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AN IMMORTAL SOUL.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

THE narrow and furtive lane, masked by its overhanging hedges, climbed upwards in zigzags amongst the pastures and ploughlands of the hill. With its deep ruts and its footprints of pigs and cattle, it was like a little artery wandering into the very heart of Arcadian England. As a matter of fact it stopped short at an earth-stained stile, which committed the pedestrian to a footpath and a rising field. The field was studded with gorse-bushes, whose highest blossoms were in the sky.

The afternoon sun of an early spring was shining, warm and brilliant as the suns of the South of France, when a well-dressed man, wearing a brown Tyrolean hat, made his way up the lane, as though he were an exploring stranger. During the course of his leisurely ascent, however, though the sky was still cloudless, he noticed that a curious dimness was creeping over the objects round him, and he presently looked back to discover the cause of so abrupt a change.

The scene which met his eyes was singular. The hill-side commanded a blue expanse of sea, which a crescent of coast, extending for some forty miles, and curving along the distant horizon into

a vanishing horn of mist, embraced as an enormous bay. A succession of red headlands was still brightly illuminated; but the surface of the waves was disappearing under volumes of thick vapour, which, having charged the foot of the hill already, were advancing up the lane like the smoke of burning weeds. The invasion was, indeed, so impetuous, that the stranger, when he had reached the stile, was no longer in sunshine, but in a grey diaphanous twilight, as if he had climbed up the magic bean-stalk into some visionary and incalculable world.

He was soon tempted to think that he must have done this in reality. He had hardly surmounted the stile and entered the field beyond when his previous sense of the stillness of things gave way to a sense of sound. An irregular procession of agitated cows plunged past him, and then came the calling of what seemed a disembodied voice, which followed the cattle with a series of grumbling maledictions. Then the owner of the voice came plodding out of a tuft of fog—a lean, weather-worn farmer, obviously much out of temper, who kept glancing from time to time towards the hedge which the footpath skirted, as though he were nursing a grudge against something on the farther side of it. The stranger, on noticing this, looked in the same direction. He discovered that the hedge close to him was broken into an oval gap, through which, as through the frame of a picture, he saw before him a spectacle of a very unexpected kind. He saw, softened by the mist, and moving in coloured groups, a number of girls—perhaps twenty—engaged in the game of hockey. Half of them wore coquettish little caps of scarlet; the other half, similar caps of gleaming turquoise blue. They were otherwise dressed variously, and in skirts of different lengths, their ages varying apparently from twelve up to seventeen.

Their movements had the grace of performers in an operatic ballet; and presently the stranger, who was standing amused and motionless, began to catch the inflections of their voices, and now and then a word. The young ladies spoke—he realised this at once—no less daintily than they moved. If they formed a school —as they no doubt did—it was plainly a school of the class which advertisements call "select." Gradually from the many figures he began to pick out several, whose exploits he followed with a

sort of personal interest. One in particular became before long his heroine. Her carriage and the contour of her slim and flexible form struck him as more mature than the carriage and contour of the rest. She swung round, whenever the occasion required, with a charming mixture of abandonment and absolute self-possession, which suggested that she would be a perfect dancer. Though the game seemed to excite her, she nevertheless played it with a certain air of condescension; and whilst the hands of many of the players were bare, and shone like pink roses, this girl was gloved fastidiously, and seemed finished from head to foot.

The stranger had begun to speculate, beguiled by an idle curiosity, as to what she could be doing there with associates in many ways so different from herself; but his thoughts had not strayed far when the performance showed signs of ending, and he turned to resume his walk. He had, however, not gone very far, when the footpath brought him to the open gate of the hockey field, and the same idle curiosity caused him to halt once more. The farmer was stationed at the spot, making impatient faces—anxious to drive his cattle in, and to drive the young ladies out. On the bars of the gate hung the young ladies' coats, emitting a shimmer from their variously-coloured silk linings; and the young ladies themselves were by this time coming towards them.

The small girls came up first, under the special charge of a mistress, whose pleasant face was prim with all the correctnesses; and a scuffle ensued with refractory sleeves and collars, and much rearrangement of tangled and floating hair. The elder girls came more slowly, the stranger's heroine amongst the last. Her face, figure, and bearing, now he saw them at closer quarters, struck him as even more mature than he had already been tempted to imagine; but he presently realised that the impression thus produced was due, partly at all events, to some change in the girl herself. Her movements had lost, not indeed their grace, but their elasticity. The mere act of walking seemed to have become an effort to her; and whilst two of her companions were investing her in some long and very elegant garment, her face, grown noticeably pale, had assumed the absent expression of one who is watching or listening for the approach of some dreaded danger.

Had it not been for this peculiar expression, the stranger

would have supposed that she had overtired herself, and was possibly on the verge of fainting; but her eyes exhibited—there could be no doubt about this—not the distress of weariness; they exhibited the distress of apprehension. He was watching them with an increasing, and now indeed with an anxious, interest, when, somewhat to his embarrassment, they happened to meet his own. In hers, however, he detected—so at least it seemed to him—not embarrassment, but relief, and he could almost have fancied recognition. A second glance convinced him that she was a total stranger, and, fearing that he might be misleading her into taking him for somebody else, he was turning sharply away, when a singular event arrested him. From somewhere beyond the mist came a rumble of distant thunder. The effect on the girl was instantaneous. She gripped the arm of the companion who was standing next her, and exclaimed with a gasp, "It is coming this way. I feel it." Her cheeks were white as a sheet, and her body was trembling visibly.

The other girl did what she could to calm her; but obviously frightened herself by the unmanageable fright of her friend, she hastily called to the mistress, "Miss Hazel, please come here. Nest thinks that the thunder is going to gobble us up." But the mistress hardly needed this summons. She had grasped the situation already. It seemed to alarm, but it did not seem to surprise her; and she hastened towards the sufferer with an air of reproving motherliness, provoking, as the stranger did not fail to notice, a cautious giggling amongst the younger members of her flock, who observed to one another that "The Nut was exactly like an old hen."

"My dear Miss Vivian," she ejaculated, "you mustn't give way like this. There's nothing to be afraid of but the rain, which, indeed, is commencing now. Run back with us if you don't want to be drenched, and we'll send you to your home afterwards, dry and comfortable. Don't worry about the thunder. It's miles away—miles, miles."

"It's not," said the girl vehemently. "It's close, and it's coming closer. Look—there's a man over there. A man will know. I'll ask him."

The words were still on her lips when another clap was audible,

and the stranger had hardly time to realise what was happening, when he found that the young lady was holding him by both his hands, asking him in hurried accents if the storm were near or far, and beseeching him, not in words, but certainly with her hands and eyes, to protect her against its vague malignity. "You wouldn't," she added, "think me a fool if you knew how my heart is beating."

A young lady, ostensibly a school-girl, almost throwing herself, before all her school-fellows, into the arms of an unknown man, though she was certainly a school-girl of a mature and unusually ornamental kind, was calculated to produce a situation which many men might have rendered ludicrous. The stranger, however, was quite equal to the occasion. He did not even show surprise. "I can only hope," he said, looking at her with a grave yet half smiling kindliness, "that your heart may never beat for anything more formidable than to-day's thunder. Seriously," he continued, "as I think this lady was telling you——" His tone had suddenly altered, for he here perceived Miss Hazel, who had taken her station close to them, prepared to interrupt the interview.

Miss Hazel, as was evident from every line of her face, was one of that sisterhood whose conception of all indecorum is apt to be embodied in the person of the unintroduced male—the primeval enemy of propriety, perhaps even of virtue itself. Like many of her sisterhood, moreover, when virtue demanded her protection, she was unacquainted with the use of any other weapon than rudeness. Embarrassed disapproval, which would have ripened into rudeness presently, was making her eyes hostile and her good-natured lips thin, when all her aggressive preparations were frustrated by the stranger's action. Disengaging his hands from the girl's with a sort of confidential abruptness, and touching her arm for a moment as though she were an old acquaintance, he turned to the guardian goddess, who found herself, instead of attacking him, obeying a gesture on his part, which invited her to a private conference. There was something in his manner which made rudeness impossible, but it opened the door for her to an explanation which suited her purpose equally.

"I am," she said, "quite unaware whom I may have the privilege of addressing, but I am bound to apologise to you for the

strangeness of that young lady. This is Miss Aldritch's school. All the girls belong to our very first families; so I must tell you that Miss Wynn Vivian, who only comes to us for her French, and is residing here with her aunt—a lady of title—deserves to be excused on account of her peculiar health. The slightest nervous shock—and a thunderstorm upsets her more than anything else—may, so her ladyship has warned us, produce some serious crisis. If, therefore, since she seems to think that gentlemen must understand thunderstorms, you would inform her in my hearing that there really is no danger, I can get her back to the school without any grave mischief, and then we can send her to her home, which unfortunately is in another direction."

"I have," said the stranger, quietly unbuttoning his coat, and thrusting a hand into some internal pocket, "a sister who suffers from thunder in very much the same way. Perhaps if you'll look at my card, it will justify you in letting me help you by giving your young lady more than mere verbal encouragement. In this part of the country my name is sufficiently familiar, though I myself have been absent for something like twenty years."

Miss Hazel inspected the card with the screwed-up eyes of an inquisitor, but no sooner had she deciphered it than her face underwent a change which would, had she only been a housekeeper, have inevitably been the prelude to a curtsy. A sense of relief, however, which was due to appeased propriety, was expressed by it even more strongly than respect, and relief rose into gratitude when the stranger went on to say, "If, madam, you are good enough to think me trustworthy, I will see Miss Vivian—is that her name?—safe to her own door myself, and leave you free to attend to your other charges, who had indeed better be off, for the drizzle has begun already."

"Miss Vivian, my dear," said Miss Hazel, "do you hear what this gentleman proposes? This is Sir Rawlin Stantor, who offers, with most obliging kindness, to accompany you straight home. Sir Rawlin Stantor—Miss Wynn Vivian. Miss Wynn Vivian—Sir Rawlin Stantor. Your friends will be perfectly satisfied if I trust you to his discretion."

The girl murmured some thanks, to which her eyes made many additions.

"Well, then," Miss Hazel continued, addressing the rest of her flock, "it is high time that we were moving. That gentleman"—she here raised her voice somewhat—"who will, we hope, soon be member for this part of the county, and who luckily," she added, sacrificing strict truth to edification, "is a friend of Miss Vivian's family, will take her back and see that no harm happens to her. So now step out briskly, and be careful where you are going in the mist."

Miss Hazel's allusion to the mist was far from being uncalled for. A puff of wind had so thickened it about the path which she and her charges now proceeded to take, that they were very soon invisible from the spot where they had been lately standing. All around was a white and drifting blankness. The man and his protegèe were left alone together in what seemed to be a boundless solitude.

CHAPTER II.

A GLANCE passed between the two, of mutual understanding and satisfaction.

"I shall soon be all right," said the girl. "The air feels fresher even now. All the same, my feet, I believe, are not very firm yet. Will you let me stay quiet for a moment, and will you help me to steady myself?"

Her figure, as she spoke, wavered a little; but, apart from this sign of weakness, her manner had the graceful confidence of a finished young lady in a ball-room, who was committing herself, tired with dancing, to the care of a familiar partner. She waited for no permission, but wound her arm within his. A passer-by, who had come on them, might have taken them for a pair of lovers.

Sir Rawlin Stantor was a man from whose keen and somewhat grave face experience had erased youth, but had written on it no lines of age. His behaviour on the present occasion was quite enough to show that he possessed a knowledge of women, which Miss Hazel might have thought suspicious; but it showed also that this knowledge, however acquired, had schooled him against taking any unfair or foolish advantage of circumstances in which men less seasoned might have found many dangerous temptations.

Allowing the girl to cling to him as closely as inclination prompted her, he began, like an old friend, to speak to her about nerves and thunderstorms, adducing examples to show her that her own case was not peculiar; and he then went on to ask her some ordinary and natural questions, as to where her house was situated, and the relations with whom she lived. The conversation that thus resulted had evidently the effect of calming her. Her present home, she told him, was something like a mile away. She was living there as a supposed invalid, though she resented the name herself, with an aunt and three cousins. The aunt—an aunt by marriage—was Lady Susannah Lipscombe; the name of the cousins was Arundel. "But," she added, "you will see what they're like yourself; for of course when we get back I intend to bring you in to tea. We are rather an odd household. If we don't bore you to extinction you will perhaps be amused by us."

The man meanwhile had been considering her with critical interest. The bow of her delicate lips, as it strung, bent, and unbent itself, the musical modulations of her voice, her unhesitating choice of words, all made him feel that a woman, rather than a girl, was leaning on him, and this feeling was subtly accentuated by the various details of her dress. Her outer garment as was obvious even to his obtuse male mind, could only have come from a master among ladies' tailors. A pearl, which nestled at her throat, was obviously much more valuable than similar ornaments generally worn by girls, and a movement of the gloved and slenderly-proportioned hand, which lay on his arm unflinchingly, let slip into sight a bracelet with a curious device in diamonds—a miniature dove half hidden in something that might have passed for a saucer, if it had not been that, under it, twinkled the word "Nest."

She was silent for a time, when she had finished her account of her family, and then said reflectively, "I shall be fit to walk in a minute or two." Her long lashes were dark on the returning colour of her cheek, and her fingers began to trifle with the folds of her companion's sleeve, as though she were considering the pattern of it. "You," she said softly, "are a strong and a very restful person. To be supported by you has given me confidence."

The man surprised suddenly out of his guarded though friendly reserve, laid his hand on hers for a moment, but for a moment

only. "My dear," he exclaimed, "thank you. But come now, tell me one thing." She looked up at him as he paused, and saw that his mouth was smiling. "Tell me," he went on, with a sort of teasing slowness, "do I give you more confidence than The Nut?"

She snatched her hand from his arm, and turned on him unsupported. Her eyes danced, and she burst into a delighted laugh. "How in the name of goodness," she said, "did you know that she was called that?"

He solved the simple mystery, and they both of them laughed once more.

"Now," she said more briskly, "if you're ready to start, I am. All the same," she proceeded—and her manner showed a tendency to become rather more conventional—"I shall be under the necessity of asking you for your arm still. Our path is between those bushes. It just begins to be visible. But, oh, please, not so fast. The rain has come to nothing, and see—there's a gleam of sunlight. Let us watch the world creating itself out of vapour. I am quoting from Mr. Hugo, my cousin; but isn't it just like that? Bush after bush, tree after tree, is being born again."

Her words indeed were not inapplicable to what was actually happening. Through the mist which was now being dissipated almost as rapidly as it had been formed, and had lately been hiding everything more than ten or twelve yards from them, the forms of remoter objects were one after another reappearing. The gorse-bushes grew distinct again, and then, looming slowly, there emerged beyond the gorse-bushes the darkness of a wood of fir-trees. On all sides the opaque whiteness was turning to a transparent silver, which presently made it clear that the gorse-field was the highest portion of a promontory, several miles in length and possibly two in breadth, the ground sloping from the spot in three directions towards the sea, and the sea faintly appearing in three directions also. Then through the darkness of the wood, and from the hollows on one side of it, there began to glimmer a number of pale parallelograms, some of them chalk-white, some of them bluish grey. What these were, were not at first apparent; but presently the one turned into the walls of villas, the other into their slated roofs. As the pair moved towards the wood, and could look into the depths which even were overhung by it, houses innumerable were seen

rising out of the leafage of mysterious gardens, and crowning or clothing the heights of a number of lower hills; whilst the promontory on its landward side was, beyond fields and hedgerows, seen to be crossed from sea to sea by buildings, which embraced a whole region of country within the cordon of a bewildering town.

Such, when viewed from the heights of this strange rural oasis, was Southquay, of all the watering-places in Britain, and perhaps in Europe, the most remarkable for the charm of its situation, and at one time for its social brilliance.

"When I was a boy," said Sir Rawlin, after he and Miss Vivian had exchanged a few fragmentary comments on the spectacle, "everybody in Europe used to come here, from Russian Grand Duchesses down to dethroned French Emperors. Every day, at every corner, there were chances of unimaginable meetings. For me the whole place was full of romance then. I had not seen it, till yesterday, for more than twenty years. The link that binds me to it now is very far from romantic."

"Yes?" she asked, "yes; and what sort of link is that?"

He answered her slowly, as though doubtful how much of an answer was necessary. "I have," he said, "so you told me, been lucky enough to inspire you with confidence in me. I had better explain to you who it is you confide in. Miss Hazel recognised my name, but to you it can have meant nothing. Well—down on the parade, in an exceedingly inconvenient situation, you have probably noticed an exceedingly inartistic statue. It is meant to represent my father. My father owned, and I now own instead of him, most of the land on which this town is built. For that reason I have been invited to stand here as a Parliamentary candidate. If you introduce me to your friends, you will at all events have no difficulty in explaining me."

She looked at him quickly, and surprised him more than ever by taking one of his bare hands, which were finely formed, in her own. "You have certainly helped me," she said, "to explain you to my aunt Susannah; but as for me, I felt confidence in you the moment I heard your voice, and especially when I saw your hands. In some ways hands tell one much more than faces. There are certain people whom I like, and even look up too; but for me, shaking hands with them is exactly like touching mud."

The man was once more startled out of the reserve he was skilfully cultivating. "Your own hands," he said, "naturally make you fastidious. Is that your name which I see on your bracelet—Nest? It's a Welsh name, isn't it? It's a pretty name, an interesting name—Nest." He articulated this last word in a way which left it doubtful whether he was merely considering its qualities or was actually addressing the girl by it. In any case, he gave no offence. Nevertheless, immediately afterwards, Miss Vivian, lightly as a shadow, had disengaged herself from all visible contact with him, and was walking by his side with a decorum of which even a Miss Hazel would have approved.

They had, during the course of their conversation, been slowly descending the hill under cover of a belt of trees, but their path had now thrust them into a broad road bordered with gas-lamps, and enlivened with the frequent passage of pedestrians, cabs, and carriages; whilst a little way off rose a large, elaborate church, ornamented with the statue of a saint, wherever a saint could support himself; and a scanty congregation, mostly of the female sex, was being played into the open-air by a faintly audible voluntary.

"That," said Miss Vivian, with a sudden access of gravity, "as you no doubt know, is All Saints."

Sir Rawlin surveyed the building. "So," he said drily, "I should have been led to imagine from the look of it. This is something which is perfectly new since my time."

"The inside," she continued, in a tone which seemed gently to correct his, "is beautiful. You never heard such an organ or such an exquisite choir. Come in and look. It won't take us a moment."

She turned at the porch to enter, casting at him over her shoulder a glance of invitation, which seemed unused to refusals. He followed her into the gloom within—a gloom which was faintly pungent with the odour of evaporated incense. The performances of the organist were over; the pillared spaces were empty. Miss Vivian moved forwards till she faced the elaborate chancel, whose altar was dark with purple, and bristled with brass candlesticks. The genius of the Anglo-catholicism had hung in it a lighted lamp, which mysteriously suggested the absence of the consecrated

host, just as in Roman sanctuaries such lamps denote its presence. The girl made a deep genuflexion, like one to whom the act was habitual; and then, touching her companion, said to him in a low whisper, "Go up and see the reredos."

The touch on his arm became a gentle push. He obediently went forward; he mounted the chancel steps, and proceeded to scan the medley of embroideries, brass, and alabaster. He turned round to speak to her, but found that she had not followed him; and presently retracing his steps between the pale congregated chairs he came on her kneeling solitary not far from the door. The daintiness of her white-gloved hands resting on the chair before her, her red hockey-cap worn with a little capricious tilt, the outlines of her cheeks, her eyelashes, and a breath of mundane scent which had just reached him from her pocket-handkerchief, enhanced, by some subtle contrast, the devotional suggestions of her attitude; and this effect was repeated by the quick and unembarrassed manner in which she rose from her knees as soon as he was standing by her, and by her eyes which seemed, with their greeting, to be taking renewed possession of him.

"I'm so glad you saw it," she said as they left the porch. "And now our shortest way is by the footpath round the corner."

The path in question skirted the west front of the edifice, and half way down it an obstruction was being caused by some mature ladies, surrounding a cleric whose person appeared to attract them like a magnet. Suddenly he began bidding his auditors a hasty and almost brusque adieu, and by the time Miss Vivian was near him he hurried forward to meet her. Even had she wished to do so she could not have avoided stopping. Sir Rawlin, whom he just glanced at, moved on for a pace or two and then turned round and watched him.

The cleric, whose age might have been somewhat over thirty, was tall, his air was active, and his face very remarkable. It was thoughtful, refined and, at the same time, commanding. The eyes were visionary, but the thin-lipped mouth was firm, and suggested the possibilities of quick temper and even harshness.

"Ah," he said, clasping Miss Vivian's hand, and speaking with a smile of indulgence which was yet mixed with authority, "you have, I take it, been up at the field yonder indulging in physical

exercise. Well, well"—and he looked in her face searchingly—"I'll not say No to that. The doctors must have their innings. I regret, however"—here he dropped his voice—"that your place in church was empty this afternoon. Anyhow, you'll be there to-morrow. You remember what to-morrow is. And also," he added, sinking his voice yet lower, "there are other things about which I must soon say more to you."

The girl merely bent her head in answer to these last words. Then in her ordinary voice, as if wishing to end the interview, "I was," she said, "delayed just now by the mist. It's late, and we must be getting home. I shall not forget. Good-bye."

He turned away, and then, as if struck by an afterthought. "Will you," he said, looking back at her, "tell Lady Susannah that I may perhaps be able to put in an appearance after all—just for a few minutes, say. And don't forget the Mendelssohn and those formidable high notes. Good-bye."

"Who," said Sir Rawlin presently, "was the reverend gentleman your friend?"

With a slight impatient movement the girl beat her palms together. She seemed to be removing a speck of dirt from her gloves. "He's a very good and a very clever man," she said; "but he's one of those people whom I don't much care about shaking hands with. That is Mr. Barton. He is, as a fact, the curate here; but the vicar is an invalid, and Mr. Barton practically manages everything. He has money of his own, and he helps to have things done properly. He's a wonderful preacher, and a wonderful musician also; and he has, I believe, written some books about the liturgy. My aunt asked him to give me a few hints about singing. My cousins, Oswald and Mr. Hugo, are both very naughty to laugh at him. But don't let us talk of Mr. Barton. Let me tell you something more about ourselves, for you'll very soon be in the heart of our family circle."

"Yes," said Sir Rawlin, "do. I'm particluarly anxious to hear about the mysterious Mr. Hugo."

There was in his voice the same note of amusement which her ears had detected in it when he made his allusion to The Nut. A common appreciation of the humours of small things began to develop between them a sense of some new intimacy.

"Mr. Hugo," she said, "is the youngest, but we call him that because the servants do. Mr. Hugo reads Darwin; he seriously thinks that we once used to be monkeys; and he makes big eyes, like two black sloes, over a microscope. Oswald writes poetry, and his proudest thought is that his heart is being always broken. All the same he's amusing, but very profane and wicked, and he means to die an ambassador. He and Mr. Hugo learnt to laugh about religion at a tutor's. Boys think that that sort of thing is fine. Then there is Nina, their sister, much older than they are. She does not care for the world—at least not for the people at Southquay, which is certainly no wonder. She's really very religious; but she reads Darwin also—I should think it must be very dull—and helps Mr. Hugo to make slides for his microscope. Also she keeps hens, and manages all the housekeeping. Dear Aunt Susannah is a light amongst the old Southquay cats. She's been like a mother to all of us, and she gives half her money to the clergy. Our house is at the end of this valley. Cliff's End its name is, and it really is at the end of all things."

They had almost immediately, on quitting the neighbourhood of the church, plunged once again into a region of primitive country. The church itself was under the shadow of an old rookery. They were now on a road which, bordered by tall elm-trees, traversed the bottom of a valley with orchards and fields on either side of it. Presently Miss Vivian said, "The Cliff's End lodge is over there, just where the woods begin."

They turned in at the gate, and found themselves on a long approach, which mounted the hill obliquely between hedges of clipped laurel, and at last by a sharp turn brought them into the presence of the house.

Two closed flys were moving from the Gothic porch. "Look at that," exclaimed Miss Vivian. "I'd quite forgotten, when I asked you to come in, that Aunt Susannah has some of the cats at tea to-day. Do you think you have the courage to face them? But, no—I'll tell you what. We'll go to the school-room first, by the side door from the garden, and I'll take you in to my aunt when the last cat's tail has vanished."

Passing through an aperture in a bank of shrubs and rock-work they came out on a garden which seemed literally to overhang

the sea, the house revealing itself as an old-fashioned stuccoed villa, with numerous chimneys and gables, and a large protruding wing, the whole being sheltered at the back by a grove of enormous ilex trees. It was to a door in the wing that Miss Vivian led her friend, keeping, so far as she could, out of sight of the main windows.

CHAPTER III.

THROUGH a thin crevice left by a door that was just ajar, voices from a room within penetrated to a small dim lobby, and were very clearly distinguishable by Miss Vivian and Sir Rawlin Stantor. The voices were two in number, one succeeding the other; and the words uttered by each were calculated to arrest attention.

"Peter," said the first voice; "oh, my love, thou art fair. Thou hast dove's eyes within thy locks. Sit there on your altar, and accept of our evening sacrifice."

"James," said the second voice; "darling James, come here. Why do you pretend to be a dog, when you know quite well that you are a lizard?"

"Wait," Miss Vivian whispered. "I'll go in and announce you."

He heard her entrance greeted by exclamations of "Nest," which were followed first by a murmur, and then by a short silence. Then the door reopened, and Miss Vivian's voice said "Come."

The next moment he was in a room papered with pink roses, and littered with books and other miscellaneous objects. From the neighbourhood of a tea-table, which was flickering in a genial fire-light, a lady, with a smiling and rather eager face, had risen, and was freeing herself from the embraces of a brown dachshund. Two boys, or rather youths, were in the act of rising also; whilst enthroned, and purring loudly, on a large box against the wall, a magnificent Angora cat, with a dish of scraps before it, was wiping a whiskered cheek with a large buttery paw.

Miss Vivian introduced her friend without any attempt at ceremony. "Here is Nina," she said. "Here is Oswald; and that, over there, is Mr. Hugo."

The three exhibited a shy, though not an awkward sense, of

having somehow been taken unawares. Mr. Hugo in particular assumed a gloomy sedateness. He looked older than his years, and he had dark, solemn eyes; but his face, when he smiled, became almost like a baby's. His brother, who had an air of the world about him, and, moreover, was very well dressed, wore an expression of handsome Byronic melancholy, which struggled in his eyes and mouth with the forces of mocking mischief. As for him, he recovered his self-possession directly; and there was a something in Sir Rawlin's manner which so immediately accommodated itself to the situation, that the others were soon in the way of being equally at their ease also. This happy result was completed, while Miss Arundel was providing him with some tea, by an observation on his part, the effects of which were magical.

"What a delightful cat," he said. "It sits there like an Egyptian god."

"Yes," replied Oswald. "That box is his altar. Those little scraps of teacake are the remains of his burnt offering. We've been reciting his evening Office, which is taken from the Song of Solomon."

"He must," said Miss Nina, stroking the cat's fur, "have been sacrificing a mouse to his own self in the garden, for he's left half of his teacake, yet his beautiful sides are bulging. Oh, Mr. Hugo, come and look. He's gnawing the raw kidney which you and I injected with blue ink in order to make new slides for your microscope."

Ignoring the scuffle which ensued, Oswald glanced at Miss Vivian with a cautiously dawning smile. "The real reason," he said gravely, "why he partly rejects our offerings, is that he has been catching mice in Mr. Barton's church, and he has learnt there to demand from us a more advanced ritual. He wants us to intone, and he would like processions, and a banner or two. I have," he continued, encountering Sir Rawlin's eye, "been making a sketch of a more becoming sort of service for him," and he held out a sheet of paper which had been lying half concealed amongst the tea-things. Sir Rawlin looked at it with surprise. Drawn with extraordinary power, was a figure, grotesquely kneeling. It was habited in a gorgeous chasuble embroidered with scampering mice, and looking up with an ogle of medieval rapture, was lifting a bowl of

food to a huge cat on a pedestal. Sir Rawlin at once recognised the features of Mr. Barton.

Miss Vivian approached, and peered over Sir Rawlin's shoulders. "Oswald," she exclaimed, making a snatch at the picture, "if you're irreverent and silly, I'll never be in love with you again. Sir Rawlin, don't encourage him." At this moment an odd little pink-cheeked butler, with the intimate smile of long family service, appeared at the door, iuquiring if they wished for lights.

"Berry," said Miss Vivian, "who's left in the drawing-room? Go like a dear; put your head in, and tell me."

"For the time being, miss," he replied, "there's no one. A good few have come and gone, but her ladyship is expecting more."

"Then in that case," said Miss Vivian to her friend, "I'll avail myself of the lucid interval, and prepare Aunt Susannah for your advent."

She had hardly left the room when a new situation was created by a sound between a cough and a hiss which came from under a sofa. "Oh," cried Miss Arundel, "it's Peter. I'm sure he wants to be sick. After that kidney—the darling—I only hope he will be. I must carry him out of the room at once."

The cat having been caught, and deported in Miss Arundel's arms, Sir Rawlin found himself alone with the two young men. Mr. Hugo by this time had retreated to a table in the window, and was contemplating in ostentatious seclusion a microscope and several dishes, on which were lying lumps of raw animal matter. His demeanour being evidently a mute plea for attention, Sir Rawlin approached the table, whereupon Mr. Hugo informed him, with an air of lordly indifference, that the microscope was of unusual power, and would reveal at that moment, if only the light permitted, a wonderful section of the heart of an adult jackdaw. Then casually pointing to a number of stoppered bottles. "Those," he said, "contain sterilised gelatine. As soon as I can get a little radium I am going to produce life." Sir Rawlin listened with such skilful and appropriate attention, that Mr. Hugo's visage softened into its baby aspect; and, returning to the tea-table, he regaled himself with a piece of sponge-cake.

"And you," said Sir Rawlin to Oswald, "have you any more drawings you could show me?"

The boy, with evident pleasure, brought out a large portfolio. Its contents were principally drawings, but here and there was a sheet scribbled over with poetry.

As for the drawings, most of them were caricatures; but amongst them were others of a very different kind—fanciful sketches in water-colour of lovers on moonlit balconies, of sunsets and statued gardens, and strange oriental buildings surmounted by domes and cupolas.

"You've a fine imagination," said Sir Rawlin. "Have you ever been in the East?"

"No," said Oswald. "Have you?"

"Yes," said Sir Rawlin smiling. "I have been there for many years."

A sudden look of recognition spread itself over the boy's face. "I beg you to forgive me," he said with a polished and graceful courtesy; "but just now my cousin's account of your kindness to her hardly left me time to realise who you were. I know all you have done in connection with the Persian treaty; and your book, "The Heart of Asia," is on the table by my bed at this moment."

"My book," said Sir Rawlin, "would, if it could only speak, try to tell you how much it valued your compliment."

The return of Miss Vivian prevented his adding more. "Aunt Susannah," she began, "has a hundred and eighty-eight first cousins. She's persuaded you are the hundred and eighty-ninth, and is quite eager to tell you so. But wheels were crunching up the drive as I slipped back through the hall. It will shorten your sufferings if you wait here a little longer, and then I'll commit you to Berry, for I daren't venture again into the lion's den myself."

The girl's eyes were sparkling. The air of the room when she entered seemed quickened with a new vitality. Her figure was denuded of its overcoat, but she still wore her cap and gloves. She balanced herself easily on the arm of a large arm-chair, and, forgetting his sponge-cake, Mr. Hugo looked up and smiled at her.

"Let me draw you a group," said Oswald, "of some of the people you'll meet. This is Miss Mittens, the authoress of 'Withered Bents.' This is Miss Skillet, the authoress of 'Love in a Basque Village.' I can't promise you the authoresses; but here are two who I happen to know are coming. This one is Mrs.

Morriston Campbell; only I haven't made her fat and vulgar enough. She once used to know a Royal Princess at Biarritz, and has never thought or talked about anything else afterwards. This is Mrs. Summerfield. She is really a lady. You'll know her at once by the front and the poke bonnet. And now, Nest," he said presently, "who do you think this is?" Under his pencil, as he spoke, a tall clerical figure began to grow, drawn from the feet upwards, but it ended at the collar, headless. "I am not worthy," he murmured, "to depict the sacred countenance."

"Oswald," exclaimed Miss Vivian, "you're an idiot."

"I'll tell you," said Sir Rawlin, adroitly interposing, "what I am. I'm a person who ought to be paying his respects to your Aunt Susannah, even though she should still be surrounded by this dazzling and alarming circle. If Miss Vivian won't present me herself, will she kindly hand me over to the butler?"

The two disappeared forthwith. "My dear Nest," said Oswald, when she re-entered, "you should learn to introduce people better. I expect you don't know yourself who your gallant preserver is."

Sir Rawlin meanwhile had been ushered into a long faded drawing-room, where his hostess, who met him near the door, had been evidently looking out for his arrival. She had girlish eyes alight in a bony face of fifty, and her speech had a cheerful plaintiveness which suggested the habitual attitude of a Christian and well-born lady towards an imperfect world, where all husbands die, and not all die as wealthy as they deserve to do.

"Sir Rawlin," she said, "this is really pleasant. I knew most of your mother's family. I shouldn't wonder if we were related. Thank you a thousand times for your kindness to my poor niece. If you could stay till these people are gone I should like to ask and to tell you one or two things about her. I know you've had school-room tea; but will you look on at ours?"

As they neared a group round the fire at the far end of the room, Sir Rawlin all but laughed, it so closely resembled that which Oswald's sketch had represented. Mrs. Summerfield and Mrs. Morriston Campbell he recognised at the first glance; and there, too, was Mr. Barton, balancing a cup of tea, and discussing his new reredos, whilst some ladies of dejected aspect meekly smiled and

listened. He was, Sir Rawlin reflected, indeed a man of his word, and had managed "to put in his appearance" with very considerable promptitude. As for Sir Rawlin himself he was conscious that his own name was being mumbled in connection with that of Mrs. Morriston Campbell. Mrs. Morriston Campbell, however, altogether failed to catch it, and having received him in consequence with a freezing royal stare, was putting him in his place with a few languid syllables, when old Mrs. Summerfield saved her from further trouble. "Did I hear someone say," she asked, "that this is Sir Rawlin Stantor? Sir Rawlin, I'm too blind to see you; but I knew your dear father well, and I'm afraid I must add your grandfather. Yes, and Lady Emily, too. Lady Emily was my oldest friend. We went together to our first drawing-room. I do hope you're going to stand for us, and keep out those shocking radicals—shocking—quite shocking—who want to ruin the country."

Mrs. Morriston Campbell listened, her mouth and her eyes wide open, and was trying to recapture the angel whom she had sent away unawares, when Lady Susannah made her attempt fruitless, by saying to Sir Rawlin, "I don't want to interrupt you, but there is somebody here who has to go in a minute, and who has a particular reason for wishing to make your acquaintance."

The person referred to proved to be none other than Mr. Barton. Sir Rawlin, whom he now scrutinised with a quick critical interest, was far more pleasantly impressed by him than he expected to be from the fragments which he had thus far heard of his conversation. The slight affectations of phrase which he had noticed in him when addressing women were now entirely absent. Mr. Barton spoke with a courteous and a somewhat dry acuteness.

"I am glad, Sir Rawlin," he said, "to have this opportunity of meeting you. Since, as I presume, it is your object, before committing yourself, to see what the state of affairs in this constituency really is I believe I could give you some useful and reliable information, which you won't get from the party agents. The fact is that in Southquay—the agents will tell you so much—purely church questions are a very important factor, and I think I am in a position to tell you very much better than the agents can what the numerical value of the church vote is, and also the precise grounds on which it would be withheld or given. If I might call on you,

or if you cared to call on me, I could in half an hour or so show you just how the land lies."

"That," said Sir Rawlin, "is exactly the kind of information which I want to get at, and to get at as soon as possible. The party agent is coming to see me to-morrow morning. He will, or I hope he will, have finished me off by twelve, and if I should find you at home between twelve and one, I would come straight to you, with a view to completing my education."

Mr. Barton exhibited much cordial satisfaction on finding his offer thus promptly accepted. He explained, before he said good-bye, where the house in which he lodged was situated, and promised to await Sir Rawlin at the time that had just been named.

Mr. Barton's departure was a signal for other leave-takings. Mrs. Morriston Campbell showed a tendency to outstay the rest, in the hopes of inducing Sir Rawlin to do her the honour of dining with her; but, finding him not responsive, fired a parting shot at him by saying to Lady Susannah, in making her last adieux, "The dear Princess, from whom I had a long letter this morning, particularly asked to be remembered to you. She never forgets her friends."

"And now," said Lady Susannah, when she and Sir Rawlin were left alone together, "I want you to tell me what it was that really happened. The thunder this afternoon, so it seemed to me, was nothing. What did my niece do? Did she faint, or lose control of herself? I should like to hear how she struck a fresh observer."

"The case," said Sir Rawlin, "so far as I could see, was this. There was thunder in the air no doubt while your niece was still playing hockey; but she only became conscious of the fact when the excitement of the game was over. As I told Miss Hazel, in this she was very much like my sister. When the actual thunder came, she was terrified against her will, and she might have fainted, just as I can fancy my sister doing, if she had not put more trust in the reassurances of an accidental man, than she did in those of her play-fellows or that worthy mistress. As a matter of fact, she was perfectly herself throughout. Indeed, under the circumstances her self-control was remarkable."

"You relieve me," said Lady Susannah, "immensely. To tell

you the truth, that young lady is a cause of very great anxiety. In some respects she seems perfectly well, but her nerves were upset somehow by a serious attack of influenza, and ever since then any over-excitement has been apt to produce a breakdown of one kind or another. On one occasion she was unconscious for hours. A thunderstorm was the cause then. That's the reason why I'm encouraged by what you tell me about this afternoon. It really looks like a sign that she's getting her strength back again. One great thing for her, the doctors say, is healthy physical exercise. Well, she's got the hockey, and so far nothing could be better. But she wants, the doctors say—and I'm sure I quite agree with them—healthy interests for her mind, no less than exercise for her body; and this isn't quite so easy. She's a clever girl, but except for her two cousins—and she treats them both like boys—there's no one here who can interest her in any rational way. Of course there is Mr. Barton, but I wasn't thinking of him:—and there again there's a difficulty of just the opposite kind. There can, I think, be no objection to my telling you about it."

Sir Rawlin, with a quickened interest, begged Lady Susannah to proceed.

"Well," she said, "the case is this. My niece, though you mightn't fancy it, has strong religious feelings; but she was brought up abroad, under not very fortunate circumstances, and it appears that she has never been confirmed. There is going to be a confirmation here at Easter; and, at her own earnest wish, Mr. Barton has begun to prepare her for it. That of course is just as one would pray it might be; but I can't help fearing that her over-emotional nature may trouble itself about the matter in a way which her body cannot yet stand. I've seen many little signs of this; and yet to throw cold water on her genuine religious feelings—no one, who believes, would like to attempt that. So you see, Sir Rawlin, there are difficulties every way."

"Don't you think," said Sir Rawlin, "that, though Southquay is no longer what it once was, it would be possible to get together a few intellectual people whose acquaintance would interest Miss Vivian, and be a sort of second education for her; and who, without interfering with her feelings about religion, might prevent her from brooding over them in a way that would make them morbid?"

"I believe," said Lady Susannah, "that you're a very sensible man. But I, myself, go nowhere now. I know none of these charming people; and my own acquaintances, as you may have seen, are hardly very interesting to a girl. Still I might try. I might get up a little luncheon party. My cousin, George Carlton, is coming to me in a few days. And you, Sir Rawlin—you must let me tell you this—I can see that this meeting with yourself has been a real stimulus and pleasure to her. I don't suppose she ever saw a celebrated man before. I daresay you sometimes will come to see us and talk to her. With a girl like Nest a little goes a long way."

Sir Rawlin expressed his willingness to do what little he could, and he and Lady Susannah parted on the best of terms. He found, however, that he had not yet finished even the little which he could do that day. He realised, when he reached the hall, that he had left his hat in the school-room; but just as the butler was preparing to go and fetch it, a rustle of skirts was heard to proceed from somewhere, and Miss Vivian appeared with the missing article in her hand. "All right, Berry," she said. "I'll let Sir Rawlin out. I was waiting to bring you this. Do you see how dark it's grown. I'll show you your way down the drive. You didn't want to go, did you, without saying good-bye to me? No," she exclaimed, taking his arm, as they emerged into the mild obscurity, "you mustn't go that way, or you'll fall over a hundred flower-pots. And now tell me how you got on with Aunt Susannah." His answer appeared to satisfy her. "Well," she resumed presently, "and Nina, and Oswald, and Mr. Hugo—do you think us all quite out of our senses? Poor Mr. Hugo, he was in love with me for three weeks, and so was Oswald, but they soon got tired of that."

"My dear," said Sir Rawlin, "I thought them all delightful. But here we are at the gates. Thank you for your escort, and good-bye."

She took hold of the lapels of his coat. He could feel, though he could hardly see, her eyes through the darkness, looking at him. He knew that, like her eyes, her lips were also lifted. But, whatever his inclinations, he did not even stoop towards her. "Must you go?" she said. "Well, I suppose you must. You'll come and see me again. Will you do that—or won't you?"

His voice was less under his own control than his body. "Nest," he replied, "you needn't ask. I've settled it all with your aunt. I hope to see you again very soon indeed."

He walked away hardly conscious of the manner in which he had just addressed her, but touched with the embarrassing and almost painful feeling of one whom a stray animal has followed uninvited home.

(To be continued.)

A GREAT OCCULTIST OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

No one has yet been inspired to attempt the production of a coherent biography of Count St. Germain. So little, indeed, would the importance of such an undertaking be generally understood, that even in the cultivated world at large one may doubt whether coherent impressions concerning the illustrious personage referred to will be found among any large percentage even of those who are students of eighteenth century literature.

St. Germain's career was curiously meteoric, and his personality one which cannot be easily focussed in imagination. He played a conspicuous part in eighteenth century politics, was long the confidential friend of Louis XV., was intimately associated with distinguished representatives of the Russian aristocracy, played a part in diplomacy which brought him into close relations with the British Government in 1760, and is known to have been at the Court of Louis XVI. some eight or nine years before the outbreak of the Revolution, and to have given Marie Antoinette emphatic warning concerning the impending danger. But these achievements by themselves would not have invested the Count with a minute fraction of the claims on our regard which he actually possesses. He was known, indeed, to many of those who have left narratives concerning him in their memoirs, as a wonder worker and a representative of occult or magical knowledge, but it is only in recent years, since a fuller light has been cast upon the true significance of such knowledge, that we are enabled to appre-

ciate the place that St. Germain actually occupied in the history of occultism, to form some conjectural estimate as to the actual dignity of the spiritual progress he had already achieved within the limits of the eighteenth century, and even to look forward to a later period and venture on speculations concerning his probable place in Nature at this moment. The truth of the matter, whether it be gathered from the scattered records of his passage across the European firmament during the eighteenth century, or whether it be gathered by means of abnormal means of investigation in possession of a few among those who represent the advanced occult knowledge of our own period, the truth clearly is that the Count St. Germain belonged, and therefore still belongs, to the great Adept hierarchy, so little understood in the world generally as yet, but which nevertheless, to an extent that is almost dazzling to the imagination to those who know, influences the affairs of the unconscious world.

Perhaps before beginning to trace as far as we are enabled by means of various eighteenth century memoirs, which refer to him, the actual course of the Count St. Germain's life, it may be well to quote from them passages which will explain to those unfamiliar with the subject, the curious excitement which his presence frequently aroused in the cities he visited; the evidences, that is to say of his abnormal power, knowledge, and faculties of prevision. Among the most interesting of such narratives that of the Countess D'Adhémar, entitled "Souvenirs de Marie Antoinette," certainly claims attention. The Countess D'Adhémar, who died in 1822, had been an intimate friend of the French Queen, and her memoirs constitute a literary treasure of extreme rarity. But one in four volumes exists in a private Russian library, from which extracts were made for the service of a series of articles published several years ago in the "Theosophical Review" by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley. It is only fair to give this lady the credit she deserves for the painstaking industry with which she collected from a great number of difficultly accessible sources, the scattered references to the Count, which will be made use of in the compilation of the narrative I am now endeavouring to put together, But to persevere with the plan of first of all explaining St. Germain's claims on our interest, let me begin with the Countess

D'Adhémar's recollections of a visit he paid her in Paris about the year 1779 or 1780. The memoir is not explicit as regards the actual date, but in so far as it is evident from the story itself, that De Maurepas was still a leading adviser of the King, and as he died in 1781, the interview between St. Germain and Marie Antoinette which Countess D'Adhémar describes, could not have taken place at a later date than that just named.

The Countess describes herself as surprised and delighted at the reappearance of St. Germain, whom she had not seen for eight years. She refers to him as "a man of miracles," and says, no one knew in the least what had become of him during the eight years in question. She finds him looking fresh and well, and almost grown younger. "He paid me the same compliment, but it may be doubted whether it was as sincere as mine." As we go on with our investigations we shall find that whoever meets St. Germain, no matter at what period during the eighteenth century such meeting takes place, describes him as looking a man of vigorous middle age, about 40 or 50, and yet, as we shall see from later evidences, when he appeared of about that age to the Countess D'Adhémar, it must have been over 80 years since the actual period of his birth. Nothing more completely establishes for those who comprehend the significance of such conditions, the adept development of Count St. Germain than the fact, that in this way he had the secret of warding off the approach of what we commonly call old age.

He explains to the Countess D'Adhémar that he desires her to arrange for him an interview with the Queen. Madame D'Adhémar suggests that he should first seek an audience with de Maurepas, but this he declines to do. De Maurepas was one of the only two men whom we find referred to in the memoirs before us, as enemies of Count St. Germain. All others speak of him with affection as well as with reverence, and describe him as engaged invariably in doing good. But de Maurepas once wrote a satirical epigram directed against Madame de Pompadour during that lady's *regime*. He was exiled in consequence, and was under the impression (apparently the delusion) that the original manuscript, identifying him as the writer of the offensive lines, had been sent to the Marquise by St. Germain; so he entertained a bitter

animosity against the Count. The only other enemy the Count seems ever to have had was the Duke de Choiseul, a minister of Louis XV. at the time St. Germain was sent to England and The Hague, as the King's secret agent. De Choiseul was bitterly jealous of this arrangement, and hated St. Germain accordingly.

Madame d'Adhémar duly arranges the interview with the Queen and it leads to very thrilling revelations. It is more than worth while at this point to quote the passage from the memoirs written up, we are told, from a diary kept at the time by Madame d'Adhémar.

We entered through the cabinets, Madame de Misery conducted us into the private room where the Queen was awaiting us. She rose with affable dignity.

"Monsieur le Comte," she said to him, "Versailles is a place which is familiar to you."

"Madame, for nearly twenty years I was on intimate terms with the late king; he deigned to listen to me with kindness; he made use of my poor abilities on several occasions, and I do not think that he regretted having given me his confidence."

"You have wished Madame d'Adhémar to bring you to me; I have great affection for her, and I do not doubt that what you have to tell me deserves listening to."

"The Queen," answered the Count in a solemn voice, "will in her wisdom weigh what I am about to confide to her. The Encyclopædist party desire power: they will only obtain it by the absolute downfall of the clergy, and to ensure this result they will overthrow the monarchy. This party who seek a chief among the members of the royal family, have turned their eyes on the Duc de Chartres; this prince will become the tool of men who will sacrifice him as soon as he has ceased to be useful to them; the crown of France will be offered him, and he will find the scaffold instead of the throne. But before this day of retribution, what cruelties! what crimes! Law will no longer be the protection of the good and the terror of the wicked. It is these last who will seize power with their blood-stained hands; they will abolish the Catholic religion, the nobility, the magistracy."

"So that nothing but royalty will be left!" interrupted the Queen impatiently.

"Not even royalty!...but a greedy republic, whose sceptre will be the axe of the executioner."

At these words I could not contain myself, and taking upon me to interrupt the Count in the Queen's presence.

"Monsieur!" I cried, "do you think of what you are saying, and to whom you are speaking?"

"In truth," added Marie Antoinette, a little agitated, "these are things that my ears are not accustomed to hear."

"And it is in the gravity of the circumstances that I find this boldness," coolly replied M. de St. Germain. "I have not come with the intention of paying a hòmage to the Queen of which she must be weary, but indeed to point out to her the dangers which threaten her crown, if prompt measures are not taken to avert them."

Although a long time had yet to elapse before the justice of these forecasts could be appreciated, the Count's prescience was made manifest to Madame D'Adhémar in another way. When they left the Queen's presence he told her that he did not propose to remain more than four days in France. The Countess asked him why he started so soon, and he said:—

"The Queen will repeat to the King what I have said to her, Louis XVI. will tell it again in his turn to M. de Maurepas, this minister will draw up a warrant (*lettre de cachet*) against me, and the head of the police will have orders to put it into execution. I know how these things are done, and I have no desire to go to the Bastille."

"What would it matter to you? You would get out through the key-hole!"

"I prefer not to need recourse to a miracle. Farewell, Madame."

"But if the King should summon you?"

"I will return."

"How shall you know it?"

"I have the means of doing so; do not trouble yourself on that point."

"Meanwhile I shall be compromised!"

"Not so; farewell."

To the minutest details the events that immediately followed

justified these anticipations, but although we always find the Count referred to by those who meet him as a worker of wonders, a "miracle-man," as the Countess calls him, manifestations of whatever may have been his unusual powers were but rarely given. In this way again we recognise, in the light of more modern knowledge, the true representative of the higher occultism, concerned simply with the loftier developments of human progress and not with the pride of abnormal power. But many years before the interview with Marie Antoinette, while the Count was at the Court of Louis XV., it became known that he carried on mysterious chemical experiments in a laboratory, and possessed some curious secrets concerning precious stones. In the memoirs of Mme. du Hausset, we have an anecdote bearing upon this matter.

"The King," says she, "ordered a middling-sized diamond which had a flaw in it to be brought to him. After having it weighed, his Majesty said to the Comte, 'The value of this diamond as it is is six thousand livres; without the flaw it would be worth at least ten thousand. Will you undertake to make me a gainer of four thousand livres?' St. Germain examined it very attentively, and said, 'It is possible, it may be done, I will bring it to you again in a month.'

"At the time appointed the Comte de St. Germain brought back the diamond without a spot, and gave it to the King. It was wrapped in a cloth of amianthos, which he took off. The King had it weighed immediately, and found it very little diminished. His Majesty then sent it to his jeweller by M. de Gontaut, without telling him of anything that had passed. The jeweller gave him nine thousand six hundred livres for it. The King, however, sent for the diamond back again, and said he would keep it as a curiosity. He could not overcome his surprise, and said M. de St. Germain must be worth millions, especially if he possessed the secret of making large diamonds out of small ones. The Comte neither said that he could or could not, but positively asserted that he knew how to make pearls grow, and give them the finest water. The King paid him great attention, and so did Madame du Pompadour, M. du Quesnoy once said that St. Germain was a quack, but the King reprimanded him. In fact, His Majesty appears infatuated

with him, and sometimes talks of him as if his descent were illustrious."

And a more remarkable performance is recorded by a certain Franz Gräffer, apparently a member of some mysterious masonic or Rosicrucian societies existing in Vienna at the time, and bearing such names as "Die Asiatischen Brüder," "Die Ritter des Lichts." At a date not exactly identified, but evidently near the close of the century, Gräffer describes how a report got about that the Count St. Germain "the most enigmatical of all incomprehensibles," was in Vienna. Members of the Societies just referred to, and of others of the kind were thrilled with excitement. Gräffer and his brother rushed from place to place trying to find him, at first without success. But "an obscure presentiment," the writer tells us, induced them to seek for him at a certain laboratory in the Landstrasse, kept for the use of those who were pursuing alchemical researches. There, to their surprise and delight they find St. Germain quietly seated at a table reading. He meets them with courtesy, and addresses them by name, adding that they have such and such letters of introduction to him in their possession, but that these are not needed. The conversation that then ensued involved references by the Count to the early lives of the visitors, and then he performs a curious feat, with a view apparently of impressing their imaginations. It does not strike one as of great occult dignity, though obviously impossible of accomplishment by common place means.

"The Count asked for writing materials; Linden brought them. The Wundermann cuts from a sheet of paper two quarters of the sheet, place them quite close to each other, and seizes a pen with either hand simultaneously. He writes with both, half a page, signed, alike, and says: 'You collect autographs, sir; choose one of these sheets, it is a matter of indifference which; the content is the same.' 'No, it is magic,' exclaim both friends, 'stroke for stroke both handwritings agree, no trace of difference; unheard of!'

"The writer smiles, places both sheets on one another; holds them up against the window pane; it seems as if there were only one writing to be seen, so exactly is the one the facsimile of the other; they appear as if they were impressions from the same copper-plate."

Later on he informs his new friends that he is about to leave Vienna, being needed in Constantinople, and afterwards in England, adding 'Towards the end of this century I shall disappear out of Europe and betake myself to the regions of the Himalayas. I will rest. I must rest. Exactly in 85 years people will again set eyes on me.' After solemnly uttering these words the Count makes a sign of farewell, his visitors leave him, but are apparently driven back by a sudden thunderstorm. They return to the laboratory for shelter, they open the door, but St. Germain was there no longer.

Although, as already stated, the date of this interview is not given, collateral indications show that it must have taken place in the year '98 or '90. That was not the latest date at which St. Germain was seen before the long period of his retirement, for the Countess D'Adhémar declares that in fulfilment of a previous prophecy made by St. Germain about the year 1793 she saw him five times. The prophecy had been uttered in connection with a warning he gave her of the approaching sad fate of the Queen, and when she asked him, would she see him again, he replied "Five times more, do not wish for the sixth." In her memoir she says:

"I saw M. de St. Germain again, and always to my unspeakable surprise; at the assassination of the Queen; at the coming of the 18th Brumaire; the day following the death of the Duke D'Enghien (1804); in the month of January, 1813; and on the eve of the murder of the Duke de Berri (1820). I await the sixth visit when God wills."

Madame D'Adhémar herself died in the year 1822, and if we assume that she had some deeper spiritual relationship with the Count than that which had to do with her mere acquaintance on this plane of life, it may be assumed that the sixth meeting was on the occasion of her passage to the next state of existence.

So now, without searching the memoirs for further illustrations of the Count's normal gifts and acquirements, let us turn to the evidence, such as it is, which relates to his birth and course through life. The search for definite information under this head is considerably embarrassed by the fact that he certainly passed by different names at different periods. In various ways

the writers, who refer to him under these different names identify him clearly as our Count, and at all events in his case there is no need to seek for any discreditable motive such as that which may be suspected when many aliases are adopted by a man leading the life of an adventurer. The Count was never in pecuniary need, and in view of the tolerably certain conclusion we reach, that he was the son of Prince Franz Leopold Ragoczy, we need not be surprised at finding him always in command of abundant resources. And by this name he is very often known. He appeared at Leipzig in 1777, as Prince Ragoczy, was known by his friends there as the man who had been known elsewhere as the Count St. Germain, and sometimes, as at Anspach, a little later, he preferred to call himself Count or Graf Tzarogy—an anagram of the other name. Prince Karl, of Hesse, in certain "Mémoires de mon Temps," published in Copenhagen, in 1861, tells us that St. Germain recounted his personal history, without reserve, to him.

"He told me that he was eight-eight years of age when he came here, and that he was the son of Prince Ragoczy, of Transylvania, by his first wife, a Tékéli. He was placed, when quite young, under the care of the last Duc de Medici (Gian Gastone), who made him sleep, while still a child, in his own room. When M. de St. Germain learned that his two brothers, sons of the Princess of Hesse-Wahnfried (Rhein-fels) had become subject to the Emperor Charles VI., and had received the titles and names of St. Karl and St. Elizabeth, he said to himself: 'Very well, I will call myself Sanctus Germano, the Holy Brother.' I cannot in truth, guarantee his birth, but that he was tremendously protected by the Duc de Medici I have learnt from another source."

The Ragoczy family had formerly exercised sovereignty in Transylvania, but had been dispossessed by the Austrians. The grandfather of our hero lost his life in a hopeless effort to regain his rights. His son, father of our hero, was brought up at Vienna, and the Ragoczy property, representing very considerable wealth, was restored to him when he came of age. Then in 1694 he married the daughter of a German Landgraf, and had two sons, at dates that are not discernible. A German writer on the subject tells us that the eldest undoubtedly died in Turkey. The second brother seems to have disappeared, but Prince Franz Leo-

pold's will refers also to a third son, who may have been our hero, who in that case would have been the child of an earlier marriage than that of 1694. Indeed, the Prince Karl's statement represents him as claiming to have been the son of Prince Franz Leopold by his first wife, a Tékéli, in which case his birth would have taken place some years before the date of his second marriage, and this would tend to support a story embodied in certain memoirs of the Baron de Gleichen, interesting as giving us the earliest date mentioned in connection with the Count. It is unacceptable indeed on any hypothesis, for the story is as follows:

"I have heard Rameau and an old relative of a French ambassador at Venice testify to having known M. de St. Germain in 1710, when he had the appearance of a man of fifty years of age."

Now in 1710, if the Count really was Franz Leopold Ragoczy's son, by the marriage of 1694, he could not have been more than 14 or 15 years of age in 1710, although by the assumption that he was a child of an earlier marriage than that mentioned above, he might in 1710 have been a little over twenty. Indeed, that would have been about his age if, as there seems some reason to suppose, the date at which he claimed in conversation with the Prince of Hesse, to have been 88 years old, was 1777 or '8. That would throw back the date of his birth to about 1689, and for other reasons to be considered later this correction of the birth date we should have to use if we regarded him as one of the sons of the second marriage, is helpful towards establishing the probabilities of some other conjectures to be considered later.

In 1737, or between that year and 1872, the Count appears to have been in Persia, but of his business there no detailed narrative is obtainable. In 1745 he was in England, and later on, in 1760, at the Hague, engaged in the diplomatic service of Louis XV. A collection of old diplomatic despatches, formerly in the possession of Sir Andrew Mitchell, and now at the British Museum, contain many references to the Count.

In one letter from General Yorke then apparently British representative at the Hague, to the Earl of Holdernesse, the writer describes the Count's arrival, speaking of him as that extraordinary man known by the name of Count St. Germain,

"who resided some time in England, where he did nothing; and has, within these two or three years, resided in France, where he has been upon the most familiar footing with the French King, Madame Pompadour, M. de Belleisle, etc., which has procured him a grant of the Royal Castle of Chambord, and has enabled him to make a certain figure in that country."

The Count discussed the political situation with General Yorke, and showed him as credentials, letters and documents, which the General describes as undoubtedly authentic. It is hardly necessary here to review the whole narrative of the interview. Lord Holdernesse, writing back, says that the King, George II., approved the General's conduct in holding the interview, but enjoins the utmost caution, as St. Germain, no matter how genuine his credentials, might certainly be disavowed with little ceremony if the French Court thought it convenient to do so. Shortly afterwards the Count came over to England, but the Duc de Choiseul emphatically disavowed him, and for a time he was under arrest. Lord Holdernesse speaks as having recommended him to take refuge in the Prussian dominions to escape the animosity of the Duc de Choiseul. It is difficult to ascertain whether he followed this advice, but about this period we find Voltaire writing to Frederic the Great to the effect that the political secrets of the time were said to be only known to a Monsieur de St. Germain, "a man who never dies and who knows everything."

No especial purpose would be served here by speaking of the scattered hints concerning the Count's movements during the next few years. He seems to have been in Brussels in the year '63, probably in Berlin in the year '69, in Corsica in the year '70, when he is also identified as having been at Leghorn during a visit of the Russian fleet to that town, when he was evidently on terms of very intimate friendship with Russian officers of high rank who accompanied it. Still, in the year '70 he seems to have returned to Paris, when the death of the Duc de Choiseul relieved him of any special anxieties connected with the hostility of that minister. From that date the records before us afford no suggestion of how he spent the years that elapsed before his famous interview with Marie Antoinette.

At the outset of this paper I spoke of the Count as one who evidently, by reason of all that is known about him, must have belonged to the great adept hierarchy, in which case, as a matter of course, his activities would not come to an end, even with the exhaustion, if that eventually occurred, of the vitality belonging to the body in which he carried on the activities above recorded. And, indeed, it is an open secret among those who are seriously concerned with the developments of modern occultism, that he is still playing a part in the affairs of the world. It may be that during the 85 years that he said would elapse, if we take the Gräffer recollections to have been accurate—between the completion of his then current activities in Europe and his return—it may be that in this interval he found it convenient to accept a new incarnation. It may be that he found it possible to maintain the activities of the same body in which he lived throughout the eighteenth century. To readers quite unfamiliar with occult experience, such suggestions as these will appear no doubt to be ludicrous. But that will be due to the ignorance of those who entertain such an opinion, and not to the inherent absurdity of the hypotheses themselves. We know enough concerning the abnormal possibilities of life in connection with those who attain exalted rank in the adept hierarchy to be familiar with examples, both of immediate reincarnation and of extraordinarily protracted life. That great adepts can maintain the activity of one body through more than one century is for those in the inner circles of modern occult knowledge, an established truth; as also that entities representing an advanced condition of adeptship can control their own incarnations and reappear on this plane of life almost directly after any given body is worn out, if their duty is such as to render their continued touch of worldly activities desirable. So the life history of St. Germain is one of fascinating interest from the point of view of the occult student, and even greater interest may attach to speculations, not without plausibility, which send us back through modern history in search of possible incarnations which may, at still earlier periods, have led up to that we have here been discussing. The further prosecution of the inquiry, however, may more conveniently be preserved for another opportunity.

A. P. SINNETT.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

WHAT constitutes the right to assume the name of Christ? What constitutes being a Christian?

Two answers will be given to this question. There are some who will say "Belief in Christ," others will say "following the teachings of Christ." It may be suggested that the former postulates the latter as a matter of necessity, but such I mean to prove is by no means the case. My contention is that by far the larger number of professing Christians believe in the Christ, that is to say believe in his Divinity and saving power, but make no attempts to follow the majority of his commands, taking for granted the undoubted fact that to follow Christianity to the letter is impossible to present day civilisation. In other words they accept the dogma and reject the ethics.

I am not here concerned with whether this attitude be right or wrong. I shall only endeavour to prove this fact to lie at the root of the wide-spread dissatisfaction with the Christian religion which never before in history has been so marked as it is now amongst the ever-growing numbers of serious and intelligent persons.

Such persons will answer my question "What constitutes a Christian" by unhesitatingly replying, "following the teachings of Christ." Nothing short of this will satisfy them, and because of the utter impossibility of doing so, Christianity as a religion fails to convince them. Such persons are seeking a religion to which they can assent with their lives as well as their lips. They are no

longer content with reliance on dogma, what they demand is reliance on *action*, and they look at the precepts of Christ and see that in this world they have no effective existence.

To such persons the dulcet admonition "Follow Christ as far as you are able. Do your best and leave the rest," has no significance. Their contention is that a religion, to be of use to them, must be one to which all their actions of daily life can be applied and brought into uniformity. In a Christian country such as this the law of the land precludes such a possibility. To follow the commands of Christ would mean coming into instant conflict with the State.

An eminent ecclesiastic not very long ago told us with perfect honesty that were the commands of "the sermon on the Mount" lived up to, this country would at once cease to be a great power. Here we have a direct repudiation of the teachings of the Christ coming under the heading of practical politics. Let us try to see what this means. Is it merely a careless statement, or is it an irrefutable fact?

Whilst there is much in the sayings of the Nazarene which if adhered to would bring Heaven down to earth, there is very much more which it would be absolutely wrong to follow literally. This, I think, must be conceded by those who have patience to pursue my argument. To turn the left cheek after having been smitten on the right, to give up your cloak after having your coat filched from you, to give to every beggar and lend to every borrower would throw the land into the possession of cowards, assaulters and thieves. It would encourage idleness and crime, and absolutely abolish self respect. Such meekness as would be implied by following the first of those admonitions would degenerate into nothing short of fawning servility. The second admonition, if literally complied with, would not be an incentive to keeping a decent coat on one's back. Beggars and borrowers are too often idle wastrels, the really deserving neither beg nor borrow. To take no thought for the morrow is not the advice we follow, but the advice we absolutely condemn and punish by law. We speak in disparagement when we say of a man "He takes no thought for the morrow," yet it is very clearly commended by Christ and several times reiterated. When men

revile and persecute us we don't consider ourselves at all blest, we neither rejoice nor are we "exceeding glad," even if the persecution be for the sake of our faith. We at once invoke the law of the land or claim protection of the police court. We hold that our beliefs are essentially our own, and it is an impertinence which may degenerate into insult to have them questioned. We sincerely pity the Christian Martyrs; no one regards them as particularly lucky individuals. "When ye pray use not vain repetition," "When ye pray enter into your closet," are clear enough instructions, with, attached to them strong condemnation for those who pray in public, in street or church, yet we ignore this teaching every week by attending public worship, and joining in the "vain repetitions" of the Prayer Book. It is one of the many instances where the words of the Master are ignored for those of the Disciple. The teachings of St. Paul have far more influence upon so called Christianity than have the teachings of the original founder.

"Swear not at all," says the Christ. We swear in every J.P., M.P., and every witness.

Swearing is an organised institution of the British nation.

"Thou shalt do no murder." This command we take heed of by providing a public hangman, and keeping up an army of about one hundred and fifty thousand professional slayers. Did we not we should very shortly become the property of the first invader.

It will be argued that killing in war and murder are two very different things. So they are, according to the light that one looks at them in. Fundamentally there is no difference. One man murders another, let us say for seducing his mistress, he is hanged for it, as was the guardsman whom Oscar Wilde immortalised in his poem on "Reading Gaol." Another soldier murders a man or many for defending his own lands or trying to grab the lands of someone else. I will be told this is patriotism. I entirely concur. Being one of those who hold that a Christian means one who follows the teachings of Christ, I don't mind what it is called, so long as it is not called Christianity. I believe the British soldier to be a splendid fellow, I would only point out that killing a man is opposed to the teachings of Jesus, who made no reservations regarding patriotism, no mention of preserving one's

own, save to enveigh against it. All Christian institutions publish lists of subscribers to their charities, this, and the plate handed round in church are in direct violation of Christ's commands.

The bag or plate is passed to the congregation while the clergyman reads out the verse "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Those words obviously refer to a mode of life. The verse "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them" obviously refers to money. This verse is, at this juncture of the Church service omitted

By taking no thought for our raiment we would soon cease to look like civilized beings. Self regard demands the rejection of this command; indeed, I consider that one of the most serious difficulties in the way of following the majority of Christ's behests is, that it would mean the complete surrender of self-respect. Such meekness as turning the other cheek, giving up also the cloak, taking no heed for the morrow, or wherewith ye shall be clothed, all, if faithfully adhered to, would engender a state of passive indifference no decent living man would care to sink down into.

A sense of law, order and fairness precludes our paying much attention to "Judge not." We cannot at present get on without our law courts. We may refrain from passing judgment outwardly, but in our hearts we instantly judge one way or the other. It is often a necessity of daily life to judge those who are in our employment, or in trying to preserve the balance of equity for those with whom we are brought into contact.

"Fool" is one of our commonest expressions of good-natured, sometimes ill-natured, contempt, yet we know that The Christ threatened the user of it with hell fire. The case of the rich young man, who had kept all the commandments and was still required to part with all his worldly goods would mean to us the annihilation of all ambition and healthy striving after a material welfare, and our power to assist others. Scorn and hatred of wealth is often the result of a nature too proud or too lazy to struggle out of poverty by engaging in the industries it despises. Yet, again and again in the Gospels Christ goes back to his fierce condemnation of wealth.

After giving forth those commands the Christ says: "Every one that heareth those sayings of mine and doeth them not shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon sand." "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the Kingdom of Heaven." "He that is not with me is against me." Would Christ consider that we, as professing Christians, are with him or against him?

Protectionists are with Mr. Chamberlain. Free traders are against him. Many Free traders agree that there is much that is fine and patriotic in Mr. Chamberlain's nature, but in practical politics they are against him. Many Christians agree that there is much that is fine and noble in the teachings of Christ, but in practical politics they are against him. Can we be said to be with Christ when there are so few of his commandments we can keep? Is it not true of us "in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

I am not, as I have said before, concerned here with the question are we right or are we wrong? I merely state an irrefutable fact, that Christians act in a manner diametrically opposed to by far the larger number of Christ's explicit injunctions: those ordinances which he clearly laid down as a foundation of life, and as a code of moral ethics.

Here I will take note of the contention many Christians put forth, who yet honestly agree with what I have stated. They say "Yes, it is true we must ignore all the principal commands of Christ in this our present undeveloped state of civilisation, but they are teachings we all subscribe to in our hearts, and hope that in a future stage of the world's progress they will become feasible." It is just this pious hope which is so valueless to thinkers of the present day. A religion which has not been adhered to for one hour since its foundation two thousand years ago, excepting by the immediate disciples of Christ who took him literally, and which shows no likelihood of being adopted for the next two thousand years to come, is, they say, no real assistance or help for present day requirements. To the honest thinker is there not something to be said for this attitude of mind? To such persons religion is not an affair of one day in the week, it concerns

every hour of their lives. This state of disaffection the Church scorns and repudiates, in place of trying to fulfil its *raison d'être*, that of aiding the spiritual development of all and sundry.

I will now take note of a retort which I am certain must have arisen in the minds of many of my readers. A retort which is the commonest defence put forth against my assertions. "Christ did not mean that. One must not take the Gospels literally." This is the retort orthodox Christians make the most use of, yet these selfsame people repudiate with the utmost violence all attempts to apply the "Higher criticism" to the "New Testament." When students of the Bible assert that there are many interpolations, mistranslations, &c., they will hear none of it. "Leave me the Bible as it is. I look upon it as the inspired Word of God. I shall not hear it attacked," they cry. I consider the fact that the Christ practised what he preached sufficient proof that He meant what he said. His life was absolutely consistent with His words. If it be true what so many Christians assert, that Christ did *not* mean what he said, argument is at an end. Clearly every man has a right to put what construction he pleases on the "sayings." *I base my construction upon the clear and precise words which are given to us as the words Christ uttered.* Taking my stand, for once on the orthodox platform, I take the "New Testament" to be, as the Church asserts in the Thirty-Nine Articles, "All the books of the New Testament as they are commonly received, we do receive, and account them canonical." *I take the Christ to mean what he says*, his whole ministry refutes any supposed juggling with words. When he speaks in Parables he says so. When he says "thou shalt do no murder," I conclude he means that I am not to take the life of another. I cannot read into the simple words any reservation, or precise methods of killing which would *not* constitute murder. When he says "take heed that ye do not your alms before men," I infer he means that no one should see me give money in charity. I can discover no hint that in church or in the public subscription list I may display my generosity. When he says "take no thought for the morrow," "what ye shall eat or drink," "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and repeats this several times, I can only conclude he means me to ignore all provision for the week to come. This

command I neglect entirely, as it would seriously inconvenience others. Destitutes follow in a great measure this command, from sheer force of circumstances, yet, though we are told "your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things" (food, drink and clothing) men, women and children die of destitution every day.

I will now emphasise some of the extreme beauties of Christ's teachings. It cannot be truthfully said that they are exclusively His, as they are to be found in the much older teachings of Confucius and Buddha, but they are essentially spiritual doctrines, which should be followed, which all the world knows ought to be followed. I leave my readers to answer for themselves the question whether or not they share a better fate than those commands which are clearly impossible for us to obey.

Foremost I shall put the command Christ placed first. The love of God before all else. I have no doubt the Almighty ought to be that which we adore before all else, but we certainly fall very short of doing what we ought in this respect. Love, as we know and understand love, is just that one state of feeling which it is impossible to offer to the Great Unknown. Awe, reverence, veneration and fear. Yes! We can all understand those feelings in regard to the Creator. I doubt if any created being on this earth loves God in the only way humanity can comprehend the word, though I believe love to be widely expended on the personality of Christ. Christ was a man of whom we can all mentally sketch a supposititious prototype. Of God, the absolutely aloof, unknown and inconceivable, we can form no impression whatsoever.

"Do unto others as ye would that men should do unto you." This, if always borne in mind, would entirely alter the universe. To be merciful, pure in heart, and a peacemaker are three superlative virtues all may strive to cultivate. To lay up for ourselves treaures in heaven is surely our first necessity, to be spiritually minded is life, and the only life which can be said to provide any lasting satisfaction. From these commands flow out all the most advanced spiritual guidance, their ramifications if traced to their sequence would constitute perfect saintdom. If the Christ's 'Gospel of the Kingdom" had consisted of nothing else it

would have sufficed as a perfect code of morals, but the teachings do consist of a very great deal more, and that the major portion must be absolutely excluded from every day life renders Christianity practically worthless to an enormous number of thinkers, who refuse to assume the official appellation, whilst they do not follow the ethics of the founder.

I by no means ignore the vast body of earnest and spiritually-minded persons who take heed only of the mystic and occult side of Christianity. They are mainly composed of those who, without realising it, are more nearly in touch with the apostles than with the Master. What Christ actually said is but a small foundation upon which to rear an extensive fabric of mental development, but Paul, the Initiate, has given us much on which to found a widely diffused system of advanced spirituality.

If the four Gospels are carefully studied, they demonstrate not so much the utterances of a spiritual mystic, as a vigorous crusade against those very laws and observances upon which our civilisation is founded. Christ is not so much the spiritual teacher as the marvellous bodily healer, and the revolutionary propagandist. It is a common saying that we are outgrowing Christianity. What is true is that we have largely manipulated Christianity to suit ourselves. Even the Churches are relinquishing the doctrine of hell fire, yet it is impossible to conceive that Christ had not a firm belief in it, that he believed in the imminent destruction of the world I think must be logically conceded, else the whole reliability of his sayings go for nothing. It is folly to extract a prominent doctrine which he propounded and affirm that it has no reality. If Christ was wrong about hell why should he be right when he says "In my Father's house there are many mansions?" Again and again he laid the greatest stress upon the coming in that generation of the Kingdom of Heaven. If, as we are sometimes told, he referred to the coming of a spiritual kingdom in the hearts of men and not to a material manifestation, why then did he leave his Apostles in possession of so very erroneous a belief?

If one asks the question what moral axiom, outside Christianity, is to-day most powerful for good in the hearts of men, I think it would be universally conceded by thinkers that *Honour*

holds the foremost place in the moralizing and unifying of our world. This sense of honour demands fair treatment, not self-abnegation. It demands thought for the morrow to provide for the dependent. It demands restitution for wrong and the calling of the guilty to justice, all of which is in direct contradiction to Christ's teaching. The sisters of honour are courage, independence and self-respect, all three of which we account virtues, but which are condemned by Christ. The honour which is rightly accorded to a man who by his own exertions has risen from poverty to wealth, the honour a man is accorded who by strenuous fighting and resistance has saved his country, are in direct conflict with the Master's words. The patriotism and courage of the soldier, the perseverance of the civilian who wins his way to the fore-front of the battle of life have nothing poor in spirit, they exhibit no meekness nor turning of the other cheek. Patriotism was by Christ sternly discouraged.

Independence is the first fruits of reason and intellect, which if not to be used why then were they given to us? Self-respect must preserve the possessor from the passivity ordered by Christ, else it sinks into abjectness.

This sense of honour, which I believe to be the highest sense of morality held by men and women of the present day, is a mental possession derived from, where?

By no metaphor, by no twisting and turning of the words of Christ can it be traced to Christianity. The word is used "Honour thy Father and thy Mother," but in no sense has it the same significance as the personal possession of honour held by all right thinking persons.

Now let us note a strange inconsistency practised by professing Christians. Whilst utterly failing to keep the principal commandments of Christ they agitate wildly over the keeping of commands He never issued. They are adepts at straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel. A man will go to law with his neighbour on the slightest provocation, for something much less insulting than a smite on the cheek, yet that man will passionately refuse to countenance, let us say the playing of golf on Sunday. He has made a commandment for himself. Not content with doing no work on Sunday he has originated the command "Thou shalt not play on

Sunday," and he is far more particular in seeing that his commandment is kept, then he is about the keeping of Christ's. What Christ said about the Sabbath is nothing to him, what he personally thinks is all that signifies. It is the same with church attendance. He can search the Scriptures word for word, he will find condemnation for those who pray in church (Matt., 5th, 6th and following verses), but he will not find a command to go to church, yet having framed his own decree that church is to be attended he despises those who abstain. Like many others he places the servant before the Master. He ignores the Christ and follows the apostles. A little thought will prove how universal this attitude is.

I think I have said enough to prove that no amount of sophistry and elusive argument can put aside the incontestable fact that the main teachings of the Gospels are absolutely ignored in the present day. This fact may be, and no doubt is, disregarded by the bulk of Christians, but it by no means escapes the notice of the thinker. He sees a very curious anomaly which is going on in the world, though as a rule, in a stratum of society which eludes the cognisance of the well-to-do and upper classes, and entirely escapes the notice of the church. He sees existing a certain number of men and women who are actually following out the most impossible mandates of Christ, and he hears those persons, at the same time, sternly repudiate the name of Christians. They call themselves socialists. This name rarely identifies them, being mainly misunderstood.

I personally know several families in Whitechapel and Bow who are living up to Christ's commands as nearly, I should judge, as it is possible to do and keep out of prison. I can affirm that there is nothing of the very little they have that they won't give to another even more needy, but for the glorious charity of the very poor many more would die of starvation. I have talked to them of saving, they have silenced me by observing it is impossible whilst there are so many destitute. Their extreme meekness renders them absolutely inoffensive, they suffer terrible hardships with an exquisite patience and lightness of heart. They blame no man, they condemn no man, they accept the circumstances of their lives with a tranquility which is a magni-

ficent philosophy. They all repudiate Christianity. Pure Socialists make the strongest stand against that very point which the Christ laid such deep stress upon. The possession of wealth. The little they possess they part with, leading lives of absolute self denial, and they sit daily at meat with publicans and sinners. They condemn war and execution, and they take no thought for the morrow, living literally from hour to hour. They consider retaliation for insult wrong, pitying the aggressor not themselves, and they are passionately addicted to aiding the poor and oppressed.

Like Christianity and every other phase of living and thinking, socialism has its impostors and hypocrites, but also it has its many ardent, sincere votaries. For the thinker, the student of human life, this particular body has a deep significance, a powerful fascination, and indeed he alone takes note of it, for it lives a curiously hidden life. The ordinary observer knows nothing of it but by hearsay. I attribute this to its compactness, its brotherhood and unanimity. Its press organs are many and deeply instructive, but they are unknown in any Christian establishment. The householder who considers himself a decent, law abiding citizen would class them as "revolutionary rags." The West End newspaper boy knows them not. The true Socialist works quietly, unostentatiously, content to gather into the fold those who naturally drift to him by community of spirit. The well-to-do, well-read artisan, is his most enthusiastic supporter.

Several Socialists have been returned to Parliament, but it would be wrong to judge Socialism entirely by those examples. They are representatives who have been purposely pushed forward by the enormous, silent body behind them, to give voice, so far as the world is ready to receive them, to their special tenets. They are, as it were, the "fancy men" of the order. Men who will not look too strange and *outré* beside the smart, well-clothed professing Christian alongside whom they sit. They are men who can be trusted not to take public opinion by the throat, but who will work slowly, stealthily, for the cause always held passionately at heart. Men who will walk warily, and bide their time.

Thus the student of humanity sees a strange thing coming to pass, he sees Christianity literally split in twain. He notes men

and women turning with a fervour unknown before in history to the purely mystical side of Christianity. Recognising in its spiritual side, as demonstrated by the Apostles, its similarity with the great world religions which preceded it, and which still claim the overwhelming majority as their adherents. Ignoring its dogmas, ignoring its edicts, which apply to what may be called practical life, they yet exalt the Syrian carpenter as a spiritual teacher of unsurpassed grandeur. On the other hand, he sees this vast, silent substratum of humanity repudiating the name of Christ, yet following with an enthusiastic fidelity his teachings.

Standing aside, belonging to no sect, no one religion, outside the rush of those two streams the student of men watches and wonders. Will the two streams converge and finally mingle their waters, are they destined always to keep on their separate course, or will time give the power to one to wholly engulf the other? If this be so, which of those two rivers is the one which shall reach the sea of eternal life?

VIOLET TWEEDALE.

THE FALL OF LORD BACON.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

To try and understand and duly reverence truly great men is one of the foremost duties of those who wish to follow in their footsteps; and to clear away, if possible, the misunderstanding which hinders many of us from justly appreciating Francis Bacon, would be to render a service to humanity. Lord Macaulay's essay on Bacon represents him as an impossible mixture, telling us to regard his character with mingled contempt and admiration, aversion and gratitude. But Macaulay merely wrote an essay on the subject. Those who have studied it sufficiently to write biographies, Rawley, Spedding, Hepworth Dixon, and others, are unanimous in showing unstinted admiration for one whom they regard as the greatest and most lovable of men. It is now an open secret, and must in another generation become generally recognised that, as the author of "Shakespeare's" Plays, he deserves the title of the greatest of Englishmen, but for those who already recognise this fact, it is but the threshold of the profound mystery which surrounds him. The more this is explored the more attractive it becomes.

It may not at first sight appear to be a matter of great importance whether a certain public man was or was not guilty of charges laid against him nearly three centuries ago, but, as Gilbert remarked in the libretto of "Patience," "things aren't always what they seem," and the subject before us may illustrate this profound truth.

In order to catch a glimpse of its real importance it is necessary to take account of certain "occult" considerations which may not appeal at once to every reader, but will readily attract the attention of those whose minds have been attuned to them by previous study along any parallel line. By such students, at any rate, Man will be thought of as in essence a Divine being—a son of that Father to whom the Christian Church appeals in the Lord's Prayer—a God, so to speak, in the making; a making which proceeds by a series of incarnations—repeated re-births—in the Great Father's own academy—the world in which we live. The earlier stages of this great lesson (very many lives in fact) are passed by each pupil in turn under the guidance of the great religions of the world, in learning to become a just and decent citizen — law-abiding, honourable and reverent. During this lengthy pilgrimage of many lives, even of the most intelligent see "thro' a glass darkly," being unconscious of its mighty purpose, but sooner or later comes a particular life in which, for the first time we begin to sense the fact that there is a definite goal towards which we can and ought to make conscious and deliberate effort. And when we begin to advance with open eyes we have reached the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil." Then, if a man chooses the path of service to God and man, it is possible in a few lives, taken in quick succession, and without the usual long intervals of rest between the incarnations, to tread what is technically called "The Path of Holiness," or more briefly "the Path," ending in "liberation" from birth and death. In that case his progress becomes rapid out of all proportion to that of the rest of mankind, and culminates in the supreme bliss and glory of the Divine Man,—one of the Saviours of the World.

The man who is in course of treading this Path, rapidly becomes so different from those who have not yet entered it that it is extremely difficult for others to comprehend the conditions under which he lives, or to gauge the motives of a life which is self-less beyond the experience of the world. To use an Eastern simile, his motives are as difficult to trace as the track of a bird in the air. He is also exposed to extraordinary trials and vicissitudes, which would crush a lesser man, but to him are the necessary means of swifter advance. Such trials are referred to as follows by

the Christian Mystic Ruysbroek (a Fleming who was born in 1293 and died in 1381) :—

"Sometimes these unhappy ones are deprived of the good things of earth, of their friends and relations, and are deserted by all the creatures; their holiness is mistrusted and despised, men put a bad construction on all the works of their life, and they are rejected and disdained by all those who surround them; and sometimes they are afflicted with divers diseases."

Such trials were doubtless those of the holy Job, and their purpose and effect are well described by another Christian Mystic—Julyan, Anchoress at Norwich—in a work entitled "Revelations of Divine Love," written in 1373. We read as follows:—

"Our Lord joyeth of the tribulations of his servants with pity and compassion. On each person that he loveth, in order to bring them to His bliss, He layeth something that is no blame in *His* sight, whereby they are blamed and despised in this world, scorned, mocked and outcasted. And this He doeth in order to hinder the harm which they might take from the pomp and vain-glory of this wretched life, and make their way ready to come to Heaven, and upraise them in His bliss everlasting, for He saith: 'I shall wholly break you of your vain affections and your vicious pride, and after that I shall together gather you and make you mild and meek, clean and holy, by being made one with me.'"

Such trials appear to be darkly hinted at, in the Gospel story of Jesus, by the words put into his mouth: "If it be Thy will, let this cup pass from me. Yet not my will, but Thine be done," words which would be inappropriate in the mouth of the Christ—the Divine Man—but which truthfully represent the mental attitude of the man not yet fully conscious of his own Divine nature. There is reason to believe that, like all other Scriptures, the Gospels contain teaching suited for the needs of various classes of men. For the uninstructed, whose intelligence is still comparatively unevolved, there is the life story of the great Teacher, but interwoven with this are information and teaching adapted for those of a more intellectual nature who are approaching the commencement of the "The Path," and it appears not improbable that when we look for this inner meaning we shall find a good deal which relates to the experiences of the man who

is actually treading that Path; who is, in fact, in course of becoming a Christos (meaning in Greek anointed), a "Saviour of the world."

Let us now endeavour to understand the real nature and meaning of those events in the life of Francis Bacon, which are concerned with his fall—prepared to find that careful discrimination is necessary if we would understand his real character and motives, uninfluenced by the natural tendency to accept the superficial appearances of things, and to save ourselves the trouble of looking for that truth which often lies rather at the bottom of the well than at the top.

It is but rarely that such lives of trial are lived in the full glare of publicity that falls on a man of high rank and office, like Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, Keeper of the Great Seal, and Lord Chancellor of England. In order to carry with it a sense of reality for the man thus tried, the *appearance* of disgrace and abandonment had to be complete at the time in the eyes of the world, but the earnest study which has since been directed to the comprehension of Bacon's character renders it possible for us to penetrate the obscurity which confused the understanding of so many of his contemporaries; and what do we find? A man who considered—to use his own words—that "money is like muck, of no use unless it be spread," and who having spent it royally while he had it, in the service of God and man, had absolutely no savings to fall back on when suddenly deprived of office and income—a most astonishing state of things if he had really been fond enough of money to be guilty of corruption.

The story of the impeachment in the House of Lords is in principle a simple one, although much detail about it will be found in his biographies. We have a long string of 23 accusations, intended by their number to cloak the fact that there was nothing in them, being nearly all false or irrelevant; no formal trial of any kind; a legislative body converted by the malice and ingenuity of the great lawyer, Coke—Bacon's rival and enemy,—into judge and jury; the members of the House, surprised and indifferent as the wonderful tale of falsehood was unfolded before them, but ultimately persuaded that it would be only prudent to

throw a sop to that growing discontent of the Commons, which culminated twenty years later in the Great Rebellion or Civil War.

The accusation was carefully framed to convey to the hearers' mind the implication of an unjust judge who had taken bribes to pervert justice, but his persecutors knew better than to make any direct assertion which they were absolutely without evidence to support. And what was the basis of this worthy fabric, which made it possible to put forward an implication even plausible on the face of it? The basis was the system, then universal, of the payment of judges and of all the high officers of state by means of fees, instead of by salaries as at present. The system of fees, now practically confined to medicine and the bar, was then universal. The King, the Archbishops and Bishops, the Judges and Law Officers, the Secretaries of State—as Hepworth Dixon says—everybody took fees, and everybody paid them. They were, as a lawyer's or doctor's fees still are, payment for services rendered, nobody dreamed of regarding them as bribes; but the system was open to abuse, and even in the case of the just man offered a ready means of attack for malice, on account of the facility for representing that money had been paid *pendent lite* in order to pervert justice, or that, even if judgment had been given, there still remained some further point of fact or law which was or might have been reopened.

It is proverbially easy to "throw mud," and difficult to prove a negative—particularly where, as in this case, there was only an "impeachment" before his fellow Peers, and no semblance of judicial forms. Not only was Lord St. Alban at home sick while this monstrous farce was being perpetrated, but there was not even a lawyer present to watch the proceedings on his behalf.

It would appear that the real author of the conspiracy—for it was nothing else—which brought forth the accusation, was Lady Buckingham, the mother of the Duke of Buckingham, "the King's favourite," as the expression then was, and the motive was to get rid of Lord St. Alban in order that a man named Williams, who was her lover, might succeed him as Lord Chancellor, as in fact he did, only to be driven with ignominy from his Office shortly afterwards. A word from the Duke would no doubt have quashed

the impeachment at any time, but his mother took care that it should not be spoken. This was the "true inwardness" of the "disgrace" of Francis Bacon—a loathsome intrigue between two disreputable persons whom history has all but forgotten—of whom the multitude who carelessly accept Macaulay's careless slanders have certainly never heard. And the shameless conspirators, enlisted on behalf of their plot, the malice, unscrupulousness and legal ability of Chief Justice Coke. Hepworth Dixon says: "At first the Chancellor smiled at such accusations, but when he found the case go on he expressed his indignation to Buckingham as follows: 'Job himself, or whoever was the justest judge, by such hunting of matters against him as hath been used against me may, for a time, seem foul. If this is to be a Chancellor, I think if the Great Seal lay upon Hounslow Heath, nobody would take it. I know I have clean hands and a clean heart.'"

And what was the outcome, the final result? A "confession" which confesses nothing, except that Bacon had taken fees, as a matter of course; that he had not always been so strict as conceivably he might have been, in supervising the doings of the numerous officials of his Court. He made no attempt to defend himself; an over-scrupulous conscience making him unwilling to exculpate himself from any possible neglect in looking after his official servants. He was, in his own words, "content if he might be the anvil on which a better system might be hammered." In his first answer to the Lords, which he termed a "humble submission," he expressed gratification on two points—"first, that hereafter the greatness of a judge or magistrate shall be no sanctuary or protection of guiltiness which, in a few words, is the beginning of a golden age; and next, that after this example, it is like that judges will fly from anything in the likeness of corruption (tho' it were at a great distance) as from a serpent; which tendeth to the purging of the courts of justice, and the reducing them to their true honour and splendor."

How infinitely removed he was from the possibility of corruption, or even from the attraction which money possesses for most of us, — cultivated or otherwise — is as clear as midday sun to all who read the detailed biographies that have been written. In fact, the more we know

about this man of matchless intelligence, industry, honour and devotion to God and to his race, the more does our heart go out to him in love and admiration. Here let it suffice to tell a single anecdote narrated by Spedding, showing his indifference to money. A gentleman calling on the Lord Chancellor, and being left by him alone in his study, "there comes in one of his Lordship's gentlemen, opens my Lord's chest of drawers where his money was, and takes it out in handfuls, fills both his pockets, and goes away without saying a word to me. He was no sooner gone but comes a second gentleman, opens the same drawers, fills both his pockets with money, and goes away as the former did, without speaking a word to me." Bacon being told on his return what had passed, shook his head, and said nothing but "sir, I cannot help myself." No doubt these gentlemen belonged to the small band of devoted admirers (members, perhaps, of the secret Rosicrucian Society) who worked under his direction at those vast enterprises for the benefit of humanity which occupied so large a proportion of his scanty leisure, and were as carefully screened from the public eye as if they had been crimes. To quote one of the many splendid tributes paid to him by friends and contemporaries, Ben Johnson says: "My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or his honours, but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was proper only to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want, neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest."

In the impeachment no accusation was made that justice had been sold, and no decision of his was then or afterwards reversed or appealed against on any such ground. He, himself, declared at the time, and there is no tittle of evidence to contradict it, "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years." While he was under accusation he was so ill that he believed himself to be dying, and made his will in which he pathetically and with foresight bequeaths "my name to the next ages and to

foreign nations." Among his papers was found afterwards the following prayer or psalm, referred to by Addison as resembling the devotion of an angel rather than of a man.

Most Gracious Lord God, my merciful Father from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter, thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts. Thou knowledgest the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypocrite, thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee.

Remember, O Lord, how thy servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy Church; I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. This vine, which Thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas and to the floods. The state and bread o the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes. I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart. I have, though in a despised weed,* procured the good of all men. If any have been mine enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun set on my displeasure, but I have been as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields and gardens, but I have found thee in thy temples.

Thousand have been my sins and ten thousand my transgressions, but thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart, through thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal upon thine altar. O Lord, my strength, I have since my youth met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compassions, by thy comfortable chastisements, and by thy most visible providence. As thy favours have increased upon me, so have my corrections: so as thou hast been ever near me, O Lord: and ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me, and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee.

* Probably a reference to the plays of "Shakespeare."

And now when I thought most of peace and honour thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me, according to thy former loving kindness, keeping me still in thy Fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy mercies; for what are the sands of the sea to the sea, earth, heavens! And all these are nothing to thy mercies.

Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before thee that I am debtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to exchangers where it might have made best profit, but misspent it in things for which I was least fit,* so as I may truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me into thy bosom or guide me in thy ways.

* Probably a reference to his career as a lawyer.

CALIFORNIA IN ITS YOUTH.

Reminiscences of a Retired Globe-Trotter.

All thoughts have been turned for the last month or two towards the city of the farthest west that has been the prey of earthquake and fire. Before these lines are published progress will have been made, no doubt, by the energetic victims of the disaster in restoring it to life and activity, and it will have entered on a second youth. But meanwhile some of us, more concerned, individually, with the past than with the future, are prompted by the events of the moment to look back to the first youth of California, and our recollections seem of interest to the modern generation to whom California has only been familiar as a vortex of the latest civilisation. No railway connected it with the eastern states in my time. It had but just emerged from the delirium of the gold-mining period; it was only beginning to realise that its agricultural advantages would constitute its permanent wealth, and Market Street was the main thoroughfare of a country town, unblemished by the hideous sky-scraper, innocent of the electric tram.

It was in August, 1868 that my "proud answer to the despot and the tyrant" might have been, in the immortal words of Elijah Pogram, that my "bright home was in the setting sun." I was, for the time being, "located at Frisco," staying, that is to say, at San Francisco, in California, and bound for the States. In

El Dorado itself, of course, I was, politically speaking, as much in the States as I could have been anywhere, but the furthest regions of what used to be spoken of as the Far West lie so much to the eastward of the Pacific coast, that San Francisco generally looked upon the American Union as consisting of California on the one side of the Continent and "the States" on the other. Needless to say that in San Franciscan eyes, Frisco went "a little ahead" of any other city situated in this planet. "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way," is a well-known motto that used to be printed in combination with a noble savage and the setting sun, at the top of a Californian paper called the *Golden Era*, but it was always well understood that the star had no idea of going further westward than the Exchange in Market Street. "San Francisco," I learned long ago, "is the future centre of exchange transactions all over the world." Yes sir, that's so, and it can't be soer!

Bound for the States, a traveller in San Francisco, if he adopted the usual route, had, at the time I speak of, the choice of two steamer lines. An opposition company was fighting the Pacific Mail, and tickets for New York were being hawked in the street at ridiculous rates. Passengers were being carried sometimes for the mere railway fare across the Isthmus of Panama, receiving their accommodation in the steamers and their entertainment on board for nothing. When a pair of rival steamers had started, fares went up again, and both companies charged as much as they could get from passengers securing their berths in advance; but as the time for the next mail's departure drew near, touting in the streets would begin again, and prudent passengers, who hesitated to the last, like sagacious voters at a contested election, reaped the advantage. For me, however, the struggle had no special interest, as my route was already chosen. I had made up my mind to see, in the first instance, the Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees, and then to cross the Plains, via Salt Lake City, to the Eastern States. Looked at from a distance, and pondered over some time beforehand, this journey had gradually acquired a fascination for me; and the difficulties in the way diminished so much when they were contemplated close at hand, that after making a few enquiries at the offices of Wells,

Fargo & Co. in San Francisco, I took a ticket for Chicago with no more ceremony than if I had asked at Bishop's Road for a first return to Farringdon, and then told doubting friends, who had disbelieved in the durability of my intention, to the extent of betting future dinners in New York on the event, that I was starting on Saturday. That I should probably be scalped if I went overland, and consequently be unable to claim payment, was, under these circumstances, my friends' only consolation.

To tear oneself away from the delights of San Francisco was, of course, an effort. There is a constant charm,—so the matter was frequently explained to me—in the ease and freedom of life in San Francisco, and where could there be better drinking bars? It is so pleasant to be introduced to the potman and shake hands with him before he mixes you your mint julip, and have the proud privilege of calling him by his christian name afterwards. Then what is there left to wish for when you have had "your boots shined and your pants brushed," in cheerful publicity on the pavement, and promenade Montgomery Street with a large Havannah in your mouth and your hat on one side. You may stop, if you like, to take a drink at every few score yards, and if you have been speculating successfully during the morning in Wild Cat Stock (*Anglice*, bubble companies) you may have netted thousands and be in a position to fulfil the highest duty of man to man, by standing drinks to your acquaintance. An American once told me that it is not drinking which hurts a man but the "drinking between drinks." In San Francisco, however, with some men at all events, this would seem impossible, as they drink so steadily from morning till night that it is not easy to distinguish any perceptible interval which could be otherwise employed. All this to the contrary notwithstanding I quitted the future centre of exchange transactions all over the world when Saturday arrived in a river steamer called the Paul Pry, and was taken up the tortuous San Joaquin river to Stockton, where we arrived at one o'clock next morning.

I formed one of a party of three, banded together in alliance against the unknown perils of the plains, but for the moment, as I have said, on our way to the Yosemite valley. This is one of

the great natural wonders of Californian scenery, a place only accessible from San Francisco in my time by two or three days of travelling, partly by steamer, partly by coach, and partly on horseback, and a sight of which, I learned from the guide-books, would amply repay a man for his trouble if he saw it and died that moment. California, besides being a country of big trees and high mountains, is also the head-quarters of tall talk, and of this some of the tallest is naturally to be found in guide-books. The photographs, however, of the valley scenery, with which the shop windows in San Francisco were filled, assured us much more conclusively than any information that we were setting out on a trip which it was well worth while to make. The big trees, the elder brethen of that tall youngster whose bark used to stand in the centre transept of the Crystal Palace, do not grow in the valley, but away in the forest two days' ride therefrom. We were to see the valley first and the trees afterwards.

Gradually emerging from the habits of a vicious youth, Stockton, which in the beginning of all things was a mining town existing on the patronage of the digger was already entering, when I made its acquaintance, on a virtuous career as an agricultural depot. This change, indeed, was coming over large tracts of country in California. The gold-bearing streams were all "played out," and the digger was disappearing in clouds of blasphemy. Land was being taken up for farming purposes and wheat was ripening in thousand-acre fields all up the valley of the San Joaquin and other rivers flowing into the bay of San Francisco, for hundreds of miles in every direction. Mining had passed into the hands of companies. There was no more gold to be picked up like pebbles on the sea beach, and the surface, or "placer," mining had been almost entirely abandoned. Many of the old diggers were working for the companies and spending their wages on whisky as recklessly as they used to waste their dust and nuggets in the drinking and gambling saloons of San Francisco; but they were dying out. Most of them, at the time of which I write, had probably passed away from this life altogether, some of them to give an account of more crimes committed in a few years than ten average ruffians could compress into three score. Here and there you met them still. We, going

on our arrival, at that unseemly hour of one a.m., into a tavern in Stockton in search of coffee, found one in full costume, boots, blue jumper and bowie-knife, Panama hat and revolver, very drunk and confusedly playing cards with a companion. He was in a helplessly good-humoured frame of mind, and while we were drinking our coffee, continued, in a very thick voice, to apologise to us, which was quite unnecessary, for smoking, and to assure us, which seemed irrelevant, that he did not 'care if he went to—— (a place where it seemed quite possible that he might go eventually in the ordinary course of things) that night.

Next day, inquiring about the opportunities for pushing on, we fell in with a livery-stable keeper of Coulterville, a place 70 miles on towards the valley, who had brought up some returning tourist, and had a team and "carriage," as he gracefully described it, in which he offered to take us. When we inspected the carriage we made acquaintance, for the first time, with a kind of conveyance which was to play a much larger part in our journey overland than we had any idea of at that time. The vehicle was a thoroughbrace waggon and a thoroughbrace waggon is constructed thus. There are four wheels held together by a framework, at the corners of which are iron stanchions, to which is slung, by leather straps, a wooden tray. Fixed in the wooden tray are wooden or leather-covered seats, and thereon sit the happy passengers. Springs do not enter into the composition of the equipage at all. "No springs could stand going over the roads we have to travel," we are informed, a statement which left room for the play of fancy concerning the pleasure of travelling over such roads without springs. However, the coach, we find, is simply another tray upon leather straps, so that we should gain nothing by waiting for it, and rather liking the appearance of our new acquaintance, Harrison, the livery-stable keeper, we agree to engage him. "Waal, then," Harrison replies, when we communicate this decision, "won't you men come and take a drink, and then I'll hitch up right away." The Doctor and I (let me call one of my travelling companions the Doctor) look at each other. We had not been quite long enough used to the "ease and freedom" of life in California to have expected our driver's courteous invitation, but the Doctor has

come to America prepared to be enchanted with the noble republican independence of the people, and I am prepared for,—anything, so we men "conclude to liquor," and are introduced to several persons in the bar room, including the keeper thereof and our driver's brother, who is editor of the local paper. Then the team is hitched up and away we jolt.

Thirty-eight miles to Knight's Ferry we have to go with that team of horses; a team, you will understand, in western phraseology, being two or more—in our case, two. Our road lay over "plains" for many miles from Stockton enclosed and partially covered with grain crops. Of course the road is just as nature made it, and Nature does not, as a rule, make roads well. In this case she had made them entirely of dust, loamy dust of any depth you like to imagine, grey and impalpable, which rolled away from us on a very light breeze to leeward in vast volumes. We look over the side of the waggon, and, if it were not for the jolts, we should seem borne along on an opaque cloud of dust. Sometimes, when it is thicker than usual, it is literally true that I cannot see the axles. Unfortunately the clouds do not always roll away, but just as often roll in upon us. My black leather bag rapidly appears to be made of canvas, my whiskers become prematurely grey, the Doctor's naturally blooming complexion turns to an ashen hue, and, with a good system of irrigation, it would be possible to raise mustard and cress on the back seat. It is gratifying to know that Harrison hates this Stockton road for the dust, but that we are getting over it better than usual to-day. The seasons are very regular here and no rain falls between May and the latter end of August, during which time the dust has a fine life. In the winter it becomes an entirely impassable morass. The enclosures round us are "ranches." Some of them consist of pasture land, so that herdsmen are required besides the farm labourers. These men are the successors of the miner, and, although an improvement on what has gone before, not civilised up to a very high standard. We stop at a sort of roadside inn to water the team. Many horses, with high-peaked Mexican saddles are tethered to posts by the door, through which we see an indiscriminate crowd, to examine which we go in. Long boots, trousers tucked into them, blue shirts and revolvers are in fashion, also

cards and many of the curious devices in blasphemy current in the West. These are herdsmen and tillers of the soil, earning about 40 dols. a month each, the larger part of which they generally lose at cards, spending the balance in whisky. The winners, I suppose, must spend their winnings also in whisky, or else the transactions ought to equalise one another, which by all accounts they never do. Sometimes we water our horses at a ranch when the house happens to be near the roadside, and the Doctor makes advances to wild, bare-footed children with the view of ascertaining their names. Generally they stare and flee away silently, and he might as well ask their names of the grey squirrels which scud across the road, or the owls sitting on the fences which we sometimes pass. On the road we are passed occasionally by waggons drawn by six or eight mules each and laden with wheat sacks. Eventually we get clear of this agricultural country, however. We go through a dismal-looking farmyard—a waste enclosure with a few oxen about—and, coming out of it, see no more signs of enclosure or cultivation beyond. Plains only, grey with dust, undulating in all directions, here and there a greenish-brown where the burnt up grass modifies the prevailing tint of the dust. Except in the desert no scene could be more desolate. The sun goes down on the horizon, colouring the cloudless sky behind us with a low streak of red, as it does in Egypt, and still we are a good way from Knight's Ferry, though the indefatigable team, which made this long journey the other way only yesterday, instead of lying down and protesting that life is not worth having on those terms, as it might be expected to do, jogs on, entirely grey with impalpable powder, as we all are, and breathing contentedly in a continual cloud of dust, as though air were better, as some people imagine soup to be, for being thickened.

In the dusk, about half-past seven, we reached Knight's Ferry, washed at a wooden trough, devoured steak, drank copiously of milk for "supper," and started again, with a fresh team, into the night and the wild barren country beyond the village. We were right in the heart, now, of the old placer mining country. The ground was rocky and hard, with scarcely a sign of vegetation, and along irregular seams in the ground, which are watercourses

in the winter, the stones and gravel lay in heaps and rough ridges, as they had been turned up by long-forgotten diggers, years before. A singularly weird and desolate appearance the silent landscape presented as the cold light of the setting moon gleamed over this sea of gravelly hillocks. Harrison, the driver, enlivens the journey with stories of digging days, when fortunes were made and lives were lost and the luckless miners who could not "strike" gold, dig where they would, struggled with starvation and disease. I must not detain you too long on the way, however, even though we ourselves nearly spent the night *al fresco*, for the moon went down, leaving the night very dark, and we lost our way. The aspect of the country had changed to some extent; scattered trees began to appear, and the undulations of the ground increased in size. Up and down through rough ravines we plunged and laboured, seldom knowing, with certainty, whether we were on or off the proper track. Once we were brought up short, as sailors say, by a ravine so entirely impassable that it became quite obvious we had gone astray. Thereupon Harrison got down, lit a candle—the night was perfectly still— and went to look for the road. The ground was dry and dewless, we were tolerably provided with rugs, and having learned previously that there were no rattlesnakes in that part of the country, we were making up our minds to lie down where we were when the driver returned, having found the noble engineering work of which he had been in search. We did in the end, therefore, arrive at—or we "made," as Harrison put it—a wretched roadside inn called the Crimea House, where, profoundly conscious of numberless discomforts, we partially slept till morning.

(To be continued.)

CONCERNING MENTAL HEALING.

WHEN I contemplate the expenditure of time and cash the most common-place pursuit of pleasure involves, and the small return received, I wonder that more people have not taken up what our neighbours in America call mental science with its fascinating by-paths of mesmerism, auto-suggestion, hypnotism, and kindred arts. A prolonged attack of neuralgia that set the medical profession at defiance, was the *raison d'être* of my introduction to this charmed world. The subject was brought up by a visitor at a house where I was staying, and received with incredulity by every one but myself. My attitude when confronted with phenomena of which I know nothing is always that of the disciple, so I asked for instruction in mental treatment, and had every reason to applaud my own docility as, in less than a month, during which time I scrupulously carried out the orders given me, my neuralgia had departed, leaving in its place a keen interest and determination to do as I had been done by. The literature I absorbed in pursuance of this idea ought to have given me a mental indigestion, and afforded a liberal insight into the most approved methods in vogue in America.

Hudson's Psychic Phenomena stood in the foremost rank, and on the hypothesis he puts forth of the domination of the subjective by the objective mind, I started work, and my first efforts were crowned with success. Mr. Sinnett has asked me to write down some of my experiences of this fascinating study; they seem scarcely worth recording, as all literature on hypnotism and mesmerism teems with similar anecdotes. However, our Editor attaches some importance to verification of these subjects at first hand, so I yield to his request.

My first case was that of my sister's governess, a lady of very unusual attainments. She was much distressed by a severe attack of neuralgia in the eyes which made reading almost impossible to her, and suggested I should try to relieve her. I put my fingers lightly on her closed eyelids and murmured the usual soothing assurances. In about five minutes she said "If you don't take your hands off me I shall go sound asleep." I removed them with the greatest celerity, being still a little doubtful of my powers, and confined myself to verbal suggestion. In about half an hour the pain completely left her, and though she sat up reading for hours instead of going to bed as I had desired her, it never returned then or during the two months that she remained with me.

A servant in the house was laid up with a gathered breast, the doctor thought it would be impossible to avoid lancing it, however, between his visits I treated her mesmerically, she passed easily into the trance stage, and the breast recovered in a manner unaccountable to him, for I said nothing in those early days, of my own interference in the medical province. A good deal of mesmeric force was wasted over this young woman. I learnt later that the hypnotic subject requires nothing more fatiguing from the operator than suggestion, and generally gives quicker and more successful results than the mesmeric patient, mesmerism being a depleting process, demanding much physical health and patience in those that exercise it for the benefit of others.

I cannot too strongly recommend any beginner in healing to try his prentice hand on what in our arrogance we term the lower classes, as they are far easier to influence than those in one's own rank of life. I attribute this to the natural habit of obedience inculcated through many generations. If you say in a peremptory tone to your equal, "shut the door!" though he may be obliging enough to comply, his first impulse is certainly to retort, "Do it yourself!" A servant accepts the order as something from which there is no appeal, and carries it out as a matter of course. The injunction to sleep though unusual comes to them enveloped in the glamour of a superior personality disregarded in daily life at their own peril, and obedience to the mandate and its accompanying suggestion is the result. So far as I can gather the cure which follows creates little surprise in their minds. The superior pro-

mised and performed, the inferior believed and obeyed; the affair as far as they are concerned sums itself up into this health giving simplicity.

One very interesting experience came to me through two girls in my own household. The parlour maid was suffering from bad toothache. I put her to sleep, gave her strong suggestion, and in half-an-hour she was singing about her work, instead of going to bed as she had intended doing before coming to me.

The housemaid succeeded her in my room, and announcing she suffered tortures every night with toothache, asked if I could cure her as I had her fellow-servant. I submitted her to the same process, and inquired next morning how the pain had been, judge of my surprise when she solemnly announced, "Please Mum, it was worse than ever!"

"Open your mouth," I answered, "and show me the tooth that hurts you." She did so, disclosing in the operation faultless grinders, like a young dog, three of which she pointed out as the delinquents. "Nonsense," I rejoined, "take a pair of scissors, tap on them all and show me which is painful."

She obeyed, "Please Mum, none of them hurt me." "No," I said, "because you never had toothache, were told not to have it, and continued not having it. What is the matter with you is neuralgia, sit down in that chair again, you will be cured this time." In a few minutes she was asleep, I gave her strong suggestion for the removal of neuralgia with the result, that during the two years she remained in my neighbourhood, she was perfectly free from it. I consider this a typical instance of the incapability of the patient to supply suggestion in any way not indicated by the healer.

On one occasion, dining with an eminent expounder of the majesty of the law, I found him so wild with toothache, asserting he must have an abscess under one of them, that he was willing to submit himself to what he was kind enough to term my "nefarious arts" on the off chance of relief. I treated him for about twenty minutes with mesmeric passes, and though he was never within measurable distance of going to sleep, the pain all but left him, "which proves," he remarked with cheerful ingratitude, "that there never was an abscess under my tooth at all!" It is quite

comprehensible that the legal mind prefers any solution to the occult one I offered him, and if his incredulity resulted in neglect of the precautions I dictated, and consequent return of the malady when I was no longer there to relieve him, he got no more than he deserved, justice working invariably in ethics, as well as occasionally in the law courts.

As far as I am concerned faith or doubt leave me equally unmoved, the absorbing interest lies in observation of the Power itself, not in the moral effect produced on others. The medical profession is welcome to all the credit of any cure I may have effected in the eyes of those to whom a doctor is the expression of miracle on earth, for there are many such among those who should know better, and while they exist suffering and doctors will be rampant, and the unequal contest be played out to its bitter end.

Not that I am undervaluing a class of men who do noble work in the alleviation of real pain, and are daily awakening to the influence of mind on matter, but the infinite ramifications of the nervous system laughs at drugs, and in many a disorder connected with it, the mental healer succeeds where the physician fails.

Among others a child of ten, with a tendency to squint in one eye, came into my hands. I cannot say the eye improved, which I attributed to the indifference shown by the child herself, a sweet little country maiden in no wise affected by the vanities of her town contemporaries. I have since heard that she has grown a very beautiful girl, and the defect has disappeared, so, perhaps, the suggestion lay dormant and bore fruit when the patient, in dawning womanhood, was roused to an interest in the matter. Be that as it may, she was an engrossing subject, as when sleep was induced she answered readily when spoken to, and would describe what was passing at a distance. I only questioned her about my son who had lately gone to school, and about whom I was anxious, and all she told me was correct.

I never could divest myself of the idea that hypnotic power should be used solely for the benefit of the subject, and not for the gratification of the curiosity of the operator, a view my later studies confirmed. I have deviated occasionally from this rule, as

will be apparent as my narrative unfolds itself, but only under circumstances that might be considered excusable.

On one occasion when she was in trance, I told this little girl to enquire of the clergyman what was to be the subject of his Sunday discourse. She was a shy little mortal, rarely speaking unless spoken to, and it was very pretty to watch her attack on the old rector, with whom she was a great favourite, and the sweet insistance with which she brought the conversation back to his Sunday sermon when he tried to put her off, until she obtained her answer.

An interesting side light thrown on the necessity of co-operation between the will of subject and operator, also came from this child. She was going to the seaside with friends, a treat long looked forward to, and at the last moment developed a severe cold that threatened bronchitis. No parent would have let her leave her bed, she was voiceless and very feverish when I started treating her. Next morning she got up bright and well and went off with her friends, rejoicing. Here the stimulus of an intense wish for recovery had done its part in the cure and made it complete. This is why the therapeutic side of these mental sciences invariably give better results than any other, as the desire for bodily health is always more deeply ingrained in poor humanity, at least where suffering is present, than the wish for moral development. Drunkards, for instance, can only be helped when the loathing of drink and the degradation it involves, come not from without but from within. This, and no want of power in the hypnotist is the secret of the frequent failures in this branch of the subject, though in many cases the failure has been inaugurated by a brief success.

Were it otherwise, life would be simple indeed, instead of the complex torment under which weak humanity writhes. No imposition of hands however holy, no transference of thought however pure, can cut the knot of Karma, or free the wrongdoer from the bonds he has forged in past lives. The Psalmist knew what he was talking about when he said: "No man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him; for it cost more to redeem souls, so that he must let that alone for ever."

ALICE C. AMES.

(To be continued.)

DUMAS PÈRE AS AN OCCULTIST.

MANY sided as he was, one hardly looks to old Dumas for an exposition of occult ideas. He played a good deal with Cagliostro legends in his "Memoirs d'un Médecin," but the occultism of "Joseph Balsamo" is mere theatrical extravagance. In one of his less known novels, however, in "L'Ile de Feu," he has designed the entire plot on the idea of immediate re-incarnation. Certainly he has caricatured the idea, by representing the villain of the story as accomplishing the feat in question, but none the less he was evidently inspired for the moment with thoughts that approached a conception quite unfamiliar to the literature of the period.

The villain in question, a certain Dr. Basilius, for reasons of his own brings the heroine of the story back from death, or from that which is thought to be death, by his power as a magician, and incidentally says to her husband :—

Laissez-la donc dormir, c'est dans le sommeil que la nature reprend ses forces. Qui vous dit même que la mort, que l'on craint tant, n'est pas un long repos qui nous prépare à une nouvelle vie! Et tenez, par ma foi! je crois que je viens de faire un système. Eh! eh! il n'est peut-être pas si absurde.

Next day the doctor dies himself, is apparently drowned, and his dead body is recovered. After seeing it the hero, Eusèbe, is wandering about on the shore of the harbour (the scene of the story is laid in Java) and there he encounters a Malay pirate captain who shows an intimate knowledge of all that concerns

him, Eusèbe, and embellishes his conversation with the familiar sneering laugh of the deceased doctor.

"En vérité, dit Eusèbe, si ce n'était pas de la folie, je croirais que vous êtes. . . .

"Il s'arrêta, effrayé de ce qu'il allait dire."

Le capitaine éclata de rire.

"Que je suis le docteur Basilius, n'est ce pas? Eh! eh! eh! on se ressemblerait de plus loin. Mais rassurez-vous, je ne suis pas le docteur Basilius, non! Le docteur Basilius est mort, et bien mort. Comment! lorsqu'un cadavre suffit pour constater le décès d'un homme, trois cadavres ne vous suffiraient pas, à vous? Que vous faut-il donc, jeune homme? Encore une fois, l'oncle de votre femme n'est plus de ce monde, et celui que vous avez devant les yeux, celui qui vous parle, celui que vous regardez comme vous regarderiez un spectre, est entré ce matin dans la peau du datou Noungal, maître, après Dieu, de la barque, la Mahommedia, le quel datou Noungal s'est suicidé cette nuit, entre deux et trois heures du matin, parcequ'il avait perdu sa part de butin au jeu, auquel il s'était engagé, dans un jour de follie, à renoncer pour jamais; je suis Noungal, pas autre chose pour le quart d'heure. Peut-être me transformerai-je un jour encore; peut-être aussi cela dépend-il un peu de ta sagesse, Eusèbe van den Beck."

It is not necessary to interpret every allusion in this speech. The *trois cadavres* represent a nonsensical flight of imagination on the part of the author, but the notion that the interior entity, which was formerly known as Dr. Basilius, could guide itself and live again in another body,—caught for the purpose just as its original tenant had left it and thus resuscitated,—is a curious example of imagination forecasting later knowledge. The achievement is only possible really for those exercising the powers of high occult adeptship, and would have been entirely beyond the reach of such a person as Dr. Basilius is represented as having been; but, nevertheless, the suggestion of the novel, considering its date, is curious.

THE MISMANAGEMENT OF THEATRES.

NEVER in the history of the stage in England has public interest in things theatrical been as keen as it is at present; at no period have there ever been so many theatre goers; never before have so many plays of all sorts been in process of performance in London; while new theatres are constantly being built, both in the metropolis and in the provinces. In spite of all this, however, the ceaseless cry of theatrical managers, lessees, and proprietors is, that play-houses (I am not speaking of music halls, or other variety entertainments) do not pay. Why is this? Is it, that it is so difficult to hit upon popular plays suitable to the public taste? Is it, that the supply of new pieces is not equal to the demand? Is it, that the number of competent playwrights is so small, and that their number is not increasing? Is it, that the majority of our theatres are, from a structural point of view, not big enough to seat a really large audience? Is it, that the music halls and other variety shows, are becoming too popular? With none of these various suggestions, all of which are continually being put forward in connection with the question, why so many theatres do not pay, is it easy to agree. A survey of all the circumstances of the case, leads the looker-on (and lookers-on, as we know, often see more than the players), to explain the depression in other ways.

To begin with, the prices of admission are extravagantly too high. If they were lowered, more people would come. That cannot reasonably be disputed. But the vexed question remains: would the aggregate receipts fall off? I believe not; and am con-

vinced that it would pay all round to lower prices. Half-a-guinea is an outrageous sum to pay for a single stall, and though other seats may be cheaper, multitudes of people would rather not go to the theatre at all unless they can be comfortable when there. Is it not probable that people who would take stalls at five shillings would be more than twice as many as those who are willing to pay ten?

Then the present construction of theatres is so faulty that sitters in back seats cannot see over those in front with any degree of comfort. That applies both to stalls and dress circles, and with extra force, to matinées. Until ladies with hats are refused admission to matinées wise people will not go at all, unless they can secure front seats in the dress circle. At small theatres these are, of course, the best seats in the house, and it is absurd that they should be charged less than the stalls. But back seats in dress circles are often not worth having at any price. The prices of seats in the remaining portions of the theatre, with the exception of the boxes, should descend from three shillings to one shilling. The best way of dealing with the private boxes would be to do away with them altogether; they afford bad seating accommodation from every point of view. The upper tiers are raised much too high for any of its inmates either to see or hear at all well. Only about two-thirds of the stage can be brought comfortably within the range of any individual vision, and several of those using a large box must be placed so as to see worse than a person standing at the back of the pit.

Then we come to the important question of "paper." By the use of this slang expression I refer to the system, now more than ever on the increase, of giving away seats to favoured persons, a system which has now reached gigantic proportions. It is only right, of course, when a house is poorly attended, in order to prevent the actors being discontented by playing to an auditorium in which empty chairs and benches are hideously conspicuous, that these gaps should be filled up. And, of course, it is perfectly obvious that if managers of theatres choose to give free admissions to their friends no man has any more right to complain than in the case of tradesmen who might bestow their goods on friends gratis. But,

a system has grown up under which so many people fancy they have an unwritten prescriptive right to get "paper" on application, that the good-natured manager is badgered to an unbearable extent by applications for passes. Especially is he embarrassed by the claims of the profession. The system does not prevail in any other department of art or literature. The minor author does not, on the strength of having published some worthless work, insist on being supplied with free copies of new books by all the best writers, solely on the ground that he is a member of the same calling as themselves! Yet, in the theatrical world, men and women, who have wasted their existence in playing slight and unimportant parts in strolling companies, touring the provinces, demand, as their right, that they be supplied with free seats in all the metropolitan theatres, whenever it suits them to apply. It is not unusual, indeed, for managers of London theatres to find themselves obliged to refuse good money from ordinary members of the public, because they have had to give away seats to members of the "profession."

If the system of lowering prices to an extent that should provoke a largely increased demand by the public were adopted, then there would be an obvious justification available for managers who should set their faces against the continuance of the present system.

We may now glance at a condition of things prevailing in this country which may have something to do with the decline of theatrical prosperity. With us the manager of the theatre is generally the actor playing the leading part in the pieces produced there. This system does not prevail in Paris, and it may fairly be argued from some points of view that it is the curse of the modern English stage. The conflict of duty often proves too much for the actor-manager. His position frequently becomes one of too much self-importance. He is led to think only of his own supremacy, and becomes indifferent to, and jealous of, the interests of others acting under his direction. If he is eager to get on in smart society, he is a little too prone to give away stalls to distinguished friends, and if his social ambitions are gratified in this way the result is accomplished at the cost of financial success, and in the long run he becomes numbered amongst those who are victims to the decline of the British drama.

A view of the subject open to controversy will, no doubt, be entered upon when we come to consider the plays actually put upon the modern stage. Probably, the actor-manager system is partly responsible for the subordination of the dramatic author to the artist who is supposed to be his interpreter. But though coats and trousers may be more agreeable to the sight when deftly made "to measure," plays built upon the same principle are unlikely to represent the best creative power of their authors. That actors are singularly bad judges of plays considered first of all on their own literary merits, is often recognised by actors themselves. They come to the conclusion that the caprices of the public are unfathomable, and that no one can tell beforehand whether a play is going to succeed or not. Certainly, no one can tell who considers it simply from the point of view whether it will afford an opportunity for the display of some particular kind of theatrical talent. Now it may be quite true, that the art of the actor has been perfected in the present day to a far greater degree than the art of the playwright, and thus it has come to pass, that instead of saying "Have you seen such and such a play?" people continually say, "Have you seen such and such an actor in so and so?" the play being regarded as a mere external circumstance of the actor's art. And the majority of playgoers are so little critical of their own sensations that they do not see that their pleasure or their disappointment depends in a far greater degree on the merits of the piece than on the circumstances of its presentation. We do not say on the "literary" merits with any idea of appealing to exalted standards of Shakespearian dignity. Many of the farcial comedies which have had a prodigious success are hardly entitled to claim great credit on the score of their literary perfection, but it has been their merit as setting forth humorous ideas, or as representing ingenuity of construction, which has determined their success, not as people so constantly imagine, the cleverness of some paticular actor to whom they have afforded an opportunity of appearing before the public with success.

Finally, one may point out one reason why it is so difficult in the present day for theatres to be commercially successful. Competition has run not so much in the direction of discovering

plays that are worth production, or organising performances that are creditable from the point of view of dramatic criticism, but in the direction of working out costly and elaborate stage effects, appealing simply to the eye and not to the understanding, like a display of fireworks. When many thousands of pounds are spent upon the mounting of a dramatic composition that in itself is unworthy of serious attention, people may be attracted by the praises bestowed upon the scenic devices or the upholstery, but not in such numbers as can repay the enormous cost incurred.

This generation of ours is avid for amusement, and multitudes are sufficiently well off to "do themselves well," but without having the wit in the first instance to comprehend exactly what is the matter, they are undoubtedly, to an increasing extent, finding that they can do themselves better than by going to the theatres of the present day, at the present prices, and under the conditions which at present rule their activities.

PHILIP SIDNEY.

A PREMATURE MANIFESTATION.

A CURIOUS anecdote concerning the Wesley family occurs in the course of a lately published biography of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett. The volume, of course, is one of serious interest. The Church Wesley founded, Methodism—"taking its four great divisions in Great Britain, Canada, the United States, and Australasia—has 49,000 ministers in its pulpits, and some 30,000,000 hearers in its pews. It has built 88,000 separate churches, it teaches in its schools every Sunday more than 8,000,000 children." But for the moment the matter claiming attention has nothing to do with these wonderful results.

It was in the beginning of the eighteenth century, when Wesley was still a child at his father's humble rectory, one of an enormous family of nineteen children, who were somehow fed and brought up on an income barely sufficient for one,—that the circumstances arose to which for the moment it seems not uninteresting to pay attention. For nearly six months, that is to say from the end of 1716 to the middle of 1717, the populous household at Epworth, as the present narrative tells us, "was made hideously vocal with mysterious noises, raps on doors and walls, thumps beneath the floor, the smash of broken crockery, the rattle of iron chains, the jingle of falling coins, the tread of mysterious feet. The noises baffled all more prosaic explanations, and were at last assigned by common consent to some restless spirit, they became a sound so familiar that they ceased to be annoying, and the lively girls of the parsonage labelled the unseen, but too audible, sprite 'Old Jeffrey.'"

Probably just because the family was so numerous, the manifestations gave rise to no fears. The supernatural, as it used to be called, seems only terrifying for those who confront it in solitude. But in view of the fact that nobody was frightened in this case, it does seem strange that nobody succeeded in establishing more intimate relations with the unlucky astral spirit, who was thus vainly, in advance of the developments which would have favoured his operations, attempting to attract attention. "Old Jeffrey" must indeed have become impatient at the defective intelligence of the people he was endeavouring to communicate with. He seems to have done everything he could think of to attract attention. Mrs. Wesley relates how, walking hand in hand with her husband at midnight "downstairs to the room whence the noises came, a large pot of money seemed to be poured out at my waist, and to run jingling down my nightgown to my feet. More than once the indignant rector felt himself actually pushed by some invisible force."

Sometimes the children were disturbed in their sleep, and Mr. Wesley, with fatherly indignation, demanded why the ghost disturbed innocent children, and challenged it to meet him in the study if it had anything to say to him. He would walk off majestically to his study to meet the ghost, but the unfortunate ghost in question had evidently no resources for making use of what in spiritualism is called the direct voice, and it never occurred to Mr. Wesley to propose telegraphic communication by means of raps, and the whole manifestation continued a gigantic failure. In a tone of curiously inappropriate mockery, the present biographer, Mr. Fitchett, tells us that "Old Jeffrey" was a punctual ghost. generally beginning to manifest about ten o'clock, so that at last the children came to recognise the incomprehensible knockings as an intimation that it was bedtime.

"'Old Jeffrey,' it may be added, was the most polite and considerate of poltergeists known to literature. When it was on duty, it would lift the latches of the door as the girls approached them to pass through. Mrs. Wesley, in her literal fashion, appealed to the invisible imp not to disturb her from five to six, as that was her quiet hour, and to suspend all noise while she was at her devotions; and 'Old Jeffrey,' the most gentlemanly

of ghosts, respected her wishes, and suspended his noisy operation during these periods."

The really extraordinary part of the story is, first that none of the Wesley family realised the importance that might be discerned in connection with the manifestation as opening up communications between one state of existence and another, and secondly that the present biographer can tell the story merely as though it were a comic incident, having no deeper significance. For those who have a large experience of the circumstances under which communication with the next world is possible, the narrative is pathetic rather than comic. Nearly a century and a half was to elapse before thickheaded humanity became even in a limited degree alive to the importance of the development which "Old Jeffrey's" futile knockings anticipated by so long an interval of time. Had John Wesley only come to understand them, how curiously interesting a colour might have been imparted to the wonderful religious movement of which he was the pioneer!

A CENTENARIAN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

No very new or startling idea is involved in the doctrine that people who want to enjoy good health should not overeat themselves. But as temperate and abstemious habits are generally thought to be virtues of modern development,—however incompletely they are developed as yet,—it is amusing to find them recommended by a writer distinctly belonging to the "good old times," who gave a practical proof that his principles were entitled to attention by living for over 100 years.

Lewis Cornaro, who belonged to a patrician family of Venice in the seventeenth century, held opinions with regard to eating which were then almost unknown, and were certainly not practised. In early life he appears to have suffered from the so-called pleasures of youth, and when, at the age of thirty-five he had sown his wild oats, he betook himself to a life of temperance. He was so impressed with the advantages to be derived from the cultivation of abstemious habits, that he published a treatise on "The Sure Method," in which he endeavoured to prove the practicability of his belief.

Perhaps, however, the best test of his treatment was the application to himself of the laws that he laid down, for he lived, as Addison tells us in his "Spectator," to see a third and fourth edition of his work, "and after having passed his hundreth year,

died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep." Though abstemious himself, Carnaro was willing to recognise the futility of recommending the same regimen for every person. Indeed, he acknowledged that not only the quality but also the quantity of food should depend upon the constitution and habit of life. In this matter he exhibited common sense which we, in these days, too frequently lack.

It is curious to find that he anticipated many of the theories so ardently advocated by modern scientists. Let Nature be your teacher, he urged; eat only when food is absolutely required, and not because you are accustomed to take it at a certain hour. "Take care," says this old teacher, "take care never to rise with a full stomach: nature is contented with a little." He believed the the truth of two Italian proverbs: "He that will eat much, let him eat little; because by eating little, he prolongs his life: The meat which remaineth profits more than that which is eaten." And when he fell sick, he tells us that he was cured by returning to his former course of diet though "his body was spent with extream leannesse, and the season of the yeare, was winter and most cold aire."

Have we not to learn in this twentieth century, that a prolific cause of chronic indigestion is produced by eating simply because it is the custom to eat at certain times, and because others are eating. As a rule it can be proved that lassitude and a feeling of unwillingness and inability to carry out the common duties of everyday life, which should be pleasures, are attributable to disorders of the various and complicated machinery of the physical frame which revolts against repletion, and requires freedom and simplicity of action. It matters not, as Cornaro discovered, what one eats; but it matters very much how frequently the process is renewed, especially when the quantity taken exceeds the demands of nature. Verily, the ascetics of an early age possessed a virtue which is too little understood and appreciated; for apart from all religious significance, it would be well if fasting was regarded as one of the saving graces.

Says this old temperance reformer: "A Physician, when he cometh to visit his patient, prescribes this physick first. That he use a moderate diet; and when he hath cured him, commends

this also to him, if he will live in health. Neither is it to be doubted but that he shall ever after live free from deseases if he will keep such a course of life, because this will cut off all causes of deseases, so that he shall need neither physick or Physician : yea, if he will give his minde to those things which he should, he will prove himself a Physician, and that a very compleat one, for, indeed, no man can be a perfect Physician to another, but to himself only. The reason whereof is this ; Every one by long experience may know the qualities of his own nature, and what hidden properties it hath, what meat and drink agrees best with it, which things in others cannot be known without such observation, as is not easily to be made upon others, especially since there is a greater diversitie of tempers than of faces."

Though Cornaro does not deny the necessity for physicians, he argues that the main endeavour of every one should be to live a regular life which "is a naturall physick." He claims that the men who have left their impress on the world's history—Plato and Isocrates and others—have observed orderly and well-regulated lives. "But some may say," he goes on, "he which lives a regular life, eating always light meats, and in a little quantitie, what diet shall he use in diseases, which being in health he hath anticipated ? I answer first ; Nature, which endeavours to preserve a man as much as she can, teacheth us how to govern ourselves in sicknesse, for suddenly it takes away our appetite, so that we can eat but very little, wherewith she is very well contented : so that a sick man, whether he hath lived heretofore orderly or disorderly when he is sick, ought not to eat, but such meats as are agreeable to his disease, and that in much smaller quantitie than when he was well. For if he should keep his former proportion, nature, which is alreadie burdened with a disease, would be wholly oppressed. Secondly, I answer better, that he which lives a temperate life cannot fall into diseases, and but very seldome into indispositions, because temperance takes away the causes of diseases, and the cause being taken away, there is no place for the effect."

A writer in the *Cornhill* has been recently making merry over the eating habits of our ancestors. When one thinks,"

he says ' of the succession of heavy meats, of the capons and boars' heads, the luscious pasties, the creams, stuffings and mincemeats which the ladies of the family spent all their time and ingenuity in divising, one is tempted to rejoice that such domesticity is indeed a lost art. . . ."

Perhaps, indeed, the arts that have refined the pleasures of the table for luxurious people in the present day, have hardly replaced that which has been lost in a manner which would satisfy the shade of our friend Cornaro. The course gluttony of the past is certainly out of date, but the solemnity surrounding the dignified modern dinner does more to encourage habits of intemperance in food than at the first glance the delicacy of the orthodox *menu* might suggest. The fact, to begin with, that it is a social festival of so much importance, involves the sacrifice on its altars of costly viands, tempting even the jaded appetites of those who have really satisfied the day's hunger at lunch. The charms of the afternoon tea decorated with dainty inventions in cakes and confectionery, contribute still further to render the dinner a dangerous strain upon the digestion, and finally the charm of late suppers after the theatre inveigle people into final efforts to to over-eat themselves, even when no trace of a gluttonous motive impels them to that course. Certainly modern life has entirely abolished the Gargantuan feasts of former days, but the habits of fashionable life in the present day have done no more than spread out the mischief over a succession of meals hardly less Gargantuan in their aggregate.

The subject tempts one into further reflections concerning the way in which social habits which render the consumption of food the central fact in all collective entertainments, may perhaps have operated to eliminate from these the intellectual charm which invested, with so peculiar a fascination, the period of the French salon. And perhaps, if dietetic reforms are really to be satisfactorily carried out in our own generation, it is more likely that they will be an incidental consequence of efforts to revive the opportunities of that period, than merely by reason of abstract denunciations of physically mischievous excess.

Our old friend Cornaro may have enjoyed conditions in his life which contributed to the cheerful buoyancy of style in which he

writes, but while young still—only a little over eighty, with twenty years of cheerful life before him—he emphasises the way in which a temperate life conduces to its enjoyment. "What remains but that I should wish all who have the care of themselves to embrace it with open arms." The contemporary habits against which he contended were not those that we have to deal with. And yet his warnings are as well adapted to the twentieth as to the seventeenth century.

J. C. WRIGHT.

PASSING EVENTS.

ONE hoped the new conditions of the present Parliament would have rendered its proceedings more entertaining, but debates concerned entirely with the details of the Education Bill are ill calculated to amuse the reader. Few of us who are not concerned with the actual management of schools, are sufficiently in touch with the minutiæ of the system under which grants are fought for, to comprehend the bearings of the new bill in so far as it deals with Finance. In so far as it deals with religion, few of us who are not definitely enthusiastic for some phase of sectarianism, can be cordially in sympathy either with the proposals of the measure or with the fierce opposition it has excited amongst religious bodies. And the conception of a non-sectarian religious teaching depending on Bible readings to be carefully kept clear of all explanatory interpretation, as far as that is concerned, is one of the most ludicrous that have ever been seriously contemplated. As between the two courses possible,—that of banishing religion altogether from State aided schools, or on the other hand that of making arrangements for classes corresponding to all denominations, there is no rational compromise possible.

BUT the consideration of details connected with the present Bill, is not much better than waste of time. The really interesting question is how the matter will be dealt with in the House of Lords. The *Times* describes the programme with which the Government is said to be amusing itself. By means of the

guillotine the Bill is to be disposed of by the second week in August. Holidays then ensue, Parliament is to meet again in October when the Lords are to proceed with the consideration of the Bill in committee. The Commons are to engage themselves meanwhile, with the Trades Disputes Bill, and later on with the Lord's amendments to the Education Bill. But it is reasonably certain either that the Lords will never get as far as the consideration of amendments, or, if they consent to a second reading, they will only do this with the view of amending the Bill out of all recognition by its promoters. All discussion of details meanwhile is just so much time thrown away. The question is whether the Lords will again fulfil that which has lately come to be regarded as their primary function, sending back the House of Commons to the country in order that the electors may declare either their adhesion to the policy of the Government or their gratitude to the Lords for having once more enabled them to repudiate a misconception of their former mandate. No doubt, if the Lords throw out the Bill, and if, as Mr. Chamberlain has openly declared that he expects, there should be another election in the spring, the interval will be filled with an uproarious cry for the abolition of the Upper House. But after the experience of Home rule, that cry is less likely than ever to bring about practical results. It does not follow that an election in the spring would necessarily restore the Conservatives to power. It is quite possible that the lower classes have now for the first time realised that they are masters of the country's destiny and will never relax their hold on the tiller. But democracies are apt to be capricious. That the whole force of the huge Liberal majority should have been spent on an attempt which after all will leave the burning questions of what is commonly called socialism, in full blaze, will go far to infurate those who armed the Liberal leader with his gigantic majority. Those who determined the last election will not so much be eager to flout the Lords as to show resentment against a minister who has given them a stone when they clamoured for bread,—an Education Bill which nobody but an expert can understand, instead of legislation which would secure high wages and short hours for his angry masters.

PERHAPS some day politicians will realise that all this trouble, out of which neither Liberals or Conservatives are likely to realise any substantial advantage, has arisen from the extravagant exaggeration of the theory that education should be universal. That in its simpler forms it should be universally accessible to every subject of a civilised state, is clear and undeniable; but the gulf between the existing system on the one hand, and on the other, a rational arrangement that would have provided available education in the simplest forms for all who desired it, but would have spared us the fantastic machinery of compulsion, and the huge expansion of educational programmes and expenditure, is as wide as that which separates wisdom from folly.

A FASHIONABLE preacher may be sure of delighting a fashionable audience when he sets to work to scarify the sins of fashionable society. Father Bernard Vaughan, at Farm Street, a week or two ago, is represented as having enlarged upon the Dives text at the expense of the smart set. The frivolous devotees of pleasure in the upper world were saturated, he explained, with selfishness, "unclean and unwholesome as any condemned product at Chicago." They had no time to spend in prayer, nor to devote to the care of their children, nor to give to consideration for their neighbour. The card table was their "centre of gravity," poverty in their sight was the one sin, less pardonable even than being dull, and the more searching was the light directed at the manners of society, the more vividly would it illuminate its abominations. These may not have been the exact words used, but that was the spirit of the sermon, and we may be sure that all who heard it will have gone away delighted with the thought—how hard it hit their friends! The Duchess in one of Du Maurier's charming sketches, who praises the Bishop's sermon, remarking to him "how hard it hit you and me," was more candid than most critics of such exalted homilies. They are generally delighted to think how hard it hits somebody else, and are quite unwrung as regards themselves. Thackeray's denunciations of snobbery were universally enjoyed, because no one in the whole community accepted the satire as directed to his own door. And, for the rest, such vague attacks on the pleasure seekers as those for the moment

under notice, are hardly entitled to serious regard, by reason of failing altogether to go to the root of things, dealing exclusively with results without setting out in search of causes. For none of us, indeed, will it be easy, at the same time, to diagnose the social disease and prescribe the appropriate remedy, but a broad survey of human progress does suggest one thought, that while the noble class had great responsibilities in connection with the control of national affairs, it was invested with a *raison d'être* which does not belong to the wealthy class of a democratic state. It may be impossible to draw a moral from this condition of things which would point towards the regeneration of modern society, but it does seem obvious that the less people of rank and fortune have any scope for the exercise, as such, of political leadership, the more they and all their belongings will be apt to drift into habits of mere pleasure-seeking frivolity. Then as the pursuit of pleasure is costly, money becomes more and more important as compared with rank, which cannot but lose its prestige as it loses its political weight. One fails altogether to see where the consequences of the change are likely to stop. "Noblesse oblige" is a motto that is rather out of date, and while some social theorists, taking long views of human progress, conceive, in regard to the vices of American plutocracy, that the evolution of social rank is the only ultimate remedy, others, with equal claim to be regarded as logical thinkers, will maintain that a noblesse that loses sight of the famous maxim quoted above, must, in the long run, be doomed to extinction.

HISTORY repeats itself, with modifications in the cyclic progress of medical science. Generations ago poor Dr. Elliotson was professionally martyred for discovering that it was possible to perform surgical operations without giving pain to the patient, by the use of mesmeric processes. He was practically torn to pieces by his professional brethren, who in the language adopted by the Medical-Chirurgical Society declared that, "even if such an absurdity could be realised, it would be flying in the face of Nature which had ordained pain as a necessary concommitant of surgical operations." For the time being further investigation into the mystery was thus suppressed, but when the world at

large grew familiar with the idea, not merely that Nature tolerated anæsthetics, but that mesmerism itself might be believed in if it were decorated with a new name, the medical profession has calmly accepted accomplished facts, and is taking credit for introducing this valuable agency in surgical practice. A recent number of the *Medical Times and Hospital Gazette* records some remarkable cases of serious operations performed painlessly on patients who had been thrown into the hypnotic sleep. In one case an abscess was removed from the breast of a lady who on being awakened remembered nothing of the operation, and was unconscious of having suffered pain. In another case a confinement takes place under hypnotic conditions, and the mother was only awakened from her tranquil slumbers, some twenty minutes after her child's birth. Of course, it is only in cases where people are specially sensitive to psychic influences that results of this kind are possible, and no one who was ever closely concerned either with the theory or practice of mesmeric processes, would suggest for a moment that they could replace anæsthetics, except in a percentage of cases. They belong to a class of phenomena profoundly entitled to the closest observation, but are unfortunately surrounded by conditions which render them unattractive to the ordinary medical practitioner. The extent to which mental influences may not merely subdue pain but eradicate disease is far as yet from being generally understood. Sometimes it develops an irrational enthusiasm, and then the unlucky enthusiast, trusting too confidently to mental processes, gets into trouble with a clumsy law which can recognise nothing but drugs and the knife. Sooner or later an enlightened generation of doctors will somehow bridge the gulf between the reckless fanatics who are prematurely content with mental influences they but half understand, and on the other side, the thick-headed idots who prosecute them, in such cases, for manslaughter.

BROAD VIEWS.

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HOW THE ARMY MIGHT BE MADE SELF-SUPPORTING.

J. W. PETAVEL (LATE CAPT. R.E.)

POSSIBLY to most civilians the idea of making the army self-supporting would seem very hopeless; many, perhaps, think of the soldier as spending his time diligently learning the arts of war, with little or none to spare for anything else. Those however, who know that it is only at certain seasons of the year that soldiers receive any really useful training, and that much of their time, in the intervals, is, for all practical purposes, wasted; who know also what enormous productive powers an organised self-supplying community might have with modern machinery of production, wonder that the tax-payer patiently gives up his money to support the army when it might so obviously be organised, with its reservists, so as to be self-supporting.

To make the army self-supporting, soldiers should enlist for a long period: preferably for life. Their service should be divided into three periods. The first should be devoted to military training, and other work would be undertaken only in so far as it would not interfere with military duties. In the second period they would be reservists, employed in producing everything required in the army, military exercises being a secondary consideration; while in the third period they would be pensioners, but some of them employed instructing young soldiers, and

men newly placed on the reserve list, in different trades and branches of manufacture.

These principal periods would, of course, be sub-divided. First, the recruit would go to the regimental depot for his preliminary training. There he is not only made a soldier, but he undergoes careful physical training, which makes him a strong and active man. Next would come the period of service with the regiment. During this portion of the soldier's career he might already be exceedingly useful to the country, whilst doing work that would be valuable training for his duties in the field.

A self-supporting army should also be well paid, and a good day's work would be expected of the men. All should receive regimental pay for regimental duties, and working pay for other work, as the Royal Engineers do now, so that they would have time for drill and for work; devoting certain seasons of the year entirely to manœuvres and other military exercises. Suitable employment for regiments would be building houses, constructing fortifications, whilst works connected with developing our canal system, reclaiming foreshores, draining and improving waste lands, sea defences, and reafforestation might be undertaken also.

An army employed on such works as these could not live in permanent barracks. This fact would be an advantage. No one would have any misgivings at the idea of soldiers living in portable galvanised iron huts in these days when every man and woman with an idea of hygiene sleeps all the year round with a window wide open. The huts, indeed, may be made as warm as houses, so that no difficulties would arise even for married quarters and hospitals; traction engines and motor wagons solve the transport difficulty as completely as galvanised iron solves the question of portable houses. On ordinary works, however, regiments would not have to change their camping ground very frequently.

After about three years service with his regiment, at home. and in non-tropical stations, the soldier would pass for the first time to the reserves. During his service at the depôt he would have received a fine physical training, during his service with the regiment he would have learnt to apply the strength he had acquired to hard work. Then would be the time to turn soldiers, still

young, averaging about twenty-two years old, into good craftsmen and workmen of every kind. For every reason, practical and physiological, the turn of tropical service should not come yet. Reservists would be sent off to military factories, farms, warehouses, and every conceivable establishment for producing and distributing things used in the army during peace time. Reservists would first be employed manufacturing articles which, during a big war, when the reserves were called up, might be purchased of ordinary manufacturers. The men employed on farms would be, not only in England, but in Canada, growing all the wheat for use in the army in ordinary times, and in other climates producing different kinds of produce. Tropical produce would have to be produced with native labour. But the British army includes natives of all climates, and acclimatised Europeans to direct their labour.

There is no class of article that is not consumed in the army, so there is no ordinary branch of manufacture that the reservists would not take up. Reservists employed in the Government factories should all work under the economically correct and physically and morally advantageous conditions of short hours in the factory, and the rest of their time employed in producing part of their food on an allotment of their own; at the normal work of man, and the only truly healthy and, at the same time, improving work. They would also receive a regular amount of military training. After a certain age men could be employed in the factories that could not be closed during war, such as the Royal Arsenal, and other establishments making things used during war time which could not conveniently be bought at short notice from private firms; also in distributing departments, which continue their work during war time. These older men would not be reservists in the true sense; but, in the event of an invasion, it would be an advantage that they should be men with military training.

For ease of administration Army factories should be located together, in a few central localities, and the farms farmed by the reservists should be around them.

After men had served a certain number of years in the reserve, and had attained the prime of their life and strength, they would

return to the colours for service on tropical stations. One plan would be to take every man, at the age of about thirty-five, for a couple of years' service, trusting that by this age he would have become so well trained to work that two years spent in globe-trotting would not turn him into an idler. Practice would have to determine what plan or combination of plans would be best. An alternative would be to take some of the men only for tropical service, at the age of about thirty, to serve about fifteen years. This way, only about a sixth of them would be required. But it is evident that the whole good result of the training the soldier would receive at the depot and with his regiment might be lost, and he might be incapacitated, to a great extent, as a worker, if, instead of passing straight to the reserves, he were drafted off at once for service in the tropics where white men do not labour.

When the soldier's working days were over he would be pensioned, but the services the pensioners would render in teaching young soldiers their trades would be a vitally important part of the scheme.

Let us now consider the plan in its economic aspects. The soldiers enlisted for life would, together with their wives and families, form a population roughly equal to that of Switzerland. This population would be supplied with everything that reservists would have to manufacture, from bombs to baby's bottles, from bayonets to hair pins. Soldiers would be paid in peace time, not in ordinary currency, but in cheques, exchangeable at the army stores for commodities manufactured in the army factories and produced on the army farms. Whatever reductions of the regular forces may be contemplated, those forces, enlisted in this way would always form, together with their families, a community of such dimensions that it could manufacture everything for itself in peace time. Even during small wars it would be possible to continue to pay soldiers and their families in their special currency tokens, because the pensioners would form a reserve of labour to fall back on, and keep the factories open.

According to the estimates of Professor Hertzka (see "The Laws of Social Evolution") five million able bodied men working

two hours and twelve minutes a day would supply a nation of twenty-two million inhabitants with "everything imaginable of necessity and of luxury." This means, in other words, that if all the able-bodied men of a large community helped in the work of production, they would provide it with everything mankind has as yet learned to wish for, with from two to three hours work a day. In the conclusion of Prince P. Kropotkine's "Field, Factories and Workshops" figures are given supporting these statements in considerable detail. Obviously, then, the army could support itself.

Practice only could determine how successful such a plan as we are proposing would be. It is evident, however, that it could not fail. There would be an immense factor of safety in our calculations, owing to the fact that it would be neither desirable to supply the soldier with "everything conceivable of necessity and of luxury," nor to work the reservists for two hours and twelve minutes a day only. There would probably be no more than half this amount to produce, allowing even for munitions of war, and thrice the time, on an average, for work, allowing for all military duties and exercises. At that computation there would be the magnificent factor of safety of six. Independently of statistics, however, it is self evident that, as old-time communities, whose powers of production were a small fraction only of what ours are, supplied themselves with necessaries and luxuries also, our soldiers could be self-supporting despite the fact that they would possibly have to spend an eighth of their time between enlisting and the age of forty-five doing military exercises.

It might be asked, however, where the skilful management for the army factories would come from, and the answer to this is very plain: The business man displays his ability partly in devising the best means of production, and partly in devising the best means of getting the better of his competitors for a market. It would be just the strength of a scheme such as we are considering that it would save the stupendous waste which accompanies competitive commercialism.

Improvements made in means of production and in organisation of labour are for the benefit of all. The whole manufacturing business soon takes up anything that proves itself to be a real

improvement. It is specially in competing that individual ability is necessary. And the army factories would have no competitors, they would supply just what was needed and ordered from the central administration. It is of great importance to firms engaged in the strife of competition to have keen and pushing managers who will have the very latest methods. It would be of very little importance, however, to the Government factories if some civilian establishments could produce fifteen articles with the labour with which they would produce twelve, because they would be sheltered from competition. It is probable, however, that production could be carried out with the greatest economy in the Army factories. The best methods would be studied at headquarters, and uniformly carried out. We have our Government arsenals, dockyards, clothes factories already, to demonstrate this practically; these, as a matter of fact, do compete successfully with private factories.

It is, of course, a question whether any Government would have the courage to organise the Army to be self-supporting, but, at all events, in the light of what we know about the powers of an organised community to support itself, it is quite clear that it is nothing short of criminal folly to turn reservists out to swell the ranks of the unemployed, with a sum of money sufficient to give them a good start on a career of drunkenness and debauchery, but not sufficient to start them in trade; instead of keeping them and organising them to do useful work of some kind for the Army, whilst being, at least in some measure, self supporting.

J. W. PETAVEL.

AN IMMORTAL SOUL.

By W. H. Mallock.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

Sir Rawlin awoke next morning with busy hours before him. Although he was the owner of most of the soil of Southquay, his father and his grandfather had so burdened their estate with mortgages that he had, ever since he succeeded to it at the age of twenty-three, enjoyed no more than a pittance from his large nominal income, and the question of whether he would be wise in consenting to contest the constituency would depend to a great extent on the issue of certain of that morning's transactions.

The old home of his family, some miles distant, being let to the patentee of a process for disinfecting sewage, his present quarters were in a well-known private hotel, which formed the central portion of an imposing and secluded crescent. Behind the crescent was a semicircle of woods and cliffs; before it were its own gardens with their shelving lawns and shrubs; and below the gardens, in a small but beautiful bay, the sea broke amongst rocks and splashed on the milk-white shingle.

To a sitting-room, whose three tall windows opened on a seaward balcony, and whose bare walls were decorated with engravings of Prince Albert deer-stalking, a habitable air was given by a number of books and papers, and a bachelor's breakfast, which, when Sir Rawlin entered, was awaiting him on a tray by a well-burnished steel grate. He entered with the alert but pre-occupied

air of a man confronted by grave business, and well accustomed to deal with it, but his face gave evidence also of preoccupations of another kind. He had found himself on waking possessed by a dull uneasiness, due to yesterday's adventure, and more especially to its closing moments. The beautiful and interesting girl, whom he had encountered in a way so singular and whose conduct towards himself had been even more singular than their meeting—had he, he asked himself, taken any undue advantage of her? And again, for his own part, could he have been actually foolish enough to allow a mere child like this to excite in him even for an instant an emotion whose dangers and follies he had exhausted years ago? These were questions, so he told himself, with a sort of bewildered impatience, which, he being what he was, it would be ludicrous to consider seriously; but, do what he would, he could not banish them from his mind till, his breakfast being just over, a waiter entered with a card and inquired if he was ready to receive the gentleman whose name it bore.

This gentleman, a member of a well-known firm of solicitors, had under his arm a long cylindrical map-case, and many papers protruded from the pockets of his black great-coat. He and Sir Rawlin greeted each other with much solemnity. The map and the papers were extracted and placed on a large table, and the conference was begun by the visitor, who said, "I assume, Sir Rawlin, that you make no objection to the uses for which this site is required."

"I should make none," said Sir Rawlin, "if they wished to build a temple to Jupiter."

At the end of an hour a satisfactory conclusion had been reached. Twenty acres of land, at twelve hundred pounds an acre, were to be sold by Sir Rawlin, on which an enormous monastery was to be built by one of the wealthiest of the Orders lately expelled from France.

The solicitor, with triumph in his face, had not long taken his departure, when his chair was being occupied by the Secretary of the Southquay Conservative Association, a dapper little man with eyes quick and sharp as a ferret's. He wasted no time, but went to the point at once. Producing some documents drawn up with much precision he showed Sir Rawlin that the electors of

the Southquay division who voted on party principles had consisted for thirty years of two equal bodies, which balanced each other, the result being determined by the thousand electors remaining, who had, said the secretary parenthetically, no principles at all. The votes of this select thousand were, according to him, the only votes about which a patriotic candidate need trouble himself, and these would be determined by the candidate's views or intentions with regard to such questions as trawling, the making of a new railway, the likelihood of his living in Southquay, and patronising the principal tradesmen to the extent of something like fifteen hundred a year; but more especially on his attitude towards the Dissenters and the High Church party, which last in Southquay was exceptionally numerous and influential. Much might be done with Dissenters and Churchmen alike, by gifts of sites for buildings, impossible for a carpet-bagger; much, too, by a judicious handling of the religious leaders themselves, and the secretary ventured to think that Sir Rawlin was the man to do it.

"Well," said Sir Rawlin, when his visitor rose to go, "I must think all this over, and meanwhile I may tell you that as to one point I have information already which very much agrees with yours. I mean as to the High Church party. My informant is Mr. Barton, of All Saints. He is going to give me his own view of the situation this morning. Do you know him?"

"I can't say I do," replied the other, "not, so to speak, personally. But from all I hear of him, he's a pushing masterful man, and on Sundays he fills his church. People go miles to hear him. I should say you couldn't do better than pick the Reverend Mr. Barton's brains."

Left to himself, Sir Rawlin began to smile as he thought over the political wisdom to which he had just listened, and he paced the room like a man with whom matters thus far were prospering. Suddenly his movements were arrested by the sight of three books on a sideboard. They were books belonging to the hotel, and he had asked for them the previous evening. They were a Peerage, a Landed Gentry, and a volume of a kindred kind, the title of which was The Biographical Year-Book. Abandoning his walk, he took these to a window, and was soon lost in his study of them, as though politics had no existence.

The items of information which they recalled or imparted to him were as follows: The Arundels he identified with a family well-known to him by repute as the ancient possessors of a property in his own county, and a manor-house whose endless gables he was familiar with in old engravings. One of this family, who was a dean, had married a sister of Lady Susannah Lipscombe's, and had been by him the mother of Miss Arundel, Oswald, and Mr. Hugo. A half-brother of the dean's had married and assumed the name of a Miss Wynn Vivian, the heiress of two Welsh castles, and from this union had resulted children and grandchildren; but Sir Rawlin could nowhere find any mention of such a name as Nest. There was, however, a Captain Rhyss Wynn Vivian, of whom it was curtly stated that, at a date and a place not given, he had married a Belgian lady, apparently of good parentage, and that by her he had had issue not further particularised. The name of Captain Rhyss Wynn Vivian dimly recalled to Sir Rawlin a man in the Second Life Guards who had had to leave the country in connection with some scandal at cards, and possibly—indeed, probably—Miss Nest Wynn Vivian was his daughter. But if the Landed Gentry told him less than he expected, the Biographical Year-Book told him more. It told him—the edition being now four or five years old—that the Revd. Theophilus Barton, educated at Rugby and Cambridge, had, previous to taking orders, travelled much in Spain, Italy, and the East; had been a lecturer at Belfast and Manchester on Architecture and Religious Art; that certain of his lectures had been brought out as a book; and that he had also written many papers on Ritual and Patristic Theology.

Sir Rawlin, having exhausted Mr. Barton, returned to the Wynn Vivians and the Arundels, and indolently amused himself by tracing the ramifications of the two families. He found himself in a world of clerics, Indian officials, and squires; and amongst these, here and there, were names of more general note. Here was a Cabinet Minister; here was an illustrious diplomat; and here, shining out amongst more modest surroundings, was the beautiful Lady Conway, who was at that very time a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of fashionable life. All these facts and names were circling in Sir Rawlin's mind round the image of his heroine of yesterday, which still caused him uneasiness, when he

was roused by the announcement of yet another morning caller, and one who, unlike the others, was evidently not expected. The door was thrown open with a ceremony which had been wanting on the previous occasions, and a man, of perhaps seventy, muffled in magnificent sables, entered with sedate steps. His hair and beard, elaborately trimmed and curly, were dark and untouched by time. Though his eyelids were somewhat wrinkled his dark eyes were piercing, and, leaning lightly on a cane with a gold head, he exposed a finely-shaped hand, ornamented with a turquoise ring.

"Good heavens," exclaimed Sir Rawlin, starting up from his chair, "what miracle brings you here? I imagined you on your travels still, brooding perhaps over the lost glories of Sidon, or watching, like Apollonius, for the ghost of Achilles at Troy."

The traveller laughed. "Free me of this burden," he said, unbuttoning his heavy furs. "Thank you. The only ghost I've been seeking," he continued, "is the ghost of health, and I've been doing so with a companion and friend—a most fascinating and delightful friend—whose spells have, I think, brought it back to me in the flesh. Did you ever meet him, my dear Rawlin? I'm speaking of Dr. Thistlewood. Of course you know him by name. His mother was a Pole, a woman of immense property, and he's one of the few medical men—amongst other things he has been a soldier—who have studied the living organism for the sake, not of fees, but of knowledge. If I had to choose my own career over again I would be a doctor. No one else can rival a philosophic doctor in holding a stethoscope to the inmost heart of existence. But of all this I must speak to you at some other time. I shall be here again in a week or so, but to-day I return to London. I am indeed on my way to the station now, so our present conversation must be brief. I heard last night that there is a chance of your standing for this division. The news delighted me. What I want to know is—can I help you?"

"In what way?" asked Sir Rawlin.

"There are," replied the traveller, "three men in the present Cabinet whom at one period of their careers I helped in the way I speak of. I was once one of your trustees, so to you I may speak openly. If, in forming your decision, any question of expense

should weigh with you, I should like to make you feel that you may altogether disregard it. Don't thank me for my offer unless you thank me by accepting it."

"I would," said Sir Rawlin, "thank you in that way heartily if it hadn't been for a transaction which has practically been completed this morning. Look at that letter which has been left with me. I've just had a windfall of more than twenty thousand pounds."

The traveller read the document, and answered, "Well, I congratulate you; though if I could have had the pleasure of helping you, I should have congratulated myself more. And now, I've a carriage at the door. Would you like me to take you anywhere? Or, better still, on this lovely Italian morning, shall we walk for half-an-hour on the New Drive, as they call it—for that's my way, and the carriage can go on and wait for us?"

"Let us walk," said Sir Rawlin, "by all means. I am going that way myself."

The New Drive was a road which, high above the level of the hotel, followed the folds and protrusions of the hill's face for a mile or so. Above it were fir-woods. From its edge down to the sea descended exotic evergreens, interspersed with natural brushwood, amongst which scrambled a number of winding pathways, and up one of these pathways the two companions climbed. The views from the top were of a kind unequalled in Northern Europe. The restless waters, through layers of headlong foliage, showed their blue surface growing milky as they murmured on the beach below. Here and there on the blueness was a white or rosy sail, and the oval of a boat's deck. Two island rocks shone, each in its fringe of foam.

The traveller paused to rest himself, and descanted on the scene before him. "Why, with this at their doors," he said, "should Englishmen go to Naples?" Then as they resumed their walk on what was now an asphalt pavement his conversation descended to a somewhat lower level, and, surveying the pedestrians and the occupants of shabby flys, who met or overtook them at not infrequent intervals, he proceeded to contrast, as though emulating a popular hymn, the vileness of man and woman with the choiceness of the prospects disfigured by them. "Beyond this dip in the

ground," he said, "where the road goes round the corner, there are two women—you can see them against the sky. They are just preparing to sit down on a bench. By the way in which they move you can see that those women are ladies. But as for the others, heaven alone knows what they are. Did you ever see such dresses, such hair, such figures? They paralyse one's power of believing that a good-looking woman is possible."

The Drive by this time had turned away from the sea. Below it were the depths of a valley rural with fields and hedge-rows, and the hills opposite ran out to a promontory on which, amongst thickets of ilex, was a cluster of white gables.

"Let me call your attention," said Sir Rawlin, "to the house facing us. A young shepherdess lives there who has strayed out of the world of Watteau. If your faith in beauty is failing you a look at her will revive it. I made her acquaintance yesterday afternoon in a mist."

The traveller's face at once became all attention, and Sir Rawlin proceeded to describe the events of yesterday, disguising, by the levity of his manner, both the interest and the trouble which they had not ceased to excite in him.

"I envy you," said the traveller, the story having reached its close. "When I come back, introduce me. Through two passions alone, my dear Rawlin—and politics is not one of them—we approach the secret which alone makes life valuable, the passion for woman, and the deeper passion for knowledge. Only this last is mine. Both may still be yours."

"You are wrong," said Sir Rawlin. "When men have loved and recovered from love a sufficient number of times—for a woman is her own antidote—they find that any fresh experience of it, even if they should be tempted to wish for it, would be only folly for themselves and only cruelty for others. I am no longer qualified for playing the fool gracefully, and as for cruelty—well, I can tell you this, I was a keen sportsman once, but now—I don't know how it is—I am unable, without necessity, to wound any living thing. But, to turn to a subject a little more interesting than myself, we are coming to your own two ladies, whose distinction was so evident to you from a distance. The near one at all events —for I can't see the other—is, I regret it for your sake, not very well turned out."

This observation, which he made in a subdued voice, was hardly out of his mouth, when the subject of his unflattering criticism catching his eye, bowed to him, and with some confusion he saw that she was Miss Nina Arundel. She rose to meet him, and as she did so the figure of her companion revealed itself. It was that of Miss Wynn Vivian. Her hat was trimmed with some delicate fur. On her breast was a bunch of violets. Her face, rather pale, was like ivory that had been rubbed with rose-leaves.

Sir Rawlin glanced towards her with a certain sense of shyness, almost afraid of the feeling which she might possibly display on seeing him. She, however, unlike her cousin, betrayed no consciousness of his presence. She remained, indeed, to all appearance, absorbed in the contemplation of her muff, till Miss Arundel, speaking into her ear, said, "Nest, here's Sir Rawlin Stantor." Then she at once looked up, and her smile and the inclination of her head were so gracious in their self-possession that a new acquaintance might well have thought them encouraging; but she did not extend her hand, and there was in her expression and movements no trace whatever of any recollected intimacy.

Sir Rawlin's feelings were, he hardly could tell what. That which was uppermost was a feeling of his own folly in wasting his valuable scruples on an impudent little chit like this, who actually presumed to treat him as some smart young lady in London treats some casual partner in whose arms she has waltzed at Cairo. "So much for her," he said to himself curtly. Meanwhile he was conscious that Miss Arundel was addressing him with much friendliness. "My cousin," she was saying, "has tired herself by coming too fast up hill. Sir Rawlin, my aunt is so pleased to have met you. She has written you a letter this morning, which Nest and I have been posting, and she hopes that she will soon see you again."

"This one," thought Sir Rawlin, "has some manners at all events." He shook hands with Miss Arundel cordially, raised his hat slightly to Miss Vivian, and hastened to rejoin his companion who had walked on slowly before him.

"Your eyes," he said laughing, "are much better than mine. One of those two ladies of yours is my beautiful shepherdess herself. Of course she's a mere child."

The traveller, who had watched the meeting, cast a parting glance behind him. "I was sure of it," he said, striking the ground with his stick. "I commend your judgment. For years I've seen nothing like her, and now here's the carriage. God bless me, you talk of her as a child. A girl like that is never a child, and unless her digestion fails her, will never be an old woman. If I weren't pressed for time I should insist on being taken to her at once. Are you coming on with me, or shall I leave you to retrace your steps? My walk, had I been you, would have ended at that bench."

"I'm coming on with you," said Sir Rawlin. "Will you put me down by the church? I've no time this morning for any shepherdess of hearts. My business lies with a shepherd of souls and votes."

CHAPTER V.

THE house of which, as a lodger, Mr. Barton occupied the whole, was close to the church, and had the aspect of a miniature vicarage. It opened on a gravelled precinct, over which tall elms stretched themselves, and the actual Vicarage was opposite to it—a low, commodious villa. In the background, above a hedge of privet, a school and some other buildings attached to the church were visible. It was a peaceful scene, pervaded by that atmosphere of priestliness and dignified common life, which the English Establishment has alone known how to generate. As Sir Rawlin made his way towards Mr. Barton's porch the chimes from the grey tower and the cawing of rooks mixed together.

On ringing the bell he was informed by an obliging maid that Mr. Barton was out, but would very shortly return, and had begged, with many apologies, that Sir Rawlin would step in and wait for him. The visitor was taken accordingly through a newly-distempered lobby with a tiled floor and wood-work of polished pitch-pine and shown into a room, whose mellow and scholastic aspect was, in a house so modern, at once pleasant and surprising. Up to two-thirds of their height the walls were lined by bookshelves, the remaining space being occupied by copies of religious pictures and a number of large photographs representing ecclesiastical buildings. The floor was covered with a matting of dusky green,

and the whole of the wide window was blocked by an enormous writing-table.

Gradually other details forced themselves on Sir Rawlin's notice. Hung by wires from the top moulding of the bookshelves, and hiding many of the books, were some coloured placques representing, in high relief, the heads of Italian saints in conditions of meditation or ecstasy. On the writing-table was a tall crucifix, and something in a shadowy corner which seemed at first to be a broken ormolu inkstand, but proved on nearer inspection to be a small and antique censer. More interesting, however, than any other objects were the books, many of them ragged in aspect, most of them worn by use. They were very various in character. There were Government blue-books, text-books of logic and history, and travellers' guide-books interspersed with Italian poets. There were learned treatises on Pompeii and the Roman Forum, on the schools of mediæval painters, and the development of Christian architecture. There was a copy of Plato's Banquet, translated, and bound in vellum, an Imitation of Christ, Essays by Water Pater, The Interior Castle of St. Teresa, The Spiritual Combat, The Dark Night of the Soul, and between a Keats and a Shelley was the Little Flowers of St. Francis. There were English dramatists, four lives of St. Ignatius, treatises on heraldry, Christian symbolism and ritual, and rows of the early Fathers, such as Augustine, Origen, and Tertullian. Such were the typical features of the priest's library which caught Sir Rawlin's eye, and gave him a strange impression as though he were being surrounded by the thoughts, the struggles and the secret emotions of the man. Above the chimney-piece was a picture of three choristers singing, on the margin of which, in Mr. Barton's handwriting, were the pencilled words, "In memoriam." Under this was a photograph of a monument to Mr. Barton's mother, on the margin of which there was also a pencilled word, "Dilectissima."

Sir Rawlin was still engaged in his examination of these objects when steps were heard outside, and Mr. Barton, habited in a cassock and followed by a boy, entered.

"Sir Rawlin," he exclaimed, "for one moment excuse me. I will then make you twenty thousand apologies." He snatched from a rack a card covered with notes. "There," he said to the boy,

"give that to the organist. Wait a bit," he added as he opened a drawer. "Would you like a ginger-bread nut?" He patted the boy's cheek. "There, you young rascal, say 'Thank you' prettily, and be off with you. And now, Sir Rawlin, here I am as your penitent; but I trust you'll forgive me when I tell you that I've just been waiting—waiting, alas, in vain—to administer the last sacrament to an unfortunate dying woman. She had, with a view to allaying some poor temporal pain, been literally so drugged by one of these infidel doctors that she died under my very eyes without recovering consciousness. However, what's done is done. Sit down and let us go to business. I have promised to give you some information with regard to Southquay politics, considered from the Churchman's standpoint. Let me begin by saying"—and he here consulted a paper on which some figures were scribbled—"that we have amongst the voters at least seven hundred and forty communicants, whose votes would be determined primarily by the candidate's attitude towards the Church. Apart from Church matters we should most of us be on your side—the Conservative. But let us make no bones about it; with us the Church comes first, and all other considerations second. And now let me tell you what, politically, our claims for the Church are."

"Do," said Sir Rawlin, "that's just what I want to hear."

Mr. Barton began by premising in a matter-of-fact tone that the Church—her distinguishing note being the possession of apostolic orders—was necessarily one or other of two things. She was a product of human delusion, or the custodian of supernatural truth. If she was the former she should be suppressed. If she was the latter she should be supreme. True, to maintain her supremacy, she would have to fight her own battles and justify her teaching by the success of it; but, in order to give her teaching fair play, she must be free. Her doctrines revealed by Christ, handed down by tradition, formulated by the earlier Councils, her seven sacraments, her ritual, her discipline, her entire system of education—these must not be interfered with by a pack of infidel lawyers. The Church must be free to deal with them in her own way. She must, above all, be placed at no disadvantage in endeavouring to secure her utmost, her legitimate, influence over the young. "If," said Mr. Barton, "the secular arm will be her servant so much the

better. If not, let us do without it. Briefly," he went on in conclusion, "the thing we ask for is freedom, and that's hardly a demand which, amongst Englishmen, ought to be so very unpopular."

Sir Rawlin was an excellent listener, as Mr. Barton with approval recognised. "I think," he said, "if I finally decide on standing, the best course will be to have a special meeting of Churchmen, and then I can make plain to all of them what my own position is."

"Admirable," murmured Mr. Barton. "The suggestion is quite admirable."

"That," Sir Rawlin proceeded, "we can settle about when the time comes; but, meanwhile, I may tell you for your own satisfaction, that if freedom is what you want for your religion, you will find me quite at one with you. I needn't go into details, but let me give you two examples. Wherever a desire prevails to worship the sacred elements, I would have the English clergy free to reserve and expose them. Wherever a belief prevails in the general necessity of confession, I would have them free to fill their aisles with confessionals."

Mr. Barton, with a sigh of relief, subsided into an easier attitude. "Sir Rawlin," he said, "do you know I believe that you're a man after our own heart."

"Perhaps," Sir Rawlin replied with a slight smile, "my sacerdotalism goes farther even than yours, for if we have priests at all, my own view is that they should be celibate."

Mr. Barton reflected. "I am not," he said, "in favour of any general prohibition, though I pray and have worked for the growth of celibate orders, and considered celibacy as part of my own personal vocation."

"I was only," observed Sir Rawlin, "giving utterance to a pious opinion, which has after all much to say for itself. Celibacy was obligatory on all the priests of Isis, and Tertullian declared that their chastity might be a lesson to many Christians."

A sudden light of amity shone in Mr. Barton's face. "Ah," he exclaimed, "so you read the Fathers, do you? How nice now! How very nice! There are plenty of the Fathers on my shelves. Yes—the Fathers; if we wish for corporate reunion it is to them

that we must go back. Ah, Rome, Rome, with the false pretensions of her Vatican, putting artificial restrictions round the treasures of her spiritual life!"

"I noticed your Fathers," said Sir Rawlin, "in looking round your room, as I waited for you—also your architectural pictures, and there's one thing which I wished to ask you: What building is that—though this is rather going off at a tangent—that bit up there with the buttresses and the three windows? The arches are Norman, but the mouldings are Early English."

Mr. Barton rose with alacrity, and turned to the picture indicated.

"Dear, dear," he said. "This is nicer still. You're a student of architecture also. Fancy your noticing that. That bit of building is part of the cathedral at Kirkwall. Changes in architectural style reached the Orkneys so slowly, that, though Kirkwall Cathedral took four hundred years to finish, we find the round Norman arch surviving there to the very last when the details of decoration had changed. Next to that picture—if all this is not boring you—is another odd example of very much the same thing. It's the church built by the Goths, at Narranco, in the north of Spain. The Christian builders have been copying some of the details of a Roman temple. Do you see where they placed the altar? Delightfully quaint, isn't it? I've a host of other things I could show you. That, for example, is a sweet little chapel at Edessa, said to have been built by Agbarus. But, my dear Sir Rawlin, aren't we rather straying from our muttons—our political muttons, I mean? Or may we suppose that we understand each other? I think we may; but I should just like to ask you one thing. Please sit down again and be comfortable. As you know, there is a cave here—indeed, it is quite close by—in which wiseacres from London and Berlin have discovered some old bones. They have just come on the vertebræ, I think they say, of a mammoth. Well, it so happens that I have encountered a storm of abuse because, acting for my vicar, I've refused the use of a little hall we have to a conference of scientific free-thinkers who wanted to exhibit these remains in it as an excuse for an assault upon the Bible. Every age invents a new jargon for infidelity. Now you would wish, I hope, that the Church should be mistress of her own

buildings, and free to refuse the use of them for any purpose which she condemns."

"I should wish her," said Sir Rawlin, "to be so completely the owner and mistress of them that she might shut their doors or open them precisely at her own pleasure, as your opponents doubtless do the doors of their own dining-rooms."

"I felt sure of your answer," said Mr. Barton, with cordial emphasis. "Well, our political business we may look on for the time as settled. And now, Sir Rawlin, a cigarette—let me offer you my one luxury, if you smoke; and may I ask you to give me your opinion on a matter of a different kind. Which of these bindings do you prefer? They're some samples that have just been sent me. The books are little manuals, which I'm going to give to my confirmation classes."

"I should think," said Sir Rawlin, "that the red would probably keep cleaner than the white. I can't help seeing the price. It's wonderful what binders can turn out to-day for one and fourpence. But surely—may I look at that other specimen in your parcel?—you can't get a thing like that done for the same money."

"No," said Mr. Barton with some slight hesitation, "one can't. One doesn't wish to be snobbish and a respecter of persons; but, as you said just now, the poorer children do make their things dirty, so one can't in reason treat everyone in exactly the same way. That book in violet is, to tell you the truth, designed for the young lady whom I saw you walking with yesterday. She is one of my pupils, and she will of course take care of it. An interesting girl, Sir Rawlin, though it seems that her religious education has been terribly neglected in some ways. She has great taste and feeling, in religious matters especially; and you must let me show you this, which I'm just sending her also. It is called 'The Visions of the Saints.' The letterpress is very simple. What I want you to notice is the pictures. There is our Lord as seen by St. Catherine, of Siena. It's done by some sort of process, but it looks just like a miniature. You probably, as an old friend of the family, know about her past education much better than I do."

Sir Rawlin was conscious of a distaste for discussing Miss Vivian with a stranger. "Till yesterday afternoon," he said drily,

"I never saw the young lady in my life. I was not even aware that such a person existed."

"Indeed," exclaimed Mr. Barton, "indeed! When I saw you two walking home together, I quite took you for old friends."

"Well," said Sir Rawlin, who had repented of his late candour, "perhaps in a sense we are. Her aunt's family and my mother's are somehow or other connected, but although I believe I'm descended from Lady Susannah's great-grandmother, I have never kept count of her own or her husband's nieces."

The slight frown which had formed itself on Mr. Barton's forehead disappeared, and when shortly afterwards Sir Rawlin rose to go, Mr. Barton said, with yet increased cordiality, "Perhaps you'd like to have a look round my crib. Here," he continued, leading the way into a smaller room, "is my inner den, my cell, my sanctum sanctorum. In here I generally write my sermons." The floor was bare. There were one or two hard oak chairs. Another crucifix stood on a small table, and before the table was a stool, apparently used for kneeling. The only other furniture was a desk on which lay some manuscript; the window opened on a patch of monastic garden.

"I can always," said Mr. Barton, "when people come to see me keep my work undisturbed in one room or the other. Across the passage is my eating-room. Would you like to have a peep at that? Not large, is it? I can just cram in three people. Generally there is only one. Well, such is the nakedness of the land. And now, if you must go, good-bye. As soon as matters are ripe we must arrange about that meeting. The discussion we have just had has indeed been a great pleasure to me."

As soon as Mr. Barton was alone he became a changed man. The expression which had accompanied his occasional and almost nervous use of such conversational words as "crib" and "nice" and "sweet" altogether disappeared. The monk in his face came out. The receiver of calls faded.

He returned to what he called his cell and sat down at his desk there. At one side lay a loose pile of sheets. They were notes of a series of sermons which he was to preach during the coming Lent. On the blotting-pad was a piece of notepaper, on which were the unfinished verses of an Easter hymn. He began reading, pen in hand, the following fragments aloud to himself:

When the low white streaks of day are breaking
Over the sleeping fleeces and the blue
Hills of the shepherd, and the garden waking
Tells its scents in silence to the dew,

Who is this whose garments brush the thronging
Stalks of the garden by yon leaning stone?
What is your secret tryst, O eyes of longing,
Here in the stillness of the dawn alone?

What sudden thing is this, whose hands in warning
Freeze you to rapture? Hast thou come to meet
This? Lo, His hands are wounded, and the morning
Has laid its dews upon His wounded feet.

Magdaleh, what dost thou here before me?
This place is mine, not thine. Thy sins were seven,
But these were all wiped out. . . . .

Here for the present Mr. Barton's hymn ended. As he bent over the paper a tear dropped and blistered it.

CHAPTER VI.

As for Sir Rawlin, he, too, like Mr. Barton, when left to himself again, became a different man. Miss Vivian's behaviour to him on the Drive forced itself on his thoughts afresh, and caused him more annoyance than he was at all willing to recognise. This mere child, this companion of romping school-girls, had not merely reduced him to the condition of an affronted boy, but had shown him that the situation which he was so scrupulously resolving to avoid was actually nothing more than a ludicrous imagination of his own. No doubt, by way of compensation, she had removed the ground of his self-reproaches—a fact for which he found himself hardly so grateful as he might have been. At any rate he had determined before he reached his hotel that her acquaintance should not figure amongst the interests of his stay at Southquay.

On reaching the hotel, however, he was again confronted with the thought of her. Lying on his luncheon-table was the letter from Lady Susannah which Miss Arundel had mentioned as on the way to him. It consisted of a cordial request that he would

lunch with her that day-week. He accepted the invitation with a pleasure which he was not over-careful to analyse; but he put Cliff's End and its inmates out of his mind meanwhile, and the practical business which claimed him made the exclusion easy.

The appointed day arrived. The luncheon hour was half-past one, and Lady Susannah, some twenty minutes earlier, was alternately knitting and fidgeting in a shabby little green boudoir when she heard a pull being given to the front-door bell, and the butler a moment later ushered in Mr. Barton.

"Dear Mr. Barton," said Lady Susannah, "how very good of you to have come early, as I asked you."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Barton, "it's so dear of you to have bidden me at all."

"Sit down, please," said Lady Susannah, as she snatched rather nervously at her knitting. "I want to say a word to you about my poor, pretty niece, Nest Vivian."

Mr. Barton's drawing-room smile at once left his lips, and he asked or rather ordered his hostess to go on.

"You know," began Lady Susannah, "how easily things upset her—a clap of thunder, or any mental excitement. Still, on the whole, she's been steadily better, and for the first day or so after her fright in the hockey-field I thought she was brighter and stronger than I'd ever seen her before. But since then she has somehow or other gone back again. She's listless, and she hardly eats, and now I have just discovered that she's taken to stealing away and spending hours by herself in your church. Now I myself should be just as sorry as you would to do anything which might interfere with her healthy religious impulses; but you know better than I do that such impulses may become exaggerated, and the doctor says that in her case if they did so it would be most injurious."

"I should doubt," said Mr. Barton, with a faint accent of sarcasm, "whether doctors were specially qualified to advise candidates for confirmation. And yet, Lady Susannah," he went on after a pause, "I will not deny that possibly in this special case you may be right. You would like me to speak to her—that I presume to be your wish. Very well, I will do so. Knowing her as I do I can easily put things straight."

"Dear Mr. Barton," said Lady Susannah, "I am sure you can. May I tell you what I feel myself, for of course I see her every day? My own feeling is that besides physical exercise we ought to provide her with some healthy general interests, some society beyond that of her cousins."

"Certainly," said Mr. Barton with alacrity. "There I am quite at one with you. It's a very sad thing, the irreligious tone of those boys. If they'd been brought up at a Board School one could understand it."

"Well," said Lady Susannah, ignoring this criticism of her nephews, "that is one of the reasons why I'm giving my little party. I'm afraid neither you nor she will find it very exciting. But there's George Carlton, my cousin—so amusing he is, and he knows everybody. And Sir Rawlin Stantor is coming, too. His conversation seemed really to wake Nest up. I wish in Southquay we'd a few more people like him."

"Hear, hear," exclaimed Mr. Barton, relapsing into his mundane manner. "Sir Rawlin is a charming man. He's been to see me, and I assure you he and I get on like a house on fire. A man of his age, with his wide knowledge and accomplishments, is precisely the kind of person it would do your niece good to meet—certain to interest, without any risk of exciting her. If you'll leave her to my discretion——"

But his speech was here cut short by the quick opening of a door, and Miss Vivian herself was before them, slim and silken in the daintiest of Parisian blouses. "My dearest and best of aunts," she said, "Nina is dying to speak to you about the flowers. I beg your pardon. Oh, Mr. Barton, it's you, is it? I very much hope I'm not interrupting business."

"I'll come this moment," said Lady Susannah, rising, "and you, little Nest, I shall leave you with Mr. Barton to entertain him."

Mr. Barton possessed, as a spiritual director of women, an advantage not universal amongst the bachelor clerics, his brethren. His temperament had signally liberated him from the ordinary influences of sex, and though women's society was congenial to him, the reason of this was, that, apart from their graces, which he looked on with a certain envy, and his own knowledge and intellect which made him feel their superior, he was haunted by no sense of any

difference between himself and them. He had never found in them anything suggestive of that ulterior shore towards which man's love for woman is wont to extend it's hands. He had found this, indeed, elsewhere, but in persons of his own sex only, his friendships for certain of whom had, ever since his school-days, suffused his religion with an atmosphere of absolutely austere romance. Miss Vivian had no doubt done what girls very rarely did. She had excited in him a personal as well as a mere spiritual interest; but though this was partly due to her beauty and her charm of manner, both of which appealed to his social and artistic judgment, its sole more serious cause, so far as his consciousness could inform him, lay in what seemed to him the depth of her religious feelings, forlorn, and in danger of wasting themselves for want of proper guidance.

"I've been so concerned," he began, "to hear from Lady Susannah that since that day when I saw you coming home from hockey—and when, by the way, I didn't see you at tea—you haven't been quite well. That dreadful influenza—what tricks it does sometimes play with us."

"I suppose," replied the girl wearily, "that we all of us have our ups and downs. But don't go and tell me, I beg you, that I'm looking like an invalid to-day."

"Well," said Mr. Barton, with a touch of subdued playfulness, "not being much of a medicine-man I won't pronounce that you do. But," he continued gravely, "whatever your looks are at this moment, I should like to say something to you personally which I have just now been saying about you to your aunt. Your general health being not yet re-established—as you yourself know—you have during the last few days been spending many hours in church. You won't accuse me of wishing to discourage religious meditation; but to you, in your present condition, what I want to say is this. You and I and all of us are essentially immortal souls, and these bodies of ours are merely their perishable instruments; but we can't get rid of them so long as we are on God's earth, and it is only by using them that we can play our appointed parts. The body, in fact, is like an oar by which, on the sea of time, the soul has to propel itself in the direction of the divine country. Now if the oar of an actual boatman were to show signs of breaking, and

had consequently to be mended with glue and spliced tight with string, the more anxious the boatman was to press on to his destination the more careful he would be to use this poor ailing oar gently, till the glue was set and everything was nice and strong again. Your own body, my dear child, is an oar in that condition. Until it is quite strong again be careful not to overstrain it, even in your ardour to reach divine things."

"Yes, yes," said Miss Vivian, "I can see there's some sense in that."

"Well," Mr. Barton continued, "as I was just now saying to your aunt, what we want is to see you recovering the equable tone and cheerfulness which anybody at your age, with a good clear conscience, ought to have, and we think—your aunt in this entirely agrees with me—that what would be good for you is not physical recreation only, but the stimulus also of a little pleasant society—a little—shall we venture to use that very shocking word dissipation? No, I think not. We'll say a little social distraction—listening, for instance, to a travelled and experienced man like Sir Rawlin Stantor."

"Such an experienced man," said Miss Vivian, "would certainly not want to talk to me. Hark—the door-bell. They're beginning to come already. I must rush up to my own room to finish myself. Mr. Barton, thank you very much. In a general way I'm quite sure you're right. I'm apt to get morbid, and then I go all to pieces. You shan't see me do that at luncheon to-day, anyhow."

Some ten minutes after this conversation had ended, Sir Rawlin, a trifle late, was entering Lady Susannah's hall, and a sound from somewhere, like the cawing of a small rookery, suggested the general character of the company he was about to meet. Nearly everyone, as soon as he found himself in the drawing-room, seemed to be talking with an odd and exaggerated industry, as though bent on making the utmost of an opportunity that rarely came. The hero of the occasion was a little elderly man with a wig and a voice like a superannuated girl's, who was delighting a circle near the fireplace with a sort of dictatorial facetiousness. His hands glistened with rings, he called Lady Susannah "Dear thing," and on realising Sir Rawlin's presence, skipped forwards to meet him, with a gesture of elegant recognition.

Sir Rawlin presently assured himself, by appealing to Oswald Arundel, that this was Mr. George Carlton. "Mrs. Morriston Campbell," the boy went on, "has just discovered that he had once a little post about court, and is now swallowing his witticisms as if they were so much manna. Shall I tell you who some of the others are? Those two ladies talking to Mr. Barton are the authoresses. The fresh-coloured parson, with the high, bald forehead, who looks pink with luncheon before he has begun to eat, is Mr. Robinson. The girl in the corner with crushed-strawberry cheeks is Elvira, a love of Mr. Hugo's, who goes to school at Miss Aldritch's, and that monster near the window—do look at him—is Colonel O'Brian, her father."

Sir Rawlin's own desire was rather to look for Miss Vivian, but, failing to see her anywhere, he gave his attention to the Colonel. Colonel O'Brian, though the widowed parent of seven upstanding daughters, one of whom had married the son of an Irish peer, was a celebrated waltzer at provincial public balls. With his crimped moustache and his startling Norfolk jacket he had an air of chronic conquest over everything fair and feminine, and he was plainly engaged at that moment in a search for some fitting victim. Sir Rawlin's attention was presently called elsewhere by Mr. Carlton, who beset him with good wishes for his success in present candidature, and who went on to observe delicately, in a tone of shocked distress, that he had "always thought radicalism so dreadfully insincere and selfish. Why," he said, "can't the people keep in their proper places and leave us in ours? That's what I can't make out." Just, however, as he was diverging from this important question to compliment Lady Susannah on the stitch of a piece of knitting, Sir Rawlin's ear was caught by a light laugh, and turning round he perceived that Miss Vivian was at last present, and was seemingly happy in the toils of the enterprising Colonel. The Colonel's very back was eloquent of enviable success. He was asking her in tones of insinuating good fellowship how it was that he never met her at any of the Southquay dances, and was then proceeding to indulge in an engaging little shuffle with his feet, and was saying to her, "Don't you feel sometimes that you'd like to be doing this?" when the door was opened the announcement of luncheon came, and a movement without formality took place to the dining-room.

The guests, whose positions at the table were marked out for them by their names, had settled themselves and unfolded their napkins, whilst Mr. Robinson said a cheerful grace, before Sir Rawlin discovered that Miss Vivian was seated next him. In the drawing-room he had merely exchanged a formal salute with her from a distance, and now she was again monopolised by the Colonel, who was her other neighbour. To this arrangement, moreover, she herself seemed a willing party, for having curtly thanked Sir Rawlin, who moved to give her more room, she forthwith turned away from him and surrendered herself to the familiarities of his rival. This behaviour exceeded what Sir Rawlin had thought possible, and he naturally determined on paying her no further attention.

Mr. Barton, who was seated opposite, noticed Miss Vivian's conduct, and noticed it with displeased anxiety. When he had spoken to her about social interest he had not thought of florid colonels, and, placed at a distance though he was, he resolved to put matters right by disengaging her attention as soon as possible from its present unworthy object. The natural turn of the conversation at last gave him some assistance, by introducing a subject which was quite beyond the Colonel's grasp.

"We have," said Mr. Robinson, in an interval of general silence, "been talking down here about churches. Now, Barton, we'll appeal to you. You're a pundit in such matters. What should you say was the most interesting church existing? I mean as an architectural structure."

Mr. Barton felt at once that Miss Vivian's eyes were on him. "I think," he said judicially after some reflection, "that if you put the question of size aside I should give my vote to St. Ephraim's of the Forty Pillars."

Mr. Robinson put his hand to his ear. "I didn't," he said, "quite catch the name. In which diocese is that?"

"It was built," said Mr. Barton, "by Guy, Count of Cilicia. It lies fifty-five miles north-east of Tarsus."

Mr. Robinson with a slight grimace let the sacred subject drop, and another forthwith was started which seemed of more poignant interest. This was the celebrated Lord Cotswold, diplomatist, statesman and philosopher, but a notoriously irregular husband.

He, it was rumoured, had taken a house at Southquay, and was shortly going to occupy it with a large party of guests. Mrs. Morriston Campbell, with an air of superior knowledge, at once declared that Lord Cotswold was now quite out of society, and was somewhat taken aback when the courtly Mr. George Carlton, in a voice that was heard by everybody, said to Lady Susannah, "You remember, dear Susie, Lord Cotswold married a cousin of ours—a thoroughly third sort of cousin—and treated her quite too abominably—went off with the laundry-maid, or the mangling-maid—so shocking, all blue and soap-suds. It killed poor Maria of appendicitis twenty-five years afterwards. I always say it was through Maria that appendicitis came into our family."

Whilst Lady Susannah, amongst a chorus of applausive titters, was gurgling, "George, you really, you really mustn't. Isn't he too dreadful?" Mr. Barton observed that Miss Vivian was studying her empty plate, whilst the Colonel was wooing her vainly by saying with confidential knowingness, "Hush, you and I mustn't talk about Lord Cotswold. He's a very fie-fie gentleman—very hoity-toity, too. I met his lordship once at a dinner at the Viceregal."

This last announcement was so obviously addressed to the public that Mr. Barton lost no time in replying to it. "Who," he said, "may I ask you was Lord Lieutenant then?"

The Colonel was delighted to answer, and Miss Vivian, as Mr. Barton noticed, relapsed once more into a seemingly apathetic silence.

Suddenly Sir Rawlin was conscious that a low voice, which might have been addressed to the table-cloth, was saying close beside him, "Why have you never been to see me—I mean, to see us—again?"

He started and turned towards her, but his eyes met only a pale and half-averted cheek. "See you!" he repeated. "Why you surely can't have forgotten it. I did see you. I saw you with extreme plainness. I saw you again on the very morning after the day on which I first met you."

"You saw me!" she exclaimed, with a momentary glance in his direction. "You saw me! When—where?"

"On the New Drive," he answered, "when I was walking by with a friend. I was longing to stop and talk to you, but you

wouldn't even shake hands with me. You looked me up and down, and simply refused to speak."

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked in a softened and perplexed tone. "That must have been the day when I tired myself running up hill, and slept at the top—Nina says—for a minute or two. I do do that sometimes. It's all my horrible nerves. You weren't angry with me in the mist when you saw what a fool they made of me. I wonder if you feel that you are going to forgive me now."

Sir Rawlin replied without looking at her, and in a voice no louder than her own, "I forgive you; but there is nothing to forgive."

Presently Sir Rawlin's arm was aware of a hand laid on it, whose transient pressure was charged with appeal and intimacy, and a voice, as though whispering a secret, was saying to him, "I want some water." They looked into each other's eyes. A single look was sufficient. They were once more all they had been on the day of their first meeting.

Mr. Barton, having perceived in a general way that Sir Rawlin by this time had supplanted the objectionable colonel, had contentedly turned his attention in other directions, and might hardly have been tempted to observe Miss Vivian again if Mr. Robinson, in a voice expressing broadness of mind, had not referred to the newly-found Southquay mammoth, for the purpose of a lecture on whose remains Mr. Barton had refused his hall. Hereupon Oswald Arundel, with an excellent imitation of guilelessness, took occasion to observe that the cavern in which the bones had been found must be directly under the foundations of Mr. Barton's own abode. "Did you ever see," he added, "one of these monstrous skeletons complete?"

Mr. Barton turned on him sharply. "No," he said, "I never did. But I once saw a giraffe. That was quite big enough for me."

The boy, with a covert smile, glanced in the direction of Miss Vivian. Mr. Barton glanced anxiously in the same direction also. He saw no signs in the girl of any sympathy with her profane cousin; but he saw in her something instead which consigned mammoths to oblivion. If the marked lightness of her behaviour

to Colonel O'Brian had disturbed him there was something in her demeanour now which mysteriously disturbed him more. He could not tell clearly what it was, but he felt it in all his veins. That Sir Rawlin's conversation should interest her was the very thing he had wished, and Sir Rawlin's manner seemed to him precisely what he had been sure it would be—the manner of an experienced man who was entertaining a clever child; but this fact only sharpened Mr. Barton's impression that Miss Vivian herself—he hardly knew how to put it—was not a child being entertained, but a woman who had been perplexingly awakened. The topics which engaged the two were, so he gathered, trivial; but why, this being so, did she listen with such strange attention? Her head, though her eyes rarely sought her companion, was slightly inclined towards him, as though messages were reaching her ears fraught with clandestine meanings, and making her hardly conscious of the ordinary world around her. In what direction, quite unintelligible to himself, was this exquisite soul moving? For the rest of the meal he was almost completely silent, and afterwards, having managed to outstay all the rest of the company, he went up to Miss Vivian with a brusqueness which, in him, struck her as a novelty. "Will you," he said, "take a turn with me out of doors? I have something more to say to you."

With a docile and most appropriate gravity Miss Vivian acquiesced at once. She seemed willing at that moment to do anything that would please anybody.

"Would you like," she said, "to wait for me at the garden door? I'll run up and put my things on, and be down in a few minutes."

(To be continued.)

COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

LIKE the Count St. Germain, of whom we were writing last month, Count Cagliostro may be described as an occultist of the 18th century, but, of course, stands on so different and so much lower a level than St. Germain that the two cannot be bracketed together, except by reason of the fact that they were both concerned with occult pursuits, and belonged more or less to the same period. But while it would be difficult to overrate St. Germain's claims on our respect, Cagliostro's claims on our interest have to do rather with the fact that he is a human enigma than with his specific achievements. "The wonderful century," as Dr. Wallace has called it, runs the risk of being known hereafter as the stupid century for those especially concerned with superphysical pursuits, and its peculiar kind of stupidity—running hand in hand with its magnificent intelligence in reference to physical science and discovery—is especially illustrated in connection with the matter in hand by one of its admired exponents—Thomas Carlyle—a writer who obtained much undeserved credit during his lifetime by reason of the way in which his blear-eyed philosophy happened to suit the prejudices of the generation he addressed.

The impressions concerning Cagliostro current during the nineteenth century were mainly due to Carlyle's essay on the subject, inspired by the abhorrence he felt for any claims having to do with psychic faculty and occult research. For him Cagliostro, as a representative of the occultism of his period was necessarily an imposter! And Carlyle's language concerning those who suffer under his disapproval, has the merit at all events of

being vigorous in its phraseology. In the essay referred to, Cagliostro is described "as a liar of the first magnitude, thorough paced in all provinces of lying, what one may call the King of liars." Then Carlyle roughly skims over such information as can be obtained concerning him. "The quantity of discoverable print about Cagliostro, so much being burned, is now not great, nevertheless in frightful proportion to the quantity of information given." There is, indeed, one volume, claiming to be a life of Count Cagliostro, but as this treats him with great respect, Carlyle describes it as "fatuous and inane." "Our main dependence," he says, "must be placed on a certain 'Vie de Joseph Balsamo, connu sous le nom de Comte Cagliostro,'" but he admits that this work comes to us through the medium of the Roman Inquisition, "and alas, this reporting familiar to the Inquisition was too probably something of a liar." The truth of the matter seems probably to be that he was altogether a liar, and also inventor of the theory which has come into vogue to the effect that the real name of Count Cagliostro was Joseph Balsamo. Fortified by Carlyle, that theory has been so readily accepted by those inclined to think, that anyone surrounded by an aureole of wonder must necessarily be a cheat, that even in the catalogue of the British Museum we find all works of any kind, whether from his own pen or by others concerning him, which relate in any way to Cagliostro, given under the heading "Balsamo, called Cagliostro."

The only autobiographical record which we have to work with was compiled by Cagliostro himself, during his imprisonment in the Bastille, on a charge connected with the famous intrigue concerning the diamond necklace. This wonderful ornament has been the subject of many essays, as well as of Dumas' novel. Several persons, including the Cardinal de Rohan, Count Cagliostro, and Madame De la Motte, were arrested at the time and brought to trial for complicity in the theft of the necklace. The Cardinal and Count Cagliostro were honourably acquitted, the unfortunate woman being unequivocally revealed as the author of the elaborate swindle. Carlyle's contemptible unfairness, is amongst other things, exhibited by the way in which, making the most of the fact that Cagliostro was mixed up with

the necklace affair, he contemptuously slurs over the fact of his acquittal, simply saying in his usual fantastic language, "Grand Cophta Cagliostro liberated indeed, but pillaged, and ordered forthwith to take himself away." It seems true that he was pillaged by the agents of the Bastille, who made away with his money while he was in prison. It is true that he was exiled from Paris after his liberation as a consequence of some independent intrigue which one cannot comprehend. But the disgraceful insincerity of Carlyle's essay, which, in describing the necklace trial, speaks of Cagliostro as "Count Front-of-brass," "Pinch-beckostom," and by other grotesque terms of abuse, and then merely says he was "liberated indeed," when the event showed how little he deserved the abuse, is characteristic of Carlyle, foremost amongst historians to be always profoundly distrusted.

Returning to the autobiography—part of the Count's defence at the trial—we find him frankly admitting ignorance concerning his parentage and place of birth. All he remembers was a childhood at Medina, in Arabia, where he was brought up under the name of Acharat, by a tutor whom he calls Althotas, for whom he had a boundless love and reverence. He describes himself as being 37 or 38 years of age when at the Bastille, in the year 1786, so that would give us 1749 about, as the year of his birth. When he was still a boy of twelve or fourteen his tutor set out with him on extensive travels. First of all he was taken to Mecca, where he was very hospitably treated and entertained for some years by the local sovereign. Then he goes on with his tutor to Malta, where he is again received with extreme benevolence by the Grand Master of the Templars, Pinto by name. He remains at Malta for some years in the enjoyment of this hospitality. While he is at Malta, he says, "I had the misfortune of losing my best friend and master, the venerable Althotas, wisest and most learned of mankind." Eventually he resumes his wandering life, amply supplied, it would seem, with money by the Grand Master of the Templars, and he explains that one theory concerning his parentage which he is not in a position either to guarantee or deny, is to the effect that really Pinto was his father. Certain beautiful Turkish women had been captured in previous years by Maltese

rovers. Pinto, as a Knight Templar, could not marry, but this consideration does not fatally contradict the idea that one of the Turkish ladies was Cagliostro's mother and Pinto the father. The Turkish lady in question seems to have returned to the East at or before the period of our hero's birth, and this leads to his upbringing in an Eastern city. Of course the representatives of the Balsamo theory regard the whole of this story as a fiction, but the Balsamo theory itself never makes its appearance above the horizon until long after the Bastille period, when Cagliostro has imprudently ventured within the clutches of the Roman Inquisition, and is tried by that power for the supreme offences of Freemasonry and Magic.

It is not possible to tell the story of his life in a perfectly straightforward and coherent way, because at every point we have to determine whether we are to trust his autobiography or the Balsamo version. In so far as the Balsamo story first makes its appearance during the Inquisition trial, and appears to be hatched in the interest of the prosecution, the student of the Cagliostro enigma is first of all inclined to sweep it all away as utterly groundless and calumnious. Nor, all things considered, does it seem reasonable to do otherwise. But the matter is not quite so simple as that view might suggest. Let us first examine the Balsamo story on its own merits. Joseph Balsamo is alleged to have been a boy of vicious but spirited character, son of people in humble life, who, after disgracing himself in the eyes of the monks by various *étourderies* at the monastery where he is educated, is said to have perpetrated an elaborate swindle on a certain goldsmith called Marano. On pretence of enabling him by occult means to get possession of a hidden treasure, he extorts sixty ounces of gold from the man in question. With this he is represented as having started on his travels, and then the Inquisition biographer ingeniously picks up the undeniable facts of Cagliostro's mature life, and assumes that he is Balsamo under a new name.

But that dexterous trick would not deceive us long if it were not for puzzling allegations to the effect that in one case Marano identifies Cagliostro as the Balsamo who cheated him in his early life. This takes place during his stay in London after he marries

in Rome a young lady, always described as of great personal beauty, but of whom we know very little more, who is variously spoken of by different writers as Seraphina, or as Lorenzo Feliciani. Now Cagliostro comes to London amply supplied with resources far in excess of any that we could imagine him to have acquired by means of imposture along the lines of the Balsamo legend. At the instigation of Marano, the story runs, he is arrested and charged with being Balsamo, but, as generally happened when charges were brought against him, he was triumphantly acquitted. Then we are told by the friendly biographers that he was urged to prosecute his prosecutor for perjury, declining, however, to do so on the lofty ground that he never desired revenge. Now it may be, if there really was any Balsamo ever in existence, and if the Inquisition story is not a pure fiction, that Marano—supposing him also to have existed—may have been honestly mistaken. Eighteen or more years had elapsed since the transaction of which he was the victim, and it would be easy to assume that he might have been mistaken. Anyhow, this slender incident alone, especially in view of its results, can scarcely be held sufficient to establish an identity which the legal tribunals of the times declared not to have been established, and this is the only circumstance which really favours the Balsamo legend.

On the other hand, it is clear that during Cagliostro's travels he stays for a considerable time at Strasburg, where we do get information concerning his doings. It must have been about the year 1783 that he was at Strasburg (although dates in connection with this story are always a little uncertain), and a writer of the period called Laborde, in a book called "Lettres sur la Suisse," speaks of Cagliostro at Strasburg in glowing terms. He describes him as admirable by his conduct and vast knowledge, "his face expresses intelligence and genius, he knows nearly all the languages of Europe and Asia. . . . I have seen him relieving the poor in an immense salle, dressing their sores, giving them remedies, for no purpose but for the succour of humanity." This practice, Laborde goes on to explain, went on three times a week, and certainly the Count, if we may call him so, never took any fees from his patients. Letters from authori-

ties in France to the local authorities in Strasburg, also speak in very courteous terms of Cagliostro, recommending him to the consideration of the "preteur."

Then we have another circumstance to consider, flagrantly at variance with the Balsamo theory. Soon after his marriage he certainly went to meet Count St. Germain at Holstein or in Westphalia. Different stories describe the meeting with differences as regards detail, but Count St. Germain clearly received him as a pupil or disciple, teaching him something or another, one does not exactly know what. And most emphatically Count St. Germain was not a man who could have been deceived by an impostor. Of course the conventional books speak in a contemptuous manner of the meeting, and the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, which swallows the whole Balsamo story complete, says in reference to it, "The two Grand-Pontifs of Charlatanry must have laughed well at the expense of the poor human race."

According to the "Life of Cagliostro," which Carlyle conceives to be fatuous and inane, for no other apparent reason than that it gives a favourable account of the personage to which it relates, we find that he was disgracefully swindled and robbed while in London, and practically after a year or two deprived of all the resources with which he originally came there. Then we are told he went to Brussels, to recuperate, to replenish his finances, and soon afterwards is enabled to appear in Paris, the master of a sumptuous establishment, with abundant wealth at his disposal, wealth which again enables him to indulge in lavish generosity to the poor, thus acquiring a popular reputation which gives rise to manifestations of enthusiasm by great crowds of sympathisers when he was ultimately released from the Bastille, after his acquittal of all complicity with the necklace business. Whence did he obtain this exceptional wealth? If he was the son of the Grand Master of Malta one can form a conjecture on the subject; if he was the impostor Balsamo, the mystery is wholly unfathomable. But in truth it is impossible to reconcile any of the known facts of his life with the Balsamo theory. And the latest incidents, immediately preceding the catastrophe at Rome belong to the order of those which help to make the Balsamo theory incredible. The Count and his wife at this time had

formed the acquaintance of a well-known artist in De Loutherbourg who became very well known in England, and was made a Royal Academician, in 1781. They became great friends and travelled about together for some time. De Loutherbourg was a man of birth and culture, and could not have formed an attachment to a low-bred impostor.

Certainly we have nothing in the Cagliostro record which induces the modern reader to form a very high opinion of him as an occultist. He devoted himself to the Freemasonry side of Occultism, and seems to have been fond of a bombastic theatrical display in connection with the lodges of which he became president. But again we have a curious glimmer of light upon the character of these. Kirschberger, the correspondent of the illustrious St. Martin, speaks of some lodge meeting at Lyons over which Cagliostro presided when a genuine spiritual manifestation of a lofty character took place. If that story is to be accepted, we should find it difficult to be content with the conventional view of the *Biographie Universelle*, which, under the heading "Cagliostro," writes: "Under this name, an adventurer of the eighteenth century acquired great celebrity, his real name was Joseph Balsamo."

If he had any powers of prevision, why did he venture within the sphere of influence of the Roman Inquisition? As far as one can make out, his wife, who originally belonged to Rome, had a desire to re-visit her native place and her own people. If we take a favourable view of Cagliostro it would be in harmony with what we know of his character, that he was loftily indifferent under such circumstances to the personal dangers he might run.

A. P. SINNETT.

A TRIBUTE TO HENRIK IBSEN.

AFTER reading, and more especially after seeing upon the stage one of Henrik Ibsen's plays, the predominent feeling which stirs in one is gladness, born of a profound satisfaction that there has been amongst us until now, a man of so much moral courage, clear sight, living force of expression, dramatic power; a man who has fearlessly set before the people in bare simplicity and truth, the great underlying principles of life. The triumph of energised goodness, the loathsomeness of evil, especially in the forms of hypocrisy, deceit, untruthfulness, falseness to oneself and others. The baneful effects of wrong relationship between man and man, or between man and things.

His works have force, vig our, grandeur, and much beauty; they attract by their magnetic strength, ruggedness and truth, not by their morality, though they are grandly and supremely moral. Why then has Ibsen been called immoral? For the same reason as Jesus Christ was called a blasphemer; for the same reason as Charles Bradlaugh was called infamous; for the same reason as John Brown, abolitionist, was hanged; for the same reason as all pioneers of new phases of deep moral truths are named liars, or impostors, or blackguards by men of small understanding and short sight; men unable to see and comprehend the living truth behind the new system. For this reason Ibsen has been called immoral. There is also another reason why this odious word has been attached to him. Because he deals with tabooed subjects—subjects which touch upon vital principles, upon personal and intimate social claims. By an immoral writer I understand one who writes with some secondary motive, reckless of the harm

he may do to the souls or minds of men. Ibsen speaks as a strong man to men; his words are vigorous and true and stimulating. He is the most actively moral writer of the century; he is vitally moral, he is radically moral; not through preaching moral sophisms, but by creating a moral atmosphere, in which the upright man breathes with ease, and the evil one gasps. Ibsen is persecuted because he deals with the difficult and underlying questions of social life in so straightforward and resolute a manner—hence his social plays, dealing as they do with social questions in the concrete, have aroused more antagonism than any other class of his works. The shots from his bow are straight, sent with unerring aim. Like the bow of Hiördis, strung with her own hair, Ibsen's thoughts are shafts sent out with the living sap of spiritual nutriment in them.

Such plays as his powerful satire, "Love's Comedy," dealing with the question of love in marriage; "Ghosts," which puts too clearly for many people the ghastly effects of hereditary sin and disease; "When the Dead Awaken," which forcibly draws a picture of the difficulties relating to the model in the nude, are ones which stir up the critics to war, and raise the quills of the conventional porcupine. But are men to leave these questions? If so, how is the wrong in them to be found and set right? Ibsen never paints evil in alluring colours, in order to attract; though he may allow the natural glamour to fall upon it, he shows the rottenness, and the ultimate disaster which follows. Sin has attractions, or men would never be tempted—sin is indulged through ignorance, not ignorance of its sinfulness, but ignorance of its limitless consequences, its permeating, collateral, infinite results. It is with these results that Ibsen deals. It is when men play and dally with unpleasant subjects for love of them, or serve them up in attractive form for monetary gain or emoluments, that their works should be left unread—not when they uncover sores in order to heal them, not when they touch the main spring of disease in order to remove it.

Ibsen is the prophet of liberty, but not of license; of light, but not of incurious or artificial glare; of truth, but not of bigotry. He is ruthless in tearing down superficial veils, of snapping tyrranous bonds, but he exalts self control, and while sneering at narrow conventionalisms, accepts natural and sacred claims, and

the dictates of true instincts. His works are soaked in living truth; every organ, tissue, and pore is alive; the heart palpitates, the pulse throbs, the blood runs hot in the veins.

To be popular one must express the people's thoughts, have the people's ideas, live their lives, at least to some extent; but a genius has higher thoughts, loftier ideas, is capable of fuller living —therefore, the outcome of his genius is less understood and appreciated, until he has drawn the people up nearer his own level. "Reform is the effort to throw off sleep—millions are awake enough for physical labour, one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion—one only in a hundred million to a poetic and divine life." Ibsen was awake for "effective intellectual exertion," and to something of "poetic and divine life." A genius is the centre and embodiment of living reform. Ibsen was "an uncompromising moral reformer," an enthusiastic worker for individual liberty.

The paramount necessity for individual assertion is a truth which he largely emphasises; the imperative duty of each human being to work out his own salvation, by asserting the pure self within him. The Button Caster in "Peer Gynt" asks:—

> "What is it . . . this being oneself?"
> "To stand forth everywhere
> With master's intention displayed like a signboard."

No shady corners for the honest, upright man, sun and daylight claim him—fearless walking in the path of destiny alone results in fructification and complete life.

What, indeed, is being Oneself? Ibsen's answer—to work out one's own destiny—to fulfil the purpose for which we were born—to weave the web of Fate. Thus we follow the line of least resistance; then have we Nature and all her forces with us, then gods and men go to the helping of us—and the vibrations of our being make harmonies instead of clamorous noise. In "A Doll's House," it is the individual right of woman, before all else, which is contested. A woman, he argues, is an independent human being, not man's possession—a living ego, a responsible soul, with specific claims and rights and duties—for Ibsen is always clear in stating that "a right" invariably includes "a duty." In the Historical Dramas Ibsen still works at this same

underlying truth—his text is built upon the well-worn words of Polonius—

> "To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow as the night the day.
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

And again, in "An Enemy of the People," we see how strength of character, soundness of life, true joy, is alone assured by the assertion of individual freedom, by living the life of a fearless creature—fulfilling one's own destiny—while on the other hand the complete failure is the fate of the man who assumes the attitude of craven subjection, either to his fellow men, to circumstances, or to ignominious aims; the crippled powers of the man who allows secondary or unworthy motives to submerge and nullify the predestined purpose of his life; who turns from the one and only path in which there is room and atmosphere for the growth and expansion of his soul.

The man who sacrifices the true love of his heart for gain of wealth or position is a coward, and will never be a success in the true sense. By so doing, Sigurd of "The Vikings of Helgeland" "rends the Norn's secret web;" he mars the life and thwarts the possibilities of an exceptional woman; he limits and stultifies his own life. As Hiördis says to him, "An unerring voice within me tells me I came into the world that my strong soul might cheer and sustain thee thro' heavy days, and that thou wast born to the end I might find in *one* man all that seemed to me great and noble. For this I know, Sigurd, had we two held together, thou hadst become more famous than all others, and I happier,"

This man dashes himself against the same stone as Bernick in "Pillars of Society,"—and as Borkman does, they refuse to listen to the inner voice which they know is unerring, they deliberately turn their backs upon the all sustaining power of love.

To realise Ibsen's strength and force one could not do better than study "The Vikings." The death scene of Sigurd is convulsive in intenseness; it is one of literature's magnificent masterstrokes. Of these grand climaxes Ibsen is a master. His closing scenes are pictures to remember for ever—the summing up of the whole affair written in blood. Peer Gynt's last scene—the death

of Brand—the finale of "The Pretenders"—the death-chamber of Julian—they are triumphs of unusual power. We are prepared for the original, the forceful in Ibsen, but his closing scenes surpass himself. Here he comes down with Thor's hammer and there is thunder in the startled heavens—and lightening flashes reveal with realistic vividness what was but a dim outline before.

"The Pretender," too, is the story of destiny. None but the true king *can* reign, the usurper may wear the crown, hold the sceptre, he is but a bastard, the hand of fate will smite him. The king is ordained—the poet is ordained—the suffering woman is ordained; the persistency of fate is everywhere here. A man is *born* to his work—as poet, as king, as lover, as merchant; to follow any other leading is destruction. Out of this grows a new and potent truth "the supremacy of a great thought." Ibsen would appear to believe that a great thought is never by any means an accident; it is a vital part of the man who thinks it, a projection of his soul, by no possible means can it be the adopted child of another's mind, nor can the possession of the original thought itself be shared by another mind. It is solely his, to whom it came, from out the profound and unfathomable mystery. One is in noble company listening to these discussions between King Hakon and Earl Skule—or to the songs of Jatgeir the Skald.

Ibsen has been called "the prophet of doubt," and one may almost believe this in the first readings of such plays as "Rosmerholm," but looking deeper, lifting up the dark pall one sees hope, and glimmers of light, the earnest of a rosy dawn. And we must also remember that most, if not all thinkers, pass through the valley of doubt, before they come to the plane of Confidence and Assurance. Such plays as "The Pillars of Society," "The Master Builder, Solness," etc., confirm the conviction in us, that Ibsen believed in the ultimate triumph of good—that he rejoiced in the knowledge that man is of divine birth, and cannot be happy except when "at home" with goodness.

To neglect the spiritual needs of one's nature is to leave the true man unfed and unclothed. Halvard Solness did this until he was afraid of "the knock of the younger generation." The man who built towers, was through this neglect, unable to mount them—soul poverty made him afraid. The spirit of man cannot

imbibe joy and strength from material good, he cannot rest his heart on bonds and property, he must have possessions of the spirit, soul riches, he must have spiritual ether to breathe, living water to drink. To put mundane affairs first, is to grasp at illegitimate gain, it chokes the spiritual atmosphere, raises the dust, defiles the stream of life. In "The Pillars of Society," the salvation of Bernick can alone be consummated through entire renunciation of untruth and deceit; as the resurrection of Solness can through the rising of the spirit above mundane shackles and hindrances. "The Spirits of Truth and Freedom, these are the Pillars of Society," to build on a lie, is to build on sand and rottenness, and the structure can but crumble and fall into ruins. Ibsen is a valiant crusader against pretence, lying, hypocrisy. "The Pillars of Society," "The League of Youth," "An Enemy of the People," &c., are plays announcing the complete stagnation of character when held within the thrall of these emasculating vices.

Perhaps the one thing more than another associated with the name of Ibsen is his advocacy in the cause of woman; his treatment of the conditions relating to her position in the world. There is not a play of his that I remember which does not in some way, either mainly or subordinately, either directly or indirectly, touch upon this much worn subject.

Ibsen's women are warm, palpitating, feeling souls—weak some of them, as women are, others noble, heroic—*all* his types are capable of renunciation and intense devotion, and more than one is full of "the passion which can withstand absence, and oblivion, and opprobrium, and scorn, and thoughtless cruelty, and still live on strengthened by every year and purified by every stroke." He is a loyal champion of true womanhood, and holds the belief that you can gauge a man's character by his faith or otherwise in woman, and his treatment of her. He believes, too, in the superhuman powers of love. The wild, lawless, irresponsible "Peer Gynt" was ultimately saved by the redeeming power of Solveig's love. The liar and hypocrite Bernick was awakened from his ignominious sleep to a conscious knowledge of his base position by the noble-hearted Lona. Svanhild was ready to renounce that which she held sweetest,

at the command of her eccentric lover. Agnes, the distracted, driven, crushed wife of Brand, with all her physical weakness, was morally strong enough to lay *all* on the altar of sacrifice. Hilda Wangel brought new light, inspiration and courage to the tottering heart of Halvard Solness. Hiördis of "The Vikings," though cruel and revengeful through fate, was strong, daring, heroic, and would have been great and tender had Sigurd held to her instead of wedding with another. Spurned women have no redress—nor can women be true comrades and helpers unless they have respect for men—this lack is at the root of many marred lives. Meredith says through the lips of one of his heroines, "We women miss life, when we have to confess we have never met the man to reverence."

On the other hand women lose by lack of courageous effort to take, and to keep, their rightful and independent place in the world. Strength, bravery, the heroic elements, these are the qualities for which Ibsen pleads. Without courage, no particle of durable good can be added to the general stock; without fearlessness, self-control, self-mastery, a woman cannot live her full life. More than tenderness is required, more than devotion and sacrifice; she must have force and active will. Ibsen knew that he need not preach "love" to woman; she has that poem in her heart already. To be a success she needs to develop strength and will—and a man needs courage and faithfulness—it would seem, then, that the natural and the highest in them would flourish, and life would have its full fruition.

This is the main and persistent teaching of Ibsen. And yet in that staggering and awe-inspiring poem, "Brand"—as though the dramatist had found that even these qualities were not enough to make life a success and crown—for though we have these—a man of faith and courage, a woman of will and purity—yet life is torture and death. Why? Because of blindness, intellectual blindness, which caused the man to believe that partial death was life. That the body in its simple, native purity was not a great and noble and beautiful thing; that the demands and yearnings of the soul *in reference to the body* were not as imperative, and as divine, as those relating to the mind and spirit; that to smother one set of instincts, was to strengthen other which he considered

higher. To torture the body is not to strengthen the soul; to master the passions and desires of the body, to hold them in check, to rule them is the prerogative of the soul—but to crush the body, to smother its voice tends to deform the soul, to hinder its growth. Brand's mistake was still through weakness—not weakness of will, not lack of courage, nor of love, perhaps—but weakness of sight, lack of intellectual clearness of vision. How far the individual is responsible for this weakness is difficult to say. Wilful ignorance is a blasting evil; ignorance through natural inability to see, may be condoned, yet its consequences are terrific, though not vital. I mean, the character does not irremediably suffer, its growth is detained, stunted, but groping after right must necessarily end in some ultimate good. Brand, through his ignorance buried his baby, then his wife, then his popularity—but "he died learning," the light was beginning to enter his soul when the soul was leaving his body.

But, so far, I have spoken of Ibsen's "women," as though they were individual characters only—this would be to mislead—in many cases, perhaps in all, they are not individual units only—not types even—they are more, they are *symbols*. In "The Master-Builder Solness," Hilda Wangel is the symbol of newly awakened spiritual consciousness, while his wife, Aline, represents the clinging, restricting, encumbering influences of past deeds. In "A Doll's House," Nora symbolises the spirit of woman, of all ages, finally the aroused spirit of woman rising up, coming forth, claiming her own. "When We Dead Awaken," the woman, Model, represents Nature *versus* Art. In "Peer Gynt," tender and holy associations and influences, coming to meet the man and calling him to better things, is impersonated in the faithful Solveig. In "Brand," in "Love's Comedy," in others, the women are symbols of some great principle, or power, or quality. If the querulous readers of Ibsen realised this, there would be less cavilling over his plays.

Ibsen, too, shows himself master by the simple, and at the same time complex handling of his subjects. There seem to be three degress, or depths, or perhaps more correctly coverings, in his narrations, viz., the garment, the body, the spirit. There is first the story pure and simple with its colour and definiteness, its

vivid reality, its living movement, which anyone may read and understand. Then there is the grouping of men and women as types, specimens in concentrated form, of the men and women around us; agents or victims in a moral world; workers among the destinies of men; buffers or forces in the circumstances and events of life. This aspect appeals to the philosophers, reasoners, metaphysicians. The third is the symbolic sense, where men and women, incidents and attitudes, stand for vital forces of life, for spiritual, political, or active elements. It is this inner and more subtle sense that the idealist sees, and in which he rejoices. To meet these triple tastes in literature is no mean attainment, and here it is where Ibsen succeeds. He is remarkable, too, not only in choosing small identifications or peculiarities in his characters, which demonstrate or emphasize the main point; not only in happy choice of local colour, but in the small and incidental remarks and happenings which intensify the situation, and drive home the significance of the truth. Borkman, who has thrust his own soul out into the cold, and kept his heart aloof from the true woman he loved, stands now old and desolate, in the icy blast of a north wind. Ella Rentheim, his long-neglected love beckons to him, "Come in with me, into the house, into the warmth." How much these simple words mean, only an earnest reader of the play can understand. "Come in with *me*," who stand for love, sympathy and faith; "into the house," symbol of the heart's shelter, covering, protection; "into the warmth," from the icy blasts that are freezing the soul, into the warmth that will melt the congealed blood, that will send glow and colour, and life into the veins. At a glance one sees the picture of this man's life, the coldness, the loveless home, the wintry heart. The cold blasts which touch his cheeks, and freeze the tears in his eyes are symbols of the chill life he has chosen to live; while Ella Rentheim represents the warmth, and flash and fire of love which might have been his. He is desolate because he has committed the "unpardonable sin"—"the great unpardonable sin is to murder the love-life in a human soul."

Borkman, like Bernick, and like Solness and other of Ibsen's characters, failed through lack of strength to let alone those things which did not rightly belong to their lives—through crippled

ability to seize the eternities, to hold to the soul's essentials, to grasp with iron will those great things which mould character and make life royal and each man's career unique.

Apart from the moral, the philosophy, the symbolism of Ibsen's works, many of them are masterpieces of vivid colouring, of light and shade, of glint and gleam, of hustling wind and driving storm—blue ice and fierce cold, sunset, moonlight, velvet night with its silver eyes, a painter's garden of Eden, a "poet's corner." The Historical Plays—the Dramatic Poems—his gems of poetry are all set in dewy or crisp freshness, in flower beauty, or mountain strength. His painting is so actual that one is *there* to look on the wild Norwegian heights, the colour and calm of fiords, the Dantesque gloom of caverns, the savage earnestness of cataracts, and the eternal snows. One can *feel* the ice winds gust along the viddes—hear the musical tinkle of the sleigh bells, the long-drawn wail of the "sater" cry, as the peasant gathers his beasts—the penetrating note of the trumpet "loor" among the mountain fastnesses—the heroic metre of the Viking tongue, the chant of sagas—the mad warrior songs of valkyries—the dance of spectral hooves as the chariot passes on its way, to whirl newly released souls to the shades of Helheim.

His plays are leviathan in grip—overwhelming in "nervous conciseness," as Archer says. The first reading is magical—one can hardly breathe for agitation and expectancy—the magnetism is strong and unresisting; it is the sure power which will cause his sudden and rapid growth in public favour.

The two dramatic poems "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," are unique in literature, they are monuments of strength, of power, of imagination, of symbolism. Had Ibsen written no other works than these, he would be accounted a giant in the world of letters.

With regret I leave the subject, having but touched the hem of Ibsen's flowing garment. We can have no sorrow for the Master's death, physical life was no longer a pleasant or a profitable tenancy. We rejoice at the treasures of wealth left as inheritance to the world, and say with reverence and hope *Pax Vobiscum.*

ELIZABETH SAVILLE.

CALIFORNIA IN ITS YOUTH.

Reminiscences of a Retired Globe-Trotter.

(Continued.)

In the golden freshness of the early daylight we were off again. The park-like country, covered with oaks and other English-looking trees, with firs and pines as yet only scattered amongst them, looked far more attractive in the sunshine than by night. Squirrels and hares darted about, and at no very long intervals we came to settlers' huts, the headquarters of sheep or cattle runs where we always had milk for asking, and once, inquiring after peaches, were served with half a bushel at least in a tin pail. Then we crossed a small river with the help of a ferry boat and a surly mulatto, at a place near which a small colony of Chinese were patiently washing the well-washed sand for the traces of gold-dust it might still contain. On the other side was a good sized but now dilapidated cottage with a large orchard behind, all choked with weeds, where once there lived a lucky digger. He had sifted a fortune in glittering dust out of the sand before his front door, and then jovially abandoned his family residence, no longer desirable when the river was "played out." Up a long ascent, the hillsides much more thickly wooded now, we slowly toiled after crossing the river, and at the top had a wide view over the dense, mountainous forest in the distance, through which lay our road to the valley. The white quartz cropped out here and there amongst the pines, looking like snow upon the hills—but really

at this rate it will take as long to reach the valley on paper as if I had to travel over the trail again.

A little town, called Coulterville, was to be the end of our drive, the beginning of our ride. Here we came, towards two in the afternoon, and stopped at the inn to make our preparations. We made a few necessaries into a roll, to be strapped behind the saddle, went to the barber's and had our hair cut as short, very nearly, as it was possible with a scissors to cut it (short enough for us to "comb it with a towel,") and left our pormanteaus and bags to be sent by stage to a place on the road by which we were to return. I, profiting by Oriental experiences, manufactured with a large piece of muslin a regular Indian puggery which proved a great comfort, and then, after needful refreshment, the horses came round. The keeper of the inn—by the way, a somewhat feeble old man who waited at table, went on errands, and was kept in strict discipline by an active daughter—was addressed by the residents as "judge." He had the statutes of California among the glasses in the bar, and was, we learned afterwards, a justice of the peace. We were new at the time to this combination of judicial functions with mint juleps, though we became well used to it afterwards. It must be a great advantage to a magistrate in dealing with drunk and disorderly cases to know exactly how many glasses of whisky he served to the prisoners overnight. Perhaps, moreover, a "beak" who is also a barkeeper takes a lenient view of intoxication, and is thus peculiarly recommended to western electors, choosing, after the manner of a free people, their own judicial officers.

Our preparations had delayed us, so that it was nearly five when we started, and made our first acquaintance with the high-peaked Mexican saddles universally used in California. The Californians do not rise in the trot with those saddles, but jolt along like dragoons in a way which I found unbearable. I shortened my stirrups, therefore, and rode in a civilised manner, not very easy at first, with the stirrup leathers set too far back, but practicable after awhile. I am quite convinced that my mare found this arrangement an agreeable novelty after the wheatsack seat to which she had been accustomed. The horses, by the way, are small but marvellously sure-footed and enduring, with sweet

tempers as a rule, but with an almost unconquerable dislike to going alongside one another. Used to the mountain trails, where it is only possible to advance in Indian file, they have deliberately adopted that as the right order of march on a journey, and have no sympathy at all with ill-timed cravings for conversation on the part of their riders. A few hours after leaving Coulterville, indeed, we had to abandon all idea of riding side by side for we "struck" the pine forest, and half an hour afterwards, after receiving a brief lecture from Harrison, now our guide, turned off the comparatively broad path amongst the trees which we had followed till then, on to an Indian trail along the side of a deep gorge. The lecture was to the effect that we should let the horses have their heads and entertain no fear of going over the precipices—an arrangement which, by throwing the whole responsibility on the horses, left us at liberty to look about us and admire the scenery. This was exceedingly effective. Daylight had quite disappeared, but the moon was very bright and illuminated the forest on the opposite side of the ravine in a very beautiful manner, though indistinctly of course. To our right rose up abruptly the dense masses of pine trees, all in black shadow, and into this every now and then, where watercourses seamed the steep hillside, the horses methodically turned, following one another's footsteps at a walk. Over the edge of the slope, high above, the moon, herself invisible to us, poured a flood of pale, misty light on to the opposite ridge, as I have said, though not into the depths of the valley, which lay in impenetrable darkness After a while the trail, which had ascended till then, took a downward direction, and slowly we emerged from the "canyon," as everything in the nature of a mountain pass is called in the west of America. We had not even then arrived at our destination, and it was past nine before the welcome sound of barking dogs in the distance on ahead told us that we were nearing our quarters for the night. Soon after we rode into the enclosure round the wooden house of a fine grizzled old bear-hunter named Black, where the dogs had already announced our coming. Mutton was brought to us and great jugs of milk, and I cannot exaggerate the pleasure of getting to rest after our ride, on this the first of our nights in the backwoods.

That life might have been tolerable but for its pleasures, was a truth realised by me during our second day's ride as fully as ever it can have been grasped by Sir G. C. Lewis. I perceived that Swinburne's "Ballad of Burdens" was still incomplete, for there were no stanzas in it concerning the burden of long riding down hillsides after each of your knees are aching like ten double teeth. For twelve mortal hours, barring a brief respite for luncheon, were we in the saddle on the day after that last described. At the end of our ride to-day we were to reach a "hotel" situated right in the Yosemite Valley itself. We started at six, continuing the trail which had brought us to Black's the night before. It led us along crooked paths clinging to the sides of ravines, up long hillsides, "high up like ways to heaven," but always, no matter how high they were, clothed with tall, straight pines, pointing up 150 to 200 feet higher (I am not exaggerating, for we carefully paced one of ordinary size which had fallen in a convenient place and found it close on 200 feet without the top, which had been broken off, or the roots, from which it had been broken), down zigzags dipping suddenly over the other side, from which we saw undulating surfaces of tree tops in the valleys far below, and sometimes, to our relief, along level glades, where we rushed along amongst the giant stems at a hand-gallop. "Loping," by the way, is the Californian word for cantering. "Now you men can just lope along here as fast as you like," the guide would sometimes cry, and then, swinging the end of his tethering rope in one hand, he would give vent to an Indian yelp and start off, throwing himself sometimes half off the saddle to pick up a weed from the ground and recovering his seat again, a Mexican accomplishment he was never tired of displaying. So the hours passed, and at mid-day we reached "Crane's Flat," that sheep ranch I have already mentioned, where we found a sturdy bushwoman, the settler's wife, and received at her hands a very satisfactory dinner of mutton and peach-pie. Unfortunately for us, "the calf had got to the cow in the night," and the result of this disgraceful conduct on the animal's part was that we drank chiefly water. The Flat was one of those green oases of meadow land you sometimes come to in the forest, and the house a poor log shanty, but only the summer palace of Mr. and Mrs. Goban, who had another ranch

on which they passed the winter. "We're off in a day or two," our hostess told Harrison, in answer to inquiries he had been making in the interest of a party of tourists with whom he expected to come through again a fortnight hence. "But sure it's no matter," she added, "I'll leave the door open, and if you'll be wanting a fire, there's wood in the cook-house." Crane's Flat was evidently a quiet neighbourhood where there were not many thieves to break in and steal, nor, for that matter, much to tempt them at "Grand Relief," as one grandiloquent tourist had christened the cottage. He had taken the trouble to write up the name on a board and fasten it to a tree, where the sign still stood. "Grand Releif," it was written in large letters, but i's and e's are not particular about precedence in the backwoods, where the alphabet has to submit, like everything else, to the prevalent spirit of republican equality.

The ride into the valley from Crane's Flat was by far the most tiring part of our trip, but at the same time most exciting. For an hour or two the trail preserved its whole character, except that it led upwards almost continually, and was not visible by any signs on the ground, The blazes on the trees alone indicated the way we had to go, but our guide was an experienced woodman and would have been able to find his way by instinct even without the axe-marks. Indeed he declared that the horses would have come the right way by themselves all the way from Coulterville and would have gone the complete round, after we had done with the valley, to Mariposa. Their steadiness and confidence in going over the most impossible places made one ready to believe anything about them. It was curious to see, moreover, how calmly they encountered sights and sounds which would have made civilised horses shy out of their skins. Sometimes a great pine would fall not far off, sending a sound like a volley of musketry followed by a 24-pound shot rolling through the forest. Sometimes we passed close to a tree on fire, at one place there were two or three on fire at once and the dry grass was crackling into flame over a considerable expanse. At this point there was a light wind blowing the fire away from us, and though we had to pass so close to it that the heat and burning smell was excessive, the horses were not frightened in

the least, and only quickened their walk a little to get by the sooner.

And then, eventually, we reached a place where we had a partial view down into the Yosemite. This is the place where, on the authority of guide books, gentlemen whose sufferings on the way, by reason of unfamiliarity with the saddle, have passed from the regions of the ridiculous to those of the sublime, have declared that, were the difficulties ten times as great, one view would repay them tenfold. The figure ten is made much use of in figures of rhetoric, but without gauging the beauties of the Yosemite by reference to various degrees of saddle sickness, there is no doubt about the fact that standing on this exalted point of ground to which I have referred, you do behold one of the world's most magnificent scenes. The valley is about ten or twelve miles long by one-and-a-half broad in its widest part, and the sides consist of irregular granite cliffs from 2,000 to 4,000 feet high. It is, in fact, a vast rent in the crust of the earth and its volcanic origin is so visible that in one place, where a huge dome-like mountain has been split asunder right through its centre, the two halves now incline backwards from each other and the valley lies between. It is traversed by a river called the Merced, as bright and rapid as the Reuss where it rushes out of the Lake of Lucerne. But this stream enters its upper end by a succession of stupendous cataracts, and leaves it through an absolutely impassable gorge, so that the only way for men to enter the valley is by patiently descending its mountain walls by one of the only two practicable trails. We now began the descent, a zigzag down one of the steepest hillsides ever marked by a path. In walking down you must have gone slowly step by step. Riding down seemed impossible, but the horses went on steadily, without hesitation and without a stumble, we, their riders, lying back on their haunches and carefully refraining from any unnecessary suggestions as to the way they should go. Sometimes they had to wind between rocks so close together that they could not pass one leg beside the other, but had to edge them through by degress. Sometimes they had to climb over rocks three or four feet high which lay right across the trail. Sometimes we seemed to be riding down straight over a precipice thousands of feet deep, but a yard short of it the trail

turned short round to the right or left, and one after another the horses, after stopping for a moment to consider the situation, would work their bodies round a sharp turn and resume their progress downward. I almost believe a Californian horse could make the ascent of the great Pyramid, and after wondering at the top whether the Sphinx was or was not a mare, would come down again in perfect safety to ascertain.

It was a little past five in the afternoon when we reached the bottom of the descent and cantered out into a meadow of deep, green grass, beside the arrowy Merced. We still had six miles to ride, but the pleasure of feeling that we had actually reached the valley and the mental impressions produced on us, seasoned travellers as we all were, by the magnificence and unusual character of the scenery, destroyed weariness, and, what had been in my case for some time past, no trifling pain in my knees. Close by us, on the left, was a gigantic cliff, projecting into the valley, called El Capitan, the face of which is one smooth sheet of yellowish granite, 3,300 feet high. To the right, across the Merced, we commanded a view of the Bridal Veil Fall, a fall exactly resembling the Staubbach at Lauterbrunnen, in Switzerland, and only about the same height, 900 feet, as it pours out of a low cleft in the side of the valley. All the peaks of rock along each side of the river have names. There are the Cathedral rocks, there the Sentinel, there a distant glimpse of the North and South Domes, and all these heights vary from three to four thousand feet. The floor of the valley on which we stand is about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, so that the total altitude of the peaks is very much greater than I have said.

Part of our ride along the valley was through pleasant meadow grass, where we "loped" on merrily, and part through a light growth of forest trees. Once we had to cross the river by a ferry, where the sedate manner in which the horses followed us on board (for we dismounted here) and stood composedly while the rapid current swung us across, afforded us another view of their imperturbable character. Then, as touches of the sunset—invisible to us down in this colossal chasm—struck along the mountain tops, we reached the end of our day's journey, and dismounted at "Hutching's Hotel," a cottage of pine boards—two

or three rooms on the ground level, with an upper storey, one large loft divided into sleeping cells by calico partitions—constitutes the hotel, but during the three days which we stayed there the attentive manner in which our wants were supplied and the excellence of the simple country fare, reconciled us to many deficiences. Hutchings, the owner of the cottage, was away, and a young wife ruled the domain, "ran the hotel," as an American would say, doing almost all its indoor work herself indeed, and busy cooking, washing and putting things in order from early morning till bedtime. There in the valley she had been living for four years, but it was pleasant to see that familiarity had not destroyed her admiration for the scenery, and not a little comical sometimes to notice the way in which every now and then she would stop in passing the open door of the common room which faced the great Yosemite Falls, about a mile off, and make a "point at them with a dish in one hand and a cloth in other," critically studying some minute feature of their beauty, and occasionally giving utterance to a remark showing an acute appreciation of nature. This Yosemite Fall, is, I believe, the highest in the world. From where it first comes over the cliff to the chaos of rock and shattered pine trees in the valley which it ultimately reaches is a height of over 2,500 feet. The water does not, of course, come down this immense distance in one sheer fall, but it does make, to begin with, a single leap of 1,600 feet without meeting any impediment. Then it falls into a basin, halfway up the cliff, which is hidden from our view as we stand in the valley, and rushes diagonally along a cleft in the mountain side till it emerges into view again 400 feet lower down and makes another great leap of 600 feet nearly, into the valley. The volume of water in this fall varies with the seasons, and at the end of autumn, when we saw it, and at which time most of the snow on the Sierra Nevada, which feeds it, has been melted, the stream coming over is comparatively slender, and the upper fall like "slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn did go." A considerable mass of water was contained, indeed, in those fleecy clouds of spray which, at that distance, seemed gradually to slide down the granite precipice, for when they were collected again at the lower fall they made a very respectable cataract. In the early summer, however, the fall is

said to be seen in its most magnificent phase. Then the stream, where it tumbles over the upper cliff, is thirty feet wide, and the roar is so great that at the hotel, nearly a mile off, you cannot hear ordinary conversation if you are standing outside in the open air. We merely strolled over to the foot of the lower fall next day, bathed in the river, and devoted ourselves to rest, leaving the horses also to amuse themselves as they pleased in the meadow grass across the stream. On the second day we "did" the most important expedition connected with a visit to the valley, and saw the Vernal and Nevada Falls, whose cataracts at the upper end which, as I have already said, the river Merced enters the enchanted ground. We set out on horseback and rode as far as the trail was practicable for horses; of course that phrase does not mean what it would in England. In California, roads which are only very bad are practicable for stage coaches. Where they are like brick fields after an earthquake they are practicable for thoroughbrace waggons. Where they are like a reef of rocks at low water, only two feet across, with a precipice on one side, they are practicable for horses. When they are impassable altogether and lead straight up a perpendicular mountain, you go on foot. We rode this day so far up the canyon at the upper end of the valley that the athletic feats performed by the horses surpassed any they had previously performed, and only dismounted a few hundred yards below the base of the lower or Vernal Fall. This is simply a clear fall of 350 feet over an overhanging ledge of rock, but such an enormous volume of water comes down that the effect is exceedingly grand. Moreover, the cliffs here form a complete horseshoe about 300 yards in diameter, the sides of which are far higher than the fall which comes down at the back of the semicircle and are only out of the perpendicular where they project over the base. The ravine below is choked up with enormous pine trees and huge rocks as big as houses, piled one upon another in chaotic confusion, and up from the vast masses of foam into which the falling river thunders down there rise great clouds of mist which whirl round the amphitheatre of rock and sweep down the canyon filling the air with spray to such an extent that in many places you can so stand on projecting points of rock as to see complete circles of rainbow, the two ends

meeting at your feet. With the help of upright ladders, which have been fixed to the cliff by an enterprising settler, we climbed to the top and worked our way on by the side of the rapids which are very peculiar and beautiful. One place is called, clumsily enough, the Silver Flue. Here the stream slips for a hundred yards or so over a wide, inclined sheet of perfectly smooth granite scarcely marked even by a crevice. Above, again, you come to a place where the channel is narrowed to a deep gully not more than six feet wide through which the river thunders with extraordinary velocity. Here it is crossed by a little wooden bridge, and from this point we obtained the first view of the upper or Nevada Fall, a magnificent leap of 700 feet, in which the water only impinges against the rock about two-thirds of the way down. We made our way to the foot of this fall across very difficult ground covered with rock and forest, and my indefatigable friend, the doctor, ascended a very difficult canyon to the upper edge, beyond which at no great distance, and at an altitude very little above that on which he stood, lay the snowy summits of the Sierras.

In a trip like this, through scenery of a character so unlike most of the well-known scenes in Europe, almost every step tempts description, but I mean to say no more about the valley. Whenever I think of it and all its varied wonders, which in the three days of our stay we explored as well as the time would allow, fancy goes back and rests upon the sublime picture of rock and mountain, cataract and forest, which Nature has painted on such a colossal scale at the foot of the Nevada Fall. Some weeks later the doctor and I stood on Goat Island with all Niagara rushing round us and seas going over the precipice amongst which the little river Merced might have slipped its waters into one of the waves without being noticed, but surrounded as we also were by hotels and crowds of ciceroni, by curiosity sellers and all the vulgarisms of Hampstead Heath, we agreed to look back, even then, on that grand view in the depths of the enchanted Californian valley as the crowning memory of our tour. In this little sketch, therefore, I will let the curtain drop upon it now, and skipping my notes of a toilsome, though interesting day's ride out of the valley, consider myself at the wooden

forest residence of Mr. Galen Clarke. This place is kept up for the accommodation of tourists visiting the big trees, an extensive grove of which—containing over four hundred—lies only a few miles off. Of "Old Galen Clarke," a sort of Leatherstocking by reputation, we had heard a great deal from our guide, Harrison. He was supposed to concentrate within his venerable brain all lore appertaining to the woods—a Merlin at whose feet men might sit and learn wisdom. "Old Galen" had first discovered the mammoth trees, it was said, and a photograph of him standing by one of the huge trunks was hung up in a frame in the room where we had our supper. We rode to the famous grove next day and found the trees all that fancy, aided by the specimen in the Crystal Palace, had painted them; certainly as far as size was concerned. They are 250 to 300 feet high, and one we measured, not the largest we saw, was 91 feet round. One ancient hollow trunk was lying on the ground and through this we rode without bending in the saddle. All the trees, however, are of an extinct growth. They are all obviously decaying. The shrivelled cones which fall from their lofty branches never seem to vegetate and do not look as if they contained any germ of life. Most of the big trees, moreover, are burnt half out, probably by Indians, who have thus excavated an inexpensive wigwam in their giant sides, and though it may be fairly supposed that most of them will stand unchanged as they now are for many a human generation yet to come, they stand, I should say, not as representatives of a living vegetable family, but as monuments to that age when mastadons and mammoths may have crashed through the underwood amongst them. Bringing away with us a few cones and sawn pieces of the thick, fibrous bark, we returned to Clarke's, and to the satisfaction of the doctor succeeded, by riding till nightfall, in pushing on to the next halting place on our way back to Stockton.

CONCERNING MENTAL HEALING.

(Continued from the July Number.)

In our little village community one of the most notable inhabitants is the post-mistress, a woman of more culture than her neighbours, and who, though devoted to me personally, stood in considerable awe of all occult arts, and refused to have any hypnotic experiments made with her, when forseeing trouble, I wished my own healer, who was staying with me, to pave the way for any future work her weak health might necessitate. It is comparatively easy to induce the trance condition in anyone who has previously been submitted to the process, but on this occasion the subject was recalcitrant, though her surrender, when it came, was complete. About three months later I heard she was very ill, and going to see her found her suffering agonies with the most frightful abscess on her face I have ever seen. The mouth had completely disappeared, only showing as a faint line; a hospital nurse in the village pronounced it the worst case she had ever come across. Next day, Sunday, I heard the unfortunate woman was even worse, and the doctor attending her told me that on Monday he intended to bring chloroform and operate on the abscess. Meanwhile, nothing afforded her the slightest relief, and sitting by a comfortable fire, entertaining friends, I felt exactly like the man the Gospel narrative has made us all familiar with, who seeing the wounded traveller lying prone, passed by on the other side.

This has never been my attitude before suffering; indeed, I think my success has something to do with the intense desire to alleviate pain, that the sight of it always awakens in me; so I explained the situation to my friends, and left them to make what they could out of it, while I went to the assistance of the sufferer.

I found her in bed too prostrated by the agonies she had

endured to be capable of moving. I sat down by her, expressed my sympathy, and told her I had come to relieve her. It was difficult to understand her efforts at speech, but I gathered that the idea alarmed her.

"This is perfectly absurd, my good woman," I said firmly. "You were free to have your own opinion on healing when you were well, but now you are very ill, and, I am afraid, must be content to have mine. Now, listen carefully, when I have done talking to you I shall put my fingers on your face and instantly the pain will leave you; you will pass into a quiet sleep, and when you wake up you will not suffer any more, and the swelling in your mouth will be much less. You see there is nothing to be alarmed at." "Sleep," the poor creature said, catching at a suggestion that seemed to open the gates of Paradise, "for nights I have paced this room, sleep is quite impossible to me," to which I answered with decision, "I am not talking about what you have done, but what you are going to do," and putting her head back on the pillow I just rested the tips of my fingers on her poor shapeless face, murmuring "sleep."

Looking down on her, it did seem a hopeless task I had undertaken, and I freely own that no one could have been more genuinely astonished than I was myself when her measured breathing and peaceful expression proved she had passed from this world of suffering into a land of rest and oblivion. But the healing process was only begun, and if this change was to continue much must still be done.

"Mrs. ——," I said to her, "Listen carefully to what I am going to say to you, for you can hear and understand me quite well. Do not fail to obey every order I give you. You have a bad abscess under one or several teeth. The blood that has settled there and caused all this inflammation is to leave the gums and circulate normally through the veins again, relieving the pressure, so that when you wake up you will have no pain, because there will be nothing to cause it. It is now one o'clock; you will sleep soundly for an hour, waking only when the clock strikes two, the girl who is making a custard pudding in the kitchen will then bring it up. You think you cannot open your mouth or eat it, but you can and must do so for you are faint from want of food

and as you swallow the last spoonful your head will go down on the pillow and you will sleep again till you hear my foot on the stairs. I shall come in late this afternoon, and shall expect to find you, not well, that at so early a moment is impossible, but the swelling gone down, and quite free from pain."

This I repeated several times, as one never knows the class of subjective mind one is dealing with; gave instructions to the amazed rustic below, and went back to my own luncheon with a quiet conscience, and a narrative that deeply interested my abandoned guests. They returned with me *en masse* about four o'clock, and you may judge of the improvement in my patient, when one said, "but there is nothing remarkable in her appearance now, I have seen much worse swollen faces than that!" Of course, she was in no pain, and gave this account of herself.

"I had the loveliest sleep, mam, just as you promised, and when I woke the clock was striking two and I was quite free from pain, and so surprised at finding you gone. Some pudding was brought me, and I thought I could not touch it, but I did, and enjoyed it immensely. Then, remembering it was Sunday afternoon, and knowing how kind everyone is in coming to see me, I settled what a delightful time I should have telling them all the wonderful things that had happened to me, but as I swallowed the last mouthful of custard my head fell back on the pillow. I went sound asleep and knew nothing till rousing just now I heard your step on the stairs."

Here, indeed, was a subject to be proud of, and a delightful certainty about results rare in healing experiences. I put her to sleep again, reiterating the suggestions already given, adding directions as to the times she should wake and take nourishment, as she was so weakened by suffering. These orders met with the same obedience, and it was a different woman entirely the doctor saw when he arrived on the morrow with chloroform and instruments to carry out his projected operation. I must let her speak for herself as to what followed.

"'He stood there looking at me, Mam, for quite five minutes, silently, then he said,'"

"'You have no pain, Mrs. ——'"

"'None, sir.'"

"Then he looked at me again, still longer."

"'Your lady has been after you?'"

"'Yes, sir.'"

"'And I should very much like to know what she did?'"

"'Well, sir, she sat down on the bed, as it might be you, and said when she put her hands on me all pain would leave me and I was to go to sleep. I did, and off and on have been asleep ever since, I know nothing more about it.'"

Now this young man, though only a country practitioner, scored over many of his more eminent *confrères* in that, confronted with phenomena subversive of cut and dried medical views, he maintained an open mind that brought him into my drawing-room, bent on the acquisition of knowledge.

"If the woman had simply stuck to it she had no pain," he said aggrievedly, "I should have understood it, but what I don't understand is, what you have done with that abscess, for an abscess she had right enough, and a very severe one. It is the first time I have assisted at the disappearance of anything of the sort without its breaking or being operated on."

To which I retorted:

"I don't suppose it ever occurred to you that the same Power which created the abscess could absorb it."

"No, it certainly never did, but I should like to learn the *modus operandi*, it would be worth £800 a year to me in my profession."

"Ah, well," I answered laughingly, "I am afraid I can't help you there, but you are the richer anyhow for an object lesson. You can puzzle out at leisure on the influence of mind over matter."

The clergyman took a less lenient view of my proceedings than the doctor.

Our old rector started by setting me down as an imposter, pure and simple, turning a deaf ear to all outside evidence, and being very careful not to enquire into the matter himself, a course of conduct conducive to mental peace in those that consider themselves infallible. Nevertheless, disillusion came to him in the plump little person of a French governess, whose hypnotising he assisted at, and very sincere was his alarm when

he was reluctantly obliged to admit the trance was real, and he could not arouse her from it.

He sat anxiously beside her prostrate form feeling her pulse and consulting his watch.

"Wake her up," he insisted.

"She is hardly breathing, and her pulse is barely perceptible. I call this a most dangerous proceeding."

But I continued the letter I was writing obdurately, merely observing that everything was in order, and the signs that so disturbed him only part of the phenomena.

When later, in obedience to my summoning voice, the light returned to her eyes and she sat up smiling, free of the pain that had troubled her, he scoffed no longer, but, being an old gentleman of infinite resources, took up another standpoint, and one quite within the province of the Church. "You have no right," he declared majestically, "to arrogate to yourself Divine Powers!"

He was well on his own ground there, and I left him in undisputed possession of it, only throwing out a suggestion he should do the same, and see how he and the divine powers got on together!

An amusing incident occurs to me in connection with the dentist's torture chamber. A gentleman, one of my best subjects, owned that he was terrified at the idea of having a very tender tooth stopped, and asked me to give him strong suggestion, that the discomforts should be as mild as possible. I did so, and enquired what was the result.

"Oh, the tooth never worried me in the least," he said, "but the dentist discovered a trifling hole in another one, which hurt me terribly, and was frightfully aggrieved at my telling him so, when he said I stood the pain the bad tooth must have caused me so admirably!"

Another instance, and this time in an educated man, of the apparent impossibility of suggestion covering any point except the exact one it is directed to. This is why the Mental Healer, who works for the alleviation of suffering, and not for the gratification of his own vanity, will always be willing to co-operate with any doctor attending the case. True, he may get less credit, but he far more likely to obtain the suggestion that will cure, from a

man that has studied the disorder, than if left to his own lights. The determination to stand aloof from all medical counsel is what brings that really admirable body of healers, known as Christian Scientists, into disrepute with a world too narrow-minded to make allowance for the shortcomings of these very earnest seekers after truth. They are playing with forces they do not understand, and pursue their objects through devious paths and peculiar reasoning, but their pure hearts bring its measure of success, and their teachings comfort to many afflicted in mind and body. Their faith must be strong, indeed, to dispense so completely with all elements of beauty in their worship—the exquisite simplicity of Norman arch and tracery, the dim light falling in rainbow tints through stained glass windows that give a foretaste of the gorgeous Apocalyptic vision to many weary souls. The mysterious magnetism that clings where generations of believers have prostrated themselves before their God, and that make our cathedrals a place of peace, indeed, to all sensitive vibrations, appeals in no wise to these virile members of a new sect.

Looking reflectively at that architectural terror that calls itself the "First Church of Christ Scientist," and wondering why beauty and healing should be divorced, I was accosted by one of the faithful as a possible convert, and asked if I had ever attended any of their services. I replied in the affirmative.

"And how did it strike you?" was the eager enquiry.

"As slightly monotonous."

"Oh!" with a distinct change of tone. "Then I suppose you don't believe in our cures?"

"Certainly," I answered, glad to be able to combine veracity and civility this time. "I have done too much of the same work myself to doubt it—but why complicate it with prayer?"

She left me at this, probably as past praying for, and driven to answer my own question, I came to the conclusion that, after all, the method of concentration was an efficacious one, and easier to explain to the unilluminated than those connected with the elaborate training exacted of its Neophytes by the Schools of Higher Thought.

ALICE C. AMES.

(To be continued.)

THE CITY OF REFUGE.

I KNOW a city of wondrous might,
It is called the City of Dreams and Night.
There I come at the close of day
When the vanquished hours are fled away.
I strike my sword on the warder's bell
Giving the word that we loved so well
The little password short and low
That we made for our pleasure, long ago.

There in the City of Dreams I stay
Until the drums of the marching day
Beat up the hostile hours again.
The hostile hours that must be slain
Before I can win to the towers white
Of the wonderful City of Dreams and Night
And strike my sword on the warder's bell
And hear the countersign—"Pass, all's well."

H. LANYON.

WHAT THE CAMERA SAW.

By Leila Boustead.

"Clarice," said my husband, as we sat at tea.

I made no immediate reply, for I was occupied in extracting the sugar-tongs from the baby's wind-pipe, and it was an anxious moment.

"Don't you hear my son speaking to you?" asked my mother-in-law, severely. She has an irritating habit of thus referring to Paul.

"Of course I hear your son," I retorted, "but as my son was choking black in the face, I thought that your son might possibly wait till my son—"

"There, there," said Paul, soothingly. He spends his life, poor darling, in acting buffer between his mother and me. And as she lives with us, and is a large woman of very pronounced character, he has enough to do.

"Here is a letter from your Uncle Mat," he pursued, "he wants to come and stay here."

"I object," snapped my mother-in-law. "He's a cracked fool, and I won't have him."

"No one is asking *you* to have him," I said pointedly.

"He—he is very rich," said Paul, "and a bachelor, and Clarice is his favourite niece. I think, mater, we must have him." And as mater has a strong apppreciation of this world's goods, and by going assiduously to church, manages to worship both God and Mammon in the most impartial and successful way, she said no more.

Uncle Mat arrived in due course. The reason mater calls him cracked, is because he is totally unlike other people. He is a great scientist, and utterly absorbed in his hobby, which includes all kinds of chemistry, experiments with photography, X-rays, and what not. The day-nursery had to be turned into a laboratory for him, and I admit that the nature of his pursuits, and the condition of his clothes, did not render him always an ideal or savoury guest. Still, I consider that for my mother-in-law to incessantly hold her nose, whenever he came near, was going too far. She was obliged to relinquish this attitude at meal times, on account of the difficulty of getting her food into her mouth, but on all other occasions, it was her practice. It did not, however, discompose Uncle Mat in the least. He lives on planes either above or below mothers-in-law. Certainly not on the same.

"Uncle," I said one day, "I am awfully sorry, but we've got to have an At Home. The invitations were sent out before we knew you were coming, and perhaps you won't like it."

I need not have worried myself. As events turned out, it was not Uncle Mat who didn't like it.

"Let them all come," was his somewhat unexpected reply. "They won't hurt me. They only do it to stuff and gluttonize, and abuse you after. But that's your affair."

My mother-in-law opened her mouth to contradict him as usual, but these were known to be so precisely her own views, that she looked rather baffled, and shut it again.

"Oh, I hope that's not the case," said Paul, cheerfully, "I've got a better opinion of human nature than that."

"You've got an opinion, then, young man, on a subject of which you know nothing," said Uncle Mat, severely, and he was looking so cross, I hastened to change the subject.

The At Home day arrived. I had made my pretty drawing-room as attractive as I could, with flowers, etc., and I was somewhat annoyed at Uncle Mat's camera standing in the corner, and being rather in the way. But he had been taking photos of me and baby, and I did not like to ask him to remove it. There was also a small table close to it, with some evil-smelling mess on it, the object of which was not apparent, but which he had placed there. So it had to remain.

Rather to my surprise, when everybody had assembled, he suddenly made his appearance, and proved quite chatty and genial. He was introduced to the Dean, and he seemed really pleased to see Miss Chittle, a poor little governess, whom he had met before, for I always make a point of asking her to everything. I feel quite sure, that if I have ever lived in a former life, I was either a cabhorse or a governess. I am so dreadfully sorry for both of them.

Well, the whole thing went off as such things usually do. We had some music, and somebody gave a recitation, which made everyone as uncomfortable as it did the performer, and then refreshments were administered. These were particularly appreciated by a schoolboy of the appropriate name of Sammy Swallow. I was a little worried by Uncle Mat fiddling about his camera, and going in and out of the room at intervals, but it was as unexpected to me as to everyone else, when he suddenly stood up, and smashing a cup to atoms on the table to attract attention, said, "Ladies and Gentlemen."

"What on earth is he going to do?" whispered Paul.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," pursued Uncle Mat, "you have all been entertaining me so well, that I feel I must contribute my share towards the general conviviality."

There was a grim smile on his face as he said this, which caused me a cold uneasiness, but general murmurs of approbation and curiosity went round.

"You have all heard of the wonderful advances in Science lately. I have, by means of patient experiment, carried my researches into fields as yet untrodden by any other living man, and I propose to give you a few proofs and illustrations of my achievements." (There was a chorus of satisfaction). "Before plunging into the more complex branches, I will first give you a simple demonstration of the Röntgen Rays. *I* require no Crooke's tube or such apparatus. I have mastered the whole subject without its aid, and while you have been sitting here unconsciously, my Camera has triumphantly penetrated into all your—interiors." (A distinct look of uneasiness began to creep over the assembly).

Uncle Mat paused to take up a plate, and examine it closely. "Ah, yes," he said, "this is a radiogram of that boy there—

Something Swallow. It may interest you to hear that he has eaten eleven buns, fifteen ices, twenty-two sandwiches, and about three pounds of chocolate. He is just about bursting, but if no one touches him, or bends him in the middle, for a couple of hours, he may get through."

The unfortunate Sam turned very red and uncomfortable, and was not re-assured by his father glaring at him and angrily remarking "Pig." "I have here," continued Uncle Mat, "several skiagrams of other people's—er—hum, but I think perhaps that the one example I have given will suffice for that branch of the subject."

There was a general and hasty murmur of assent.

"We will therefore pass on to the higher and subtler possibilities of the camera. You have all heard of thought reading. Up to the present, this power has been confined to those who possess more or less occult gifts. I have brought it within the reach of everybody. It is well known that the camera can see what the human eye cannot, and by the aid of that marvellous substance radium, in conjunction with my studies in the whole phenomena of photography, I have succeeded in a perfect means of *photographing thought*."

"Dear me!" said the Dean's wife apprehensively.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said my mother-in-law. Everyone else looked rather incredulous, but excessively uncomfortable.

"Without, of course, revealing the secret of my discovery, I may explain that I get upon the plate certain marks and symbols, which by exhaustive experiments (made with people who *thought to order* for me) I have learnt to decipher accurately, and this book here holds a perfect key to all thought forms which may appear on my plates. I have, during this At Home, been taking the mind portraits of some of you, and we will now inquire into them."

Several people, at this point, exhibited a sudden recollection of pressing engagements elsewhere, but Uncle Mat said so loudly and angrily, "Sit down!" that no one dared disobey. They therefore comforted themselves with the christian-like hope that someone else might prove to be the victims.

"This first plate," said Uncle Mat, "is Mrs. Tullock's" (the

Dean's wife). "It was taken at the moment when she was asking after your baby, Clarice. She said, you recollect 'How is that sweet ducky of your's?' What she *thought* was (he referred to the book) "Filthy slobbering little brute. I loathe that child."

There was a painful silence. Everyone looked at Mrs. Tullock, whose guilty face betrayed the accuracy of the reading.

"The next is Mrs. Chester's," continued Uncle Mat (this was my mother-in-law). "She happened to be looking at me when I snapshotted her, and her thoughts ran thus, 'Odious old camel! He doesn't look well lately. Perhaps he'll die soon, and Clarice get all his money, and then if she'd only die too—"

"I protest against this! How dare you, sir? Paul, why don't you stop it?" exclaimed my mother-in-law loudly. But every soul seemed hypnotised with terror, and no one moved.

"Here," said Uncle Mat, "is the Dean's. I caught him in a reverie. He was thinking 'How deadly sick I am of my wife. She palls on me more every day. I wish I could get off that beastly meeting to-morrow night, and go to the Alhambra again. By gum, I shan't forget that girl's ankles in a hurry. I wonder if she has got my letter—"

Mrs. Tullock uttered a loud gurgle, and fell in a kind of fit. The Dean, absolutely rigid, stirred neither hand or foot.

"The next is Clarice's" (I felt turning into a cold jelly). "It was taken just after that young man over there had been singing, and she said 'How perfectly charming! Don't stop.' What she thought was, 'Good Heavens, it sounds more like a tom caterwauling on the roof than anything else. Oh, dear, how sick I am of it all. I wish the whole pack would go.'"

Another painful pause.

"There now remains," said Uncle Mat, "only one more plate —Miss Chittle's."

The little governess raised her head suddenly, but there was no uneasiness on her quiet pale features.

"I read here, 'I feel very lonely. I am old and plain, and no one seems to care much about me. What a funny looking man Uncle Mat is, but I like him somehow. I could be happy as his wife, and I wish he would ask me to marry him.' Miss Chittle," said Uncle Mat, going towards her, and taking her hand, "I do

ask you to marry me, most earnestly and respectfully, and," with unwonted feeling in his voice, " Heaven helping me, I will try and be worthy of the honour."

I don't quite remember what happened after that. I believe my mother-in-law and Mrs. Tullock were both carried out unconscious. The Dean had disappeared, and it may here be mentioned that he was never again seen in the neighbourhood.

It was some time before Paul and I recovered from the ill feeling amongst all our friends, caused by Uncle Mat's drastic experiment. But we forgave him in the end, and were present at his wedding, at which (in spite of my ruined expectations) I sincerely rejoiced, for I loved little Miss Chittle.

The thought photography invention is to be laid before the next Congress for New Science Research, and will shortly be given to the world. It will make an honester place of it by sweeping away many shams and pretences. But of all the possibilities it opens up, its revolutionizing effects on business, Society, and human intercourse generally—who can speak?

TAKING NOTICE.

THE earliest manifestation of human intelligence, triumphantly announced by a young mother, wonder-stricken with the sublimity of the situation described, is exhibited by the new prodigy when he is discerned to be "taking notice." And undeniably that is a very important turning point in the development of the new personality. But we often fail to realise how imperfectly the art of taking notice is developed in after life. Innumerable apples fell from mediæval trees before Newton took notice of the phenomenon in the manner familiar to all students of natural science. For innumerable ages the heavenly bodies rose and set before mankind took notice of the fact that such behaviour on their part could only be due to the revolution of the earth on its axis. Much sea-weed and drift-wood was washed on Eastern shores before Columbus took notice of the evidence thus afforded that other lands must lie to the westward, and so on one could borrow illustrations from every department of human progress, as we take notice of the extraordinary inability of our predecessors to draw inferences from the facts of nature they could not but observe. Some Chinese proverb speaks of people who look at occurrences with the eyes of an ox, and the phlegmatic stupidity of the same beast has been employed to decorate an oriental argument for the unity of Universal Spirit. "Whoso," some Sanskrit epigram has it, "worships God without perceiving that he is worshipping himself, worships him no more wisely than the cattle in the field." The allusion of course is harshly phrased but

points to the fact that latent, even in our humble selves, lies the spark of divinity which makes us one with the Divine. Most of us fail to take notice of the clouded attributes in our own consciousness which might convey this lofty assurance, and as far as the world at large is concerned, the extent to which the failure to take notice of obvious occurrences in the department of those that we call superphysical phenomena—the failure to appreciate what may be their profound significance—is retarding the intellectual progress of the race as fatally as a morass in its path might impede the march of an army.

Scarcely any people of common intelligence at the present age of the world can have been quite without some experience pointing to the operation of mysterious forces, or mysterious intelligence somehow operative around us. Recently we noticed the curious neglect by the Wesley family, of the inferences they ought to have drawn from the superphysical manifestations so abundant at their home, but we need not go back to a bygone century in search of other cases in which suggestive manifestations have been noticed merely "with the eyes of an ox," even by those amongst us representing along some lines of mental development the very highest culture. The lately published autobiography of the late Duke of Argyll shows us how even that versatile and brilliantly-gifted scholar and scientist was capable of allowing significant occurrences to pass by him unnoticed as regards their meaning, even as though he were no more qualified than the man in the street to draw inferences from his observation. The neglect to do this in his case is all the more striking, because he so nearly becomes appreciative of the meaning latent in some of the occurrences he describes. The first incident which awakens his attention to the possibility of intelligent action bearing on our affairs from another plane of Nature is embodied in a story he tells us concerning a very small incident associated, during his early life, with the death of his elder brother. He says:—

"My father was very much shocked and distressed by the death of his eldest son, and it was in connection with this event that a circumstance occurred which left on his mind, as it did on my own, a very deep impression. Immediately opposite the

window of the room where my brother died, and where his body lay, there were two large ash trees, the branches of which extended towards the castle, and approached the walls within some twenty or thirty feet. As these branches were also opposite the school room, and my eye was accustomed to range among them constantly, I may almost say that every twig was familiar to me. On the day after my brother's death, when the morning came, and when I first looked out, I saw a white dove sitting on the end of a broken bough which was nearest to the window of the darkened chamber. The bird was sitting in a crouched attitude and quite motionless. It commanded my immediate attention and surprise, because not only had I never seen a pigeon sitting on that tree before, but I knew that, as a rule, tame domestic pigeons never do perch on trees, unless in places where the position of the dovecote leaves them no choice. The habit of choosing buildings to perch upon almost to the exclusion of trees, is due to the fact that all our domestic breeds of pigeons come from the rock pigeons, and not from any of the wild species which inhabit and breed in woods. So surprised was I that it was some time before I could satisfy myself that my eyes were not deceived. My astonishment, however, was much greater when, many hours later in the day, I went out with my father to take a walk, and in passing the ash tree, I saw the white pigeon still crouching on the bough. I was determined to verify the fact as well as I could; so walking to the spot immediately below the bird, and quite near it, I took a pebble from the gravel and chucked it gently up towards the dove. She drew herself up as if in a momentary alarm, and then immediately resumed her vigil in the same attitude as before. The same thing was repeated during the whole of that day, and the whole of the next, after which the bird disappeared. If I had been surprised and struck by its appearance on the first morning, the impression made on me by its persistence on the next became one of a mysterious reverence. I had directed my father's attention to it on the first morning, and I could see, although he said little, that it had a comforting effect upon him. Like most men whose minds are much given to the pursuits of physical science, my father was quite destitute of what is ordinarily called superstition, and I never heard him refer to stories of apparitions or of

Highland second-sight, except in the tone which is usual with scientific men. But, on the other hand, he was not one of those who assume that we know all the laws of the physical world, or still less of the spiritual world which is the dwelling-place of the mind of man. The means of our communication with that world are very various, and may well be as incapable of demonstration as so much else which belongs to our most certain knowledge in the moral and spiritual spheres of our daily life. That the dove was a real bird, and not any subjective impression merely, I had taken care to prove, not only by closer sight, but it may almost be said by touch. I knew the absolutely unusual character of the bird's conduct, and its variance with the inherited habits of the species. I have ever since remembered it as a real response to that yearning for greater light which, in the face of death and sorrow, is often so distracting and oppressive. Those who think that the spirit of man can receive no intimations from the spiritual world, conveyed through the special use of means within what is called the ordinary course of Nature, may repudiate as impossible the interpretation which was forced upon me. But I have never seen any rational defence of the impossibility, or even the improbability which is thus assumed. 'Show me a token for good' is one of the most natural of all prayers in seasons of distress; and the possible responses to it can hardly be denied by any who believe in a living God."

Surely one might have thought that having realised even from so small an indication as that here given, that it might be possible the spirit of man to receive intimations from the spiritual world, would have led so acute a thinker, so active-minded a student as the late Duke of Argyll, to make inquiry in a reasonable manner as to whether other such intimations had been coming through. Certainly at the period referred to, in 1837, the huge wealth of super-physical manifestation about to break on the world was not yet available for even the most intelligent enquirer. But the whole literature of mediæval occultism and mysticism was available. The overflowing records of super-physical discovery by Mesmer and his disciples, lay already in the path of any one who moved a step in that direction, and yet it never occurred to the Duke of Argyll to make even the feeblest effort in the direction

of exploring this literary ocean. Nor even later on, when the Duke made Professor Gregory's acquaintance at Edinburgh, and in his company saw some wonderful manifestations of clairvoyance, was he impelled to recognise, in the hint thus given, that a new study of entrancing interest was available for anyone with the courage to undertake it, pointing to the possibility of acquiring an altogether enlarged conception of human nature and its possibilities. In the case referred to, the clairvoyant minutely described a room at Trentham, only known to himself amongst those present, and although for the moment he attempted to pacify his own curiosity by assuming that the clairvoyant had only read the impressions in his own mind, the fact that such thought-reading was possible should have made him realise that all schemes of philosophy dependent on the theory that states of consciousness are due to an accumulation of sense impressions, were swept out of reasonable consideration by the single experience he had undergone. And again, later in London, in the midst of brilliant society, it seems that at one breakfast party given by Lord Macaulay, those present got talking of the then new stories afloat concerning table turning, with the result that one of those present proposed an experiment then and there.

"Here we are, more than a dozen people, all knowing each other, and all sitting round one table. Why should we not join hands round it, and make one continuous chain, and then see if anything happens." "By all means," said Macaulay, "but on one condition only—that we don't cease talking." Amid much laughter this was universally agreed to, and we all joined hands on the surface of the table, resuming conversation as before. Before we had sat thus more than a few minutes—less than five certainly—we all felt the table give a sudden jolt or jump in an upward direction. I shall never forget Macaulay's face. I was sitting next him, and my hand, of course, was touching his. He betrayed in his expression astonishment, bordering on alarm. He let go my hand, jumped up on his feet, pushed back his chair, and, lifting the tablecloth, peered under the table to see if any one was there who could have caused the motion by lifting it on his shoulders for a moment. There was nothing there. Macaulay then resumed his seat, and proceeded to ask each of the guests:

"Did you give a shove to the table?" All replied in the negative, till he came to Bishop Wilberforce, who said: "Well, I am not quite sure that I may not unconsciously have given it a little push." On this ridiculous reply, Macaulay rode off. "Ah, there it is; I thought so"—and he would hear no more upon the subject. This was a curious exhibition of character on the part of Wilberforce. I felt at the time, and I feel equally sure now, that he was tempted to say what he did by his invincible love of saying what would please. He saw that Macaulay was taking the matter rather seriously, and was annoyed as well as much surprised. He knew the explanation current at the time, that table movements were due to the unconscious pressure exerted by a number of hands and arms in some particular direction. So, wishing to let Macaulay "down easy," he gave the ambiguous answer which just afforded the requisite loophole of escape. I do not say this because I was then, or am now, either a determined believer or a determined disbeliever in the effects produced by that unknown agency which went by the name of mesmerism: I say it because I was quite certain that the Bishop's half-suggested explanation was absolutely inapplicable to the case. The table at which we sat was not one of those small and light tables at which the experiment was often tried. It was a large and heavy dining-table, resting on several legs, upon a carpet offering much friction to any movement upon its surface. If all the guests at the table had agreed to push or shove in any one direction at one and the same time, they could never have produced the motion we all felt, even if they could have produced any motion at all."

So in this case it would appear that the Duke actually did take notice in a certain sense, but he failed absolutely to follow up his observation. He took notice of what had occurred in a perfectly intelligent way, thereby showing his intellectual superiority *qua* that transaction, to his illustrious host. But it does not seem to have occurred to him that the existence in Nature of forces intelligent enough to give some sort of answer to an inarticulate inquiry opened vistas of possibility, the interest of which, properly understood, would have entirely eclipsed those belonging to any of the miscellaneous literary and scientific pursuits with which the Duke was

concerned. But he goes on to concern himself with the politics of the period, and the empty speculations of conventionally admired thinkers like Emerson and Carlyle, utterly oblivious of, and incapable of comprehending the signal that had been held out to himself. And so up to the present day a similar incapacity to appreciate the happenings around us, is the characteristic, shall we say, of 99 out of every 100 otherwise cultivated men of our own era. Less and less excusable does such dullness of mind become, because the more intelligent pioneers of the new philosophy arising from occult research have cleared a broad pathway through the primeval forest, and the signposts ought to be sufficient to show, even the laziest of those who have lagged in the rear, that the new pathway leads to a higher knowledge than that approached by any dry-as-dust scholarship it has been the fashion hitherto to reverence.

PASSING EVENTS.

MOST people in this country will have felt relief when they heard that the visit of the British fleet to St. Petersburg was to be abandoned. Nothing could have been more out of tune with English feeling concerning Russia, than any manifestation of friendliness with its present Government. Those of us who are least disposed, as a rule, to sympathise with revolutionary movements can hardly fail to make an exception in favour of those which, without exactly promising, suggest the possibility that the infamous brutalities that have distinguished Russian autocracy, may be replaced by some organisation approximately in harmony with civilised ideas. The treatment of the Jews alone would have been enough to have justified a British Government in frankly suspending diplomatic intercourse with Russia as at present ruled. But the Jewish massacres only constitute one item in the fearful indictment that might be drawn up against the existing Russian Government. The whole history of its Siberian system, the mockery of justice represented by its judicial methods, have long constituted Russia a blot upon the civilised world. If all the other nations of Europe were more truly civilised, co-operative action would long ago have been taken with a view of constraining the governing class in Russia to amend its ways. England alone can hardly assume the responsibility that might be incumbent on a group of powers as morally advanced as herself; but at all events it was quite unnecessary to carry out the blunder involved in the original conception of the naval visit

Considering how ready the present Government has been to

reverse the policy of its predecessors, one could hardly avoid some feeling of surprise when it allowed the programme in question to go forward unchecked until the last moment, when apparently the Russian Government itself conceived that the compliment might be rather embarrassing than otherwise. But if it proceeded on the principle that continuity of foreign policy must be maintained as much as possible in spite of party changes, that would go far to excuse Sir Edward Grey. The excuse in question, however, hardly operates in reference to the final concession made in favour of the present Government in Servia. Nothing has really been done to warrant the resumption of diplomatic relations with that State, broken off as a protest against the infamous crime which led to the elevation of King Peter to the throne. The perpetrators of that crime have neither been disgraced nor punished, the pretence of their removal from office is too thin to allow even a diplomatist to pretend to treat it as sincere.

THE Dreyfus affair, from first to last, has been, indeed, a "nightmare," as many of the French papers now describe it. But saturated as it has been with tragedy, it is not without some elements of farce. How such a nation as France, with a delicate sense of the ludicrous, can pretend to think that Dreyfus has only just now been vindicated by the decision of the Supreme Court, is a mystery that English lookers-on may, indeed, find difficulty in comprehending. The whole situation illustrates the way in which so many of us allow what we call our beliefs to be distilled from our likes and dislikes. Though the French people are not guilty of the anti-semitic crimes that blacken the record of Russia, anti-semitic feeling undoubtedly accounted in a considerable degree for the readiness with which the guilt of Dreyfus, in the first instance, was thought to have been established. And then as the earlier tribunals found him guilty, those who preferred that belief were privileged to feel themselves in the right, and the more heated the controversy became, the more tenaciously the anti-Dreyfus majority held on to their avowed beliefs. And the fact that such beliefs were never shared in this country to any important extent, only embittered the feeling more intensely. Then at last

when the great conspiracy was blown to atoms, when the forgery of the famous bordereau was admitted, and Dreyfus was brought home to be tried afresh, most of us imagined that the nightmare was one from which the French people had at last awakened But though the persecution of the victim was at an end, he had not been formally and solemnly vindicated. The French people as a whole required the excuse that only such a decision as that just given by the Court of Appeal could afford, before they could extricate themselves from the entanglements incidental to their previous behaviour. And even at the last, as though some curious curse presided over everyone connected with the Dreyfus affair, the Chamber of Deputies could not pass the resolutions required for the re-establishment of the innocent victim's honour without an uproar ending in a serious duel. Can it really be that in spite of the brilliant wit which distinguishes the French intellect, the people as a whole are destitute of that instinctive sense of what is absurd, arising in this country from a more general appreciation of humour?

Dreyfus duels are indeed out of date, but that remark perhaps might be made with reference to any duel at the present age of the world. The morals of the problem are too complicated for careless dogmatism, and in truth duelling has not been dropped in England simply because everyone is convinced that private fighting is unchristian. Complications may sometimes arise in life that would seem to invest it with an exceptional justification. But it has come to pass that people who fight duels in England, are liable, if they fight too successfully, to be hanged, and that contingency is enough to justify anybody in refusing a challenge without the least fear that such refusal will be set down to cowardice. No Christian teaching, no ethical theorising, will ever stop private fighting until it becomes obnoxious to the common law.

Meanwhile the Dreyfus affair in its culmination provokes reflections along a line which is even more difficult to follow in imagination than that which has to do with individual warfare. How can those who endeavour to criticise events as they pass in the light of that higher knowledge concerning natural law, provided by occult research, account for a "karma" so extraordi-

narily complicated as that which must have lain behind the unexampled experiences through which Captain Dreyfus has passed? When we merely have to deal with an unjust sentence on an innocent man, we may assume,—and occultists are aware that we have the best reasons for assuming—that the undeserved sentence is Nature's response to an unpunished crime in a previous incarnation. That view does nothing, it may be noted in passing, to excuse the action of judges, careless or criminal enough to pass unjust sentences, but it does bring otherwise entangled events into harmony with our conceptions of natural law. The Dreyfus position is more difficult to deal with. Here we have an innocent man subjected for a part of his life to torture of the most diabolical kind, incidentally, of course, giving rise to frightful moral suffering on the part of others, giving rise also to corruscations of wickedness and criminality on the part of others that spread over the whole horizon of the subject, and then culminating in a moral triumph, the glory of which is a very substantial asset, so to speak, in the whole karmic account. Certainly, as a philosophical puzzle for those who endeavour to understand the working of the karmic law, the Dreyfus case is unrivalled for its complexity. We expect to find the problems of life entangled with embarrassing features when we attempt to fathom their causes, and as yet occult research has failed to provide us with more than a few imperfect clues available for any karmic analysis. But still, a few are available, though these discursive comments would be protracted to the dimensions of an elaborate essay if they were here interpreted at full length. Anyhow they will certainly fail to suggest an explanation of the mystery before us for the moment, and another mystery of almost equal magnitude would be found to surround any attempt to speculate on the ulterior consequences of all the crime and passion that has surrounded the progress of the affaire Dreyfus from the beginning of the "nightmare" to the very end.

MR. HALDANE'S proposals in reference to army reforms can only be criticised by military experts, though others may be fairly entitled to form their own opinions as to which of the conflicting experts make out the best case. But one or two main principles

are involved in all discussions connected with army reforms, and these have nothing to do with technicalities that only a trained soldier may be supposed to appreciate. Whenever comprehensive army reforms come under discussion, the principle of universal service must necessarily be debated afresh. That some of the military experts regard it as the only method of securing immunity from invasion, is a circumstance to be noted with interest whenever the matter is dealt with, but is not the view with which the ordinary civilian need first of all concern himself. The moral interest of the scheme turns on the manner in which it would affect the whole national life quite independently of the doubt whether any other system would effectually secure us from attack. In truth most people are vaguely convinced that all talk of invasion is nonsense. Political pessimists may have many excuses for taking a gloomy view of the national future, without including this anxiety in their programme. But some features connected with the theory of universal service have an interest quite independent of their mere military value. One cannot but feel that highly beneficial results would be likely to ensue from a system in which the whole working class should pass for a time under the influence of military discipline. That result, it may be argued, could not be brought about without subjecting the classes less in need of discipline to the corresponding experience. We need not here stop to discuss the methods of detail by which this embarrassment could be more or less circumvented. But from the simple point of view relating to the effect of universal service on the great majority of the nation, one cannot but feel that grand results might be brought about without incurring any industrial penalty.

The workers at present are numerically in excess of the needs developed by organised industry as at present carried on, and it may be questioned whether any national loss would be incurred by the withdrawal for a time from the markets of industry, of those who would be engaged with their military training. The whole subject is fraught with interest, and hinges on too many industrial and economical problems that tempt examination. But meanwhile it is interesting to recognise the absurdity of a remark on the subject put forward in a letter to the *Times* by Mr. Arnold

Forster, who, of course, is bound to be in opposition to Mr. Haldane. He tells us in reference to the idea of universal service, that when the country shall have made up its mind that this is desirable, it will be the duty of the Government then in power to carry out its decision. Now a more absurd view of English politics could hardly be constructed, although, of course, the affectations of Parliamentary language are such that Mr. Arnold Forster's remark will be regarded by many politicians as constitutional and decorous. Of course under present conditions it is necessary for every parliamentarian to flatter his electors. But to suppose that they really make up their own minds in regard to any of the great questions they may be called upon practically to decide, is pure affectation, whoever puts forward the pretence. Political leaders are the people who make up the country's mind, and those win who are most successful in catching uneducated sympathies by the help of some broad, easily intelligible cry which need not really have any intellectual relationship with the policy it is designed to subserve. Like all other great questions having to do with the evolution of public affairs, the universal service problem will depend upon the opportunities that may be afforded to the agitators of the future, either for making it seem an imperious necessity or an intolerable burden. That it will ever be decided by a delicate appreciation of its bearing on the national character and on industrial life, may be set aside as improbable to the verge of being unthinkable in a country like our own, governed by the votes of the least enlightened classes.

MANY people disposed to sympathise on general principles with the work of the Humanitarian League will deplore the manner in which two bodies of entirely incongruous sentiment are treated in the journals of the Association as though they represented one indivisible body of opinion. Part of the work with which the League is concerned is directed towards the suppression, or if that is a counsel of perfection, towards the cultivation of an attitude in the public mind which may ultimately lead to the suppression of cruel sports, and the infamous practices of vivisection. That is a splendid effort; and those whose minds are

open to the teachings of occult science will discern an even deeper motive for it than that which animates the Humanitarian League. Without this peculiar stimulus, however, in all which has to do with the treatment of animals the League may command the unreserved sympathy of a great and growing body of enlightened thinkers, whose view anticipates to some extent the civilisation of the future. And even if, for the time being, it is practically hopeless to expect the complete suppression of the horrors associated with the slaughter of animals for food, a good deal might be done to mitigate the abominable character of present methods by those who are earnest in forcing the terrible truths of the situation on public attention.

But what has all this body of thought in common with the theory that no punishments ought to be associated with physical pain? The Humanitarian League are just as wildly impassioned in attacking all systems of corporal punishment, as in assailing the inexcusable abominations of pigeon shooting, rabbit trapping, or vivisection. In defining its aims and objects the League commits itself at the outset to an absolutely absurd aspiration. It declares itself established to enforce the principle "that it is iniquitous to inflict avoidable suffering on any sentient being." Now when a dentist stops a tooth or a surgeon operates for appendicitis, avoidable suffering is distinctly inflicted on the sentient beings concerned. Naturally the reply is that the object in view is to counteract, by anticipation, future suffering that would be incurred otherwise, but that is precisely the theory on which corporal punishment is inflicted! The patient is supposed to be in danger of pursuing a course of action which will hurry him into more and more grievous misconduct—which by any hypothesis is bound to lead to suffering sooner or later. The temporary distress arising from the punishment is inflicted with exactly the same theoretical justification as that available for the surgeon or the dentist, and seeing that in the present state of human evolution it is hopeless to expect that great communities can be exempt from criminal excesses, it is no more possible to evade the necessity of imposing some kind of suffering on offenders than to guarantee Spitzbergen from the cold of winter, or the Red Sea from excessive warmth. The

humanitarian of the League will answer that we should not inflict suffering even on the criminal, but merely reclaim him. But no processes of reclamation that can be imposed *vi et armis* on Bill Sykes can be regarded otherwise than as the suffering of a sentient being, and few kinds of suffering that can be imposed upon him are so likely to cure him, as the kind he shrinks from most.

A much graver objection to the fanaticism of the League in this respect arises from the consideration of the horrible miseries incidental to protracted penal servitude under present conditions —conditions which may be regarded as to a large extent the outcome of the misguided opinion which has been so nearly effective in carrying out the fanaticism of our humanitarian friends. The revelations that have been in process of publication in one of the papers concerning the experiences in prison of Mr. Jabez Balfour are profoundly impressive as showing that the awful pressure of penal servitude on the mental condition of all prisoners above the level of the lowest class, is more frightful to contemplate in imagination than any sufferings incidental to corporal punishment. The civilised world has entangled itself in confused thinking on this subject, and disgrace of some peculiarly poignant character is supposed to attach itself to corporal punishment. If this artificial conception were eliminated it would, under suitable and appropriate regulation, be the simplest, cheapest, and most effectually deterrent method of dealing with the criminal classes, and so much less cruel than protracted penal servitude, that the misery it involves is almost in a different order of magnitude. Perhaps in having to forego the advantages of the simple system, the community is paying a penalty for the offence of preceding generations, when the system was pushed to monstrous and extravagant excesses. The hideous floggings of a century ago in the army, the navy, and in penal settlements abroad, were indeed of a kind claiming the protest of all healthy-minded reformers. But in rushing to the opposite extreme, the modern reformer is unconsciously promoting systems of dealing with the criminal classes, the cruelty of which, although disguised from the careless observer, is productive of a far greater degree of human wretchedness than could be associated with reasonably deterrent punishments of a physical order.

THE writings of Mr. Jabez Balfour referred to above depict the conditions of penal servitude in very gloomy colours, and urgently recommend reforms designed to mitigate some of its degrading characteristics. With reference, indeed, to the subject specially treated above, Mr. Balfour does not play into the hands of those who would abolish prison floggings. On the contrary, he frankly maintains that the brutality of some among the lower class prisoners can only be controlled by that method. But interesting as his survey of the whole situation is, he hardly seems to present the case in quite the right way. The inference to be drawn from all he says, and one which for that matter has long been familiar to all reasonable thinkers, is that the present system of dealing with offenders is ridiculously unequal in its effect. Prison treatment for one class of criminal is hardly a grievous experience. For those whose lives have previously been spent in cultured and comfortable conditions such treatment is torture of a kind quite as horrible to the imagination as the physically cruel penalties of the middle ages. The stupid conventional reply that the man of culture is more deeply to blame than the low-class criminal when he offends the law, fails to meet it, on the same principle that a great-coat would fail to meet the severities of an antarctic winter. It would tend in that direction, but it would be out of proportion to the emergency. Perhaps the man of culture may deserve worse treatment than the professional burglar. He would get that worse treatment even if the severities of his criminal life were modified by ninety per cent.

But another charge is to be levelled against the whole penal system, and this is brought out very clearly in one part of Mr. Balfour's book. The irregularity of sentences for precisely the same offences arising from the varying whims of different judges is so enormous as to deprive such sentences of any relationship with justice. Mr. Balfour illustrates the evil by definite cases that came within his own knowledge during his imprisonment. He knew two men, both of whom were in prison for having killed their wives. The circumstances varied slightly. In both cases, of course, an abominable crime had been committed, but one case was far more abominable than the other. Owing to

the pure accident that had confronted the two men with different judges the worst offender of the two had been sentenced to three years penal servitude, the other, a shade less criminal, in fact, to penal servitude for life. Then in another department of criminality two men had both been guilty of fraud; the moral flavour of their proceedings being pretty much the same in both cases. One was sentenced to ten years, the other, who had netted much the larger sum of the two, to three years. These cases are merely illustrative of many Mr. Balfour encountered during his peculiar experience. Other cases within his own knowledge represents what he calls judicial freaks. For one blackmailing offence one man he knew was undergoing a term of twenty-seven years penal servitude, because the judge who sentenced him had ordered a series of sentences to run consecutively instead of concurrently. The twenty-seven years would practically be more than equivalent to imprisonment for life, because the worse murderers, whose sentence to death is commuted to penal servitude for life are practically released after a period of prison experience rather less than the blackmailer would have gone through even if he did not lose during his service a single remission mark. In another case, an offender, who, after being concerned in a "long firm job," had committed forgery, escaped many years of his expected sentence by grovelling to the judge. The judge in question had the reputation for being severe. He had just sentenced a prisoner for a petty offence to a much heavier term of imprisonment than the prisoner in question thought his due. The man furiously protested, abused the judge, and struggled with the police. When the excitement cooled down the cunning forger saw his chance. He bowed very respectfully to the judge, humbly pleaded guilty, expressed deep regret, and bowed again. So the judge came to the conclusion that his was not a bad case, "but I can't give you less than five years." The man and all his friends had confidently expected ten!

The last story, though putting the judge in question in a somewhat contemptible light, is not concerned with evils nearly so horrible as those which arise when, through the stupidity of judges, as in the Beck case, and its numerous analogues, innocent people are condemned. The experience of the last few years has

shown that these ghastly mistakes are of terribly frequent occurrence in spite of the comfortable superstition to the effect that the criminal justice of Great Britain is nearly infallible, with which careless people who make no study of the subject are indolently content. Until penalties are inflicted on the judges identified with these horrible miscarriages of justice, there will be no room for hoping that a better state of things will be established.

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THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

BY SIR EDMUND VERNEY, BART.

SUMMER days and sunshine with fresh interests in public puestions at home and abroad lead our thoughts away from the sorrow and sadness of the Unemployed Question, which was so urgently with us in the dark days of last winter; but the Sweating Exhibition reminds us that even the fringe of this problem has not yet been dealt with; in a few weeks or months the righteous clamour of the unemployed will again be heard, the same palliatives will again be tried, the same dismal suffering will be found in the poverty-stricken homes, while the Rich go on growing richer, and the Poor poorer. This is thoroughly English; whenever we are faced with actual distress in an acute form, all ranks of society unite with their whole hearts to alleviate it; not till then.

But the question of the unemployed cannot be approached by itself; mixed up with it are all the questions of pauperism, and the various forms of poor-law relief, which naturally follow on prolonged periods of distress, and these ought to be dealt with *now*; the causes of the distress must also enter into the question, while there will be great differences of opinion as to what these causes are.

Of course the South African War has had a good deal to do with the distress; there can be no doubt that vast sums of

money spent on such unproductive outlays as wars and preparations for wars, and other fireworks, must diminish resources which might otherwise be spent on productive labour, and add to the wealth of the country.

But apart from this, we are faced by the curious fact that, even to-day in some directions, labour is wanted more than ever, and some of it is very well paid. Highly skilled artisans can command almost any wages; accurate and conscientious workmen were never so scarce as they are now, in every department of labour; this is the unanimous testimony of all employers; in the country a good hedger or thatcher is becoming every year more rare; in the mechanical arts it is common to hear that trustworthy artificers are almost impossible to find; and while this is the case, as regards all first-rate work, the country is flooded with unemployed second and third rate workmen; these are the first to be thrown out of employ when hard times begin; they soon lose their cunning and gradually sink down into the ranks of the recognised unemployed, until they have lost the little they ever knew of their business; and all this time the first-rate workmen are in greater demand than ever, and it is not unusual to hear an employer say, "I only know two or three men in London whom I could trust with this job."

Where do the unemployed and the paupers come from? They are as directly the result of our hard modern civilisation, as fever is the direct result of bad drainage. Having ourselves made them what they are, we are at our wits' end to know how to deal with them. We can see them in the making every day; we have no organisation in the country, public or private, to stretch out a helping hand to the man who is only beginning to go downhill.

The character of men and women always deteriorates in workhouses and institutions; workhouse schools turn out children, many of whom come back before long, as tramps, or to take up a permanent abode in the Union Workhouse which mothered them.

One of the reasons which leads to unemployment is the inferior quality of work with which we are content. It is our low standard of health and education that is responsible for our low standard of execution.

A great deal has been accomplished by reformatories and

industrial schools to cut off the supply of youthful criminals, but nothing is being done either to cut off the supply of tramps, paupers and unemployed, or to help these classes to regain a permanent footing in the industries to which they belong.

It is right that our attention should now be drawn to what can be done to meet the immediate distress; there are no signs that the country is awake to the importance of preventing a recurrence of such distress in the course of another winter.

If the British public is prepared to adopt it, the remedy for unemployment is not far to seek. In this over-wealthy country it is disgraceful to allow men or women to starve; if they have not the self-control to earn their own living, the State ought to supply the needful compulsion, as well as the work. To have men and women slowly starving, and losing their power to work, deteriorating, both in will and in muscle, is a deplorable national waste, which ought not to be tolerated. Employment might be found by the State for every unemployed man if he chooses to accept it; it should be a voluntary act on his part, but should carry with it this provision, that if he does come to the State for employment he should undertake to work for the State for a certain term; he must be willing to surrender his freedom for a time, in consideration of suitable work being found for him; he shall labour under strict supervision, so that he shall earn his daily bread.

It is so difficult as to be almost impossible to differentiate between those who really want work found for them, and the work-shy who will not do a hand's turn they can possibly avoid, and the only course seems to be to offer work to all, under conditions of humane discipline, which will ensure the State getting an adequate return for the money expended.

There is no European country where pauperism exists to anything like the same extent as in England, and in most countries compulsion is used with those who will not work. No man can complain of this; he need not go to the State for work unless he likes, but if he does, it seems reasonable that he should get what he goes for, and should not be allowed to loiter or idle his time.

Is it not worth while to enquire where the unemployed come from, and how they are made? Their career has probably been

decided for them early in life; as soon as they leave school, or even before that, they are put to any kind of work that will bring in a small pittance to the family budget, and this consideration alone decides how they shall be employed. It may be they sell newspapers in the streets, or ride in vans, or run errands, or go out on odd jobs in private houses; but the one thing that determines their career is, what will immediately bring in money, however little. So then, when they have grown too old for such odd jobs, they are supplanted by younger boys coming on; they are thrown on the world and absorbed in the vast army of unskilled labourers; whereas, if the first years after leaving school had been devoted to the acquisition of some industry, they might possibly have been furnished with a living for all their lives. They would not drift into the mass of the unemployed, whence presently come the unemployable, tramps, and ultimately paupers. This wasteful extravagance of boy-life calls forth our pity and indignation.

Even of those who do get employment in some kind of workshop few have the education and intelligence to take that keen interest in their work which develops the first-rate workman, nor do their employers always take the trouble to teach them. Most are satisfied to be second-rate or third-rate, and so when slack times come they are the first to be discharged.

The clue to the whole question is to be found in the training of the children, they are the raw material from which the Englishmen of the future is to be made, and if their mental and physical training is not wisely studied and controlled we can only expect generation after generation of young people more or less deficient in intelligence, in ability and in bodily strength, deliberately bred up by ourselves to present to those who come after us the same perplexing problems that we inherit from the past.

It may be that the characteristic of the 20th century is going to be the discovery of England's children, and the assigning to them the important position in our social scale which they must occupy if we are not to fall behind other nations. We have been holding our children too cheap. At last we are waking up to find that worthy citizens are not made out of starved and neglected children, and that our national wealth can find no

better investment than in the training of youth. It is an investment that pays the country better than the most glorious and victorious war.

When the supply of neglected children is stopped, and children are trained in mind and body to fulfil a worthy destiny, the unemployed question will be solved.

The air is full of suggestions for dealing with the unemployed. Most of the specifics recommended will act like sticking-plaster upon a wound. They may cover up the sore for a time, but they do not touch the seat of the disease. Reform of the land-laws, and all that affects the tenure of land must be dealt with sooner or later, and until we have a Government strong enough to face the opposition of the lawyers and of their clients, the landed aristocracy, palliatives do more harm than good in the long run. At this moment some reformers propose to give more fixity of tenure to tenant farmers, others propose that agricultural rents should be fixed by a land court. Such remedies mean the further complication, and not the simplification of land tenure. They go in the direction of the dual ownership, which has proved so disastrous in Ireland. Why should land be made the subject of exceptional legislation? The shopkeeper in a large town, or the owner of a factory, or of large industrial works, might also claim fixity of tenure, and to have his rent determined by some court. The only safe criterion of rent is supply and demand. If tenant farmers are united among themselves they can effectually resist excessive rents. Those who hold industrial premises on lease, take care to protect themselves from unfair disturbance. Reforms are apt to follow the line of least resistance. To tackle our cumbrous system of feudal land-tenure requires courage and determination; the opposition to any change will be enormous. It is much easier to tinker the Agricultural Holdings Act, and to suggest small and generally elusive alterations for the benefit of the tenant. The fact is, that neither the landlord nor the tenant wishes to see the land-laws altered; but the country generally is shocked when it realizes the effects of our land-laws, which directly promote rural depopulation. Agriculturists do not want farm colonies for neighbours, nor do the squires, who are terribly upset lest their sports be interfered with.

It is not proposed to found new villages, but to restore life to old villages, and this cannot be done under the existing conditions of land tenure. Every Englishman would be only too glad to own a small plot of English soil; if he cannot have that, at least he is ambitious to rent it. The present state of our land-laws makes it practically impossible for a land-owner either to sell small plots of his estate or to lease it out in small holdings. The estates of most country gentlemen are encumbered with mortgages and settlements and charges, so that the owners' hands are effectually tied. Where all the land in a parish is the property of one man, there can be little real freedom among the population, and as men become more educated they resent conditions of subserviency to the owner of the soil; as they move away from the old historic villages, to which they are tenderly attached, and where they would prefer to end their days, we witness the decay of the village gentry, and of the old village social life.

At this moment the unemployed are being dealt with on two opposite and incompatible principles; on the one hand they are being exported to the Colonies as desirable Emigrants, while on the other hand they are being sent to farm colonies like Lingfield or Hollesly Bay Farm. These two methods cannot both be the right way of dealing with them; either there is room for these men in England or there is not. If they are wanted in England it is injurious to the Country at large to export them, even although it may be a kindness to them individually.

Let us see what manner of folk these are who are leaving our shores. During the first two months of this year, no less than four thousand passages were booked by the Salvation Army in connection with their Emigration Scheme. On the 1st of March, 1,400 souls, of whom 1,000 were bread-winners, sailed from Liverpool in the S.S. Kensington. We read in the *Daily News* of Feb. 28th that "Of these 65 per cent. are country bred, and have followed more or less the pursuit of agriculture; 15 per cent. are mechanics; 10 per cent. tradesmen, professional, and clerks, and 10 per cent. domestic servants. Of the entire party 80 per cent. intend to settle on the land."

Now as to the ages of these people, 200 are mere children,

besides 180 who are less than 20 years; but 720 are between 20 and 30; that is more han half the whole number.

Can it be seriously denied that these people are a great national loss? Are they not the very bone and sinew of the community? Of course they are; no colony would take them if they were not. Can we spare them, and be no poorer?

All honour to the noble men and women whose hearts are touched by the sorrows of the poor, and who are giving what in many cases they can ill afford to remove their fellows to a freer and a brighter life; to them we may say no cold or unsympathetic word, but we are bound to regard the effect on the country of this wholesale emigration.

Look at the physical effect on the British race; only the healthy and the stalwart can be accepted as emigrants, and so the weakly and the sickly are left behind to breed a feeble race of the unemployable in the next generation. Emigration does not touch the main question of the unemployed; there is nothing remedial about it; it merely relieves the pressure of the moment at a serious cost to the nation.

The Church Army has embarked upon a new £100,000 emigration scheme, and has issued a circular asking for money, which says, "We have arranged to send a thousand this year, and we desire to send ten thousand more. Canada still wants a million." Yes, but can we spare a million? They say, "Where needful we test the fitness of applicants at one of our farm colonies"; that is to say, they send away only our best. Is it for England's welfare to get rid of this inconvenient multitude by transportation across the high seas? Emigrating the best of our people must tend to raise the wages of those who remain; is it fair to ask British employers to pay higher wages to the unfit who are left behind?

The Central Unemployed body are adopting both methods; they are entertaining on the one hand applications for emigration to New Zealand; they have sent "specially selected" men and their families to Canada; while on the other hand hundreds are being passed through their farm colonies; there can be no doubt that the least hopeful cases are sent to the farm colonies, because only the very best would be accepted in Canada. Can it be a wise

policy to keep only the inefficient at home? Should not room be made in England for the promising men we are sending off?

The Central Unemployed Body have now decided to accept Mr. Fels' offer, and in due time to purchase the Hollesley Bay Estate; this then is an admission that the question of the Unemployed *can* be effectually dealt with by Farm Colonies at home; surely then this body ought at once to dissolve their Emigration Committee; the scheme devised by the shrewdness and warm-heartedness of Mr. Fels' has proved to be sound, and not merely the dream of an unpractical philanthropist; and most important of all, it is essentially and distinctly remedial.

A private letter from Yorkshire says, "thirty-five men are being sent to Canada from around Beverley, and the Emigration Society hope to send the same number every year. What the farmers will do for good labourers I don't know, and if so many of the strongest men are to be helped to emigrate, our Navy and Army must surely suffer."

Until recently the Canadian Government has paid a bonus of seven shillings on emigrants over eighteen years of age. For those *bona fide* intending to follow agricultural pursuits or domestic service the bonus has now been increased to £1, while even for those under eighteen a bonus of ten shillings will be paid. Naturally they are greedy to absorb all the most precious of our manhood whom we are so ready to part with. And be it noticed that our landed aristocracy may thus be able for a while to postpone that reform of English land-tenure which they so much dread, and it is quite reasonable, from their point of view, therefore, to encourage emigration. Across St. George's Channel we have an object-lesson of a fertile country bleeding to death from emigration, and across the Atlantic we see the deep-seated hostility of the emigrant who has been made to feel that there is no room for him on his native soil, where he is not wanted. He carries with him the sore memory of waste lands rejecting waste men, that the idle rich be not disturbed.

The Birmingham Distress Committee are alive to the advantages of a Farm Colony; they are taking steps in that direction and approaching Mr. Fels on the subject. It does seem strange that in a question so vital to the Country we

all look to the leadership of our American Cousin, and apparently not one rich Englishman can be found to encourage the establishment of farm colonies, which have been written about and preached about for many years, and successfully experimented with by the Rev. Dr. Paton of Norwich, and others.

An Emigration Scheme is singularly easy to work. It is exceedingly interesting. It excites sympathy abroad; gratitude is its reward at home. To successfully run a Farm Colony is not at all easy; it is most difficult to find the right men to conduct it; every step of the way is full of pitfalls and difficulties which can be overcome only by tact, firmness, and love, tempered by common sense; it is doubtful whether any reward of gratitude awaits the successful organizers; but now that Hollesley Bay has passed happily through its first year of probation, and has shown how the unemployed may be restored and uplifted without banishment, we may hope that those who have hitherto promoted Emigration will not shrink from the more serious, the sounder, and more patriotic project of Farm Colonies at home.

The dismal procession of the unemployed fills some of us with pity, some with contempt, but few are filled with shame and anger for the social system, for the laws, and for the customs, the prejudices, and the selfishness, which make such a sight possible in a country overflowing with superfluous wealth, with unequalled commercial prosperity, and with a boastful "patriotism." Not many stop to ask what has brought about this disgraceful promenade, and whether any of the responsibility for it lies at their own doors. A very rude awakening will come some day if the governing classes of the country persist in a social policy which to-day before our eyes is making the rich richer and the poor poorer.

EDMUND VERNEY.

AN IMMORTAL SOUL.

By W. H. Mallock.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Barton paced the walk on which the door referred to opened. Questions were occupying his mind to which hitherto he had been a total stranger. They seemed to be put to him in a language which he did but partially comprehend. He was certainly not, in the ordinary sense of the word, jealous of Sir Rawlin, regarded as an active rival. He was jealous of something which Sir Rawlin was, or perhaps did no more than generally represent, for Miss Vivian. It was an alien, a mysterious something, with regard to which he knew only that it did not lie on the road along which he was himself guiding her, and she seemed to be straying away towards it, as though towards some horizon over which he could not follow her, and beyond which might lie destruction. His business was, at any price, to call her, to allure her back and keep her close to his side, so that he might still safely lead her.

So absorbed was he in these reflections that, though she was slow in appearing, he was only just beginning to feel impatient, when he heard the door open and he saw her on the walk before him, transfigured by grey-blue furs, and a walking-dress with a short skirt.

For a second or two he stood still, and surveyed her from a little distance. Her aspect added a new pang to his trouble. It was not her dress that was to blame for this, but a something in

the wearer herself. Every trace of the lassitude which he had noticed in her before luncheon had gone from her. In every poise and movement of her body was a certain elusive lightness, which suggested a challenge to life, a provocation to its delaying secrets. Her arched feet seemed somehow to be coquetting with the very ground she walked on. He saw, however, as he drew near her, that a soft expectant seriousness rose into her eyes to welcome him.

"At last!" he said, in a voice not wholly under his own control. "At last! I was beginning to feel that you were a soul that had been lost through my own negligence."

Miss Vivian stared at him. "Have I," she said, "been so very, very long? I couldn't get at my maid; but as soon as she came I raced. I hope I'm neat. I certainly don't feel so."

"Neat," said Mr. Barton, "yes, your neatness is most conspicuous. I only hope that those boots of yours are thick enough for a rough walk. Let us go by the cliffs; we shall be alone there."

His tone of authority surprised, but did not displease her. She went with him in obedient silence, waiting till he should be pleased to speak. He did not do so till they had left the garden behind them and had gone some way on the unfrequented path beyond.

"I have," he said at last, "been haunted for the last two hours by a feeling that, when I spoke to you before luncheon, you perhaps mistook my meaning. Will you bear with me if, in all friendship, I try to explain myself a little better?"

"Please do," said the girl. "I am always very anxious to listen to you."

"Perhaps," Mr. Barton began, "I could make what I mean clearer, if you'd let me tell you what I take to be your own peculiar gifts and responsibilities. May I do that?"

Miss Vivian nodded permission. The request was one which women do not often refuse.

"Well then," said Mr. Barton, "to begin. The composite nature of each one of us, to speak roughly, has three parts. In the first place we have those surface qualities, which come out at breakfast and dinner, and so on, and make up the day of little

things. Then under these come those deeper interests and appreciations which relate to art, intellect, the sense of beauty, and the ordinary human affections; and lastly, at the root of all, comes that part of us in virtue of which we turn to God. All these parts are essential to us in our present life, but the first and the second are good only when they minister to the third. In a general way of course all this is obvious. And now shall I go on to your own case in particular? As to your surface qualities I need not say that you've a charm and temper which make the surface virtues easy to you. What I want to bring home to you is that you are, to a degree much rarer, endowed with those mental, æsthetic, and emotional qualities also, to which I have just alluded. I see this in your drawing. You catch the sentiment of a landscape. I see it in your music; in your taste in poetry. To all that appeal which beauty makes to us through our human senses you are far more susceptible than most women, though very likely you may not know this."

Mr. Barton glanced at his companion to see how his words affected her. Her face was averted, but a flush was visible on her cheek, and, he thought, a trace of moisture.

"You read Shelley," he went on presently. "You remember how Shelley describes the love of one human being for another. 'The desire of the moth for the star'—that is what Shelley called it; and all our deepest and highest feelings for beauty are desires of the same kind. All the fair things of this fair world of the senses—even its ideal affections—make their deepest appeal to us by the awakening of a desire which they themselves cannot satisfy, but which carries us upwards and onwards to a far-off star beyond."

Miss Vivian here turned round to him. "I will quote Shelley, too," she said.

> "Would'st thou me?" And I replied:
> "No, not thee."

"You have penetrated," said Mr. Barton, "to the very heart of my meaning—to the text that I want to preach upon. The advice which to you, in your present state of health, I am trying to give is this. Instead of distressing your nerves, as I think you may have been tempted to do, by brooding overmuch on what separates you from the divine Nature, exercise and enjoy those

faculties which unite you to it; for God is the supreme beauty as well as the supreme holiness. Cultivate all those experiences of the beautiful and the lovable, which your own rare gifts make possible in such choice abundance. Make friends with interesting people. Talk with them about interesting things. But always remember this: Enjoy friendships and interesting pursuits and beauty, only because, and only in so far as, each of them carries you onwards to a something beyond itself—to that power, that purity, that love, of which it is the symbol or the faint reflection, and to which, under God, it is my great desire to guide you."

"I understand you," said Miss Vivian. "I understand every word. I'm only afraid you flatter me too highly."

"I speak to you of your gifts," said Mr. Barton, "merely to show you your responsibilities. Religion has its rigours as well as its exaltations; but all this in due time. By-and-by I will lend you some of the lives of the great saints—St. Francis, St. Ignatius, St. Catherine, St. Angela of Foligno, and others, which will speak to you more intimately than I can or dare do now. The Confirmation Manual you have no doubt read by this time, and I hope, my dear child, that the 'Visions of the Saints' pleased you."

"It's beautiful," said Miss Vivian. "I look at it every morning. All the faces in it seem to express that very longing for the beyond which you have spoken about."

"Well," said Mr. Barton, putting his hand into his greatcoat pocket, "to that really pretty present I should like to add another —not so ornamental, but I still hope it may be useful to you. It's a very little book indeed, written or compiled by myself. Will you take it? You can carry it in your muff."

"How good of you," said Miss Vivian simply. "Yes, you see my muff will hold it."

"May the reading of that book," said Mr. Barton gravely, "be blest to you. But I haven't quite done yet. I should like to offer you one little gift more. Let us go back to the senses. You know, being musical yourself, that there are musics of many kinds, some of which secularise the emotions, while others sanctify them." Miss Vivian nodded, and Mr. Barton continued, "With all the things of sense" he said, "the case is much the same. Take the case of smell, for instance. To me the smell of wallflowers always

brings back my childhood, and the mother at whose unforgotten knees I said my first prayers. Another case in point is the peculiar smell of incense. That smell has, for all ages and races, had, though we don't know why, a special religious suggestiveness."

"I feel all that," said Miss Vivian. "Incense touches one like an organ."

"I have myself," Mr. Barton went on, "when the worries of business have hindered me in turning my mind to prayer, or the writing of a sermon, found that the burning of a few grains of incense was wonderfully effective in surrounding me with the required atmosphere. I have, therefore, besides the books brought this packet of incense for you, which you might use in the same way. There, take it. It will go in your muff, too. It has been blessed in the manner enjoined by our own ancient church. Treat it reverently. Don't burn it for fun. Try it, and if it doesn't help you, send me back what remains of it. And now, my dear child, we are back at your own garden gate again, and hark—your cousins' voices. I had better say good-bye here. You'll remember —will you?—what I have tried to say to you. Whatever you may find beautiful, exciting, alluring, pleasure-giving, in the life around you—in things, in men, in women—let your heart fix itself on such of these things only as do not hinder it from giving itself to that Heart of Hearts, in the love of which we both may share, and in which nothing can come between us. Good-bye. To-morrow I go to London for a week; how I shall have you in my thoughts always. You'll give me your hand, won't you, in token that you recognise me as a friend."

Ashamed of a lurking wish to avoid this parting ceremony the girl did as he asked her, and the look which he cast back at her as he took the path up the hill-side was happy and almost grateful.

As for her, her face, which had been rigid with deep attention, relaxed its expression somewhat as soon as she found herself alone. Her eyes sought the horizon with a dreamy and happy light in them, and, her cousins' voices having presently died away, she stole back through the garden unnoticed to her own sitting-room.

It was a room very different from Lady Susannah's threadbare sanctuary. Gilt brackets with china on them and copies of Corot's pictures gave a gay aspect to the walls. The large bow window

was enlivened with flowered chintz curtains, and chintz-covered chairs matching them shone bright against a soft red carpet. A chair shaped like a prie-dieu lurked in a discreet corner, above which was a Magdalene kneeling before the risen Christ. Books delicately bound stood in small cases on the tables, whilst some drawing materials on a stool in the window made a local litter.

From her muff, which she tossed aside, she produced Mr. Barton's packages. The little box of incense claimed her attention first. Placing an ember of wood in a brass dish that was on the chimneypiece she sprinkled the red glow with a few grains of the compound. A faint fragrance rose from it, which she sniffed like a child experimenting with a new toy. A certain expression of sentiment, already in her face, became accentuated. Then she seated herself in the window and turned to Mr. Barton's book. The manual she put aside, having duly admired its binding, and smelt its perfumed leather. What engaged her attention was the volume of which Mr. Barton was himself the author. She opened it at random. The title of it was "The Secret Way."

The first passage on which her eyes lit startled her. She had several times during her late walk with Mr. Barton sought relief for her feelings by looking away from him at the sea. The sea had been blue and shining; her eyes had rested themselves on the sails, whose whiteness was going down where the two firmaments touched each other, and her mind had been filled with something of that saddening, yet pleasurable exaltation, which in most sensitive natures is produced by the same spectacle. In Mr. Barton's book the words at which the pages opened were these:

"This expanse of waves lying against the far-off sky, and those ships with their dying sails, trouble all those that watch them with a vague feeling that they are beautiful. But in what does this beauty consist? It does not consist in mere water or light or canvas, or even in these three combined. It consists in a suggestion to the soul, not in any condition of the senses. Our souls, stirred by the imagination, long to follow those ships; for to us it seems that they are going to some better country—to some land of the heart's desire. But in the lands where the journeys of these ships end the heart is not satisfied. Sorrow will come down and meet them as soon as they reach the quays. So it is with all the

fair things of nature. They awake in us a hunger which they themselves cannot satisfy. What, then, can satisfy it? As Augustine says: 'He only by whom all these things were made.'"

Miss Vivian turned the page, and the same train of thought repeated itself.

"My heart spoke to my heart, and said to it, 'What desirest thou?' In the garden at morning I desire the scented rose of the earth. In the evening I desire the shining rose of the sky. My heart, thou dost not contemplate these things in vain, but thou dost desire them in vain, for all these things are without thee and can be never thine. Rather desire that which is in them and in thee also. This will not leave thee hungering. This will enthral and fill thee, till you sayest, 'Spouse of my soul, I faint. I can endure no more.'"

The book dropped from her hands. Twilight was falling stealthily. A flush was mantling in the west. She returned to the fireplace, reopened the box of incense, and repeated the former experiment on a bolder and larger scale. A blue smoke shot up from the glowing embers copiously. She lifted the brass dish, and waving it to and fro, soon felt herself to be inhaling the odour of all sanctuaries. Yielding to its subtle spell she turned almost involuntarily to her prie-dieu. The fur of her hat, as she knelt, bent forwards over her folded hands, and between her gloves and her hat it seemed to her that, mixed with the blue incense-mist, another mist came stealing to her from the gorse-bushes on a high hill. "My heart spoke to my heart," she murmured, "and it said to me, what desirest thou?"

Half-an-hour later she had descended to the school-room tea. Her cousins for some days had not seen her in such high spirits; and when Oswald proposed again to minister at the cat's altar, she contented herself with seizing a book and lightly boxing his ears.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

THE luncheon-party at Cliff's End having had the effect on Sir Rawlin of healing the undignified wound which Miss Vivian had unintentionally inflicted on him, he was once more conscious of all

his original pleasure, whatever this might amount to, in his singularly formed connection with her. He now, however, had taken the precaution, which seemed to him quite sufficient, of guarding her from the danger of any undue expectations, by telling her that, having definitely decided on coming forward as a parliamentary candidate, he would for the next week or so be overwhelmed by political business and could not look forward to seeing her again until he had regained his freedom.

Here, indeed, he had merely spoken the truth. There were meetings to be arranged for in various parts of the constituency. There were acquaintances to be made, local deputations to be received, local questions to be studied, and a lecture to be prepared, which he was invited and consented to deliver on his own travels in Asia—a performance which would, so said the conservative agent give him a great advantage over his opponent who had never been out of England. Neither lecture nor speeches would take place for a fortnight, but two other duties claimed him of a more immediate kind.

The sacred fire of conservatism was kept alive at Southquay, not only by the Association which concerned itself with the actual conduct of elections, but also by the local branch of a great national League, the object of which was by means of periodical fêtes to associate conservative principles with ideas of popular happiness, with holiday clothes, concerts, games and flower shows, and buffets which offered refreshments at about one-third of their cost. Year by year, wherever it had a branch, the league thus celebrated the birthday of the statesman whose name it bore; and that anniversary being now but a few days distant, the Bath Saloons of Southquay had long before Sir Rawlin's arrival been secured for the occasion by the League's local Council. Three well-known members of Parliament had promised to make short speeches. A number of families, with some claims to fashion, had promised to lend to the proceedings the ornament of their personal patronage; and better than all these, a certain dazzling Marchioness, whose praise was in the papers as the hostess of kings and princes, and whose eyes and jewels were prominent in the window of every picture-shop, having taken a house at Southquay for a little consumptive daughter, had let it be known that she intended to be present also. Sir Rawlin

accordingly was soon the recipient of a letter which urged on him that the fête would provide him with an unrivalled opportunity of making his first appearance before a gathering of his future supporters. The Bath Saloons, moreover, on the night before the fête were to be the scene of another gathering of a somewhat different kind—namely, a ball, which was to be as conservatively select as the fête was to be conservatively inclusive: and this function also he was specially requested to attend.

Both invitations he accepted, and now, after a week of drudgery, the immediate pressure of business showed signs of relaxing. A morning, indeed, arrived when he sat down to his breakfast with a day before him wholly at his own disposal, and when the post had contented itself with bringing him one letter and a packet only. Having read the first, and satisfied himself as to the contents of the second, he scribbled a hasty note, and committing this to his servant, told him to take it to its destination and if possible bring back an answer. An answer was put into his hands as the clock was striking twelve, and half-an-hour later, with the blue spring morning in his veins, and the troubles of electioneering for the time in complete abeyance, he found himself emerging from the shadow of tall laurel hedges and advancing towards a Gothic porch across an area of sunlit gravel. His feet were not yet on the door-mat when a cheerful voice accosted him. It was the voice of Miss Arundel, who, accompanied by her dachshund James, had issued from a sort of burrow in the laurel bushes with a large basket of eggs.

Sir Rawlin informed her that he had come to see her aunt about something, and added, "I am glad to have met you, for perhaps you will do a commission for me. Will you," he said, taking the little parcel from his pocket, "give this to your cousin, Mr. Hugo? It contains something as to which I want his opinion."

"My aunt," said Miss Arundel, as she placed the parcel in her basket, "is expecting you in her own sitting-room. If you'll let me, I will take you in to her."

Lady Susannah greeted him with a certain air of surprise, which made her pleasure in seeing him only the more evident. He at once hastened to explain himself.

"I wrote," he said, "to ask you if I might come at this unusual

hour because I wanted to have a word with you alone. A letter has just reached me about Oswald, your future diplomat. He told me the other day that next autumn he is going to Oxford. Well, it occurred to me that it might be a pleasant and useful thing for him to have a little experience of diplomatic life beforehand; so I wrote to Sir Frank Paston, our Ambassador at Constantinople, to ask if he would care to have a charming and promising boy as a guest, an extra secretary, or whatever we like to call it, for two or three months before his Oxford discipline begins. Here is Sir Frank's letter. Nothing could be more cordial. But I did not want to say anything to the boy himself till I knew if the plan were one of which his circumstances would allow him to take advantage. That's what you can tell me, and that's what I wished to ask you."

"Sir Rawlin," exclaimed Lady Susannah, with a gurgle of delight and gratitude, "you're a regular fairy godmother. First you rescue my niece; now you are going to be the making of my nephew. Tell Oswald yourself about it. Nothing in the world could be better for him."

"Then that's all right," said Sir Rawlin; "and now about your niece—how is she? To tell you the truth, there is something which I wanted to suggest to you as to her, too."

Lady Susannah replied that since Sir Rawlin had lunched with them Miss Vivian's health and spirits had given her every satisfaction. She had been walking, drawing, studying, attending her French classes, and following in the local paper Sir Rawlin's own proceedings. The only misfortune had been that the hockey-playing had come to an end because the surly farmer on the hill would lend his field no longer. "You see," she continued, "you were quite right in your advice to me. Ever since that stupid little luncheon of mine Nest has seemed a different person."

"I'm glad of that," said Sir Rawlin, "because what I want to do, is to recommend to you for her benefit two dissipations more." He then went on to mention the coming fête; he begged that Lady Susannah and Miss Vivian would keep him in countenance by being present at it; and finding that this petition was received with sufficient favour. "There is," he added, "going to be a ball as well—I believe an unusually good one. Now, why should Miss Vivian not also go to that? I wondered at not seeing your name down as a patroness."

"Oh," said Lady Susannah, "I've nothing to do with balls. But upon my word I don't know about Nest. I couldn't take her myself; but George Carlton is coming back to us for a day or two, and there isn't a dowager in London who is a safer chaperon than he. Let us ask Nest herself; for, of course, though I was remiss enough not to say this before, you will stay and lunch with us, won't you? and we can have it all out then."

Sir Rawlin was interrupted in his acceptance of this invitation by two sudden noises in the hall—that of an opening door, and that of an excited voice. "Oh, Nest," said the voice, and it plainly proceeded from Miss Arundel, "come into the school-room, do. Do you know what has happened?" "No," a second voice answered. "Has the moon tumbled down from the sky? And is Mr. Hugo examining it?" "It is," said the first voice, "something like that really. Sir Rawlin has given Mr. Hugo such a beautiful little tube or radium."

Sir Rawlin, hearing this, leaned back in his chair and laughed. "I declare," said Lady Susannah, "you're spoiling my whole family. I hope you're not trying to bribe us, for remember we've got no votes. Ah, there's Oswald outside." She rose and tapped the window. "Tell him your news now while I get ready for luncheon. Oswald, my dear, come in. Here's someone who wants to speak to you."

The boy came as invited, and the luncheon-bell had not rung before his handsome eyes were even brighter than Sir Rawlin had hoped to see them. Nor was Mr. Hugo, who was found standing in the hall when Lady Susannah summoned her guest to the dining-room, in a state less happy than his brother's. His delight with his present was so great as to render his thanks inaudible; but his face was fossilised into a smile which his manhood was unable to subjugate. They were hardly seated when Miss Vivian made her appearance. A paste buckle glistened on the belt, which accentuated her slim waist. Her step was light, her eyes were gay and shining, and her cheeks, as she welcomed the visitor, coloured like a pink shell.

Sir Rawlin, indeed, seemed to have brought with him a general spirit of cheerfulness. Miss Vivian assailed Mr. Hugo and Oswald with congratulations; the one on his new treasure, the other on

his new prospects; and soon they were all discussing the two great practical questions—namely, those connected with the conservative fête and with the ball. Would any of them go to either? And which of them would go to which? All of them would go to the fête and hear Sir Rawlin speak. The future diplomatist would perhaps go to the ball. Miss Vivian would do so certainly, if Cousin George Carlton would take her. Such was the conclusion arrived at; and finally, to crown everything, yet another proposal was made, which arose out of the circumstances of the moment. The conversation having drifted back to Sir Rawlin's experiences as a candidate, he happened to mention that among the many new things he had become—such as the patron of a ball, a bazaar, and a cottage flower-show—he had just been made an honorary member of the local golf-club also. "And now, Lady Susannah," he said, "a happy thought has struck me. Since the farmer up on the hill has taken away his field why shouldn't Miss Vivian let golf take the place of hockey?"

"My dear Nest," said Miss Arundel, "golf would be just the thing for you. And you, Mr. Hugo, you used to play when you were at school. You might go too, and if you are good you might take Elvira. She could show you the best way of hitting the balls; and you could explain to her why yours, when you hit them, never go. Mr. Hugo, why do you look so naughty? Elvira is coming after luncheon. Nest and you might show her the links at all events."

Mr. Hugo, on being thus addressed, had swathed himself in a mantle of dignity, and with an air of sarcastic inattention was occupying himself with the cat Peter, whose enormous ruff and eyes had peeped out from under the table-cloth. His lips, nevertheless, gave signs of a certain furtive pleasure.

Sir Rawlin hereupon suggested that if the golf-course really attracted them he should come with them and introduce them to the scene of his new privileges. "Do," said Lady Susannah, and so that matter was settled. Miss Elvira arrived, rosy, smiling and muscular; and when she and Mr. Hugo had started, leading the way, Sir Rawlin and Miss Vivian followed at a more temperate pace, Oswald having meanwhile absented himself on some unexplained business of his own. "I know," said Miss Vivian to Sir

Rawlin, "exactly what has become of him. He has gone to re-visit a spot where he fell in love this morning with a beautiful being whom he encountered when he walked with me up to Miss Aldritch's. She was coming out of the gardens of your crescent, looking as if the world belonged to her; and, for Oswald's credit, I must say she did stare hard at him. I know him so well. It's so easy to know boys."

The nearest way to the golf-course was by the path, a portion of which Miss Vivian a week ago had been traversing with Mr. Barton. High up in front of them against a steeply-rising field they watched Mr. Hugo and Miss Elvira brandishing their walking-sticks like golf-clubs, when it suddenly occurred to Miss Vivian that the path in that direction presently began to run by the very brink of the precipice. "I hate steep places," she said. "There's another way by the shore below. Let us scramble down to that."

They diverged accordingly towards a dip in the ground, which brought them by an easy descent to a stretch of rocks and shingle; and Sir Rawlin, now that the others were out of sight, was conscious that for the first time since their parting in the obscurity of the laurelled drive—when each must have left the other with the sense of an unaccomplished kiss—that for the first time since then, he and his companion were alone together. The situation had begun to suggest to him some possible embarrassment, but thanks to the girl he felt none. Her eyes, indeed, were soon repeating some of their original appeals, and her lips now and again assumed a passing expression which made that parting and its temptations still far from unintelligible to him; but instead of attempting to speak of any personal topics she began, as they went, to question him about his travels with an interest and intelligence which deprived prudence of its occupation: and to these topics there presently succeeded others which took them even further away from the pitfalls of purely personal intercourse.

A walk of half-a-mile brought them from the beach to a cart track which, issuing from a disused quarry, disappeared a little further on round the base of a protruding cliff. As soon as they had turned this corner a curious spectacle revealed itself, which was to Miss Vivian new, and which Sir Rawlin had long forgotten. Before them was a sequestered creek, which was bordered

on the farther side, not by cliffs, but by a gradual and wooded slope; and at the bottom of this and almost touched by the sea was an isolated and extensive habitation of a curiously fantastic character. It consisted of a circular structure trimmed with grotesque battlements, pierced with horse-shoe windows, spiked with minarets, and flanked by two long annexes of the same style as the centre. In front of it were walls, the bases of which were green with sea-weed, and which alone, to all appearance, saved the whole from being washed away.

"Ah," exclaimed Miss Vivian, "that must be the Turkish Castle. I've often heard people talk of it. They say it has never been lived in. Doesn't it give one a shudder! It ought to be full of ghosts."

The building did indeed wear an aspect of dampness, decay, and desolation, which invested its absurdities with an air of forlorn romance. "I remember its history," said Sir Rawlin. "It was built by an Anglo-Indian seventy years ago, but he never, I believe, occupied it; sight-seers were never admitted, and I'm sure we can neither of us wonder that it never has found a tenant."

At a point which they reached presently, where the cart-track began to rise, another track branched off from it, running down to a stunted pier, from which the stone of the quarry had been formerly transferred to lighters; and here, leaning on the bar of a broken fence, they again contemplated the castle, whose details were now more distinguishable.

"There is," said Sir Rawlin, "not another house in sight. One might be at the end of the world instead of in the heart of South-quay. In the woods behind, you can see the weedy walks and the abandoned steps and the broken balustrades and urns. When I was a boy I remember hearing it said that the inside of the house was a mass of mirrors and gilding. But hush, look there—down on the pier below us."

Miss Vivian looked, and suddenly became aware that the castle was an object of interest to eyes besides their own. At the end of the pier a man in a long blue cloak was looking towards its dull red walls through a pair of opera-glasses, motionless. "What can he be up to?" said Miss Vivian in a voice that was half a whisper. "He's got out his watch as though he were timing something."

They continued to observe in silence, till Sir Rawlin, in a whisper like her own, said, "I can tell you one thing. That house is inhabited. Something or other is sitting on the parapet of the sea-wall. I thought at first it was a man, but it isn't, it's a kind of scarecrow. And now what on earth is this white thing? It's either a ghost or a woman." Whilst he was speaking an apparition, evidently female, had emerged from somewhere, and advancing with rapid steps in the direction of the object which Sir Rawlin had called the scarecrow, administered a violent and seemingly murderous push to it, sending it headlong into the sea, on which it remained floating. The apparition then hurriedly retraced her steps, and disappeared from sight behind a turret in which the sea-wall terminated. At the same time the solitary watcher in the cloak put his opera-glasses into his pocket and turned round to quit the pier.

Sir Rawlin and Miss Vivian could now see his face. It was one, as they both felt, which it would not be easy to forget. Like the man's whole bearing it was full of power and command. Clean-shaven except for a slight imperial, it might have been the face of an ambassador, a general, or even an aristocratic conspirator; and his glance, though he could not see them, hidden as they were by brambles, seemed to pierce them through and through. "If we walk on slowly," said Sir Rawlin, "he will presently catch us up, and then we can have a nearer look at him." This expectation was not, however, verified by events. The man descended the sloping side of the pier by which, as they now perceived, a small boat was awaiting him; and presently with vigorous strokes he was pulling himself towards the building opposite. The last they saw of him was that close to the sea-wall he was drawing the floating figure into his little craft with a boat-hook.

Full of speculation as to the meaning of these mysterious performances, Sir Rawlin and Miss Vivian made their way to the golf-ground with that pleasant feeling of comradeship which arises out of a shared adventure. On discovering Mr. Hugo and Miss Elvira, who already were in conversation with the secretary, the proper formalities were gone through, and they all had tea at the club-house. They talked with much animation, now about enchanted castles, now about holes and bunkers; but actual play

being deferred to another occasion, which, if Lady Susannah were favourable, it was settled should be next morning. They returned to Cliff's End, where the project was duly sanctioned, and Sir Rawlin set out for his hotel feeling that life had grown fresh again, and that its prose had turned into a fairy-tale which he was reading and believing with a child.

He found, however, when he entered the crescent gardens, that his day was not over yet. It was now twilight, but the twilight was still luminous; and where two walks met he encountered a female figure, the finished arrogance of whose bearing even the twilight could not obscure. He glanced at her with some curiosity, thoughts of Oswald recurring to him, and became aware as he did so not only of a handsome face but of a face which—which after a moment's scrutiny of him became enlivened with a half-seen smile.

"And so," said the lady, "it's you? You're a very uncivil man. Perhaps it hasn't occurred to you that I've been here for two whole days, dying for someone to talk to, and you haven't been once to see me."

"Lady Conway!" exclaimed Sir Rawlin. "Of course I had heard that you were coming. Everybody has heard that. But I had not an idea that you'd arrived."

"Then I know more about you," she said, "than you know about me. I know where you lunched to-day. I might have known, had I wished to, exactly what you had for luncheon; and I've discovered a new cousin who, when last I saw him, was in pinafores. Oswald was very rightly of opinion that a cat may look at a queen, so I saw no reason why a queen shouldn't talk to a cat. I asked him his name, and I found he was my own flesh and blood—a third cousin, only two or three times removed. 'Oswald,' I said to him, when the terrible parting came, 'if we weren't within the prohibited degrees I really think I should kiss you.' I've engaged him again for to-morrow to show me the beauties of the neighbourhood; and now, my dear man, this evening I'm all alone Shall I eat my heart out by myself, or will you eat a mutton-chop in my company?"

Lady Conway was the Marchioness whose brilliant and superlative patronage was to glorify the coming fête, and also the public opening of Sir Rawlin's candidature.

CHAPTER II.

THUS one day led on to another. The following morning the expedition to the golf-ground repeated itself, Mr. Hugo and Miss Elvira again going by the hill, Sir Rawlin and Miss Vivian by the shore—this latter route having now the added attraction—that it would enable them to examine once more the mysterious Turkish castle.

"How I wish," she said to him, as he spoke to her of the strange scenes he had visited—of Babylon, or Niniveh, or of castles in the Syrian desert, where marble lions rear themselves as guardians of the silent gates—"how I wish I could see the things that have been seen by you. Mr. Barton must have seen some of them, but he doesn't know how to tell one about them." The girl's eyes and the ripples of the sea sparkled; the wings of sea-gulls shone white in the sunlight; the sea was blue like corn-flowers; her cap was like a scarlet poppy, and the freshness of spring was blown to him in the breath of the violets at her breast.

When thus conversing they came in sight of the Turkish castle again, they realised, as they had not done yesterday, that the public road in which the cart-track ended, led straight to the castle gates, these being not far off; and the spirit of adventure prompted them to turn aside for a moment and look into the strange enclosure which lay beyond the red stone gate-posts. The rusty gates were open; and the portals of the mansion itself, surmounted by arabesques in stucco, were not fifty yards away. There were wheel-marks on the gravel, but the rough grass was uncared for, and the only other vegetation consisted of unpruned rosemary. Half-ashamed of seeming to stand there like a pair of prying tourists, they had become, nevertheless, absorbed in the scene before them, when, without seeing whence he came, they were conscious of a man confronting them. Though he was not the solitary of the pier, he, too, like that personage, was enveloped in a large cloak; but his general aspect was otherwise widely different. His cloak, of a soft rich brown, was striped with some bold pattern; and, thrown back as it was, it revealed a satin scarf, on the rich gloss of which was a huge pearl set with diamonds. His boots were perfection; his checked trousers were creaseless, and a hand, which the cloak left

visible, bore a noticeable turquoise ring. The man was none other than Sir Rawlin's friend, the traveller.

Sir Rawlin, whether he blushed or no, had a passing suspicion that he must be doing so. "What," he exclaimed, "and so it's you then who are the lord of the enchanted castle! This young lady and I were on our way to the golf-ground, when the fatal passion of curiosity tempted us from the right path. You know who she is already. I must tell her that you're Lord Cotswold."

Miss Vivian recognised the name. She remembered how she had heard it discussed at her aunt's table. Lord Cotswold raised his hat—a sort of melodrama in felt, with an air of charming deference. "My dear," he said kindly, "do you see this deserted garden? You are probably the first flower that has blossomed in it for sixty years. The enchantments of my castle," he continued, "like its antiquity, I fear are skin-deep only. If Miss Vivian and Miss Vivian's family—I must have known some of her relations once—would not be afraid of any malign influences in it, I hope I may be allowed to exhibit it to them when it's rooms are in better order. At present it is a monastery inhabited by two monks. We are waiting to break our vows till the housemaids have swept and garnished us."

"Nothing will persuade me," said Miss Vivian, "that you haven't a tame ghost here. I saw it myself in broad daylight yesterday. Your brother monk—at least I suppose it was he—was watching it, like a prudent man, from the other side of the water."

"And so, young lady," said Lord Cotswold, "you saw our experiment, did you? My brother monk is repeating it in the house now, and I have to go in and watch it before it's over. I'm coming, by the way, my dear Rawlin, to hear your opening speech, and I hope you'll bring your present companion with you. She must, therefore," he went on, "if I unwillingly say good-bye to her, allow me to mean by it that I trust very soon to see her again."

"I don't know," said Sir Rawlin, as they turned away, "what your aunt will think of my having introduced you to Lord Cotswold. We must talk to her when we get back. Meanwhile I believe I have guessed who his brother monk must be. He must be Dr. Gustav Thistlewood, who has just been round the world with him."

"A doctor!" said Miss Vivian. "That's very uninteresting. I've known too many doctors, and they all seem to smell of camphor."

"Dr. Thistlewood," said Sir Rawlin, "is a doctor of a peculiar kind. He's not a practitioner, but a savant. As to what his particular line is I'm not perfectly certain. He did, by the way, practise to some purpose once. He has a palace of his own at Naples, and all through the time of the cholera he turned it into a hospital and lived amongst the dead and dying. He was celebrated as a hero everywhere—he and the King of Italy."

"Well," said Miss Vivian, "that no doubt was good of him, but I didn't much like his face. He seemed to be looking not at things, but through them. I can fancy his doing his best to keep a patient alive, but I'm sure he'd be just as well pleased in watching an interesting death. Don't let us talk about him. Tell me some more about your travels, or else about Lord Cotswold."

"I can tell you," said Sir Rawlin, "about both at the same time. I was with him for three years in Persia, and he and I spent a night together on the ruins of the Tower of Babel." And thus, when they reached the golf-ground, where little red flags were fluttering and players were making their gestures against the blue of the shining sky, an Othello's tale of "antres and deserts idle" was still absorbing a listener whose feet were as light as feathers.

Sir Rawlin, from whom a promise had been exacted that he would return to Cliff's End for luncheon, had been so well pleased with the turn which affairs had taken that he let himself be pledged before the walk home was over to bring her one day a portfolio of his own Oriental sketches; and Lady Susannah, as soon as she heard of this, insisted with much cordiality that there was no day like the next. Indeed her benevolence carried her farther still and enabled her to bear even the news of the meeting with Lord Cotswold equably. It appeared that a note had just reached her from Lady Conway, who, never having remembered her existence for more than twenty years, was proposing to call on her now, if only she could find time. "I think," said Lady Susannah, with as near an approach to asperity as good nature permitted in the breast of a Christian woman.—"I think if we are to

have Maud Conway here we need hardly be afraid of Lord Cotswold."

Sir Rawlin felt as if by this time he were almost one of the family. They had talked to him about Oswald's prospects, about Miss Arundel's economies in housekeeping, about Miss Vivian's ball-dress, and even about a calamity which had overtaken the kitchen boiler; and when, luncheon being over, he declared himself obliged to go Miss Vivian went out to the door with him as though this were her acknowledged office. Having made his adieux, he turned to take one more look at her. She was standing on the door-step still, and raising her fingers to her lips, called after him, "To-morrow then, at half-past four. Promise me you won't forget."

He did not disappoint her. The portfolio, by the time named, had preceded its owner in a cab, and had been carried into the school-room, where a large table had been cleared for it. Another table, as before, was laden with a substantial tea; and Miss Vivian and her three cousins, together with James and Peter, were expecting their new friend, who was understood to be walking. A pleasant excitement seemed to animate everyone. Oswald, victoriously conscious of a new and hopeless passion, and also of a passion on Lady Conway's part, equally hopeless, which responded to it—conscious, moreover, that an object of interest to others, he would soon be breathing his sorrow to the Propontic and the Hellespontic waves—was in better spirits than he ever had been in before; and, what with his radium and memories of Miss Elvira's smiles, Mr. Hugo, as his sister observed of him, was feeling "quite grown up and good."

"Nest," said Mr. Hugo, as he pointed to a sealed tube which lay on a shelf before a row of battered school-books, "the process has begun already. In three weeks' time that tube will be full of life."

"Mr. Hugo," said Miss Vivian, not troubling to look up at him, "you're the greatest goose unhung."

"So you think," retorted Mr. Hugo rather feebly; but suddenly recovering his powers of debate, he added, "I wasn't aware that hanging was the method by which geese were executed." But before he could push his vindication of science further he was

stopped by the entrance of his aunt, with Sir Rawlin and Mr. Carlton following her.

"My dear fellow," Mr. Carlton was saying, "your drawings will be indeed a treat. I was always so interested in the East—all palms and Rajahs—so much nicer than Belgravia. But Susie, dear creature, like the maids I'm literally dropping for my tea."

Tea was dispensed accordingly, and afterwards, when the portfolio was opened, "Now Nest," said Mr. Carlton, "sit by Sir Rawlin on the sofa, for this is all in your honour; and you can hand us the pictures when you've done with them."

So the exhibition proceeded. The sketches were explained and circulated; but as the competition for them increased Miss Vivian rose from her seat and retired to the window with several of them where she studied them with deep attention, now and then casting involuntarily a long glance at the artist. Matters were in this position, the room being a general litter of water-colours, plates and tea-cups, whilst the guilty Byronic Oswald was playing on the floor with the cat, when Lady Susannah, who had just been called away, reappeared in the doorway with somebody else talking to her. "My dear," this somebody was saying in the suavest of clear voices, "don't be like the farmers' wives and imprison me in your best parlour. And so this is the school-room, is it? I don't wonder it's popular." The voice was still speaking when Lady Susannah, a little discomposed, uttered to the general assembly the words, "Here is Lady Conway."

A certain commotion was caused by this lady's advent. "Ah," she said, "I see two friends already—Sir Rawlin and George Carlton. Susannah, you have quite a salon. And now, where are my cousins? Are you one?" she said to Miss Arundel. "Well, my dear, how are you? And you," she went on, turning Mr. Hugo round, "you, I suppose, are Science. Your brother, whom I know, is Poetry; and that young lady in the window with the drawings in her hands is Art. Her devotion to it appears to be extraordinary. I must go over and tell her how pretty I think her frock is."

Lady Conway seemed to be making everything in the room her own, until she approached Miss Vivian, when her manner slightly changed. She looked the girl up and down. She looked

her inquiringly in the eyes. "If I'd known before that you were here," she said, "I could have taken you to this ball myself. However," she added with a smile in the direction of Mr. Carlton, "I'm told that you'll be under the care of a much older woman than I am. Are those your own drawings that you're looking at with such flattering interest?"

"No," said Miss Vivian, "they are some of Sir Rawlin Stantor's." Lady Conway's only verbal reply was short. "Oh," she said, "they are his, are they?" But she looked at the girl again with a sort of comprehending sympathy, which seemed to have a trace of pity in it. "Ah, my dear Oswald," she went on, "I am keeping my best till last."

Oswald by this time had quietly drifted near her, the lover in him having now recovered itself from his trivial familiarities with the cat. Lady Conway gave him her hand, and, as he held it in speaking silence, she glanced for an instant at Miss Vivian, her eyes alight with laughter. To this Miss Vivian responded with an intelligence equal to Lady Conway's. She might have been one woman looking at another of the same age and experience. Her manner, however, of regarding this new acquaintance, although it increased in interest, presently became more critical. Lady Conway, having proceeded to make a very substantial tea, and having examined with an air of authority several of Sir Rawlin's drawings, approached the artist, and laying a careless hand on his shoulder, said to him, "Look here, are you listening? Before this ball—the day after to-morrow, isn't it?—if it doesn't begin at tea-time, you had better come and dine again with me. Indeed, if you're not a fixture here, you might walk home with me now."

Miss Vivian caught the words, and had noticed the action which accompanied them. Before long it was evident that Lady Conway was going. Sir Rawlin perforce rose also, and making his way towards the window, "Will you," he said gently to the girl, "put my pictures back and take care of them for me, and give them to me when I come again?"

"Yes, yes," she replied. "I wanted to have asked you so many things. But now—now you're going. You are walking back with that woman, aren't you? I had thought—but it can't be helped—If she doesn't take up all your time you will see me at the ball on

Friday. My dress will be black and white. That will help you to remember me. Good-bye, I suppose, till then." She snatched her hand away from him; and turning again to the window, looked out into the gathering twilight.

(To be continued.)

THE PREJUDICE AGAINST REINCARNATION.

NOTHING stands more seriously in the way of general progress in the direction of comprehending the scheme to which humanity belongs, than the complicated prejudices which lead many people to resent statements concerning the law of reincarnation. Of course these arise from misunderstanding, in one way or another, the explanations put forward by those seriously engaged in occult research, but unhappily it is only those who are thus seriously engaged, who take the trouble really to understand the discoveries reached in connection with this all-important subject.

The truth is unacceptable to the ordinary world for a great variety of reasons. To some of us, hitherto content with vaguely beautiful conceptions concerning a heavenly future, the idea of a return to earth life seems a prospect of degradation. For another considerable class the expectation of any sort of life after this is definitely unattractive. The pessimist philosophy which points to the extinction of consciousness as the best available defence against the misery of existence, operates with a considerable number of thoughtful and cultivated people. And again, when personal interests are hardly at stake, the conventional mother, at all events, resists with indignation that her baby can be somebody else in disguise. For her the breathing miracle to which she has imparted the gift of life, must be her own creation, body and soul; and if the theory that regards every child born as a new importation into humanity, may involve some difficulties, and render Providence responsible for obvious injustice, the conventional mother is indif-

ferent to every consideration but that which touches the emotions of her own maternity. Again a vast block of prejudice connected with this matter ensues from the fact that hitherto communications received from departed friends, by spiritualists, have generally discountenanced the doctrine of reincarnation. This was only to be expected, as reincarnation does not take place from the astral plane, from which the vast majority of spiritualistic communications necessarily proceed. But already in the present day the doctrine is gaining acceptance amongst the more advanced denizens of the astral world, and by degrees the spiritualism of the future will infallibly be illuminated by a good deal of what we now speak of as occult science. Teaching on that subject is in progress in the astral world concurrently with the efforts that have been made within the last quarter of a century to promote its intelligent study by those of us in physical life.

But independently of all these varied classes disposed for one reason or another to resist the only possible scientific interpretation of human evolution considered in its entirety, we sometimes find even philosophically minded thinkers disposed to whittle away the real significance of reincarnation by means of subtle arguments derived from—but in a very important way at variance with—some fundamental truths concerning the unity of human consciousness as a whole, and the derivation of that consciousness as a whole from the Divine Author of the system to which we belong. And again, some students of Eastern literature, going, as they think, to the fountain head of Buddhist teaching with a view of checking Western interpretations thereof, will find themselves in presence of theories concerning the "skandhas," which, at the first glance, may seem to deprive the doctrine of reincarnation of its most important characteristic—that which recognises the successive reappearance on the stage of physical life of the same individualised centre of consciousness. Crude Buddhism conceives that the so-called skandhas are attributes of the individual engendered by his action during life, and that these attributes will cling at later period around some other personality, determining the character of that life, but in no way involving the idea that the two personalities are fundamentally identical. The skandha theory is quite incompatible with any really philosophical

interpretation of reincarnation, and simply represents an uncultivated interpretation of religious teaching in the Buddhist world, that might easily be paralleled by misconceptions quite as deplorable among the less intelligent masses owing allegiance to Christianity.

Those which may be described as the philosophical mistakes relating to re-incarnation are best worth attention because their refutation will really involve the dissipation of some other prejudices as well. The philosophical difficulty, for what it is worth, arises from a misconception of the relations existing between each individualised body of consciousness constituting a human being, and the ocean of Divine Consciousness from which in the first instance, undeniably, the human individuality has been derived. Probably the misdirection of thought in this matter ensues from the belief which some philosophical students are encouraged to entertain, to the effect that the final perfection of spiritual evolution is represented by a re-absorption of the individual into the Divine consciousness from which it sprang. That every human individuality which travels successfully along the pathway of progress, will ultimately be absorbed in *a* divine consciousness inconceivably greater than itself, is probably, almost certainly, quite true. But it is not a little surprising that many thinkers will allow this prospect to assume a shape which would deprive the whole vast scheme of manvantaric manifestation, of all effective significance. If the perfected entity at the close of the whole process were absorbed in the same body of Divine consciousness from which in the first instance it emanated, the ultimate result would be a futile return to pristine conditions, and all the trouble taken to evolve the worlds and their inhabitants would have been thrown away; all the suffering incurred in the struggles of physical life would have been due to mere wanton cruelty, destitute of any purpose or justification. It is only necessary, if we contemplate the whole scheme in its entirety, to recognise one idea as simple as it is stupendous, in order to invest the undertaking with a purpose worthy of its complexity—to vindicate the design in which an appalling volume of suffering is necessarily a part, to bring the whole manvantaric process into harmony with the fundamental law recognised by the deepest philosophical maxim—as above, so below.

Probably a good deal of confusion in the thinking of some philosophical students is due to the unfortunate adoption of the word "self" as indicative of the divine totality of consciousness from which the individual selves of temporarily separated egos are derived. Blind worshippers of Oriental phraseology cling to this expression because a corresponding expression finds its place in Indian literature, but it would be difficult to misuse language more disastrously than by importing the phrase into Western occultism. From the moment that a human being comes under the influence of that which has sometimes been called the third outpouring of Divine influence, the Ego is a newly created centre of spiritual growth, endowed with the potentiality of detaching itself from the body of Divine consciousness out of which it has arisen. And when the whole undertaking which that detachment subserves shall have been completed, in some immeasurable future, the aggregate volume of such newly created selves uniting their consciousness on higher planes of existence, will represent a new body of Divine consciousness co-equal with that from which, in the beginning, they all sprang. The stupendous efforts involved in the whole undertaking will thus be justified by the establishment so to speak in the universe of a new Divine Being (or perhaps of several) as the product of the effort—perhaps we might say of the sacrifice—accomplished by their Divine Progenitor. This is the inconceivably majestic analogue on the highest level of consciousness to which our imagination can reach, of the corresponding law which we find prevailing throughout the kingdoms of nature down to the humblest of which we have cognisance on this planet, the law which guides all equally to reproduce their kind. As above so below, as below so above. The old Hermetic maxim can never be fully realised in its grandeur and simplicity until the conception just broadly and vaguely suggested, is included in the series of thoughts to which it may give rise.

And when this infinitely grand idea pervades a mind studying the laws of evolution—tending even from the period at which we stand towards their ultimate realisation—then for the first time will people begin to be able to comprehend the doctrine of re-incarnation in its inmost significance. There is no return, after the

death, of any given personality on this plane, of its spiritual essence to the Divine ocean of consciousness, miscalled the Self, from which it sprang. On higher planes of consciousness it is still as definitely individualised as it was on earth, and the relationship of the imperfectly developed human entity with the parent body of consciousness is exactly parallel to the relationship of partially individualised animals with the group soul to which they belong. Close study of this especial department of Nature has shown that whereas the animal belonging to the lower varieties with which any given group-soul may be concerned, will, as regards its spiritual essence return absolutely into the aggregate volume of consciousness that group-soul represents, the higher animal, beginning to acquire the attributes tending towards individualisation will, before detaching itself finally from the group-soul from which it has emanated, cling to it during inter-incarnation periods in a manner which can be suggested by physical illustrations, although, of course, these must only be accepted for what they are worth. It clings to the group-soul as a minor bubble may cling to another of much greater magnitude, and it does not become finally detached from the group-soul till its own individuality has been more completely perfected. Now, in the same way, each member of the vast human family may be thought of as still clinging, on higher planes of consciousness, to its Divine parent, becoming only gradually qualified for complete detachment, perhaps only attained to on those levels of spiritual development represented by the highest orders of occult initiation. But towards that result every individualised entity must be tending, and that result must be attained by every individual entity who aspires to fulfil the purpose of his being, and contribute to the realisation of the creative design which looks so far beyond the temporary activities of the planets, subserving its purpose in the beginning. The imagination, in fact, of those who comprehend, even in the imperfect manner in which it is yet possible to do this, the meaning of the system to which they belong, will range immeasurably in advance of even that distant future in which the worlds dependent on our sun—the worlds visible and invisible alike—will have been dissipated into the atomic oceans of their various planes, as effectually as the bodies

we inhabited in previous incarnations have in most cases, for thousands of years, been dissipated through organic Nature.

But how, meanwhile, do these thoughts bear upon the immediate stage of progress with which we are concerned, or the circumstances of our current physical lives, on the varied conditions under which the reincarnation law takes effect according to the stage of spiritual evolution the entities concerned may have reached?

To begin with, of course, in presence of the greater thought, the petty prejudices of those whose imagination can scarcely transcend conditions immediately around them, become too ludicrous for serious treatment. The impressions entertained by people who represent no higher degree of knowledge than that which prevails through the ordinary world, as to what beliefs, in reference to the destinies of the soul, would be "comforting" afford an extremely imperfect clue to the mysteries of nature. It may be well, however, to interpolate here an apology for, or at all events an explanation of, the practice to which occult students are necessarily addicted, of referring to people outside their own somewhat restricted pale, as "ignorant." It may seem very arrogant, from the commonplace point of view, for those concerned with the superphysical investigation to apply such a term to the highly cultivated and learned representatives of ordinary culture. But a man may be a profound scholar, as ordinary scholarship is understood, he may even be a scientist of eminence, and yet be profoundly ignorant in reference to a great body of knowledge which those concerned with super-physical inquiry have found to be accessible. And it would be insincere on the part of the occult student, in dealing with such natural facts as those which have to do with existence on the astral and manasic planes of consciousness, if he were to adopt the vague language of speculation, as though his views concerning these departments of nature were the product of mere thinking or guess work instead of being the fruit of actual experimental research. Writings in this Review have sometimes been condemned as too "dogmatic," as exhibiting overweaning confidence on the part of the writer, in the statements put forward. But a natural fact, for one who comes into touch with it, is none

the less a fact because the vast majority pass through life without suspecting its existence. It no doubt seems more polite—from the point of view of those who have some sympathy with the belief that more exists in Nature than reaches the eye or the ear, but whose personal convictions on such subjects are still clouded —if writers on occultism maintain an attitude of vague speculation] But many of the grand principles underlying the higher aspects of nature have been discerned and verified in a manner which renders them recognisable as law, no less clearly than such recognition is due to the familiar laws of chemistry or physics. When those of us in a position to handle such discoveries, set them forth in hesitating language as though they were the product of speculative meditation, they are really more hypocritical than modest.

So in regard to people who distrust statements of the law of re-incarnation on the ground that they fail to find it "comforting," they must expect to find the genuine occultist consigning them to the category of those who are really too deeply immersed in primitive ignorance to be regarded as capable, in the current life of appreciating subtle truths. The present essay is not designed to argue for the benefit of entirely unprepared minds, that reincarnation must be a principle governing human life, but rather to clear away some misapprehensions concerning the manner in which the law works, and to set forth more clearly than even many of those who accept the principle of reincarnation are in the habit of realising it, the ultimate design of Nature towards which it tends. Some indication of this has already been given but it is worth while to go back upon the earlier stages of evolution, with a view of dissipating minor embarrassments that sometimes stand in the way of coherent thinking on the subject.

The first thought to be clearly realised is that although an influence form the creative Logos of our system exists, so to speak, within each newly evolving spiritual entity, each entity when it becomes such by emergence from the original group soul of the animal kingdom must be thought of as a new beginning. The beginning is effected not by operations on the higher planes of Nature, but by the development of consciousness in the physical life; and the immortal soul or entity thus evolved, is in the

first instance an exceedingly crude, limited, and so to speak, minute speck of immortal consciousness. Great confusion of thought sometimes arises from regarding the spiritual element within such a new entity as having had a separate and independent existence within the consciousness of the Logos from inconceivable antiquity. The newness of the entity is essential to the ultimate fulfilment of the whole design, which aims, as already described, at the eventual organisation of a new divine being of co-equal grandeur with the original Logos. But in the first instance there is very little to be thought of in connection with it as existing on higher planes between incarnations—very little, indeed, that could be imagined as carrying with it, to its next incarnation, a memory of those which have preceded it. And so in the beginning of the whole process the situation is not widely different from that imagined by philosophical thinkers who treat the reincarnating entity still as though it were a mere emanation from the creative power. But during the ages it grows. It passes through a stage in which, between incarnations, it is distinctly conscious as an entity on the astral plane, though scarcely evolved enough to be conscious on the plane above that. And at that stage still it comes into incarnation destitute of any available link with its previous lives. For on the astral plane the feeble energies of its previous incarnation have been exhausted, and on the manasic plane previous to re-incarnation it is little more than a speck, so to speak, of individual consciousness.

But that speck has within itself a boundless power of expansion, of accreting new experience, of developing potentialities of thought and feeling associated with the higher plane. And so by degrees the reincarnating entity becomes one which, during inter-incarnate periods on the manasic plane, is in a position to remember previous births. Again, long intervals of progress elapse before it has so influenced any of its incarnate lives as to invest them with the power of attaining the recollections it enjoys on the spiritual level. Nor, indeed, does, for this aptitude arise until a very advanced stage of its growth. Considerably before then, an intervening condition has been established in which the entity on the manasic plane has grown to be something more than can conveniently express itself in such incarnations as its karma, up to

that period, may have allowed for. And that condition has been reached by very large numbers of the more advanced representatives of the civilisation around us. In very many cases such entities are greater than the personality in which for the moment they are expressed. And this gives rise to a condition of things familiar to ordinary psychological students, where curious flashes of knowledge or intuition seem sometimes to be evoked in the personality, either by the stimulus of peculiar experience, or under the influence of mesmeric treatment. By a most unfortunate expression those flashes of consciousness are sometimes referred to an imaginary "subliminal" self, supposed to lie secreted, as it were, beneath the active personality. "Sub" is clearly the wrong prefix to apply. Those flashes of abnormal consciousness come from the higher part of the Self not definitely in incarnation.

How, it may be asked, can we think in this way of consciousness as a divisible thing? Truly, it is indivisible; and now we approach a condition in which the personality has to be regarded as the product of influences from the spiritual self playing as it were on the physical body as an instrument. All the complicated phenomena of psychic experience fall naturally into their places when the whole process is regarded along the lines just pointed out. It is exceedingly difficult for minds trammelled by the habit of dealing merely with the physical life, to realise in this way the identity with themselves of a thinking entity much greater than themselves. But the possibility of this being so becomes very clear even to those in a position to deal with nothing higher than the astral plane. Quite recently a friend of my own, qualified to range the astral plane, was especially requested to look up someone who had passed on, or "died," as common phraseology has it, and found the lady in question who, it was thought, would, for various reasons, have been in need, on the other side, of help. No such help was needed. The lady in question explained that since she had come over she had realised what she never knew during physical life, that she had been in the habit for years of passing in consciousness on to the astral plane in sleep, so that now she was perfectly at home there, embracing, on that plane, the consciousness of all such previous visits, and also the consciousness which had expressed itself in her

physical personality. That merely illustrates a much larger possibility. It would be conceivable that a person of still more developed spirituality would again find, on reaching devachanic levels after the experience of the astral period, that a precisely analogous experience awaited him. The manasic entity would be in a position to embrace previous manasic consciousness that had never been expressed either on the physical or the astral plane. And thus it will be seen that a great gulf of difference divides the primitive entity first of all invested with the capacity to re-incarnate, from the advanced entity who includes within its spiritual consciousness the fruit of innumerable incarnations, but in no one, considered by itself, is conscious of more than the conditions of the immediate present.

The highly advanced entity whose nature we thus more or less distinctly comprehend, must be thought of as rather overshadowing than entering into the body of the new-born child. The difficulty that presents itself here relates to the question how far the advanced entity is conscious simultaneously of itself with its whole body of knowledge and experience, and also of the glimmering consciousness within the infant. Wide differences do certainly prevail according to the stage of spiritual growth that has been reached. Consider for a moment the condition on the devachanic plane of a man representing, let us say, very advanced civilisation and intellectual development, but without that peculiar addition thereto which ensues from the actual appreciation of mysteries with which occult investigation deals. Such a person, before he is ready for reincarnation, will, by the familiar teaching on this subject, go through a very protracted devachanic period, and truth to tell, during that period specific recollection for him even on the devachanic plane, of the life last spent—for perhaps in such a case his attention would have hardly been turned to earlier lives preceding that—will gradually become blurred. He will gradually become not so much a volume of specific recollections as a focus of intellectual potentiality. As such attached to the new child even, he must rather be thought of as overshadowing than as inhabiting it, but such overshadowing would not be associated with the specific consciousness of limitation and confinement. The potentialities would awaken into

actual activity as the new organism grew to maturity, and although here I am indulging rather in speculation than making a statement based upon positive instruction from those who know, in such a case the higher spiritual entity would simultaneously be awakening to its full capacity, which might be, when that awakening was complete, representative of a greater degree of spiritual progress than could be expressed in the new life on the physical plane.

It may be, on the other hand, that even in such cases as those I am now dealing with, the spiritual entity is never torpid, but from the beginning of the new life is conscious of undertaking the task involved, of overshadowing the incipient personality. But, however this may be in ordinary cases of highly civilised people, it certainly is the case in those which have next to be thought of, where considerable occult attainment has been reached in previous lives. All who are familiar with the discoveries of modern occultism will be aware of the fact that what are called immediate reincarnations are possibilities of nature. People actually engaged in the great effort of hastening their own spiritual progress by foregoing the luxurious rest of the devachanic period, may, under suitable guidance and with appropriate help, come back again to incarnation within a few years or conceivably within a few months of their withdrawal from the previous life. In such cases we know that the entity in a vehicle of consciousness appropriate to the devachanic level, is vividly conscious of entering by degrees into the personality of the new-born child, an exceedingly tedious and comfortless process for him in the beginning, but one which has to be accepted as a condition of the great work in which he is engaged. In such a case as that, of course, the child, when grown up, would be one of those endowed with abnormal capacities, probably wtih psychic gifts which would invest his physical consciousness with knowledge derived from the higher levels, and might even blend with that physical consciousness the whole of his spiritual self.

So on with the varied possibilities that experience of life suggests. A proper comprehension of the reincarnating law pro vides the interpretation appropriate to each problem in turn, and as not infrequently happens as we study the working of Nature,

we realise that the simplest solution of a mystery may be the truest. There is no need to embarrass the re-incarnating doctrine with complicated speculations turning upon attempts to conceive the inconceivable, to realise the nature of Divinity, and the constitution so to speak of the creative Logos. We do know enough, as we look on the work in its present stage of development, and look back with the help of clairvoyant vision upon earlier periods, to comprehend the design pretty completely so far as it has yet been brought into manifestation, and even to forecast its ultimate purpose, though its later methods must as yet remain obscure. The development of each re-incarnating entity is so much new fruit, harvest of this creative undertaking to which we belong, and is obviously a preparation for the ultimate synthesis of these various elements into one magnificent totality, that will enrich the Divine kingdom of the universe

A. P. SINNETT.

CURIOUS PHENOMENA AT MENTONE.

I STAYED the last two winters at Mentone, at a house where paying guests are received, situated in a charming spot on a mountain ridge some 600 feet above the pretty little town of Mentone, and adjoining the old monastery de l'Annonciata, which dates back to the ninth century, and has the reputation of being haunted by some phantom monks. The house, however, is by no means "haunted"—the extraordinary phenomena which took place there having been evoked by some séances we held, and then perpetuated by the interest most of us took in such things, At times, these manifestations became somewhat violent, and caused alarm to the nervous amongst us.

The first strange phenomena (which commenced suddenly) were the ringing of spirit bells, and the switching on and off of the electric lights, by some unseen agency which was quite inexplicable.

After a time the electric lighting apparatus came under the complete control of the invisible operators, who turned the lights off and on just as they pleased, occasionally causing great inconvenience. An expert electrician who was called in to examine the wires and burners could make nothing of it, and was much puzzled, as he found everything in perfect order.

One evening as we were sitting down to dinner the electric lights went out and we were obliged to have recourse to candles. After dinner the lights came back in the burners, but went out in the adjoining room, and when we lit candles there they were

snuffed out one after the other by some unseen power. We relit them, but after a minute or two the lights were again extinguished in an inexplicable way, and we found it impossible to have any light in that room.

The ringing sound of electric bells (where no bells existed) was very puzzling. At one time there were three of these unseen bells ringing in the salon, and the noise was deafening. The proprietress of the place was very angry, and furiously upbraided the unseen operators, which made the noise far worse, as it seemed to irritate them, and loud rappings sounded on the doors, windows and furniture, and chairs were pushed round the room by unseen hands.

A young French lady was one afternoon passing through one of the rooms, when one of these invisible bells started ringing loudly in the air in front of her. She turned and fled in terror and the noise pursued her down the room and corridor. She was naturally much frightened and upset.

Noticing that the electric lights were switched on and off with such rapidity as to cause lightning-like flashes, it occurred to me that the unseen operatives might be able to communicate with us by means of these flashes, so I arranged a code of signals by which we might converse—(similar to the table tipping code) one flash to mean "no," two for "yes," and when the alphabet was called over slowly, a flash should be given to indicate each letter required to form words and sentences. This arrangement answered very well, and we soon found out who the principal operators were.

The first to communicate was a Spirit called Madame Gèraldi, who told us that she had lived 14 years ago at St. Pierre Martinique, West Indies, and died at St. Nazaire, France, just after landing from the steamer which brought her from the West Indies. She claimed to know one of the ladies present whom she had been intimately acquainted with during her life at Martinique. This Lady (Mdlle. B.) stated that it was perfectly correct that she *had* known a Madame Gèraldi at St. Pierre, Martinique, 15 years ago, who had died at St. Nazaire, just after returning to France. The Intelligence—as a proof of its identity,—then related many things which were only known to Mdlle. B. concerning their acquain-

tance at Martinique. Mdlle. B. asked (for instance) what was the name of a little dog which she (Mme Geraldi) had given her at St. Pierre, and the name "Fox" was promptly spelt out—which was correct. It was absolutely impossible that anyone present could have known that name.

Many convincing proofs were given of this spirit's identity and Mdlle B. was quite satisfied and convinced that it really was her old friend. Many spirits communicated with us in this way and gave us much interesting information;—and other spirits came and performed all sorts of antics as a proof of what they could do on this material plane. These were not usually spirits of a high order, but quite harmless and good natured, except when they were annoyed by the antagonism of one or two of those present who objected to the phenomena. One of the most mischievous of these Intelligences was a young Frenchman, who had recently been killed in a bicycle accident in the locality, and a late friend of a gentleman of our party. This young man in his earth life had been full of fun and fond of practical jokes, and his abrupt transition into the Spirit World had evidently not changed his nature or obliterated his human proclivities, as he played all sorts of pranks on us,—with the assistance of another named Renèe Fontaine. It was marvellous what these spirits could do. Heavy articles were carried from one end of the building to the other in a few seconds. On one occasion (this last winter) when some of us were in the billiard room, an extraordinary instance of apport occurred. We had just entered the room, and turned off the electric lights to see if anything of a psychical nature would happen (as latterly most of the phenomena have occurred in the billiard room,) when there was a noise on the billiard table, and we at once, switched them on again, and there on the green cloth, beside the billiard balls, were *five large French croquet balls*. In the few seconds that the lights had been out, everything in the room had been visible by the light from the three large windows,—there being bright moonlight outside, so none of our party could have approached the table without being seen, and besides no one could possibly have carried those five balls into the room unnoticed.

They had been brought from a box in the entrance hall at

the far end of the building down an unusually long corridor. Our party consisted of Mdlle. B., Miss L., Mons. C., Mr. L., and myself. A few seconds after that occurrence something fell with a rattle under the table, and proved to be my walking stick, which I had seen in the hall shortly before. Then we had a recurrence of the phenomena of the billiard balls vanishing, and the cues being thrown about by unseen hands. The balls vanished off the table without any physical contact, and then a minute or two later were dropped one after the other at either end of the room, apparently from the ceiling. We have seen the balls in the act of descending from the ceiling in the full light.

We had a "spirit bell" in the billiard-room, which had a very musical note, a clear silvery tinkle, which proceeded apparently from the bare solid wall. This bell was constantly sounding, sometimes at one side of the room then at the other. We several times had apports of flowers (evidently freshly gathered) and coins, which dropped amongst us out of the air. One of the coins was an old Monaco penny, long since out of currency and very rare. It might possibly have been brought from the Principality of Monaco, a few miles away.

At least 30 people at different times witnessed the phenomena, and they were much impressed by the way the electric lights appeared and disappeared when I gave the word, exactly as if I had some magical power over the electric power arrangement. For instance, I would tell all the lights to go out and they at once did so, and there would be darkness until I gave the word for them to re-appear. Nor could anyone obtain light (however much they might manipulate the turning on knobs) until I gave the word which was generally in French (la lumière s'il vous plait) when the electric lights would at once return to the globes. Amongst those who witnessed these phenomena, were clergymen, doctors and writers, one of these being the well-known authoress "Maxwell Grey." Of course I had really no occult power over these phenomena, and am not even a "physical medium" (though I possess the power of clairvoyance and automatic writing) but in the manipulation of the lights, etc., one of our spirit friends simply did my bidding, and caused the lights to come and go in a way only known to the Spirit World.

One of the most remarkable incidents of last winter's phenomena was the vanishing of a young lady, who for more than five minutes became invisible. It happened in this wise:

A few people assembled one evening in the billiard room for the purpose of witnessing any psychical phenomena which might occur. There were present: Mdlle. B., Mrs. M., Miss L., Mons. C. and Mr. L.

Mr. L. and Miss L. were brother and sister, and Mrs. M. a relation of theirs,—Scotch people who had only just come to the Riviera. They knew nothing of Spiritualism or occult subjects. Mons. C. and Mdlle. B. were French—the former being a powerful physical medium, and the latter a firm believer in Spiritualism. They sat round the room (which is a very large one) in semi-darkness, the electric lights turned off, and only the moon light through three windows illuminating the darkness. After sitting for a short time without any result, they were interrupted by a servant coming in who stated that someone wished to speak to Mrs. M. for a few minutes, so Mrs. M. got up and left the room, Mr. L. accompanying her. A minute or two after, Mons. C. left the room, and Mdlle. B. and Miss L. were left there alone.

Miss L. complained of feeling very drowsy and a queer sensation stealing over her, and Mdlle. B. laughed and said perhaps she was going into a trance. At that moment the electric light in the corridor (just outside the open glass doors of the room) suddenly went out, and Mdlle. B. thinking that Mons. C. had turned it off as a joke to frighten them, left her seat and went into the corridor to see if he was there, and turn it on again. She found there was no one there, but noticed Mrs. M., Mr. L. and Mons. C. entering the other end of the long corridor from the hall. They joined her outside the door and they entered the billiard room together, Mrs. M. calling out to her niece, Miss L. (whom she supposed to be sitting in the room) "I say Frances! aren't you afraid of being in there in the dark all alone?" adding laughingly—"Suppose a 'spook' were to come and carry you off." There was no reply; so Mdlle. B. said "Perhaps she is asleep," and at once turned on the lights. To their surprise there was no one there.

They searched the room thinking that for a joke she was

hiding somewhere though there was no place where one could be concealed except behind the piano or in a small cupboard. As she was certainly not in the room they went out into the corridor and called for her, and searched an adjoining room, leaving Mdlle. B. alone in the billiard room. It is a large room, capable of holding two billiard tables with plenty of space around, and the billiard table occupies only one part of it. Mdlle. B. had full view of every corner, and was positive there was no one in the room, and yet Miss L. suddenly appeared in the middle of the floor as if she had dropped out of space. Mdlle. B. amazed beyond measure exclaimed "Hullo! where on earth have you been hiding—where have you come from?" and receiving no reply crossed over to her side, and found Miss L. in a very dazed condition, incapable at first of speaking, but looking around her with wide open eyes, as a somnambulist might. Seeing that she was deathly pale, and seemed very weak, and trembling violently, Mdlle. B. led her to a seat and Miss L. somewhat revived, said "Where am I? What am I doing here? What has happened?" The others then entered the room, and wanted to know where Miss L. had been to, and were astounded to hear what had happened. Miss L. said that the last thing she remembered was sitting on the lounge beside Mdlle. B. and feeling very drowsy—then the light in the corridor went out and she lost consciousness. Miss L. was so weak and ill that she had to go at once to bed. The next day however she had quite recovered. Miss L. is a strong healthy matter-of-fact girl, with no knowledge of occult subjects, and cannot understand or explain what happened to her that evening. It never occurred to her again. Spirit friends told us later that they had carried her into the Fourth Dimension Sphere, which lies close around this material sphere—the conditions having been exceptionally favourable for that manifestation.

REGINALD SPAN.

WOMAN AND MARRIAGE.

EVERY ancient institution, as we moderns know it, is necessarily complex both in its origin and in the use or uses which it now serves. The institution of marriage, concerning the failure of which there is so much talk, is an admirable example of this rule. In England, in America, on the Continent, and from the mysterious East—from every shore washed by the seven seas—protests come pouring in against the tragic failure of marriage, until with the easy cynicism that is the hall mark of modern thought, we assert conclusively that marriage is a failure, and querulously demand of our legislators that they immediately invent some remedy for the world sore.

Now, it is extremely obvious that when an Englishman speaks of the institution of marriage he has in mind something vastly unlike the "*marriage de convenance*" as understood by the Frenchman, and yet further removed from the sordid traffic in womanhood of the Turk and Circassian, which is dissimilar again from the pitiful subjugation of the Hindu Zenana. But the one word marriage must cover all these things for English-speaking people, and this arbitrary decree of language is responsible for much confusion of thought. Amongst Anglo-Saxons the word marriage connotes to the Catholic a thousand associations of sentiment and religion which the Freethinker regards as so much foolishness, and the Nonconformist as an invention of the devil. Plainly then, when marriage is discussed, it will frequently be a case of "islands shouting across seas of misunderstanding."

This article only attempts to deal with woman's relation to marriage, and merely embodies the conclusions of an Anglo-

Saxon who knows the truth of Kipling's line, "Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet!" and who furthermore believes that this world of ours is too complex to allow of any one panacea being infallible for a world-wide evil.

Now, putting aside all denominational and class superficialities, it is possible to regard marriage as the existing and more or less faulty means for legally regulating the business side of love. The moral and ethical side of love it is powerless to regulate, as is shown by the many unholy legal marriages which meet us wherever we go. It exists as an institution solely for social and economic reasons, the support that it has always received from the churches is supplementary—in the nature of scaffolding to an unfinished building—and not essential to the nature of the institution itself. Marriage presupposes the presence of love between the contracting parties. Without love marriage is legalised prostitution; but no legal or religious ceremony can create love. The creative or practical power inherent in the institution of marriage is strictly limited to the realm of social and economic forces. Thus marriage may be considered as the formation of a firm, the amalgamation of funds with a view to undertaking certain definite responsibilities. As such, it is a business proposition, and should be regarded by the contracting parties in the same light as any other just and equitable business transaction.

Now this article must be considered as starting with the hypothesis that no man or woman has any right to that which they have not earned by personal endeavour, or deserved by intrinsic worth. In the case of the marriage contract, then, rights must be balanced by responsibilities, and both parties must bring an equal share of "capital" (not necessarily of kind or money, but of some equivalent either potential or actual), or else the "firm" is not formed upon an equitable basis. It needs but a brief review of marriage as we know it to remind us that this is not the rule. I hope to prove before I have finished, that it is the ideal.

If the man has a home, the woman's *raison d'être* lies in her attention to that home, and, as is just, the more she brings her husband of wealth or brains the less merely manual and weari-

some labour she should expect to perform. A just application of this principle would settle the position and duties of every wife who, in any degree, lays claim to that particular status which is connoted by the term "housewife." In so far as she can be her husband's friend and intellectual companion she is his equal, in so far as she is able, by whatever means, to help her husband, directly or indirectly, in the financial maintenance of the "firm" she should decline to be a mere household drudge. We must not forget that many marriages are made under circumstances which preclude the formation of a home in the ordinary sense of the word. Such are the marriages of all men whose vocation makes them necessarily of nomadic habits. In this case the wife cannot justify her position in the "firm" by her housewifery virtues, how then must she expect to face the business side of love? I contend that the mate of such men must be ready and able to support herself financially when in health, and by the work of her own hands or brain to contribute towards the maintenance of her children. By no other means can she claim to have satisfied the demands of justice. I have said that the wife we are dicussing should support herself *when in health*. If it fall to her lot to bear her husband children, nature takes the economic problem into her own hands. At such a time the whole burden of material support must fall upon the husband. But there can be no question as to whether the woman is bearing her share of life's burdens when she is fulfilling her destiny by accomplishing that which is at once the most sublime duty and the crowning joy of a woman's life.

These two cases can be easily made to cover all possible marriages. What I wish to do is to explain how it is the refusal to acknowledge this principle of equal responsibility that is accountable for the much talked of failure of marriage.

The commonly accepted view of the matter is that, when a girl marries, her husband should provide for her in every way, and that to be provided for by a husband is the natural destiny of all girls. This has taken so strong a hold on the minds of the multitude that most married women consider it axiomatic, while most husbands make the realisation of such a condition of things a matter of personal pride.

On what, we may now inquire, does the young bride base her

claim to consideration, to maintenance, and to the use of her husband's goods? If she does not bring him money, nor the power of brains to be used for the good of the "firm," it must appear that she considers her positive value to lie in the gift of her body. And yet one feels instinctively that it is cynical to assert that marriage should be regarded as a market for the sale of women. (It very frequently is that, and nothing else, and I venture to state that the training of girls, by all except the most thoughtful of parents, tends to make it that, and nothing else.) A woman who brings her husband neither brains nor money, who moreover boasts that she does not understand, and is bored by the details of his profession of business, and who yet exacts from him every care and indulgence, can be basing her claim to merit only on the gift of her body. This fact is not any the less true because she does not necessarily stop to think the matter out; when one comes to analyse the difference between such a "respectable" married woman, and the fallen sister, one finds that the difference is merely one of degree, and not of kind. All the talk one hears—and one hears more of it in America, perhaps, than anywhere else—of woman's radical, inalterable claim on man's chivalry, is dispiriting. Chivalry, as the average woman understands and demands it, is a thing that was born in the Good Old Days of possessive pride and contempt, on the man's part, and the modern insistence on and idealisation of chivalry by women is an attempt on their side to salve their own vanity, and to persuade themselves against their own deepest knowledge that they have not made a traffic of their sex. I am not attempting to idealise men. Men fail to realise an ideal of manhood just as frequently and hopelessly as women refuse to live out the glory of their true lives. But it will most generally be found that a man understands and realises the right or wrong of his acts, whereas the average woman seldom seems to see a logical reason either for her own actions or for the treatment she receives. She will prate loudly of justice and the Emancipation of her Sex in the same breath that she declares her intention of wresting all she can from a man without any return, or with the smallest possible return, and she honestly thinks that by such conduct she is showing her freedom. The truth is, of course, that there can be no freedom without a corresponding

degree of responsibility. "Chivalry" and woman's responsibility are wholly incompatible. (When I speak of chivalry, I must be understood to mean the conventional idea of that quality. There is such a thing as an ideal chivalry, and though rare, examples may be found of it. In my personal observation, I have several times come across such real chivalry between man and man, and occasionally, but much more rarely, between woman and woman. But I have never observed it between man and woman). A woman expects a "chivalrous" man to take upon himself all responsibility, worry and hardship, to protect her from every sharp wind, every care and trouble, to make her, in short, a petted and pampered doll. Yet such a woman is ever the first to cry out when a strong man who faces facts and "does things," write such a poem as "The Vampire."

So far I have kept more or less completely within the realm of destructive criticism. Without wishing to pose as a root-and-branch reformer—and having little sympathy with root-and-branch methods—it may not be superfluous to enter for a little while the more practical kingdom of constructive criticism, and see what conclusions may be deduced from this brief inquiry into the reasons for the failure of marriage.

I have referred above to the ordinary training of girls as inadequate, and largely mischievous, and it is from this point that I must commence whatever constructive criticism I can offer. The girl whose parents are neither thoughtfully original nor particularly far-seeing (and such parents as are, form but a small minority of the citizens of our western world), grows up under the impression that because she is a woman it is natural and right for her to live a protected life while someone else toils to provide her with the necessaries of life and as many of the luxuries as may be, and all this without any special effort on her part. If she have a brother, he, of course, must have his profession, business, or trade, even though his parent's circumstances render it unnecessary that he should work for his living. For the sake of his self-respect he must "do something." The daughter is not expected to work, and is commiserated if she does. This theory has been greatly modified during the last fifty years, which is certainly one of the most hopeful signs of the

times, but it is quite a mistake to imagine that it is extinct, and to class it with the myths and conventions of the early Victorian period, in a modified form it remains as a qualifying influence to 90 per cent. at least of all women's work.

A woman left in poor circumstances is no longer despised, but rather commended, for working her own way in the world, and refusing the miserable life of a poor dependent on grudging relatives, and it is not necessary to inquire how much of this change of public opinion is due to the selfishness of those who thus find themselves relieved of an unwelcome charge. But while a woman who works under these conditions is commended, she is also generally pitied, and some exterior cause, either carelessness on the part of her parents or a particularly unkind visitation of fortune is blamed for having brought about a state of things that is fundamentally unnatural. It is quite unusual for parents to consider the contingency of their daughter working for her living if they can possibly manage to provide for her to remain in idleness. To this is due, and not to any inherent disloyalty to their sex, the suicidal policy pursued by so many women who, living at home, but desirous of somewhat augmenting their pocket money, take starvation wages as clerks, governesses, and what not, and make the struggle for existence so unnecessarily hard for their less fortunate sisters who have to provide for themselves entirely, on salaries and wages which have been reduced wholesale by these thoughtless amateurs. The trouble is that girls are never taught to look upon work seriously. If they must work, they are urged to play daintily with that work.

The immediate result of all this is, that girls brought up in these ideas come to look upon marriage as the one natural solution to the problem of their existence. They have understood all their lives that most girls marry, and that husbands provide for their wives. Once more we may remark how the last fifty years have seen a laudable change of opinion with regard to "old maids," so that an unmarried woman is no longer an object for scornful pity. And I am not suggesting here that a majority of parents consciously inculcate mercenary views of marriage in their daughters' minds, though this is most deplorably common. But the type of girl I am describing grows up familiar with all

all sorts of humorous references to the time when "Mr. Right comes along," and very naturally she is on the look out for him. She hears marriage spoken of as the only natural culmination to a girl's youth, and comes naturally to think of a husband rather as a general provider, hedging him about, of course, with romantic ideas which are often silly, and usually devoid of any comprehension that a husband is before all things a spiritual, mental and physical mate, and only incidentally a provider of the material good things of the world. Then, too, she is almost invariably allowed to grow up in ignorance of the meaning of marriage, and without any training in the laws which govern the coming of future generations. She has always heard that the one natural thing for her is to become a wife and a mother, but her knowledge of all that should be most sacred and most pure to a woman—if, indeed, she possess any such knowledge—will have come to her beslimed by the miry thought of some undesirable acquaintance or book of questionable taste, a fact for which later in life she will always find it hard to forgive her own mother. The wide-spread and devastating consequences of the blind—I had almost said criminally blind—policy of mothers in this matter form a subject altogether too extensive to be dealt with as a corollary to this article, which, indeed, has now said all that it set out to say.

Woman has borne the hardest burden of the marriages that fail, and with woman—in her acceptance of responsibilities equal in weight to, though not necessarily of the same kind, as those which have been laid on man by the judgment of age and custom—lies the truest remedy, while before her, not rose-strewn, but hard and thorny, stretches the arduous road to freedom. But above all, with the mother in the training of the young daughter to a brave understanding of the relation between freedom and responsibility, lies the true solution to the problem of the failure of marriage.

M. KILROY.

DRAWING THE SWORD AND PERISHING BY THE SWORD.

THERE are no lessons we are more disinclined to learn than those of history, unless it be those of religion. Still there are times when the warning voice must be raised, though it cry out in the wilderness. Modern civilisation is marching steadily towards a crisis, which, perhaps, recent occurrences in Russia may be calculated to precipitate.

History tells us how improvements in weapons ultimately decentralise power. In primitive ages the man who could build a castle and command a few retainers was master of the country round him. Up to a certain point improvements increased his power. Finally, however, a crash came; the cannon was perfected; his walls became as incapable of resisting its attack, as his armour of resisting the musket. A new social order arose, more centralised, indeed, for the kings became masters; but more democratic, in the sense that armies and police, drawn from the nation itself, were its support. Still, however, for reasons that are well known, it has been possible for modern governments to rule against the will of a large proportion of the population. History has repeated itself. Up to a certain point improvements strengthened the position of those in power. But history may repeat itself again in the ultimate catastrophe. Science has been giving us powerful and comparatively noiseless explosives, machine

guns, and wireless transmission of electric currents. It has also taught us how to make extremely small bullets deadly in their effect. None of these things have yet been adapted to the use of peoples against governments, but they are all singularly adaptable. Pistols of a calibre less than that of a rook rifle could be made as effective in street fighting as service rifles. Machine guns of the same calibre would be as good as the larger ones in an *émeute*. Ammunition for such weapons could be produced inexpensively, and immense quantities of it could be stored in a cellar or carried in a hand bag.

It is true that against new means of attack new means of defence always arise. The men of science are generally on the side of law and order. Governments will always be warned as to what might be done by their enemies, before the latter have discovered how to carry out their plans. It is certain, however, that warfare with dissatisfied elements of any population will, in the near future, be waged under new and alarming conditions. Hitherto a safeguard against revolution has lain in the fact that capable people have recognised the necessity for law and order. Scientific murder, even for political purposes, rarely commends itself to the kind of people who could plan it at all successfully. But where tyranny has indeed drawn the sword, will it not perish by the sword, in accordance with the ancient teaching? Will not men of ability in the country where it has committed brutal excesses, apply themselves to the task of its extermination? Will people hesitate to kill soldiers who have shot down unarmed men, women and children? If any of these questions are answered in the sense favourable to revolution, it will not be long before the storm comes; for there is nothing to invent, it is only necessary to adopt inventions already made.

The great question for all civilisation is how far will the revolt spread when once the machinery is perfected? There is a large enough criminal element in every nation to be dangerous when better brains than it possesses have invented the means it will not hesitate to use. It is a matter for speculation whether centralised governments, which always have many enemies and many lukewarm supporters, will continue to be possible. It is clear to all those who can learn the lessons of the past, and look to the future,

that the first care of every sagacious government should be to raise, by every possible means, the conditions of the whole population, and to establish the fullest social justice. Thus alone can any security be had against the coming storm.

J. W. PETAVEL.

BY WALTER PIERCE.

The dangers contemplated in this paper may be very serious, but in my belief they may be contemplated from another point of view. The modern methods of warfare referred to above might be available for the criminal classes in a country generally regarded by the majority as well-governed, no less than for the indignant majority of a country desperately ill-governed. But according to the conditions prevailing very different safeguards should be provided. To establish "the fullest conditions of social justice" where brutal administrative tyranny gives rise to the danger, might be the only way of averting revolution. Where social justice already prevails and the danger arises from the mad fanaticism of a mischievous minority, then indeed they, the anarchical few, are to be regarded as the people who have "drawn the sword," and who by the combined effort of those who are wiser than themselves, should be made to perish.

The whole situation would be very much misread if we merely suppose that improvements in weapons of destruction are subservient to anarchy. Undoubtedly the anarchist may employ them to render himself an even greater curse to the community in which he lives, than in any case he would have been while less dangerously armed. But the moral should be that in view of the conditions contemplated in the article above, it is more important than ever that the anarchist should be suppressed. Let surviving tyrannies by all means be destroyed by the indignant pioneers of a purer political system. That may be possible by virtue of the resources which have strengthened their powers of resistance to a degree unknown in the past. But for us in England, where we not only enjoy "social justice" but have done more than true wisdom would suggest towards leaving the control of national

affairs in the hands of the populace, law and order can only be maintained by a resolute determination to exterminate those few who remain its deadly and implacable enemies.

It is probably, but too true, that most of the criminal attempts at continental assassination are designed in this country by foreign Anarchists, who take advantage of the fanatical enthusiasm prevailing here in favour of personal liberty. Our police—the guardians and not the foes of order, in spite of their little failings in connection with domestic matters that have no connection with the problems now under consideration—could, if they were armed with the necessary authority, make a clean sweep of the Anarchist clubs known to exist in certain regions of London. At the first sign of any such action as that which the above writer apprehends as possible, even in England, it is probable that even the English people would be roused to the necessity, not merely of maintaining social justice, but of protecting it by drastic methods from those of its enemies, who may be insane enough to betray it themselves.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE DARK.

SOME time must elapse, of course, before the cultured world at large appreciates the way in which occult research has even already contributed to illuminate philosophical thought. Earnest thinkers pursuing old-fashioned grooves, in connection with what is commonly called philosophy, are still, in comparison with the occultist, groping about vaguely in the dark. This is plainly illustrated by a lately published volume well worth attention from the standpoint of common-place philosophy, entitled "The Unity of Will," by Mr. G. Ainslie Hight.

Mr. Hight is not embarrassed by modesty in regard to his own claims on attention. He approves of one thought embodied in Schopenhauer's writings, but glancing back upon the works of Locke, Hume, Descartes, Spinoza, and other representative thinkers of England and Germany, he ventures to "assert most emphatically that not one of them knew what is meant by metaphysics." They were all embarrassed, he tells us, by the absurdities of a false theology. Kant, he admits, had a clear notion of metaphysics, but with all his gigantic intellect "he seemed crushed by his own weight and strength, and his thought is not easy to follow." The main idea Mr. Hight puts forward is to the effect that the intellect belongs to material manifestation, whereas that which he calls the Will—following Schopenhauer's phrase, and apparently in most cases by that word meaning consciousness,—is the reality underlying physical manifestation or action. Real Being he treats as distinct from action, and is content to regard it as beyond the grasp of our understanding, although the

sum and substance of his writing appears to claim an approximation to an understanding on that subject that leads to the forlorn conclusion that the unity of Consciousness or Being behind the veil of matter, precludes the existence, as separate and independent entities, of the manifested human creatures through whom the one consciousness is working.

That Mr. Hight is quite as incapable, by the mere light of his own intelligence, of comprehending the mysteries with which he deals, even to the extent, the imperfect extent, to which they may be comprehensible to the occultist, will be very plain to all who have profited by occult research. But his volume is, to begin with, quite coherent and intelligent enough to deserve notice. In many ways it constitutes an advance upon so-called systems of philosophy that at various periods in the past have secured undeserved respect, and thus it constitutes an interesting illustration of the failure that must necessarily attend all attempts to work out a comprehensive theory of unseen Nature, in the absence of the help to be gained by such guidance as has already enabled the modern occultist to bring into something like scientific order and coherence, the nebulous imaginings of earlier philosophical systems. If Mr. Hight's writing were less admirable (considering his limitations) than it is, it would not be worth the critical examination we propose to spend upon it. But it is one of those books good enough to provoke the reader into a critical examina tion of its faults.

In his preface, to begin with, he foreshadows the main idea of his essay. He sums up the Schopenhauer conception that his volume is destined to enlarge.

"The fundamental error of all philosophies, Schopenhauer tells us, has been that of assuming the essential and primary element of the so-called *Soul—i.e.*, the inner spiritual (geistiger) life of man to be Thought; of always placing Thought first, while assigning a subordinate place to Will, which has been regarded as a mere secondary product, consequent upon thought. With him, on the other hand, the primary reality of every existence is Will, by which he understands not only *wish* and *resolve* in the narrow sense, but all *striving, desiring, shunning, hoping, fearing, loving, hating*, in short everything which makes up our personal

weal and woe, joy and sorrow, all being merely modifications or affections of a will, either for or against. Of these intellect is the instrument, and therefore secondary and dependent, a mere *accident* of our existence. The will is master, intellect its busy and accomplished servant."

Mr. Hight is careful to assure us that he is an independent thinker, and not merely a disciple of Schopenhauer, advancing in proof of this a remark which hardly suggests that he is really a close student of the oriental systems of thought to which occasionally he makes reference. He could not be a disciple of Schopenhauer's school, he says, because "Schopenhauer is a Buddhist, I am, if anything, a Vedantist." Now it takes a good deal more than occasional glances at European expositions of Buddhism and Vedantism to enable anyone to realise the deeply seated absurdity involved in the phrase just quoted. Undeniably there may be Buddhists and Vedantists who would regard one another with extreme intellectual hostility, in the same way that those representing different sects of Christianity will often be bitterly antagonistic, though the outsider would hardly be successful in the search for essential differences between them. But referring the question to a close student of oriental literature, the present writer has received the following reply:—

"Those who have studied the teachings of Theosophy are aware of two most interesting facts, 1st, that the great Founders of all Religions are all members of the one Great Brotherhood who are the trustees and repositories for humanity, of the Ancient Wisdom, and 2nd, that by no possibility therefore can one of them contradict another. They all speak the same truth—in essence one, though in details varied—and although every one of the recognised and ancient Scriptures of the Hindus is different from any Buddhist Scripture, that is not to say that it contradicts the latter, any more than it contradicts the rest of the Hindu Scriptures, or any more than the Christian Scriptures contradict one another. It is, no doubt, difficult for us, who have been brought up as Christians, to satisfy ourselves as to the perfect harmony between the two sets of Scriptures; but those who have had the advantage of Theosophic teachings about God, man, and nature, are able to study and appreciate both, and I personally am glad to

record my conviction that it would be hard, indeed, to point to any contradiction. In fact, the Buddha, born and brought up as he was in Hindu India, must himself have been a Hindu, and his own teaching was not intended to supersede that religion in India, being really intended for other lands—chiefly further East—where it still wholly or largely prevails, Burma, Siam, Ceylon, Thibet, China, and Japan. And Shankaracharya, the great commentator on the Upanishads, the Philosophical, as distinct from the Ceremonial portion of the Vedas, is said to have been 'overshadowed' by the wisdom of the Blessed One himself, in spite of the fact that he wrote what purports to be a refutation of Buddhism.

"All this however, applies only to the real teaching of the Scriptures, as it may be understood with the help of the Theosophic key. If, with many European Orientalists, one accepts the interpretation commonly held by the orthodox and unintelligent majority in Buddhist countries, especially in what is called the Southern Church, who are unable to grasp the true and subtler teaching, there is no question as to the divergence of the two religions; but he who would get at the truth must not be content with orthodoxy, but must study for himself at first hand—carefully putting aside the biassed foot-notes of translators."

From the European point of view the inner philosophy of the most enlightened Buddhism and that of the really accomplished Vedantist would be found to represent few essential differences, and when Mr. Hight goes on to say that his and Schopenhauer's personal standpoints, as described in the sentence quoted, are opposed to each other absolutely, he commits himself in the sight of those really in touch with Oriental thinking as having gathered his impressions from some of the European students of Sanskrit who deal with Oriental religions merely in order to exercise their "scholarship," and fail altogether to comprehend their esoteric significance.

But this would matter very little, if Mr. Hight along the lines of his own thinking proved a trustworthy leader. Some remarks in his earlier chapters might almost tempt one to imagine that he would prove to be this. Philosophy, he says, in a very admirable passage, "is not a plaything, but a reality rooted in life, and the

humblest generalization of the mechanic who widens the scope of his activity by devising some new method of useful work, some finer adjustment or finish to the methods already known, is worth more for culture than all the lore poured out by a candidate for university honours, unless that lore has been assimilated into his life to help him practically in shaping his course, in forseeing and surmounting the dangers which he will have to encounter in his journey." And that he considers, which vitiates modern philosophy, that which is the cause of its utter barrenness, with regard to the realities of life "is the false position assigned to Will" Emphasising the main thought of the book, he asserts that "the intellect, which is simply the brain, an organ of the body, is its instrument, the servant which fulfils its behest."

Before proceeding any further with the analysis of Mr. Hight's work, it may be as well to show how completely even a little genuine occult knowledge will blow his main theory to atoms. That Will or Consciousness is the underlying reality of which intellectual activity is the attribute, may be true enough. It is more than true, a profoundly important truth, that Consciousness is the underlying reality which accretes the attributes, the fruit of experience, which constitute intellectual activity. But the deplorable mistake that pervades Mr. Hight's thinking is that makes him fail to realise that the consciousness, the individualised consciousness, of the human being which works through the physical brain during physical life, is really seated in a vehicle of infinitely finer constitution which is immortal and continuous in its existence through many physical lives. It overshadows its own distinct individual entity none the less because it is equally true that along the lines so to speak of its highest nature, it may be blended with all other similar entities in the stupendous unity which includes individual diversities. These are perhaps vague phrases, significant only for those who already possess the main thought to which they relate, but it is just for want of comprehending this supremely important natural fact that all Mr. Hight's ingenious speculation has carried him into realms of darkness and delusion.

As far as we can make out, Mr. Hight seems to reject any thought which can be held equivalent to what is commonly called the immortality of the soul, and almost comically misusing the

Sanskrit expression, he says that a man may learn in his loftiest moments of speculation "that he is not an individual, a single, self-contained unit among others, and in antagonism to them. Individuality has fallen away with the burden of *Avidya*, and he is one with his fellow creatures, one with all creation; one lever in a wondrous mechanism, nothing by itself, but in its place in connection with the whole, performing a vital function. This Universal Being is Will; it has been variously called Brahman, God, Spirit, Essence." In glowing language that will be found not to be without a charm for certain varieties of thinkers, our author asserts in another place, "It is not the stone, not the plant, nor the man that acts, but the will that actualises itself through their instrumentality. The wider the field, the more universal our enquiry, the more forcibly will the unity of will come home, and we see, dimly at first, but with increasing certainty, that the soul, so far from being a property or possession of man, and enjoyed by him alone, is the very Universe itself." And again "the single individual would grievously err if he supposed *his* will to be the sovereign ruler and creator. He is but one tiny centre of forces, a single ruffle on the surface of the ocean, to pass with the breath that brought it; Nature cares nothing for him. To comprehend her creative power, and to share in it, he must sink into her depths, where individuality has become merged in the Oneness of the infinite ocean."

It is not a little surprising that people who are intellectual enough and imaginative enough to follow trains of thought like these should fail to see that, if their ghastly theory were true, the world, as we see it around us, would be the most hideous jungle of chaotic injustice and undeserved suffering which the malevolence of an almighty demon could evolve. This fantastic misconception of spirituality, this deplorable misconception of the really sublime thought that phrase embodies, would oblige us to regard each individual life around us, however deeply stained with sorrow, crime, physical suffering or mental misery, as an awful fact complete in itself for which Nature could provide no excuse or justification. However poetic the philosopher of Mr. Hight's type may imagine his conception to be, the unity of will or consciousness can only be regarded as a philosophical idea when

people rise high enough in the direction of comprehending things ultra-physical to realise that it is quite compatible with the permanence of spiritual individuality.

Though no doubt Mr. Hight would resent the idea, his misunderstanding of the fundamental idea governing human evolution is due to the fact that he also, like the earlier philosophers he condemns, has no conception of metaphysics, no conception, that is to say, of the actual facts of nature which are above and superior to her physical manifestations. The horrible confusion of thought into which the so-called philosophers of the Western world have fallen, has primarily been due to the fact that they knew nothing of the higher planes of nature as varied and diverse in their attributes as the plane related to the physical senses. The so-called philosophies antedating the revelations of occultism have studied the phenomena of consciousness as manifest on the physical plane, and have vaguely been content to think of all beyond as an ocean of homogenous spiritual unity—all from its threshold just beyond the grave as unknowable as the sublimities that underly the entire Kosmos. The discoveries of occultism have shown us, to use the conventional phrase, plane after plane encircling this physical world, the home or realm of spiritual manifestations far more subtle and refined than those of the physical earth, leaving us still to speculate rather helplessly concerning the infinitudes of consciousness that embrace planes of still more expansive reach, but at all events investing us with definite scientific knowledge concerning the origin and development of consciousness as individualised on the physical plane. Compared to this knowledge, the helpless speculation of even the greatest philosophical thinkers of Germany are no better—to quote an expression of Max Müller's applied by him in a very different direction—than the babbling of infancy. He used that phrase in reference to the Vedas, little realising that that which seemed to him their infantine fatuity was merely their all but impenetrable obscurity.

But we need not follow the temptations of that digression. It is not from the study of the Vedas alone, nor of that system which is their crown, the Vedanta, nor with the help of any of the early Sanscrit literature, rich though undoubtedly that may be,

that the modern occultist has been enabled to understand, with the precision he has now reached, the facts of nature which so happily confute the dismal pessimism to which we should be hurried if we followed Mr. Hight's lead. His system of thought, is, as we have already said, blown to atoms directly we have conscious touch with higher planes of existence. A great many representatives of occult research sufficiently numerous to confirm each other's work to an extent that renders their broad conclusions certainties,—even though they may be few compared with the multitudes of this ignorant generation—have personal familiar knowledge of the fact that the whole body of consciousness with all its intellectual attributes, which constitutes their incarnate selves, is detachable from the body in which during physical life they function, and thus is seen, perceived, and known to be quite independent of that brain, the machine through which they guide their physical life, which Mr. Hight and so many thinkers unhappily besides himself, regard as constituting the intellect. The more advanced of those who are able, to begin with, to get out of the body (in a way which is really an elementary achievement for persons already in the vanguard of evolution), are enabled to realise that for plane above plane of Nature's marvellous manifestation, appropriate vehicles of consciousness exist. One by one these are detachable from the lower in which they are embedded, and enable the conscious entity, carrying with him the whole volume of his physical plane consciousness plus that of which in the physical life he is unconscious, to exist as still an individualised off-spring of the divine ocean of consciousness from which it has been the purpose of Nature to evolve him.

In the arrogance of his ignorance of all which occultism has taught us, Mr. Hight tells us that the attempt to theorise as to what happens in the boundless regions beyond the physical plane "is to commit the cardinal error of science, that of speculating where there is no experimental evidence." He is comically unconscious of the fact that he is committing the cardinal error himself by speculations concerning that which will happen to individual consciousness after physical life is overpassed, and he is blindly unaware of the fact that the philosophy derived

from occult research is sublime and scientific for the simple reason that it *does* rest upon experimental evidence, upon experiments constantly repeated by all the numerous occult students who can penetrate the higher planes of Nature in consciousness. By their help we are enabled to formulate, not theories, but codes of natural law interpreting the mysteries of the unseen worlds to a large extent, although to an extent far short of infinity, but at all events interpreting, as a secondary consequence, the otherwise deplorable mysteries of the life around us. For the first time occult illumination begins to reveal an underlying purpose beneath their apparent incongruities, begins to suggest a view of human evolution as a whole from its beginnings to the lofty purposes towards which it tends, which for the first time harmonize the terrible experiences of life with the conception of divine and over-ruling justice.

No doubt for a long time to come the cultured world as a whole will prefer to amuse itself with empty speculations of the kind embodied in the volume which has been our text, rather than address itself to the new study which has not as yet been invested with the hall mark of conventional approval. That eventually the philosophy of life identified with what we now call "occultism," will supersede all other thinking directed to the comprehension of human life and its divine purpose, is just as certain as that in the progress of astronomical time the precession of the equinoxes will complete the cycle of the zodiac. But those who are earliest in a position to profit by occult research must for the present be a small minority. Occult research amongst others of its achievements enables us to comprehend the programme along which mankind in a mass will work out its destinies for ages to come, that cover periods of time one shrinks from expressing in figures. The entities constituting the human family whose immortal individuality Mr. Hight so grandly dismisses from the field of his speculation differ amongst themselves in many ways, and in one way with reference to their age as individualised entities. We may jostle in the street with many who are younger than ourselves by very many millions of years. We may sometimes, perhaps, get touch with those compared to whom the evolutionary growth we have ourselves achieved is relatively a stage of child-

hood. In such procession as that, the vanguard must always be a minority; and though we have just now at this moment—using the word "moment" in the sense it bears in reference to the whole scheme of evolution, *i.e.*, within the last few thousand years or so—mankind has reached a stage in its evolution which constitutes an important turning point. Therefore, although the progress of the higher knowledge must be very slow for the multitude, it will rapidly spread through considerable numbers of people representative hitherto merely of that intellectual progress concerning physical things which is the preparation for an equally scientific comprehension of spiritual things at a later date. Thus, as we look on from the point of view of even such occult knowledge as has already been secured either at the brilliant representative of modern physical science concerning himself perhaps as yet not at all with anything relating to any other life but this, or as we look at such thinkers as our author, Mr. Hight, we know that the work they are going through, the mental efforts they are making, the spiritual exercise, so to speak, to which they are devoted, will put them, in some incarnation belonging to the near future, among the ranks of those who will then be brilliant exponents of occult teaching. Does such a declaration seem too deeply coloured with the arrogance that we found fault with in some of Mr. Hight's too confident assurances? It is difficult not to seem dogmatic, difficult to avoid the resemblance of arrogance in the sight of those destitute of the knowledge we may happen to possess, when that knowledge is brought under discussion. The occult student will feel himself disloyal to his own science if he pretended to deal with its discoveries as though they were so much guess work; and if he runs the risk of seeming too self-confident in denying conclusions incompatible with the knowledge he has obtained, he may perhaps obtain forgiveness by the frankness with which he will assuredly recognise that occult research, although it may enlarge the consciousness of the student as compared with that of those who are content to deal with the physical plane alone, brings on as one of its most inevitable results a sense of individual modesty in presence of the illimitable range of manifestation opening out before him, which renders him far too reverent in mind to be arrogant in any

offensive sense. To repeat an often quoted illustration, it is only the ox in the field who is unconscious that the world contains more than his consciousness embraces. It is only those who ascend to lofty pinnacles of knowledge who see the horizon of ignorance around them extending in an ever widening circle.

AN OCCULT STUDENT.

CONCERNING MENTAL HEALING.

(Continued from the August issue.)

An objection which has been brought against hypnotism, and often a just one, is that it tampers with free will, a quality so divine that it is respected by the Great Giver of all things, and man may progress or recede in every life as seems good to him. Before I understood the necessity for providing against this adaptability in the subject, I landed myself in difficulties. I often smile when I recall the trouble I had with one patient, to whom I said: "You will only hear my voice, you will only see my face," and the disconcerting fidelity with which this suggestion of the moment was carried into daily life! After that I was more careful, and always impressed on a subject that I was holding out a helping hand as to a child, but the assistance was only to be temporary, and, like the child, they must learn to rely on themselves. This suggestion brings forward any latent will power, and leaves its recipient morally stronger than it found him, effectually disposing of the objection of coercion. I know that many peop take up hypnotism with the sole idea of dominating others, anc so doing generate a Karma, the reaping of which may not be altogether to their taste, but I am not writing for these, and it is well to know how to avoid a very common difficulty.

So far my narrative has dealt more with the poorer classes than any other, everything conspiring to make it natural to play the part of Providence to them. The rich often look even on sympathy as an intrusion, and scout the idea of anyone but a qualified medical man affording relief to bodily suffering; the

minority who do not do so I have found as good subjects as any others. Staying with a relation who was uncertain whether to condemn or admire a power which I never succeeded in making her understand, we went to see a friend suffering from a bad attack of eczema, and very sorry for herself, as she had every reason to be, having running sores on her arms and hands that were spreading. The doctor did nothing to relieve her, and she begged so earnestly for my help, that reluctantly I consented to try what I could do, and we went into another room for the first treatment, where my amiability was rewarded by a perfectly new experience.

After I had made a few mesmeric passes over her, she was seized with a convulsive trembling, even her teeth chattered, and it was evident that under such circumstances no good could accrue. I left off making passes and laid my hand on her head. "Quiet," I commanded, "I must have you quite quiet, if you please." Gradually the spasm died away, and she fell into a dreamy condition, which she described afterwards as one of physical bliss, and I continued the treatment. On the morrow the sores on her hands had nearly dried up, I persevered with her every day for a week, she never lost consciousness, but always passed into the same restful state, and at the end of the time her cure was complete. This I look on as a triumph for magnetism, as eczema cannot be put down to either nerves or hysteria, which scoffers maintain are the only cases it succeeds with.

My relation was so impressed by her friend's recovery that she wrote to a lady, who had been martyrised by an acute form of neuralgia for many years, to come to her, and though she had tried too many cures, including magnetism to be specially hopeful, she arrived. I had known my new patient as a young girl, and was much shocked by her appearance. Though in early middle age her hair was white with the intense pain she suffered from these neuralgic attacks, she described the sensation as "a mob of horses shod in molten iron" trampling on her head. She did her best to discourage me when I expressed my resolution of wrestling with the disorder, saying she had called in a clever mesmerist and experienced no relief, though her daughter, who was lying by her on the bed with a bad headache, was cured by the passes made. Obviously this was a case for hypnotism, so when

the next attack came on I treated her on those lines. She passed easily into the trance condition, and an hour later came down smiling to dinner with an excellent appetite I had imposed on her in place of the sickness that always accompanied these attacks. As circumstances made it difficult for me to see much of this lady and the case was too acute, I followed up this success with absent treatment and she completely recovered. Her gratitude was touching and the letters she wrote might alone form a chapter on mental healing. I remember her telling me that sometimes she would experience the premonitory symptoms of the old pain, then my injunctions rang in her ears, a barrier seemed raised between herself and the advancing fiend, peace stole over her tired nerves, and baffled, the evil influence left her; as graphic an account of the beneficent action of suggestion as could well be found.

About this time I became intimate with a gentleman who was a medium and good untrained clairvoyant. Allowed to be present at the treatment of one of the ladies I have alluded to, he saw the magnetism coming from my fingers and enveloping the patient, just as described by Mr. Sinnett in one of his books This was valuable, independent testimony which one is always glad to secure on these obscure subjects, as he knew nothing of Theosophy or its teachings. Much interested in what he had witnessed he came to me for a long visit, and one day, noticing that he appeared dull, I asked him what was wrong. It seems an unwritten law of Nature that, just as the fair sex demand sympathy for a finger-ache, so the Lords of Creation indignantly repudiate the same. However, I stuck to my point, and at last he admitted what I saw very plainly, that he was in considerable pain. "But please don't take any notice of it," he urged, "I was hurt rather severely when a boy by a kick at football, and every now and then if I strain myself these attacks of pain come on, they get worse and worse for about twelve hours, and then go off. No doctor has ever been able to do anything for me."

"Twelve hours," I remarked, with fine scorn turning at once towards home, for we were out walking when I extracted this confession, "this one won't last any longer than till after tea, I can assure you." Nor did it, for he passed quickly into a drowsy

condition of beatitude, and the pain left him. I then treated him regularly for this and other complications I cannot urther particularize, and though he was such an admirable subject, so far as responding went, it was impossible to get him into complete trance. He lost all power of motion, and experienced the same sense of physical *bien être* and absorption in the charm of the moment, but when roused had a clear recollection of everything that had occurred, a condition of things that fettered me a good deal, and I had no intention of allowing to continue, as it stood fatally in the way of the complete cure I intended effecting. No subject is so difficult to influence hypnotically as a medium; later, this gentleman told me the undesirable entities that had free access to him were always warning him against hypnotism, and well they might, as it meant his deliverance and the downfall of their power. Day after day I persevered, he got steadily better in health, but made no progress in the manner I desired, till in despair I resorted to a mechanical straining of his eyes, a trick I consider unworthy of the real mesmerist, however, it succeeded, as did also the methods it opened to me; determined to make a complete cure, I treated him for some time before I discovered how exquisite a sensitive Fate had delivered into my hands. My awakening came about thus.

I had been for twenty-four hours to London, and about a week after my return discovered to my great annoyance I was minus five pounds I had taken there with me, and not spent. Turning over boxes and drawers in hopes of finding it, the hour of my patient's treatment struck, and it occurred to me what a waste of time my proceedings were when I had a clairvoyant in the house. So I went down to him, put him to sleep, and when my therapeutic duties were over, began to talk to him, to my delight he answered readily. I then requested him to go to a mutual friend's house and inform me what she was doing. He did so, and reported her as at her desk writing. "Look over her shoulder," I commanded, "and tell me who she is writing to." "To you—now she has closed the letter, rang for it to be posted, you will get it to-morrow morning," which I did, and strangely enough, I had not heard from the lady for a very considerable time.

When I told her this little anecdote, she was extremely annoyed, as from all reports her letters did not always lend themselves to clairvoyant scrutiny.

To return to my subject much elated at my success, I recounted the disappearance of the five pound note to him, and requested him to find it. He was silent for some time, then said "You dropped it." "I dare say, but where? I want to know exactly that I may try and get it back again, look carefully and tell me." For a while he seemed absorbed in thought, then slowly pausing every now and then, as if verifying his surroundings, this admirable young man gave an even more exact description than I could have done myself of the bedroom in London where I had dressed for dinner and indicated the exact spot where I had drawn the five pounds with some writing paper it was folded in out of my jewel case, and let it fall. I flew to my desk, but my letter crossed with one from my late hostess saying the housemaid had brought her some papers with my monogram on it. She returned it on hearing from me, and the five pounds was inside! It was picked up at the exact spot mentioned.

This was the first of a series of delightful experiments with this sensitive, but as this is primarily a health article, I should say that physically he underwent a marvellous change, increased over a stone in weight, lost every distressing symptom, and they were many he had suffered under for years, and became an exceptionally hearty man. On another occasion he found a very valuable pearl and diamond brooch I had lost for two years, and from time to time we explored many super-physical mysteries in company, but I must not allow myself to wander on these fascinating bypaths which belong to another side of mesmerism, but give a final instance of its therapeutic power, which, I think, may fitly conclude these articles. A woman about forty-five came to me as dressmaker, and at the end of about four months the governess called my attention to her altered looks, saying she suffered the most intense agony that seemed to be rheumatic, and was physically incapable of fulfilling her duties. When questioned the poor soul said she had twice nearly died of rheumatic fever, and the doctor told her she must expect occasional attacks of pain, specially at the fall of the leaf, and bear them, as nothing could

be done for her. Under these circumstances I said I would, at any rate, try to alleviate the pain, which was always worse at nights, so I had her in the drawing-room at six o'clock every evening and treated her. She passed at once into trance, and I told her she was to sleep for half an hour, then wake free of pain, take a little supper, go to bed and sleep the whole night, feeling refreshed and well in the morning. This she did, and her gratitude for these hours of peace was most touching, but when obliged to take up her daily duties the agony returned and she was palpably unfit for any exertion. I told her this and drove her to her own home, promising she should return to me when the attack went off, as the Christmas holidays were at hand and I needed an able-bodied person to help me wrestle with an incursion of turbulent school boys. I never saw her alive but once again, and that was stupified by morphia in the ward of a London hospital. She had cancer at a very advanced stage, and died about six weeks after leaving me. That hypnotism should have triumphed over the agony this disease inflicts on its victims seemed to me perhaps the most remarkable instance of its power I had witnessed.

This was one of the last of my healing experiences, there is no standing still in intellectual life, and I had passed from mental science to another school of thought that opened a wider outlook, involving deeper issues, and discountenanced the use of occult power in healing. Pain, I was instructed, was only the outer expression on the physical plane of a force that worked itself out in that manifestation, and could rarely be thrown back into the subtler bodies with impunity. Hypnotism, under any circumstances, was specially condemned as weakening the barrier beneficient Nature has interposed between us and worlds invisible. It is as if in a box closing sharply with a spring lock, something should clog the wards, and the lock become feebler, so that into the mind that has been submitted to a similar process, entities, unknown to science, can force an entrance, and the terrors of obsession may result. This I know to be true, as one of the worst cases of possession I ever treated originated in an involuntary hypnotising of the man concerned by a doctor attending him. It was my happy fate to rescue him from the madhouse with which

he was threatened, and restore him to the world a useful and capable member of it again. I trust it may be allowed to counterbalance any occasion, if such there be, when innocently I may have done evil that good might come.

In conclusion, I was taught that in this world, where the need for learning is so urgent, only a certain amount of power is at the disposition of us all. If this power be diverted into work such as I have written of, the higher vehicles inevitably suffer, virtue truly goes out of us into the alleviation of temporary suffering, instead of training itself to bear a worthier part in healing the great world pain. Everywhere the cry of humanity rings in our ears "Come out and help us," and efficient help only can be given by those who can bring out of the store house of their own richly dowered natures the great truths wisdom reserves for those who woo her with single hearts. According to the measure in which by study and meditation we draw nearer to the soul of this great All Consciousness, shall we train ourselves to be channels of It's Grace, fit ourselves to stand in the Holy Place described in the vision of St. John the Divine, gathering that others may eat and be filled "the fruit of the tree of life, the leaves of which were for the healing of the nations."

ALICE C. AMES.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

By the Rev. Chancellor Lias.

I am asking permission, not to controvert the morals of the paper which has lately appeared in Broad Views under the above heading, but merely to suggest that the writer has mistaken the teaching of Christ on the matters to which she refers. It appears to me that Mrs. Tweedale is a very good Christian, apparently, without knowing it.

Some time ago there was a long controversy in the *Daily Telegraph* on the question "Do we Believe?" I did not take part in that discussion, for "what was I among so many?" I thought that my contribution, had I sent one, would have been simply buried under tons of paper and ink. But it struck me that the writer of the first paper, which served as the peg to hang the discussion upon, had entirely misconceived the teaching of Christ. To "believe," in his view, was to accept the literal interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount. Mrs. Tweedale, if she will forgive me for saying so, seems to labour under the same misapprehension.

I have been for some seventy years a very profound believer in Jesus Christ, or have at least supposed myself to be so, and I have never believed, and do not now believe, that He ever intended me to carry out literally the precepts of the celebrated discourse in question. And there are, or have been, many hundreds of millions of devout believers in Christ who have found themselves in the same position as I am. One of those devout believers has told us very emphatically that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," and it is not difficult to show that they

who interpret the words of Christ literally have altogether misconceived His meaning. His whole teaching refers to the inner attitude of the disciple. The last thing He thought of doing was delivering a string of formal precepts to His hearers. That would be to reduce them once more to the bondage of the Jewish Law, from which He expressly told them He had come to free them. The very essence of His teaching was that, not the act, but the inward attitude to which the act witnessed, was the aim to which a Christian's effort should be directed.

I have no hesitation therefore, to use Mrs. Tweedale's words, to commit myself to "a direct repudiation of the teachings of the Christ" in the sense in which she has interpreted them. She is perfectly right when she adds that "to turn the left cheek after having been smitten on the right, to give up your cloak after having your coat filched from you, to give to every beggar and to lend to every borrower, would throw the land into the possession of cowards, assaulters and thieves." I have taught her doctrine boldly and openly for five and forty years, and I have never been rebuked for it. And why have I done so? Because I have believed that the words were not to be interpreted as commanding the specific acts enjoined, but of the inoffensive habit of mind to be cultivated by the Christian. It could have been no object of Jesus Christ to convert the world into a bear-garden, and this the instinct of the Christian mind has pretty clearly discerned. Unfortunately, of late years, the clergy have done little to instruct their flocks on the first principles of Christ's morality. They have preferred to dabble in mediæval dogmas, or to lay down formal precepts of a kind which the whole Bible, or in any case the New Testament, expressly repudiates. It is no wonder if lay folk are confused in mind on moral points, when the "perfect freedom" of the gospel is exchanged in thousands of pulpits for the bondage of the Scribes and Pharisees—for great particularity about the "tithe of mint anise and cummin," and a comparative neglect of "judgment, mercy, and truth." The teaching of the Sermon on the Mount has reference, not to the effect a man's actions will have on others, but on the spirit he himself should cultivate. There are occasions on which a man or woman will be bound to act literally on the precepts which have been mentioned above. A captive in the

hands of brigands, a Christian before a Turkish magistrate, or in the hands of a heathen soldiery, must offer his cheek to the smiter, and willingly suffer the spoiling of his goods. He must not break forth into fierce revilings, but be "dumb as a sheep before her shearers." Nor is this all. There are a thousand occasions in life when we ought rather to suffer spoliation or insult than to vindicate our rights. But the question is altered when the effect of our conduct on other men comes in. And Jesus Christ expressly recognises this. While the Sermon on the Mount indicates the spirit of harmlessness and submission which at all times should characterize the Christian, in the eighteenth chapter of the same gospel, Jesus lays down the principles which should guide the Christian in his differences with his fellow men. "If thy brother sin against thee, go, shew him his fault between thee and him alone; if he hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he hear thee not, take with thee one or two more, that at the mouth of two witnesses or three, every word may be established. And if he refuse to hear them, tell it unto the Church, and if he refuse to hear the Church also, let him be unto thee as the Gentile and the Publican." This precept is no more to be carried out literally than the other. But it covers the resort of a Christian to a Christian judge in a Christian Law Court, and even in extreme cases perhaps, what is known as "cutting" a person. This interpretation, I may add, is that of my lamented friend, Professor Seeley, who was so far from being the apologist of Christianity, that he never formally professed his adherence to it. It will be found in the Second Part of his "Ecce Homo," chapter xxiii.

Mrs. Tweedale would have been preserved by a slight knowledge of Greek, or even by a recourse to the Revised Version, from another mistake into which she has fallen. To "take thought," when the version of 1611 was made, signified to take anxious thought. So Shakespeare says, "Take thought, and die for Cæsar." The Greek word St. Matthew uses signifies to be drawn hither and thither, as by care and anxiety. Jesus no more intended people to neglect proper attention to their affairs or their clothing than He meant *messieurs les assassins* to be the masters of the situation. And so with oaths in a court of justice. When put on His oath by the High Priest He

did not refuse to answer. And St. Paul, to whom the imitation of his Master was a fundamental duty, does not hesitate to appeal to God under circumstances especially solemn. But in the ordinary customs of daily life we have very properly banished the continual and blasphemous asseverations with which, down to a comparatively recent period, even Christians used to interlard their conversation. And it is a question whether the time has not come to substitute affirmations for oaths in our courts of justice, though I certainly should not for a moment hesitate to take the oath if tendered to me by proper authority.

So with regard to executions for murder, and our duty as regards war. Had Jesus solemnly warned His disciples against war in all cases, or against death as a judicial punishment, no doubt we should be transgressing His command did we not refuse to allow either the one or the other. But Jesus was a Jew, and He gave His adhesion, save on sundry special points, to the Jewish Scriptures. And they enjoin the punishment of death, and they clearly allow of war. Had Jesus intended to prohibit war in all cases, or to declare capital punishment sinful, it is certainly very strange that, under the circumstances, He did not say so.

As to "honour," I should be disposed to say that, whether the word is found in the Scriptures or not, the *thing* is clearly there. And I should further be disposed to say regarding the sense of honour, in the unique sense in which the word is used in this country to-day, that so far from being impossible to "trace it to Christianity," it is distinctly the offspring of the Christian religion. I should further be anxious to be informed *where* Christ "ordered passivity," save according to the literal interpretation of His words, which not only I, but the Christian Church at large, has disclaimed. Certainly no Christian that I have ever known, unless it be certain orders of monks and nuns, has regarded "passivity" as a Christian duty. And I have never as yet discovered where Christ has "sternly discouraged patriotism."

I am thoroughly with Mrs. Tweedale on the tendency of some Christians to inculcate precepts which Christ never issued. In fact, as I have already stated, I do not in the least complain of her views on practical subjects. I am only concerned to show that they are in perfect accord with the teaching of Christ as it is

understood by those who, during the last eighteen centuries, have most carefully studied it. It is not His teaching, properly understood, but wide-spread popular perversions of His teaching, with which she is quite reasonably and rightly in conflict.

J. J. LIAS.

BY VIOLET TWEEDALE.

THE Reverend Chancellor Lias in his article entitled "What is a Christian?" has omitted to mention one fact which it seems to me ought constantly to be borne in mind in dealing with the subject. I refer to the multiplicity of Christs which are set forth directly men begin to formulate their ideal. You may take the humble teacher of the Synoptics, the Logos Christos of the Johannine Gospel, the Pauline Man from heaven or the triumphant conqueror of the Apocalypse, and it is as easy to write a paper on the one as on the other. Each one represents a view of Christ held by a vast number of persons. In my paper "What is a Christian?" published in the June number of BROAD VIEWS, I expressly stated that it was written on the simple acceptation that Christ actually meant what he said, and this ideal (for it can be nothing else) happens to coincide with my views upon the historical Christ, as I hold that up to the second of his physical death he acted consistently and steadfastly upon his teaching in the Sermon on the Mount.

Granting certain assumptions as presuppositions it is easy to write an orthodox paper upon organised Christianity, accepting the literal accuracy of the Bible in toto. This is more or less what I did. I ignored the fact that our early presuppositions are exactly the matters which are being so loudly disputed in the present day. I have known Greek since my girlhood, but as the Christ presumably spoke Aramaic, and as the original MSS. were presumably written in that language, I purposely ignored our revised edition. Every student knows that the precepts in the famous sermon did not originate with Christ but are to be found in religions hundreds of years B.C. This seems to point to a certain value being assigned to them throughout time. I am

aware that many persons will be in accord with the Reverend Chancellor Lias in disbelieving that Christ intended those precepts to be literally carried out, and I would so far be in agreement with this in as much as I hold that two standards of acceptation may be logically held in our utter paucity of authentic information. One may either read one's own interpretation into the Logoi of Christ or one may adhere to the literal text as it is given to us to-day. As we know of no original MSS. of the New Testament, the books as we possess them, by their own testimony not purporting to be the work of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and as no one knows what Christ really did or did not say, it appears to me that the only logical position is to accord a free mind to Christendom to formulate its own individual conception of the historic Jesus of the Gospels.

VIOLET TWEEDALE.

PASSING EVENTS.

WHAT is the moral of the ludicrous position into which the Government has floundered in connection with its attempt to recast the law governing public education? The leading feature of the situation, of course, is its comical absurdity. For some years it has seemed as though the law constrained ratepayers in some cases to undergo the misery of feeling that some of their money was spent in teaching religious doctrines from which they dissented. The party coming into power at the last election owed its success in some measure to the promise it gave that this grievance should be dispelled. It proceeded to propose enactments to that end, and incidentally threatened to impose other grievances on a new class of sufferers, and the whole session was spent in forcing the measure through a House of Commons, including, at all events, a certain number who regarded it with sincere indignation. And then, when the centre of interest was about to migrate elsewhere, the Court of Appeal decides that everybody has been mistaken hitherto in regard to the state of the law; that the main grievance the new bill set itself to remedy has no existence in fact, and probably that all the "passive resisters" who have been mildly martyred in the cause of conscience have a good action against the authorities for false imprisonment.

As our judicial system provides for an appeal beyond the Appeal Court it remains to be seen, of course, whether this amusing judgment will be sustained. But the House of Lords will be called upon to deal with the Education Bill before it is possible

on any hypothesis for it to give a final and irrevocable reading of the existing law. So it would appear that no logical course is available, except one which would suspend legislation until time has allowed us to ascertain what the law really is; but on the other hand such suspension under our parliamentary rules would mean the entire abandonment of all the achievements, for what they are worth, that the Government has to its credit in regard to the session that has passed.

Certainly it is grotesque that legislation should be so clumsily managed, as to render possible the imbroglio in which we are involved. There can be no doubt that the intention of the Parliament which passed the act of 1902 was to establish the state of things which the passive resister fought against. But the law in this country is not defined by the intention of the Parliament from which its authority is derived, but by the interpretation of judicial officers who care nothing about intention, and concern themselves merely with the view they take as to the literal meaning of the sentences by which the authors of the law have endeavoured to convey their meaning. However obvious and unequivocal the intention of an act may have been, if whimsical judges, by perverse ingenuity, can persuade themselves that the language in which it is expressed may be held to convey a different intention, that different intention thereupon becomes the law, or remains the law, until other judges, whose whimsicality may suggest still more ingenious methods of circumventing the ingenuity of the Courts below, shall have again turned the whole matter in dispute upside down.

At the first glance no doubt the laugh in the present complication is directed against the Government, for spending the whole of its huge energy in combating a delusion. But at all events the Government was no more to blame for believing in that delusion, than the stalwart opponents who fought on its behalf. And it is entitled to say,—"if the old law is not so bad as we supposed it, at all events our bill has the merit of affirming the sound principle in unmistakable terms." Of course, the principle in question is profoundly unsound in the opinion of religious bodies generally, but that does not impair the force of such a contention as we assume the Government to make.

On its merits, no doubt, the bill to which they are committed is too offensive to religious sentiment to be thought of as likely to become law in its present shape. But the recent judgment in itself does not oblige the Government to abandon its more or less superfluous measure. The judicial, rather than the legislative system, is really discredited by the ludicrous muddle in which the whole subject is involved. When new schemes of legislation are discussed, as they are discussed in Parliament, there is never much room for doubt as to what they are really intended to mean, and if they never become the prey of judicial whimsicality, straightforward people would always be well aware of their actual obligations. But once within the bewildering vortex of the Law Courts there is no security for any view. If, indeed, at the summit levels of all legislation the judgment of the House of Lords has been obtained, that, at all events, cannot be upset. But there is no reason for regarding such a judgment with greater respect than the others on that account. Law lords, Justices of Appeal, and Judges of the common variety, are men of very much the same intellectual class, although theoretically the selection of the best for the higher appointments leaves the residual judges, who do most of the work, liable to the suspicion of being the worst. But if for the moment we allow ourselves to assume that a judge as such represents a certain unit of intellectual value, it is amusing to see how the system of judicial appeals works out sometimes in practice.

A CASE described in one of the papers is typical of a great number with which all students of legal proceedings must be familiar. A certain person brought an action in the King's Bench for £200. Before one judge and a special jury he won his case. The defendant appealed, and three judges in the Court of Appeal upheld the decision of the Court below. Then the case finally went to the House of Lords, where, by the votes of two judges against one, the appeal was allowed. In this case the finally unfortunate litigant had five judges in his favour and only two against him, but the result was that he had to surrender his prey and pay all the costs from the beginning. These amounted

to about £2,000, ten times the amount of the sum actually in dispute.

A state of things like this is quite as grotesque as the muddle in which educational legislation has been immersed, but infinitely more shocking, because it does not represent an isolated accident of politics, but a deeply seated evil in the complicated system under which justice is supposed to be administered. It is actually probable that a closer approximation to real justice would be reached, as regards all civil disputes, by allowing each to be determined finally on its own absolute merits by fairly well qualified arbitrators, than by allowing it to become a prey of judical whimsicality, meaning by that phrase the judicial habit of paying attention to what for the moment is conceived to be the literal signification of words in a statute, irrespective of the fundamental right or wrong of the matter immediately in hand. Will someone suggest that the arbitrator would be as liable to be controlled by collateral prejudice of one sort or another, as the judge, that his decisions might equally fail to command the respect of intelligent lookers-on? That would be perfectly possible, and in such cases it is exceedingly unlikely that the same arbitrator would again be appointed by persons concerned in later disputes. The bearing of that remark is obvious, and brings us back to the reflection suggested by so much that takes place in the course of litigation, that appeals are of very little value when the only penalties they involve are incurred by the appellants.

Two great scientific festivals have taken place within the last few weeks, the first in honour of Sir William Perkin, who discovered the aniline dye, mauve, fifty years ago, and thus laid the foundation of the vast industry concerned now with the evolution of many other dye stuffs and many other substances from coal-tar. All the chemical societies in Europe and America seemed to be represented by delegates at the Royal Institution, where the principal meeting was held in connection with this coal-tar jubilee, and Sir William Perkin was overwhelmed with medals, addresses, and honorary degrees of foreign universities, until the accumulation assumed proportions that were almost

ludicrous. And for hours, in various languages, representatives of foreign science poured forth eulogies of his genius and perseverance that must have been almost more embarrassing to the recipient than the tangible trophies collected before him. It would have variegated the proceedings in an entertaining fashion if deputations of artists, by whom aniline dyes are so often regarded with abhorrence, could have exhaled, in addresses of a different character, the horror with which they gazed at the man responsible for the outrage on æsthetic principles involved in their production.

THE specialities, such as they are, associated with the scientific reputation of Professor Ray Lankester, will hardly have encouraged any of those enthusiasts who attended the York meeting of the British Association to expect an interesting address from the new president. But in more ways than one the address actually given must have disappointed even moderate expectations. To a large extent it was devoted to radium—to a rather commonplace repetition of all the interesting and surprising facts connected with radium that have engaged the attention of the scientific world for the last year or two. As delivered to an audience, including most, if not all, of those who have been concerned with developing the discoveries in question, Professor Lankester's tedious recapitulation of what has been done must have been trying to their patience. Taking coals to Newcastle is an inoffensive proceeding at the worst, no more than a waste of trouble, but teaching an assembly, including the most distinguished chemists of the age, the first principles of radio-activity, was something more than waste of trouble. Moreover, Professor Lankester's view of radium phenomena seems to be rather the popular than the truly scientific view. That radium, in the course of its atomic dissociation, evolves heat seems clear; the conjecture that such evolution accounts for the continued activity of the sun, is at best the wildest guess work, and at the worst a grotesque illustration of a bad habit—that of straining existing knowledge to account for great realms of natural phenomena as yet wholly unexplored. The radium theory of the sun's heat may be a shade less ignominious than that which depended

entirely on shrinkage, but is only in one degree less arrogant in its foolishness.

Still, if Professor Lankester had confined himself to the exposition of popular fancies concerning radium, he would have been on ground less dangerous for him to tread than the domain of psychology to which he addressed himself later on. For him psychology appears to be concerned with the activity of complex organs belonging to the nervous system, and leads him to the final conclusion "that the mind of the human adult is a social product only to be understood in relation to the special environment in which it develops and with which it is in perpetual interaction." Vague as the these phrases are, they are enough to suggest a conception relating to human consciousness on the speaker's part which is immeasurably in the rear of intelligent thinking on that subject. Professor Lankester's mind, as far as *that* is concerned, seems indeed the fosilised product of his nineteenth century environment. He is still capable of sneering at the enthusiasts who collect "ghost stories and records of human illusion and fancy," as ignorant of the wonderful advances that have been achieved in recent years in connection with occult research, as he is insolent to the many more distinguished representatives of science who must have been amongst his audience, by whom the entrancing interest of superphysical investigation has for many years been frankly recognised. There was a time when Professor Lankester's hostility to occult research was so widely shared that representatives of more advanced thought could only regard him with deep and earnest detestation. Now, happily, such a change has come over the opinion of the cultured world in reference to the subjects which excite his animosity, that his continued obstinacy leaves him stranded on the shoals of the past, the laughing stock of a wiser generation.

ONCE more, in consequence of the Valparaiso earthquake, newspaper attention has been turned to the problem concerning the origin of such disturbances. Many wild hypotheses are always set afloat on occasions of this kind, and again we hear suggestions to the effect that earthquakes may have something to do with sun spots, or with conjunctions of the planets. The more obvious explanation that they are a consequence of strains

which give rise to the formation of new geological faults, is too prosaic to be universally acceptable, and for that matter leaves room itself for the enquiry as to the origin of the strains. But these may be accounted for without appealing to any possible contraction of the earth's crust as a consequence of gradual cooling, in so far as the great processes of denudation which the rivers of the world are always carrying out, will go far to account for the strains in question. Interviewed by one of the papers, Miss Agnes Clarke has acutely pointed out that the shifting of vast weights on the earth's surface owing to processes of denudation may often induce a state of things in which equilibrium is nearly disturbed, and then a very small additional influence will be enough to start the shock for which the shifting of surface weight has prepared. The beauty of this explanation has to do with the way in which it allows us to recognise the slight influence of planetary conjunctions or even aspects of the moon, as sufficient in some cases to pull the trigger, so to speak, and thus apparently give rise to the earthquake shock. It must be admitted by those who are willing to study facts, even when they present themselves in an unwelcome shape, that the planetary influences, recognised by the astrologer, but laughed at as a rule by ordinary science, do often correspond in time with effects that seem altogether out of proportion to their value. Miss Clarke's trigger suggestion goes far to reconcile astrological "superstition" connected with earthquakes, with the actual course of events.