind of alleged fraud, where it has been considered necessary to simply manufacture cases. What is more, the method adopted by the Bench in getting at these objectionable fellow-citizens is positively illegal. This is a specimen passage from a cross-examination of the chief witness in one of these palmist cases.

"So your object in going there was to get her to do something illegal?"

"Yes."

Are the lawyers themselves unaware of the fact that "if one or more persons enter into a conspiracy to endeavour to incite a person to commit an illegal act "they are liable to be indicted for conspiracy." Surely it should be sufficient to advertise the fact that the law offers redress for all persons who consider themselves defrauded by palmists. The realisation of the offence would seem a necessary antecedent to any prosecution. If the "victims" do not realise that they have been victimised, it is surely ludicrous to be indignant on their behalf.

It is precisely here we come to the central position of the anti-palmists. They contend that ignorant, simple-minded people must be protected against the snares that wily people lay for them. They suggest that it is very bad for silly women to have their mental balance upset by some more or less mischievous readings and foretellings.

I do not think it is a very healthy sport for hysterical women to engage in, and I quietly wish they would mind their business and keep their idle curiosity in check. But I should consider myself a worse fool if I thought the remedy was prosecuting the persons who lay themselves out to satisfy that curiosity. But there seem to be any number of nervous men in this country whose sovereign remedy for all weaknesses is "protection" of some sort—protection of ignorant women, protection of incompetent industries, protection against all manner of anticipated disease.

The solemn fuss magistrates, editors, and other guardians of the common people's welfare have been making about these "pernicious frauds" is truly pitiful. That palmistry may do some harm I have already conceded; but if the amount of harm, moral, mental, and physical, done by certain practices and trades were to be the test of their legality—well, I simply cannot complete the thought. It is too overwhelming to think of police-courts crowded by theatre and music-hall proprietors, publicans, tobacconists, clergymen, doctors, modistes, editors innumerable, butchers, boot-makers, corset-makers, and a thousand-and-one occupations that minister to our baser inclinations and fortify our vices. As "Truth" very humorously asked, is spending one guinea on a set of teeth better than spending it (or less) on a palmist. It is likely

to prove more disastrous. Yet we do not prosecute the dentist who exploits the craze (and to some extent the need) for cheapness. There are thousands of men and women constantly testifying to the fact that drink is laying waste the health, happiness, and careers of innumerable persons; yet we do not prosecute the publican. And it would be absurd to do so. But less absurd than prosecuting a woman for practising palmistry, which is more disputable [and] certainly less calamitous in its effects.

It is quite obvious, then, that there is no other rational motive of legal attack than our desire to rehabilitate the victim of a provable fraud and punish the offender. But as long as the fraud cannot be proven, and the victim has to be specifically manufactured, there is evidently no case. The prosecution is an unseemly defence of our scared prejudices against everything not properly comprehended by us. Such justice is as far removed from equity as Billingsgate is from Mayfair.

To consider the claims of palmistry as a serious science is not to the point during the present phase of the discussion; all that it is necessary to insist upon is that there is no warrant in past legislation for the attitude which scores of magistrates are taking up in this matter. If a section of the public think palmists should be dealt with apart from the general rules of civil and commercial intercourse, they are at liberty to propose any addition to the law they think fit. It will then be time to consider whether or not the claim to honesty of these practitioners should be rejected in *toto*, and the practice discountenanced as an unmitigated imposture. The pros and cons of this larger question I do not wish to enter into here, but I must warn the "protectionists" that they will not be equal to providing the requisite evidence. It cannot be done, simply. Although I am in no sense inclined to patronize fortune tellers as a class, and recognise that they are mostly ignorant and unworthy of credence, these sentiments do not blind me to the essential fact that the pretensions of palmists have an obvious basis of truth, the truth, to wit, that individual character *must* express itself in the hand as well as in the physiognomy and elsewhere. The connexion between character and history I need not emphasize, though it

is of course always an open question, how far the one is an index to the other. Let it remain an open question by all means, but make up your mind that thinking people cannot endorse the condemnation by the unthinking, of a study and a practice which cost us far less than tobacco smoking, but have at least some show of intelligent justification.

J. M. BORUP.

"THE DEAD TRYST."

In Ireland the peasants still set food and water for their dead on All Souls' Eve.

IT was the 2nd of November; a heavy mist rose almost imperceptibly from the sea, and the last of the autumn leaves clung only to a few of the more sheltered trees. Darkness vast and engulfing was sovereign of the night, swallowing all familiar outlines in its folds. Even sound was dulled, and the unlatched gate rocked with a persistent, though muffled clinking against the shaky pier to which it was loosely fastened by a piece of frayed rope, barring the sodden pathway which led to a small farmhouse situated in the middle of a starved-looking grass field. At the corner of the building a clump of ill-grown trees huddled together as if for mutual support against the wild storms which harried and shook them as the wind in the unbroken glory of its strength, swung free from over the Atlantic. Many a night in the fall of the year these sad, deformed denizens of the forest groaned and creaked under the lash of the gale, but to-night they were at rest save from the sighing waft that carried the sea fog landwards.

Inside the poor dwelling all were in bed, and silence, filled with the rustle of things unheard in the day time, brooded in the rooms; the tick of the clock was startlingly loud, and the chirrup of an invisible cricket sounded through the kitchen where the shuttters were closed, and a faint rosy glow from the expiring handful of turf fire blinked itself out drowsily on the hearthstone. The power of darkness and its strange unreality with which it

endowed common objects was loud in the nerve-shattering tick of the clock and the eternal monologue of the cricket, who seemed to cry disconsolately for a reply to the thread-like tones of its lonely piping.

Presently another sound became audible, it was the gentle creaking of the old boards under a light tread; the footsteps might be traced all down the staircase, making their way slowly and softly, either fearful of awaking the sleeping household or frightened at the eerie solitude of the night hours, and at last a faint pressure against the door of the room swung it lightly open, and the threshold was crossed quickly by a young girl. She shivered with fright or cold, and her teeth chattered as she bent over the red ashes and blew them into new life, carefully feeding the flame with small pieces of turf. Satisfied that it would burn, she rose to her feet and looked timidly round her. She was dressed in a short, coarse skirt and an ill-fitting body; her feet were bare, and her heavy hair hung in masses over her shoulders, while the great eyes which reflected the fire-light had a look of intense expectation in their depth, not unmixed with fear. Stooping again, she brushed the hearth, leaving it clean and tidy, and then proceeded to cover the table with a coarse white cloth, setting on it a piece of soda bread on a plate, and filling a tumbler with fresh spring water from a jug; then, placing a chair, she paused, her hands pressed over her heart as though to still its beating.

All her movements had been those of a person engaged in the carrying out of a solemn rite, and nervously looking towards the barred window she made a determined effort, loosed the catch and looked out at the darkness which pressed like a tangible weight against the glass.

Moving away from its spell she shut the door of the kitchen by which she had entered and opened the bolt which held the door that led into the yard; having accomplished this, she fumbled in her pocket and taking out a short wax candle she lighted it, placing it on the middle of the table. For a few minutes she leant on her hands and gazed fixedly at the flame like one half mesmerised, and then kneeling on the earthen floor she prayed aloud in a breathless and incoherent manner.

"By the grace of God and by the blessing of the Holy Virgin,

and by the intercession of me Pathron Saint, I kneel to ask that it may be granted to me this night, whin death's gates is open, and that me prayers will be heard . . . Sheamus! out of the darkness beyand, out of the narrow grave, out of the binding lead of the coffin, out of the grass grown earth, come to me! Dheelish, the days is lonely since yes was taken, and me heart is broke with the longing to see yes . . . Over the sea, over the rocks, over the sand, and by the safe warrum farms, this one night when I knows that yer feet is loosed from the grave clothes, find the way as iver yes did when living to the heart that loves yes true, avick . . . Let no wild wind stop yes, no spirrit stay yes, if 'tis from the light o' Glory or from the dark shadows of Hell! Let no stone thrip yer feet, no cold rain wet yer body, no fog blind yer eyes, no other spread table lure yes, no other hearth warrum yes, no other hands greet yes! . . . By the power of the Blessed Name! By the power of the Absolution, white on me sowl this night, given by the holy Praste. By the sinless prayer of me sisther's first Communion offered up by her for me . . Shamus, Shamus, by the great love of me heart come to me out of the dhridsome silence!"

With outstretched hands she knelt rigidly; when her prayer was finished her eyes fixed on the candle, her lips slightly parted and her breath coming in short gasps. Then she rose to her feet, and turning cowered by the fire, tense expectancy in every line of her figure.

Suddenly the window rattled, though no wind blew, and her heart throbbed loudly. It was the first sign! The wraith wind, that precursor of the liberated souls who wandered free to visit the old haunts still sadly dear and held in memory; then far off down towards the beach the wild howl of a dog tore the oppressive silence, making her blood run cold. Thrice it keened out, a hoarse cry flung up to the unknown which was about to enter, and to the girl there was a sound of dread in the protracted wail which made her shudder and clasp her hands in prayer, but still wide-eyed she listened and listened. How slowly the minutes passed! The clock ticked on in merciless precision and then wheezed loudly, preparatory to striking a single chime, and even as the sound still echoed the girl started and looked fearfully at

the door, for the latch was moving, and as it opened slowly, a still cold air, heavy with fog and smelling of sea wrack flooded in. All the terror of the flesh in near contact with the spiritual world came over her, and she cowered down covering her face with her hands. She knew that now she should turn, she should rise to her feet, should call her dead to her and greet him by the old endearing names, looking into his eyes, for the eyes never change, but she was only conscious of a wild panic which made her long to run anywhere to hide from this awful guest, and she bowed her head until her brown hair brushed the ground. She knew that Sheamus had passed into the room, and that he was bound not to speak until she called his name thrice and welcomed him in the Name of God. Was he unchanged as he stood there so close to her, a spirit? The man she loved who in death had been snatched from her ere they had been married. Was the trace of the earth of the churchyard on him? She shuddered as she fancied that such might be the case; the cricket ceased its monotonous cry, silenced, too, by the fear that held her dumb. Where had he come from? Oh, to have the courage to turn! but her heart was water, and her knees shook, for she felt that his sad eyes were upon her as he waited patiently for the welcome she had promised to him, and which was his due. Strengthened by the thought that it was Sheamus, though Sheamus in spirit form, she moved as if to rise to her feet, when the chair she had placed by the table was drawn slightly back; the sound once more loosed the lurking terror in her mind. What if he should be a ghastly spectre, with the mouldering traces of the bier clothes hanging round him? In all her after life could she ever efface such a memory, or must it not turn her brain, and she go wandering round the country haunting graveyards, and laughing wildly as she gathered the bleaching bones in heaps, as did the mad woman who came from near by, and who saw the dead? Moaning incoherently, she pressed her hands closer over her eyes to shut out the dread her thoughts brought? Yet persistently the power of the soul she had summoned lay across the room, and the night wind raising itself to a sobbing sough shook the window. Still, her heart failed her, and she shut her heart to her lover, besieging the gates of heaven with prayers for strength to turn and to hold out her empty arms

but the fear of the flesh tied her as with cords. She, who had meant to ask him of all he knew of the mystery and the wonder, who had swept the hearth, set the board, and lighted the charmed candle, was to cheat herself of all she had won by prayer and fast and vigil. He was there, waiting for the word of power, and she, craven with fear, could not speak it. At last the love of her heart overcame her terror. Whatever he appeared as, be it a dread spectre or a glorified vision, he was still the chosen of her love, her arms had held him close, her lips had whispered endearing names. . . . Once more it was in her power to tell him all the unforgotten story, and rising to her feet, her hands still over her eyes, she faced the table, gathering her strength for the moment which would show her her heart's desire or fear; and the silence, tingled with the strain of the conquest of the spirit, when out into the silence, clear, raucous, and material, rang the loud crowing of a cock, telling that the first trace of dawn was signalled in the eastern sky. With a wild cry of anguish and loss the girl flung out her arms only to see the wick of the candle burning in fitful starts in a pool of grease on the table, the open door swinging idly, and the chair she had placed pushed back as with a hasty movement.

"Dheelish! Dheelish!" she cried. "Stay awhile, Shamus. . . . In the Name of the Father. . . ." But there was no answer from the wet mists, gray with the cold light of the coming dawn, which had folded her beloved as in an impenetrable winding-sheet.

LOUIE ACKLAND.

THE TEACHERS OF OUR GENERATION.

No one can contend that the myriad novelists of the present age are all of them "teachers" in any true sense of the term, but at all events the present generation is hardly disposed to pay attention to teachers of any other sort. For isolated groups of thinkers and students, new realms of philosophy may be opening out by degrees. In regard to the study of natural phenomena most of our humble minded fellow-creatures accept without hesitation the orthodox opinions of the scientific few. In religious matters they rarely trouble themselves to reject the orthodoxy of the professional priesthood, but concern themselves too little with the subjects thus dealt with, to be regarded as taking up the mental attitude involved in the idea of listening to a teacher. But the novelists, at all events, *are* listened to, and the extent to which they must be influencing the mental growth of the current generation would be ill appreciated by those who merely suppose them concerned with entertaining our leisure moments. Some may be concerned with no loftier purpose, and of these a small minority may succeed in affording us entertainment, but most of the prominent preachers of fiction seem to set out with a definite purpose as they write, and aim at all events at emphasising some broad principle of sociology or morals. Essays professedly directed to the treatment of such problems would scarcely circulate in the present day in sufficient numbers to pay the expenses of printing; but the novelist teacher who tempts us to listen by promising to amuse us, counts his audience in scores of thousands, and no doubt leaves an impression on the minds of

his pupils which is all the deeper for challenging no acknowledgement. As a novelist he is not a controversialist. He sets forth his own doctrine in the most seductive guise it can be made to assume, and by providing the necessary illustrations at his pleasure proves it beyond dispute. He might appropriately, in many cases, write Q. E. D. on his last page instead of the familiar "Finis."

Let us glance at a few recent stories,—spray, so to speak, caught by the wind from the roaring Niagara of fiction, pouring continually through the libraries,—and examine the merits of the teaching they more or less insidiously convey. Mr. Rider Haggard's last gift to his attentive congregation is entitled "The Way of the Spirit," and like another thoughtful romance from his pen of recent origin, "Stella Fregelius," is concerned with lofty problems in the region of the higher morality; to a very limited degree only, with lurid adventures on the physical plane of the kind that generally, in his earlier work, engrossed his fertile imagination. In this book the author has presented us with a moral problem for solution, which, in a prefatory note he acknowledges to be susceptible of more solutions than one. "Still," he says, "given a sufficiency of faith, I believe that set down here to be the true answer," and because it involves the idea of self-sacrifice it may seem to many humble minded pupils to be the counsel of perfection. From the point of view of those less easily imposed upon by the glamour of renunciation, the answer set down in the book before us will perhaps be regarded as so deplorably pernicious as to claim a more serious refutation than common place criticism of the kind directed as a rule to a new novel would be likely to supply.

The situation developed is this. A British officer, Colonel Ullershaw, a saintly puritan by nature, returns home laden with honours from Egyptian campaigning; falls in love with a worldly-minded beauty, is accepted because he is heir to a peerage and wealth. The beauty is bored to extinction by his companionship, and in a shallow sort of way is in love with an ornamental blackguard. The said blackguard pulls the strings in such a way that the hero is sent back to the Egyptian Soudan on a dangerous mission on his wedding day, to the secret relief, rather than to the

grief, of his bride. In the Soudan he falls into the hands of enemies, his companions are killed, he is mutilated and disfigured in rather a loathsome fashion; is rescued alive by a beautiful Egyptian chieftainness of a secluded oasis whom he has benevolently befriended, who adores him in spite of his disfigurement. A long time elapses; at home he is reported dead. His widow promises herself after a decent interval to the ornamental blackguard, and then Rupert, the hero, contrives to crawl home and presents himself abruptly to his legal wife.

She, being what she is, is naturally disgusted at the sight of him, behaves infamously according to her nature, delares that she can never bear the thought of living with him as a wife, and insists that he shall remain dead to the world. He acquiesces and goes back to the beautiful "Mea" of the desert; but not to fulfil the obvious duties of the occasion, and become her husband! Fettered by the idiotic fancy that his conventional bond is a sacred tie, he is supposed to live on for years in the oasis with Mea in a strictly fraternal relationship. And then our moralist teacher heaps absurdity on absurdity, Edith, the heartless heroine, finds it essential to the inheritance of her desired peerage to recover possession of Rupert, the hero, and goes to seek him in the Soudan. She demands that Rupert shall leave "that woman" and return to his duty with her. The clear-sighted readers' patience will hardly bear the later chapters of the story in which Rupert is represented as coming to the conclusion that he is bound to break Mea's heart, and go back with the nominal wife, and is only rescued from so doing by catching the plague opportunely at the last moment, and dying in company with Mea before he has time to consummate his folly.

If the whole story were designed as a satire upon the foolish theory attaching sacredness to the mere letter of the marriage tie, even if it is associated with no realities of feeling or relationship, one could in a certain sense applaud the story as calculated to disgust the reader with conventional morals. But when Mr. Haggard prefaces it with the note already quoted, one can only hope that, in spite of himself, the spirit of his teaching will be so repugnant to all healthy minds as to produce a reaction of disgust against the preposterous moral conveyed.

Glancing back over recent novels, one may recall innumerable examples, handling the marriage problem in some of its aspects, but generally, in deference to the faith assumed to be that of the moral middle classes, pretending to embody teaching of the strictly orthodox type. Still, one may suspect some of our novelist teachers of a lurking disposition to satirise what they seem to suggest as the virtuous course of conduct. In one story, for instance, of last year's harvest, "The Marriage Yoke," by Miss Kinealy, we find the high-minded hero sacrificing his own, and the heroine's happiness to an all but imbecile interpretation of his duty to a mad woman. In Mrs. Campbell Praed's "Some Loves and a Life" we are formally invited to admire,—perhaps surreptitiously guided to deplore,—behaviour which makes the good people of the book miserable in deference to the literal value of ties which have no spiritual significance. Sometimes, of course, attempts are made to get out of the beaten track. In the Baroness Van Hutton's "Pam" we have an interesting picture of domestic felicity from which the marriage ceremony has been omitted, and no clumsily engineered tragedy in any of the later chapters makes sacrifice of happily mated rebels on the altars of conventionality. But a work published only the other day claims attention by reason of embodying teachings that boldly assail the conventionalities from along many different lines of attack.

Violet Tweedale's last story, "Lady Sarah's Son," is in this way calculated to promote the mental growth of the pupils who may come under its influence. In the course of the narrative many philosophical conversations are illuminated with the clear light of occult knowledge. The principle of reincarnation is plainly and intelligently set forth. Ecclesiastical worldliness is satirised with much good humour in the person of a scrupulously conventional bishop. The importance of being born in wedlock is gently set aside by the pleasant moral atmosphere, and social favour shown as surrounding the hero, whose parents have overlooked the usual formality, and, finally, the most subtle attack on commonplace thinking is involved in the development into an ideal wife, of a young lady, who, in spite of her brilliant social position has, to begin with, discarded all the elementary virtues, to the extent of living at the rate of several thousands a year in

excess of her income, with the help of wealthy admirers,—who do not go unrewarded. These vagaries are traced to temperament plus despair of winning the love the girl really desires; but, when in the long run this falls to her share, the ardent forces of her nature pour forth into a new channel, and she becomes all that an ideal heroine should be. It is only in some details of the story's development that the reader is annoyed with concessions to the hero's priggish disapproval of divorce.

Mrs. Tweedale's occultism, in so far as it flavours the philosophical discussion of the book just noticed, is sound to a degree which is very unusually reached by the teachers of fiction. They are, almost all, eager to avail themselves of the tempting material which explorations in connection with occult science have brought to light, and it is no exaggeration to say that very few stories of the present day are entirely without some touch of what used to be superstition. Either a gipsy's prophecy comes true, or an unlucky omen works out its consequences, or a dream forecasts an event. Not infrequently, indeed, a genuine ghost enters on the scene without for a moment condescending to a materialistic explanation, although unhappily in such cases as a rule the circumstances of his appearance do not correspond with the actual conditions of astral plane life. But now and then occult material is more boldly employed as the main web of the story. Mr. Hichins, who has freely employed in former writings occult material which he has twisted, regardless of occult science, to suit the requirements of his stories, has in a recent novelette outraged the teaching of occultism by elaborating a fancy as crude and incoherent with scientific truth as it is repulsive to good taste on the surface. His story, entitled "The Black Spaniel," deals with the grotesque conception that a wicked vivisector becomes himself incarnate in the person of a dog. The virtuous anti-vivisector, outraging the principles of his own faith as idiotically as he misunderstands the teaching he is supposed to accept, proceeds to maltreat the unfortunate animal in a manner which constitutes very disagreeable reading. It is simply deplorable that novelists persist in this way not merely in robbing the storehouses of occult knowledge from which they would be welcome to take as much property as they like, but in daubing the pilfered ideas with

repulsive colouring of their own, thus indirectly libelling the writers from whom they steal.

Sometimes, on the other hand, we find the main web of a story depending on occult ideas, woven with fairly creditable intelligence, even though the novelist generally serves up his cookery with some kind of unwholesome sauce designed to suit the palate of the commonplace gourmand. In George Griffith's last tale, "The Mummy and Miss Nitocris," we have an elaborate picture illustrating reincarnation in a fairly appreciative spirit. The heroine is identified with a lovely Egyptian Queen, who reigned in a long forgotten century, and the whole group of personalities with which her loves and troubles are entangled, are also identified, in well-developed visions, as belonging to the *entourage* of the Egyptian Queen. In this way Mr. Griffith has caught one of the important features of the real teaching, which shows the natural law operative to keep those entities in continual touch with one another through successive lives where the ties of affection,—or of conflict!—are operative to bring about that result. It is a pity that the story thus substantially well-designed, should have been blemished by the ridiculous misuse,—as an explanation of the abnormal powers with which the heroine and her father become invested,—of a metaphysical conception relating to what is called the fourth dimension, which has no more to do with the uses to which in Mr. Griffith's story it is put, than next Michaelmas with the ace of spades.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE great eruption of Vesuvius, in progress as we write, has induced some of the popular newspapers to give their readers elementary instruction concerning the causation of volcanic disturbances, as though the whole phenomenon lay within the regions of familiar knowledge. The *Daily Mail* explains:—"Water is continually percolating through the ocean bed. When it reaches the molten rocks beneath it is converted into steam, which exerts tremendous pressure upon the earth's crust. As the pressure becomes greater, eruptions follow." The man in the street goes away no doubt, completely satisfied, and quite unconscious of the fact that the explanation quoted is merely a fragment of one among a number of wild theories that from time to time have been set on foot to explain volcanic action, each of which in turn, by every serious writer on the subject, has been abandoned as hopelessly untenable. The fundamental reason why this particular steam hypothesis is absurd, rests on the fact that it fails altogether to explain the principle phenomenon connected with great eruptions, the outflow of molten lava in enormous volume. The explosive energy evolved from the percolation to heated strata of sea water would simply take the shape of a spluttering emission of steam, associated with miscellaneous fragments of solid rock which the outburst might throw off.

More elaborate scientific theories have been constructed to account for volcanoes, and some of these have depended on the possibility that considerable masses of the alkaline metals, sodium and potassium, might somewhere reside beneath the earth's

surface, these being reached by water, chemical decompositions would ensue, which would engender enormous energy. But no eruption arising from such a cause could explain the emissions of steam which accompany eruptions on a scale that ordinary imagination can scarcely grapple with. In the course of one eruption of Etna studied in 1865, the discharge of steam would, if the steam had been condensed into water, have represented a lake 2¼ miles long, 700 yards across, and 30 feet deep. Whence had this volume of water proceeded? To conceive it as the result of percolations from the sea bed in the first instance would simply be an outrage on any scientific instinct.

The truth of the matter is, as the investigations of some occult scientists have explained, that volcanic energies emerge from an enormously greater depth than is generally assigned to their origin, and from conditions, some 800 miles below the surface of the earth, the nature of which is as yet wholly unsuspected by ordinary science. The actual condition of things has been fully explained in all its profoundly interesting intricacies by a publication issued in 1903.* But for the moment it will be enough to take note of one broad fact, as some occultists regard it, one important statement, to put the matter less dogmatically, made by those who have investigated the problem. At a depth of 800 miles below the earth's surface there resides a vast stratum, itself some hundreds of miles in thickness, of highly-heated matter, consisting to a large extent of compressed steam, at a temperature considerably exceeding any that have been reached by the electric furnace, the existence of which, as also of somewhat similar strata at lower dephts, is explained by the principles discerned by occult observation, as having governed the original formation of this planet. Conventional speculation as to whether the earth on which we live is a solid mass throughout, or a molten mass surrounded by a solid shell, are equally wide of the mark. The earth is described by those who profess to know, as a series of concentric spheres of solid matter intercalated between each of which are strata of matter still in a highly-heated condition. Many scientific views in circulation approach this conception. Halley, the great astronomer, for one, entertained the belief that there

* The Constitution of the Earth. Theosophical Publishing Society.

was a solid nucleus for the earth, the movements of which did not actually correspond with those of the external shell, and some geologists have supported the notion of concentric spheres for reasons derived from variations of critical temperature as affecting different substances, the significance of which we need not for the moment stop to examine. Anyhow, a great eruption of the volcanic order ensues from rifts in the solid strata, probably, due themselves, to crumpling and contractions of the kind with which geology is familiar, up which volumes of the intensely heated steam existing in the hot stratum, impetuously rush, melting the rocks through which they pass in their progress, and thus carrying with them as they emerge at the surface the huge volumes of molten lava with which we are familiar. Far back in the geology of the earth, as orthodox geology has shown, lava emissions actually came forth, not merely from craters, but from elongated rifts in the surface. As these closed in progress of time regions of minimum rigidity were, so to speak, discovered by later eruptions, thus giving rise to the modern volcanic crater.

In the present day one cannot expect conventional science to accept conclusions derived from occult investigation carried on by means of faculties with which physical investigation is unacquainted. But, pending the certain future in which these faculties will be recognised as the most important that can be employed in the study of nature, it is interesting for those who already appreciate their value to observe the way in which their revelations, as in this case, harmonise with mysterious physical phenomena so much more satisfactorily than any derived from less enlightened speculation.

AMONGST somewhat sweeping conclusions at which the new House of Commons has already arrived, we may notice one that has hardly as yet attracted sufficient attention. It was adopted *nem. con.* on the evening of the 4th of April, and was to the effect "that the jurisdiction of judges in dealing with contempt of court is practically arbitrary and unlimited, and calls for the action of Parliament with a view to its definition and limitation." The motion itself was brought forward by one of the Irish

members resenting the action of a specific judge, and, as presented by the mover, was coloured with strong Nationalist feeling. But in the course of the debate which ensued, the Attorney-General for Ireland, Mr. Cherry, describing himself as the exponent also of the views of the Solicitor-General for England, distinctly recognised the principle that the law dealing with contempt identical for that matter both in England and in Ireland, was in an unhealthy state, and in need of legislative treatment. He did not promise on behalf of the Government any legislation on this subject this session, on the ground that there was too much else to do, and probably in the long run we shall find that party interests have once more stood in the way of legislation required merely in the interest of justice and public welfare. But nothing can be more opposed to all sound principles of fair play, nothing more degrading to law courts as depriving them of all right to be called courts of justice, than the system under which judges are enabled at present to punish offences against their own dignity, at their own discretion, being themselves the sole judges as to whether their dignity has been offended, and the only authorities subsequently entitled to relieve the victims of their displeasure from continued penal consequences. Even those of us who may, for as long as we can remember, have been disgusted by manifestations of judicial arrogance rendered possible by the law of contempt, will, perhaps, have been surprised to find from the course of the recent debate of Parliament that the victims of judicial commitments for this mediæval offence are actually beyond the reach of royal clemency. A murderer condemned to death, a burglar condemned to penal servitude, may be set free at the command of the Sovereign; but in reference to an unhappy offender against some judge's individual interpretation of his own claims to respect, when once he has been immured at the judge's command the Sovereign himself is unable to obtain his release. It might be interesting from the point of view of those who may find amusement in the exploration of legal anomalies to investigate the origin of this extraordinary exception from the ordinary rule of British jurisprudence.

THE ethics of ragging have interested many of us during the

past month *apropos* to a case with the details of which it is unnecessary for the moment to be concerned. When ragging is outrageous in its character, and the victim, one towards whom public sympathies incline, it becomes the subject of popular indignation. If, on the other hand, the feeling from which the ragging proceeds seems to have some justification, the looker-on is inclined to be good-humouredly acquiescent, on the fundamental principle that boys will be boys. But the fundamental principle really involved is that which renders the "tell-tale" an abomination in the boy's sight. Whether this feeling has any really meritorious origin, or whether it is merely due to the conviction of the primitive boy, that the schoolmaster must be a public enemy, is a question affording abundant latitude for debate. But if we suddenly lift the whole problem on to a loftier level we cannot but feel that an infinitely wise and virtuous autocrat would rigorously maintain in his own hands the monopoly of administering justice. British opinion decisively condemns American Lynch Law as itself insulting to the system supposed to represent public law in the region within which it operates. But Lynch Law is but ragging on a large scale, and disapproval of it should logically carry with it disapproval of the system half condoned by the public opinion of the British army.

THE speaker in the House of Commons, Mr. Lowther, having an opportunity in Cumberland, which does not accrue to him in the House of Commons, of expressing an opinion, gave vent to his belief that the great problem of the day was summed up in the phrase "Back to the Land." To stem the tide of population flowing from the country to the towns was the all-important task that lay before us, and then, if we may trust a somewhat brief report of his utterance, he endeavoured to argue that people came to the towns under serious misapprehension concerning the wages to be obtained there, and the pleasures which town life might afford. If country life is dull, what must it have been in the time of Nelson; But supposing an agricultural labourer, giving up country life on the principle that it is dull still, were confronted with this argument, he might be content to reply that the time of Nelson had "nothing to do with the case." Nothing, really,

has to do with it except the price of corn. The labourer coming to town is not so much attracted thither by the hope of high wages, as propelled in that direction by the pressure of poverty in the country. Ignoring all the conflicting arguments associated with the great fiscal controversy, it is undeniable that if the people of England were content to pay a little more for their bread than they do at present, those of the people of England born amidst agricultural work would gladly stop at home and cultivate the land. It is childish to discuss the depopulation of English fields from any other point of view than that of the fiscal reformer. The free trade enthusiast may feel convinced that it is better to depopulate the country than to endure the evil consequences of protection, but there is no room for disputing the simple position that the free importation of corn, and the decay of the British farm must go hand in hand.

MONSIEUR CAMBON, the French Ambassador, was entertained on the 7th of April by the ladies of the Lyceum Club, and was bound therefore to make remarks as humorous as the circumstances would allow, concerning the contrasted habits of French and English ladies in reference to club life. The ladies' club is an unknown phenomenon in France, and M. Cambon explained this on the theory that the French woman played in her home, a part quite different from that played by the English woman in hers. She took an active interest in her husband's business, was consulted by him in all things, her home was a kingdom, ruled entirely by herself, and thus she derived no pleasure in meddling with things outside her home. With delicate skill and badinage Monsieur Cambon contrived to recognize that the different inclinations of the English woman were equally beautiful in another way, but the discussion of the subject according to the after-dinner method is hardly one which goes to the root of the problem. The theory concerning the French women's supremacy in her own home is paralleled by one sometimes put forward in defence of the even more complete absorption in home life of women in India. There, also, apologists for the seclusion of the sex are eloquent concerning the supremacy of the "purdah-nashin" behind the purdah, though the cooler observer knows

perfectly well that such supremacy has merely to do with the pettiest phenomena of life, and is compatible with the suppression of Indian women below any levels to be thought of as those of civilisation or culture. In its extreme development the theory that woman finds no legitimate scope for her activities outside her home, superinduces a condition of national life incompatible with anything resembling genuine progress. The suppressed premiss in the argument in favour of the French, or in its worst development, of the Indian system, is that which assumes that a woman must be less competent to fulfil domestic duties if her mind and sympathies, her culture and general intelligence are enlarged. The truth is exactly the reverse. Capacity for such a glow of feeling as may illuminate domestic life and render it a human home instead of a mere well-organised boarding-house, can only be evolved in a race of women, whose capacity for thought and feeling is developed by a wider comprehension of life than early Victorian conceptions regarding the way in which girls should be brought up, could have possibly provided for. Women's clubs, for that matter, are so far, for the most part, supported by middle-aged women, who find them conducive to a more agreeable and intelligent social life than could be provided for by the empty formalities of "calling." But the girls are already finding their way within the area of enlightenment such institutions afford, and it would only be amongst those rooted in prejudices which a future generation is bound to escape from at no distant date, who will feel indignant at the idea that the girls of the future will, in this way, be enabled to approach the realities of life with their eyes a little wider open to the truth than has been possible with their predecessors, enduring the regime of rigid domesticity.

"DID you ever hear such rubbish?" The question was put by Mr. Justice Bucknill to a jury, in the course of a breach of promise trial the other day. A palmist had played some part in the little drama, and was called as a witness, and the barrister examining her asked "If my learned friend were to show you his palm, his whole past would be revealed to you?" "Yes," replied the witness calmly, whereupon the judge gave vent to his

profound ignorance of the whole subject in the exclamation set forth above. Most likely if the "learned friend" referred to had shown the witness his palm, she would have failed to diagnose his "whole past," but she would probably have discerned a good deal of it, and the fact that, however liable to be misunderstood,—however difficult a language to decipher,—the lines in the hand do bear a wonderfully close relationship to the events of a life, is a fact as certain as the law of gravitation—and no better understood. Scores of writers have set forth the principles on which anyone who takes the trouble can verify that much for himself, while scores of professional palmists and others, braving the risks arising from the idiotic condition of our laws, have convinced multitudes of consultants that they can diagnose the past, and sometimes even make very accurate prophecies concerning the future. The "rubbish" talked, concerning palmistry, in the Law Courts and other antiquated tribunals claiming to administer justice, is talked generally by the magistrates and judges.

BROAD VIEWS.

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MATRIMONIAL FETTERS.

DIVORCE, during the past month, has suddenly sprung forward as a topic for public discussion, under the influence of certain remarks made by the judge presiding over the Divorce Court. These embody no new thought, nor do they arise from new experience, but they have been treated as startling because they are put forward by a judge. And, indeed, considering the usual character of judicial *obiter dicta* it is quite interesting to find a judge on the bench talking plain good sense.

Everyone who has paid attention to the subject will have been as fully convinced, for years past, as any one now impressed by the force of Sir Gorell Barnes' remarks, that the English Law of divorce, to quote the words of the judicial dignitary just named, "is full of inconsistencies, anomalies and inequalities, amounting almost to absurdities." Sir Gorell Barnes avoids explicitly declaring his own convictions as to the changes that ought to be introduced into the law, but he indicates a doubt as to whether any reform "would be effective and adequate which did not abolish permanent separation as distinguished from divorce, place the sexes on an equality as regards offence and relief, and permit a decree being obtained for such definite grave causes of offence as render future cohabitation impracticable, and frustrate the objects of marriage, and whether such reform would not largely tend to greater propriety and enhance that respect for the sanctity of the marriage tie which is so essential in the best interests of society and the State." This pronouncement has given rise to a widely diffused discussion of the whole subject, and

the fact that it has done so is very amusing. The views expressed have been obvious to every rational observer ever since the current divorce laws have been operative. But a judge echoes them, the newspapers at once treat them as a new topic! For once, however, judge-worship has been productive of a useful result, though the current discussion has let loose a deluge of platitudes concerning the sanctity of marriage and the dangers that may arise if relief is rendered too accessible in cases of matrimonal misery. People who are brave enough to bear other people's sufferings with equanimity, are nevertheless appalled at the thought that if these are too easily relieved, encouragement would be given to that variety of wickedness to which, by custom, the word "immorality" has come almost exclusively to relate.

The judge's recent utterance was prompted by a case in which a separation order given by a magistrate for desertion was put forward in court as sufficient evidence of desertion to justify a suit for effective divorce, in view of the fact that since the separation order the husband had undeniably provided the other justification required by the law. The judge came to the conclusion that the magisterial order could not be treated as having established desertion, and thus conceived himself obliged to deliver judgment against the petitioner.

Very likely other judges would have interpreted the law differently. One of the most interesting conclusions arising from the study of law reports is, that the odds seem generally against the assumption that any given judge has read the law correctly in any given case; for if sufficient opportunities for appeal are provided, other judges are pretty sure to read it differently. But at all events in the case before us the Divorce Court judge practically admitted that the law as he read it was ridiculous, for he assured the petitioner that if her suit had been brought in Scotland, or in most other civilised countries, she must have succeeded. Certainly such an admission goes far to establish the anomalies and absurd condition of our own law, but whatever its characteristics may be, the newspaper discussion which has arisen in connection with Sir Gorell's pronouncement shows public opinion to be in a still more entangled, irrational and misguided condition than even the law itself.

There is, at all events, a certain logical coherence in the marriage theory of the Roman Catholic Church. If we accept the doctrine, that when a certain ecclesiastical ceremony has been performed the persons going through it come under the category of those whom God has joined together, there is, at all events, a show of reason in the ordinance that no man shall put them apart. The weakness of the argument is to be discerned in the nature of the foundation on which it rests. For some purposes representatives of the Protestant faith have openly repudiated the notion that the priest, or the Church collectively, can be regarded as infallibly interpreting divine will. But changes of public opinion are gradual in their character and follow a course closely resembling that taken by people who compound for sins they are inclined to, by fixing the stigma of immorality to those they have no mind to. Marriage is just one of those very solemn obligations which people of religious feeling like to invest with the holiest sanction they can design, and thus even in countries where the law has been so amended that civil contracts alone give actual validity to marriage, the old phraseology in dealing with it is still maintained, and no changes, having for their purpose the relief of those who suffer in matrimonial fetters, are regarded as otherwise than as a serious menace to the sanctity of the marriage tie. The sanctity in question is taken for granted, and when practical common sense demands relief from some of the troubles actually issuing from human misconduct in the domestic relationship, the barest compromise that will apparently meet the emergency, has always been the most acceptable. Thus we have gradually built up that body of matrimonial law which intelligent observers must always have regarded as ridiculous and inconsistent, and which now, for the first time, has been formally recognised in that light by the authority chiefly concerned, for the time being, with its administration.

The circumstances of the case which has thus attracted so much attention have been specially influential in turning the discussion on that department of the law which relates to the summary jurisdiction of magistrates. This jurisdiction was only established forty years later than the main act of 1857, under which the divorce court was established, and its purpose obviously

was to afford some relief to humble sufferers from matrimonial wrongs, who might be unable, for want of means, to bring their complaints before the more expensive tribunal. But to give a magistrate the power of pronouncing divorces of the kind which would enable the divorced persons to marry again, would have invoked indignant opposition from all the exponents of the old theory about the sanctity of marriage. So the ridiculous compromise was adopted, under which the magistrates were enabled to grant separation orders which relieve ill-treated wives from the immediate dangers a husband's brutality may forecast, without offending the sentiments of those who would be shocked at the idea that a magistrate could be empowered to put asunder those whom God has joined together. As an abstract proposition it might be difficult to maintain the theory that Divine Wisdom had been concerned in joining together the heedless boys and girls of eastern London, who develope a year or two later into the brutal drunkards and slatterns who apply for relief to the magistrates. But conventional beliefs do not often trouble themselves with too inquisitive an examination of the foundation on which they rest. So the law of 1895 did not provide cheap divorce, but that partial remedy for immediate discomfort which in progress of time has been seen—as a very limited amount of intelligence would have foreseen—to have been productive of the consequences described as immorality. At present about 7,000 separation orders are granted every year, and in all these cases the disjoined pairs must either develop faculties for dignified self-restraint, hardly to be expected from people at their stage of evolution, or must submit to what they may regard as a legal obligation to enter on a life of "immorality." They cannot render homage to convention by marrying again, and although one of the magistrates taking part in the recent discussion says that the women who obtain separation orders are very often troubled by no anxiety to renew the matrimonial experiment, the men, of course, in almost all cases, obey what has just been described as the obligation of the law.

So far the embarrassments of the present condition of things have been recognised more clearly than before, but no specific remedy has been frankly contemplated. The truth is that the

compromise involved in the act giving the police magistrate power to effect a judicial separation that carries with it no freedom for re-marriage, is one the absurdities of which can only be evaded by going to one extreme or to the other. A magistrate must either have the power to grant a genuine divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, or he must be limited to the privilege of fining or giving a few weeks imprisonment to the more especially brutal variety of husband brought up from time to time before him. At all events one well-known magistrate, Mr. Cecil Chapman, interviewed by a newspaper correspondent, frankly declares that it has often been a great sorrow to him that he is not able to grant genuine honest divorces, especially where young people come to his court for separation orders, with all their future lives before them. But even he, when asked to say whether he thinks a court of summary divorce possible, admits that the investiture of magistrates with the power of granting divorces on their own simple authority "would be to open the way to all kinds of abuse." A police missionary on the other hand, is so deeply impressed with the disastrous consequence of separating two young people without allowing either of them to marry again, that he is distinctly in favour of cheap and easy divorce, and the well known magistrate, Mr. Plowden, puts his view of the matter in a nut-shell, declaring to a newspaper interviewer, that a wife who is entitled to a judicial separation on any of the grounds on which she may at present obtain it—viz., desertion, persistent cruelty, neglect to maintain, and habitual drunkenness—is entitled to obtain a divorce on any of the same grounds.

The ultra-conventional view on the other hand is maintained in one interview by the novelist, Mrs. Sarah Grand, who thinks the Roman Catholic view of marriage the highest, and that, if people once married, know they can never separate, they learn to adapt themselves to one another. This view of the matrimonial tie, as analogous in its nature to an irrevocable misfortune, like blindness, or the loss of a limb, with which those who are afflicted by it must learn such patience as is possible, is continually put forward by those who fail to perceive, for want of a keen perception of the ludicrous, that their view is tantamount to a complete elimination from the theory of marriage of all that has to do with

the love and happiness on which the whole institution ought to rest, if it is worth preservation in human communities.

Probably in truth, it is this forgetfulness that has given rise to the terrible entanglement in which the whole subject is involved at present. The worship of mere ecclesiastical forms in connection with the matter has really degraded, instead of ennobling, the marriage relationship, has given rise to an entirely false conception concerning that which is really immoral in the relationships of men and women. As a rule, conventional thinkers on this subject are so stupid as to imagine that when a would-be reformer begins by treating as of no significance whatever, the ecclesiastical sanction under which a young couple set up housekeeping together, such a reformer is in favour of that ignominious kind of freedom in the sexual relation represented in the life of the lower animals. "Free love," however beautiful each word may be by itself, has come as a phrase to represent a condition of sexual disorder that shocks every wholesome understanding. But that which constitutes the real sanctity of the marriage tie is the mutual obligation arising out of the agreement to live together in the first instance. From the moment that agreement is entered into, very solemn obligations arise on both sides. But these are not the product of a mere blind superstition. They are the outcome of circumstances prevailing in each particular case. Sometimes, for instance, in a very large number of cases indeed, the foremost obligation, as far as the man is concerned, is of a worldly order. He has undertaken the support of the woman, regarding her companionship as an ample return for the liabilities he has incurred. Should a later experience convince him that he had made a hopeless mistake, the worldly obligation must still remain in force, and so long as the woman desires it—always assuming that she has not imported any new factor into the calculation—the obligation as regards companionship is almost equally clear. It is along the line of these considerations that the sanctity of marriage is to be discerned. Each person engaging in it becomes in a large measure responsible for the life happiness of another human being, and if he or she casts that responsibility selfishly aside for no better reason than changeability of feeling, he or she is guilty of an im-

morality, the serious character of which can hardly be exaggerated, even though, as regards what is commonly called immorality, he may be as innocent as a saint. Truth to tell, the obligation pressing on the woman is less onerous than that pressing on the man, assuming—as we have to assume in all cases where matrimonial trouble is concerned—that the earlier conditions of affection have evaporated, leaving nothing but the bare essentials of the contract to be considered. The women need not be thought of as bound to continue the gift of her companionship if she is disposed to surrender the claim against the man for support.

For the moment, but only for the moment, we leave the consideration of children's claims out of account, because in effect, whenever these subjects are discussed from the point of view of convention, the ecclesiastical sanctity of the marriage tie is always paraded before us, the interest of children is left to be considered by those who would reform marriage along the lines of duty as arising from circumstance. So supposing no children's claims to enter into the account, the first logical result ensuing from the contemplation of marriage in the light of lofty human duty, apart altogether from ecclesiastical theory, brings us to the conclusion—directly at variance with one of the absurdities involved in the present law—namely, that a woman ought to be able to obtain divorce on very much slighter grounds than those that suffice if the petitioner is the husband. Indeed, there is no logical stopping-place along the line of thinking on which we have now entered until we reach the conception that the woman, in at all events a childless marriage, ought to be privileged to obtain a divorce at will without further reason assigned than her own desire to be free.

What would be the right of the man, contemplating the whole problem in the same spirit; by the light, that is to say, of considerations of human duty arising out of a relationship once set on foot? Clearly a flagrant disregard by the woman of the primary understanding involved in the companionship of marriage is a sufficient justification of the husband's demand to be set free. But suppose this obvious ground for divorce were absent, though in ways, as fatal really to the companionship idea, as the other, the woman has become impossible as a wife. To imagine extreme

cases, let us say that hopeless insanity has afflicted her, or that for some common-place crime she has incurred a protracted sentence of imprisonment, or to deal with the possibilities of humble lives that she had become an incurable drunkard. The obligation of providing for her support incurred at the outset, when her companionship seemed a blessing, would rest still upon the man. But to deny him the privilege of entering into companionship with some other woman who should really be a companion, is simply to treat the marriage tie as a superstition, and not as an institution designed for human welfare. Finally, when for reasons affecting both parties equally the subordinate details involved in a permanent separation are satisfactorily adjusted, to deny divorce to a couple thus equally prepared on both sides to cancel the initial mistake, is so idiotic a stupidity on the part of the existing law that one can hardly condescend to argue against it seriously. People who cannot see the absurdity of it are such miserable slaves of the ecclesiastical superstition which has entered so largely into the conventional theory of marriage, that they are beyond the reach of reason, and outside the range of intelligent controversy.

The real difficulties and problems connected with all matrimonial legislation have to do with the interest of children. Towards these the parents have incurred obligations which cannot be lightly put aside. But although it would be scarcely possible to provide formal statutes that should cover all possible contingencies, the truth of the matter in connection with this, its most delicate aspect, is that once we are relieved from the affectations that surround the whole problem, the justice of any given case could probably be provided for by a reasonably intelligent judge, assuming him to be qualified for his office by freedom from any narrow-minded prejudice that would embarrass his view of any given circumstances. And once the reform of matrimonial law were entered upon in a spirit of intelligence, and without conventional prejudice, a new and clearer view of sexual ethics would rapidly be developed. The cut and dried significance of that unhappy word "immorality" would disappear from the field of view, the fundamental principle would be established that the

rights and wrongs of sexual relationship turn on the neglect or on the unselfish fulfilment of duty to others, and measures which would be enormously conducive to the happiness of civilised communities would naturally come into operation as the public mind became illuminated by a comprehension of the lofty principles which,—in supersession of the crude rules and regulations of a system useful in its time but rapidly approaching a period when it will be recognised as out of date,—are truly qualified to guide and determine human action.

WALTER PIERCE.

MARRIED BY DEGREES.

A Sequel to "A Bridal Pair."

[The story entitled "A Bridal Pair" described Mr. Raymond Gaskell's courtship of a young lady, Miss Vanerby, who, as he eventually realised, represented in her single body two apparently distinct personalities. He first fell in love with her as "Lucy." She afterwards changed to "Leonora" who had no recollection of Lucy's life, nor of her lover. But at last he won the affections of Leonora—regarding her as the Lucy he had always loved, in another mood. And the first phase of the story ended in her acceptance of him in spite of the lingering resentment she still felt at the idea that he cared for her rather as Lucy in disguise than for her own sake.]

When Leonora's defences had once been broken down under the combined attack directed against them by Gaskell and Mildred Atherton in alliance, her lover's contentment for the time was quite complete.

The only flavour of discomfort it included had to do with occasional searchings of conscience as to whether in learning to call his beautiful fiancée Leonora, he was in some subtle and intangible way unfaithful to—herself in her aspect as Lucy! But then again the problem had only to be stated to carry with it its own satisfactory solution. How could he be disloyal by reason merely of loving his beloved one in all or any of her varying

moods. The variations themselves might be regarded as so many additional attractions. And yet this view of the matter had to be glanced at very cautiously in conversation with Leonora. It had not come under discussion at all during the earlier period of Gaskell's second betrothal, so much effort on his part had been necessary to confirm Leonora's complete acquiescence in the arrangement. At first he had naturally resumed, in his attitude to his restored fiancée, the manner he had been used to in his relations with Lucy, that of the lover who was not the less loving because he was also the protector, counsellor, the predominant partner, so to speak, in the newly established alliance. Leonora, however, soon showed herself in no need of counsel or protection, quite capable of glowing emotions, but distinctly preferring to undertake the predominant rôle herself. Raymond in the beginning of his second wooing had so naturally fallen into the attitude of humble entreaty—it had seemed, under the circumstances, so natural that Leonora should hardly be called on to do more than tolerate his manifestations of worship, that several interviews had taken place before the conditions of the new regime came distinctly under open review. But one day when her lover arrived, Leonora had a small bundle of letters on a little table by her side, and that something was not altogether right with her was plain from the manner in which she almost resisted his eager caressful greeting. Without waiting to be asked questions, she explained matters herself.

"Raymond, I have found these letters among Lucy's things. First of all I felt inclined to burn them. Then I decided to talk them over with you."

At a glance Raymond saw that they were letters of his own to Lucy.

"By all means, darling! But 'Raymond' sounds so frightfully formal. May it not be simply 'Ray?'"

"It shall not be Ray, for the simple reason that these letters are signed that way. I can never quite understand how you can care for me at all, after being what you have been to another girl, but if I am to be content with your second-hand affections I would rather try and think of you as my own property and not that of somebody else, borrowed for the occasion."

"My dearest, my own and indivisible love?"

"Your dearest what? Your dearest Lucy or your dearest Leonora? The very language you use in talking to me is ambiguous. Yet if it is Leonora you love now, why don't you use name?"

"Leo, my beloved one. Do try and look at the thing from my point of view. For instance, as a matter of fact, I have a second name, though I don't generally use it. I am Raymond Blake Gaskell. A maternal uncle called Blake was expected to acknowledge the compliment of having his name tacked to mine in a substantial manner, but he was not to be caught that way, so the Blake element in me was eventually ignored. Now suppose I developed a whim to be called Blake, would that deprive me of all the precious blessings you have granted me in my capacity as Raymond. Should I be justified in being displeased because you once suffered Raymond to kiss you without turning your face aside?"

"That's a most disingenuous argument, but it gives me an idea. You shall be Blake to me—Raymond is a person with whom Mildred, I believe, is acquainted; but if I am to have a lover, as she and you seem to have decided, I prefer to have one of my own, not a share in one belonging to somebody else."

"And to what body else does Raymond belong?"

"Blake! I can quite imagine myself tolerating you in the capacity just referred to, but I am something more than a bundle of flesh and bones; you've got to realise that sooner or later. If I consent to forget your relations with my predecessor, you must try and persuade me that you love me for myself, not merely because I remind you of another girl you knew before meeting me."

At this stage of the proceedings Gaskell had not completely cleared himself of the habits of manner developed during his engagement to Lucy. In that aspect his beloved one had been disposed to encourage him in adopting a tone that would perhaps have been a little misrepresented by the term "masterful," but her temperament appeared to be of the kind which inclined her to cling rather than to command. It was not in his nature to be in the least tyrannical, but rather to please Lucy than to gratify

himself he had drifted into a way of talking as if he expected to guide and control her thoughts and doings, however tenderly and affectionately. Habits of this kind are not readily changed in a moment, and he made the mistake of supposing that Leonora's unreasonable jealousy of herself might be good-humouredly laughed down. The attempt was very nearly bringing on a serious quarrel—not the less serious because it was entirely one-sided.

Mildred was eventually the peacemaker.

"You must begin," she explained to Gaskell a day or two after the conversation, part of which has just been recorded, "by begging her pardon with the utmost conceivable earnestness, promising and resolving never to offend again."

"But, in honest truth, I do not know how I have offended. I just adore her in all her aspects, and it is because I have tried to make that apparent that she is angry with me."

"Precisely: if you have done nothing wrong that is all the more reason for humbling yourself in the dust to apologise. You must adore Leonora in the Leonora aspect, and—well, frankly submit to her arrogance and caprices in that aspect. If you cannot—well then, all three of you, if there are three, have got to be miserable. You don't understand Leonora yet, it seems to me. I am fond of them both in different ways, but—well, if I were a man, I could imagine that Leonora would—it's a bit difficult to explain—meet the enthusiasm of a lover that suited her even better thau Lucy."

It was not all at once that Gaskell realised the full significance of this assurance. But at the idea of breaking off with the girl whom he felt altogether in love with—all the more for having had, as it were, to win her twice over—was utterly frightful to contemplate, he followed Mildred's advice to the letter, finding a new kind of rapture in the self surrender involved. It sufficed to allay Leonora's irritation, and as time went on he found less and less difficulty in accepting the new situation unreservedly.

"Do I bully you too shamelessly?" Leonora asked on one occasion after the new regime had been very successfully in operation for some weeks, and after she had swept aside some proposals he had made for her amusement, substituting a different

programme. He was sitting on a footstool beside her low easy chair at the time, and was following Mildred's advice in regard to his submissive demeanour all the more thoroughly because he found it exceedingly enjoyable under the circumstances, and his outburst in reply was manifestly sincere.

"My Queen! my sovereign mistress—so that your bullying leaves me life to love and serve you—welcome its worst severities."

As already explained there was a Celtic streak in Gaskell's nature that made him inclined to express himself in glowing language. Its effect on Leonora was, for the moment, almost bewildering to her lover. A warm flush overspread her cheeks—a moment's pause held her rigid, then stooping down and flinging her arms around his neck she gathered his face to her breast with a passionate embrace.

"Did you ask a day or two ago when we should be married, Blake," she said, with her lips against his ear.

"My Leo, beloved one," he answered, "I am asking the same question in my heart every day."

"The sooner the better! That is my answer. What day can be the soonest?"

Gaskell was not a man to let such a broad hint as this remain inoperative. During the former phase of his engagement Lucy's idea on the subject of the contemplated marriage had never been very precisely formulated, but in a vague way had been associated with a preliminary return to the Warsetshire Rectory. Leonora entertained no such project. Nor did the Vanerby parents entertain any desire to see more of Leonora than could be avoided. It was in that manifestation that their daughter had become a *persona ingrata* in their sight. Mildred had informed them that she was again in possession, and they had shown no inclination to resume relations with her. They expressed satisfaction mingled with surprise when informed of the renewed engagement, but refrained from any definite proposals connected with the wedding. And Leonora frankly declared that she would rather be married at a Registry Office than from the Rectory. So good-natured Mr. Broad was directed by his favourite niece to make such arrangements as would invest the marriage with an

atmosphere of social decorum, and as regards the legal ceremony, Leonora in the end actually ordained that the civil rite should suffice. "Blake" had no principles of his own that stood in the way, and the registration system favoured the command to which he was abundantly willing to conform. "The sooner the better."

The day before that appointed for the ceremony, Miss Atherton contrived an appointment for a little private conversation with the bridegroom.

"I've got something to give you, Blake, that may be of use."

In obedience to Leonora's will, which was a force apt to prevail with those around her, she, Miss Atherton, had foresworn the use of the other Christian name.

"That'll be rather a novelty in wedding presents, won't it?"

"It is not exactly a wedding present, and it is not for the pair of you—only for you individually—and I would not willingly be in your skin if Leonora knows of its existence. It is a letter for Lucy!"

"For Lucy!"

"You are too impetuous, my friend, to look far ahead, and I don't know whether you have contemplated a possibility that may develop at any moment while you are away, though I hope it may not happen till you are both of you back again and within my reach."

Gaskell grew very grave, and did not for a moment misunderstand the hint.

"It's no use thinking of that," he said, almost gloomily.

"It's necessary to provide for it as well as we can. I don't want you to be always thinking of it, but there will be difficulties to face sooner or later. Now, I hope you will be able to give me back this letter intact when you return from your honeymoon, but if something should happen you may find it useful."

Gaskell took the letter, gazed at it moodily, and put it away in a pocket book.

"Keep it out of Leo's sight."

"No fear." His emphasis on the words abundantly showed that he appreciated the force of this counsel.

"You don't seem eager for an opportunity of delivering that letter!"

"Look here, Mildred. Do you think I'm a heartless wretch?"

"If I did I would never have let you marry them, but you must cultivate what many men find but too easy to keep up—a heart large enough for two. And don't you forget Lucy, because just now you are in love with Leo to that extent that she might cut you in pieces for her pleasure if she liked."

"I'm in love with the girl I'm going to marry to-morrow, and that I've been in love with for the last six months."

"That story will do very nicely for Warsetshire and for the Regent's Park, but it's not good enough for me. You're not unfaithful as a lover; I'm not accusing you of that for a moment, but it must not be a case of 'how happy you could be with either were the other dear charmer away.' You must *be* happy with either when the other dear charmer *is* away,"

"I'm sure"—began Gaskell.

"But that is not all. You have got to make each dear charmer happy in turn, and that is a much more delicate task."

"Leo has not had much of a turn yet."

"There! It's no use talking to you in your present state of mind. You'll rise—to any emergency that can arise no doubt. So now put my letter away and don't think of it unless you have to."

Though the last injunction did not operate immediately, Gaskell was not a man to invite trouble by anticipation, and the character of the honeymoon on which he duly entered the following day was such as to leave little room in his thoughts for anything but the intense enjoyment of the moment. Switzerland had been chosen as its scene, and if the hotel at Chamounix honoured by the presence of the bridal pair had ever sheltered a happier couple, Blake offered his wig and gown, with all they might stand for, for their portraits. Talks concerning the future dealt merely with plans for enjoying to the utmost the professional successes which Gaskell had fair reasons for anticipating. The peculiar complications of Leonora's future were ignored by tacit consent. The glow

of feeling which had attended her manifestation of eager readiness for the marriage underwent no change. Her's was not a temperament which surrendered by halves. She had all the intensity of the artistic nature. No inclination towards the literary activities that had attracted Lucy, but great musical talent and a longing for the operatic stage.

"I always meant to try seriously for that, till you came along," she explained one day when they were out on a mountain stroll, "and made yourself so necessary to me that I forget everything else."

"If you had not invented marriage vows of your own, according to which the Queen's will is always to prevail in all things, I would venture to hint that I would not like you to be seen on the operatic stage."

"But our own special vows suit us both, don't they? I am a born tyrant I know, but—I think you enjoy my tyranny."

"I just revel in groaning under it."

"Our system will last longer than the other. Men tire of meek, submissive wives, always trying to please them, but you will not have time to get tired of trying to please me."

"Because you are you. You are unique. Our system would be impossible with an ordinary woman, but you need and demand the love I am so eager to give, and that intensifies my eagerness tenfold."

"Colder natures could not understand us. Least of all could they understand how your masculine strength is in no way enfeebled, but is all the stronger because it is prostrate before the—finish the phrase for me."

"Before the beauty and royal rights of the Queen, at whose feet it has been laid down."

"It would be strong enough for others, but—it does seem so beautiful that it should be the prey of my imperious desire."

They sat down on a grassy slope beyond which lay the Chamounix Valley and the stern precipices of the further side, and went on with murmuring talk over their happiness—playing always in the utter intimacy of their new relationship, with the idea embodied in the fragment of conversation given above. In a pause after a while, Gaskell fancied he saw a bit of edelweiss

growing in the shadow of a boulder lying on the side of the slope to the right.

"I must get you that as a memento of our lovely day."

"Don't go too near the edge. That slope may lead to a precipice."

"No fear, I'll be careful of my Queen's property."

And then as he got near the object of his search he saw that there were other slopes beyond that on which the edelweiss grew, and went forward without feeling any need of care.

"It is edelweiss; it's all right," he shouted back to Leonora, and in turning to do so he slipped on the short sun-dried grass. As he cannoned against the stone near which the edelweiss grew, it gave way, and went bounding down the mountain side, and before he could bring himself up he, too, was over the edge of the upper slope and out of sight of Leonora, though in no danger really even of being hurt. But from her point of view it seemed as though he had gone over a precipice to unknown depths, and the falling stone which had gone on in advance was heard to crash against rocks far below. A minute or two only had elapsed before Gaskell had scrambled up again by a slightly circuitous route and rejoined his bride.

She was lying at full length on the grass in a dead faint.

"Leo, Leo, my beloved!" With cries and caresses and efforts to put her in an easier position, Gaskell did his best to deal with the situation. At last she opened her eyes with a vague, wild, frightened look stealing over her features.

"Oh, Ray! Is it you?"

Ray! The one word was a revelation. Leo never used the name. He could not but be aware of a chilled sensation of terror.

"My own dearest—" he instinctively forebore from uttering a name.

"Oh, Ray; What is the matter? Where are we? I feel frightened. I have been asleep again."

He knew that it was Lucy speaking; his own dear original Lucy, and yet could it be that he was distressed at her return? In all the entangled thoughts that the whole wonderful situation had developed, he had never anticipated a change so abrupt, so untimely as this. Everything had to begin again; to be

done over again, and though the beautiful form which lay this time willingly in his embrace was the bride of his glorious impassioned honeymoon—no stranger to him as Leo had been on her first appearance—he felt pain growing at his heart, as he forecast the difficulties of the immediate future. And yet she was still his own bride, his own loving and beloved one in either aspect. He *had* to meet her in the restored aspect with the fervour she would expect. But it was with something like a gasp that he uttered her name.

"Lucy!"

He almost wondered that as Leo she did not spring up in anger at the word.

"Ray, dear, tell me about it. How long have I been asleep? Where are we? and where is Mildred?"

"My sweet one, you have been some months asleep, but you have been awake in one way all the time. We are married now, dear. We are together here in Switzerland. All is well. You frightened me by falling into a faint, but that is over now. Are you feeling all right again?"

"What do you mean by being married?" Her look expressed something like horror. "Ray! Do you mean to tell me that you have married—*Leonora!*"

"My dearest, I have married you! Everyone knows that. When we get back to the hotel you will realise it. Mildred, when you see her again, will assure you that it is all right. Of course, it is startling to you at first; but do you think I could have deserted *you* because for a time your memory played you false?"

But by this time her gathering tears were flowing freely. It was only half choked with sobs, and extricating herself from his embrace, that she contrived to answer—

"Oh, Ray, I thought you loved *me*!"

"Thought I loved you! Why, have I ever done anything else since before the first kiss I ever put upon your lips. Would you have me desert you because you terrified me one day by suddenly becoming strange and cold to me?"

As he used the words the absurdity, in view of the last few weeks, of representing Leonora as "cold" to him threw a grim streak of humour across the tragedy of the situation. But there

was only one thing to be done now—to pacify Lucy at any cost.

But no efforts available promised any success.

Why didn't you wait for me?" was Lucy's pathetic cry, when she had controlled herself sufficiently to speak.

He could understand the feeling with which Lucy was governed, but he felt that he could not explain. Yet the thought of all he would have lost if he had waited, operated to give him the sense of in some way deceiving her.

"You will understand it all by degrees, darling, and realise that we all acted for the best. Mildred was entirely in favour of the plan we pursued. By-the-bye, she gave me a letter for you, in case you should wake up while we were away together. It is at the hotel. That will be sure to set everything right. Let us go back at once."

Dazed and speechless, Lucy quietly crying all the time, and both of them very miserable, the downward mountain path was trodden; under conditions dismally unlike those under which it had been ascended. Some of the locataires in the hotel seeing them come in circulated the rumour that "the love birds" had been having a big quarrel.

Every new circumstance around them gave Lucy a fresh shock. Gaskell led her up to *their* room as quickly as possible to hide her tear-stained face from prying eyes, and it was with a gasp and shudder that she entered it and realised that it was *their* room—a large and cheerfully furnished bed-room, with a dressing-room attached—commanding a lovely view of Mont Blanc, over the shoulder of the Glacier des Bossons.

"Oh, Ray, hide me somewhere! I am shamed, shamed and desolate."

A genuine and sincere desire above all things to soothe Lucy, took full possession of her "husband" at this reasonable-unreasonable cry. But the task did not grow easier as the day wore on. Mildred's letter had some effect, but the minor circumstances of the immediate present were continually stirring Lucy's dismay afresh.

"I don't know which is the more terrible," Lucy would plead over and over again with many variations, "the idea that you

should have been loving someone else all this time, or that it should have been merely this wretched body that you have been loving, careless of who was inside it."

Protests from Gaskell against disparaging remarks concerning the exquisite body in question were plainly inappropriate. He could only go minutely over the whole history of his second engagement and appeal to Lucy to point out at what stage he could have acted differently. Just as in the beginning with Leonora, he had been torn with anxiety as to whether he was not acting faithlessly to Lucy, now the opposite problem presented itself. In that room where so much had transpired was he acting faithlessly to Leonora in trying to make Lucy believe that the marriage had been merely designed on the best way in which practically he could have " waited " for her return.

Mildred's letter was, of course, coloured by her usual straightforward common sense. She enjoined Lucy to accept the situation quietly—as an inevitable concomitant of her abnormal condition. She, Mildred, was friends with both her aspects. She must accept the singular, but most fortunate circumstance, that a husband had turned up who could *love* her in both her aspects. She was solemnly enjoined not to be so silly as to be jealous of herself. And with some sacrifice of rigid truthfulness on the altar of affection, Mildred argued that the two aspects, though unconscious of each other were, after all, so much alike that it was perfectly natural on Raymond's part to blend them in his regard. If she, Lucy, was obstinate about having a marriage ceremony all to herself let them arrange to have one abroad—on some pretence about being doubtful about the legality of the London marriage.

By appeals to all her recollections of their original engagement, Gaskell slowly weakened the dismay with which Lucy had at first contemplated the idea that he had been in love with somebody else, but at the first hint of a suggestion that she should frankly regard herself as already married to him, she was wildly indignant. To the religious side of the marriage ceremony, Leonora, as we have seen, was entirely indifferent. To Lucy the religious side was all in all. Even to stay in the room *she*, if it was she, had hitherto occupied, was impossible. Argument was fruitless—vague feelings were irrevocable. Gaskell tried, keeping

to the theory that there was a fundamental unity between the two personalities—to argue that the bride with whom he had been living was a wife by all the laws of her country, therefore, Lucy could not feel "shame" at the thought of what had passed. If she were indeed a separate entity from Leonora, then she, Lucy, whose life now began afresh, and should in all respects be regulated as she chose, had done nothing to be ashamed of.

But Lucy was ashamed as well as miserable, and Gaskell's brisk fertility of imagination was severely strained to invent, for the benefit of the landlord, a theory having no shadow of foundation, about a nightmare his wife had endured in the room they had hitherto occupied which actually rendered her averse from sleeping there again. The collateral ramifications of this narrative which further explained why under the circumstances it was necessary for his wife to have a room to herself for a while, did great credit really to his inventive powers.

But the more Lucy thought the matter over during the two or three days they remained at the Chamounix hotel—under the new and deplorable conditions she insisted on, to the luckless Raymond's profound discomfiture—the more she was rooted in the conviction that they had to go back to London and reconsider the whole situation afresh. Mildred's suggestion about a second marriage abroad—unacceptable to Gaskell, in the first instance, as an unnecessary sacrifice to conventions, was unacceptable to Lucy as an insufficient sacrifice.

"Even if it had been *me* you had married at a registry office, I should not have felt married until really married later on in a church," Lucy contended. "As it is——" and then the whole unhappy discussion would be reopened. And Lucy's gentleness of disposition, which had accustomed Gaskell to think of her as so amenable to his wishes, was found to be compatible with a resolution that was immovable when a religious principle was at stake. So ultimately the return to London was arranged. Telegrams informed Miss Atherton of the situation that had been developed, and the forlorn, disunited couple, who had accomplished the outward journey under such different conditions, crept back so disconsolate—each of them for different reasons—that they seemed scarcely even lovers when they ultimately reached

London. Gaskell had to leave his half-married bride at the flat in Hyde Park Mansions and return to his old bachelor chambers in the Temple, possession of which for professional reasons he had of course retained.

It was only in conversation with Mildred that Lucy began to get a glimpse as it were of the whole situation from Gaskell's point of view.

"Poor fellow," Miss Atherton had remarked, when she and her friend were alone together. "It was terribly hard upon him. I think you might have acquiesced in the legality of your marriage. Nobody else on earth would have dreamed of disputing it."

"Hard on him! Oh, Mildred! It was perfectly frightful for me."

"I don't see it in that light, my dear, you're an abnormal person, and you had to get married, if at all, in an abnormal way. I had all the trouble in the world to make him content with Leonora when you went away, if you will have it that way. He was in agonies at having lost you. Couldn't at first see you in the other manifestation, and then when he got reconciled to the other idea of loving you all the same, whatever side you show, you upset the whole arrangement instead of letting him enjoy your return."

"How could he be glad to have me back when he had been loving and actually living with somebody else?"

"Bah—pish—pshaw! Choose the most appropriate word of that sort that you like. Suppose he had, what you call 'waited' for you, a pretty business there would have been then, when you turned into Leonora! I had so managed matters that he was, and is, ready to love you in either aspect, and if you can be reasonable you may change about as often as you like, and no trouble will ensue."

"I'm not married to him, and yet I have it seems, however innocently and unconsciously, been living with him as a wife. It's perfectly ghastly."

"It's perfectly idiotic to talk like that. The 'you' that has been living with him was properly married to him, I can bear witness."

"The body that was married to him. My body usurped by another."

"And which another has now usurped. Lucy my dear, will you look at the thing for a moment from Leonora's point of view. I wonder how I shall be able to pacify *her* when the time comes."

"I will tell you. By letting her understand that since she has stolen my lover from me she may keep him. I will withdraw my claim."

"And where are you going to live in your semi-single blessedness."

"Oh, Mildred, are you going to throw me over?"

"My poor dear, I am not going to throw you over, however ridiculously you behave. But will M. le Père be inclined to go on with your allowance now he regards you as happily wedded to a prosperous and rising man."

"He might be made to understand."

"He would take a deal of making, only never mind that. My resources must be eked out, and we shall have to screw a bit, but *that* won't matter. Only there may be other complications."

"What do you mean."

"Well, look facts in the face. You're a married woman, you know, though you choose not to acknowledge it. There might be consequences."

"Oh, Mildred, how awful!"

"It isn't always thought to be awful. But never mind. We needn't anticipate trouble. Is Ray to be allowed to call sometimes?"

The evening set in tearfully after this, and judicious Mildred was quite content to have given Lucy some new thoughts to digest. They had the effect, at all events, of preventing her from propounding to Gaskell when he came the following afternoon, the idea she had thrown out to Mildred, about standing aside herself and leaving her lover to Leonora. But she could not fall back into the attitude of the period before the last change.

"I know, under the circumstances, that we must be married however you may deplore the change that renders it necessary."

It was a diplomatic mistake on Lucy's part to try in this way to put poor Raymond in the wrong.

"Has Mildred told you, dear, in what way I deplored the change when you left me?"

Lucy was silent.

"Have you pictured the same in imagination? You have forgotten much, but you must remember the way in which I used to greet you when I came each time—the sort of feeling on my part that those greetings showed. Can you realise what it was to me to find you suddenly a fierce, indignant stranger, repelling me with anger. Can you fail to imagine how I suffered?"

"Oh, Ray!"

"Indeed, I deserved your sympathy. And then at last I learned to regard the new aspect as still you in disguise—and I won you a second time—only again to be repelled and made to suffer—the other day in Switzerland more poignantly than ever."

"The unfortunate wretch that I am!"

"You are very curiously afflicted, but if you could only realise it, we had circumvented the affliction."

No immediate consequences ensued from the conversation, but along the lines of many such, a gradual return to something resembling the original state of feeling was restored, and Lucy was brought at last to acquiesce in a second marriage. Ray would rather have induced her to agree to dispense with it, but when this was obviously out of the question—when it became evident that she could not learn to regard him as a husband till she had gone through a marriage she could remember, her submissive friends, Ray and Mildred, agreed to press for the arrangement of a regular ceremony. It had to be very private, for on mature consideration the co-operation of friends who had taken part in the first wedding could not have been obtained without explanations nobody wished to make. London, however, is the most secluded region of the world for people who want to be unobserved. It was not for the sake of bridesmaids and orange blossoms that Lucy desired a church wedding so the perfect privacy of that which actually took place was easily provided for.

And by the time it was accomplished the gradual subsidence of her first excited feeling had brought about something like

a return on Lucy's part to her earlier happiness in the enjoyment of her lover's devotion. For that, too, was genuine as the strained condition of feeling connected with the last metamorphosis gradually disappeared. It was possible for them to discuss the metaphysics of the situation—as time went on—without starting Lucy on the path of her previous indignation at the idea that Ray only cared for the body she inhabited, whoever might be the tenant for the time being.

"You forget the other periods, and during the other periods, that which is then you, forgets these, but though you can't realise the idea of being somehow all one in reality, for me the difficulty is to realise that there are two entities in question. For me there are *not* two, though it is conceivable that if I were a disembodied being on another plane of Nature I might find two disembodied beings representing the two aspects of the being I now hold in my arms."

The conversation was taking place on the evening of the second marriage, after which the doubly married pair had gone down quietly to a seaside hotel, Lucy having vaguely shrunk from a simple renewal of the original honeymoon abroad.

"I don't ask which you would love then," Lucy said, "it is too bewildering."

"My sweetest, I should love both, and therein it seems to me lies the clue to our mystery. The jealousies of love, the concentration of feeling in love are conditions that belong to the physical manifestations of life. Look here! Every healthy man—every man endowed with natural healthy feeling, who is not definitely in love with any one woman is, in a kind of a way, in love with, in the sense of being attracted by every healthy young woman of fairly material charms, whom he sees. It is his nature to love the other sex. But from the moment he is definitely in love with one manifestation of the other sex—the rest become neutral to him—they don't stir any emotion in him. Now this,"—emphasising the explanation in an appropriate manner—"is the one specific manifestation of the female sex, that I am enslaved by, and though it is associated with extraordinary interior conditions and possibilities, it is, for me, the physically embodied being, the same specific manifestation all the time. Darling when your

brain was flooded by another set of memories I was never untrue in word or thought to this set. I will not now be untrue to the other set. Surely now we are past all perils of bewildering emotion whatever happens. All the female sex is neutral to me except this example of it, you cannot suppose that under any circumstances *this* can be neutral to me."

"You did love me first, after all," Lucy ventured to remark.

"First, last, and always—always last and first."

Lucy did not seek for an explanation of the inverted phrase. She was growing somewhat less keenly on the alert to resent allusions to the other self—though still she could not bear to hear the name uttered.

. . . . . .

It was a day or two later, and the new conditions of her life were ceasing to be strange to her when she lay lazily in bed one morning and welcomed the idea that Ray should bring her a light breakfast of coffee and roll, leaving her afterwards to get up at her leisure. Ray himself, who had bathed and dressed, went down to arrange for this little modification in their usual habits, and returned with the waiter who brought up these simple refreshments, himself taking the tray containing them into the room. He brought a little table to the bedside.

"Here you are, darling. I will pour out your coffee for you."

"Ray, dearest—never mind that for the moment. Take hold of my hand, I feel so queer."

"Queer? My own, are you not feeling well?" he asked with sudden anxiety, taking the hand she held out to him and putting his other arm round her.

"I am perfectly well and very happy, but I've got a dazed sort of feeling as if I were half in a dream. Oh, Ray, I seem to remember things."

"What do you remember, dear?" Changes of any sort had hitherto been productive of so much trouble for him that Ray felt vaguely frightened, but, at the same time, the change, if there was a change coming, seemed of a very different order from those that had gone by. Lucy was gazing at him intently, but with no look of fright or distress.

"I feel all confused, but I seem to remember something about Switzerland, as though it were *I* who had been there."

Raymond endeavoured not to *show* fright, but was very far at the moment from the calmness he had to maintain.

"This arrangement," Lucy went on, indicating the bedside breakfast tray, "seems somehow familiar."

Familiar, indeed, it was to Ray, for it had been almost a daily custom during the first honeymoon, for Leonora, and for them both, indeed, to take an early continental breakfast in that way. Still he was afraid to touch a situation so delicate and dangerous in its possibilities, by any abrupt words. At the same time there was a wonderful gleam of hope in the new development apparently in progress.

"My own love, what more do you remember?"

"I am all bewildered. And yet I seem not to be afraid of remembering. I seem to remember—happiness in some way. And yet—ah!" she gave a momentary start. "What does that mean. You're not hurt, Ray?"

"Hurt—no, of course not—I'm all right. What made you think I was hurt?"

"Weren't you in some danger?"

"Danger? No, dear."

"I seemed to see you for an instant falling over a precipice, Blake! Good gracious, what made me call you Blake I wonder. I never thought of you by that other name of yours. Did I? I feel so muddled in my mind that I don't understand myself."

"Darling, it seems possible to me that a great blessing is going to come to us. I am so delighted that I dare hardly say a word lest I should interfere with it."

"Do you think it is possible?"

"Anything is possible—but I would rather you put the thought into words."

"Is it possible that I am remembering the time you had—with Leonora."

"Thank heaven you *are* remembering it."

"But if that can be so, Leonora and I are one after all."

"Haven't I said so a hundred times."

"But I never believed it, and I don't think you did. Ray, I want to see what it feels like. Call me Leonora."

"Leo, beloved one! Oh, be both in one to me. You will not be jealous of Lucy any more."

"My Blake. How can I be jealous of Lucy, I am Lucy, and I never knew it. What a time you've been having, poor dear, while I was in those ridiculous tantrums. When I saw you slip out of sight I thought you were gone from me for ever. Let me see. What happened immediately afterwards."

"Why we went home and got married again, don't you remember."

"Remember? Why, do you think I am gone away again that I should forget anything out of the last few days. Oh, Ray, how gentle you've been with me—having to begin everything all over again. But which am I really, I wonder? I can remember everything now."

"Which name do you like one to call you by?"

"I don't care. I used to be furious by turns at either, and I seem only inclined to laugh—"

"Luciora! We shall have to make a new name out of the two."

"But after all, perhaps, it was silly of me to care about it, but I do feel glad we have been properly married in a church."

"The sweet Lucy element in your beautiful glorious double nature spoke out there."

"Don't dare to think of me as double any more. I am one and indivisible."

"My delicious sovereign mistress, Leonora!"

"Ray, on the whole it was a good thing you gave me that fright. See what it has led to."

"That which has come about, dearest, would have been worth a genuine accident and many broken limbs, but it was not the fright in Switzerland that has brought you together and blended both sides of your life."

"I think I know what you mean, and I see it too."

"Once again, as it was in the past and shall be for ever and ever, love works miracles."

A HUMAN CURIOSITY.

On 18th March, 1906, a party of ten people, eight of whom were spiritualists, assembled at the invitation of Mr. Craddock in his house at Pinner to take part in a séance; there was an invitation also to pay half a guinea for the privilege. After the dark section of the séance had proceeded for twenty-five minutes, Colonel Mark Mayhew, one of the sitters, who had previously convinced himself of the fraudulent character of Craddock's séances, seized a figure which was showing its face to him; the figure endeavoured to back into the cabinet; and the sitter and form fell together on the floor, the sitter being on top. A light was turned on and Craddock was found in the arms of Colonel Mayhew, looking the picture of terror. He was, apparently, in trance; for when he had scrambled up into his chair he chattered volubly in the voice of Graëm, his principal control. His wife rushed into the room, closed him into the cabinet, and bandaged his eyes. The door was locked, the room was lighted up, and when the medium emerged from the cabinet, which he did in about eight or ten minutes, he and his wife were invited to submit their persons and the room to a search, in order that the medium might clear himself from the imputation of conscious fraud. In the meantime Colonel Mayhew found an "ever ready" electric torch in the drawer of a table in the cabinet, which was not there before the séance began.

The situation, then, was this: The medium, who was supposed to be in his chair in the cabinet, had been detected wandering about four feet outside the curtains personating a spirit to

deceive a sitter. This was *prima facie* evidence of fraud upon the circle which had been assembled to witness genuine phenomena. It was not, necessarily, conscious fraud on the part of the medium, as he might have been brought out in a somnambulistic condition by beings on another plane of existence; but it was, unquestionably, fraud of some sort; and the sitters had a right to demand an explanation and a proof that no preparations had been made by Craddock, before he entered the room, to simulate phenomena of spirit return. The discovery of an electric torch, which has no function in a genuine séance, was evidence of conscious fraud, and it was strengthened by the assertion of Mrs. Craddock that the torch had been brought to the house by Colonel Mayhew and placed in the drawer by him in order to discredit the medium, an obvious falsehood, which deceived no one present. As to this, a letter appeared in "Light," of March 31st, from an indiscreet friend, stating that Craddock had often shown this torch to him.

Though now in his normal senses, and able to appreciate the true effect of his words and actions, Craddock refused to be searched, offering instead to "give a test séance at the rooms of the Alliance." He was asked three times to clear himself but obstinately refused and showed a feverish desire to leave the room. Five men consulted together and decided that there was sufficient evidence of trickery, the door was unlocked, and the medium was allowed to escape upstairs. To use force would have been unseemly and unnecessary; moreover, a search of Craddock would have been incomplete unless his wife had also been examined, for she had enjoyed ample opportunity for secreting some of his accessories about her person.

The sitter who seizes a figure incurs a heavy responsibility. The tacit contract between him and the medium may be presented in this way: (1). The medium undertakes to give a séance; nothing may happen, but such phenomena as do occur shall be genuine. (2). The sitter agrees to sit with his hands touching those of his neighbours, and to obey conditions imposed by the leader of the circle.

A sitter is only justified in breaking conditions if he is convinced that the medium has violated his part of the contract:

he is liable to the charge of dishonourable conduct if it should be proved that the medium is not guilty of conscious fraud. Moreover, if the seizure takes place late in the séance, when a deep cataleptic trance supervenes, and his pulse is very low, it is possible that the medium may be killed by the shock.

In this case, the sitter was justified by the result. Craddock refused to give the only proof which would have cleared him. Had the search taken place and nothing been found upon Mr. and Mrs. Craddock, nor in the room, Colonel Mayhew would have been in an unenviable position. As it turned out, all Spiritualists should be grateful to him for his prompt and decisive action.

Up to the end of April no explanation has been offered to the public by Craddock; and no one present in the room that evening has attempted to defend him in the press. The gravamen of the charge against him is, that having been detected outside the cabinet, he refused flatly the only test which could clear him of a deliberate intention to deceive those whom he had invited to sit with him. The events were reported in "Light" of 24th March.

A theory has been started by a few irresponsible people that, when an astral figure is seized, the body of its medium may fly to it and coalesce, thus inducing the captor to believe that he originally laid hold of the medium himself; but of this there is no proof whatever. It is true that a form may elude its captor and fly back to its parent; but for a human being to come hurtling through the curtains of the cabinet into the arms of the captor, without the latter receiving any shock, is a phenomenon which requires something more than mere assertion to obtain credence.

One naturally inquires at this stage: "If fraud was intended by Craddock, were his principal controls parties to it?" Of course they were. Whatever else may be a matter of conjecture, there can be no manner of doubt that truth and falsehood are terms common to both this and the next state of existence. Graëm, at any rate, must have known what was going on, and been in league with his medium. Thus, we must regretfully come to the conclusion that, for spiritual purposes, Craddock's mediumship is useless. Graëm, intelligent as he is, is an undesirable associate.

In the light of the exposure of March 18th, I feel justified in saying that the majority of the materialisations which have appeared to me at various times, in two different rooms, have been *Craddock disguised.*

But this man is, none the less, a very interesting curiosity. The object of this paper is, not to attempt to reinstate him in the eyes of Spiritualists, but to record certain phenomena I have witnessed which were, to the best of my belief, genuine. In my judgment, his offence is much aggravated by the fact that he is a real sensitive who has, from greed, prostituted a rare gift. Under strict test conditions, and with a fixed moderate income assured to him, it is probable that a committee might obtain some very useful information by watching the phenomena which occurs when he is in trance. He would, of course, be retained for this purpose alone, and prevented from giving séances to any but the committee.

In the following notes I have mentioned a sensitive who is a member of my family, and who is here called A. He is a busy professional man who has attended a few of Craddock's séances, some at a private house aud some at Pinner. Since last January (1906) he has become suspicious, as he has observed trousers under Abdullah's robe and other details which appeared to him to justify the belief that not all the phenomena were genuine.

The correlation between the communications in my room at Southsea (through A.) by table, and the séances, is pointed out as indicative of supernormal knowledge, and consequent reality of the existence of the familiar spirits, which, necessarily, would imply genuine mediumship on the part of Craddock. I have listened to these familiars through twenty-five séances, and have not been able to detect a false note. Each has his or her idiosyncrasy of voice and manner. Even if Graëm and Red Crow could be assumed, it would be impossible to consistently repeat the voices and special modes of speech of Alder, Sister Amy, Joey Grimaldi, and, least of all, the French girl, Cerise.

Craddock has no confederate, and whatever accessories he makes use of are carried on his person. His wife has never sat in the circle when I have been at Pinner; she does not accompany him to the private house mentioned in these notes. Anybody is free to make as much examination as he pleases at Pinner, or at

the house referred to. In the latter a bead of gas in a red lamp is the only permanent light; at Pinner the red light is stronger.

(1). On November 16th, 1904. At a private house. Circle of 13 people. Husk was the medium and Craddock one of the guests. Sister Amy, one of the controls of Craddock, stood behind him (a form being visible to the clairvoyants in the room) and talked to his neighbours throughout the séance. The voice said "good night" audibly enough for me to hear it some feet away, in the middle of a hymn. During the evening she asserted that she could not hear the singing. There were three people between Husk and Craddock, and two between Craddock and me.

(2). At the above séance (1) a face showed to me which I did not know. I described it in my notes thus, "a firm and well set face . . . the impression of a military man who had seen active service." This same face appeared to me twice afterwards in another private room, when Husk was the medium, but I was never able to identify it. On February 6th, 1905, A. accompanied me to a séance in the same room as mentioned above in note (1). The medium was Craddock. A face resembling that of my puzzle appeared to me. I could not identify it. It then swept swiftly across to A. who instantly called "D.," the name of a messmate who had died in China. The spirit tapped the slate three times and patted A. on the head. D. has a thin face and light moustache; his gestures are those of a young military man, bright and most active. I do not see how Craddock could personate this face and figure. He appeared subsequently at every séance attended by A. or myself, and has communicated through the table at Southsea, once giving an address we wanted, and which turned out to be quite correct.

1903 Joseph Grimaldi (Joey) called out "That is Captain D." (the name given by A.), "and he has been impressing the Admiral to bring you Mr. A." Shortly after this another face presented itself to A. He recognised it. Joey said "I think that Spirit was for you, Mr. A., but he had a French name" (correct). The curious point about the Spirit was this. A. had only known him clean shaved; but he had appeared with a beard and moustache, A. had not seen him for a month before his death. On enquiry

it transpired that during his illness (enteric) his hair had been allowed to grow.

In the course of this séance I made a remark to a sitter respecting a certain Admiral, mentioning him by his nickname, not by his rank. Joey instantly called out "Oh! we know all about him and his renown." H.M.S. *Renown* is the name of the ship which, a few years ago, carried the flag of the officer in question.

A cardinal materialised in his robes. The face was distinct, and resembled that we are all familiar with in the pictures of Newman.

(3). On March 13th, 1905. At a private house. Circle of 11. A. present. Joey said to him, "We cannot all be violinists, can we?" This little joke showed intimate knowledge of a most persevering but futile attempt made by A., as a boy, to learn the violin.

Joey materialised. The face was about half life-size, and very dark. When he came round to my neighbour in the circle, who is a distinguished author, he put out his tongue.

(4). On March 27th, 1905. At a private house. Circle of 12. Two small hands were held in mine for thirty or forty seconds. They were normal in temperature, not so fleshy as mortal hands, and not two-thirds the size of my own.

A face presenting itself to a sitter, the voice of a familiar Spirit talking in the cabinet, and the medium heard rubbing himself, occurred at the same moment. Simultaneous phenomena occurred at every séance: they will not always be repeated in the notes.

(5). On 10th April, 1905. At a private house. Circle of 13.

A woman's voice sang the last verse of "Lead Kindly Light" in the cabinet.

(6). On June 5th, 1905. At a private house. Circle of 13. A. present. Joey said he had seen me writing in my room, writing my "article" (a short time before I had contributed an article to a magazine). He asked me if I "had been 'Cæsaring'

in the Channel" (an allusion to the sinking of the *Afghanistan* by H.M.S. *Cæsar*, the flagship of Sir Arthur W. Moore, the previous day). He also told A. that there had been floods at Southsea that day. (Correct. Both of us were ignorant of the fact. When I returned home I found that the basement of my house had been full of water at 2 p.m. on that day, a few hours before the séance).

(7). On July 10th, 1905. At a private house. Circle of 13 people. Sister Amy made a remark to me alone, indicating precise knowledge of the character of a member of my family. It was the sort of remark which could not have emanated from anybody but a woman, and a refined woman.

(8). On July 17th, 1905. At a private house. Circle of 14. A. present. Graëm made the following remark:—"You all know very well that you have only to hang up a telegraph wire on a tree, and all the other trees know all about it." A few weeks before an American patent had reached England, the main feature of which is this: if a telegraph apparatus is attached to a live tree, at its base, anyone within a radius of twenty miles can open up communication by doing the same thing with another live tree; the aerials are the live trees. It is out of the question that Craddock could have known anything about this normally; not fifty people in the country had probably heard of it. One of the circle happened to be a wireless telegraphist, whose duty it was to examine patents for his principals, and he told me that it had only quite recently been sent to him.

(9). On 16th October, 1905. At a private house. Circle of 13. A spirit tried to materialise from the floor at the feet of my neighbour. It rose about 1 ft. 9 in. or 2 ft., showed its arm and drapery in front of the illuminated slate, and then collapsed.

(10). On October 29th, 1905. At Mr. Craddock's residence at Pinner. Circle of 5. I was the only person present who claimed no mediumistic gift.

The spirit of a relative of mine came to me three times accompanied on each occasion by a girl, the alleged daughter of

my neighbour in the circle. On one of these visits my relative showed her face by illuminated slate, and once I saw the face of the child as it was dematerialising at her mother's knee; it was less than half the size of the face of an adult.

Joey said "General D. is here and wishes me to tell you that he was not really selfish; he thought it best to keep the materialisations to themselves as the conditions would thus be better." (A conversation had taken place a short time before at Southsea between a lady and myself with reference to some séances she and her husband had held with a General D. The lady had said: "The General was selfish and would not allow anyone into the circle." Craddock could have known nothing, normally, of this conversation).

(11). On November 18th, 1905. In my library at Southsea. Table séance with A. alone. The name "Grimaldi" was spelt out. He was asked what word he could give us next time we met him: he spelt out "Money." This seemed suitable, as he and I had been talking of the psychic enquiry into the death of Miss Money at a previous séance at Pinner. On November 26th, 1905, at Pinner. Circle of 7. I asked Joey for his word. He replied, "Not much has been contributed to me," and when pressed said, "I cannot give the word unless I am in the same conditions." On another occasion he repeated this, saying "if I give you a word at Southsea through A. (the sensitive in my room) I cannot repeat it through my medium here. On December 2nd he made himself known again in my room by his usual violent motions of the table, and when asked for his word tilted out "Money."

Grimaldi's presence is unmistakable. He whirls the table about on one leg apparently trying to lift it off the ground: in spelling a word he taps one leg rapidly on the floor until he comes to a letter; thus he would tap 13 times for M, and so forth.

Sister Amy also was in my room on this evening, and Mrs. Endicott's control "Violet." I had written to Mrs. Endicott two days before asking her to send Violet to me between 9.30 and 10 p.m. December 2nd, and to write to me the same evening. Of course, no allusion was made to what we should probably be

doing. The same evening Mrs. Endicott wrote that Violet had been down, and had told her that there were many spirits in the room and a séance was going on. The name "Violet" was tilted out at the table.

But, to return to the Pinner séance of 26th November, Craddock's pulse was tested by a physician before he went into trance, and found to be normal. At the end of the séance, after the forms had been absorbed, but before Graëm left the body, the doctor whispered to me, "About 40, just consistent with life." During the séance, Joey, showing his location by a small illuminated slate, came outside the circle and twice floated up to the ceiling (11 feet). It was impossible for a mortal body to get through the cordon of chairs, or round the edge of the cordon, without one or two of the sitters being aware of it.

(12). On 3rd December, 1905. At Pinner. Circle of 7. During the séance, Joey, with a spirit-light, floated over our heads, four feet above us. I said to him at one time, "What were you doing last night at half-past nine?" He replied, "I went down to your house to see A." "Who was with you?" "Your brother and sister, Admiral T., and the band" (see account of séance in my room with A., December 2nd, Note 12).

A relative of mine materialised twice, and each time brought with her a daughter of my neighbouring sitter.

An exquisite woman's voice sang a solo in the cabinet.

(13). On December 4th, 1905. At a private house. Circle of 15, half of whom were mediumistic. A. was present. The medium arrived late, when the circle was formed and everybody in their places. I sat next to an old fisherman, Mr. Endicott, who is clairvoyant. He had come from Devonshire to see Craddock for the first time, and had never been inside the room before. Directly the room was darkened Mr. Endicott described a form standing in front of me and said, after a long time, "She has now gone over to that gentleman near the cabinet ('A.') and is bending over him" (Mr. Endicott had not seen A. before). A relative afterwards materialised twice to A. and myself, calling us both by name, showing her face also to Mr. Endicott.

Mr. Endicott described Red Crow and other Spirits. He also said that he saw in the circle a little old gentleman wearing a scull cap and using a stick for walking about. (This answers to the description of a Mr. Schafer, who once owned the house; and the description Mr. Endicott gave is precisely the same as that given by Mrs. Imison (Nurse Graham) a week before when Husk was medium. Mr. Endicott and Mrs. Imison do not know one another).

The Oriental Spirits were specially active on this evening. I saw one, who brought his own light, fall forward and dematerialise at the feet of a lady three from me. Two illuminated slates were seen in the air four to eight feet above us, and about seven feet apart. Apparently there were three or more Indian spirits, for one of the slates—that nearly over me—was dropped from a height of eight feet above me, and caught by a spirit below who was level with my head. Mr. Endicott could see the forms.

"Ora pro Nobis" was sung in the cabinet in a sweet woman's voice.

Joey told A. he had been "Western-Parading" on Saturday night and doing "hanky panky" with the table (see notes of December 2nd).

(14). On 14th Jan., 1906, at Pinner. Circle of 8.

Two astral forms appeared at the same time. A spirit called "Grant Duff" was announced as present in the cabinet. Two days after (16th Jan.) the *Times* announced that the Right Hon. Sir Mountstewart Elphinstone Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., had died on the 12th.

A short time before, through Mrs. Arnold, at Southsea, a spirit had promised to appear to me "without slate." On this evening the same spirit came to me without slate and identified herself.

A woman's voice sang a solo in the cabinet.

A sister of Amy came to me in substantial woman's dress, white sleeves, dark bodice and skirt. She invited me to take the skirt in my hand.

(15). On January 21st, 1906, at Pinner. Circle of 7.

An astral form came very slowly and silently to me. By the spirit-light she carried I was able to recognise the face of an old relative, and to distinguish the domino and delicate drapery. She bowed her head low to the name I gave her, as if in assent, spoke my name and allowed me to take her hand. This form was about 4 ft. 6 in. in height, and the hand was the size of that of a child. Having remained nearly a minute, it sank slowly down, and dematerialised at my feet.

Joey, speaking to me from the cabinet, gave the names of certain spirits whom he asserted were present. One was a brother officer, another a friend who died about fifteen years ago, and whom I had not seen for over twenty years, when I parted from him in the distant Colony of the Fiji Islands (Joey said Grand Canary Islands). Both names, especially the latter, were uncommon ones.

After the séance was over Graëm called for a sitter present to make passes before the medium, and for me to put my hands on this man's shoulders. The curtain was drawn around us. Graëm gave directions through the mouth of Craddock. I distinctly heard Joey, Cerise, and Sister Amy speak at this time in the cabinet. After two or three minutes, Graëm having ceased to speak, Craddock gave a convulsive start and slowly came to life. Within twenty minutes he was able to leave the room. I remained in the house for a quarter of an hour, to complete my notes. On taking leave of Craddock I found him very dazed and, apparently, surprised at seeing me in the house so long after the other sitters had left. When I shook hands with him the action seemed to give him pain.

(16). On 11th February, 1906. Circle of 10. Six of those present were mediumistic, and all are Spiritists.

An astral form came silently towards me, bringing its own light, by which I recognised the face as that of a relative. It was about 4 feet 6 inches high; face small, pallid and ethereal. This beautiful form dematerialised at my feet; the light did not disappear till it was fifteen inches from the floor.

A little child touched all the circle twice.

(17). On 18th February, 1906. Circle of 12. A draped

figure came to me silently, without light, on two occasions, emerging and returning through the opening of the curtains at the corner of the cabinet near which I was sitting, and called me by name. I took the hands, which were trembling violently.

Joey Grimaldi said to me, "I heard you talking with A. the other night about the medium being brought out as Abdullah. It is not the medium but his astral body which we use to shape the form of the spirits. He was wrong on that point." (It is a fact that such a conversation had taken place on that point in my room at Southsea, A. and another sitter having seen trousers under Abdullah's robe).

Joey said to me: "There is a Mr. B. here who thinks you can give a message to his wife. He would like her to know that he is still alive and watching over her (Mr. B. was a Low Church minister at Southsea. I had heard of him, but not made his acquaintance, and did not know that he had left a widow. A few days afterwards I learnt, on enquiry, that his widow lived in strict retirement at Southsea).

Two materialised figures, after showing their faces to me, fell sideways on to the floor without a sound, showing their faces to me until they reached within a foot of the floor.

I made passes in the cabinet to bring the medium to. Graëm talked to me for some time, and before he left the body of the medium. Sister Amy and Joey said "Good night" to me from different places in the cabinet.

(18). On 25th February, 1906. At Pinner. Circle of 6. All the sitters, except one, mediumistic.

Sister Amy told me that she had been in my room at Southsea when I was sorting my papers into a bureau (an American bureau had been given to me a short time before; and I had spent the best part of half a day in sorting papers into it). She also said that "the Doctor" (meaning Graëm) was in my room when A. and I were discussing astralisations. The Doctor thought we had made a mistake in one thing (A. and I had often discussed both materialisations and astrals in my room).

This evening there were no less than forty materialisations. As many of them came out with a rush and showed immediately

after one another, at one moment there being two faces to two sitters simultaneously, it is impossible they could have been all personations by Craddock. I have no doubt that some were genuine Spirit forms.

(19). On March 8th, 1906. At a private house. Circle of 14. I sat next to the curtain of the cabinet at one corner. The curtain used in this house is one continuous piece of stuff, and opens only in the middle of the front to admit of the ingress and egress of the forms.

After some delay, alleged to be necessary for the accumulation of power, the materialised forms (or what purported to be such) came out, apparently, in a batch. Two faces showed to two sitters eight feet apart simultaneously, and there appeared to be others moving in the centre of the semi-circle. The presentation of faces followed one another with great rapidity up to the number of six or seven. I heard the medium rubbing himself in the cabinet at intervals while these forms were out.

The French spirit, Cerise, spoke to me from just inside the corner of the cabinet. I asked her to take my hand. She said I was "too masculine," but she grasped my hand with the curtain between us. I asked her to take the hand of the lady on my left, and guided that lady's right hand with my left towards the corner of the curtain; her arm was touched and her bare hand stroked by the bare hand of Cerise. I regarded this at the time, and do now, as an instance of the passage of matter through matter; for there was no opening in the curtain through which Cerise could have passed her materialised hand. In his autobiography, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace mentions similar cases which came under his own observation in America.

(20.) On March 17th, 1906, in my library at Southsea, I held a table séance with A. alone. A relative made herself known and gave a message implying doubt as to her being present at a séance to be held on Thursday, 22nd, at the private house in London.

Joey made himself known, swaying the table about in his usual violent manner. Not long after this A. experienced a sort

of electric shock down his right arm, and said he felt impelled to write automatically. This was the first time he had felt such an impulse. The writing was illegible: the first three words might read "Will you inquire," but these words are not clear; the rest is scrawl. At the time, we put the attempt at writing down to the influence of the relative who had come earlier, and we did not connect Joey with it.

Sunday, 18th March, was the day of the exposure of Craddock. About twenty minutes before the medium was seized I asked Joey: "What were you doing last night between 9.30 and 10 o'clock?" He replied, "I was down in your room trying to make A. write." (Under no conceivable circumstances could Craddock have known, normally, of A.'s attempt at automatic writing on the previous evening).

The exposure put an end to the projected séance at the private house which had been arranged for the following Thursday. Thus, my old relative's doubt was explained.

The items I have recorded here are not a quarter of those in my notes, made at the time, which convince me that Craddock possesses the gift of mediumship. Every man or woman who has sat with this medium ten times could furnish similar evidences, if they have jotted down their experiences within twenty-four hours of each séance; but, if postponed to a later date, their notes are of no use.

Those who assert that Craddock is an ordinary vulgar cheat like Chambers, are as much in error as the infatuated women who have lately been writing him expressions of sympathy and confidence. Six clairvoyants of undoubted power, five of whom are professionals, not previously acquainted with him, have sat next me at his séances. All assured me that the manifestations they witnessed were genuine, and three described to me forms which, subsequently, made themselves known to my non-mediumistic senses.

A number of men whom I have introduced from time to time have confided to me suspicions of the medium's honesty; but their suggestions of how fraud was perpetrated, have been, nearly all, ludicrous. I can only recollect one which was near the mark. This was offered by a military man of varied experience. At one time of his career, he had found it necessary to learn the arts of

a detective, and he had made a special study of the ear. He assured me that, as far as his observation went, all the ears of the single forms in the materialisations were identical, and he judged from this circumstance that the forms were personations by the medium.

This is the fourth time that Craddock has been seized outside the cabinet, masquerading as a spirit; and there is a photograph in existence (which I have seen) taken with the aid of magnesium flash (by an admirer), which reveals him, with false hair and turban, representing an Indian spirit. Nevertheless, I believe, that a careful study of this man in trance by a circle of five Spiritists of both sexes, would determine some facts of the greatest possible interest. Strict test conditions would be necessary. Cages and nets are not much use in private houses; all that is required is to keep a suit of clothes without pockets, specially for séances; let the medium shift into it in the cabinet in the presence of two men, and then give him all the sympathy and confidence possible."

I feel loth to part with Craddock's band, for they have given me a great deal of pleasure one time and another.—My old friend Joey, thou hast read this article, I doubt not. Take the advice of one who wishes thee well, and hie thee to another medium, as thou didst when Willie Eglinton married; thy inimitable wit and repartee must not be lost to investigators of the supernormal. Dear Sister Amy, fain would I see thee where fraud is unknown, and yet where thou canst chide Joey as in the days of the past. I have heard thee tell many fibs, but who will blame thee? "Is my little Tommy here?" asks the bereaved mother. "Yes, dear, he is in the cabinet with his grandmama, but he has not enough power to materialise." Thou hadst never heard of Tommy or his grandmama, sister; but the recording angel will not score this against thee. Farewell!

Cerise, my little French friend, when shall I hear thy captivating voice again, and listen to thy gentle chaff? Dr. Alder, my good fellow, retire for a season to thy old club in Dublin, and ponder over the distressing scene of March 18th. I acquit thee of complicity, but recommend a change of medium. Reserve thy eloquent prayer for a purer environment.

And thou two conspirators, Graëm and Craddock, I part from thee not in anger, though lately thou didst clothe my venerable, white-haired uncle's face with a red beard and mutton-chop whiskers. I forgive the outrage. But hark! Abdullah, the Ghazi shouldst not wear tweed trousers, nor the medium's coat; nor is there any necessity to send Jimmy Armstrong to the church clock for the time when thou hast a watch in thy pocket and an electric torch. Fifty materialisations in one séance are too many, my friends. The number is sure to excite curiosity, if nothing more inconvenient. Whittle it down to four or five, in addition to gentle Amy, if she is still with thee. Shekels may be less, but security greater. Claim not thy "Ever-ready" (British patent) from Mayhew who hast it even now, in his possession. Remember that materialising power is fitful, and honesty the best policy. Go! thou precious couple—*Repent, and sin no more.*

W. USBORNE MOORE, Rear-Admiral.

THE WORSHIP OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

IT is unpleasant to strike a discordant note, but the time has surely come for some real opposition to the present overwhelming passion for what is called physical culture. Of timid, deferential, half-hearted protests there have been plenty, but anything like clear condemnation has been scrupulously avoided, partly because of the plausible arguments brought forward by the adherents of this athletic movement, and partly owing to the very natural unwillingness of would-be opponents to champion an obviously unpopular cause.

It may reasonably be doubted whether any movement has ever held such sway over the English nation as the athletic movement. This began about 1865 and has latterly assumed such prominence that the trite epithet "nation of shop-keepers" must now surely give way to "nation of muscle-worshippers." This craze has insinuated itself into every sphere of society; Sandow and his imitators have altars (in the shape of apparatus) in every other person's bedroom, the pursuit of athletics is quite as hot as the race for wealth, it is hardly too much to say that now-a-days every healthy person (who is not too old) is expected to have—or to pretend to have—a keenness for some kind of physical exercise.

If, through genuine dislike of, or inherent aptitude for athletic pursuits, a person refuse to follow this convention, he is either "looked down on" or openly pitied. So strongly does this passion grip modern youth that the sporting or athletic ability of a man has actually become, in many cases, a test of his social

worth. One of the first questions asked by a second year man up at Oxford or Cambridge about a freshman is, "What does he do?" *i.e.* Is he any good at some branch of athletics? And if the answer be unfavourable—if it show the freshman to be shockingly deficient in muscular prowess—that freshman's social position will not be "secure." Nor is great mental ability by any means a sufficient excuse for lack of athletic worth. In 'varsity circles one weight representing athletic skill necessitates many weights representing intellectual skill before the balance can be perfect. In our boys' schools games have a place utterly disproportionate to their value. Here, of course, is the foundation and nursing-home of later athletic habits. The individualism of the modern boy—strong though it be at first—is getting more and more hampered by the forcing methods of school life. The old fagging system may have practically disappeared, but in its place there is the scarcely less objectionable—because organised—system of compulsory games. We hear much, just now, of the unfairness of instilling dogmatic religion into the unformed but receptive minds of children, but we hear little of the unfairness of forcing athletics on all kinds of boys. Of course, for boys possessing a natural aptitude for athletic games—and these have a proportion of quite seventy-five per cent.—this compulsory system is harmless because unfelt, but for boys of the opposite type it is positively harmful. We all know, of course, the stock arguments in support of this system. Its defenders urge that unless a boy be obliged to play cricket or football during his recreation hours, he may be tempted to spend that time in mischievous or even unhealthy pursuits, and also that, whether a boy likes games or not, the discipline thus learnt will prove useful in after life. Now this is just the kind of stuff to be swallowed by the average Englishman. It sounds so plausible. But it is not quite true. It begins by implying that the tendency of most boys is mischievous—a most erroneous idea. The really mischievous boy will get into mischief always, compulsory games or no. The really vicious boy will always find means of indulging his vicious tasks, compulsory games or no. But is not such a charge a terrible admission of the rottenness of our modern educational system? Is there no means of rousing a boy's interest out of school hours but by the usual

school games? Of course there is, but the average schoolmaster is too old-fashioned or too lazy to adopt any. If head masters would get out of their deep grooves and, instead of trying to train up boys by a system determined to treat them as though they all conformed to one type, would sift out the non-athletic boys, and find the special bent of each, and train him in it, then there would be some chance of individualism bearing fruit. The commonest type of boy to-day is the least interesting because the least original. He is not the genuine product of nature, but the artificial result of the athletic craze now so firmly welded into our public school system. He is a muscular, muscle-loving animal, bounded on all sides by the paraphernalia of athletic sports. This popular system is well designed to turn out a monotonous stream of Sandows admirably fitted, indeed, for all kinds of physical gymnastics, but ill equipped for any kind of serious or valuable mental exertion. From one point of view, it must be confessed, our educational methods are almost perfect! They *can* produce muscle.

And it is much the same with the modern school-girl. Her horizon has considerably contracted of recent years. She is usually ignorant, uncouth, dumb when intellectual subjects are being discussed, wonderfully fluent when the conversation is confined to hockey or lawn-tennis. Her evolution has been rather rapid. We are told by keen advocates of "games" to contrast the limp offspring of the girls' schools of forty years ago with the strapping wenches turned out from the establishments of to-day. No doubt the modern girl is more muscular, possibly more tolerant of hardships, but she is much less womanly, and she has a poor idea of the duties of motherhood. Somehow the responsibilities of maternity do not seem to go hand in hand with a woman's devotion to athletic sports. In spite of all this physical culture, the national physique is no whit better than it was fifty years ago, and the national intellect is probably weaker. The explanation of the latter has been clearly given by Sir James Crichton-Browne, when he said in a recent magazine article that a variety of impressions was necessary to cerebral vigour, and that the incessant repetition of one small round of ideas was debilitating. His remarks had especial reference to the mad passion

for football, but they may well be applied to the very general devotion to *all* forms of athletic sport. This all-absorbing passion is above all a characteristic of the intellectually mediocre. Rarely, indeed, are the great intellects of the world found on an athletic plane. And, in spite of the enthusiastic advocates of athletic sport, it is quite possible to have the hackneyed "mens sana in corpore sano" without adopting any prescribed form of physical culture.

Far too much leniency is being shown to this excessive indulgence. Has it ever dawned on the champions of muscle that their so-called "sports" are essentially selfish and self-sufficient? What, pray, is their aim? When you have reached the root of the matter, you will find that sport is not a much vaunted means to an end, but an end in itself. Its devotees carry on themselves the hall-marks of their enthralling passion. Look at the photograph (given in the recent admirable but far too mild article in "Pearson's Magazine" on "The Frenzy of Football"), of the motley horde watching a football match. Just note the gaping imbecile mouths, the stupid, sodden expressions, the disgusting, coarse animalism manifest in every face. How sickening that aspect of the athletic craze is! and, alas, how typical, in a greater or lesser degree, of all exaggerated phases of this passion! Most of our athletes are little more than huge animals with much muscle and minute brain. No doubt they congratulate themselves on being the progenitors of a new English race—manly, sturdy and Herculean—but, let them push their muscle-making to the extreme, to its logical conclusion, and they will become the ancestors, not of a race of men, but of a race of savages. Luckily for the generations to come, however, excessive physical culture very often ends in premature death. Nature is usually careful to prevent the entire exclusion of the normal by the abnormal.

It seems to me that this craze is quite as iniquitous as any other form of excessive self-gratification, but because it is so plausible, and has ostensibly such a satisfactory *vivenda causa*, few care to urge anything against it. Its devotees have a way of stating their case so as to leave the impression that the whole question is one of Health *versus* Weakness. The unthinking are easily caught by this bait.

"A boy," the athletes say, "must play the usual school games or else he will become delicate, or vicious, and then what is to become of our national grit?" "We must educate all our boys physically—we must make all our boys physically fit—the bodily well-being of future generations must ever be borne in mind." And for the sake of obtaining this colourless, uniform physique these people would often destroy, or try to destroy, a healthy individualism. Forgetful of the fact that boys differ very widely in disposition, they attempt to treat each boy not as he really is, but as it is thought he ought to be. In the pretence of giving all boys grit and endurance, they often only succeed in giving them muscle and a certain brutal animalism, and they lay the foundation of that later slavery to things athletic which is just as much undermining the national character as is gambling or drink. Many vices are alleged to be the cause of our national physical deterioration, but hardly ever is the vice of over-athleticism adduced. Yet I am quite sure that this latter has much to answer for. I do not wish to be misunderstood. I should be the last person to condemn any reasonable and moderate indulgence in athletic exercises.

But what I do condemn is the appalling prominence latterly attained by them, and their still more appalling results. Look at the professional athlete. Whose mental horizon could be narrower? His whole body and soul are centred on his profession; he is (in many cases) building up muscular strength at the expense of his vital organs; he has no time for anything but training and performing; he is the victim of a single lust; he may have no vices, may, indeed, have no time for them, but he is as much the prey of an insidious destroyer as is the most enslaved debauchee of Piccadilly Circus. He is a glorious example of the dreary sameness of matter without mind. Then look at the amateur athlete. He is a second edition of the professional, but not quite so thorough. His god, the latest hero of thews and sinews; his literature, the sporting papers only; his conversation, an incessant babbling about bats, balls, boxing, and bullets; in short, a chattering muscular monkey. There *is* one marked difference between him and the professional—*he* has time for vice.

I will say nothing here of the prevailing social characteristics of this common type, of their roughness and slang, their lofty contempt for all non-athletes, and their general lack of consideration for others. These are only minor effects of the same cause.

But is it all permanent? There was a time when sports occupied their right place in this country—that is, an unimportant place. Will that time recur? Will there be a re-action? There is reason to believe that we are on the eve of a great educational revolution. It is to be hoped that the leaders of educational reform will have the common sense and the courage boldly to grasp what has become a painful problem, the true place of athletics in the training of the young. As things are now, a child is positively forced to magnify the value of physical sports, very often to the detriment of things intellectual. As things are now, if a schoolboy's innate tendencies be towards athletics he is given every chance of developing them, but if his natural bent be against athletics he is snubbed and slighted, and little or no effort is made to foster or to encourage the rare promise, perhaps, concealed in the boy's peculiar individualism. The crying need of the time is the freer assertion of the individual, and a less slavish love of convention and public opinion. Bound up with the education of the youth of this country there are great possibilities. May the new education abolish all mechanical production of preconceived types, above all, of the muscular type with its attendant evils!

WILFRID M. LEADMAN.

UNCONSCIOUS AUTHORSHIP.

THE little story which follows the present explanation is not put forward on account of any peculiar significance or intrinsic value to be attached to it, but on account of the extraordinary conditions under which it has been written. The lady who has been good enough to allow the Editor to make use of it, gives him the following account of the manner in which it was produced:—

"During the year 1901, I used often to visit a friend who was much interested in planchette, and though having little or no faith in its writings myself, to please her I would often put my hand on the little wooden board. Invariably as I did so, it wrote the same sentence: "Take a pencil and paper to bed with you and sleep." When the question was asked for which of us this "order" was meant, my name was always given in answer. At first I used to laugh at what I considered a ridiculous idea, but when I saw that this "order" kept being repeated each time I put my hand on planchette, I thought I would try and do as I was told, and see what happened! So one night when I went to bed, I put an open notebook by my side, and went to sleep holding a pencil in my hand. Next morning, on awaking, to my surprise, I found odd, disconnected words, written in my own handwriting, across the blank sheet of the notebook, but of these I could make no sense.

"Interested, I determined to try the following night, but with again the same result; words were written but without sense. After trying five or six nights I then began to get sentences clearly written. Then as time went on, the writing became

quite fluent. Often, when writing on a subject of any length, it would stop perhaps in the middle of a phrase for a week or even longer, and then continue as though there had been no interruption. When I awoke in the morning, however, I never had any recollection of writing, nor did I ever feel that anything unusual had occurred. A great deal of the writing was for my own personal teaching, and to this I now owe a deep debt of gratitude."

The writings thus produced are sometimes in English and sometimes in French. The lady who writes is of English nationality, but thoroughly familiar with both languages. As an example the following little story is presented to the reader :—

L'ESPERANCE.

" Allons petit'mere, ne pleure plus, s'écria Jehanne en jetant son bras autour du cou de la vieille femme et l'attirant vers elle, mais Petit'mere, comme on l'appelait se mit à sangloter de plus fort, car ne venait-elle pas de voir le départ du navire qui emmenait son dernier et bien aimé fils pour ce pays lointain, ce pays de Terre neuve.

" Hélas, ce n'était pas le premier de ses fils qu'elle voyait ainsi partir, jeunes, fiers, et courageux comme des vrais gars de Bretagne et qu'elle n'avait jamais revus. Et voilà maintenant que Tanquy, son plus jeune, partait pour cette même destination. Le reverrait-elle ? Avait-elle revus les autres et son cœur de mère pleura. . . . .

En la voyant ainsi pleurer Jehanne qui avait donné son cœur à Tanquy eu un instant de peur, car qui savait quand elle reverrait son Promis (the Breton name for fiancé). Puis sentant son courage qui disparaissait, elle tombà à genoux et fondit en larmes en s'écriant ' Bon Dieu, Ste. Vierge et St. Yves gardez et protègez mon Tanquy.' Sa priére faite, elle se calma et se retournant vers sa compagne elle lui dit ' Petit ' mere pourquoi avons-nous eu peur car n'est ce pas que Tanquy nous avait dit ' Espère moi et je jure par St. Yves que tu me reverras." Et nous savons que le Bon Dieu et ses saints ne manquent jamais leur parole." Et elle se consolèrent en se disant " Esperons."

. . . . . .

Là-bas, loin du pays, deux hommes se regardaient assis dans un doris. Au fond du petit bateau plusieurs poissons montraient leur bonne pêche.

" Et ben mon bougre nous avons eu de la chance ce matin dit l'un.

(Here the writing stopped for about ten days, March 12th, 1905, then it continued.)

" Dame oui, répondit son camarade, voila près que fortune faite " et son cœur était gai, car il pensait à sa Jehanne qui l'attendait au retour pour devenir sa femme.

Mais voila que pendant qu'ils causaient qu'une légère brume descendit. Peu à peu elle enveloppa complétement les deux hommes et le doris dans un brouillard épais. Inquiets ils n'osent plus se parler quand soudain ils entendirent " Cré gare à vous " puis ce fut un grand choc. Une voix brutale et féroce cria " Cré nom d'un cochon ! ! une autre rempli d'angoisse appelait " Jehanne . . . puis encore quelques cris et tout fut silence. . . . Si on avait pu voir, on aurait vu que la mer tourbillonna lá en signe des êtres qu'elle venait d'engloutir dans son sein.

. . . . . .

Sur la falaise au bord de la mer une femme se promenait en jetant son regard vers l'horizon (again the writing stopped for several days). Puis levant sa main à son front comme pour mieux fixer sa vue elle resta immobile écoutant et regardant. Doucement à ses pieds la mer venait se briser contre les rochers et dans son son morne et monotone il lui semblait toujours entendre comme un chant qui se répète ce mot qui pour elle contenait la vie " L'Éspere, l'Espere."

L'automne était venu et les amis rentraient, mais la place de Tanquy resta vide. Le cœur de la pauvre mère se brisa. Tendrement on la déposa dans la cimetière sur la colline, mais Jehanne se disait toujours " Il faut l'Ésperer et je le reverrai."

Depuis ce jour, bien des années ont passées et toujours Jehanne à confiance dans ce jurement de St. Yves. Mais aujourd'hui il lui semble que sa foi sera récompensé car n'a-t-elle pas rêvé cette nuit de son Promis ? Fixement elle regarde l'horizon . . . soudain un cri de joie retentit dans l'air et elle s'élançait d'un pas de triomphe

et d'allégresse vers le bord de la falaise en criant "Te voici mon Bien aimé Tanquy vois comme je l'ai esperé, viens prendre ta Promise. . . . St. Yves ne peut mentir. Viens. . . ."

Deux jours après on trouva le corps de Jehanne que la mer avait bercè . . . sur sa figure un sourire avait laisé son ombre qu'on aurait, dit "La Foi de Jehanne avait trouvé son Promis."

April 21st, 1905.

Although it embodies some graceful touches, and conveys a moral which is none the less beautiful for being familiar, this little story would not have claimed publication simply as a literary work. But the editor is in a position to assure the reader, earnestly and without reservation, that the *bonâ fides* of the lady who gives it to him is indisputable, and none but the stupidest examples of the incredulous crowd who disbelieve all they do not understand, can take refuge in the theory that this assurance is unwarranted.

Then the question arises from what mind has the coherent narrative emanated? No matter which we adopt among available hypotheses, the facts of the case ought to open the eyes of the observer to some of the mysteries connected with human nature that conventional views of life entirely leave out of account. Such writing as that we have to consider *may* be the outcome of mental activity on the part of what occultists call the writer's "higher self." That means that the real Ego includes a much larger volume of consciousness than is expressed in the physical incarnation, and thus contributes to support the views which regard the body as merely an instrument played upon by the entity it imperfectly represents. Some such instruments are more delicate than others, and can be controlled in more ways than one—more easily for some purposes when the normal methods of control employed in the ordinary waking state are suspended by sleep. By another hypothesis, when the Ego, properly belonging to the body in question, has migrated from it in sleep, its place can be taken by another which can work the machinery of the muscles without the co-operation of the absent Ego—which thus

remembers nothing of the transaction when the temporary occupant has withdrawn, and *it* returns to its proper home.

On the basis of the mere facts as they stand, we cannot confidently choose between these hypotheses—but either way, they are so full of significance that it is deplorable to think how blind the world, as a rule, persists in remaining in reference to the study of human phenomena available for our instruction if we made intelligent use of them. Burrowing in the mere gross matter of the bodily organism, the physiologist knows hardly more of humanity than the earthworm knows of flowers in the garden above. Content with the traditions of an unscientific age, the profession supposed to concern itself with the spiritual aspects of consciousness, remains at a level of thought in connection with all such matters that corresponds with the level, with reference to physics, attained to in the early middle ages. And yet the light is shining through many rifts in the once impenetrable veil for those who will simply lift up their heads to look! Certainly, "the man with the muck rake" in Bunyan's allegory is the type most abundantly represented amongst us.

A BROAD VIEW OF THE LAND QUESTION.

By the Author of "The Modern Land Question," &c.

The alarmist is always at hand to warn us of approaching disaster. Prophets of evil tell us we are a dying race, that the yellow peril is real, that we shall become a subject race, that our banking and currency systems are rotten, that we shall wake up one day to find trade and industry paralysed, and to starve in the midst of plenty. Our various institutions, from the moral point of view, have been condemned every one of them. Our land system has been bracketed with piracy, our commercial system with robbery, our banking system has been described as organised embezzlement, whilst Governments are condemned lock, stock and barrel as incurably mischievous.

Wild as the alarmist may be, "where there is smoke there is fire." The true patriot has his clear duty to seek the fire whence all this smoke proceeds, heeding neither the nervous in their thousand fears, nor the unimaginative who would re-assure him from their fool's paradise.

Physical degeneration is to be observed; in our undue dependence on foreign food, in the prevalence of unemployment, we cannot but discern dangers, whilst the injustice in our social system reveals itself by the poverty of the toiling masses, despite immense powers of production and great national wealth. Not all the hardening our various alarmists have given us could

make us indifferent to such a report as that which came from the Manchester District, where out of eleven thousand recruits who presented themselves for enlistment during the South African War, one thousand two hundred only came up to the standard required for a soldier, and three thousand only could be accepted even in the emergency that existed, the remaining eight thousand having been declared totally unfit.

War has not yet been pressed home to our shores, so we have had no practical lesson in the danger of depending on foreign food. The industrial classes might well be appalled by the thought that the source from which their children's bread comes, would fail if we were defeated in war.

The problems of poverty and of the unemployed press also for solution. We cannot contemplate with indifference the fact that about a quarter of the inhabitants of our country cannot buy themselves enough food, and are constantly out of employment. All these evils have a common root, the sole cause of some of them and the greatest contributory cause of others. Their common root is *the centralisation of industries and the concentration of population into small areas.*

Sir B. W. Richardson laid it down, long ago, as a principle, that health suffers where population is denser than twenty-five to the acre. Experience has proved that he was right, and wherever the industrial classes have a little land to cultivate, which industrial decentralisation alone can give them, they are saved from want of the primary necessaries of life (see the researches of Ardouen Dumazet and others). A small piece of land is to the working man what a flywheel is to an engine, and as essential. It can absorb a little labour or a great deal, according to what he has to spare, and give him wholesome food in return. £7 worth of food for market can be produced without skill from one-sixth of an acre of garden; and very much more if things are largely grown under glass. Those goods would cost quite double the amount, £14, when bought retail. £3 worth of poultry produce can be obtained, practically without cost, from poultry fed on things which a town family throws away. In every case a small allotment would enable a family to live on much less than it can now.

It is wrong to say that masters would reduce wages in exact proportion to the cheapening of living, Men in full employment have but little time to cultivate their gardens, which benefit mostly those who are out of work, those who have large families.

How well the British working man takes to their cultivation has been demonstrated by the success of the experiments of Messrs. Cadbury, Lever, and others.

The inestimable value of gardens to combat the drink evil is too well known for there to be any need for us to dwell upon it here. The contact with nature, the industry and thrift they teach, make gardens among the most powerful of moralising influences, and to the children, they are salvation.

But after all, it is to facts that we must appeal finally, and facts are eloquent. The Bournville death rate, between seven and eight per thousand, and infant mortality between sixty-one and sixty-five, the marked superiority of the "out-workers" in the Sheffield cutlery trades over the "in-workers," are the unanswerable arguments for allotment cultivation combined with industry. Whilst decentralisation would strike at every cause of physical deterioration; it would simultaneously revive our agriculture and lessen our dependence on foreign foods.

Every industrial locality has around it a belt of agricultural land which commands high rents, a belt within which agriculture prospers. Wherever the farmer can deliver his produce direct to consumer or distributor, without its passing through the hands of middlemen, he can hold his own against foreign competition. Clearly, if the population were spread out fairly evenly over the country, all the land would be the "accommodation" land, which always lets well, and there would be none of the "rural" land which yields a small return—the land that has no good market within half a dozen miles of it. On the other hand, with the population concentrated into a few centres, the number of belts of prosperous agriculture are reduced, and without their size being much increased, because their width is the same for a large town as for a small one.

The great question is: What is the cause of this centralisation which is calamitous to us in every way? The blame is not to

be laid on manufacturing industry. Industry has brought the need for large numbers of people to work together, but, by creating means of cheap and rapid travelling, it has obviated the need for them to live together on smaller areas than are consistent with their proper physical development and health, and now that steam power has taken the place of water wheels, and railways are everywhere, the crowding together of the factories is as unnecessary as that of the workpeople round the factories. Decentralisation, as every one who is up-to-date knows, is about as desirable for the sake of the industries themselves as it is for the workpeople.

Decentralisation is not carried out, however, because site values are in the anomalous position of being made by one party (the public) and owned, when they are made, by another (the landlords). Commercially speaking, decentralisation is an improvement of site values, but as with every other improvement, there would be the cost on the one hand and the profit on the other. When the cost is borne by one party and the profit owned by another, improvements are not possible.

It is instructive to consider the effect of the crude anomaly of our land system in preventing towns from being made healthy.

Evidently, if one piece of land is kept open, and it depreciates in consequence from building value to agricultural value, the value it loses merely goes to some other land which is built on. The costliness of keeping land open is due only to the fact that under present conditions with one party bearing the expense, and another getting the profit, it involves a subsidy to a whole series of landowners. The public—properly—has to compensate the owner of the land kept open, but it cannot recover the increase of value of the land elsewhere that becomes more valuable in consequence. This goes into the pockets of some landowners. But for this anomaly and injustice it would be *profitable* to create open spaces, and towns would rapidly be made healthy and beautiful.

The answer to the question "What is wrong?" is, therefore,

plain enough: we have preserved in an age of towns a land system which is suitable only to a primitive rural age, one which prevents towns from being made healthy by making improvements involve costly bonuses to landlords.

We will ask next, how such a crude anomaly could have remained, having such fearfully disastrous results. The answer is, that we must blame our hysterical alarmists on the one hand, who have hardened the public heart, and our revolutionary land reformers on the other hand, whose unreasonable teachings have turned people away from studying the land question.

But this land question we shall have to tackle. A nation of town-dwellers cannot indefinitely tolerate a land system which renders it impossible to make towns healthy.

First of all, however, it is necessary to realise that the land question has assumed a new aspect. The old grievance against the landlord was that he appropriates site-values which the public makes, which spring up as a bye product of industry. Wherever there is population, and that population is industrious, automatically land becomes valuable. The object of the early land reformers was to restore to the public this wealth made entirely by it.

But, with railways, a new reason for reform has arisen, far more urgent than the old. Improved means of communication have rendered it possible for the public to make site-values in a systematic manner, instead of accidentally, as a bye product. By decentralising industries and turning "rural" land wholesale into "accommodation land" and gardens, site-values can be cultivated, instead of being allowed to grow wild.

Therefore the public can now approach the landlord with quite a different proposal. It wants, not his property but an opportunity to improve it for the good of all; for the salvation of the country.

On account of the extreme urgency of this new land question it must be considered by itself. It is evidently foolish to mix up a reform required to enable us to make habitable the towns in which 77 per cent. of our population is now concentrated, with one whose aim is to advance us in some way towards the far-off goal of social justice. Fanatics who cannot separate two such

aims as these, nor accept any compromise that will attain one so urgently necessary as the first-named, are the worst enemies the cause of progress has to contend against.

As, however, the new land question merely supplements the old, but does not supersede it, we may point out in passing, that in solving it we shall go a long way towards solving the old. We shall, moreover, certainly facilitate the attainment of all the objects land reformers have in view, which are just, since the surest way to promote every equitable reform is to improve the conditions of the people, and so to produce an enlightened public opinion.

What is needed to make decentralisation possible, is a reform which would be in the nature of an agreement, that, if the public took the steps necessary to produce decentralisation of population and industries, it would own the increases of land values which would result from decentralisation.

As, however, it would always be impossible to say which increases of value were due to the improvements, and which would have taken place independently of them, the public would have to own all *future increases* of rents, collecting them in the form of an increased land tax, and paying each landlord the share he had expectation of. It is easier to understand what such a reform would be, if we describe it as a purchase of the speculative value of the land, or, in other words, a purchase of landlords' right to increase their rents, at the market value of that right; although, of course, no money would be required for this "purchase." For all practical purposes it would be a purchase, however. The landlords would receive some kind of bonds as a pledge of their share of rent due to them; these bonds they could sell for gold, just as well as any others, and they might be ordinary Government stock.

Advocates of land nationalisation propose that the Government should collect all rents, in the form of a land tax, and pay each landlord, or ex-landlord, his share in the form of interest on bonds issued to him, thus buying the landlords out entirely. To render decentralisation possible, all that would be necessary would be to issue bonds for the market value of the land, less the capitalised value of its present rent, as landlords could remain

in possession of present advantages, but having sold their right to all future *increases* of rent.

As an example of what the effect of purchasing the speculative value would be: An acre of land yielding only £4 a year as accommodation land, might have been bought for £2,000, because 30 cottages were to have been placed on it, the ground rent of which would have been £2 each.

If a regulation were made now that only five dwellings were to be placed on an acre, and that the remainder of it was to be allotted to those dwellings as gardens, the acre could only yield £10 for five building sites, and five-sixths of 80 shillings, namely 66 shillings for the gardens let at agricultural rate; total £13 10s., which is not a fair return for £2,000.

But if the public owned all future enhancements of rent, it could make such a regulation and no one lose anything by it The market value of the land was £2,000, the capitalised value of its present return, taking interest at 4 per cent., £100, the difference is £1,900. The owner of the acre would have received Government Stock for that amount to make up his income to what it should have been, and then it would be a matter of indifference to him what regulations were made. His interest in the building development of the land would be gone, and the public would be indifferent also, because, collecting all increases of value, it could make good the amount to the prospective owner of those values, *i.e.*, it could pay the interest on his bonds.

If we want to go into details: the public would get the increased value of the five building sites on the same land, one-sixth of an acre, increasing in value from accommodation land value to building land value, from one-sixth of an acre of ordinary agricultural land that would become accommodation land instead of it, from five-sixths of an acre of accommodation land elsewhere that would become the sites of the other twenty-five dwellings, and that of five-sixths of an acre more of ordinary agricultural land that would become accommodation land instead of it, and, finally, the five acres of ordinary agricultural land that would become accommodation land instead of that which had become gardens for those dwellings. The profit thus, the net financial gain by the improvement, would be whatever charge was made

for the gardens above the agricultural rent. The reader will see that in cases in which some years were expected to elapse before the land became valuable, the public, like all purchasers of speculative values, would pay the lower interest at once, to get the higher interest when the increase of the value occurred.

After the speculative values had been "purchased" the public could offer liberal subsidies to firms to move their works into the country, and it could rebuild towns for convenience and public health, because the increase of value, which would then belong to it, would defray the cost. Decentralisation would then proceed rapidly.

Incidentally, we see how the principal objects of land nationalisers would be gained, and without the issue of Government stock for the value of all the land of the country, the idea of which seems to alarm so many people. Only a little land has speculative value. Rents, then, would have been fixed. The question of the unearned increment would have been settled also. Finally, as it would be necessary to provide compulsory powers for the acquisition of land required for all public purposes, as all inducement to sell voluntarily would then be gone, a very considerable step would have been made, in every way, towards the land reformer's ideal of "the land for the people." The reform would be quite drastic enough, although it would spare country landlords, who have a sentimental attachment to their property. Their position it would leave very much as it is now. Such a reform is the only thing needed now to make decentralisation possible, and to enable our towns to be made healthy, so, whether it is drastic or not, difficult or easy, it, or something similar to it, will have to come as soon as the public is made aware of the facts of the case.

The moment prospective values were collected by the public, all convenient land near towns could be kept for allotments at the agricultural rate, and children taught to cultivate them under the supervision of the School Board. Large cheap allotments would also encourage the practice, already in vogue among working men of taking allotments, building summer houses on them, and spending their leisure time in them in the summer. Thus many

would get immediately the benefits, moral and physical, from the occupation of gardening.

Much as we must deplore the ignorance which makes many intelligent and patriotic people oppose all land reform, not knowing what it is they are opposing, we must still more deplore the irreconcilable element in the land reform movement which is so largely responsible for this ignorance, and the tendency fanatical reformers show to boycot the new land question, because it encourages a more liberal attitude towards landlords. We must not mistake for friends of progress those who are swayed by class feeling, by enmity to the rich, more than by genuine solicitude for the welfare of the masses. We must not forget, either, that there is blind conservativism, and unreasoning adhesion to out-of-date ideas among reformers as well as among other people. Fortunately, however, the Land Nationalisation Society has shown itself a friend of progress by allowing discussion, in its official organ, of the new land question. A nation of town-dwellers suffering terrible ills through maintaining in the age of towns a land-system which was suitable only to a primitive rural age, must be united in an effort to remove this crude anomaly, and must make it no party matter.

J. W. PETAVEL.

THE MUSIC OF VERSE.

THE publication of a new volume of verse by the Poet Laureate ought to be an event of interest in the literary world. Mr. Alfred Austin has just given us such a volume, and has called it "The Door of Humility." * Its design is daring, for it almost invites comparison with "The Pilgrimage of Childe Harold." It is the utterance of a wanderer about Europe who has been dismissed by the lady he loves, because of his agnostic opinions. He roams through Switzerland, Italy and Greece, and descants on the character of each of these countries—also on those of England when he comes back to it—and in the end "gets religion," as the idea has sometimes been expressed,—when he finds that his beloved one has just died, leaving him a letter in which she explains that she will be waiting for him in another state of existence, which he can ultimately reach by passing through "the Door of Humility." According to the advertisements of the book, some clerical critic has described it as "a nobly religious poem," and for readers for whom religion simply means a respectful attitude towards the clergy, and the practice of attending church, it may perhaps have to do with that great subject. As it is nowhere tinged with any reasoning or suggestion that justifies the attitude or the practice referred to, some of us may fail to see how it can be regarded as having anything worth calling a spiritual purpose.

But the interesting fact concerning it is that in spite of being a long metrical story by the Poet Laureate, in spite of having a

* Macmillan & Co.

structure that former experience has shown to be so highly favourable to poetical thought, and in spite of appealing to a conventional sentiment that is widely diffused, "The Door of Humility" has not been generally treated as a literary event of importance, and probably, if tried by a coarse test, its circulation would be found to represent a different order of magnitude as compared with that attained by any one of many popular novels that no critic would take seriously. Is the explanation to be found in a complete change of public taste — to which in former times poetry appealed with such force? It cannot be denied that poetry is under a cloud in the present age, but whether this is due to the disappearance of poets off the face of nature, or to the altered feeling of the generation now in command of things, is a question that may be susceptible of two answers. But each fortifies the other. We have got no poets worth the name, because the public does not care for poetry; the public indifference becomes more and more pronounced because there are no poets to encourage its fading taste.

It is possible, however, that the decay of this taste is due to a misapprehension on the part of those writers who try to be poets in the present day, as regards the character of the feeble demand that exists? If they were guided by a different theory as to why a taste for poetry prevailed in the earlier part of the last century, is it possible that they could turn out work which would revive the general love of verse? Is it possible that modern writers of verse have fallen out of favour because they have drifted into a habit of despising one attribute which belonged to the great poetry of the 19th century, the musical charm of the verse in which it was embodied? Whether in sheer perversity or because they cannot do better, a good many writers, with Browning at their head, have given us rugged verse, and have found whimsical admirers to admire it for its ugliness. The curiously repulsive prose emitted by Mr. Walt Whitman is even treated as poetry by some incomprehensible enthusiasts—apparently for no better reason than because it is broken up into lines of irregular length. The fundamental truth missed by persons who glorify Browning and Walt Whitman is that writing is not poetry at all, unless it is beautiful in form. If it is beautiful in form it is

poetry; if the thought it expresses is also beautiful, lofty, or impressive, then such writing is good poetry. But the value of the thought expressed, even if it be worthy of expression, does not render the expression poetic unless the form also is beautiful.

In illustration of this principle let us take some examples of beautiful language from the writings of poets who clothed their thoughts in musical verse, and some examples of thought that may be worth expression on its merits, but has been clothed in rugged language. Here, to begin with, are two verses from the marvellously exquisite, "Farewell to Araby's Daughter," that occurs at the end of Moore's "Fireworshippers." It has sometimes been selected as perhaps the most exquisite collocation of mellifluous words that genuine poetry has given us:

"Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell in whose hollow-wreathed chamber
We Peris of Ocean by moonlight have slept.

"We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed."

Perhaps it is an open question whether these lines or those which follow, from the choric song of Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters" are really the more beautiful.

"But, propt on beds of aramanth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill.
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine."

And a third example of faultless beauty of expression combined in this case with rich imagination, may be taken from "Childe Harold." The stanza occurs towards the conclusion of the passage relating to the great battle.

"They mourn, but smile at length; and smiling, mourn:
The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
The day drags through though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

With the exquisite melody of these lines ringing in our ears let us take some illustrations of the writing given us by Browning and Walt Whitman, which some whimsical critics pretend to regard as poetry. At the end of "Caliban upon Setebos" we read:—

"What, what? A curtain o'er the world at once
Crickets stop hissing; not a bird—or yes,
There sends this raven that hath told him all
It was a fool's prattling! Ha . . . The Wind
Shoulders the pillared dust . . ." &c.

Here again are the first few lines of "Men and Women":—

"Stop playing poet! May a brother speak
'Tis you speak, that's your error. Song's our art
Whereas you please to speak these naked thoughts
Instead of draping them in sights and sounds."

Here we have the opening lines of "Christmas Eve and Easter Day":

"Out of the little chapel I burst
Into the fresh night air again,
Five minutes full I waited first
In the doorway to escape the rain
That drove in gusts down the common's centre
At the edge of which the chapel stands
Before I plucked up heart to enter."

Even more outrageous offences against metrical beauty are to be met with on almost every page of Walt Whitman's writing. His poem (?), entitled "Leaves of Grass," is supposed, by his admirers, to have first revealed his genius to the world. Here is a fair example of its style:

"I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a *chef-d'œuvre* for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlours of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillians of infidels."

It is needless to quote more. In some cases it may be that such crude discordant sounds may cloak thoughts not in themselves offensive, but as for being poetry one might as well describe as music the noise made by filing the teeth of a saw.

And now let us approach the consideration of our Laureate's work. It would be unfair to suggest that he is unable to produce musical verse. His first book, "The Season; a Satire," showed him 40 years ago, to be a new versifier with a free command of the language—although that particular piece of nonsense was boyish and conceited, and deplorably conventional in its morals. But in some of his "English Lyrics" he has displayed genuine poetic art. The thought may not be worth much, but here, for example, in "Grandmother's Teaching" is a glowing outburst by the young man who speaks, which is thoroughly poetical.

"He has lassoed the lightning and led it home, he has yoked it unto his need
And made it answer the rein, and trudge as straight as the steer or steed
He has bridled the torrents and made them tame, he has bitted the champing tide
It toils as his drudge, and turns the wheels that spin for his use and pride—
He handles the planets and weighs their dust, he mounts on the comet's car
And he lifts the veil of the sun and stares in the eyes of the uttermost star."

But to what a different kind of verse has the author of lines descended in his last work! The whole volume is in the same metre. The lady is introduced thus:

"She comes from the Vicarage garden, see!
Radiant as morning, lithe and tall,
Fresh lilies in her hand, but She
The loveliest lily of them all."

But at church it appears:—

"While she beheld as in a glass,
The Light Divine, that I but sought
Sight of her soul? Alas! Alas!
Love is yet blinder than I thought."

So the insufficiently orthodox visitor is dismissed, till he shall attain to the spiritual standard of the Vicarage.

"But when you find yourself once more,
Come back, come back and look for *me*,
Beside the little lowly door,
The Doorway of Humility."

Then the rest of the poem (?) relates to the countries the wanderer visits. Florence receives him kindly.

You seemed to fling your gates ajar,
And softly lead me by the hand,
Saying, "Behold! henceforth you are
No stranger in the Tuscan land."

In Rome the hero has a wave of sympathy with the pagan regime.

"You cannot kill the Gods. They still
Reclaim the thrones where once they reigned,
Rehaunt the grove, remount the rill,
And renovate their rites profaned."

Later on he contrives in four lines to show us how absolutely he misunderstands the religions of the East.

Brahma and Buddha, what have they
To offer to my shoreless search?
"Let contemplation be," they say
Your ritual, nothingness your Church.

But as our friend's final achievement of spiritual growth is represented by some vague stanzas in which it is implied that, under the influence of his grief at the death of his beloved one, he gets through the Door of Humility and lands on the other side a good churchman, we are not surprised to find that he has scarcely at any time been a student of religion at large.

Unhappily, Mr. Austin's writing when it deals with religion in any of its aspects, is apt to be flavoured with conventional twaddle rather than with original thinking of any kind, but the most conventional piety could find expression in poetical form if the true poetical spirit inspired it. The grievous truth about "The Door of Humility" is *not* that it is aimed apparently at glorifying "Monica's" attitude of mind, which for the most earnest students of spiritual wisdom at the present day is a little out of date, but simply that its form is so unpoetical. No one will ever read the book for the music of its verse, and no poetry can be expected to live of which this has to be said. Mr. Austin

has shown that he can write poetry, and it is not inability to do so now, but submission to a false drift of feeling that has led him to write "The Door of Humility" and to handicap his conceptions concerning things in general and foreign parts at large, in a wearisome jog-trot verse that never seems even to attempt the all-important characteristic—beauty of form. The same drift of feeling has even operated with Swinburne—marvellous master though he is when he chooses, of poetical expression—leading him to neglect beauty of form in some of his later writings. The earlier "Poems and Ballads" are remembered for their beauty of form by innumerable admirers who could hardly quote the names of his later poems, though they know yards of "Dolores" and "The Triumph of Time" by heart. A very striking illustration of the way in which the music of verse is even more important than the truth of the utterance, in determining whether any given composition is poetry or not, is to be furnished by a comparison between an often quoted fragment of Wordsworth and a contrasted stanza of Swinburne.

Take the opening lines of the well-known "Ode to Duty":—

"Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and the law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity."

The idea expressed is of course unimpeachable, but there is little to be said for the language in which it is embodied—so little that one might easily dispute its claim to be poetry at all. Now take a verse from "Dolores":

"Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,
And thy limbs are as melodies yet,
And move to the music of passion
With lithe and lascivious regret.
What ailed us, O gods, to desert you
For creeds that refuse and restrain
Come down, and redeem us from virtue
Our Lady of Pain."

Of course, the sentiment is wholly indefensible, but can any one with an ear for the music of verse deny that that is poetry?

It would not be fair to the few modern writers who have shown appreciation of this beauty to imply that the genuine art is dead. The Australian poet, A. Lindsay Gordon, has produced some verses that are glowing with exquisite charm—and the American poetess, Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is richly endowed with the power of producing word pictures—or word melodies—that captivate the listener. Just for their beauty of form the verses beginning "Laugh, and the world laughs with you," are known far and wide by people who have, perhaps, never handled a volume of Miss Wilcox's writing.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care."

The sentiment is not really true. Humanity is not so hopelessly selfish and unsympathetic as this pessimistic view would imply. "Be glad," we are told, "and your friends are many: Be sad and you lose them all." That is unjust even to the "sad old earth," but the same thought clothed in exquisite phrases haunts the memory as only true poetry can.

"There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain."

But the many readers who may be familiar with these lines by having seen them often quoted, may be little aware how nearly they are equalled by a great number of Miss Wilcox's other poems. Here, for instance, is a final example, tinged with the wildest extravagance and exaggeration, but genuine poetry for all that. It is called "Conversion," and the speaker describes himself, to begin with, as one who has "lived this life as the sceptic lives it," believing in nothing worth talking of. But his love has prospered. He cries:

"But now I know that a good God reigneth,
Generous-hearted, and kind and true;
Since unto a worm like me He deigneth
To send so royal a gift as you.
Bright as a star you gleam on my bosom,
Sweet as a rose that the wild bee sips;
And I know, my own, my beautiful blossom,
That none but a God could mould such lips.

"And I believe in the fullest measure
That ever a strong man's heart could hold,
In all the tales of heavenly pleasure
By poets sung, or by prophets told;
For in the joy of your shy, sweet kisses,
Your pulsing touch and your languid sigh,
I am filled and thrilled with better blisses
Then ever were claimed for souls on high."

Of course the sentiment is little better than nonsense. Faith built merely on the sense of happiness is no faith at all. But the glow of the language—of the poetry thus developed—is undeniable.

THOUGHTS ON THE TRINITY.

THE beauty of the spring has deepened into summer, its exquisite promise is fulfilled in trees and flowers, the earth is bathed in June sunshine when the Catholic Church celebrates the most mystical of all her Festivals, that of the Holy Trinity.

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty."

The words conjure up that first great mystery of Light the Indian scriptures speak of, shining through the darkness of unmanifestation, giving out from the mighty storehouse of its own divinity all the future becomings, present as Ideas to Its omniscience, all that was, that is, that is to come. Eternally One, yet separating into three, as the universe unfolds in obedience to the creative thought, descending as the first outpouring into matter, shaping the atoms which are to become the nucleus of our Solar System. Training, in the second outpouring, the human Monads for their long pilgrimage in the worlds thus prepared, culminating in the third outpouring in the junction of matter and Spirit, so that from the mighty Trinity man comes forth, a human body, a Divine Soul, to use Shri Krishna's words: "A portion of mine own Self, transformed in the world of Life into an immortal Jiva." This is what the student of occultism reads into the Bible text that conveys so different an idea to the Catholic Church, who has lost the old wisdom teaching, and set up an anthropomorphic Trinity

with human relationships, and human sufferings, in place of the three deeply mystical aspects of the One God.

In all religions the Trinity has been worshipped. "Isis Unveiled" gives us this description: "God the Father (the Creator), from whom all things proceed; God the Son (the Wisdom, the Logos and Verbum, the Kabalistic Androgynous Adam, Kadmon, Ra in his male aspect, Sephira in his female aspect, for the second Person of the Trinity is always two-fold in manifestation); and from this dual Being proceeds Binah (the Light of Reason), the Holy Ghost of the Christians."

As Osiris, Isis and Horus, the Egyptians worshipped the Trinity; the Chaldeans as Anu, Ea and Bel; while the early Hindu doctrine gives us Nara, the Father (Heaven), Nari, the Mother (Earth), Viradj, the Son (Universe). Later Brahmâ (the Creator), Vishnu (the Preserver), Siva (the Destroyer and Regenerator) dwelling in a burning ground; a symbol replete with signification, for ere regeneration is possible fire must purify the gold—the God that ultimately saves must first destroy.

The metaphysical Hindu mind draws an interesting parallel in the three manifestations of Divinity reflected in the Jâgrat, Svapna, and Sushupti states in man. Thus, the waking consciousness gives us Vaishvânara the cosmic manifestation, third as they point out in evolution, first in involution, the dreaming state Taijasan, or luminous, corresponds with Hiranyagarbha the subtle aspect of the divine. In deep sleep the condition of Pragynâ, the soul is drawn back into Ishwara, the Unmanifested, its beginning and its ending.

In objective life Man also passes through three states of consciousness, swayed by differences, ignorant of the Unity, briefly we may describe them thus:—

1. No recognition of God, the whole consciousness being steeped in pleasure, still developing its vehicles through violent impacts from without.

2. Recognition of God as taught exoterically in most religions. A mighty Power, dealing out reward and punishment, influenced in some mysterious manner by our sacrifices and supplications, outside and entirely different to ourselves.

3. Recognition of God as the Unity, separated from us only

by the density of our vehicles, the garment of flesh so soon to be laid aside. The universal Atma, the One reflected in the Many, "seated in the body of all."

For those on a lower level of development the Trinity will manifest Itself under a simpler aspect, and by the pure heart be realised in the subtle experiences of daily life, for it contains a spiritual meaning that finds an echo in every Son of God, and must become One with Him before the grander conception of the cosmic mystery, the Microcosm in the Macrocosm can be grasped.

We stand on the summit of a mountain and feast our eyes on the glorious panorama of one of those sunsets which alone convey to non-clairvoyant eyes the purity of astral colouring, in their infinite gradations of tender amber, rose, and blue. Or some night we witness a storm at sea, above the howling of the wind, thunder claps resound, the play of the lightning reveals gigantic waves lashed into fury, dashing themselves in clouds of spray against the rock-bound coast, and in the awe that falls on us, the sense of our own nothingness before peace and storm alike our consciousness expands, and through these, His messengers, God the Father speaks.

Another time the sweetness of life appeals more forcibly to us; the radiant sunshine, the irresponsible gladness of youth, beautiful and evanescent as the down on a butterfly's wing. Love, rose-crowned, comes to us, and, as we gather him in our arms, new strength is born of that sweet contact, our heart goes out to the Lord of all love, and God the Son stands revealed in the depths sounded by a passion so absorbing, it needs must find its ultimate fulfilment in the Divine. Every Christ has been the answer to this cry from man for God's love, crystallized in His own image.

Then there are moments when neither as Power or Love, is the Godhead present with us, when words seem irreverent, symbol but a futile grasping after what cannot be understood, and every thing for a while is darkness. Then, on the weary mind, a deep peace falls, intellectual difficulties fade away, and out of the silence, God the Holy Ghost descends, a pure Essence, unmanifested, impalpable, yet most surely felt, and we fall in adoration

before the Trinity in Unity, revealed in those three human aspects of the One God.

> "Three in One, and One in three,
> Dimly here we worship Thee;
> With the Saints hereafter we,
> Hope to bear the palm."

St. Paul instructs his converts to regard themselves as body, soul (or, as we should say, mind), and spirit.

Body, the vehicle formed and perfected through many cycles for the evolution of the soul. Immersed at first in materiality, keenly responsive to lower astral vibrations, blind and deaf to those that do not point to some immediate gratification, surely a sorry instrument with which to rise, and yet the only one at the disposal of the soul. Well may the journey be described as long, the climbing arduous, ere the body is subdued, the warfare in its rebellious members over, and the Master steps forth from the ordeal, a Son of God made perfect through suffering.

Mind, the controlling power, the potter's hand that is to fashion the human clay, the instrument that too often mars where it should have made, brooding over objects of the senses till it invests them with the glamour of a higher sphere, and a temptation that in its gross form would have had no power to attract, becomes irresistible where Manas has drawn it on to the flower-decked plane of illusion, and given it back so transfigured that bewildered humanity accepts the vice as virtue, the lie as a revelation of divine truth.

Spirit, the ever present Atma, God's impress that neither body or mind can efface, however far they wander from it. The brooding presence that can wait through innumerable lives, through Manvantara and Pralâya, till the union between body, soul and spirit is effected, and the Trinity in man is gathered into the Trinity in God.

Only as we draw this fulness into ourselves shall we rise to the consciousness of the magnificent possibilities before us, the joy of the triumphant soul that realises itself as the Alpha and Omega, "He that is, that was, and is to come, the Almighty."

ALICE C. AMES.

LIGHT PRESSURE.

WHEN discussing, in the course of a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, the possible astronomical consequences of the pressure of light, Professor J. H. Poynting was not dealing with an altogether new idea invading the realms of high scientific thinking, but incidentally he brought out some facts connected with this mysterious phenomenon—the pressure of light—which at all events have not yet been digested by the world at large.

In one sense, of course, the subtleties of scientific thinking may, perhaps, scarcely ever be assimilated by the world at large as common knowledge, but nevertheless, each great achievement in turn becomes popularised in some of its aspects. In a general way every one of moderate culture, now understands the principle of wireless telegraphy, and the fact that radium atoms, without ever getting tired, give out still more minute atoms that sparkle under certain conditions, is realised as a state of facts by multitudes who would be quite unable to set forth a coherent theory of radio-activity. But up to the present time the pressure of light has remained a subject with which only the scientific world has been concerned, and in view of the fact that it makes no promise yet to develop any practical usefulness, the newspapers generally will probably make no attempt to confuse popular intelligence on the subject by attempting an interpretation of the new wonder.

Nevertheless there are some features connected with the discovery that light does exert a pressure against all bodies on

which it impinges, which are full of interest for every one who cares to think about the organisation of the Solar system. Of course, the influence in question is exceedingly minute, and is not that which at the first glance might be supposed to give rise to the familiar behaviour of the radiometer. Quite in the beginning, when the radiometer was first set before a rather puzzled community by its inventor, Sir William Crookes, it was often talked of, though never by him, as detecting a force exerted by light. For many people the fans were supposed to turn in consequence of the actual pressure of light against them. Later investigations treated their movement as a consequence of what we are very familiar with now—molecular bombardment—and so for a time, the theory that light exercised pressure, fell into disrepute. But from the first, Clarke Maxwell, with the wonderful prescience of the first-rate mathematician, had pointed out, that if light was really a phenomenon of etheric undulation, it ought to exert a certain pressure against bodies on which it impinged, slight as this undoubtedly would be. There the matter rested for a long time, until in recent years, experiments in connection with which Professor Poynting himself has played an important part, have determined the fact with something like quantitative exactitude.

Light exercises a pressure against bodies on which it impinges, the magnitude of which, when we come to deal with square inches, or even square metres, is so minute as to be expressed only in minute fractions of a milligramme. But a great many square metres are presented to the beams of the Sun by the Earth, and calculations now show that the actual pressure of light on the earth-surface is equivalent to 75,000 tons. That sounds a considerable amount, but of course as compared with the gravitational pull exerted by the sun on the earth is altogether negligible. The value of the gravitational pull is 40,000,000 times greater, and there at the first glance the whole matter rests. Light pressure is a phenomenon which doesn't interest the earth as a body in space. But very curious results ensue when we come down from the consideration of great and massive bodies like the planets, to that of exceedingly minute particles of matter. By virtue of a simple geometrical law it will be seen that the mass

of a body diminishes in a more rapid ratio than its superficial area. In terms which will render the idea intelligible to everyone, it is obvious that a cube measuring two inches every way is built up of eight smaller cubes measuring one inch every way. Now any one of these smaller cubes presents, as a surface, in any one direction, an area only a quarter that of the two inch cube. So, however minute the pressure of light on that one square inch of surface may be, it is not so much less than the gravitational value of the mass, as the pressure on the surface of the two inch cube is less than its gravitational value. Once the idea is apprehended, it will be seen that the smaller a body is the more important, considered with reference to its gravitational value, is the pressure of light on its surface. And then when we get down to a certain microscopical magnitude, we actually find that a particle subjected in space to the influence of the sun's rays may be held in equilibrium by the pressure of light operating against the pull of gravitation. Get down a little lower in the direction of the infinitely small and the pressure of light becomes the predominant factor in the calculation.

This view of the subject has already been held to account for what used to be regarded as the incomprehensible wonder involved in the behaviour of comets' tails. Although as the comet approaches the sun it comes, in the orthodox fashion, with its tail behind it, as it sweeps round the sun this mighty appendage describes a still mightier sweep, and finally as the comet recedes from the sun, it travels tail foremost. The pressure of light on the intensely minute particles of matter of which it may be supposed that the tail consists might account for his behaviour. Professor Poynting, indeed, does not seem disposed to accept this as the explanation, working out a theory according to which highly comminuted matter belonging to a comet would be drawn into the sphere of the sun's attraction by the operation of peculiar forces of which the pressure of light would be one. But the aggregate result of this would be that such matter would be detached from the comet to which it originally belonged. It was even suggested at the recent lecture that the presence of great volumes of this minute dust surrounding the

sun might account for the zodiacal light, and an even bolder hypothesis was put forward by the lecturer, according to which, if we can allow light pressure to have been exerted by the main body of the planet Saturn within anything like recent periods, the constitution of its rings would be accounted for by explanations corresponding with those which would assign the existence of the zodiacal light to cometary dust.

It is always interesting to find scientific research pushing its way into the direction of natural mysteries as yet imperfectly explored, but critics who are in the habit of testing new scientific hypotheses by such knowledge as that already acquired by occult investigation, will often see reason to think that future speculation will diverge into altogether new channels. It would be premature to suggest that any new values will be assignable to the pressure of light when the ether comes to be regarded as much more complicated in its structure than has hitherto been supposed. But conventional science is content at present to think of the ether as uniform in its structure—if, indeed, it allows structure to enter into the conception of its nature. On the other hand, occult investigation has shown definitely for those who can appreciate its claim to trust, that several kinds of ether exist in nature. Ether of the simplest or atomic kind appears to pervade all space, reaching to the uttermost limits of the Milky way. But the atoms of which it consists are susceptible of aggregation in molecules too minute to come within the range of physical observation. More complicated atoms, containing in their structure a greater number of the original etheric atoms, are recognisable as physical matter, but between them and the atomic ether, there exist several varieties of molecular ether aggregated around this and other planets. Now it cannot but be, that when this fact is generally appreciated, physical science will discern in its bearing on other facts a significance which at present can hardly be forecast. The phenomena of colour, and all those which optical science is concerned with, will be seriously affected when it is understood that the medium, on the behaviour of which they depend, is very different, as regards its constitution, from the condition assigned to it by conventional theory. When this is

recognised, it cannot but be that important consequences will ensue, and probably the pressure of light will be among those phenomena the laws of which will require revision when the current scientific conception of the ether shall itself have been duly revised.

PASSING EVENTS.

VOTES do not always command one's cordial respect, Parliamentary institutions have done much to discredit them. But it is pleasant to learn from a newspaper report of proceedings which took place at Harlesden last month, that "anti-vivisection won by an overwhelming majority," when a vote was taken at a large meeting at the close of a debate. Dr. Butler, Medical Officer of Health for Willesden, took on himself the task of defending vivisection. Miss Lind af Hageby, the persevering and courageous authoress of "The Shambles of Science," explained its foolishness and abominable cruelty. Miss Lind af Hageby's, testimony, it will be remembered, ought to have secured a very different result, when a certain action against the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, a few years ago, ended in a grotesque miscarriage of justice. But with many people ignoble selfishness, coupled with ignorance of the facts, makes them think they may perhaps benefit some time or other if medical science is advanced at the expense only of torturing dogs. With medical men themselves, a rage for experiment in their own line of research makes them ready to accept any theory, however thin, that seems to justify their morbid desire, and with legislative authority nothing is important enough to claim attention unless it affects party interests. So the disgusting and misleading practices of the vivisectors are allowed to go on, and when some occultists assure them that they will suffer seriously for their behaviour in another life, the habits of mind engendered by current religious teaching make all prospects connected with

another life so exceedingly shadowy that the warning is put aside with an incredulous laugh. If they realised that another physical life—not to speak of intervening conditions—is as certain to overtake them eventually as that winter will follow summer—and that personal deformity in one life is apt to be the penalty of cruelty in the one preceding, the attributes of their nature which correspond to conscience in others would perhaps induce them to pause.

AT another anti-vivisection meeting held last month, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw expressed himself in his usual trenchant style. Vivisection, he declared, ought to be treated as a crime. Could anything be more suicidal than for the medical profession to support vivisection? If there was one thing more than another that doctors ought to desire, it was a reputation for sympathy, and a shrinking from the infliction of unnecessary suffering; they were, however, making the whole human race dread them.

"When it was a question of earning sums of from 60 guineas to 300 guineas in one afternoon, the medical man was strongly tempted to believe that an operation was necessary when it was not really necessary. He did not believe that it was good public policy for any man to have a strong pecuniary interest in mutilating his fellows."

As usual with Mr. Shaw's utterances, an element of nonsensical exaggeration seems to have flavoured his speech, but underlying this, a deep truth justifies the spirit animating his protest. Only in the light thrown on the whole matter by occultism can anyone fully appreciate this truth. Nature is carrying on the stupendous task of educating consciousness in the physical vehicles of the animal kingdom in accordance with a design which throws some of the ultimate responsibility on humanity, already in the vanguard of evolution. The world at large, outside the teachings of occultism, remains as yet too ill-informed concerning the methods of Nature to understand the process in any of its aspects. But the fact is, that when consciousness has touched the highest levels of the animal kingdom, especially represented amongst us by the dog, and also in only a secondary degree by cats and horses, consciousness is crystalised or

individualised under the influence of the love principle engendered for the superior being. In simpler language, when a human being so treats dog that the dog comes definitely to love him or her, the master or mistress of the dog has fufilled a task assigned to him by Nature, and has assisted in generating a new human soul. The science of all this has been very fully set forth in occult literature, and, for the moment, it is only possible to glance at the broad principle. But that broad principle is violated and outraged by every vivisectionist, who, however stupidly convinced that he is working in the interests of science, is really working in opposition to the Divine purpose which he ought to serve. Putting the matter in symbological phraseology of a kind familiar to ordinary thinking, he is opposing the Divine intention and entering the service of the Devil.

THE deplorable shortcomings of our legal system, whether it has to do with civil or criminal work, and the behaviour, open to criticism, to put the matter mildly, of judges and magistrates, have claimed public attention during the past month to even an unusual degree. The painfully interesting story of his experiences in prison that has been published by Mr. Spencer Balfour since his release will, for one thing, have stirred up public feeling in connection with some of the horrors of penal servitude, even though really nothing new is told, and the old facts are simply rendered more impressive by a powerful presentation. Of course it is intended that punishment should be more or less terrible. But the main argument to the effect that at present in English prisons it is cruel beyond all reasonable measure, is derived from the fact that suicide by prisoners sentenced to long terms is of frequent occurrence, and would even be more frequent if the officials were not on the alert to prevent it by every means in their power. Now, when a man commits suicide in prison it means that the penalty bestowed upon him, in his estimation, is worse than death, but the legal theory is that it is lighter than death. So theory and practice do not correspond, nor is it difficult to see how penal servitude becomes an intolerable prospect. The hideous protraction of the torture, for it is nothing less, in the case of prisoners normally belonging to com-

fortable conditions of life, is that which renders it simply unbearable, calculated to lead to madness, as it does in some cases—to provoke suicide, when the means of accomplishing that is obtainable, in others.

No reasonable critic of the system will venture at the spur of the moment to suggest a cut-and-dried system which will replace existing methods, but the fact broadly is, that since a false and sickly kind of humanitarianism has pervaded the modern world, forbidding the straightforward infliction of bodily pain as a punishment, punishments involving no actual pain have been spread out over awful periods of time, as apparently the only way of making them really terrible. And the mark has been overshot to altogether an extravagant degree. Our system, as measured in actual misery provoked, is probably far worse than many systems familiar to the middle ages which modern civilisation affectedly regards as brutal or demoralising.

The subject is, of course, entangled with a multiplicity of theories, one of which is that the criminal should never be punished, but simply reformed; one which is not grotesquely absurd at the first glance as applied to the burglar or pick-pocket, but is clearly ridiculous when we deal with such cases as those of which Mr. Balfour was supposed to be a conspicuous representative. Anyone really guilty of a great commercial swindle, spreading suffering and unhappiness over a wide area, deserves to be made to suffer as a warning to others, coming within a similar temptation, however ridiculous it might be to suppose that suffering of that kind would reform the defective elements in his character. But we need not attempt in the course of comments like these to sketch even the outlines of a new penal system which might desirably replace our own. Enough for the moment to recognise that our own is deplorably bad.

QUESTIONS which arise whenever penal servitude is talked of, as to whether the people undergoing it actually deserve it at all, lie outside the range of those directly concerned with the organisation of prisons. They bring us into touch with the evils of another sort, the clumsiness, uncertainty, and manifold other defects of our judicial system. Let us even in considering this branch of the

subject pause to consider whether Mr. Balfour has deserved any of the ghastly torment he has borne with such marvellous courage throughout these years. It would be an embarrassing task to review at this date the history of the Liberator failure, but practically all the great commercial enterprises with which that unfortunate company was concerned have, since its disintegration been carried out to prosperous conclusions. It is certainly confirmed by competent men of business that if the crash had never been precipitated, the aggregate undertaking would have worried through its troubles in the course of time without involving anybody in loss. But the organization which Mr. Balfour represented, attempted colossal achievements, got for a time into colossal difficulties, and it seemed for a time as though it represented a colossal swindle. Thereupon the man previously known as J. Spencer Balfour, became popularly known by his first name, which somehow had a more disagreeable sound, and every one who had lost money in the Liberator, screamed for the blood, so to speak, of Jabez, the betrayer. His consignment to penal servitude for fourteen years, was neither a process designed to reform his character, nor a punishment measured to suit the nature of his offence, but an act of furious revenge.

But at all events, he had been the means of causing other people to suffer. Suppose we grant that it was fitting he should suffer in turn, does this whitewash the Courts of Justice, with a record not merely of the Beck case against them, but of at least half a dozen other conspicuous blunders by which since then the machinery of Justice has been employed to commit crimes much worse than those it commonly has to consider—inflicting torture and ignominy on perfectly innocent people? The cases in which, since the Beck case which happened to excite public feeling, men have been discharged from prison, owing to the discovery of facts which showed them to be innocent, are sufficiently numerous to constitute a disgracefully black mark against our criminal judges. They are the people responsible for this wickedness perpetrated. The jury system is itself so stupidly managed that the ignorant groups collected at random from the least intelligent classes, are little able as a rule to form sound opinions. The judges are practically expected to steer them to

their verdicts by significant summings-up. And sometimes it is possible that judges steer them wisely; but they do not do this in all cases, as experience of improper convictions has shown with such painful frequency.

That indeed we are in need of a Court of Criminal Appeal, will be the view of most people who feel the horror of the situation described. But independently of the fact that the practical working of such a tribunal would be found embarrassing to a degree which no scheme as yet suggested promises to circumvent, no such court, however successfully it might be worked, would remedy the evil of which we have been made so painfully aware until the judges who blunder in the administration of the criminal law are made to feel their responsibility by incurring appropriate penalties. It is absurd and disastrous that they should, as at this moment is the case, remain practically the only important public officials who can seriously go wrong in the discharge of their duty with perfect impunity. What evil consequences have ever befallen the judge who was undeniably responsible for the scandal of the Beck case?

How, again, is it possible to maintain that preposterous admiration for the wisdom and capacity of judges which constitutes one of the superstitions prevalent in this country, in face of facts brought out by certain annual returns known as judicial statistics. These come out very tardily, and the latest collection we have relates to 1904; but it shows that out of 49 judgments appealed to the House of Lords, that tribunal reversed 20. The Court of Appeal, meanwhile, had reversed or varied no fewer than 231 judgments out of 580. In the 231 cases judges were thus declared, by the theoretically more perfect wisdom of their superiors, to have misunderstood the law they were supposed to be administering. Such blundering is bad enough when it simply involves civil consequences—though these, for that matter may mean the ruin of unfortunate suitors—but when the Criminal judge blunders, the consequences are far more horrible, for the employment of the penal machinery of the State to torture innocent victims is about the most unpardonable offence that those entrusted with power can commit.

AND the D'Angely case brings us into relation with another department of so-called justice, in which the principles of justice have recently been outraged. Of course, the police who blundered in arresting the unlucky lady concerned must have been unusually stupid, the magistrate who has offended public sentiment so seriously by declaring that no respectable woman is entitled to be in Regent Street late in the evening, is distinctly to blame. But the system giving rise to that remark is infinitely more blameworthy. This country is saturated with hypocrisy and a false conception of morals. To prevent a reasonable regulation of human conditions which exist, because we would rather they did not exist at all, is only in one degree less idiotic than it would be to refuse all remedies for illness, because we would rather that illness were non-existent. The condition of Regent Street is simply due to the monstrous persecution to which a certain class of women are subject in this country, and that persecution is due to the egregious folly of people who imagine that their miserable souls will somehow be stained with iniquity if they fall in with any arrangement which seems to give a sanction to vice. Until all mankind has attained exalted levels of virtue, until the organisation of Society is based upon entirely new rules which will favour changes in that direction, legislation which offends against the conditions of human life at this period of evolution must lead to entangled suffering and misery,—to social conditions analogous to the unhealthy conditions of a human body in which some poisonous matter is driven inward, instead of being cunningly extracted.