BROAD VIEWS.

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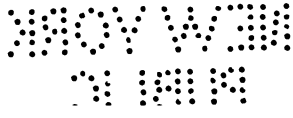
TO THE READERS OF "BROAD VIEWS."

TIME has come at which it is necessary to explain frankly to the readers of BROAD VIEWS the position in which the undertaking stands. The apathy of the world at large in reference to the progress of occult research is such that, although BROAD VIEWS has from the first been more fully illuminated with the results of that research than any other periodical publication yet produced—and ought thus to have secured eager support from all persons interested in the higher knowledge—it has failed to obtain a circulation sufficient to pay the bare expenses of its preparation. It is now approaching the conclusion of the third year of its existence, and although the resources generously provided by a few supporters in the beginning (and at the close of the second year) will enable me to continue the publication of the REVIEW up to the end of this year, they will not enable me to go on with its production after that date. I could have done more if the promises of support I received at the beginning of this year had all been fulfilled, but one, I grieve to say, has been most unexpectedly broken—leaving me £200 short of the resources I relied upon. Thus it has only been possible for me to fulfil my engagement to keep the REVIEW alive for the

whole of this year by foregoing all claims of my own. As far as the current year is concerned, I have taken no remuneration whatever for my editorial work, though this has been all the heavier as I have been unable to pay for assistance.

Now the question which arises is this: Do those of its readers interested in occult research and the spread of such occult knowledge as we have already required, regard the continuation of BROAD VIEWS as sufficiently desirable to justify some effort on its behalf? It cannot continue to live as hitherto on capital provided by a few generous friends. Unless subscribers are obtained in sufficient number to cover current expenses, it must cease to appear. But many persons who sympathise with the objects of the REVIEW, though unable to take shares in the undertaking, may be willing to join in an effort to procure subscribers, and in some cases, perhaps, to subscribe for several copies and distribute them amongst friends. If this should be done by any considerable number of supporters, the publication of the REVIEW can be continued. The bare expenses of its production, reckoning nothing for editorial work or contributions, may be set down at about £45 per month. The 12s. subscription is equal to 10d. a month, allowing for postage. Obviously, therefore, 1,000 subscribers would be necessary to provide £45 per month, if we do not count sales by the publishers. These have not averaged more than a few hundreds hitherto, and my resources have not enabled me to stimulate the sales by advertising in any energetic way. In the beginning I endeavoured to advertise as freely as I could afford. In the first two years I spent £113 in advertising, but the results were so discouraging that I spent no more this year till the publication of Mr. Mallock's novel began. This I announced by advertisements costing about £30, but the sales have not been stimulated either by this outlay or by the appearance of the novel itself



to any significant degree. It is evident that BROAD VIEWS will only be able to live by the support of those who appreciate the importance of a periodical in a position to disseminate sound knowledge concerning all subjects of superphysical investigation. In their cruder aspects various branches of occultism seem to be interesting the present generation to an increasing extent. It is very strange that the only periodical in existence really in a position to deal with all such subjects on truly scientific principles should be allowed to perish.

For the information of those who may not have been acquainted with BROAD VIEWS from the beginning, I give, in the advertisement pages of this issue, a list of the articles relating to occult research which have appeared since its commencement.

Coming now to practical measures, I venture to suggest for the guidance of those inclined to help me in keeping the REVIEW alive, that they should in the first place fill up the form facing the front page of this address, and send it to me (or write letters to the same effect), with the appropriate remittance, in the course of October, if possible, or at all events in the course of November; and, secondly, that they should seriously endeavour to make their friends acquainted with the character of the REVIEW, and in this way procure fresh subscribers. Unless I receive subscriptions for the coming year to a number approaching 500 in all before the end of November, all that are received will be returned, and the REVIEW will cease to appear after the December issue. If I can get about 500 subscribers, I will go on trusting to time to increase the number, and meanwhile to the public sales to fill up the deficit—for 500 subscribers will not more than half pay the cost of producing the REVIEW. The hope of making it in the long run a property, remunerative to shareholders, must depend on the gradual development of a considerably larger circulation.

ENGLISH LAW: A CONTEMPTIBLE ANACHRONISM.

By THOMAS MILLER MAGUIRE, M.A., LL.D., Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

While lawyers have more sober sense
  Than t'argue at their own expense,
But make their best advantages
  Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss*
And out of foreign controversies
  By aiding both sides, fill their purses
But have no interest in the cause,
  For which they engage and wage the laws,
Nor further prospect than their pay
  Whether they win or lose the day.

BUTLER HUDIBRAS III., 3, 455.

IT may be said that in attacking the abuses of the legal system I am fouling my own nest. Quite apart from the fact that I have neither sought for nor acquired much legal practice, as having been very busy since I came to England in much more interesting, though far less profitable work, I am not injuring lawyers by attacking the imperfections and vices of our present legal system. On the contrary, I am led to believe, by both solicitors and barristers, especially juniors, whom I have consulted by scores, that the present state of affairs is most prejudicial to their own interests—indeed, brings about the ruin of their careers, as thousands of people, who ought to seek legal aid, avoid law. The whole thing is an anachronism. The Benchers' old fashioned rules and restrictions, worse than those of the most tyrannous

* In the wars of the 16th century it was not unusual for brethren from the Swiss Valley to fight against each other in the pay of foreign princes.

Trade Unions, excessive fees of leaders, all kinds of costs and assumptions and negations of tomfoolery, and worship of past formalities and the philosophy of mediæval schoolmen, do young barristers more harm in proportion than they do society at large. I am informed by Counsel in good practice that some of the most highly placed Judges of Equity and Common Law have been, and are, mere shams. But most Counsel must be silent, like Generals and Colonels, while I can venture to speak strongly and publicly as not caring in the least about either success at the Bar or about both English parties, whom I believe to be decadent impostors and caterpillars of the Commonwealth. Practising barristers with careers depending on the caprices of judges, of parliamentary Front Benches, and on the good will of wire pullers, and of Leaders and solicitors, cannot speak so freely. Moreover, onlookers see more of the game than players, and I have been an observant onlooker and student of what is called Law in England in all its phases for twenty years.

Indeed, there is only one part of the English system of Jurisprudence in regard to which I would attack the practitioners themselves, as they do not make the Laws or the Rules of Evidence or the preposterous precedents. I refer to cross-examinations and joking. But there, again, the present practitioners are only creatures of evil traditions, and one can scarcely expect modern judges any more than their predecessors to spend even one month out of their monstrous vacations in a crusade against legal evils. One might as well expect Bishops and Deans to start crusades for the reformation of the Court and the Clubs and of their own formalities and their environment of hypocrisy.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

I confess when I was about to be cross-examined by a K.C. as a witness on a charge against myself of bribery and corruption in the election petition of Benn *v.* Marks that I felt somewhat nervous, but I soon saw through the weakness of my "crammed" tormentor, and I flattened him out by simple unvarnished truth stated in tones of cold, dry contempt. He tried joking, but I gave it to be understood that I was on oath in a Court of Justice, and did not see the point of jokes. We won our case easily. As to

joking—in the same case the same K.C. tried banter and witticism with a rollicking Irish agitator called Barry, but with fatal results. The Court was convulsed, the K.C. was compelled to drop device after device, stratagem after stratagem, amidst roars of laughter, the witness preserving a look of injured innocence the while. When the Irishman was in a regular blaze of triumph:—Baron Pollock saved the K.C. by remarking that he did not like such duels between counsel and witness!

I was also cross-examined in two other cases, and when the counsel said, "Now, sir, on your oath do you mean to say," and so on:—I just simply replied, "Sir, I am perfectly well aware that I am on my oath, every word I say is on oath, I therefore am most particular in thought and phrase and I won't be hurried into inaccuracy." This caused the condottiere who was bullying me to sit down. I advise all timid witnesses to learn off by heart some similar formula and thus be ready for cross-examination. I was speaking recently to a well-known consulting medical expert in the city who frequently gives evidence in courts, as to the capacity and ability of men like Haldane, Birrell and Asquith and their fitness for high positions in the State. He declared that the whole status and the public position of K.C.'s was a sham, and that he thought very little of them indeed. At first, when under examination and cross-examination, he really was impressed by their wigs and gowns and self-importance, but he declares that flooring them is simplicity itself. He finds that their information is really paltry, and that they need only be faced firmly. He would grapple with a score of K.C.'s on any professional or moral point to-morrow, but he is a cool north of England body. All medical men do not take prolonged and insolent suggestions of incapacity or worse by briefed ignorance so mildly. I heard a medical man who left the box with undamaged reputation, but foaming with rage, declaring that he would never enter a witness box again, and he cursed the Bar and all concerned with law to me in the corridor, and I had to admit that he was quite justified. I have seen medical men who came on subpoena, against their will, not only worried and gratuitously disparaged, I have known their reputation to be damaged in consequence and most unfairly. I knew a Counsel who was coached by an expert surgical lecturer

play the mischief with an able surgeon about a probe which it turned out was quite a recent Italian novelty and would not be used in the ordinary range of hospital practice. Medical men are not alone. I was expert witness in a case not long ago, and we wanted the evidence of another expert, a man very well known and of great experience. He wrote to say that no fee could induce him to be witness in any English Court of Justice, not even before a Master, as he was quite certain that he might be cross-examined on all his life and made to appear a fool, and that he could not afford, at his time of life, to be the sport of lawyers. He did not come, and we lost the case in consequence, but I am quite certain that he was right. I know that if I had been in the least nervous in that case, and if I did not thoroughly despise the whole system of jurisprudence, both civil and military, of which I have had enormous experience, I would not have known what I was saying under cross-examination. Indeed, nothing is more repugnant to the feelings of any ordinary Englishman than to take any step which may lead to his appearing in Court. In every entanglement we get letters marked *confidential*, and invariably, if there be a dispute, any English merchant or country gentleman or officer writes; "For God's sake keep me out of it, I don't want to be mixed up in any legal dispute," or, "if there be any Law going for heaven's sake don't have me in it," or, "I believe it would kill my wife to be summoned as witness," or, "keep us anyhow out of Court at any cost." These are current phrases of business correspondence. Verily English Law must be an accursed thing in the opinion of Saxons. As a Celt, of course, it appears to me, though a lawyer, to be the very mystery of iniquity.

I have frequented the Courts in my few intervals of leisure, by a kind of fascination, and as a student of sociology and of the life of ordinary men and women, whose sons become soldiers and the instruments of strategy, and I always discuss Law with every barrister whom I meet. I assure my readers that I feel horror-stricken when I think of the manner in which every family that touches this evil Thing is victimised.

I have seen witnesses gasping with horror, and I tried to encourage them in vain before they went into the witness box;

I knew that ignorant or silly women, when their poor souls and brains were being publicly vivisected by hardened hirelings of villainous clients, were suffering physical distress of a most aggravated kind. Your medical readers will quite comprehend my meaning. I have said to barristers about one of their brethren, "I wonder did that cross-examiner ever study physiology? Does he know anything about the sexual conditions of the person whom he tortured?"

Oh, heavens, what I have heard! and the ripple of laughter that followed some agonised phrases of a poor lodging house keeper woman when giving evidence in the Divorce Court against her will, and having a story hacked out of her—a story which was to her the nightmare of her soul. Yet she was quite innocent regarding the case in question, only a witness; I was on the point of shouting shame, but, even the Divorce Court was hushed to grave silence very soon, as a wife was denying suggestions put to her from his brief by counsel about matters of the very most awful, undescribable, appalling, physical and moral depravity ever known to mankind. I am not easily shocked, as I have frequented the haunts of thieving beggars, and I have taken up my inn with outclassed and unsexed humanity in foul and musty straw:—but cold perspiration covered my brow. What! more laughter! A nice little sarcasm by smirking counsel. I left the Court, and that midnight when discussing the causes of their misery among some of the sons of dishonour and the daughters of shame, I was not surprised to learn that their ruin was due to Law. They were made Pariahs by our so-called Justice.

I was in the Divorce Court one day. After listening to dreary and prolonged evidence about immoral dealings by a set of parties, all of whom by education and training and environment were quite indifferent to the social habitudes of ordinary middle-class hyprocrisy and respectability, the jury said: "We are tired of this and we don't care when or where or how often or with whom these parties committed adultery." The Judge made no remark, but the case went on, and if I am not mistaken was postponed till after the long vacation. This is another horror to suitors, inasmuch as when they enter these dread abodes of costly ineptitude they never know when they will be free to pursue their ordinary

avocations again. Meanwhile they bleed financially from every pore. All hope abandon ye who enter here! I once heard in the Divorce Court a well-known barrister declare: "This Court is a disgrace to civilisation." It is worse; it is one of the most abhorrent Gates of Hell—too degrading for even the ubiquitous artistic journalist.

JUDICIAL JOKES.

Patience and gravity of hearing are an essential part of justice:—hence a joking judge is a monstrosity. No suitor finds, or can find, any amusement in a Court of Law, no witness is free from anxiety and apprehension; the whole proceedings are at best matters of intense anxiety to all save the briefed lawyers, the judges who enjoy dignity, and are splendidly paid, with the minimum of work for the maximum of pay. To lawyers Law may be amusing, and also to idle spectators, though these are far less easily amused than is the Bar at judicial sallies. But even if life and liberty are not at stake, every suit is a terribly costly and exhaustive business. I never was so tired of anything as conducting one of my own cases, and I was often inclined to submit to the grossest injustice rather than go on. I would not be a suitor or a witness in any Court if I could honourably stay at home. Even a Chancery suit to settle details of partnership or a trustees' dispute, is an appalling matter. Hence joking is regarded by the parties as an intolerable insult. I am as fond of jokes as any man, and I love fun of all kinds, yet when I was pleading in a Court once I was far from amused when the Judge upset my inexperience by causing a roar of laughter at the diversity of the dialects of myself and my witness, and yet both of us *consensu omnium* spoke at least as clearly and as well as himself. I was counsel, and hence I was fair enough game, but the witness could not see the fun at all, hence I heard him in the corridor heartily cursing the Judge for his "impudence and vulgarity," and he bears a stronger hatred to law and lawyers ever since.

Only a few weeks ago I heard a witness in a case of some bill transactions wantonly turned into ridicule by the Judge by way of joke. I don't mention names, because I am attacking a villainous and disgraceful system, and not individuals, who have

been merely hardened by their cruel and debasing training, and by bad example. If the Judge had heard the comments on his joke, which was quite bad from an artistic point of view, merely clownish and very humiliating to any friend of English jurisprudence, he would try to be grave for the six hours a day for which he is paid three or four guineas an hour. Most of us would gladly pretend to be sages for even one guinea an hour. I would be grave all the rest of my life for £2,000 a year, let alone £5,000 or £6,000.

But I am only touching the fringe of the subject. Underneath the surface, beneath all the evil that is so very obvious to every casual visitor, is a very hateful and demoralising system of organised wrong.

It is true, as some lawyers plead, that things are not nearly so bad as they were 100 years ago, when the barbarism, antiquated forms, long-drawn and drivelling fantastic elaborations of absurdity of old pleadings and conveyancing, and the murderous brutality of the criminal code and of the law of debt made English Justice the very incarnation of folly and ruffianism. Before the reign of Victoria, the long files of big-wigged, self-centred, and titled Chancellors and Chief Justices and Attorneys General and Solicitors General, were a heirarchy of greedy, cruel and mischievous fools, filling the land with horror and shame and distress. Such was the defilement of the Temple of Justice in the Georgian days and down to 1860, that novelists, like Fielding and Dickens, and many others, could not find language strong enough to depict its perpetual waste and absurdity and villainy. I admit that there is an improvement, but still our Jurisprudence is a mere sham. It is admitted on all hands that our Military Law is utter ruffianism undisguised, under whose shelter our officers have no security of career and our privates are pariahs, and our Army Council a preposterous parody of the Star Chamber. But the War Office has some relation to its object, while our Courts of Justice have little or none.

Why was the question asked in my hearing again and again in the Divorce Court? "Can you explain why you did not bring an action of divorce against your wife when you knew of her misconduct?" Answer:—"Well, sir, I had no money." "So you

brought this action after a few years as soon as you got money together." "Yes." The man perhaps was a sergeant in the army, or a petty officer of the navy, and he had to endure daily outrage and the scorn of his mates till he could hire persons for about £40 to fight or to plead for him in this shrine of British Themis. Surely the judges and officials are well paid. Why could the man not be divorced without cost to himself, he could be hanged without cost to himself. Yet the Law is called sacred, and all our judges are highly esteemed, and all are called venerable, and are worthy of being toasted at civic banquets as they were a hundred years ago. My view is that the whole thing is abominable. In most cases a junior would be just as useful as a silk, and yet the system compels us to have both silk and junior. A fashionable solicitor, about some petty rubbish and nonsense, will practically force his clients to have two Leaders as well as juniors. Some judges incline their ear to one silken leader more than to another, and the client pays that favourite advocate enormous fees.

DELAY AND COST.

But Heaven knows when even at this enormous cost he will get any settlement. His case may not come on for a year or two. The whole Bar is now idling, and holidays are repeated at Christmas, and Easter, and Whitsuntide. A third of the legal year is composed of off-days, and more than a third if Sundays are included. Some judges have rushed off from the Court as soon as possible and devised schemes for idling. Blind Justice! As a French writer points out, the English are fond of delusions, they worship lies, hence they pretend to be proud of their system of Jurisprudence, and yet even lawyers constantly advise clients to shun the Courts of Justice like the plague. I met a friend, a K.C., in one of the Chancery Courts lately. "Surely you are not mad enough to come here," he said, "I am only a spectator," I replied, "I am very glad," he said, "I was afraid you were a party."

UNIVERSAL HATRED OF THE LAW.

I was a successful defendant in a most paltry blackmailing libel suit a few years ago. Neither solicitor nor barrister turned up for the plaintiff, when the case was called. It was dismissed

in 20 minutes: it should never have been brought, yet it cost me £200 and I was a very poor man. It is better to submit to blackmail than to appear in Court. The esteem in which law is held may be illustrated as follows:—

I tried to prove lately that the Courts of Justice were even worse dens of iniquity, waste, folly, and dismay than the War Office, the Home Office, Somerset House and all the other ruinous institutions called Government Departments. Clergymen, soldiers, authors, teachers, working men and ordinary folk in restaurants have since declared to me that I was absolutely true and right, and that no wise man would touch law with a tongs.

I wrote as follows:—And these sentences have been universally applauded, and have been circulated and admired by leading Englishmen of both parties.

"The Army always has had some relation to its object. The Bench, the K.C.'s, and the whole mysterious and complicated and awfully costly apparatus of English Jurisprudence have had no relation to their object. Their object is Justice, open, fair, intelligible, rapid. My informants to a man said that our High Courts do not tend directly or indirectly to secure this end. Very excellent lawyers told me so to-day in the Inner Temple Hall, and are willing to give evidence to this effect.

"I could see degrading horrors, infamous treatment of witnesses, waste of time, and ruin of suitors for myself, and yet an Attorney-General, who made ghastly blunders in carrying out details of this hateful Jurisprudence, got £19,000 a year, while our Commanders-in-Chief were paid £5,000. Now I take it that not even a K.C. will pretend that a really efficient General is not worth a score of Attorney-Generals and Solicitor-Generals, however generously remunerated.

"Mr. Haldane would have won the admiration of the world by clearing the money-changers out of the Temple of Justice! But by reducing the Army he only acquires universal contempt, and reducing it for votes that we will see that he never gets at the next Election. English lawyers in good practice, whom I could name, declared openly that certain Courts were a disgrace to civilisation, and jurors agreed.

"English soldiers have helped our Empire. English officials

and especially successful lawyers, have perpetually debased and degraded our Empire. Burke proved this most clearly, and since his time English Departments and English Jurisprudence have been plague spots in our annals. I trust that 'ending or mending' English Officialdom and English Jurisprudence will be one of the leading cries of patriots at the next General Election. So Mr. Haldane had better return to Chancery and make all the money he can when the sun shines upon this flagrant anachronism and 'costs' manufacturing and client skinning jungle of verbiage.'

Every man whom I know, and my correspondents are numerous, and include very able barristers, say that every word of this severe statement is only too true. It has not been refuted in any journal—in fact most editors quite agree with me.

THE LEGISLATURE AND THE LAW.

The manner in which our Acts of Parliament are drawn has recently been well-illustrated by the startling legal coup which ruined Mr. Balfour's Education Act, and proved that in England resistance to Acts of Parliament is more lawful than is obedience, and also that either resistance or obedience may "lead to gaol." All depends on the whims of J.P.'s and Judges and the drivelling folly of the legal draughtsmen who are paid £1,500 to £2,500 a year for humbugging the public. If I made mistakes of this kind in my business I would not only get no money but I would be prosecuted for obtaining money by false pretences. These folk get £1,500 to £2,500 a year for adulterated and deceptive Law. Yet a grocer is fined heavily for selling patent distilled whisky or margarine instead of true liquor or butter. Probably most of the officials think more of golf and bridge or killing tame birds than of their legal duties.

An Act of Parliament is passed, but the public can only learn what it means by hiring K.C. condottieri to fight over every line at a vast cost, and judges disagree as to its interpretation! What a Legislature, what a Bench, what a Nation to tolerate such tomfoolery!

That Conservative journal, *The Standard*, of August 9th, 1906, says:—

"Every Conservative defence and every Liberal denunciation of the Act would be meaningless unless the late Government

and the House of Commons had intended to do what the Court of Appeal says that it failed to effect. * *The blunder was probably a draughtsman's blunder. But the results are equally serious*—namely, if the interpretation given by the majority of the Court of Appeal is accepted by the still higher, though scarcely more learned, tribunal to which it must hereafter be submitted. Nor is there any good in lamenting the haphazard manner in which our legislation is carried into effect. *Over and over again we find the evident purpose of Parliament defeated in the Law Courts.* The most notorious instances, perhaps, have been presented by Employers' Liability and Workmen's Compensation Acts, but it is a common saying in the profession that *nobody can tell what will be the effect of a new law until every section and every line has been tested in the Courts.*"

What a monstrous summary of drivelling ineptitude.

It is in the office of the Parliamentary Counsel that Bills of the Government are prepared. The staff consists of a first Counsel, who gets £2,500 a year, and a second Counsel who begins with £1,800 per annum, and after three years service gets £2,000. There is an additional grant of £1,500 a year for fees to outside lawyers for assistance in drafting Bills when they are too numerous to be coped with by the permanent staff.

But the man in the street should remember that what a Government or a Parliament may intend to say is one thing, and what an Act legally interpreted actually does say may be quite another thing.

And other judges may decide that it is a third thing and quite a different thing. Have the draughtsmen been dismissed? Yet they are better paid than General officers of the Army.

There is nothing which Law, like the Army Council, touches that it does not degrade. I intend to return at some future period to discussing the Divorce Court, that whirlpool of domestic hope and family honour; that very focus of degradation; that breeding ground of worse than malarial abomination. I propose also to discuss our Police System and Criminal Law, as I have observed both for a quarter of a century.

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* The italics are mine.

TRUSTS.

But meanwhile I ask my readers, did they ever make a Trust arrangement? Were they ever trustees? If so, where is the money of their family and *cestui que trusts* gone? Will they be executors or trustees again? I trow not. It is certain there is an increasing difficulty in obtaining for small estates trustees of probity and solvency. It is generally necessary to place the management in the hands of the solicitor trustees. In a great many instances the actual administrator is the clerk of such trustees. When one of the trustees dies, there is generally trouble and friction. In the case of small estates, or of funds, the investment of which is strictly determined by the Trust instrument, there is constant pressure on the trustee to exceed his powers. He receives angry remonstrances for persisting in keeping in securities, yielding 3½ per cent., money which, invested in a promising mine or flourishing brewery, or a highly ingenious patent with large untried possibilities, would yield 10 per cent. He is made to understand that his pedantry prevents the beneficiary's son from going to a public school or entering the Army, or is the sole reason why a holiday necessary to health must be sacrificed. (Thus the public press.)

I never had much money, nevertheless I had made some slight provision for my children; but we consulted lawyers in an evil day. The funds are all gone, and my case is gracious compared with that of many of my friends.

PRECEDENTS.

One of the most farcical features of all our Jurisprudence is judge-made law depending on precedents. One Judge did not allow the case of Edmondson, where a grevious wrong was perpetrated for years on a non-commissioned officer, to go to a jury because he was bound by a preposterous decision of a previous judge—a decision actually adverse to the very words of the Manual of Military Law. I was present at a hearing where a "leader" was going on splendidly till the Judge said, "have you any case to support the statement," which was as plain as a pike-staff. The leader was floored, the junior could not find any reference, and the argument was worthless. Half the work done in some Courts

depends, not on whether a thing is right or wrong, but on whether the facts of the case in question are such that it comes within the range of some judgment by some Georgian or Stuart exponent of the despicable legal system of past generations. The highest fees may be earned not by eloquence or knowledge of human nature, or by transparent zeal for truth, but by subtlety in long drawn references to authorities all of which might be burned to-morrow with no injury to the State.

This reliance on precedents is another way of saying that dead judges are better able to administer justice to living men than are living judges, and that a K.C. of 1782, or Q.C. of 1862, was a much wiser man than a K.C. of 1900, and that a Baron of the Exchequer of 1850 was a more competent authority in regard to contracts of to-day than a member of the present High Court. He might easily be wiser if he were alive, but "rest his soul, he is dead."

Precedent law is utter rubbish. Tennyson in "Aylmer's Field" ridicules the time wasted in

> "Mastering that lawless science of the law
> That codeless myriad of precedent,
> That wilderness of single instances
> Through which a few by art or fortune led
> May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame."

In a Chancery Court there is much learned verbiage, costing 20 to 50 guineas an hour on each side, large bars being retained for weeks on microscopic details of cases. Some K.C.'s and judges have attained by long practice to most marvellous, indeed incredible, skill in hair splitting. They can a hair divide, betwixt the South and South-West side. I listen to them as I would to a subtle metaphysical dispute, with keen intellectual interest, but the whole thing is a canker of the State and a curse to the suitors, who do not care a farthing about all the law reports and much less about sages of the law from Coke upon Lyttleton to Sugden on Powers. Father Vaughan says that society dames would be much better employed picking strawberries or oakum than at Ascot or Goodwood Races; and for myself I should have been much better employed at the age of nineteen digging potatoes and singing

"Cherry Ripe" than learning off *White and Tudor's Leading Cases in Equity*, and the rule in Shelley's case.

Whateley's Rhetoric and *Logic* and *Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature*, and Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, did me more good even for the small practice I have had than the library of venerable authorities in mighty tomes upon which I wasted some of the best years of my life.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

We are told that the law no longer knows imprisonment for debt. The justice and the mercy and the charity and long suffering of our jurisprudence and the skill of our splendidly paid political judges are commonplace topics. Yet they have a wonderful knack of tolerating wrong. They prefer to spend their leisure in the joys of country life and in games, rather than devoting themselves body and soul, as is their duty, to the well being of humanity. Their Justice is certainly blind. I am told that in the year ending March, 1905, no fewer than 19,830 persons were received in gaol, mostly debtors, for small amounts on County Court committals—an increase of 1,808 over the previous year. Is this true? If it be, how can the judges enjoy their gold? If I were a Lord Chief Justice I would spend one half of my income in holding up legal iniquities to the scorn of my fellow citizens. Who draw up these laws? What do Attorney-Generals do for their enormous stipends? This condition of things causes a distinct loss to the State, through the expense of the debtors maintenance whilst in gaol, and through the loss of their producing power at their several avocations, let alone the destitution and misery inflicted on their wives and children who are dependent on them for their daily bread. And all for the sake of the credit-giving tradesman! This evil, under the present iniquitous system, goes on from month to month all the year round. It is not the administrators of the law who are to blame, but this cruel, unjust and absurd law they are called upon to enforce.

BANKRUPTCY LAWS.

I am informed that the Bankruptcy Act, 1883, brought into existence an army of official receivers, nearly ten times as nume-

rous as the old official assignees, who had been condemned in 1864 as "costly failures." A large department of permanent officials was also established at the Board of Trade to look after these official receivers and audit their accounts and those of the creditor's trustees. Of the official receivers, some were paid by salaries ranging from £500 to £2,000 a year, while others were paid by fees regulated by the number of cases dealt with in their respective districts."—See *John Bull*, August 18th, 1906.

FEES AND EXPENSES.

To raise revenue for payment of the salaries and fees of these officials, and for the cost of the supervisory establishment at Whitehall (headed by an Inspector-General at a salary of £1,500 a year), heavy fees were levied on bankrupt estates, including such irritating and obnoxious imposts as a stamp of the value of one shilling upon every proof of debt lodged by creditors, who were thus taxed before they were allowed to participate in the remnants of assets remaining for distribution after the sweating process of "costs, charges and expenses." A creditor desirous of proceeding in bankruptcy against a debtor has to find £5 for stamp on petition, and £5 "for deposit with official receiver" before he can move. Even the unfortunate bankrupt, before he can apply for his discharge, must find a sum for fees varying from £2 to £10 or more, according to the number of his creditors. How is an honest bankrupt who has given up everything he possesses to his creditors, to find such a sum? Is it any wonder that only 20 per cent. of the bankrupts adjudicated under Mr. Chamberlain's Act ever apply for a discharge?

THE INCARNATION OF EVIL.

I never spoke to an officer or a sergeant of the army who had not a tale of gross injustice and villainous persecution and wrong doing on the part of Military Law as interpreted by some Judge-Advocate-General. I do not exaggerate when I say that there is not one man except a paid official of my rank within a mile of my house who does not curse our law when its name is mentioned. Every lawyer when pressed admits its folly, cost and disastrous influence on our social condition.

Verily we could very well endure the throes of a revolution similar to the French Revolution if its result were a Code Napoleon. We want a New Temple of Justice more than a new War Office, and even in the Old War Office all the worst abuses were due to red tape regulations and military law. And when any unwonted excess of red tape villainy caused a soldier to appeal to a Civil Court, of course he found arrayed against him an Attorney-General and a goodly host of legal luminaries getting enormous fees to prove that there "could be no legal rights for soldiers."

WRONG IN EVERY DETAIL.

It is only moderation to say that everything which solicitors and lawyers touch they injure or degrade. I have been obliged to hearken to them again and again, and on only one occasion was their advice worth one penny to either myself, my opponents, and my clients.

Our jurisprudence is a blighting moral plague centre in our State. I do not speak of defaulting solicitors; I suppose there are black sheep in every flock, professional and mercantile. The whole routine with which solicitors must comply is an outrage on humanity. I know, perhaps, as many members of the Bar as any man. Of course they are quite honourable men and clever men, but two-thirds of them doomed to wasted, hopeless, dreary lives by the infamous system into which they have been entrapped. No other guild, no other trade union, is anything like as obstructive to poor talent or adverse to fair play. Of course every second solicitor and K.C. must be mistaken in their view of the law or there could be no costly litigation, and the worst of it is that Attorney-Generals and Solicitors are also grossly mistaken and laughably and foolishly wrong in their opinions and advice.

It may take five or six years to reconcile judges as to what the meaning of an Act of Parliament may happen to be, and half of these five years are spent in vacations. They also differ from each other in regard to matters of trust, management or patents or false imprisonment.

I have no more space now, but I am prepared to prove, at

any length, that the offences of English law are "rank, and cry to Heaven." I do not know one family to which Justice has not been extremely hurtful if not disastrous. Not one!

VALUABLE ADVICE.

The most valuable advice of many solicitors and counsel, for which I have frequently paid very small fees, is "don't fight," "don't go to law," "you are a fool to fight." How hateful a thing law must be, when honest and able lawyers who respect their clients beg of them to avoid the organised villainy and folly called law, though by this advice they lose money themselves!

My own experience may interest my readers. In the few years since 1900 I have been advised to pay, and paid, £85 which I did not owe rather than go to Common Law; to pay £900, which I contested, rather than to go into Chancery; to submit to a gross libel, most injurious to myself, rather than to enter a Court; to compromise a suit for slander regarding words that I never uttered; not to prosecute a swindler who admitted swindling me; to make a settlement beyond my means rather than to fight; and to make a trust which cost my children £1,500 for the sake of peace. Sometimes I took the advice, sometimes I did not; but in any case, right or wrong, I was out of pocket. In the last few months in three cases I was advised to "settle this." But I have been kicked and beaten into combativeness, and I will never "settle" anything again unless I feel certain that I ought to settle for moral grounds. For I will never pay the least attention to the letter of the law, not even for fear of imprisonment. Stone walls do not a prison make, if the soul be free.

I am beginning to give the following advice to my own clients, and I secured for one a very large sum and a restoration of status in consequence, although fashionable solicitors refused to take his case. I now advise "*Fight, fight always, fight day and night, fight* à outrance *if your conscience convinces you that you are right, and if your fellows in your own social state say your claims are morally justifiable.*" If you are beaten by subtle fools of lawyers and by "case bound" judges, never mind, you will be all right sometime, and we must all die, anyhow. Besides, English liberty was won by fighting. The present rule of snobbery and

bureaucracy, and social and legal tyranny is worse than the worst excesses of Plantagenets or Stuarts. Heroes are those who resist, not those who submit to arbitrary power. Indeed a military friend of mine won a suit for himself not long ago in a High Court! English law, which has no relationship with Justice, is only a bloated bubble of wordy worthlessness; prick it sharply and it will burst.

PUBLIC OPINION ON LAW.

In order to be quite certain that I was not exaggerating, I went out several times in the course of writing this article and asked certain neighbours, as I met them casually, "What do you think of English Law?" Shopkeepers, agents, caterers, clerks, bankers, men who had been jurors, and women of every class replied that they utterly abhorred the whole system—judges, law, and lawyers. Not one person, not even persons whose relatives were lawyers, had one good word for this supreme fatuity. Only this morning I heard a poor female hawker very properly denouncing the law. She was very badly treated indeed, and declared that "the rich are banded against the poor."

But I have heard and seen much worse evidence of the effect of our legal machinery on the fortunes and tone of mind of our poorer workers and of their unhappy children. I had occasion to visit a room where, in squalid surroundings, dwelt poor women, the most forlorn victims of our accursed social abominations and organism of hypocrisy and lies.

They were short of provisions; I supplied their very moderate wants cheaply enough by sending for some porter and biscuits. One young woman who dwelt there, and who had not long passed her twentieth year, had been born in a poor but decent family, whose bread-winner in due time fell ill, and lost his job, which was not so comfortable a post as that of a crier or doorkeeper in a Court of Justice, let alone a Master in Chancery. English law was put in motion against him by wealthy proprietors, who, at that period of our history, would have been shot dead in Ireland. They had no mercy, nor had the judges and bailiffs of their Queen. The father's home was sold up, dismantled, sacked worse than by Cossacks or Afridis, the children were huddled together with no furniture and little clothing in a dreary, fireless room for a while;

they were all evicted what time the rich lawyers were all at play in the autumn season. They were turned out into the wilderness of London—that greatest solitude, without a friend—turned out to wither up or to drown, poor human jetsam and flotsam. Hence one of them, a fair and loveable creature, sank into the abyss. Alas! when I found her, even more hapless than that woman of Samaria, she was still persecuted by the fiendish law—she was being torn to death by its fell machinery. Whereas if either justice or honour or chivalry or even Japanese "Bushido" prevailed in this national breeding ground of hypocrisy and cruelty she would have been cherished and protected, and her wandering feet would have been guided into the paths of peace—for is not her spirit also a particle of the Divine Essence.

Why are judges, K.C.'s, and barristers "with gifts and graces pre-eminently adorned," so learned and so rich?

Why are they so lavishly endowed with intellectual and material talents, except that they may turn darkness into light, and restore to the dismal places of our land the freshness and brightness of that Immortal Dawn. Why should she be chased about in her misery by the humble powerful instruments of the law who, as they tell me with disgust, often are ashamed of the horrid duties by which they live. They tell me that they are paid to trample wretched, helpless folk down into the deepest and dirtiest of mires, and to intensify the despair of the sons of dishonour and of the daughters of shame.

As I spoke to her, I saw that she was labouring under some strong emotion. Fain would I have soothed that Child of Heaven, and tenant of the slum? but she showed me a *subpoena* which she had received to be a witness! she then spat upon it and defiled it! and in a perfect storm of tears and passion, as fierce as it was entirely justifiable, gave vent to terrible imprecations against the whole of that hateful legal system, which, when I was her age, I was taught to venerate as the Majesty of English law.

Verily the English Themis, albeit arrayed in tawdry and costly robes, is an ill-conditioned and ill-bred vixen and courtesan—it is time she were publicly stripped and her fulsome

features discovered plain in the sight of all men. Then our people would shrink from her in horror and disgust.

Thus in Spenser's immortal allegory of the *Faerie Queene*, the Red Cross Knight spurned the false enchantress, Duessa, when she was disarrayed by Prince Arthur, and every limb and every lineament were seen to be "most loathsome, filthie, foul and full of vile disdaine:—" that "ever to have touched her did him deadly rue."

What a terrible waste of brains and money and freshness of soul is our Law! Yet within five years, by zealous and ceaseless effort, with no long vacations, all might be restored to purity and brilliancy. Duessa would again be replaced by Una or by Britomart, or by that "Goddesse heavenly sheene"—"the faireste Tanaquill:" all incarnations of Philosophy and Grace:—"Mirrors of Truth and Majesty divine."

Then a degrading jurisprudence would fade away from our Imperial Isles, "like a phantasma or a hideous dream," and the Genius of Justice—Astræa, returning to our realm, would hover over us with healing in her celestial wings.

Fervently do we long for the realisation of old Hooker's ideal in that noble monument of Elizabethan wisdom and eloquence—his "Ecclesiastical Polity."

"Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the Harmony of the World:—all things in Heaven and Earth do her homage:—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her Power."

T. MILLER MAGUIRE.

2, Pump Court, Temple,

Sept. 7th, 1906.

AN IMMORTAL SOUL.

By W. H. Mallock.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

For the two following days Sir Rawlin was once more occupied. He saw no one, except on business, till he arrived for dinner at Lady Conway's. He could not have returned to Cliff's End, whatever might have been his desire to do so; but his memory of Miss Vivian as she hastily turned away from him gave to his thoughts of her a poignancy which they never had possessed before. "I wish I was with you again. I wish I had not left you. I wish I was looking out with you into the evening twilight now." He was constantly saying this to himself, unchecked by any self-rebuke.

Lady Conway at dinner, so long as the servants were in the room, had confined her conversation with him to the political situation at Southquay, a question about which she had acquired almost as much information as he had. She was indeed able to lecture him as to the faulty state of the register. But as soon as they were alone she abruptly changed the subject.

"I wonder now," she began—"come, if you won't drink, smoke—I wonder who that girl's parents are?"

"What girl?" asked Sir Rawlin, as he applied a match to a cigarette.

"I don't think much of you," said Lady Conway, "for asking such a stupid question. Of course you know the little minx with the smart frock who is so occupied with you and your water-colours."

"Oh," said Sir Rawlin, "I can tell you about that. I partly found it out for myself by looking in The Landed Gentry, and the aunt told me the rest the other day when I lunched with her. The father is Captain Rhyss Vivian."

"To be sure," said Lady Conway, interrupting him, "a man in the Second Life Guards. His friends said that he suffered from a peculiar form of madness, a kind of kleptomania, which only developed itself at the card-table. Anyhow, he committed the one sin for which there is no forgiveness in this world or the next. It's odd that commentators on the Bible have never discovered what it is. I saw him when I was a girl—the best-looking man in London. He left England and married a Belgian heiress, who for the sake of his *beaux yeux* of course thought him a martyr."

"Well," Sir Rawlin continued, "Miss Vivian is that man's daughter. She's here as an invalid, and the parents, who live at Cimiez, are very glad, I imagine, to have her off their hands. It seems that there's another young lady, called Enid Wynn—a relation, who lives with them as an adopted child, and who doesn't get on with the daughter; and so when one's at home they're delighted to be rid of the other. This girl has money, and the parents pay handsomely for her maintenance. She has carte blanche here to order whatever she likes."

"So I should think," said Lady Conway, "considering the way she's dressed. She's old for her years, that young lady is. Oswald told me something of this, but not so much as you. His memory has temporarily failed him for everything except myself."

"Yes," said Sir Rawlin, glad to get on safer ground, "boys are curious creatures. Their first loves are always women——"

"Finish your sentence," said Lady Conway, "women old enough to be their great-great-grandmothers. Well, there's hope for all of us. Men, in their way, are creatures just as curious. Isn't that your own experience? My dear man," she continued, "I was on the point of preaching you a sermon; but I won't. Just wait a little, and you'll see that I shall do better. At what hour does this brilliant function begin? At ten, do you say? Then we'd better ring for coffee."

The rooms in which the ball was given were large, heavily gilded, and glittered with enormous chandeliers. They opened

from a circular hall, where stationed at the various doors members of the committee were signalising themselves by welcoming the more important guests. When Sir Rawlin and Lady Conway arrived the crowd was already considerable, but the news of Lady Conway's presence spread itself with such rapidity that by the time she emerged from the cloak-room and found Sir Rawlin awaiting her several voices were exclaiming at the thronged entrance, "Room, please; room, please. Let the Marchioness of Conway pass."

A moment later she was beset by a number of official gentlemen; Sir Rawlin, though not neglected, becoming the mere shadow of his companion. Then the official gentlemen were reinforced by some official ladies, foremost amongst whom was Mrs. Morriston Campbell. "It's so good of you to come," the official ladies murmured, an assertion which Lady Conway delighted them by contradicting flatly.

"I expect," said Mrs. Morriston Campbell, "you'll find many people here you know. I saw Lady Grange only two minutes ago."

"Where?" said Lady Conway in alarm, and then turning round to Sir Rawlin, "Help me," she whispered, "to escape from that most horrible of all old hags. But, wait a minute." Her eyes meanwhile had strayed, and, moving forwards, she captured a young man in a dazzling waistcoat, who was patiently parading a sense of superiority to the general company. "Captain Vansittart," she said, "I want to have one word with you. I've a girl coming here to-night whom I'm anxious to see enjoying herself. I want you to dance with her, and get her some decent partners—young and beautiful as yourself, if you think such a thing is possible. You won't regret it. Come to me by-and-by in the ball-room."

Captain Vansittart, on seeing her, was like a dead man coming to life again, and she left him proclaiming by his carriage that he had not been born in vain. "And now," she said to Sir Rawlin, "what shall we dowagers do with ourselves? I'll tell you what *you* should do. Don't be tied to my apron-strings, but go and make yourself agreeable to every antiquated object, male or female, that you can put a name to. Ah, here comes Oswald. Sir Rawlin, your country calls you. Oswald, my dear boy, come and sit in my pocket, and tell me who these old specimens are. And now," she went on

as they ensconced themselves in a bower of palm-trees, "where is old George Carlton? and where is that pretty little cousin of yours? You yourself will have to dance with her by-and-by."

"No," said Oswald loftily, "I feel as the Romans did. They watched slaves dancing, but they never danced themselves. I'd much sooner talk to you. After all she is a mere girl. There she is. She's just passing us. The monster jigging round with her is that dreadful Colonel O'Brian."

Lady Medway followed with her eyes a figure in black and white—skirts like a whispering cloud, and a bodice like clean-cut ivory.

"Isn't my little charge quite too chic and captivating?" said a voice in her ear, as Mr. George Carlton seated himself. "It's a pity that at times she seems to lose the use of her tongue. At dinner to-night she hardly uttered, and she's certainly not saying much to that distressing gentleman, her partner. Was there ever anything like him—all moustaches and perspiration?"

"Oswald," said Lady Conway, "do you see that tall Adonis, who seems to be chewing the cud of his own past successes? It's Captain Vansittart. Tell him I want to speak to him, and bring your cousin to me, too, if you can get her out of her Orson's clutches. I'm determined, my dear George, that that child shall have the sort of evening she ought to have."

"I'm so glad to hear you say so," Mr. Carlton replied. "I saw, by the way, in the hall our distinguished member that is to be, quite surrounded by a posse of local big-wigs. What a handsome fellow that is!"

"Yes," said Lady Conway, "he's as handsome as a man can be, without looking a fool, like Captain Vansittart; and he's not a fool at this moment, for he's following my own advice to him."

Sir Rawlin, indeed, had not only followed her advice, but the moment he saw her address herself to Captain Vansittart he had grasped her immediate intentions, and had ceased to have any doubts as to her meaning. He resented such interference as coming from a woman like her; but the fact that even to her it seemed necessary roused his own scruples into life again. He had seen the back of the girl's head in the distance, and, adjacent to it, Mr. Carlton's wig. He had turned sharply away. "At all events her evening," he thought, "shall not be disturbed by me."

The resolution thus formed he carried out so consistently that till long past midnight he did not even enter the ball-room. Amongst the elder portion of the company were many friends of his father's who remembered him in his youth, and were now overjoyed to welcome him—country gentlemen and their wives, by this time parents and grandparents. With these, one by one, he found himself renewing his acquaintance, and almost forgetting the reason which prompted him to this wholesale friendliness. It is true that, from time to time, his eyes and his thoughts would wander, and he found himself watching to see if, amongst the various couples who strayed from the ball-room into the tea-room and the rooms devoted to conversation, there were not present a figure exquisite in black and white; and seeing none, the voice of the ball-room called him. But he still resisted the temptation.

Fate, however, was a creditor which exacted its dues at last. The wife of the high sheriff, a buxom and vivacious lady, made it impossible for him, he being a good though an unwilling dancer, not to do by her what she obviously considered to be his duty; and the two made their way together towards the medley of revolving couples. The scene had a certain brilliance. There were many pretty dresses and a very fair show of diamonds. The notes of a Viennese band echoed in the gilded roof, and the great crystal chandeliers repeated themselves in the enormous mirrors. Sir Rawlin and his partner added themselves to the whirl of waltzers. As white shoulders and black, as trousers and skirts went by them, she had no time to notice that he had suddenly grown grave and absent. Presently he was aware of the figure which he had thus far been so scrupulously avoiding. Their eyes met for a moment, and it was not until she had drifted past him that he realised what a multiplicity of things may take place in a point of time. He knew that she had appealed to and reproached him. He knew that she was hardly conscious of the man who shared her movements. He knew that he had promised to come to her at the earliest possible opportunity. Lady Conway's wisdom had faded into irrelevant and officious folly.

The dance ended, and with a dexterity perhaps somewhat too pronounced, he deposited his lady somewhere, he was not very sure where, except that it was near a recess like a magnified bow-window,

at the aperture of which, leaning against a tall red curtain, Miss Vivian stood with Captain Vansittart close to her. The young man, who had the air of completing a conquest which was at least begun, was practising attitudes indicative of a tender monopoly. "I'm awfully sorry," he was saying to her, "that I've got to be off to-morrow," and was hastening to add, "But I hope we shall meet in London," when, in the middle of this avowal, he was conscious that her attention wandered. Her eyes lit up. She moved. She had evidently forgotten his existence.

"I thought," she said, advancing to meet Sir Rawlin, "I thought that you were never coming. See, there's a seat in that window. We shall be able to hear ourselves talk there."

He followed her, struck afresh, as he often had been struck before, by her unhesitating skill in the minor tactics of life. "I've been occupied all the night," he said, "in a superior kind of canvassing. I've had to dance once, the first time for fifteen years; and you—I knew Lady Conway was going to get you partners—I thought you would like to dance, and I didn't want to interfere with you. I only hope you've enjoyed yourself more than I have."

"The dancing—yes," she said; "but I hardly know whom I've danced with. Three were pink, two were white, and Colonel O'Brian has a face like a turnip lantern. Lady Conway, I've no doubt, means to be very kind, but she'd better look after herself. I saw her at Nice once, and she wasn't doing so then. Here's a seat; or where will that passage take us? I believe I feel rather tired. Let us see if we can't rest in there."

The passage, as she called it, had originally been an open arcade, running along the façade of the building between two protruding wings, but now it was glazed in and formed a kind of corridor. A few couples were loitering in it, but they disappeared as the band struck up again.

"I've been wanting," Sir Rawlin began, as they strolled slowly onwards, "to come back to Cliff's End and see you, and tell you all you were asking me about my pictures, but I haven't had one spare moment. Besides, if I came too often your aunt would get tired of the sight of me."

"Come to-morrow," said the girl. "No, not to-morrow. To-morrow is the fête, and I shall see you there. Come the day after.

Looking at your pictures has set me longing to sketch again, and I thought of doing so that afternoon under the stone-pines outside the garden. I wonder what these doors lead to. Suppose we go in and see."

The doors in question formed the end of the corridor. Sir Rawlin pushed them open, and they found themselves in a large space, where bands had at one time played in the open air; but this, too, like the arcade, had now been enclosed by glass, and been turned into a winter garden. The middle was at present occupied by a number of long rough tables, evidently prepared for a flower-show, and large white labels were lying on them ready to be affixed to pots. Some chairs had been arranged for such persons as might choose to use them, but nothing else had been done to attract the company of to-night. No lamps had been lighted, and the only artificial illumination came through rose-coloured curtains from the shining ball-room within. But the lamps were not missed. The whole place was white with moon-light, and the open sea was visible, flickering through the transparent walls. The whole structure might have been a glass ship afloat on the silvered waters.

Here at length they seated themselves. Sir Rawlin watched her in silence, and softened by the intervening windows, the air from Carmen came to them—"Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi." The ivory whiteness of her dress, emphasised at the waist and shoulders by clear-cut bands of blackness, the blackness of her long gloves, and the violets dreaming at her breast, gave her the air of a preternaturally young widow, whose vigil was at the gates of the future rather than at the grave of the past. He tried to speak, but his first attempt was a failure. Then in words, the most commonplace he was able to muster, he asked her once more how she had enjoyed her evening.

"I'm looking at the sea," she answered. "I enjoy the sea much better. That same sea glitters in the Persian gulf. The Nile and the Ganges and the Euphrates all go flowing into it. Yes, I liked the dancing, as I told you. But what does dancing come to? It makes one want the depths, and gives one only the shallows. And you have seen it all—all those far-off places, and the ships with the odd sails, and the minarets, and the men with turbans. I don't want to talk. Stay by me, and let me just be silent."

She leaned her chin on one of her slim black hands, and again looked out over the water, lost in her own reflections. Sir Rawlin was lost in reflections of his own likewise. Memories of Lady Conway's unspoken sermon came back to him. He thought, too, of Lord Cotswold's words, "A child like that is never a child." He grew more and more conscious that, however unwelcome in some ways, the presence of a chaperon would in others be very desirable. In default of a chaperon he brought out a cigarette. A moment later he felt he had been wise in doing so. The doors had been pushed open, and some one or other had entered; but with the aid of his cigarette he managed to be so elaborately natural that he did not even turn to see who or what the intruder was, and Miss Vivian's indifference was apparently even more absolute. Sir Rawlin, indeed, was affecting to be occupied with the course of a moonlit smoke-ring when he heard a voice saying to him, "Well, I call this true seclusion. Your discovery of it is the success of the evening."

Sir Rawlin looked up, and before him was Lady Conway, with a flash in her eyes, half humorous, half upbraiding. "I'm sorry to disturb you," she went on, "but all things must have an end, even seclusion; and this young lady—I speak for her Cousin George—must exchange the quiet of a ball for the comparative dissipation of bed. My dear," she said, turning to the girl, "your carriage has been called already, and precious Cousin George will be in hysterics if he's kept waiting."

Miss Vivian, however, still comported herself as if she had heard nothing, and Lady Conway, unaccustomed to such behaviour, stooped and looked curiously into her face. It was the face of one who was either asleep with her eyes open, or who else, so it seemed to Lady Conway, must have fainted in that condition. Lady Conway knew, for her knowledge in this way was extensive, that women, and especially girls with little experience, do occasionally faint under the onslaughts of male affection; and her own conception of love-making being very far from transcendental, she leapt to the conclusion that Sir Rawlin, by some crude or premature liberty, had succeeded in giving a violent shock to one who had, to say the least of it, a claim on his discreet forbearance. She contemplated the girl with an expression that gradually became

almost tender. At last she stooped again, and lightly kissed her forehead. Then turning to Sir Rawlin, she said in a changed tone, "I hope you are satisfied with your work. What have you been trying to do to her? But I know men. I needn't ask. It will be better for your own character—hers is of no importance—if she's found here with me alone. We may have to call a doctor. What muddlers you men are! You're all of a piece—all of you."

Sir Rawlin was about to answer, when suddenly with a brusque movement, Miss Vivian turned round to him and said, "Am I very absent?"

"I'm afraid you are, my dear," said Lady Conway's voice behind her, "and I've come to tell you that Cousin George is particularly anxious that you should be present. You, Sir Rawlin, quick, go and find Mr. Carlton, and tell him that his young lady's caught and will be out in another minute. You may thank your stars," she added, following him for a few paces, "that nothing worse has come of this. Don't dawdle about and make any scene at parting, but drive back by yourself and wait for me on my own door-step. I've some nice little things to say to you."

Not very long afterwards the echoes of Sir Rawlin's crescent were roused by the rumble of a carriage, and Lady Conway was saying to her footman, "Bring some whiskey and a siphon into the dining-room, and wait up for ten minutes to let Sir Rawlin Stantor out. You see," she continued, when the dining-room door was closed, "how careful I am of that treasure, my own good name. Frederick's virginal eyes shall be satisfied that you're off the premises. And now let me tell you—— But come, don't stand. Sit down. Let me tell you——"

Sir Rawlin, however, interrupted her. "Before you tell me," he said, "any single thing of any kind, let me tell you something first."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Very well," she said, "tell away then."

"I know," said Sir Rawlin, looking her quietly in the face, "what you assume my conduct to have been. I won't quarrel with you for your assumptions. I will content myself with showing you that they are wrong. Listen: You found me sitting about a yard away from my companion—a safe distance, as you will admit. Since

we entered that place and were alone together I had not been an inch or a fraction of an inch nearer to her. Also I had uttered to her one single observation only, which was to the effect that I hoped she had enjoyed her evening. The condition in which you found her—I was quite unaware of it myself, and it can but have lasted for a minute or two—naturally makes you suspicious. Let me tell you something of which you are naturally not aware. Miss Wynn Vivian, ever since a serious illness, has suffered from some disorder of the nerves. I and Lord Cotswold found her some weeks ago sitting with her cousin, Miss Arundel, on one of the public benches in a state much the same as that in which she was just now. The cause on that occasion was walking too fast up hill. She did not appear to be asleep; but I spoke to her and she did not recognise me, and a few days afterwards she had no recollection of the incident. If you doubt me you can ask her cousin, her aunt, her doctor. You need therefore——" he went on, but Lady Conway stopped him.

"Come," she said, "I won't ask you for references. Men lie so often, that I know when they don't by contrast. Indeed I must admit that, when I saw the girl into her carriage, and saw that she looked disappointed rather than discomposed, I began to wonder whether I might not be less right than I usually am. Have some whiskey and soda water to show that there's no ill-feeling, and also to keep your courage up, for I haven't done with you yet. Indeed I may tell you candidly that I've only just begun. If Frederick is scandalised we must sacrifice his salvation to yours. And now, how can I manage to make myself most odious?"

Lady Conway seemed struggling for some foot-hold on the mountain of serious morals. At last she found it in the shape of a general principle, admitting by her manner of stating it that it was no more than a platitude.

"Married women," she began, "are of course all fair game." Her sermon having been once started the rest became much easier. "But," she went on, "with unmarried girls it's different. Not being a girl myself I can afford to take strict views for them. In love, as in war, hit those of your own size. Now one thing, my dear man, is just as plain as a pikestaff. Girls—even girls with nerves—don't faint for nothing, and though I'll admit handsomely that you no more

thought of touching her than you would have done had she been the Ark of the Covenant, she would never have been in the state she was, nerves or no nerves, if it hadn't been—well, how shall I put it? To make a long story short—and you ought to know this yourself—she's head over ears in love with you, or she will be, if you don't prevent it. I saw it all the other day when she was looking at those drawings of yours. Now this—for you're not, at your age, going to take a bride from the school-room—would, if things came to a crisis, put you in an absurd position. I'm speaking of yourself only. I shall say nothing more of her. Don't you, in all sober cynicism, think as much yourself?"

"Yes," said Sir Rawlin, rather grudgingly, "supposing you to be right, I do."

"Boys," said Lady Conway, "can do anything, without making themselves ridiculous, just as a child may have a tumble without so much as shaking itself, which, if you or I had it, would break every bone in our bodies; but the most absurd thing which a mature man can do to a woman is to rouse expectations in her which he is not prepared to satisfy. This is doubly true when the woman is a young girl. You are giving her a cheque with which to buy herself presents, and when the cheque is taken to the bank there is no balance to meet it. It would be indeed a delightful thing for our distinguished Conservative candidate if he added to his public laurels the broken heart of a school-girl. But I don't want to frighten you. Listen to the consolations of reason. Love, with a girl like this, is very much like a cold. It's easily cured if the cure is applied in time. Now what's to be the cure in your case? As you can't go away like Æneas—for that's out of the question—whatever you do, don't pull her up short. That would precipitate a crisis, which is just what you want to avoid. See her as much as you please. Take a deeper and deeper interest in her, but let the interest be of a kind which will gradually make her think you a bore. She's coming to this fête to-morrow. As soon as your speech is over take her to all the side shows. Treat her as if she were an ordinary child. I've just heard from my dear old friend, Dr. Thistlewood, that he's been asked, and has consented, to give a lecture at the Institute here. Insist on her going to that. Talk to her about it afterwards, and never, if you can help it, use a word

of less than thirteen syllables. When you're not treating her as a child, treat her as if you hoped that she would one day be the mistress of a High School. I find, when I look into your case, that your ways of salvation multiply. And now good-night. Frederick must be tried no longer. The devil's quotations from Scripture must, if necessary, be continued in our next."

CHAPTER IV.

THAT same night, as the late train from London was slackening its pace amongst the outlying hills of Southquay, a man in a second-class carriage was re-reading a letter. He was dressed in black, he was tall, and a cord was round his low-crowned hat. This man was none other than Mr. Barton, who had for nearly a fortnight been performing his duties as secretary to an Ecclesiastical Conference, the object of which was a return to the ritual of Old Sarum. The letter was from Lady Susannah. It had only reached him that morning, and the larger part of it was taken up with a request that he would, as he was staying in Westminster, make some indignant complaints for her at the Army and Navy Stores. But it was not this part of the document that was claiming his attention now, and bringing to his weary face an expression of vague trouble. What Mr. Barton was re-reading was a postscript of a few lines. "You will be glad to hear that ever since you left, Nest has been very much better, enjoying, amusing and interesting herself just as we wished she should do. We have often seen Sir Rawlin. He has got her to go to the golf-course; she is going with us all to the fête to hear him make his opening speech; and to-morrow my cousin George Carlton is going to take her to the Southquay ball."

Mr. Barton, with a deep sigh, thrust the letter into his pocket. "A ball!" he murmured to himself. "I had never looked forward to that." And when, five minutes later, he was driving off from the station he repeated the word "A ball" in the darkness of his closed cab.

The road from Southquay Station to the town runs along a curve of shore; and clusters of house-clad hills, with all their constellated lights, were framed by the window of the vehicle as Mr. Barton looked through it. The lights generally lay sparse on the

darkness of the nocturnal gardens, but out on a spur of rock the Bath Saloons were blazing and were sending shining streaks into the glass of the intervening waters. Mr. Barton's own way would take him close to this group of buildings. The road at that point was steep; and as his cab-horse was crawling up it he told the driver to drop him, saying that he would follow on foot.

He stood for a few moments motionless on the blanched pavement, and stared at the buildings opposite him, from which snatches of music issued. He knew that round the rock on which they stood ran a narrow clambering pathway, which was reached from the road by a flight of little rude steps; and, with a gait resembling that of a somnambulist, he picked his way down these. Presently just under him was a lapping of caverned waves, whilst above him balustrades peeped, some structure of glass glittered, and music descended on him in a subtle cascade of notes, with which he associated, although he was no opera-goer, the reckless and challenging refrain, "Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi." The sounds were terrible to him. For himself they had no seduction, but he felt them as representing everything that could appeal to the souls of others, making them forget heaven, and luring them to the lamps of hell. He was not a man whom his asceticism with regard to himself had ever rendered censorious with regard to the amusements of others. He had, though he had never attended balls personally, been accustomed to accept them as incidents of ordinary social intercourse, and now his solicitude for one particular soul made him jealous of them for the first time, as though the world and the flesh were incarnate in them. Eyes which were made to be lifted or lowered in adoration, ears which were made to thrill with the music of mass and litany, were, so he now told himself, being exposed behind those shining windows to all the music of the Horsel, and scents of all the roses of Pæstum. He turned away to the sea, and though his arms hung motionless at his side he had the impression that, with a passionate movement, he was extending them; whilst a face had risen before him which it broke his heart to contemplate, and which now was the face of one who had died for the sake of all men, and now—though, oddly enough, its aspect had hardly changed—became the face of another for whose sake he would have died himself.

When he reached his own house, where he forced himself to eat a mouthful or two, his mind was still in the same state of tension. Restlessly pacing to and fro in his library he fixed his eyes on the heads of his Italian saints—images of spiritual passion—which were hung by wires against his bookshelves; and the expression of each face, as he contemplated it, seemed to repeat itself in his own. At last, however, he noticed that on his writing-table was a pile of unopened letters. Most of them, he saw at a glance, were letters about parish business. As though seeking relief in action he forced himself into a new mood. He sat himself down before them and disposed of them one by one, going over accounts, putting marks against trifling errors in them, and directing and closing his envelopes with the promptitude of a hurrying clerk. Then, when this was accomplished, carrying his one light with him, he betook himself to the smaller room into which his library opened, and there, having paused in front of the bare oak table, which, as Sir Rawlin had noticed, was evidently employed by him as a prie-dieu, he sank down, kneeling on the stool which stood before it. He had placed the light on the writing-desk several yards away from him, and he might, thus dimly illuminated, have been a saint of the thirteenth century.

Prayer, as commonly understood, is the preferring of some definite supplication, or perhaps some definite act of confession and devout resolve. With men like Mr. Barton it is a prolonged spiritual drama, more real in its opulent adventures than anything which is called reality. Before him now there again appeared a face, the same which he had seen from the pathway on the moonlit rock, but incomparably clearer. It was then a flickering symbol, uncertain in its details. It was now distinct, like a cameo cut on darkness, but it differed from a cameo in having the texture and the tints of life. Its eyes, as he sought their depths, seemed to penetrate him with their responding gaze. He saw in them that sorrowful knowledge of all human sorrows, with which a remote Omniscience had enriched itself by stooping to man's experience. Then as he looked and looked, he knew not for how long, the expression of this face grew deeper, as though all these sorrows accumulated were fulfilling themselves at the same moment in a single forlorn heart. Mr. Barton's own heart seemed to him to leap forwards, and to

adore and also to expostulate with the condescension of the divine Sufferer. Here again he had lost all count of time; but the assaults of his love, as his spiritual teachers would have called them, seemed at last to be having their effect on the aspect of the Lord himself. The agonised face softened into a sort of semi-obscurity. Then it began to re-form itself, and as it re-formed itself it was changed. The Christ of history, with His span of earthly life, had given place to the Christ that is beyond time, to the eternal Reason by which all the worlds exist, to the eternal and delectable Beauty which is the bridegroom of the spousal soul. Just as the eyes at first had been the eyes of all sorrows they were now the eyes of a love which, if once tasted, would so fill the soul with beatitude that no room for sorrow would be left in it.

Mr. Barton felt as if his whole being were taking wings, and like the "lonely dove," of which St. Francis de Sales speaks, were ready to mount to the bosom of this celestial loveliness. But something held him back, and he heard a voice saying to him, "I am ready for you, Theophilus. What keeps you from me?" Mr. Barton's head sank lower. "Lord," he heard himself answer, "do Thou read my thoughts; or let me speak them to myself on this wise, and Thou shalt hear me. The Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep of all His folds carried one lamb on His shoulders. One disciple was distinguished amongst all the rest as the beloved one. If one of the Master's disciples, a humble shepherd himself, were to come into his Master's presence bearing a lamb likewise—a lamb who might have else been lost—would the Master say to him, 'Depart and come not near me, because thou hast given thy heart to that which is not!'? Lord, even to myself I dare to breathe no more." Having said this, he felt himself transformed into one act of listening, his suspense being that of a man whose neck is beneath the guillotine; and by-and-by it seemed to him that the divine voice answered, "My son, do not fear to look at Me. As thou art present in My heart, so let her be in thine. Bring thy lamb to Me that she may be in My heart also."

Mr. Barton was in many ways a very sensible man. However high he might lift himself above the levels of ordinary existence, he felt, when he came down to them, no false shame or difficulty in resuming the moods and judgments proper to life's daily business.

Accordingly when he woke next morning his anxiety with regard to Miss Vivian, although it was undiminished, assumed a more practical character. He recollected that she would in the afternoon be present at the political fête, and he resolved to attend this himself, in the hopes, not merely of meeting her, but also of observing her demeanour—especially, so he caught himself thinking, her demeanour towards Sir Rawlin Stantor. The image of Sir Rawlin, he could hardly explain why, had now begun to afflict him with a new uneasiness. Was it, or was it not, for Sir Rawlin's sake, or owing to his influence, that Miss Vivian had let herself be plunged into the reckless world of dancing? On his breakfast-table was the local paper with a long account of the ball in it. Perhaps, after all, Sir Rawlin had not himself been present, in which case the orgie after might practically have been almost harmless. Mr. Barton consulted the list of names. He saw, with a deep frown, that Sir Rawlin's name was among the first of them. He saw something else as well—a paragraph headed, "Interesting Sale at Southquay: Roman Catholic Orders in England."

"One of the wealthiest of the Monastic Orders recently expelled from France has," so the paragraph ran, "just completed the purchase from Sir Rawlin Stantor of twenty acres on the summit of Weldon Hill. One-half of this area, we are informed, will be occupied by the monastic buildings, which, in point of size and magnificence, will probably excel any similar structure in Europe."

Mr. Barton with an impatient gesture threw the paper away from him. "That indeed makes a difference," he said to himself, and his mouth grew hard. "The man must have known about this—having been planning this—at the very moment when we first talked together."

By three o'clock, the hour at which the fête opened, the Bath Saloons had transfigured themselves. The great ball-room was hung with flags and patriotic mottoes. Here, at half-past three, Sir Rawlin and others were to speak; and then, when the speaking was over, sight-seeing, gaiety, refreshments and all kinds of music were to give wings to the moments till eleven o'clock at night. In one of the smaller rooms Punch would delight the young. In another a lady mesmerist would mingle mirth with mystery. In another penny portraits would be taken by magnesium light. Flowers and vegetables would be exhibited in the winter-garden.

When the party from Cliff's End arrived the speakers were already on the platform, flanked or backed by rows of influential or ornamental personages, amongst whom Lady Conway in sables held a foremost place, her face calm with a sort of disdainful assurance, which made the failure of any cause associated with herself seem incredible.

Sir Rawlin scanned the wilderness of faces fronting him, whilst first the chairman, and then two other speakers, gave novelty and rest to the entertainment by a series of references to himself. The eyes of everyone in the room were, so he felt, fixed on him, but at last he discovered that the rule had at all events one exception. In the front row, just below him, shaded by a purple hat, and by their own long lashes, were a pair of eyes which obstinately sought the ground. Once having noticed these his own eyes would not stray from them. He wondered whether Lady Conway would observe how he was profiting by her last night's admonitions. In time his constancy was rewarded. A speech had just ended, and the speaker had resumed his seat, when Sir Rawlin's own summons came, and he was called upon to address the meeting. A volume of welcome rose from the whole assembly so loud and sudden that the downcast eyes raised themselves, and his eyes and those eyes met. "Why last night did you leave me without a word? I have thought of you ever since." "I left you without a word, for I was not my own master." Clear through the protracted cheering question and answer crossed each other, and the orator, when he rose to speak, did so with a feeling of confidence, the immediate cause of which would have probably surprised his hearers.

"A capital speech," said Lady Medway to him, when the performances on the platform being over its occupants, much relieved, had come down from their station. "I hope you've not forgotten mine. Wait for a moment and I'll deliver it over again to you. Come here, Miss Nest. Where did you get that hat? Let me look at you. You've quite recovered, I see. Well, I took you away last night from a great deal of wisdom, and now Sir Rawlin has been giving you so much of it that you haven't—he's afraid, and so am I—taken in more than half. He's particularly anxious to explain to you what he meant about popular education, and if that is too frivolous a subject for you he'll take you to Punch and Judy."

Half-an-hour afterwards a man with an anxious face, who had been making his way through the crowd, which by this time was in general motion, had suddenly pushed himself forwards in the direction of a tall lady. Close to the tall lady was a small and very neat gentleman, who, whenever those about him collided with his immaculate garments, was making resigned grimaces, as though he were bathing in a sea too rough for him. "My dear fellow," said Mr. Carlton, "it is really too nice to see you again. Susie, Mr. Barton is speaking to you."

Mr. Barton's face was now all smiles and friendliness. Information and questions flowed from him. He was only just back from London; he had only just reached the meeting. Unfortunately he had missed the speeches, and how was Lady Susannah? And how were all her party? and he hoped—though this hope was somewhat late in expressing itself—that Miss Vivian was feeling none the worse for her ball. "No," said Lady Susannah, "she was with us a minute ago, but really in a crowd like this there's no keeping together." "Indeed there is not," said Mr. Barton, who, with very considerable skill, was allowing three young women clutching each other by the hand to thrust him back into independence. In another moment Lady Susannah was lost, and Mr. Barton's eyes were searching again for the object which alone interested him.

At last, through a momentary vista which formed itself in the moving throng, he distinguished a purple hat, which was like an orchid in a field of thistles. It could, he divined, belong to one person only; and close to the hat was the back of a well-groomed man, whose head was stooping down towards it in an intimate and protecting manner. Mr. Barton struggled on. Sir Rawlin and Miss Vivian were listening to a couple of talking patrots, in whose odious garrulity they evidently found amusement. He did not desire at that moment to make them aware of his presence. He could not have done this, had he wished it. He contented himself with watching, but he could not even watch them long. He saw her, with a pretty familiarity, put her hand on her companion's arm. The two then turned away, and he instantly lost sight of them. Mr. Barton, however, knew the geography of the Bath Saloons well. He realised that they must have entered the corridor which led to the winter-garden, and he hastened to reach that place

by means of another door. There again he saw them. Unsuspicious of his presence they were looking at some rows of tulips, and again she was calling his attention to one thing or another with a hand the whiteness of whose glove made it noticeable on his dusky sleeve. Between him and them was a rampart of prize rhubarb and celery; he found himself button-holed by an exhibitor, who was one of his own churchwardens; and by the time his attention was free again Sir Rawlin and Miss Vivian were gone. He hastened away in the direction which he judged it probable that they had taken. But his progress was slow. Everywhere he looked in vain for them. They seemed to be eluding him like an object pursued in dreams.

As for Sir Rawlin, he had been following Lady Conway's policy, and he found it in practice both easier and more pleasant than he had anticipated. He had let himself down to the level of mere good fellowship, and his young companion had thus far appeared to desire no more. Nothing, indeed, had troubled them but a growing consciousness of the crowd. They would otherwise have actually entered the room where Punch was squeaking. This, however, as they saw at the door, was packed, but another door, not far from it, allured them by its agreeable contrast. Here, as a card announced, admission was one shilling, and the persons who entered were few and far between. Across the door were the words, "Madame Levy, the Renowned Mesmerist." "Come," said Miss Vivian, "do let us go in here: I see Cousin George in the distance. We will vanish before he catches us."

Their shillings at all events procured them sufficient quiet. The room was large, and there were but fifty people in it. Sir Rawlin and Miss Vivian seated themselves on one of the back benches. Madame Levy, a lady with black and apparently rather humid hair, was finishing a discourse about will-currents and vital fluids, and then invited anyone—the more sceptical he might be, the better—to mount the platform and put her powers to the test. "I can't do everyone," she said, "but if you find me fail with some my success with others will be all the more remarkable. I should like to begin with a gentleman who disbelieves in me—a gentleman with a great, strong will, who will resist my influence. What! How is this? Is there no gentleman with a will so strong that he is not afraid to try me?" This appeal elicited a gentleman of Wesleyan

appearance, who mounted the platform like a saint defying an imitation Satan. He submitted himself gallantly to Madame Levy's requirements, and five minutes later he was dancing a clumsy hornpipe, his lips grinning, and his frock coat on the ground. He then successively, at Madame Levy's command, invaded the audience, snatched a flower from an elderly gentlewoman, and returning to the platform and seating himself at a small piano, picked out with one finger the tune of a well-known street-song. The shouts of merriment which greeted his return to consciousness alone made him suspect that he had not merely closed his eyes. Other voluntary victims—most of them young men—succeeded him, and most of them with like results. One of them smoked a pencil; another rocked a chair, tenderly watching a hat on it, as though it were a bady in a cradle; and another, like a baby himself, went crawling on all fours.

"Do you think," said Miss Vivian, who could not forbear from laughing, "that all this is genuine, or are these people her accomplices?"

"No," said Sir Rawlin, "it's genuine enough in its way. The old gentleman who went up first is one of my own supporters."

"Then, funny as it is," she replied, "it is, after all, rather degrading."

"That young lady is right," said a man's voice behind her—a voice whose quiet authority had something slightly foreign in its emphasis. At the same moment Sir Rawlin felt a hand on his shoulder; and both of them, turning round, were aware of the presence of Lord Cotswold, and also of someone who was standing by him—the solitary watcher of the pier.

"And so," said Lord Cotswold to Miss Vivian, "you won't wait for our mysteries. You are studying the black art for yourself. Rawlin, let me introduce you to Dr. Thistlewood. My dear fellow, we were late for your speech. They tell me it was quite magnificent. My distinguished friend here was very anxious to hear you." He looked towards the place where Dr. Thistlewood had just been standing, but Dr. Thistlewood was there no longer. Without waiting for an introduction he had slipped into a chair next Miss Vivian, and was saying to her, "I was delighted with your criticism. A show like this is an insult to human nature." His manner was

the manner of a man familiar with all societies, and accustomed to be a personage in all. It was especially that of a man accustomed to deal with women, though there was in it no trace of any vulgar amatory enterprise. His eyes, as he fixed them on Miss Vivian's, gave her once more the impression that he was looking through her, as through a telescope, at something else beyond. "Yes," he went on, in a tone of pleasant and respectful intimacy, "a show like this degrades"—she thought he was going to say "it's victims.' He did not. "Degrades," he said, "in the popular mind, the commonest facts of science into a trick, or—still worse—into a miracle. It would be just as rational to give a man an emetic in public, and invite spectators either to giggle or gape at the affects of it. Experiments of this kind are, in particular cases, sometimes necessary as tests. The other day I was testing the accuracy with which an hysterical woman, a housemaid, carried out unlikely instructions given her when in a state of hypnosis. I am not, I think, wrong in supposing you to be the very young lady who told Lord Cotswold that she had seen me watching a ghost. Perhaps you think—as half the people in this room do—that what is often still called mesmerism has something to do with spirits."

Miss Vivian gave him a look which as nearly approached pertness as her perfect good breeding and the beauty of her eyes permitted. "You don't then," she said, "believe in spiritualism? I was rather fancying that you did."

Dr. Thistlewood laughed. "Naturalism," he answered, "if you know what I mean by the word, is far fuller of wonders than what these savages of to-day call spiritualism. The first experimenter who ever got an electric shock could only suppose that it was produced by a little devil who had hidden himself in a bottle. The spiritualists of to-day reason just as he did. My dear Miss Vivian —for that I'm sure is your name—everything is spiritual, or nothing is. Nothing is a miracle, or else everything."

"Now," she said, "you are taking me out of my depth; but in one thing at least I may agree with you without presumption. The person who watched you was myself. I'm glad for my own sake that I caught you at nothing wrong, or you might be giving me some Acqua Tofana, to rid yourself of a disagreeable witness."

"Ah, Lord Cotswold, Lord Cotswold!" said a well-known voice

behind her, "it's a century since we met. Fancy finding you here. I do hope this distressing nonsense is over, so superstitious and vulgar. Ah, here come all the family in search of the lost lamb. Susie, she's here. Don't let them make you pay. Happily there's nothing to pay for. Come in, Mr. Barton; drive the spirits away, if they haven't all gone already. And look here, Susie—why, this is quite a reunion—Lord Cotswold, I think you must have met her. We won't ask when, for fear it should have been in the year one. This is my cousin, Lady Susannah Lipscombe."

Mr. Carlton, while he spoke, had, with a courtly though rather nervous amity, placed one hand on the astrakhan of Lord Cotswold's cuff, and another on the limp silk of Lady Susannah's, and drew the two parties together as if he proposed to marry them. He was gratified by the success of his diplomacy. Lady Susannah succumbed at once to the magic of Lord Cotswold's manner, a manner which seemed to render all past misdemeanours fabulous; and was presently so far committing herself as to comment on the indisputable fact that he and she were almost next-door neighbours.

Mr. Barton meanwhile had been looking about him curiously; now at the mesmerist on the platform, whose performances for the time were over; now at Lord Cotswold and Dr. Thistlewood, wondering who they were. Dr. Thistlewood, in particular, excited his close attention. That Miss Vivian should be so engrossed in the conversation of this striking stranger was not in itself pleasing to him. But that a stranger should be able to entertain her as well as, or even better than Sir Rawlin, did much to relieve his mind; and, whilst waiting to approach her, as he was now impatient to do, he found that he was able to greet Sir Rawlin himself; not, indeed, very effusively, but with a reserve that was not obtrusive.

"I hear," he said, "that you've completed a remarkable sale of property."

"Yes," said Sir Rawlin, without a sign of embarrassment. "I hope I shall have been the means of giving you some very interesting neighbours. They are Benedictines, and they will, unless I am misinformed, bring with them a library second only to that of the Vatican."

For a single moment Mr. Barton's eyes sparkled; but before he had time for any answer other than a sarcastic cough, the affairs

of the group were thrown into some confusion by a rustle of expensive materials, and a new voice that accompanied it.

"Now where is the man of all men whom I most wish to see?" The words were Lady Conway's. "Ah, there the traitor is. My dear child," she went on, coming up to Miss Vivian, "you happily don't want a doctor, even after last night. I do. I bought a villa at Naples merely to be near this one; and before my carpets are down the abominable creature goes."

Miss Vivian, though she looked at Lady Conway with eyes of somewhat doubtful friendship, showed no inclination to stand in her way now. She rose at once, and Mr. Barton was at once beside her. To his infinite delight she met him with all her old cordiality, and presently, engrossed in a low-toned and earnest conversation with her, he was enjoying a peace which had previously almost fled beyond the reach of his imagination. During his absence, he said, he had wished to write to her about many things. She and her welfare had never been out of his mind. Such was his own beginning, and at last it called forth the answer that to-morrow or the day following she would be at home if he could arrange to come to her. "To-morrow I may be engaged," she said, "but I will write to you and let you know."

Mr. Barton, some part of his anxieties being now more or less at rest, instinctively began to resume his old position as her adviser. "And so," he said, "I hear you've been going to a ball. I confess that, when you and I talked about a little social amusement for you, I was not thinking about balls, and still less was I thinking about exhibitions of such idle quackery as mesmerism."

"I agree with you," said Miss Vivian, "that this exhibition is very stupid; but mesmerism isn't like spiritualism. There's at all events something true in it."

"Pardon me," returned Mr. Barton. "You have got the case upside down. The phenomena of spiritualism, though on most occasions they are fraudulent, are undoubtedly sometimes genuine, and are, as the Church recognises, the work of evil spirits. But this mesmerism is quackery pure and simple. It's curious how people who won't believe in God are the first people to believe in imaginary and—as they call them—occult powers of the body or the human will. Who, by the way, brought you here? That man whom I saw you talking to?"

"Do you," said Miss Vivian, answering one question with another, "mean Dr. Thistlewood, who is talking now to Lady Conway?"

Mr. Barton turned his head. "Dr. Thistlewood—Lady Conway," he exclaimed. "Are they here? Which are they?"

"There," said Miss Vivian, "there. Lord Cotswold is just joining them."

"Dr. Thistlewood," echoed Mr. Barton. "Can that be the Dr. Thistlewood—yes, it must be. I recognise him from his pictures in the newspapers. Do you know who Dr. Thistlewood is? One of the most notorious sceptics in Europe, and I can well believe one of the most superstitious. And those are Lady Conway and Lord Cotswold! You remember what was said about Lord Cotswold at your aunt's table the other day. I congratulate you on your company. Do you owe it to your friend, Sir Rawlin, Alas," he said, shrugging his shoulders and taking out his watch, "I must go. I've a service at half-past five. If you won't after all this dissipation find me too humdrum a person, you will let me know when to call on you—whether to-morrow, or the day after."

"Sir Rawlin," said Lady Conway, "come here. I want to speak to you. Dr. Thistlewood's lecture is to be on Friday. There won't be a word in it under thirteen syllables. Insist on your young lady being brought to that. You can arrange about it with the family now. She doesn't like me—the young lady doesn't. That's because I'm doing her good."

The party were here informed by a very apologetic attendant that the room was about to be cleared, preparatory to another séance. They were, indeed, by this time the only people left. "Good heavens," said Lady Conway, "let us fly. Nobody shall mesmerise me."

(To be continued.)

THE DIFFICULTY OF GOVERNING THE WORLD.

THE speculation on which I am about to engage is one which can best be appreciated from the point of view of those who have thoroughly absorbed the results of occult research. These have undeniably put us in a position to formulate intelligent conceptions relating to natural law, which would lie wholly beyond the reach of thinking illuminated by nothing more than the physiological systems or religious beliefs of an earlier period. But the further we advance in the comprehension of the relations between man and the Divine Power whose action has determined his existence, the more certain it is that new problems arise to perplex the understanding, of a kind the existence of which lay completely outside the thinking of our predecessors.

One can readily trace the progress of human conceptions relating to the government of the world, through successive stages of development up to that at which modern religious conceptions in the West have landed the representative of ordinary civilisation. He stands in presence, so far as mental conceptions are concerned, of an omnipotent, all-wise and all-good Creator, whose methods in governing the world are recognised as inscrutable, but on broad and general principles are supposed to be such that the suffering and sorrow of mankind are necessary agencies for working out sublime results in the end. Thus, however grievous these may be from one point of view, they are not

supposed to impair our belief in the attributes of the Creator as set forth above.

Now, of course, this theory of life and the world is imperfectly held by those who represent advanced culture of the ordinary type. Perhaps rather than a settled belief, it may be regarded, so far as they are concerned, as a decorous hypothesis, for use on occasions when it is convenient to be polite to religion, but a view which is frankly set aside when the modern thinker addresses himself seriously to the task of determining the actual state of the facts. The gulf between the real beliefs and the decorous pretences of modern civilization may be illustrated in many ways, and for one by the physiological address delivered at the British Association by Professor Gotch. Apart from its technical interest, this address deals with the question whether the living creature is endowed with any attributes other than those arising from the chemical processes going on in the matter composing his body. Distinctly and explicitly, Professor Gotch repudiates the idea of vitalism, repudiating therewith *a fortiori* the idea that any attribute corresponding to what is commonly called the soul, can inhere in the human organism. Of course we know that there are representatives of physical science who distinctly maintain that chemical processes alone do *not* account for all that goes on in the human mind. They may be very guarded as to professing belief in any separable entity to be thought of as the soul of a human being, but their mental attitude is one which leaves room for the ultimate establishment of the soul theory on a scientific foundation. But in passing, it is worth while to notice the way in which the affectations of religious orthodoxy are calmly swept out of sight by many representatives of modern culture when they seriously begin to set forth their genuine beliefs. No doubt there are large numbers of perfectly sincere adherents to the orthodox religious conceptions of the time, but these do not concern themselves with the questions towards which the title of the present essay points; they are content to dispose of all difficult problems that arise from the contemplation of human affairs, by assigning them to the region of the inscrutable.

Now, however, by some students of the higher spiritual truths glimmering through the veil which used to be so impenetrable, a

step may be made in the direction of a more comprehensive view. Suffering and sorrow are more or less dimly seen to be educative in their effect. Lives which flow on without disturbance in luxurious channels of enjoyment, are seen to be only too often productive of moral degeneration; those in which strenuous endeavour is evoked by the pressure of circumstance,—in which perhaps sympathy with others may be the fruit of personal contact with sorrow,—are seen to be productive very often of moral strength and dignity. And then the reverent observer is inclined to quote some appropriate passage from Scripture, implying that suffering is imposed on those whom the Divine ruler is educating with the greatest care. Whatever evil befals a man, it is assumed that a good purpose underlies the treatment he receives, so that in the long run all must necessarily be for the best in a world governed by perfect wisdom and love. This conception is of course a distinct step in advance, as compared with the doctrine of inscrutability, and it brings in its train a multitude of enobling thoughts calculated no doubt to be seriously helpful for many of those whose destiny it is to endure rather than to rejoice. The attitude of perfect, though blind admiration to a Divine Will absolutely trusted, will go far towards softening the asperities of evil fortune, will bring about interior conditions in which that evil fortune is robbed of its most poignant terrors. Such resignation, however beautiful, may not affect the progress of events, but it is undeniable that the extent to which events of a distressful kind will superinduce mental suffering, is largely determined by the interior conditions under which they are contemplated.

So far, a very exalted state of mind, and a considerable degree even of what may be called spiritual development, may be reached without the help of the more scientific comprehension of spiritual law that is due to the achievements of occult research. Nor do these in any way conflict with the beauty of the mental condition just imagined. The first broad conception which occult knowledge brings to bear upon the earlier philosophy, has to do with the recognition of cause and effect as operative on the moral plane, no less rigorously than in connection with physical phenomena and the conservation of energy. The first broad view we get of what in occultism is described as the karmic law —the law

of cause and effect on the moral plane,—is hardly at variance with the refined religious conception of an all-wise Providence guiding its children along the path of spiritual progress. It seems rather to reveal the method employed than to introduce us to a new idea. Suffering is seen to be imposed upon us, it is true, not by the spontaneous decree of a power exerting itself for our good, but to arise as a consequence of our own acts, and to be thus at the same time educative in its character and just in its incidence. Coupled with a comprehension of the way in which the evolutionary process has an enormously protracted future to deal with, an appreciation of the law of karma seems to bring reason and harmony into the wild disorder of life, to explain evil, to forecast its gradual extinction, and to reconcile the benevolence of the ruler with the tribulations of those who are ruled in a way which certainly no crude religious belief has ever accomplished. But occult research does something more than merely introduce us in the comprehension of the karmic law. It sets before our thought the stupendous programme of future evolution which mankind is destined to fulfil in the progress of ages. It illuminates for us in some measure the purpose of the whole undertaking, and elevates the human being, considered in the light of his future potentialities, to a level immeasurably above that of the docile child resigned to the processes of his education. We are enabled to foresee that this educative process, allowing the experiences of life to count in that fashion, are preparatory for activities, the fulfilment of which is the real purpose of man's existence, and the entrance on which is only possible when the whole educative process has been completed. We need not here go into a minute examination of the view which occult research enables us to take concerning the ultimate purpose with which the solar system was called into being. It is enough for the service of the speculation in hand to bear in mind that each human being of the family to which we belong, is destined, unless he mismanages his own career to quite an extraordinary extent, to attain spiritual conditions which render him in turn a Divine Being, or a constituent part of a Divine Being, independent thenceforth as regards knowledge, power, and opportunity. The conception that the educative processes

of life have no higher end in view than the mere perfection of the individual morally, the mere preparation of him for the enjoyment of the spiritual conditions associated with the idea of Heaven carries us but a very little way. The educative process is a preparation; the capacity for independent Divine activity to be undertaken far beyond the period at which moral perfection is reached, is clearly, in the light of occult teaching, realised as the attainment for the sake of which the world is being governed. And it is only when we begin to realise the great difference between those departments, so to speak, of natural law,—or, in other words of the Divine Will,—which relate to the preparation of the physical world and the manifestations of nature around us as a field for human activity, and, on the other hand, those which relate to the growth of human consciousness towards the Divine condition, that we begin to glimpse the conception that even for Divine Power, the grandest part of the achievement contemplated when human evolution is set on foot, is attended with difficulty.

Of course, in using the phrase "human evolution," one does so without ignoring the thought that that is merely a small portion of the whole undertaking, but it is the portion with which we are concerned, and a portion which, as others may do also in perhaps a greater degree, strain the resources even of Omnipotence, if the paradox be permissible, in a way which, when rightly apprehended, augments our reverence for, rather than degrades the idea we have of Divinity.

The conception of difficulty as attending the government of the world arises, of course, from the recognition of the all-important truth, that at a certain stage of his progress the independent volition of each human being becomes a factor in the calculation, which has a certain value, independently of the pressure of the Divine Will. That germ of Divinity which resides in each human being is a something which, as it grows and develops, represents what may, without the least flavour of irreverence, be thought of as an act of self-denial on the part of the Divine Author of the whole system. Without such self-denial—such abdication of his own control as the human being advances towards spiritual maturity—we can see at once that the final purpose could never be attained. The man can never

become godlike until he is invested with freedom to act as he chooses, even if, in some deplorable cases, such action should be at war rather than in harmony with the sublime purpose in view. And at an early stage of human development—at all events at that represented by the vanguard of our modern humanity—some flickering of this independent volition is distinctly beginning to operate in the affairs of mankind.

We are not suggesting that the control of an individual human will by an over-ruling Providence would be in any way more difficult for that power than the control of the forces which bring out the blossom on a plant, or regenerate the forms of animal life. Without understanding how the Divine Will accomplishes these utterly mysterious achievements, we can easily imagine that to the power adequate to deal with them, the guidance of mankind along pathways of action that would lead to peace, harmony, and universal welfare, might readily be possible. But subject to such guidance, mankind would never pass beyond the condition of the morally perfected child. In order that the whole system may ultimately yield the Divine fruit for the sake of which it has been set on foot, the Divine ruler must forego his right of control over the semi-divine progeny growing up around him. All such phrases of course are terribly materialistic, almost as dangerously so as those of conventional religion. But in speaking and writing, we are subject to the limitations of language, and though thought may dimly suggest why it is ignominious to describe the Divine government of the world in terms appropriate to a kingdom or a regiment, it is impossible in all cases to avoid doing so, and one can only assume that in intelligent minds, such pronouns as "he" and "him" in reference to Divinity are transmuted into thoughts which defy expression.

Well, then, the thinking which has conducted us so far has landed us in a state of things in which young, independent, self-governing, semi-divine entities are blundering along in partial darkness, guarded so to speak by their partial ignorance from the moral responsibilities which, if their sight were clearer, would attach to deliberate perversity. But they *are* perverse, and fractious, and impulsive, and they are continually importing fresh causes, even if these at first are of no very potent kind, into the

sum total of the karmic influences operative on their welfare. Also to a very considerable extent into the sum total of other people's karmic influences, so that when we rightly apprehend the working of the law, we realise, that although left to Nature, it might be mathematically exact in its operation, it is by no means invariably so, tampered with, as it must be, at every moment by the flickering beginnings of independent spiritual volition on the part of the humanity concerned.

And truth to tell, this view of the whole process would seem to lead us to despair almost of the future—to suppose that the entanglements incidental to human blundering would get the whole law into an inextricable mess, even although, if left to itself, it would have been as beautifully methodical in its operation as those which govern the development of new leaves on the trees each spring. A little further on in the progress of our research we begin to realise the method by which the Divine power circumvents the confusion which would ensue from the independent operation of human wills left to themselves. Natural law and Divine will are, of course, convertible terms. There is no law which is not the expression of a conscious will, focussed somewhere in the universe, and the law works itself out through intermediate agencies extending downwards. Through these they come in contact with our own individual lives in a no less scientific fashion than the radiations of solar light transmitted through intermediate conditions of matter, until they reach our individual perceptions. Now the fact that Divine Will or law works itself out by intermediate agency, imparts an elasticity to the law which is rarely appreciated at its true significance by those that are fond of assuming that moral law and physical law are equally uniform in their operation. It is a fact that agencies —forces endowed with intelligence—are operative all around us to adjust events in harmony with the broad necessities of the karmic law, even when these are disturbed by independent human perversity, or even when they are disturbed by independent human nobility of action; for the one influence is as likely to interfere with the methodical operation of karma as the other. We know quite definitely—those of us who profit most completely by occult teaching—that no representative of the most advanced

race now living on the surface of the earth, can be constrained by karmic pressure, to commit a crime. The karmic pressure may be in that direction as an outcome of previous action on the part of the individual concerned, but he is endowed with so much spiritual authority that he can dismiss the agencies pressing him forward on the wrong path and leave them, as it were, constrained to find out some other way of realising the karmic necessity. Whether for good or evil, the karmic law is subject to continual interference, and its continual readjustment is a task which cannot but be regarded as one of difficulty even for the Divine Power regulating the whole undertaking.

And what consequences ensue from our recognition of this difficulty? First of all the recognition of a solid fact which no really intelligent student of nature will dispute, that however just in the long run the divine government may be, the actual condition of affairs at any given moment does not represent perfect justice as regards all the individuals concerned. There may be some incurring undeserved misfortune, there may be some in the enjoyment of undeserved happiness. In the long run, no doubt, all such inequalities will be redressed; in the long run, great as the difficulties may be which attend the government of the world, the government of the world will be able to overcome them, subject always to the consideration that human beings, ultimately passing successfully along the difficult paths of progress and attaining sublime heights, will be expected, so to speak, to be very tolerant in the retrospect as regards the importance of transitory troubles through which they may have passed. The karmic law left to itself would have been equal to the task of making the adjustment perfect, but the individual has unconsciously been equal to the task of making its perfect adjustment impossible. There is a wise and significant maxim of English law which says, "*de minimis non curat lex.*" That wise declaration must be regarded as entering and playing a very important part in the affairs of maturing humanity. He would be indeed a poor representative of the later human progress who should be captious enough in reviewing his past lives (the aggregate effect of which had been to land him on sublime heights), to quarrel with providence for having left him, at this or that stage of

his progress, to endure annoyances that really he had never deserved. The man attaining such sublime heights would, by that hypothesis, have been long inspired by a character quite incompatible with any such ignoble complaining.

But another view of the whole subject has an even more immediate bearing on the course of lives in connection with which we may be, by the hypothesis, enduring undeserved misfortune. Just to the extent that the growing independence of a human being as a spiritual entity with exalted destinies before him, puts him in a position to disturb the normal working of karma, it puts him in a position, if he exercises an intelligence corresponding to his spiritual growth, to play a part himself in the adjustment of karmic influences. The probabilities are that the events that occurred in his life were not irrevocably ordained to occur in any case. This reflection brings us into direct relation with one of the most complicated metaphysical problems of ordinary philosophy. Many indications appear to suggest that events are inevitable, that when they ensue apparently from our own choice of action, that choice was itself inevitable as the fruit of previous environment, and so on to the end of the argument. And of course, the student of psychic mystery is not infrequently bewildered by the actual realisation, down to minute details, of prophetic visions relating, when they occurred, to a then distant future. One illustrative case within my own knowledge, has to do with a vision, of no importance whatever, realised a day or two after it was seen by the carelessness of a hansom cab driver, turning a corner quickly and driving into the midst of soldiers advancing along the road. No serious harm ensued, but the wonder of the the thing turned on the suggestion it embodied that down to the pettiest details of our experience we are unconsciously automata, only deluding ourselves with the belief that we have free will to act as we choose. The matter presents no difficulty to the occult student. The truth is that prophetic visions are realised in their details very often by reason of the fact that at this stage of human development only a few people are sufficiently advanced, spiritually, to be able to interpolate new causes in the whole body of causation leading to the result foreseen. Obviously, unless genuine free will is operative, events turning on human action will be as

much the consequence of pre-existing conditions as the boulder-strewn plain of a once glaciated country is the product of the causes that were in activity when the ice age prevailed.

But now we have to contemplate the cases in which, as mankind advances in spiritual capacity, fresh causes are interpolated by the spontaneous activities of those who are beginning to exercise their independent will with freedom. One view of the subject that will be familiar to the students of occult literature defines the causes to be regarded as interfering, so to speak, with the karmic programme, as those which are derived from a higher plane of nature. But the truth is that the action on this plane of anyone whose mind is illuminated even by such imperfect occult knowledge as we at present possess, may be thought of as affected by influences from another plane. That they filter through the intellectual comprehension of the occult student does not impair their original character. So it finally comes to pass that the advanced representative of humanity is not merely, like the rest, building by his action (itself the expression of the past) the conditions of the future lives, he is creating conditions which may be operative within the current life. That is the point especially to be thought of in connection with the drift of the present argument. We may long since have recognised that the future—in the sense that deals with lives to come, lies within our own control. It has not, perhaps, been adequately recognised that in a lesser degree events in the lives of those who are spiritually developed, are in a certain degree beginning already to get out of harmony with the karmic programme. It may be for good, it may be for evil, it may be for happiness, it may be for the reverse, but the man who is in possession of knowledge relating to something more than the physical phenomena around him, does become almost unconsciously qualified to exercise control over the immediate course of events. He becomes a factor disturbing the normal karmic programme to a greater extent than he probably realises, because in all his doings he has emphasised the effective value of karmic forces. Action which in another would be scarcely blameworthy, becomes of serious karmic significance in his case, on the simple

principle familiar even to the morals of the nursery, "he ought to know better." And by a curious in and out working of the karmic law, which nevertheless is perfectly intelligible, karma immediately realised is more likely to be of a disagreeable order than that which relates to loftier achievement. For the essence of the latter is that it shall not be self-regarding. In so far as higher knowledge enables a man to do good, he is supposed to have been so doing because, to that extent, he has put his own nature "in tune with the infinite," as one phrase has sometimes expressed the idea—in harmony with the will of God, to use an expression covering it equally well.

Probably these thoughts will suggest an explanation of the theory, by no means acceptable in its crude shape, although frequently adopted by occult students, to the effect that distinct efforts to enter on the path of rapid spiritual growth, invite mundane trouble by leading to the immediate precipitation of karma that would otherwise have been distributed over lives to come. It is unnecessary to fall back on this forced assumption in order to account for the mundane trouble sometimes ascribed to it. The simpler explanation embodied in the thoughts just set forth can quite adequately deal with the problem in so far as it exists. And further than this it will be seen that disturbances in the karmic problem brought about in the way described by the action of one person must, throughout widening circles, influence others around him. The more numerous become those who as the world advances are in a position to interfere with the course of events, the more the karmic destinies of those connected with them become disturbed and in need of readjustment. That such readjustment must be more and more difficult as time goes on, seems a logical conclusion.

But one can imagine the comment of a supremely illuminated observer to be: "The more difficult in this way it becomes, the less important it is that it should be correctly carried out." For, in truth, it is only at a comparatively humble stage of human evolution that a man demands from Nature,—from the government of the world,—an absolutely just recompense for his merits, such as they may be. In ordinary life, the conception we are here concerned with may sometimes be illustrated. Many a

gallant victim of wounds in warfare has adjured his comrades not to mind him, but to get on with the fight. The larger interest in his thought, overbore his care for himself. And so it should be with those who may be, or may imagine themselves to be the victims of karmic injustice, if that can be thought of as having in any way emerged as a consequence of the difficulties in the way of governing an advanced world with perfect propriety. It will be easy to imagine the sufferer in his own mind addressing Providence in the phrase of the wounded soldier, "Don't mind me"; and those who may do this with the fullest sincerity, will have the consolation of knowing that in a future, very near, as measured on the scale of human evolution, they will recognise that there was not very much to mind after all in the transitory suffering. It was bad for the wounded soldier when the tide of war swept on and left him to die slowly in pain under the stars, but even our knowledge enables us to realise that from a very near future he will have been in a position to look back and say "After all, what did it matter?"

Thus there is a deeper philosophy than those who use the phrase they sometimes imagine themselves expounding, when they try to make light of their troubles by declaring "it will be all the same a hundred years hence." Nothing will be all the same exactly, according to one view on the subject, for compensations will come into play in the long run where trouble has been undeserved, even if they are not bargained for by those whom they concern. But in-so-far as the adjustments which have to do with all matters of compensation represent the difficulties under which the government of the world is carried on, it may be that those who are most anxious to help, as soon as their humble capacities may allow, in that government which despises no sincerely willing agency, will somehow be able to waive their own claims, and to that extent to facilitate the stupendous undertaking. The thought is very ennobling if rightly grasped. Embodied in a single picture, we can figure in imagination the great task of the system's evolution carried out, *in the beginning*, by the sole, unaided power of the Divine Creator. And then imagination pictures the growth around him of those independent beings whom his efforts have called into existence, whom his guidance

has endowed with capacity and volition independent even of his own. And then we realize this divinely growing family assuming by degrees some of the burdens associated with the ever increasing difficulty of governing worlds that are gradually unfolding their supreme purpose! The vision is infinitely magnificent, but its beauty is dependent in a certain degree upon the recognition of that principle for which there is no room in primitive conceptions concerning the relations of God and man, the recognition of the principle that the government of the world, even by the Divinity that governs it, is a task of difficulty.

A. P. SINNETT.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

A SMALL exhibition of Blake's works, containing some eighty frescoes, drawings, and illuminated prints, recently held in London, recalled to mind the famous exhibition which the poet artist organised himself in 1809—for which he wrote the *Descriptive Catalogue* and which proved at the time so signal a failure. Why Blake in his own day was so greatly without appreciation, and why a century later his importance as a prophet among men is but just beginning to be understood, is a subject of no little interest. True, we still hear of people who think Blake was insane, but among thinking folk they are a diminishing number. The western world has gone forward, and new ideas are afloat. The "wonderful century" has passed and a more wonderful one has begun. Religious thought has stepped out of its narrow groove, and science has by no means said the last word in the domain of psychology. Moreover a new science of metapsychics is forcing itself to the fore, and a vast region, vaster perhaps than all others in its latent possibilities, is forcing itself upon an astonished and still, for the most part, incredulous Western world. But if Blake were alive to-day, he would not fail of much sympathetic understanding, and he would not have written:—

> "The angel who presided at my birth
> Said, little creature formed for joy and mirth
> Go, love without the help of anything on earth."

However, he lived in the age which was to discover the steam-engine and the spinning-jenny; the railway and the telegraph; photography and the sewing machine; the whole range, indeed

of physical science and its application to industry, which came within human knowledge in the nineteenth century, in days when mystical experience and psychical phenomena were still either the machinations of the Evil One or the hallucinations of unbalanced minds.

William Blake was a poet, an artist, a craftsman, a seer, prophet and sensitive combined. "One of the few in any age," said his disciple and friend the artist, Samuel Palmer, "a fitting companion for Dante." It is the latter of these qualities that are least understood, and that deserve most consideration for even so sympathetic a writer as Mr. Michael Rosetti who lavishes praise in his memoir, on Blake the artist, and Blake the poet, when he comes to deal with these other sides of the man, when he comes to examine those mystical writings in which the seer and prophet put forth his whole concept of life and its meaning, can only say: "It must be admitted that he exhibited an insane taint." And if this was the verdict of the latter half of the nineteenth century, we need not be surprised that the *Examiner* of 1809 declared him "an unfortunate lunatic, whose personal inoffensiveness secures him from confinement."

But as has already been said, the Western world has moved forward, and the verdict of 1874 is as far from modern ideas as that of 1809. "The day is passed," says a writer in a recent number of the *Hibbert Journal*, "when the mystic could be ignored as an eccentric or an abnormal individual." And we may add, the day is passed when the possession of psychic faculties and the expression given to these faculties in act and word are to be considered an exhibition of insanity.

In his prophetic writings Blake, like other mystics, chose to adopt a symbolism which is a barrier to most readers, requiring as it does long reading, much thinking, and much patience before the ideas become plain. But against the charge of incoherency we may set the words of James Thompson, the author of the "*City of Dreadful Night*":—"Every man living in seclusion and developing an intense interior life, gradually comes to give a quite peculiar significance to certain words, and phrases, and emblems. Nor is it probable that even the most mysterious works of Blake would prove more difficult to genuine lovers of

poetry than many works of the highest renown prove to nine-tenths of the reading public.

However, while we may readily reject Michael Rosetti's "admission of insanity," we may willingly admit that Blake's Prophetic Books must remain sealed to the ordinary reader who is not enamoured of mysticism, and who cannot afford the time and thought without which their perusal would be mere waste of time. But Blake was not mystic only, but poet and artist, humanitarian and psychic, and on all these sides of his nature has much to give to the man of to-day.

He was Irish in origin. His grandfather, John O'Neil, like so many Irish families of the time, got into debt and difficulties of one kind and another, and took refuge in hiding his name under that of his second wife, Ellen Blake, a woman of inferior position, who kept a shebeen house at Rathmines, Dublin. James Blake, father of the poet, was not the son of this marriage, but he, too, used his step-mother's name, and, leaving Ireland for London, went into business as a hosier. It was in such surroundings that the boy grew up, and to which so much of his character may be traced—the wild Irish O'Neil blood behind, a stock that had rarely lacked its attendant banshee; the rebellious political enthusiasm of his grandfather, which prompted him to do such a dangerous thing as to wear the Phrygian cap in the London streets in the days of the French Revolution, and the imaginative and sympathetic temperament of his father, who, tradesman though he was, found delight in the visionary illumination, the symbolism and mysticism of Swedenborg, and who was wise enough to see that of his four sons William was the genius, who must not be sent to an ordinary school, but developed as a genius can alone be.

All these, together with the peculiar grace and intuitiona faculty of the Irishman, combined with the more determined character which he inherited probably from his mother, and which was emphasized by the remarkable woman who became his wife, went to make the character of the poet. But aftet all a man is himself, and no one of the other three sons of James Blake gave any indication of notable character.

Blake was sent to a drawing school, and then apprenticed to

the engraver Basire, who employed him for some part of his apprenticeship in copying the monuments in Westminster Abbey. This was exactly the work for the enthusiastic youth, who was already a visionary. The peace of the Abbey suited his mood, and on one day at least he had a vision of Christ and the Apostles. The mystic system which he worked out in later years had its birth in the Abbey with its spires and towers and gothic chapels. He was at first annoyed by the teasing and interruption of the boys from Westminister School who in those days wandered about the Abbey at their own sweet will. But with his fiery blood he rushed to complain to the Dean, and the boys were forbidden a freedom which they have never recovered. When he was twenty, he went for a short time to the Antique School of the Royal Academy and then commenced working on his own as an engraver. At this period, during the year 1780, he exhibited a painting in water colours at the Academy for the first time. His first book of poems was published in 1783, a year after his marriage at the age of twenty-five with Catherine Boucher who was to prove a remarkable woman in every way. Her father was a market gardener at Battersea, and she herself was quite uneducated. But Blake not only taught her to read and write, to work off and to colour his engravings, but under his tuition she became a skilled designer. She was an excellent housewife, in a household where the artist's means were sometimes reduced to ten shillings a week. But she was much more. Blake was one of those few highly strung men who marry precisely the right person. No ordinary woman could have kept at his level. He would rise in the night when the inspiration was upon him, to pour forth his prophetic poems line by line, and Catherine would rise too and sit by him for hours, steadying his mental fever by the calm pressure of her hand. Again, Blake was herculean in physical strength, and required long tramps as an outlet, thirty, forty, and even fifty miles in a day. Catherine went too, and they would walk the whole summer day, dining at a country inn and returning in the evening. Catherine Blake lived and enjoyed her husband's life to the full for forty-five years, and when he died she survived but a few years, and then followed him through simple grief and loneliness.

It is pleasing to dwell on this story of the poet's married life. That Blake realized his wife's worth there is no doubt. In his prophetic poems she appears always as the incarnation of pity, and on his death-bed he endeavoured to sketch her face, adding, "Kate, you have been an angel to me."

Blake's life, materially speaking, was one of hard struggle. Never did anyone more truly live the life of plain living and high thinking. He had many friends, but few who realized in the obscure, poverty stricken and unsuccessful man one of the greatest souls and minds of the day. There was the clergyman Matthews and his wife, literary, society people in their day, who made a social centre in their house in Rathbone Place, and who, for a time, patronized the poor young poet. There was Flaxman the artist—a great friend for some years—and Fuseli the visionary painter, and Hayley the dilettante poet and well-to-do man of letters, who induced Blake to leave London and settle for two years at Felpham, near Bognor, but whose shallow nature disgusted Blake in the end. There was Captain Butts, the persistent patron and purchaser of paintings, and finally the circle of younger disciples such as Samuel Palmer, the artist, who gathered round him in his closing years in the friendly house of the artist engraver, William Linnell.

But, after all, Blake was not a man of his day. No prophets are. He lived in the future. In the words of a French writer he was "Un de ces êtres en avance sur nous, qui semblent être les jalons de la route que nous avons à suivre." He proclaimed his gospel unheard, or where heard, not understood. He saw life in large and splendid form, and he lived continuously in the ideal world, which, to the mental annoyance and irritation of such men as the poet Hayley and the litterateur Crabbe Robinson and others of his day, he vehemently maintained was the only real one. "For all things exist in the human imagination." This was the corner stone of his philosophy, says Gilchrist. And in this world of imagination or of intuitive reality everything has larger, nobler, ampler form. And this larger life invades and pervades what we commonly call the real world, so that the real world comes to be to the world of intuition what in psychic language the supra-liminal self is to the whole

self—a part and a very incomplete part. "The world of imagination," says Blake, "is the world of eternity. It is the divine bosom into which we shall all go after the Death of the vegetated body. The world of imagination is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generation or vegetation is finite and temporal." "Imagination," he says elsewhere, "is the divine vision." Imagination is thus the saving element which makes it possible for man to see Nature as Symbol, as a form merely of mental existence, to see through the material world to what lies behind. "I look," he said, "through the eye and not with it. Imagination is a thing, or rather a region, in which the real things exist, and of whose life they are made living. Not being of perishable material its inhabitants must needs be immortal. Whatever drives us to exercise this faculty tends to increase and nourish the indestructible soul."

Now, whatever the teaching of religion in the nineteenth century, it is undoubtedly the fact that the "wonderful century" of material discovery led the thought of mankind in the main in a materialistic direction. Many intelligent people still maintain with Haeckel, that apart from the material medium nothing exists. But the test of the senses as a corrective to the spirit's intuition was Blake's pet aversion. The world of sensation was, in his teaching, only understandable through the imagination, that faculty which touches Nature on one side and Spirit on the other. Without the revelation brought by imagination, Nature was a mere delusion, and it was by and through this revelation that we could alone comprehend life and be redeemed from Nature's death. And is not this inner knowledge of life, this attaching of humanity to the spiritual realities, this growing consciousness of what the hidden being really is, just what all modern metapsychic and psychological research is teaching us. Blake's "World of Imagination" to the religious men of his day a stumbling block, and to the intellectuals foolishness, is now daily gathering support even in the scientific world. We begin to appreciate its reality apart from theological creed or disposition, and Blake, who lived in the daily consciousness of this spiritual world, who stood above all things for the inner meaning of life, is beginning to take his rightful place as a prophet of mankind.

It would be impossible in the compass of a short article to give any explanation of Blake's huge symbolic system. In the three large volumes on the *Works of William Blake* by Messrs. Ellis and Yeates, their explanation of the system as worked out from poem to poem, occupies some five hundred pages. Neither is it here necessary for my purpose. It is sufficient to remember that the system was built up to explain and set forth the spiritual realities underlying life.

In one of his poems Blake calls on the Muses to sing "Man's fall into division and his resurrection into unity." This is the universal history which his prophetic poems tell of. "For One must be all and contain within Himself all things, both small and great." It is, as he would say, the perpetual aim of divine love to persuade all lives, "to unite as one man,"—to get rid of the egotism of thought and feeling, so that thought and feeling may become the "divine members."

This, very shortly, is Blake's spiritual teaching. And this teaching, this emphasis laid on the spiritual in life, which came to him by vision, by intuition, by a daily living of his soul on the mountain tops, was set forth in poem and picture, in word and in colour, in prophetic denunciation and in tenderest lyric, strenuously, without doubt, with the firmest optimism, through all opposition and contempt and neglect, ending after seventy years with a death-bed song of triumph.

"In him," said his friend, Samuel Palmer, "you saw at once the maker, the inventor; one of the few in any age; a fitting companion for Dante. He was energy itself, and shed around him a kindling influence, an atmosphere of life full of the ideal. He was a man without a mask; his aim single, his path straightforwards and his wants few; so he was free, noble and happy."

I have not touched on Blake as a poet, as an artist, as a humanitarian. He is a mind that grows on the student. Like Dante, a life's study.

CARL HEATH.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

SOME recent events in the Southern States of America—which for that matter are merely the latest of a long series affording no promise of coming to an end—are calculated to throw some light on fundamental questions involved in the application to human crime of the death penalty. In one of the cases which may serve as my text, a negro, undiscovered at the time the account of his crime was telegraphed from America, had so outraged, mutilated and disfigured a young English girl on her visit to friends in Georgia, that no one hearing of the ghastly occurrence can even have wished that she should survive. Probably if the horrible ruffian who maltreated her was caught by the infuriated people in search of him, he has long since been burned alive or shot by lynchers impatient of the slow progress of law.

Half-a-dozen entangled problems are involved in the consideration of such a case as this. The conditions under which the people of American States, where peculiar social dangers prevail, are distrustful of the constituted authorities, is itself a curious condition of things. What can be the state of constituted authority where such distrust has arisen? One of the strangest features of ultra-democratic government is presented by the existence of such distrust. One would think that no judges or police officials could be less eager than everyone else, to bring such hideous criminals as the author of the Georgia atrocity under the operation of the worst penalty the law could inflict, and at all events the death penalty would, of course, have been within the provisions of such law. But it seems as

though corruption that might even serve to bribe the representatives of justice in such cases as that before us, is held, in America, to be a possibility. That path of reflection is attractive, but for the moment would lead us off the main road. Again, it may be that lynchers feel plain and simple hanging so much too good for criminals of the type the Southern negroes provide that they intervene for the sake of putting such human wild beasts to death by a more painful process. But here their impatience frequently defeats their purpose, and we read within the last few weeks of another case in which a negro culprit, caught by lynchers, is riddled with bullets from their revolvers then and there, before his captors have had patience to put him to death in a more painful way. The spectacle of mob-law in activity is not an agreeable one, but, at all events, the case of negro offenders in the Southern States is one which enables us to discuss the principle of capital punishment without entangling that discussion with secondary and subordinate problems.

Extreme cases always test principles. Extreme cases in the other direction, those in which, within recent periods of English history, men and women were put to death for such trifling offences as shoplifting, have also brought the principle clearly into view that the criminal law must not lose sight of proportion. There must be some logical relation between the severity of a penalty and the offence for which it is inflicted. But the fact that English law was once barbarous—that the death penalty was inflicted with even greater barbarity by judges whose brutal nature is as difficult to understand as the fiendish attitude of the mediæval inquisitor—does not really throw any light upon the fundamental question whether, under some circumstances, it is right for the community to extinguish a life that can hardly be otherwise than a curse to its generation.

Now the question whether fundamentally it is justifiable or desirable under some circumstances to extinguish criminal lives may be considered quite apart from the question where to draw the line—on what principle to determine the exact measure of iniquity which shall justify the application of the death penalty. Thus, in considering the problem, we may legitimately handle the cases of the Southern American negroes, and ask ourselves first of

all whether it is right and fitting that such men as the assailant of Miss Lawrence should be put to death. One can scarcely imagine any critic of the situation so destitute of the appropriate human emotion as to say that the criminal in this case did not deserve death. No treatment, however elaborate in its torturing effect, could be otherwise than appropriate to his desert. Healthy-minded people would almost pity anyone who would be otherwise than glad to hear that he had met with terrible retribution. And that feeling of righteous indignation has no resemblance to the sentiment of revenge as aroused in ordinary life by wrongs directed against oneself. Beyond this, setting aside for the moment all more subtle considerations, it is impossible not to recognise the necessity in the Southern States of doing all that exemplary punishment can do towards deterring the negroes from crimes against white women, which their racial peculiarities and savage passions are apt to provoke. The Americans of the Southern States have a terrible social problem to deal with, and we may be quite sure that, as far as they are concerned, the arguments commonly employed to recommend the abolition of capital punishment would seem as idiotic as they would be insulting.

But, of course, there are subtle considerations, which must be taken into account by those who are beginning to realise aspects of nature more complicated than those coming within range of physical observation. Occult students assure us that the death of the physical body means merely the transfer of the conscious entity—unchanged except for the loss of the physical instrument—on to another plane of nature. We are guided by such assurances when we say that no one of intelligence could desire the poor girl who was the victim of the Georgia outrage to survive the mutilation of her body. In the life to which she would pass when that was dead, she would be starting afresh, and that consideration of course applies equally to the hideous wretch who was author of her suffering! That thought it is which restrains many thinkers from upholding the principal of death penalty. You are setting the criminal free, people have argued, not putting him finally out of the way, when you hang or shoot him. Imprisoned on the physical plane he would be harmless to his fellows; ranging the astral at liberty, he may be productive of

infinite mischief,—a pestilential germ from which epidemics of crime resembling his own may be developed. That thought is exceedingly impressive, and for many people held to be so alarming as to make them suppose that the occultist must of necessity disapprove in all cases of capital punishment. But is the situation regarded from the occult point of view precisely what is here imagined? The present writer is far from claiming such minute and positive knowledge on the subject as would enable him to make a definite affirmation one way or another, but many considerations tend to show that the view just set forth as to the astral effect of putting a criminal to death, embodies extensive exaggerations. The astral world, as all investigation has shown, is of highly variegated character, and although on some of its levels free observation of earth-life is possible, and important influences available for employment in connection with the affairs of earth life, on the other hand the regions of the astral to which an atrocious criminal would probably be drawn, may be below the range either of such observation or of such influences. Suicides and sudden deaths, under the operation of the law, are themselves, of course, of all varieties, and where a man for example has been legally put to death for some minor offence in no way justifying such treatment, it is quite possible that he might awaken on levels of the astral on which he would continue to be conscious of physical plane life. But on such levels he would not as a rule, be surrounded by influences tending to encourage him in revengeful activity, even supposing, by a forced hypothesis, that he saw his way to undertaking revenges. The theory about setting free the atrocious criminal by hanging him, seems thus to turn on confusion of thought with reference to the astral life. It is very improbable that the dangerous human criminal turned out of the physical world would be able to do the harm supposed; it is very improbable that the man hanged for insufficient reasons, if he had the opportunity, would be impelled to use it.

Undoubtedly there are risks associated with capital punishment. Exceptional criminals, who from our human point of view might undoubtedly deserve death, might nevertheless have other characteristics which would lift them above the lowest depths of astral purgatory, and so be able to be mischievous.

But in all the affairs of life we have to take risks, and while occult knowledge is no further advanced than at present, there is a certain force in the theory that the commonplace world is not called upon to be guided by its flickering light. Conditions will change. A time will come in the future when more exact knowledge concerning astral conditions will prevail. Perhaps the astral conditions themselves will then undergo modifications corresponding with that growth of knowledge, just as moral responsibility, from our own point of view, undergoes a change as civilisation advances. So in a curiously intricate way the occult observer, who may know a good deal about the conditions of the next world, may nevertheless be justified in regarding conventional law as free from all moral responsibility in that connection. It is only possible to formulate legislation in accordance with prevailing knowledge, and for this reason it is that many of us who are not in the least degree blind to the superficial entanglements of the question, are nevertheless disposed to maintain that the proper course for the world at present, in dealing with atrocious criminals, is to send them back, so to speak, to the place from whence they came. They are unfit to share in the life of the world around us. Allowed to continue in life they would, so to speak, be a blemish on the whole picture.

It is true that if we think merely of making the atrocious criminal suffer, some kinds of imprisonment are worse than the most cruel death. The loathsome Anarchist, Luccheni, who assassinated the late Empress of Austria, committed the crime in a country where capital punishment is forbidden. He was condemned to solitary imprisonment for life, and some allegations have recently been made that he is actually still living under this frightful torture, mad or nearly so, of course, after all these long years, but not even yet set free from his miserable body. Of course such a fate is infinitely worse than that of a negro culprit burned alive, not to speak of those who are merely shot out of hand. But such a penalty as that turns the scale in another direction. One pities even the wretch Luccheni. It would not be fitting if one could do otherwise after all these years. If he could have been burned alive at the time of the assassination, like the Southern American negro in the hands of lynchers, one might

have shuddered with horror, but would certainly not have thought the punishment too great. But then let us recognise, in dealing with the whole question, that we cannot deal with it without realising the degradation of those who are actually called upon to administer torturing punishments. That is the great argument against them. In so far as they might be exemplary, when really deserved they might be justifiable, but nothing justifies the degradation of those concerned with the inflicting of legal torture, and that is perhaps the strongest of the arguments as against its occasional employment. The consideration does not weigh with adequate force against the infliction of the death penalty pure and simple. It is not necessary here to discuss minute details of methods, but although one of the most serious arguments against capital punishment may be derived from considerations in connection with the executioner, it may be that a false sentiment is here involved, and that the embarrassment could be circumvented. Anyhow the main principle stands apart even from this embarrassment, and just because it does seem inconceivable that anyone could, on what are called humanitarian grounds, object to inflicting the death penalty on such offenders as the Georgian negro, we may regard the whole problem as one concerned with drawing the line, with the determination, *in each case*, of the question whether or no the offender is fit to live. Our law, as it touches capital punishment, is as stupid as in many other of its departments, leaving too little discretion to the Courts in each particular case. It defines murder more or less clumsily, and for murder assigns the death penalty. And for some offences coming within its clumsy definition, the penalty is so inappropriate that other clumsy devices are employed to avert its actual application. But the stupidity of the English law would constitute too extensive a topic to enter on the close of an essay concerned merely with a deep underlying principle.

WALTER PIERCE.

IT is not possible within the compass of a few pages to deal in any adequate manner with the many questions raised by the

previous paper. I desire, however, to state concisely the point of view of the abolitionist.

Inconceivable, then, as it may appear to the author of that paper, the humanitarian *would* object to the *legal* infliction of the death penalty even on such an offender as the Georgian negro. Mr. Pierce, like so many who believe in the necessity for capital punishment, has also a hankering for burning alive and other tortures in certain cases. If I enter a strong protest against every argument in favour of and every demand for the use of torture, I should like at once to enter an equally strong protest against the unwarrantable assumption of so many opponents of the humane movement that humanitarians are primarily actuated by a sentimental sympathy for the criminal. The explanation of the humanitarian position lies in Mr. Pierce's own words:—"The degradation of those called upon to administer torturing punishments," to which I would add,—And of the society which indulges in them. And if anyone maintains that the trial for life, beginning with the Coroner's Court and ending with the sentence at the Assizes (a trial that may extend, as in a recent case, over nearly two years), the weeks of suspense awaiting the Home Secretary's decision, and the final drama of the scaffold, is not a torture of the worst kind, he may be "healthy-minded," but he is certainly incapable of determining the meaning of torture.

No doubt it is true that the question of taking life by law is not and cannot be a hard and fast one. Only an extremist would maintain that no case could arise in which the community would be justified in taking the life of one of its members. But murder rarely or never supplies such a case. And the present state of the law involves the nation in constant scenes of degradation and brutalization, and in constant setting aside by administrative order of a law out of harmony with the stage to which the social conscience has evolved.

It may perhaps be said, however, that even if this be true of England, it is not true of some States in the American Union, where racial hatreds and antagonisms, evil brood of slavery, have produced such primitive conditions in certain directions that social evolution can only take place along the savage lines which we in Western Europe have

happily got beyond. It may be. We may have to admit that in certain conditions men and States are not open to the ethical and humanitarian appeal. As Ward Beecher said in reference to the attempt to convince certain supporters of slavery of the iniquity of that system: "You might as well read the Bible to buffaloes." But the moral of the Bible is not affected by the buffalo's lack of ethical sentiment, and neither is the humanitarian argument by the violence of lynchers, nor by the fact that Americans of the Southern States would regard that argument as "idiotic" and "insulting." True, we hear much of "necessity" nowadays, which usually means strong desire and prejudice, and of the need for "exemplary punishments," but the demand for these latter usually arises from a remarkably small study of results in dealing with crime, both on the criminal and on the Society of which he is a member and product. I commend the following case to believers in legal violence. On a single day, June 20th, 1877, ten men were hanged in Pennsylvania for murder. The *New York Herald* of that date predicted a "wholesome effect" from this terrible lesson, adding: "We may be certain that the pitiless severity of the law will deter the most wicked from anything like imitation of their crimes." Foolish prophecy, for that very evening two of the witnesses in the case were murdered, and within a fortnight five of the prosecutors.

I can hardly follow Mr. Pierce into an *entangling* discussion of the occult results of hanging men and women. But surely two things must strike the most superficial reader. If it is only a "possibility" and "very improbable that the dangerous human criminal turned out of the physical world would be able to do the harm supposed," if we can make no "definite affirmation one way or the other," is it not, to say the least, a foolish thing to act on such doubtful data, to trust, in fact, to luck in sending our criminals out of this world. And further, if psychical research *should* finally prove that the "atrocious criminal" passes to an astral hell, where he can have no influence on mundane Society, what possible justification could be found for so contemptible an act on the part of humanity as the shifting of its criminological problems on to the shoulders of a community of fallen souls? The ethical duty of a humanity, conscious of its

solidarity in every scientific and moral sense, would be but miserably shirked for the sake of a temporary relief. "Society itself," says Alfred Russel Wallace, "is the primary cause of murder. We never can know all the peculiarities of the mind, all the complex forces and influences of his social environment which drove the guilty man to the fatal deed." And in result it is Society, Human Society that is, that must rightly suffer for its criminal population (not some astral purgatory), and that must find the remedy and the cure. "In a rational form of Society," to quote Dr. Wallace again, "in which all received a sympathetic ethical training, and had equal opportunities of a full and happy life, the crime of murder would rarely, perhaps never, occur."

It is no argument in this matter to point out that such torture as that inflicted on the assassin of the Empress Elizabeth by the Swiss Law, is worse than death. No doubt it is, but it is not the abolutionist or the humanitarian who is responsible for the substitution of one brutality for another. It arises from a failure to seriously consider the ethical and social ends involved in all punishment. The humanitarian aims at substituting a rational, humane and curative system for an irrational, inhuman and utterly unequal system of vengeance. And be it noted that whilst there is a possibility of reforming a prison system, however brutal, there is no possibility of reforming the scaffold short of abolishing it altogether. If the criminal reforms, or if further evidence prove his guilt to be less than supposed, or if, as in the case of Adolf Beck, his case be one of mistaken identity, you may modify sentences of every kind, *save one*. But obviously, if you kill a man by lynching or by law, you can never reverse the process. And it is not easy to see that it is quite possible in the Georgian case, which forms the text of Mr. Pierce's argument, for a lynching mob or a prejudiced court to bring about the death of some negro not actually guilty of the crime in question. It would not be difficult to instance more than one such case.

But the world of barbarism, with brutal punishments for brutal deeds, is happily passing away, and the scaffold as a remedy for, or a necessity of crime, is dying out. France is abolishing the executioner, Russia seeks to do the same. Not a few European countries have long since done so. In America, the

States of Maine, Ohio and Wisconsin have adopted a system of graduated punishments for murder. We in England still hang our Mary Ansells, and still sentence to death young mothers like Susan Challis and Carrie Thomas, and still, like the Jews of old, demand blood for blood.

In 1865 John Bright wrote: "The cause of abolition is going on rapidly over Europe, and we, stupid as we are in these things, cannot stand still." Forty years have gone by since then. I submit that it is time we moved.

CARL HEATH.

A BURMESE PAGODA.

THE weather is sultry; it is one of those intensely hot days in Burma which occur in the early part of the year, when the parched earth, groaning under the tyranny of the relentless sun, seems to shriek for water, never to come until the advent of the monsoon, bringing months of rain in its track. On all things round, the fierce sun rays are pouring, and every polished surface refracts a wealth of light dazzling to the sight. In the distance blazes, as it were, a second sun, one high in the heavens, the other low down on the horizon, hugging the landscape, yet sending skywards a huge shaft of fire merging in the ether. That fiery globe is our quest.

As we approach, the indistinct outlines of radiance give place to settled form that towers before us, its wide-spreading base on a lofty eminence, a solid column of masonry of gradually diminishing spheroidal shape, tapering off to a delicate point and surmounted by a curious umbrella-designed superstructure, all sheathed in a casing of gold, reflecting every undulating ray of light, a wealth of jewels round the spire pouring forth prismatic hues coined from every sunbeam. Temple of devotion, rising to the skies in mute admiration of the mighty Buddha, emblematical of the purity of the teachings he strove to inculcate in the minds of his people, this Burmese pagoda, bright gem, for its setting the dark green foliage of a hundred tree-tops, is a worthy monument to the memory of one who is enshrined in the hearts of millions.

Terraced is the hill on the top of which the pagoda stands, and a covered staircase, with innumerable flights of steps, makes the ascent easier. The path is thronged with pilgrims, a merry, laughing crowd of brightly dressed people, no sombre-clad folk of sad demeanour here, and the sides of the way are lined with stalls, where smiling Burmese women, resplendent in short coat of pink silk and lower garment of bright colour to match, retail many varieties of votive offerings, bunches of beautiful flowers, exotics all, candles of every size and shape, figures of Buddha in marble, alabaster, wood and ivory, verses in the sacred Pali; the noise and the good humour remind one of an English fair. Sorely one needs refreshment by the time the level plateau whereon rests the pagoda proper is reached, there to survey the scene, one indeed bizarre to western eyes. Three hundred feet above one glitters the pagoda's spire, around its base lie scores of temples, richly-carved, containing images and relics of Buddha, for the faithful to gaze upon and meditate before, and the open platform before and between the temples and the great central pile of gilded stone is a panorama of colour. Burmans, showing silken dress and head-gear typical of all the colours of the rainbow, Chinese with flowing queue and loose, open garments, sleek, dark eyed natives of Ceylon and Southern India, Siamese and Japanese, each in national costume, all unite in paying homage to the great founder of their religion.

Around the base of that lofty fabric you shall walk a quarter of a mile, every inch of the distance some new sight, every moment some more perfect conception being formed of the gigantic task entailed in its structure. Reared up in the days when Saxon, Pict and Dane ravaged this land of ours, unspoiled during the long ages since, one stands in the broad shadow of this Titan, shielded effectively from the piercing heat rays, bowing to its majesty and the mighty labours of those who builded it.

In and out amongst the devotees silent figures thread their way. Men with heads shaven clean to the skull, wrapped in modest yellow robes, worn toga-fashion; they are the priests of Buddhism, if, indeed, Buddhism can be said to possess any priests. There are no ministrations, no ritual to be performed, no services to be held. Learned each one of these in the sacred Pâli scriptures,

it is his duty to expound them whenever questioned, be the interrogator rich or poor, man, woman or child, to educate the youth of the country, and living the simple life of poverty, uncontaminated by worldly things, though not shut off from temptation, to practise meditation on high ideals, that the masses may emulate the standard set, thus purifying the inner life of the nation. *Hypoungyis* they are termed, and as they are, so may the meanest Burman become, if he chooses to renounce the world and the flesh, to throw off the thraldom of the senses, and tread the path of virtue. This is no exclusive fold, whose portals swing open to the key of money, birth or education. Renunciation of lower things is the open sesame, and the qualifications are a wish to lead a better life and a determination to help others to do so by setting a worthy example.

Night has fallen, and forth from the star-bespangled firmament fair Luna sends lambent shafts of silvery light, wreathing the gilded dome with a mystic glow, casting a radiance on temple, porch, leaf and fern, bringing all into bold relief, and lighting up the countenance of the reclining Buddha till those calm, thoughtful features seemed quickened into life ethereal. The air is hot and heavy with the reek and smoke of a thousand candles, flickering out their tribute of flame to Gautama Buddha. A profusion of flowers, scattered at the feet of the images, adds a swee scent to the coarser odours, and the miasma from the marshes below, mingling therewith, creates a wierd mixture. Here and there groups of weary pilgrims, many come from afar, on their knees, faces turned upward in adoration, silhouetted in the moonlight, remind one of so many statues carved out of marble. Others, their devotions finished, laugh and chat in merry unison. In our dull country of the West you shall see nothing like it, this seemingly incongruous blending of Bank Holiday fun and best Sunday, church-going behaviour, crowds of happy people waxing joyous after obligations are performed, and so orderly in their movements withal. And one is led to reflect on the mystery of it all, the curious turn of the wheel of Fortune, or of Fate, which has put the white man here into the midst of these, to him, incomprehensible people. For could there be a sharper contrast than the Burman, a simple, contented being, utterly regardless of

superfluity of wealth, living a happy-go-lucky, butterfly sort of life, and the stolid, matter-of-fact Britisher, leading a most complex existence, attaching tremendous importance to temporalities, exerting his will-power to the utmost in the acquisition of riches? And yet one cannot doubt that both have been brought together for good. It is right that East should see West and that West should see East, and it were well if many more of us could see life in the land of the pagoda!

EDWARD E LONG.

PASSING EVENTS.

No one was blind to the meaning of the way in which the present Government dealt with the situation in the Transvaal. The new constitution is calculated to give back to the Boers the supremacy which, when they exercised it last, led to the late war, and the action of the Government, whether deliberately designed to break up the British Empire, or merely representing indifference to that possible result, must necessarily tend in that direction. So much has been plainly perceived by everyone who attends to public affairs in this country, but a precisely similar situation developed in India has probably been understood by only a very few.

Indian affairs cannot but remain mysterious for almost all but those who have actually lived for a time in the country, and very few outside the circle of those who have had this advantage, can entertain any definite opinion concerning the merits of Sir Bampfylde Fuller's resignation of the Lieutenant-Governorship of Eastern Bengal. A very little aquaintance with the methods of Indian Government was enough, however, to suggest suspicion to those who may ever in the past, have been in touch with them. Sir Bampfylde resigned because certain orders he made in connection with a college in the territory over which he presided, were disallowed by the Supreme Government, acting, as became at once apparent, in submission to the orders of the Secretary of State. The experienced Anglo-Indian had no need to go furthur to feel morally sure that Sir Bampfylde was in the right and the Secretary of State in the wrong. A fairly prolonged familiarity of Indian affairs

enables the present writer to affirm with some confidence that Secretaries of State, whether representing Conservative or Liberal Governments have never interfered to overrule the action of the Vice-Regal Government in India, without having been in the wrong. Viceroys, it is true, have been of very varying value, but it does not often happen, if, indeed, it has ever happened, that the Viceroy, in a matter of real importance, has allowed his own whims to prevail against the inclinations of his Council, in any case giving a Secretary of State an opportunity for interfering. Interferences from home are invariably dictated by considerations having to do with either the whims or the party interests of the parliamentary statesmen in power; and when the authority of the India Office bears down the wishes of a Viceroy, in probably every case of the kind it has also borne down the wishes of his Council. So the trouble in Eastern Bengal must at once have awakened suspicions amongst those in touch with India as soon as it became known that it was the consequence of Mr. Morley's interference.

But now that the Indian papers have been coming to hand, enabling us not merely to understand the incident prompting the Lieutenant-Governor's resignation, but also the state of feeling that resignation has engendered on the part of the Indian Civil Service generally, we are enabled to grasp the full significance of the unintelligent misapprehension on Mr. Morley's part which has prompted his recent deplorable misuse of authority. The feeling at work has been identical with that suggesting the Transvaal constitution, although the external conditions of the two situations differ so widely.

To begin with, the so-called partition of Bengal was a mere measure of administrative convenience. It had no political bearing whatever. But the Bengali Babus who concern themselves with politics have never risen above the idea expressed by the policy of the Irishman, who was always "agin the Government." A long digression would be necessary to explain the Bengali Babu. He belongs to a race with many amiable and charming characteristics, but one of the stupid things done by the English Government in India under the influence of ignorant Liberal enthusiasm, has been to diffuse European education amongst that very quick-

witted and teachable race to an extent deplorably out of proportion to the opportunities the people educated enjoy for leading Europeanised lives. The result has been to cultivate artificially an enormous class taught to be discontented with the conditions of their natural lives, and left entirely without opportunity for organising any others. This merely puts the story of the mistake made in a nutshell, but a volume would be needed to illuminate its consequences in all their details. One at all events has been the development of a great class of bitterly discontented political agitators with no purpose of a clearly defined character in view, but with a vague idea that they have a grievance against the British rule. In a hundred foolish ways this grievance seeks expression, and all the British radicals at home, eager to denounce Imperial sentiment, support the Bengalis in their fantastic demonstrations, and some of them no doubt, are foolishly sincere in believing that the English speaking Bengalis are somehow representative of a great national thirst for self-government,—the panacea for all evils in the estimation of a certain political sect.

Now, directly the huge, unwieldly province of Bengal was divided for the sake of better administration into two provinces, simply because that was an act of the Government, the Bengali Babu rose in his voluble wrath against the arrangement. The grotesque coronation of Surendra Nath Bannerjee, a mischievously clever exponent of Bengali discontent, is only one absurd illustration of the utter senselessness distinguishing the whole movement. But in Eastern Bengal it began to assume a still more aggressive character. Bengalis are of two sorts, those who belong to the Hindoo, and those who belong to the Mohammedan religion. In the Province, as a whole, the Hindoos are largely in the majority. In the portion detached to make the new Province they are in a minority, nearly two-thirds of the whole population of that province are Mohammedans. But that did not prevent the Hindoos from starting a whimsical movement, known locally as the *Swadeshi* movement, a schoolboyish attempt to establish something like a protectionist system in the Province in favour of Hindoo industries. It is a ludicrous feature of the entanglement which has since arisen that Mr. Morley, member of the Government that secured office by appealing to the free trade

enthusiasm of the British elector, should be supporting indirectly by crushing the ruler who tried to suppress it, the ridiculous protectionist enterprise of the Eastern Bengali Hindoos. But that is a detail. Though by no means a warlike personage, the Bengali, in numbers, is capable of ill-using individual victims. Some petty kinds of rioting ensued in connection with the *Swadeshi* movement, duly suppressed, of course, by law, and in connection with this a Government order was issued withdrawing some privileges from a Hindoo college conspicuously identified with the petty sedition in progress. Then the wrath of the Babus in Calcutta blazed up and set fire to the indignation of British Radicals, and so "burned the stick," to quote the old nursery rhyme, or in other words, inspired the Secretary of State to beat the Governor of Eastern Bengal. Clearly the intervention has been as stupid as it is likely to be mischievous, and the Anglo-Indian papers now coming home are teeming with expressions of indignation on the part of experienced civilians who can read the lessons of the whole incident aright.

With this as the text, one might enlarge upon the serious defects of the machinery by which the affairs of India are controlled from St. James' Park, but to do so would involve a protracted treatise on subjects that could only be rendered intelligible to readers out of touch with Indian affairs, by a very elaborate explanation.

THOUGH the scientific study of nature's mysteries, the work of the serious occultist, only interests a small portion of the thinking world at present, no subjects command more eager popular attention than occultism of the kind that is ignorant, crude, and stupid. The columns of the *Daily Mail* for weeks last month were flooded with letters discussing the doctrine of reincarnation, but discussing it in almost all cases from the point of view of the densest mental confusion concerning the great law in its scientific aspect. And while most of the writers who exhibit a leaning towards answering in the affirmative, the question with which their correspondence is headed, "Have we lived before?" the considerations which incline them to do this are absurd and inconclusive to quite a ludicrous extent. One writer is impressed

because a little girl of six, travelling in the country, says "Oh, mother, there is the field we used to play in." In this life the child had never played in that field. One lady, for reasons we need not discuss, is convinced that she must have been either a hare or a stag in her last life; and another, whose father was an Irish farmer who could not resist running across country after the fox hounds when they came within hearing, is convinced that the good man in a former life must have been a hound or a horse. With an equally grotesque misconception of the real law, another writer cites a case in which a girl of sixteen was killed by accident after returning from a school in Germany. Her mother soon afterwards has another baby, and this child, as she grows up, and in her turn is sent to Germany, remembers the school and all about it! The occultist would not be driven to suppose that the elder sister had been robbed of her legitimate devachanic rest, and that the laws governing reincarnation had been outraged, to explain the alleged community of impressions. Most of the letters, however, cling to the idea that where some scene not actually visited during the current life seems familiar when actually approached, evidence is thus afforded that the person in question has been there in a former life. The occultist is, of course, familiar with the manner in which astral wanderings during sleep will store latent impressions in the consciousness which are revived when the places thus clairvoyantly perceived are actually visited on the physical plane.

And the objections raised by those who disbelieve that we have lived before are quite as ludicrous as the arguments on the other side. One writer finds the fact that some children die in infancy an insuperable difficulty in the way. It is difficult to follow the working of his mind, but the occurrence of infant deaths is explained by the most elementary teaching on the subject. The Ego coming into incarnation, having failed to realise its intention, or rather the intention of Nature concerning it, tries again immediately in another direction. Another writer finds the increasing population in the world an insuperable objection. How can this go on unless one believe in the multiplication of souls? Would he be surprised to hear that the population of the world, as the occultist is well aware, was much greater during the Atlantean

period than now, and within the last few thousand years has been decreasing rather than increasing, owing to the gradual fading out of vast Asiatic populations and the indigenous races of America.

Here and there, it is true, amongst the multiplicity of letters in favour of reincarnation, we encounter some describing visions that the writers have had,—generally of scenes in which they seem to meet with death,—and in these cases it is possible that such visions really may be flashes of imperfect memory, although it is necessary that clairvoyance should be cultivated on a plane of nature exempt from the liability to confusion, which astral clairvoyance imports, in order that perfect records of former lives may be secured. It is no doubt true that sometimes impressions really coming from the higher manasic plane may manifest themselves in flashes to the astral senses. And of course for the progress of enlightenment it is better that people should believe in a fundamental and supremely important truth on insufficient grounds rather than not believe in it at all. But it is certainly a curious characteristic of the present age that the higher mysteries of nature should only constitute an attractive study when presented for consideration encrusted with the clumsiest entanglements of misconception. The grand harmonious science of occultism, that embraces the complete scheme of human evolution, answers the painful riddles of life, expands the foundations of science, and disperses the mists of superstition,—occultism of that type interests but a very few. Palmistry and laying the cards, hypnotism, and converse through mediumship of the humblest order with the riff-raff of the next world, are pursuits which fascinate the public almost by the million.

In the *Daily Telegraph* dreams and apparitions have constituted this year the theme of the usual autumnal correspondence. The fact that such phenomena of consciousness can no more be understood when considered by themselves without reference to a great many other ramifications of general and abnormal consciousness, has apparently disturbed the minds of very few writers. It is no more possible to explain a dream without fully comprehending the superphysical elements of the human constitution, and the nature of consciousness on other

planes, than it would be to explain the reactions of chemistry without comprehending the constitution of the various salts or reagents concerned.

Occultism is indirectly concerned with another long correspondence that has occupied the attention of readers of the *Daily Express*. These have been invited to consider the question whether people generally are becoming more or less religious. A few of those who have taken part in this correspondence have unconsciously forecast some of the effects to be expected from the gradual development of occult knowledge, an improvement that is to say in the earnestness of religious feeling concurrently with a distaste for, or, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle puts it, "the gradual emancipation of human reason from iron bound ritual and dogma." Sir Arthur has contributed the best elements to this correspondence, insisting on the great truth that a large proportion of the most earnest-minded and thoughtful men in this country are already outside all dogmatic creeds. And another correspondent who expresses his conviction with crisp brevity, describes himself as a student of the four great religions of the world, and his conviction that people generally "are not becoming less religious, but more so; that is why we do not go to church!"

We have so long been used in this country to an easy conviction that treasonable and seditious language, whether printed in Radical newspapers or declaimed from impromptu platforms in Hyde Park, amuse the speakers and writers without doing anybody any harm, that one is almost ashamed to take such demonstrations seriously. But the politics of this country are certainly now interpenetrated by forces making for change to a greater extent than hitherto. The Government under which we are suffering may, perhaps, with reason be regarded as a political nightmare, from which in progress of time the country will awaken. Perhaps the awakening will come before fatal blows have been directed against the solidarity of the Empire, and by some people the split in the Liberal camp as between those who merely represent the Liberal Party interest, and those who, in the name of Labour, are attempting to insert the thin end of a wedge, the thick end of which would be Communism, are disposed to

treat that split as foreshadowing the possible recovery of power by the party more or less absurdly described as Conservative. But the Labour Party meanwhile is an undeniable phenomenon of deep significance. At the Congress recently held at Liverpool the language of those who represent the party was at the same time so menacing and so moderate as to betoken important results in a not distant future. Mr. Cummings, who presided at the Liverpool Congress, used no extravagant or seditious language, discussed with great sagacity the electoral tactics to be recommended in order to increase the strength of the Labour Party, and at the same time clearly defined the principle that the trouble of the labouring classes was due to the concentration of capital and the tenure of land in private hands.

How the aggregation of capital which he regarded as a menace to the nation's best interest, is to be cured except by measures amounting to a social revolution, is not clearly explained. But it is the settled policy of the Labour Party to disintegrate capital, and by the time the Labour Party shall have made itself thoroughly understood by electors at large, people, perhaps, will realise that it is really to that party that the reckless degradation of the franchise has entrusted the future destinies of England. And there may be underlying strata of sentiment to which the coarse brutalities of Mr. Keir Hardie will effectively appeal. He declared to a popular meeting at Blackburn that "The day for Kings, Tsars and Emperors had gone long ago; it belonged to the childhood of the world. Kings might be tolerated as they tolerated ancient monuments, so long as they were harmless and created no mischief; but no people engaged in a great revolutionary movement should stop short of the full enthronement of democracy under a Republican form of Government." When the present administration came into office one Cabinet Minister, it will be remembered, had already asserted the same principle, in other words, declaring his disapproval of all hereditary authority. Now, if we could imagine at this moment an uprising of the Cromwellian type, and a civil war between Monarchy and Republicanism, Monarchy would certainly be backed to win at long odds by the majority. But what is going to be the course of future events? Political institutions can no

more stand still than the planets in space. Public institutions must thrive or decay, grow in strength or become enfeebled. In spite of Mr. Keir Hardie one might fairly argue that within the last generation or two monarchy in this country has been growing in strength, but as the Labour Party becomes a more and more powerful factor in politics, one or two things will probably come to pass. Monarchy will have to grow in strength to a very considerable degree beyond the limits so far attained, or the doctrine proclaimed by Mr. Hardie will find an ever-increasing volume of support.

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TO THE READERS OF "BROAD VIEWS."

THE subscriptions that have been received, so far, in response to the Address to the Readers in the last number of BROAD VIEWS, are not in sufficient abundance to justify its continued publication next year. But they are sufficiently numerous to suggest the probability that they may be adequately reinforced by additional subscriptions to be received in the course of November. In some cases support has been given to the undertaking largely in excess of the individual subscriptions sent, and if it is made possible for me to go on with the work I shall be gladly willing to do so, though unhappily I cannot if the REVIEW fails to pay its way.

In case these lines may be read by some persons who may not have seen the last number, I may briefly repeat the substance of the explanation above referred to.

BROAD VIEWS will cease to appear after the issue of the December number, unless a large increase in the subscription list for next year provides for the inevitable expenses of its production. All subscriptions now sent in will be returned in the event of the aggregate number being insufficient to afford this provision.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

By Ernest H. Short.

More than 800 years have passed since Henry IV., the Holy Roman Emperor, went to Canossa. On the 21st of January, 1077, to be precise, the Emperor left his wife and courtiers at Reggio and climbed the 15 miles of snow-clad road leading to Canossa, the mountain stronghold of the Countess Matilda, where Pope Gregory VII. was staying. The Emperor was the embodiment of the secular power of his age. Fearful for the security of his crown, the most powerful civilian of his time had determined to throw himself upon the mercy of the Church he had offended.

This is the scene to which we are carried back by the present struggle between the State and Church in France. The memory forces us to ask whether the French Republic will have to seek its Canossa. Will this be so, or has the time come when a European power can safely defy the Church? The interest attaching to the question is all the greater because one great party in Great Britain is pledged to the very step which France has just taken. Another of the Latin powers—Spain—is attempting to solve the same problem on similar lines to those adopted by her Republican neighbour. We repeat the question: Can the temporal power safely cut itself adrift from the spiritual power? There was a time when it could not.

When the Emperor Henry IV. reached Canossa, the short-legged, stammering old churchman, who stood for the rights of mediæval Christendom, refused to receive him. "If he be truly penitent let him surrender the crown and insignia of royalty into

our hands, and confess himself unworthy of the name and honour of King," said Pope Gregory VII. For three days Henry waited in the snow in the castle yard in the garb of a penitent, barefoot and fasting. On the fourth day Gregory received him. With the cry "Holy Father Spare Me!" the Emperor threw himself at the Pope's feet.

Gregory VII. and the church he represented were victorious in the eleventh century. Will Pius X. be equally successful in the twentieth century? The answer would offer less difficulty if we did not remember that the expulsion of the religious orders from France and the denouncing of the French Concordat are but moves in a game that has been proceeding for hundreds of years. All that time the fortunes of the players have wavered. Now the Pope has scored a trick. Now the French State has added a point to its tally. The peculiar interest of the present position depends upon the question whether the State has at last scored the rubber.

"Human pride has created the power of kings, God's mercy has created the power of bishops, the Pope is the master of emperors. He is rendered holy by the merits of his predecessor, St. Peter. The Roman Catholic Church has never erred, and holy scripture proves that it never can err. To resist it is to resist God," said Gregory VII., and France and the rest of eleventh century Europe agreed with him. It now seems as if Republican France is strong enough to give the Pope who raises such a cry the lie direct.

What has happened is this. France has dispersed or driven from its shores every religious community refusing to submit to a temporal control which the Church's conscience would not permit it to accept. The English analogy would be the House of Commons and the House of Lords compelling every Anglican priest who ran a village school to take an oath which would cut him adrift from his church upon pain of banishment or the loss of his livelihood. Moreover, France has deprived its bishops and priests of stipends which it agreed to pay in lieu of the Church's property confiscated during the troubles of the great Revolution. The analogous position would be reached in England if Parliament began to pay the salaries of the clergy, taking in exchange, let us say, the land and investments of the Church, and

then suddenly refusing to continue the allowances which it had agreed to make. Such a situation is clearly of the highest political interest.

THE EARLY FRENCH CONCORDATS.

What light then does history throw upon the relations between the Roman Catholic Church and the representatives of the secular power in France in earlier times?

Until the Papacy of Boniface VIII. (1294-1303), the ecclesiastical pretensions of Gregory VII. reigned supreme in Western Europe. Popes sought to crown princes and discrown them, as they pleased. A series of bulls issued by Boniface completed the edifice of papal aggression. He asserted the entire subjection of the temporal to the spiritual power. But the temporal power in the shape of the King of France was strong enough to defeat the claim. The Papacy was brought from Rome to Avignon, the Pope being a mere tool of the French King throughout "the Babylonish Captivity." From that time the Pragmatic Sanction and the Concordat began to be employed freely to regulate the relations of Monarch and Church. In 1438, Charles VII. of France enacted the famous Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, "the Magna Charta of the Gallican Church," to use the phrase coined by Hallam. Its avowed purpose was to limit the power of the Pope in France and to secure for Frenchmen the liberties which the Edwards had secured for Englishmen.

But in 1510 the political necessities of Francis I. forced France to strike a new bargain with the Papacy. The result was the Concordat signed by Leo X. and Francis I., which lasted until the French Revolution.

The conflicting aspirations of the French State and the Roman Church never permitted the Concordat to work without friction for long. Every time a French King became strong he was tempted to try a fall with Rome. A typical case is furnished by the conflict which Louis XIV. started in 1673, provoked by the clerical resistance to taxation. Nine years later Bossuet, on behalf of the King, issued the Declaration of Rights, which practi-

cally revived the Pragmatic Sanction of Charles VII. But even Louis XIV. failed. France would not dispense with Bishops, and, since the Pope alone could grant canonical investiture, the ultimate victory of Rome was assured. During the quarrel some thirty French bishoprics became vacant. The Episcopacy was in danger of total destruction. As Louis XIV. was not prepared to emulate the example of our own Henry VIII., and cut himself adrift from Rome altogether, France had to give way. That was what happened in the 17th century. Are present circumstances such that the Pope can look for an equal success to-day?

THE NAPOLEONIC CONCORDAT—AND AFTER.

Let us then examine the position of Roman Catholicism in France at the present time. Hitherto we have been delving in the ancient past. The history of the problem of Church and State in France, as it is to-day, dates from the Napoleonic age.

Upon his installation as First Consul, Napoleon found himself confronted with a problem that seemed almost beyond human solution. In the turmoil of the French Revolution, Leo X.'s Concordat had vanished. The French Church had received a civil constitution, its bishops having neither canonical institution from Rome, nor place in the government of the country. This is, by the way, exactly the position which the action of M. Waldeck Rousseau and M. Combes has brought about to-day. Naturally enough, this harsh treatment turned the mass of the French clergy into ardent supporters of the ancient regime. Again, as we shall see, the analogy with the state of affairs now is surprising. The bulk of the bishops were working heart and soul with the Royalists, and constituted a perpetual menace to the civil power. Napoleon's solution of the difficulty was typical of the man. No half measure. He boldly made terms with Rome. While the clergy were not permitted any share in the conduct of civil affairs, Napoleon offered a substantial subsidy in place of the revenues that had been confiscated during the revolutionary period. The clergy were to become salaried officers paid by the State, and were to be subject to the administration like any other public servants. By this method Napoleon rid himself

of the old priesthood at a stroke, and secured a new body of clergy bound by the strongest ties to the new civil power.

The Roman Church did not accept Napoleon's solution without an immense deal of debate. Time and again the negotiations were on the point of breaking down. When Cardinal Consalvi, the Pope's proxy, reached Paris to ratify the treaty, he hesitated. One evening he met Napoleon at the Tuileries. "Well, Monsieur le Cardinal, you do not wish to sign?" asked the First Consul. "Then the affair is broken off. I have no need of Rome, I will act by myself. If Henry VIII., who had not a twentieth part of my power, knew how to change the religion of England, much more can I change that of France. When do you go?" "This evening," replied the Cardinal.

Both men were bluffing, both knew that the Catholic Church and France must find a common basis of agreement. Finally the Concordat was signed, the very document which the French people have now renounced in proof of their determination to have done with the Church of Rome for ever.

The Concordat was a brief document, containing seventeen Articles. The first set forth that the Roman Catholic worship was to be freely exercised in France. The fourth article stated that the First Consul was to appoint bishops within three months of the promulgation of the Papal Bull, and "His Holiness will confer the canonical institution." This clause did not establish Roman Catholicism as the French national religion. Protestants and Jews were placed upon the same footing. By the Concordat, France selected her own Bishops, but they could not exercise their office until the Pope had given "a canonical settlement." In other words, the Papacy had the right to refuse to ratify any choice of the French Government.

The twelfth article was important. It ran: "All the metropolitan, cathedral and parochial churches and others which have not been alienated, and are necessary for worship, will be placed at the disposals of the Bishops." In other words, the Church property was not restored, but only lent to the Church.

The fourteenth article set forth that, the Church having been despoiled, there were no funds available for stipends. Under these circumstances it was agreed that the French Government

should "assure a fitting allowance to the Bishops and Rectors whose dioceses and cures will be included in the new arrangement."

It seems to be clear that the anticipated annual cost at the time was only about £150,000. Vicars, curates, canons and other ranks of the clergy not mentioned in the Concordat were, however, placed upon the state pay list until, in the 1905 Budget, the Public Worship Account amounted to no less than £1,695,000. Indeed, this is by no means the limit of France's expenditure under the Concordat. M. Clemenceau, the new Prime Minister, has estimated *the total cost*, including special credits and expenditures on buildings to be nearer 100,000,000 francs (£4,000,000) yet the stipends of the French clergy have been based upon the most moderate rates. The seventeen archbishops have only received £600 a year each. Our own archbishops receive £15,000 and £10,000 respectively. The sixty seven French bishops have drawn £400 each, a meagre sum compared with the £8,000 drawn by our Bishop of Durham. The stipends of the French vicars-general varied from £100 to £140 a year, while the rectors and cures only received from £50 to £60.

No reference to the Concordat would be complete without a few words upon what are known as the Organic Articles. Some explanatory matter was no doubt needful to supplement the Concordat. Napoleon, therefore, called upon the Juris-consult Portalis to draw up a number of Articles. These were framed and promulgated without any reference to the Pope at Rome. The sixty-seven clauses modified the agreement with Rome in many important particulars. The very first Article claimed for France, the right of control and examination of the decrees of synods and councils. The 20th Article ordained that bishops should be "obliged to reside in their dioceses and not leave them without the permission of the First Consul." M. Combes and the French Government made great play with this Article during the recent controversy, concerning the Pope's authority over the Bishops of Dijon and Laval. M. Combes argued that Mgr. le Nordez should never have obeyed the behest of the Pope, and visited Rome without securing the permission of the French Government. The Vatican, of course, declined to be bound by the Organic Articles and appealed to the text of the Concordat.

But first it is necessary to realise the relations subsisting between the subsidised Catholic Church and the French State in the period following the Concordat. We shall come back to the reasons for the Church's action later. For the moment it is necessary to insist upon the fact that throughout the 19th century the Clerical Party was strongly Monarchical and anti-Liberal. The Church worked hard for the Second Empire, and, naturally enough, was entirely out of sympathy with the Republic when the French Monarchy passed away in 1871. Leo XIII. did his best to persuade the French Clericals to come to terms with the Republic but failed to convince them. Consequently, the cry "le cléricalisme, voila l'ennemi" has always been popular in Republican France. In 1881 it was potent enough to send a majority to Paris, favouring the premiership of Gambetta. It is noteworthy that Gambetta himself never desired to carry his distrust and hatred of the French Clericals to its logical extent. Asked by Pere Hyacinthe why he did not favour the separation of Church and State he answered. "That would be the end of all things. The clergy, grouping all the reactionaries around them, would be stronger than we are."

THE RISE OF "THE BLOC."

The policy of active opposition to the Roman Catholic Church in France dates from the institution of "the Bloc." There is no exact English analogy. Practically, "the Bloc" is the Republican party—a union of all talents against the Clerical, Monarchical and Anarchical enemies of the Republic. It includes all grades of opinion, from Liberalism to Socialism. "The Bloc" has no regular organization, no whips, no recognized leader, not even a secretary, yet it rules France.

Previous to its formation ministries in France were composed of shifting combinations. Finally, the fears aroused by the Boulangist and Nationalist conspiracies of the 80's and the 90's drove the various Republican groups to common action. The general policy of "the Bloc" is Radical, but this is profoundly influenced by the general ideals of the Socialists who form part of the organisation. Abroad "the Bloc" favours a gradual detach-

ment from the Russian alliance, substituting an understanding with Great Britain. At home, it is working for shorter military service, such social reforms as old age pensions, and above all, the complete secularisation of the State.

Why, then, has "the Bloc," whose first aim is to secure the maintenance of the Republic in France, made war upon the Roman Catholic Church the first plank in its programme?

We have already referred to the sympathy existing between the French Clericals and the Monarchical party. Both these parties have all to gain by a change of government, and both have naturally looked to the French army as a possible lever to work the overthrow of the Republic. Both hailed the Boulangist movement eagerly, such a Catholic lady as the Duchess d'Uzès providing millions of francs to finance it. The French army has always been largely officered by descendants of the old French aristocracy, by-men, that is to say, with a distinct bias against the Republican form of government. These officers have been practically all educated by the Catholic religious orders. The great military schools of St. Cyr and the Ecole Polytechnique are full of the pupils of the congregations. Masters, educated in the Congregations' schools swarm upon the teaching boards.

The connection between the Monarchists and the Clericals was, therefore, a close one. Moreover, their influence in army circles was sufficient to threaten considerable danger to the Republic.

THE SCHOOLS OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Can we wonder at the fears aroused in the Republican ranks? Can we wonder that the lovers of the Republic determined to strike hard and to strike at once? "The Bloc" came into existence, and, naturally enough, chose to encounter the foe it could reach most easily first—the Church. Equally naturally, it struck where it could reduce this foe to impotency most easily.

The Republican Party determined to destroy the schools belonging to the various Orders of the Catholic Church. "The Bloc" was not content to exclude the clergy from the public schools. It determined that a French parent could not choose

the teacher of his child even if he were willing to pay for the privilege, in addition to contributing to the ordinary State schools. Anyone who would justify the action of "The Bloc" must emphasise the fact that the whole system of French education was opened to the Religious Orders in 1850, practically as a reward for the Church's adherence to the *Coup d'Etat*. The Falloux Law (the joint work of the Reactionists, the Clericals and the Republican Moderates) put the Catholic clergy in a commanding position in all grades of public instruction. By 1878 the congregations educated 2,301,943 children—that is to say, half of the school population of France. The expulsion of the Jesuits from the schools decreased this number. Yet in 1901-2 the congregagations educated 1,242,713 children out of 4,073,106. The Falloux system was completed by the law of 1875, which practically handed over the Universities to the Catholic Church by granting the right to interfere in the disposal of degrees for the learned professions. Thus arose what Waldeck Rousseau termed "the two youths" of France, the one looking upon the Republic as the embodiment of all the vices, the other regarding it as the only guarantee of French peace and prosperity.

Rightly or wrongly, "The Bloc" determined that this system should end. M. Waldeck Rousseau became Premier of France in June, 1899. At the time France was suffering from a plethora of revolutionary rumours. The mysterious death of President Faure had been the signal for numerous Monarchical disturbances. Between the 25th and the 28th of February the police raided a number of royalist houses and dissolved several treasonable leagues. In June a stormy debate in the Chamber led to the suspension of M. Largentaye, the royalist. M. Deroulede, who had been arrested some months earlier for inciting General Roget to a *coup d'etat*, was again imprisoned. In July General de Négrier was dismissed from the Supreme Council of War for inciting the army to insubordination.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered that M. Waldeck Rousseau crossed swords with those whom be believed to be behind all this revolutionary uproar. In August, 1899, the Budget Committee voted the suppression of the Embassy to the

Vatican. In January, 1900, the Superior of the Assumptionist Fathers was prosecuted for propaganda against the Government. Finally, on November 8th, M. Waldeck Rousseau announced to the Chamber of Deputies the Government's intention to bring in the Religious Associations Bill. This was duly passed by the Chamber by 303 votes to 224 in March, 1901. The Senate agreed to the Bill by 313 votes to 149, and the law was promulgated on July 1st.

In a sense, M. Waldeck Rousseau's bill was only an amplification of an earlier proposal. In 1879 M. Jules Ferry persuaded the French Lower House, to forbid any unauthorised order to set up a school, public or private, or to teach in it. The Waldeck Rousseau Bill added a provision compelling the orders to register and publish the names of their members and the statutes governing their action. The Government, in fact, decided to treat the congregations exactly as other business organisations were treated. In France, any business is open to investigation by a Government official at any moment. Books and accounts must be carefully kept, and every employee must be registered upon pain of a heavy fine. The new law compelled every congregation to apply for a license and submit to the regulations under which every other business laboured. M. Waldeck Rousseau's intention was, doubtless, to strike at one or two of the most hostile orders, while he kept the general body of the congregations, teaching, trading and charitable, under the eye of the administration.

But the temper of "the Bloc" was such that any moderate proposal had little chance of acceptance. In February, 1902, the Falloux law, guaranteeing liberty of instruction, was abrogated. In June M. Combes, with his scorpions, succeeded M. Waldeck Rousseau and his whips. By this time the Republican party had determined to have done with the monastic system in France once and for all. Every member of a Catholic congregation was forbidden to teach even in private schools. The actual bill suppressing teaching by religious bodies in conventual and monastic schools was passed on March 28th, 1904, by 316 votes to 269. Actuated by the same spirit, the Chamber armed M. Combes with powers which enabled him to suppress thousands of congregations by ministerial decree.

The hardships entailed upon the orders are well illustrated by the case of the Passionist Fathers of the Avenue Hoche, who for forty years carried on the only English Roman Catholic church in Paris. The Passionists belonged to no teaching order. They had never opened a school or meddled with politics. Their duties were confined to preaching, hearing confessions, celebrating mass and visiting the poor. The Fathers cannot have ever threatened the slightest danger to French social or political order. Yet they had to leave France at fifteen days' notice with nothing more substantial than their clothes with which to begin their new life.

The administration of the Association Bill has emphasised the drastic character of the statute. Thus, none of the members of the dispersed unauthorised religious congregations are allowed to enter the ranks of the secular clergy, save under the most stringent conditions. Any member of a dispersed congregation, who desires to become a parish priest has to return to the diocese where he was ordained. Even then he cannot be nominated to a parish where an establishment of the congregation to which he has belonged was in existence.

Nor did "the Bloc" strike at men alone. Women suffered equally. Not a few Republicans sympathised with "les bonnes sœurs." They felt that the nuns with their sweet faces and gentle ways had certainly done nothing but good to France. Yet they had to go.

DENOUNCING THE CONCORDAT.

By this time it was evident that the fight between the French Republic and the Roman Catholic Church was "to a finish." In October, 1902, a committee was appointed to consider the question of separation of Church and State. The French Government took no pains to conceal its wish to pick a quarrel with the Vatican. In February, 1903, a long wrangle commenced with the Pope as to the nominations to several vacant bishoprics. In September, 1903, M. Combes announced that the Government intended to bring in an Act separating Church and State, and the Chamber showed that it approved of his policy by carrying by 332 votes to 233 a resolution approving of his methods of dealing

with clerical and monarchist reactionaries. In April M. Loubet and M. Delcassé visited the King of Italy at Rome. The incident drew from Pius X. an angry protest against the head of a Catholic State recognising the power which had deprived the Church of Rome of its temporal dominions. The way was now opened for the rupture of diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican, a step which was taken in August, 1904.

No one could have been in doubt at this time that the denouncing of the Napoleonic Concordat had become inevitable. The Bill separating Church and State was introduced on the 10th of November. Article 2, the essential clause, ordained that "the Republic neither recognises, pays salaries to, nor subsidises any form of worship." Before the Bill actually passed in December, 1905, M. Rouvier succeeded M. Combes in the Premiership. But the change was only a nominal one. It was still "the Bloc" which ruled France. It was still "the Bloc" which had determined that the safety of the Republic demanded that the Roman Catholic Church should be rendered entirely powerless to work it political harm. The principle at the back of the Separation Bill had been long settled. The only interest lay in the method adopted, and, particularly, as to the manner in which the property of the Church was to be disposed of.

THE ASSOCIATIONS.

It will be remembered that the 12th article of the Napoleonic Concordat ordained that "all the Metropolitan, Cathedral and Parochial churches, and others which have not been alienated, and are necessary for worship, will be placed at the disposal of the bishops." That is to say, France had lent the Church property to the bishops as the recognised representatives of the citizen worshippers. As M. Rouvier's Government had no intention of handing this property over to the Roman Catholic Church, the Separation Bill delivered up all Church property to Associations to be elected for the purpose. These Associations are to be composed of 7, 15, or 25, parishioners, according to population, and it will be their duty to draw up statutes for the control of public worship and for the administration of the property of the Church.

This plan has been definitely rejected by the Vatican, though,

oddly enough, one closely approximating to it has been in use in Germany for many years.

By the law of June 20th, 1875, Germany delivered the temporal property of the Catholic Church to Church Councils and Parish Assemblies elected by the adult Catholics of the Commune. In Germany the Parish Assembly meets occasionally to confirm the proposals of the Administrative Council and to approve its accounts. This management is minutely controlled by the Government. In the case of conflict between the Administrative Council or the Parish Assembly and the Episcopal Authority, appeal is made to the President of the Province or the Minister of Public Worship. In all administrative affairs, the Bishop merely ratifies the wish of the elected lay representatives of the Parish. In the last resort, he is subject to the Civil Authority. The German law makes no reference to the Pope. It does recognise, however, the Bishops. The French law, on the contrary, makes no reference to the Bishop.

Perhaps it is because the Associations Bill makes no reference to the Pope and the French bishops, that the Vatican refuses to accept the arrangement. As we have seen, it is extremely like one it has accepted in Germany. Moreover, it is one which the majority of the French Bishops regard as the best bargain the Catholic Church is likely to make with the French Republic. In this belief, the Assembly of French Bishops recently adopted a series of Organic Statutes intended to prove how easy it would be to give the *Associations Cultuelles* as defined by the Associations Bill, an organisation in conformity with Catholic discipline. That there is a great deal of sound common sense behind this view, can be seen from the first clause of these proposed Statutes, which runs "on the motion of the parish priest of . . . and with the sanction of the Archbishop or Bishop of . . . . the undersigned . . . . and all other persons who may give their adhesion to these Statutes at a later date form an *Association Cultuelle* which, in conformity with the laws of July 1st, 1904, and December 9th, 1905, is entitled the *Association Fabricienne de la Paroisse Catholique de* . . ." The Statutes go on to state that the Association receives the property previously administered by the *conseils de fabrique*, and is to "manage it in accordance

with the canon law, and in conformity with the general rules of the Roman Catholic religion." "The Association is subject to the authority of the Pope and of the Bishop of . . ."

It is clear that any Association governed by articles of this nature cannot depart far from the rules laid down by the Roman Catholic Church. No doubt the truth is that the general interests of the Papacy compel the Pope to refuse to adopt any scheme proposed by the Republic. Be that as it may, the Vatican was by no means pleased when it heard that the Assembly of French Bishops, by a majority of 22 votes, agreed to the desirability of *Associations Cultuelles*. Pius X. is reported to have cried, "They have voted against me; they have voted as Frenchmen."

Pius X. sees in the Associations Bill no assurance that, in the new French *régime*, the hierarchy will remain independent and sovereign. He fears that, though at first the Public Worship Associations will be nominally under the control of the French Bishops, this may not continue. He realises that the French law does not recognise, to use the Pope's own phrase, "in a sure manner, the immutable rights of the Roman Pontiff and of the Bishops." In other words, the door is left open to the one thing the Church of Rome can never endure, schism. A position has been reached which admits of no compromise.

THE FUTURE.

This is how matters stand at the present time. The Republican Party in France seems determined not to give way one iota. The substitution of M. Clemenceau for M. Sarrien at the head of affairs in France by no means suggests a half-hearted policy in dealing with clerical reactionaries. On the contrary, the Pope declares that the solution of the difficulty proposed by the Associations Bill is entirely unjust in principle and unacceptable in fact. It is not easy to see what way out will present itself. Many interesting questions immediately arise.

What, for instance, does the Catholic Church stand to lose? The Budget supplies the following figures:—Salaries of Bishops 900,000 francs; salaries of Curés, 4,231,000 francs; salaries of curates, 470,000 francs; allowances to Officiating Ministers 30,000,000 francs. Will the French Catholic be willing to make this large sum good? Will he be willing to pay for his religion?

It is known that the French man and the French woman have a rooted objection to pay for anything that they once had for nothing. Cardinal Gibbons tells us that the French emigrant acquires the habit of subscribing for religious objects very slowly. In large towns the clergy will, doubtless, secure sufficiently liberal voluntary subscriptions. But what will happen in the poorer country districts.

Again, if the Frenchman does subscribe the millions of pounds needed for the Catholic services, what will happen to the Peter's Pence Fund which can ill afford to dispense with the offerings from Catholic France? The organization controlled by the Vatican costs an immense sum annually to keep going. The major part of the £640,000 needed, certainly comes from the interest derived from the papal investments. But some £240,000 more comes from "Peter's Pence," the free gifts of the faithful all over the world. There has been a tendency of late for these free will offerings to diminish.

Lastly, what will be the effect upon French Republicanism? Will events prove the wisdom of Gambetta's forecast as to the consequences likely to follow the divorce of Church and State? "That would be the end of all things. The clergy, grouping all the reactionaries around them, would be stronger than we are." It certainly is open to discussion whether the shattering of the Concordat does not let a wild bull loose into the political arena in France. This much is certain. The Roman Church will not take such a blow as the Separation Bill lying down. The Papacy has fought losing battles before. It has seen the principles of Catholicism prevail long after a less strenuous power would have accepted defeat. It may well be that the check to French Catholicism appears more complete than it really is. Little more than a decade since many a stalwart Republican, as we have seen, was in real doubt as to the solidity of the foundation upon which the Republic rested. The rise of an attractive personality able to rally the forces of Monarchism would give Rome its chance. It will not fail to take advantage of any false step "the Bloc" may make. To return to the simile with which we started, the Pope and the Roman Church will never relinquish the hope that the Republic may yet come to its Canossa, with the cry "Holy Father spare me."

ERNEST H. SHORT.

AN IMMORTAL SOUL.

By W. H. Mallock.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

The secret aching of Mr. Barton's heart had been for the moment healed by Miss Vivian's undiminished friendliness; but when he realised the new atmosphere in which she now seemed to be moving, his previous trouble had reasserted itself under a somewhat different form, and the bitterness of his own parting words to her, into which his quick temper had betrayed him, now recoiled on himself, filling him with self-reproach, and intensifying his longing to see her once more in private, when he would, so he felt, be able to remove all cause of estrangement, and draw her into the inmost circle of his own spiritual aspirations.

Such was his mood when, as he toiled up-hill to his Church, he found himself passing the doors of the Southquay Museum Buildings, one of whose halls was used for University Extension Lectures. Lists of the subjects now in course of being dealt with were displayed in striking type on placards which leaned against the limestone wall. They had been there for the last month; but Mr. Barton's eyes this afternoon were caught by a fresh announcement, which eclipsed the others with its yet more striking typography—an announcement of a lecture on Psychology, by the famous Dr. Gustav Thistlewood. Mr. Barton contemplated the placard with a slight ironical laugh. Dr. Thistlewood might be a man of real scientific attainments; and science Mr. Barton recognised as

possessing a high utility, also as being an interesting pursuit for those who happened to like it; but when it presumed to stray beyond its narrow and humble borders it excited alternately his derision and his righteous anger. It became, for him, either a scheme of sincere but irrational infidelity, which formed the dangerous creed of a knot of spiritual anarchists; or else, and even more mischievously, an excuse amongst the careless and licentious for a perverse revolt against the restraints of Christain morals. To whichever of these parties Dr. Thistlewood belonged, he was at all events guilty of the presumption common to both. That a man should think himself qualified, because he possibly was a good doctor, to give his opinions on even so barren a subject as psychology, was, in Mr. Barton's estimation, comparable to the claim of an undergraduate to criticise the grammar of Thucydides, on the ground that he was a proficient in football; and now when he reflected on how this plausible charlatan was apparently accepted as a hero by such persons as Lord Cotswold and Lady Conway, and that Miss Vivian was in imminent danger of being brought under the magic of his influence, his solicitude for her and his antagonism to her insidious enemies, acquired, when he resumed his walk, a new and deepened intensity which was presently trembling in his voice as he intoned the evening Office.

As for Miss Vivian herself, Lady Conway, could she have looked inside her, would have smiled to see that the treatment which her own wisdom had suggested showed signs already of producing its designed result. Last night, after the ball, the girl's sleep had been a chain of dreams, in which something constantly sought for had been for ever dissolving into moonlit clouds, or cadences of vanishing music—dreams, however, whose very troubles were pervaded by a certain luxurious pleasure, like the pungent smell of pine-woods asserting itself through their baffling dimness. The same trouble which this pleasure accentuated rather than relieved had continued to beset her next day until that exchange of glances, which passed between herself and the platform, gave a new aspect to everything. During her subsequent adventures at the fête her mind had been in bud with happiness. Every trifle had charmed her, and had seemed for the moment satisfying. Even the proposal which Sir Rawlin did not fail to make, that they should

go to Dr. Thistlewood's lecture, and which Lady Susannah had assented to, holding that a taste for lectures, no matter what they were, was a sign of steadiness in the young, came to Miss Vivian as a prospect of present happiness repeating itself.

A little cloud even then, however, had begun to show itself in the sky. Lady Conway's advent at the end of Madame Levy's performance, something also in the nature of that performance itself, had saddened her, though she hardly knew it; and subsequently two trifling circumstances filled her with a vague disquiet. The date of the lecture was the day after to-morrow, and she had assumed that on the day intervening Sir Rawlin would join her, as she had suggested, whilst she sketched under the stone pines. He had, however, before they parted, made no allusion to this plan, and finally, when he, instead of coming with her to her carriage, had bidden her a hasty, though doubtless a very friendly adieu, and allowed himself to be carried off by Lady Conway to the offices of the Conservative Association, she felt that her afternoon as a retrospect was less satisfying than it had been as an experience.

That night in her sitting-room, to which she retreated early, she sank, as if exhausted, into a low chair by her fire-side and took from a table close to her a small delicately-bound book. It was Mr. Barton's "Secret Way," whose pages were by this time liberally scored with pencil-marks. She turned these languidly till she came to the following passage:

"Science, in the narrow sense in which the word is used to-day —so different from that hallowed by the Catholic intellect—deals solely with matter, and has nothing to do with spirit. Such science confines itself to things that exist in space; whilst for mind, for thought, for soul, space is not—it has no meaning. Yet even the material world which such science studies has—for both it and the soul were made by the same God—analogies in itself, by which the world of spirit is illuminated. Such science, for example, tells us this: That there is no desire implanted in any living creature which does not indicate the existence somewhere of that wherewithal it shall be satisfied. Thus for bodies numbed with cold there is the warmth of sun and fire. For tired muscles and heavy eyes there is sleep. In the hunger of the lamb is a witness to the growing of the green pastures. With respect indeed to any bodily want or

desire whatever, the actual existence of its true corresponding object may, even before we have clearly imagined it, be inferred from the desire itself; just as—to take another material analogy—from the movements of a planet seen, is inferred the existence of a planet unseen, which influences them. So is it with the soul. If thy soul desire something which it has not as yet found, know that somewhere this thing desired exists; and if, believing that thou hast found it, thou wouldst know whether thou hast found it truly, examine thy heart afresh, and ask whether thy heart is satisfied."

Mr. Barton would have been much surprised, could he have witnessed it, by the kind of effect which his words had on their reader. Rising from her chair with a quick spirited movement she leaned her arms on the chimney-piece, the lace of her sleeves falling from them, and resting her cheek against the delicacy of her clasped hands, began to interrogate her own face in the looking-glass. If coldness called for sunshine, if weariness called for sleep, what did that face call for—those eyes languid and shining with unfulfilled expectancy, the carnation of those waiting cheeks? What were those laces whispering to the mystery of those milk-white arms?

"Woulds't thou me?" And I replied,
"No, not thee."

Such was the result of each self-questioning in turn. Her known self seemed to her to be surrounded by the penumbra of a self unknown, which held her destiny, and was part of the fatalities of some universal craving. For her all this was at first but a formless feeling only. She was unable to find words for it. But presently her expression changed. She cast at her own reflection a smile of secret enterprise. She turned away, slipped like a shadow into her bedroom, and came back laden mysteriously with certain treasures from her wardrobe. One of these was the hat which she had worn that afternoon at the fête. It had been, as she knew, admired. She put it on carefully, and proceeded to study the effect of it. This was made somewhat startling by her pale, rose-coloured tea-gown; but it held her looking at it for a minute or two with a tantalised self-appraising scrutiny. The hat was then removed. She arrayed herself in a long coat, adjusted above her forehead a jaunty little red hockey-cap, drew on a pair of slightly-

soiled white gloves, and almost expected, as she again scanned her image, to see herself enveloped in a grey floating mist which held besides her own, another image also.

"Wouldst thou me?" And I replied,
"Yes, thee, thee."

As the verses, thus modified, involuntarily shaped themselves in her mind, a deep sigh escaped her, and tears swam in her eyes. Slowly and regretfully she put these trappings away from her, and once again the expression of her face changed. Her lips, though still half smiling, assumed a curve of almost sombre meditation, and she now prepared for an operation which for some days she had not thought about. Like a child sad, but not too sad for the commission of some act of temerity, she placed in a brass saucer an ember of glowing wood, and covered it extravagantly with a spoonful of Mr. Barton's incense. At once, as though the vapour were an incantation, the thrill of imploring organs, kneeling forms, the glimmering of starry altars and brown confessionals lurking in solemn twilights, became parts of her consciousness, transfiguring it, and making her distress their own; and out of this enlarged distress it seemed to her that something whispered, "If all other loves fail you, your heart will find rest here."

Next morning a letter reached her, the writing on whose envelope she saw for the first time. Its aspect warmed her with pleasure, then chilled her with a premonition of disappointment. It contained these few lines only: "I find, with great regret, that urgent and unexpected business will prevent my coming, as you said I might do, to see you sketching under the pine-trees. I hope, however, that we shall meet at Dr. Thistlewood's lecture. Don't forget to come. The subject sounds dry; but I think the watcher at the pier will make it interesting to both of us. Meanwhile, looking forward to that improving occasion, I am yours, Rawlin Stantor."

Another letter, almost as brief as this, was, an hour or two later, brought by a messenger to Mr. Barton. "Dear Mr. Barton," it ran, "you kindly said you would come to me to-morrow, or else to-day. I must choose to-day, if it's all the same to you—any time in the afternoon you please. To-day nobody wants me. To-

morrow we are going to Dr. Thistlewood's lecture. I shall like to see you quietly again. You have always been very kind to me."

Mr. Barton, as he read this, felt his whole being lift itself into a thankfulness beyond the reach of words. Any absorbing interest in any particular woman, his own mother excepted, was for him as fresh as it is for an inexperienced and imaginative boy; and womanhood came to him now, as it does to a lover of sixteen, clothed indeed in the form of flesh, but in the substance of sunset clouds. The transcendental friendships of his school and college days, nourished on a community of artistic or religious impulse, had familiarised him with affection as a purely spiritual experience; and this new emotion, which even yet he had not distinctly named, differed from such friendships, so far as his own consciousness could inform him, only because it expanded into something more spiritual still.

Lady Susannah had arranged, as she had done on similar occasions previously, that he should, when he arrived that afternoon, be shown into her own boudoir; her instincts telling her that this apartment, close to the front door, was in itself a chaperon, whose presence was decorous, though of course it was unnecessary. Here Mr. Barton found Miss Vivian awaiting him. Her aspect was subdued. The simplicity of her dress accorded with it, and her eyes, though they lit up at his entrance, were moist with that mysterious languor which, resulting from the fusion of spiritual and human passion, gives even the eyes of girlhood a maturity beyond their years. He did not notice that she had by the time she greeted him slipped her right hand into a loose wash-leather glove. He was conscious only that this hand was not withdrawn from his quite so rapidly as it was wont to be.

"Come," she said, "sit down. I'm a little out of sorts to-day. I'm tired; that's all. It will do me good to talk to you."

Mr. Barton seated himself at a little distance from her, and said simply and kindly, "I'm sorry to hear you're tired. Do you remember the last conversation we had together in this room, on the day of your aunt's luncheon party? You weren't feeling strong then, and we agreed that, amongst other things, a little social distraction would be a tonic. I'm afraid that the tonic has been rather too strong lately, and has been defeating its own object.

That ball, for instance—no, I'm not going to scold you—but I don't think the excitement of balls is exactly what your case requires."

"I'm sure," she said, "the excitement of a Southquay ball is not. Dear Mr. Barton, the ball did nothing to tire me. My mind wants a tonic far more than my body."

Mr. Barton smiled indulgently. "And you think," he said, "it will now find what it wants in a doctor's lecture on psychology? Very well, so be it. Go to this precious lecture by all means, if you're well enough. The worst it can do is to keep you out of the fresh air. Do you know what psychology is? I can explain it to you in half-a-dozen words. When you and I talk, the different sounds we form depend on the different ways in which the tongue touches the teeth, the roof of the mouth, and so on; and wiseacres can tell us — I daresay with perfect truth — what particular movements of the tongue produces each particular sound. But for you and me, whatever may be the case with the wiseacres, the important thing is the words and sentences we utter, not the nature of the gymnastics which the tongue performs in uttering them. The science of psychology is to the operations of the mind just what this science of articulation is to the use of speech, and psychology can tell us no more about the uses to which our minds should be put by us than an account of the manner in which our Lord used His tongue could bring home to your soul or mine the meaning of the Sermon on the Mount. But," Mr. Barton continued, "we won't talk about that. You accept me, I hope, as a true personal friend, but my primary duty towards you at the present time is even more sacred than, though it need not interfere with, the deepest and truest of all personal friendships. My duty is, so far as I can, to prepare you for your confirmation; and instead of talking to you about the psychology which we learn from scientific professors, or from men who make up prescriptions, I should like to talk to you about a psychology of a much more unquestionable kind, which we learn from self-examination and conscience, and from the teachings of the Church and of the Bible."

"Yes," said Miss Vivian, "yes. That's just what I was hoping for. I shall understand you all the better, because I have read your book."

"Well," said Mr. Barton, drawing his chair a little nearer to her, "in one way I am glad that, with the sacrament of confirmation before you, you should have had so sharp an experience of the weakness to which the mind is liable—or, shall we not rather, instead of mind, say soul?—for confirmation is the supernatural means by which this weakness is made strength. Let me try to put it all in the simplest language I can find, though you can read it all for yourself in the little Manual which I gave you."

"I would sooner," she said, "listen to you telling me."

"Well," resumed Mr. Barton gravely, "as we learn from the prophet Isaiah, and as the Church has always taught, and as any Anglican priest would tell you just as I do, the soul of man is possessed of seven distinct faculties, which are essential to its spiritual life. The first man, Adam, possessed these in full perfection. By his fall, though not extinguished, they lost their strength both in him and in all descended from him. The sacrament of confirmation gives their pristine strength back to them. These seven faculties, which, when thus revivified, are called the "Gifts of the Spirit," consist, Mr. Barton went on to say, of Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Knowledge, Spiritual Strength, Holy Fear and Godliness. Imagination, memory, human affection, the sense of beauty, and so forth, were guided, used, and illuminated by them; and the seven Gifts of the Spirit, produced the nine Fruits of the Spirit, foremost amongst which were Love and Joy and Peace. It was thus, he said in conclusion, that the grace given in confirmation enabled the whole inner being of man to complete itself, and reach even here to foretastes of its future perfect union with Him in whom Love and Joy and Peace and all Beauty are one.

This exposition occupied a considerable time, during most of which Mr. Barton looked steadily at the carpet. It had been enough for him to feel that he was one human soul directly urging the deepest of all truths on another. He attempted, neither by voice or glance, to make them the vehicle of any private sentimentality of his own. It was only when he came at last to his summing up of the matter that his listener caught his eyes and saw exaltation shining in them.

"And now," he said rising, and standing with his back to the chimney-piece, "I've finished my homily for the day. I believe

that you have understood me, and that you will think these things over. Yes, by the way, I have one thing more to add. Don't make too much of what I said about this wonderful lecture. Your people are going. By all means go also. Indeed, I may myself look in for half-an-hour or so, and hear the old bones rattled again, whose sound I used to hate at Cambridge. An apothecary in a professor's chair—that will at all events be a novelty, and," Mr. Barton added, "a very typical one. Do you object to the thought that I am doing what I can to watch over you?"

"No, indeed," she answered. "On the contrary, I am very grateful."

CHAPTER VI.

THE degree to which Dr. Thistlewood's fame had permeated Southquay circles was evidenced the following afternoon by the large number of carriages which were setting down their well-dressed occupants at the doors of the Museum Buildings. From a smart-looking one-horse brougham a tall footman in powder was liberating Lord Cotswold and the distinguished lecturer himself. Then Lady Conway drove up in a particularly shabby cab, as though all vehicles which fell short of the splendour of her own were equal to her. Mrs. Morriston Campbell followed, bulging in a large barouche, and nearly fell down in her efforts to catch Lady Conway's eye. She could, however, do no more than follow in her wake to the lecture-room, where Sir Rawlin and Lord Cotswold were leaning against the wall talking; whilst Lady Susannah, Miss Arundel and Miss Vivian were seated waiting as if in church. Lady Conway was by this time in front of them, whispering to the faithful Oswald. The chair next her was vacant, and, greatly daring, Mrs. Morriston Campbell took it. Lady Conway turned her back on her, as though moving to avoid a draught. Mrs. Morriston Campbell took refuge in a bottle of smelling-salts, till a burst of clapping brought a yet more effectual relief to her, and she prepared to be absorbed in a lecture for the first time in her life. Sir Rawlin meanwhile had seated himself at Miss Vivian's side.

In accordance with a custom of the place, Dr. Thistlewood was accompanied by a chairman, an old inhabitant of Southquay,

and its intellectual patron. Mr. Fortescue, for such was his name, began by reminding his hearers that Dr. Thistlewood was known throughout Europe for certain dramatic incidents in his career and his success in certain public enterprises. Besides being the hero of the great Neapolitan pestilence, he was the founder of what was now one of the best-known health-resorts in France; but greater even than his achievements as a man of healing, though not so generally understood, were his achievements as a man of research. "Take, for instance," said the chairman, "this science of psychology. When I was at Oxford fifty-five years ago nothing, in my humble judgment, could have been more tiresome and unprofitable. No one at the end was wiser than he was at the beginning. I see a reverend contemporary of mine at the other end of the room, and I'm sure he'll bear me out." At this there was the inevitable laugh, and a turning of heads towards a well-known and white-haired cleric, who nodded a placid acquiescence. "But now," continued the chairman, "I believe within the past fifteen years we have changed all that, and Dr. Thistlewood is eminent among those who have helped to change it. About the nature of the change I will only presume to say one thing. I am sure it has made psychology a very much nicer medicine. Taking it is now a pleasure, and, unlike many pleasures, you will find that it does you good. It will give you, to say the least of it, new pairs of eyes. Well, in telling you this, I only represent prophecy. I will now refer you to Dr. Thistlewood for fulfilment."

"The chairman," said Dr. Thistlewood, rising, "had relieved him of the most difficult part of his business—namely, the introduction of it. What he was going to speak about was not so much psychology generally, as the differences which distinguish the new psychology from the old. Psychology, he said, meant literally the science of the mind or soul; but we only knew that we had minds because we were conscious, as selves, of having them; it would therefore be better to define psychology as the science of the living self. Now, how was this self to be studied? Since we only know that we have selves because consciousness tells us so, the most natural answer to this question was that we must study self by interrogating the facts of consciousness. This was the assumption with which the old psychology started, and with this

assumption it ended. Its facts lay wholly within the limits of the conscious circle. The new psychology differed essentially from the old, because, though likewise taking these facts as its starting-point, it had come to recognise that they did not stand alone, but were merely some fraction of a very much larger process, most of which lay beyond the limits of the conscious self altogether. "For example," said Dr. Thistlewood, "if we wanted to know why a man did some particular thing, the old psychology assumed that he need only examine himself and he then could, if he only would, give us a complete answer. The new psychology recognises that in the case—it will be enough for me here to say of two-thirds of our actions, the most searching examination of consciousness could no more explain their origin than a baby foundling could tell us who were its great-great-grandparents. Here is the great fact which the old psychology overlooked. It behaved as a man would, who thought he could explain the England of to-day, if everything were a blank to him beyond the memories of the present generation. This error the new psychology rectifies. It does not neglect the conscious, but it shows that this is explicable only by connecting it with the unconscious.

"Such generalities," said Dr. Thistlewood, "were no doubt rather dry. He would now enliven them with illustrations. He would begin with the case of memory. If we wished to be sure that a servant remembered some order given to him, our great endeavour would be to make him keenly conscious of what it was. Memory, indeed, seemed to most people to be an affair of consciousness or to be nothing. But the new psychology told us a very different tale. It showed us that facts might be remembered for half a life-time, which had never, at the time of their occurrence, entered the domain of consciousness at all. He proceeded to give a number of curious cases, such as that of a woman who, having in her early childhood, been often in a room where a professor would murmur to himself scraps of Sanscrit, began, at the age of forty, in certain abnormal states, to mouth out Sanscrit words, under the impression that a spirit was speaking through her. To such cases he would add that of a French postman, who was terrified at finding that, when drunk, he had lost a valuable letter, but who, in his sober state, retained no memory of the

incident. He was made drunk again. He remembered it, and the letter was found. Dr. Thistlewood said that he mentioned this last case merely as throwing light on a question we were all compelled to ask. What was memory when it was not a form of consciousness? In what did it reside or inhere? This case showed us the unmistakable answer. The postman's memory was made conscious by a litre of strong red wine. The wine operated by affecting his nervous system, or, rather, some special tract of it. The nervous system then was the basis of all consciousness—the basis of what we mean by self. In other words, consciousness, or the self, was, for psychology a function of the nervous system.

"Of course," said Dr. Thistlewood, "the clergy—and they are well within their province in doing so—will tell us that the self or soul has a secret existence of its own behind this system, or transcending it. I wish to say nothing here in contradiction of this doctrine. I only say that, if this doctrine is true, we must learn it from the clergy, and not from psychological science. Science must be humble and not trespass beyond its own boundaries." The few clergymen in the room here testified their approbation. "Psychology," Dr. Thistlewood continued, "deals with the self only as we know it under our present conditions of existence, and so long as we approach it under these conditions it is inseparable from the nervous system, and can only be understood as a product of it.

"It was," he went on, "by a recognition of this fact that psychology had ceased to be an affair of private and conflicting introspections, and had become a science in the true sense of the word. It had supplemented the meditations of the recluse with the experiments of the laboratory and the hospital. The great vivisector of the mind was, indeed, disease, aided by the artificial but painless methods of the hypnotist. These laboratory methods had revealed to us a world of wonders, all exhibiting consciousness as an efflorescence of the non-conscious organism. He showed how by the application of steel, soft iron, magnets and electricity to different parts of the body of a certain hystero-epileptic patient, his temper, his manners, his morals, his religious beliefs, and the whole contents of his conscious memory were changed.

"To many of you," he said, "all this may seem very revolutionary; but if it is destructive of certain of our old beliefs it is, in

a most sensational way, reconstructive of others. I said I should avoid trespassing on the proper domain of the clergy; but I think they will forgive if here I stray over the border. There are a large number of miracles ascribed to Christian saints which, though the Roman Church still regards them as genuine, Protestantism and science alike have been accustomed to dismiss as fabulous."

A slight sound here caused the lecturer to look up. It was caused by Mr. Barton, who at this moment was entering. The sound of the word miracles arrested him in the act of searching for a seat.

"Many of these miracles," Dr. Thistlewood continued, "the psychological science of the last fifteen years is actually giving back to us as facts. Indeed, some of the most valuable psychological documents we possess are comprised in the lives of some of the mediæval saints." Mr. Barton, who could hardly believe his ears, sat down. Dr. Thistlewood said that he alluded to such phenomena as trance and ecstasy, to the seeing of visions, to the hearing of spiritual voices, and to the actual development in saints' bodies of the stigmata. Experimental psychology, founded as it was on observation, now recognised such alleged facts as genuine, for psychology was daily encountering similar facts itself, and, when hey occurred they coincided in the most singular way with the details recorded in the writings of the hagiologists of the Roman Church. The occurrence of stigmatisation had been actually witnessed in hospitals. The occurrence of ecstasy, divine visions, the hearing of divine voices, the consciousness of an abnormal insight into divine mystery of existence, were still commoner. They could be produced even in a healthy subject by the inhalation of certain vapours. But, apart from the employment of such a medical artifice as this, these phenomena were always accompanied by pathological conditions of the organism. These were of a specific kind, and their symptoms were precisely those ascribed to the saints by their biographers. Amongst such symptoms were certain affections of the skin, often mentioned as having occurred in the case of saintly ecstatics, and identical with those distinctive of hysterical visionaries to-day. The ravishment of the saints, as we learnt from St. Teresa herself, was always accompanied by a depression of breathing and circulation. The ravishments of the hospital

were accompanied by the same symptoms. More curious still, these, as the saints experienced them, were sometimes accompanied also by extraordinary contortions of the body. St. Christina, for example, commonly called Mirabilis, was, as we were told, in her ecstasies contracted into a spherical form, or, as it was quaintly said by her biographer, rolled up like a hedge-hog. Precisely the same thing occurred in cases of hystero-epilepsy. The vision of the Apostle Paul, under the mid-day sun of Syria, had been often dismissed formerly, in the name of science, as a fable. We now recognised that, in all its generic features, it coincided with the effects sometimes produced by sunstroke. "I will," said Dr. Thistlewood, "again beg leave to impress upon you that there is nothing in all this which need conflict with the faith of Christians. Just as the psychologist's identification of the self with the organic system need not hinder the clergy from maintaining that there is a transcendental self behind it, so the identification of certain abnormal phenomena, as manifested by saints and apostles, with occurrences daily observable in our hospitals and elsewhere, need not prevent the clergy from maintaining there was in the former cases some mysterious and additional element wholly unknown to science, and present in those cases only.

"And now," said Dr. Thistlewood, "he would descend from abnormal facts to normal, which were, for the old psychology, no less inexplicable. Here he would once again refer to the Apostle Paul. They all remembered the apostle's celebrated sentence: 'The evil which I would not, that I do.' This paradoxical antagonism between the act and the conscious will was a mystery to the apostle himself, and had remained a mystery till yesterday. On this the new psychology had now thrown a flood of light. By showing us that all consciousness was the product of non-conscious activities, it exhibited will, or the conscious impulse to action, as surrounded by other impulses of which consciousness told us nothing, but which differed from will only as in the case of some enormous mechanism, the wheels and levers of whose action we could take no count because they were lost in darkness, differed from certain others which were revealed to us by a bull's-eye lantern. The old psychology confined its attention to those few parts of the mechanism which lay within the illuminated

circle. No wonder that it was mystified by observing that the wheels, which alone were visible to it, were often reversed by some agency which was not in these wheels themselves; but when once it was realised that these were but parts of some larger mechanism, with a complex apparatus of unseen reversing-gears, springs and detents which acted on them, the element of mystery altogether disappeared.

"Finally, from the antagonism between the conscious will and the act, they would pass to the succession of wills, each antagonistic to the other. Philip drunk differed from Philip sober. Love prevailed one week; ambition prevailed the next. Familiar facts such as these showed that the area of consciousness—or, in other words, the content of what we commonly call self—was not stationary, but moved, as the light flung from a lantern might, thus having for its nucleus different brain-centres in succession; and of such a series of varying conscious states what we commonly meant by self or personal identity was composed. The question remained, however, of how these states were connected. What rendered the series one self instead of many selves? The answer to this question might be given in two forms. One was subjective—namely, a general continuity of memory. The other was objective—namely, the physical basis of memory, or the continuous functioning of certain parts of the normally co-ordinated organism. In other words," Dr. Thistlewood continued, "what the new psychology shows is this: That these selves of ours, which we used to think so simple, are family lives which result from the co-operation of a thousand servants, nine hundred of whom we never see at all, whilst we see of the remaining hundred only two or three at a time. In conclusion, the general upshot of what I have just been saying may be briefly expressed in this way. The old psychology had said, through one of its most eloquent representatives, 'We feel that we are greater than we know.' The new psychology answers, 'We know that we are greater than we feel.'"

"My dear Dr. Gustav," said Lady Conway, when all was over, "I'm delighted to hear that I keep so large an establishment, and that when I do wrong it's all the fault of the kitchen-maids. I must, however, tell you that for my own part, I both know my greatness and feel it, for to-morrow night I'm going to meet you at dinner."

CHAPTER VII.

MR. BARTON, ever since he entered the lecture-room, and had got over his surprise at the lecturer's first allusion to the lives of the saints, and the genuineness of many of the miracles attributed to them, had not only been listening with indignation, accentuated by a want of any clear comprehension, to what followed; but he had also kept constant watch on the back of Miss Vivian's head, noting how often, and with what kind of movement, it turned in the direction of Sir Rawlin. It so turned, as he saw to his deep distress, often, and with an air of intimacy; and, worse still, smiles were exchanged between the two at certain passages—the allusions, for instance, to St. Paul—which brought his own indignation to a head.

As soon as the proceedings were over, he pushed forward to meet her, forgetting in his eagerness something of his ordinary good manners; but various groups which had formed themselves in front of the platform obstructed him. He soon, however, found himself close to Lady Conway and the objectionable lecturer, and, whilst he was impatiently waiting, he could not help overhearing their conversation.

"Why did you come here?" Dr. Thistlewood was saying with a laugh. "You know perfectly well that you didn't understand a word of it."

"I understood this much," replied Lady Conway glibly, "that you're upsetting all our morals, which are none too steady at the best of times. If a woman only is as much of herself as she remembers, she need only forget to-day what she did yesterday, and it was somebody else, not she, who discovered that her Launcelot was better company than her Arthur."

"That woman," said Mr. Barton to himself shuddering, "is sharp in her own way. She can draw the devil's moral from the devil's own philosophy."

His reflections were interrupted by a movement amongst some of his neighbours which seemed to be opening a lane by which he might reach Miss Vivian, but he had hardly begun to advance again when this opening was blocked by Mr. Carlton, who, seeing him, edged himself onwards, and eagerly caught him by the hand.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Carlton, "I've been looking for you. I'm glad that you're not gone. My cousin, Lady Susannah, wants you to come on to tea with her. I ought to tell you that there's a plot to make you sing, and I'm quite sure you'll be very nice and obliging. Lord Cotswold is coming—so musical and interesting—and he's most anxious to hear you. There he is. You must allow me to introduce you."

Mr. Barton could not refuse. Immediately afterwards he heard himself being described to Lord Cotswold as "Such a dear fellow; such a charming fellow—so cultivated," and before he knew where he was the proposed introduction had been accomplished. Mr. Barton, realising that he would, if he went to Cliff's End, see Miss Vivian to better purpose than was possible at the present moment, did not find himself dissatisfied with the turn which affairs had taken. A moment later he was conscious of being even a little flattered. Lord Cotswold had said to him, in a tone of dignified but respectful friendliness, "I hear, Mr. Barton, that you have travelled much in the East, and that you are a great student of architecture. You and I shall have many subjects in common."

When the party was reassembled in Lady Susannah's drawing-room, Miss Vivian being not yet accessible to any but the most ordinary observations, Mr. Barton had time to perceive and digest the fact that, amongst those present in this quiet Christian home, was Dr. Thistlewood himself, the professional antagonist of the Faith; and that Lady Susannah was engaged in friendly and confiding conversation with him. Mr. Barton felt himself, by the fascination of an instinctive antipathy, forced to watch this man, whose polished, quiet, and yet subtly commanding manner, constituted a new offence to him. Lady Susannah had at first taken him to a window, with the apparent object of letting him see the view; and now, having returned with her, he was, to Mr. Barton's unspeakable scandal, evidently repeating some of the views which he had been just uttering on the platform. He appeared to be maintaining that, as a consequence of their physical likeness, twins were generally distinguished by a moral likeness also, and that, if this physical likeness and the likeness in their external circumstances were complete, their lives and thoughts would be as similar as the movements of two similar clocks. "Indeed," said Dr. Thistlewood,

"the recorded lives of twins give us many odd illustrations of the correctness of this natural supposition. In one case when, at the age of thirty-two, one twin was in Vienna, and the other in Paris, they were both attacked simultaneously by rheumatic ophthalmia. In another case, when, I think at the age of fifty, one twin was at Chester and the other at Inverness, both were found to have been engaged at the same moment in buying old-fashioned champagne glasses in two different bric-à-brac shops."

"But," interposed Mr. Barton, unable any longer to contain himself, "may not we poor priests be allowed to maintain in our folly that it is likeness of the soul that produces likeness of the body, instead of the reverse, as I gather that you suggest yourself? No one can deny that the Almighty, if he choose to do so, could create two souls which in every respect were similar. I don't see that, in a case like this, we priests need at all concern ourselves to deny that the pair of similar souls would have similar bodies also."

"I should," said Dr. Thistlewood courteously, "be the last man in the world to attempt the refutation of such a view as yours. The fact, not the explanation, of the coincidence between mental and bodily likenesses is all that I meant to speak of."

"I should also imagine," said Mr. Barton, the spirit of opposition rising in him, "that even the fact was difficult to prove. Is there, may I ask you, any pair of persons on record to whom a really absolute likeness, whether of mind or body, has ever been so much as attributed?"

"No," said Dr. Thistlewood courteously; "so far as I am aware, none. If twins were similar at their birth they would be differently situated afterwards, since no two bodies can be absolutely in the same place. They would be like two clocks, side by side in the Greenwich Observatory, which, an attendant told me, kept pretty much the same time—that is to say, he added, if we allow for the difference in longitude."

This illustration produced a general laugh, and the subject of twins lost itself among the general trivialities of the tea-table. Dr. Thistlewood, however, recurred to it a little later, when a movement of the company, preparatory to the proposed music, left him and Lady Susannah once again to themselves.

"What put the question of likenesses just now into my head," he said, "was this interesting young lady, your niece, and the way in which you mentioned that she has suffered from the after-effects of influenza. She reminds me very strongly—though, no doubt, there are great differences—of somebody else whom I once met on my travels. But I see that she is going to sing to us—a duet, apparently, with this accomplished and interesting clergyman. I should like, by-and-by, if it can be managed, and if you will let me do so, to ask you a little more about her. Affections of the nerves have always had a special interest for me."

Miss Vivian meanwhile, at the other end of the room, had been busy with Mr. Barton examining a pile of music, and what they were looking for had evidently now been found. "Please," she said, "take it to the piano and ask for candles. It's dark there. I'll come in another moment." She turned away as she spoke, and went alone to the window. Mr. Barton meanwhile sat himself down at the instrument, and ran his fingers over the keys, and Dr. Thistlewood, who was watching Miss Vivian still, gradually approached, though he did not attempt to join her.

"Nest, my dear," said Lady Susannah presently, "come, we are all waiting for you." But the girl seemed not to hear, and her conduct was just beginning to excite general attention, when Dr. Thistlewood moved quickly towards her, and contrived to give the impression that what detained her was a conversation with himself. "You are wanting to go to sleep," he said, slightly pinching her wrist. "Open your eyes; look at me; wake up; you are rested."

Her face at once recovered its usual aspect. "What!" she said, "are they waiting? I beg everybody's pardon." And hastening to the piano she stationed herself at Mr. Barton's side. The piece they had selected for their performance was recognised at once by everybody, from the first preliminary chords which sounded at Mr. Barton's touch. "Oh, for the wings of a dove!" It was a cry that appeals to all, and Miss Vivian sang it with something of a bird's freshness; whilst Mr. Barton, whom all recognised as a master, gave a thrill and a trouble to her aspirations, with a passion of which he was hardly conscious.

"The clergyman's voice is magnificent," said Lord Cotswold in a low tone to Sir Rawlin, "and he knows exactly, in one way,

what he's doing with it. In another way, he doesn't. He thinks that that was a duet. It was not. The two performers were singing about two different things. That priest interests me. All genuine feeling does. He wants her to sing again. She won't. She has turned to Thistlewood."

"Mr. Barton," said Lady Susannah, going up to him, "don't stop. If Nest is tired, sing us something by yourself." Mr. Barton murmured something to her, and without waiting to be pressed, plunged into a storm of chords.

"Ah," said Lord Cotswold to Sir Rawlin, "he knows what he is doing now. This, my dear fellow, is the music not only of a musician, but a man. And yet, no—he's changing it. What the devil is he up to now?"

"He's going," whispered Lady Susannah, "to sing something which he composed himself."

Meanwhile the storm of notes had hushed itself: and Mr. Barton's voice was heard above a few intermittent cadences.

> Night of the soul, through which my God's face flashes;
> Dark which art more than light;
> Flame of the soul, which leaves the whole world ashes;
> Blindness which leads to sight!

All listened, with the exception of Dr. Thistlewood and Miss Vivian. Dr. Thistlewood had drawn her aside, and under cover of the music was whispering to her.

"I wanted," he said, "to ask you one thing. Do you happen to have any relations in Italy?"

"No," she said, "not that I know of. What is it makes you ask?"

"You remind me," he answered, "of some one whom I once met in Siena.—In some ways, though not in others, the resemblance is very striking. I was wondering whom you were like, when I met you first at the mesmerist's."

"I hope," said Miss Vivian, with an indifferent smile, "that she was nice. I was never in Italy myself. I only wish I had been. I have looked at it so often from Mentone. See, we've disturbed Mr. Barton. Why has he left off singing?"

Whatever the reason was, it was not that Miss Vivian and Dr. Thistlewood had been talking together too loudly. "That's a little thing of mine," he said, rising, "called 'St. John of the Cross.' It's too, too, stupid of me; but I've forgotten all the rest of it."

"My dear Mr. Barton," exclaimed Lord Cotswold, approaching him, "accept my deepest thanks. My own piano and music-room—I have both—are as silent as the dust of Adam. Perhaps one of these days you will favour me by breathing into them a passing soul. And you too, my dear young lady," he went on as he turned to Miss Vivian, "I've just been telling Mr. Barton that I too have a piano of my own. The ogre's castle is, by this time, fit to receive victims. I must ask your aunt to beguile you into entering its dangerous precincts. And now, where is she? Lady Susannah, I must say good-bye; and this excellent friend of mine —Dr. Thistlewood—it's a shame to drag him away from you, but he won't allow me to be out after half-past six."

"No," said Dr. Thistlewood, "I won't, but you go home by yourself. Lady Susannah and I have a little matter to discuss together."

"Well, Rawlin," said Lord Cotswold," "you be my companion part of the way. You'll have soon, I believe, to be dressing for some political banquet."

Part of these arrangements Mr. Barton heard with pleasure. Sir Rawlin would be got rid of; but could it, he reflected, be possible that Dr. Thristlewood, this odious stranger, actually intended to outstay him? He retired to a music stand whilst Lord Cotswold and Sir Rawlin were departing, and made a desperate show of looking for some piece of music which had been lost. As he did this he heard Sir Rawlin's last words to Miss Vivian. "We must find some other time for talking over the lecture." This was bad enough, but the lingering answer of the girl, full of soft unwillingness to lose him, this was more disquieting still.

Circumstances were, however, not so unkind to him as they threatened to be.

"Nest," said Lady Susannah, "Mr. Barton has lost something. I dare say you can put your hand on it."

Mr. Barton explained that he was looking for a bound copy Mozart; and on Miss Vivian informing him that it had probably been taken into the school-room, Lady Susannah despatched them both to search for it. "And now Dr. Thistlewood," she said, "we can have our own talk in quiet."

As he entered the school-room, Mr. Barton's heart was beating violently; but its tumult was checked by a somewhat unwelcome spectacle. This was the figure of Mr. Hugo, who, shrinking from ordinary society, had been enjoying in scientific seclusion a private little tea of his own, and was now solemnly peering into the depths of a sealed test-tube.

"Mr. Hugo," said Miss Vivian, "you've been neglecting your opportunities. You've missed Dr. Thistlewood, who is almost as wise as you are."

Mr. Hugo nodded to Mr. Barton, with a mixture of shyness and condescension. "I heard the man's lecture," he said. "It was very well put for common people, but, of course, there was nothing in it which we didn't all know before. Are you looking for some music, Nest? It was put where I keep my test-tubes, and I told your maid to take it to your own sitting-room."

"Come, then," said Miss Vivian to Mr. Barton, "if you won't mind a flight of stairs."

Mr. Barton's heart beat violently once again; and by way of mastering his agitation, he looked at Mr. Hugo's tube. "And what," he said, "do you happen to be up to there?" "I am," said Mr. Hugo, smiling with precocious calm, "producing in this tube the primordial elements of life."

"My poor boy," said Mr. Barton, "you don't know what you're talking of. Come Miss Vivian, let us leave your cousin to his omnipotence."

Mr. Barton, when he crossed the threshold of her sitting-room, almost shrank back, as though he were committing a sort of sacrilege, and the book having been soon found, he declared incoherently that he must go.

"Surely," said Miss Vivian, "you needn't be in such a hurry Why do you look at me like that? What have I done that's dreadful?"

"It's nothing," said Mr. Barton, suspending his preparations for departure, "it's nothing you've done personally."

"Oh," replied the girl, "so there is something after all. Well then, tell me, what have I done impersonally?"

Mr. Barton sat down. "I may as well," he said, "speak honestly. Indeed I have been longing to do so. What I am thinking of is something that seems to be going on round you. Each time I see you, it seems to me that the atmosphere in which you live now is less like the atmosphere in which I would see you live myself. Lord Cotswold, though he may have fine qualities—this only makes him more dangerous—has led a tainted life; and then there is Lady Conway—this masterful London lady—who would, I'm sure, if she could, get you under her influence."

"Oh," interposed Miss Vivian, "I'll make you a present of her. I've not the least doubt that she'd like to influence everyone."

"I only know," said Mr. Barton, "that she is of the world worldly. Sacred things for her are matter for a passing smile. But she's only a part, and not the worst part, of that atmosphere which these people breathe. I am thinking more particularly of this wonderful doctor. That lecture of his—I tell you this candidly—I should have several times got up and left the room, had it not been my wish to acquaint myself with what you were being exposed to. As it was, I felt bound to stay. It's only in this way that I am able to keep watch over you. With men like Dr. Thistlewood, it is body, body, body."

"Do you know," said Miss Vivian, "that when you talk like that, you really rather put my back up. You treat me as if I was a baby. What possible harm could that very dry lecture do me? I'm sure I don't know what Dr. Thistlewood means, and, when he talked about St. Paul, I thought that sounded profane. But as for body, he at all events isn't silly like Mr. Hugo, who thinks that humam beings can be made out of beef-tea."

"Forgive me," said Mr. Barton gently, "I don't wish to affront you."

To his delight and astonishment the girl held out her hand to him. "Forgive *me*," she said, "I was wrong to be irritated Tell me what it is you mean."

"Dr. Thistlewood," said Mr. Barton, "very likely does not

say—perhaps he does not even think, no rational man can think sincerely—that our souls are at the mercy of our bodies, still less that they are our bodies; but our bodies, while we live on this earth, are the instruments by which our souls express themselves and we all of us speak sometimes of the player as though he were the instrument used by him. Thus we often speak of the brain when we mean the mind using it. Well, if we talk and think in this way too often and too consistently, the danger is that we shall forget the player in the instrument, and set down to the instrument the faults which are really in ourselves. And such is the course which Dr. Thistlewood and men like him, systematically urge us to pursue. See to what this course leads in his case. St. Paul's vision of our Saviour—the earliest witness which we have to the fact of the Resurrection, this doctor attempts to explain as the effects of sunstroke. Think again what he was saying about twins. According to him, if you had a twin sister who was wicked, you yourself would be bound to be wicked too. If you let yourself dwell on this idea—even though secretly you might know it to be nonsense—would you not be weakening your sense of moral responsibility, and perhaps at the very moment when it most requires to be strengthened?"

"Dear Mr. Barton," said Miss Vivian, meeting his earnest eyes, "I want you to tell me so many things I don't know. Why waste your time in telling me what I do? You have shown me—you put so plainly what I always vaguely felt—that the soul, with the star above it, must travel a long way to be satisfied. Whether I shall manage to save my own soul or not, neither you can tell, nor I; but I'm not in the least danger of forgetting the fact that I have one."

"If ever one human being in the history of the whole world," said Mr. Barton, "ever helped another, it is my desire to help and to save you. God bless you. I will trouble you no more now. On Sunday I preach my first Confirmation Sermon. Will you be there to listen?"

"Yes," she said, with a trace of moisture in her eyes. "Of course I will. And, Mr. Barton, if anything should ever go very wrong with me, there is no one to whom I would turn more gladly for help than I would to you."

(To be continued.)

PARALLEL STREAMS OF PROGRESS.

THAT which used to be called, in primitive ages of thought, the conflict between science and religion, is one which necessarily fades away as civilisation advances, merging itself in peace and harmony as religion becomes intelligent and science sympathetic. But, at all events, for a long time to come, if not for all future time, the scientific view and the religious view of Nature, visible and invisible, will be widely different the one from the other, and the object of the present essay is to discern, as far as possible, the essential differences between these two views, and the characteristics of feeling which give rise to them.

Those of us who have the advantage of appreciating occult developments, will realise how inevitably the world is divided (along one line of cleavage) into two great classes, for one of which the attitude of devotion belonging to religious tradition is the main influence, while for the other, appreciation of the beauty and complexity of natural law is the inspiring impulse of all thinking that transcends the commonplaces of life. One can dimly discern, by the aid of such knowledge as we possess concerning the ultimate design of human evolution, that genuine religious devotion, intense reverence for the incomprehensible majesty—the power that has called this world and its companions into being—must eventually guide those whom it inspires to knowledge as well as emotion. And so equally from the other side of the great dividing line, delight in an appreciation of the mechanism by which the power in the background inspires matter with all the wonderful potentialities of life, must ultimately lead to some new

relationship between the minds so governed and the divine influence, when knowledge shall have expanded to the extent of rendering that influence comprehensible. But until we are all much further along the road of progress than we have yet travelled, the devotee will be contented to adore, the student of nature content to study, and unless the representatives of each category are more broad-minded than is usual, each will regard the other with some disapproval, not entirely untinged with scorn, failing to realise that they are moving along parallel lines at equal rates towards the same goal.

Of course, where anything resembling real occult enlightenment has suffused the mind, this will be clearly perceptible, whether the individual concerned belongs to the devout or the scientific procession. The occultist understands that the progress of humanity is accomplished in many more ways than one, that great multitudes of human beings have emerged from the conditions in which their individuality began, under impulses of Divine energy peculiar, so to speak, to themselves, while other great multitudes have emerged under other influences, and so on, with other multitudes again until we recognise many streams flowing through humanity; flowing also, indeed, through the lower kingdoms, but that is a complication we need not be concerned with for the moment. In this way we may account for the great differences of mental attitude to be observed amongst people, all, perhaps, inspired by the loftiest aspirations possible. Nor is there any reason for regarding one of these streams as superior to any other, and there can be no doubt that at some remote future they will converge under the influence of a perfectly enlightened sympathy which leaves no perfected ego in a position to misunderstand any other.

At present indeed, even amongst occultists, that perfect sympathy, though intellectually realised as one that ought to be attained in the long run, is very far from realization. We may apply to each attitude of mind a certain idea that may operate in the nature of a test, as certain reagents in chemistry may be used to test solutions apparently alike. Take for example that idea expressed by the familiar phrase "the love of God." The love of God is the keynote of all the inspirations governing that great

procession moving towards the ultimate goal along the pathway of devotion. Of course for the less enlightened minds the God beloved is distinctly anthropomorphic. The entanglements of thought, out of which conventional creeds have arisen, have no doubt been welcome for large numbers of religiously minded people by reason of the way they have enabled the visualised figure of Christ to be the focus on which the love emotion is concentrated, and the Roman Catholic world has the enormous advantage of offering to its devotees a divine figure with the charm of the feminine sex, towards whom the love of God may be exhaled with a full conviction that it is correctly addressed. Undoubtedly, however, there are pilgrims moving along the path of devotion with something resembling the Holy Grail as the symbol of their search, who are capable of genuine love for the abstract idea of Divinity, and for whom even Christ and the Virgin represent but stages of spiritual exaltation. The pilgrims of devotion never stop to ask why they should love God, the emotion seems to be the fundamental basis of their consciousness. The conception of a human being destitute of that feeling is, to them, horrible. They are incapable of appreciating the possibility of spiritual progress destitute of that supremely important guidance.

But now consider how the idea presents itself to the minds of those who are advancing towards perfection along what may be called the scientific path. We are not considering for the moment those whose science is illuminated by occultism, any more than, in regard to the other category, we were dealing with those whose devotion affords room for the comprehension of the parallel movement. But just as the genuine worshipper of the Virgin in Catholic countries, however ignorant, is moving along one path, so the genuine student of nature even though for the time his intention is concentrated on nothing but the material aspects of nature, is moving also in the same direction. His genuineness in the sense in which the word is here used, is to be measured by his open-minded recognition of the possibility that beyond the knowledge he may have acquired, however detailed and abundant, there still lie infinite realms to be explored later on. Infinite realms somewhere in the recesses of which light will no doubt be thrown upon the primary energies from which the visible marvels

of life, and the no less marvellous energies of physics and chemistry will be found to ensue. Such a man must be, to begin with, respectful in reference to the unknown mystery in the background. His knowledge enables him to free his mind absolutely from anthropomorphic conceptions in reference to that power. He knows that any reference to it in terms which sanction the use of pronouns is supremely ridiculous. He comprehends the universality, wherever matter exists, of the laws which determine the affinities of what, for the convenience of the moment, he provisionally speaks of as elements, and he feels that the laws operative in his own laboratory operate simultaneously in the laboratories of Australia, and pretty certainly in the distant heavenly bodies concerning which some of his resources enable him to know a little. But he does not feel that this body of law can be described as "He" any more than as "She" or "It.' Thus his conception of the still more diffused and wonderful body of law blended assuredly with an intelligence surpassing the wildest dreams of human advancement, does not suggest the idea of a spiritual monarch wearing a crown or sitting on a throne. So when he is asked whether he is inspired by the love of God, he can only regard the enquiry as fundamentally idiotic. He may vividly appreciate the emotion of love, where an object appropriate to its exhalation is concerned, but all the more for that reason the notion of *loving* the power which, for example, is partially expressed by the law of gravitation, is no less ridiculous than the proposal to love the law of gravitation itself.

We need not be much concerned here with the thought that has been powerfully expressed by a thoughtful writer in a recent newspaper, to the effect that the sight of the world's misery has inspired many observers with a doubt as to whether the feeling concerning God ought not to be quite the reverse of love. "Not to speak it irreverently, but quite simply to choose the directest expression of a truth, the later and greater religions of the world have occupied themselves mainly in an effort to return a verdict of 'not guilty' against God." One wonders, indeed, that the horrors of human suffering have not long since made the effort futile, but there is sometimes reason to rejoice that human reasoning is illogical, and of course one of the grandest achievements

of occult research in the present day has been to enable us, at last, to be perfectly logical in returning the verdict referred to above. But keeping on the main line of our thought, the genuine student of nature dispenses altogether with the emotion of the devotee, simply holding himself in readiness to develop at a later date an even more sublime appreciation of the power from which the laws of nature have emanated, than that which he is concerned with at this early period of his evolution. Of course, the ignorant devotee regards him as irreverent to the extent almost of blasphemy, in frankly regarding the love of God as a nonsensical conception, and even the scientific student as genuine as those of which we are thinking, is unable to recognise the evolutionary force involved in the attitude of mind of those inspired by the love of God.

Rather to guard against mistakes than to follow out the thought to its ultimate consequences, we may recognise in passing that there are students of nature who do not embody the attributes just described as belonging to those who are genuine, as also there are devotees whose distorted imagination enables them to bow down before a Divinity whom they invest in their own imagination with the nature of a fiend. The devotion which undoubtedly has sometimes inspired religious persecutors to commit abominable crimes is a feeling very difficult to understand. But while, no doubt, a great deal of medieval persecution was inspired by the lowest motives of temporal greed—unhappily tinging ecclesiastical activities throughout the ages—we have to recognise that bigotry, even of the most brutal and unintelligent order, is sometimes entirely sincere, though not the less on that account to be ruled off from the devotion of that genuine order that we have been dealing with above. So also it may be along the other path that there are students of nature who persuade themselves that they are justified in committing cruelties as loathsome as those of the *auto da fé* in pursuit of knowledge, whether a blessing or a curse shall attend its possession. The scientific student who deliberately does evil that good may come is no less culpable than the Jesuit who is supposed to adopt that motto, and no less sure to fail in bringing about the good. The scientific student for whom cruelty is a method of research, in his blundering, imperfect

way, is the analogue on a lower level of those darkly superior beings who, on certain planes of nature, serve the cause that has been symbolised as the Devil. And the laws of nature will deal out to both classes of evil-doers the appropriate penalty in the same methodical way as that in which the plant will prosper or be deformed according to the soil in which it is set.

But now let us consider the significance of certain phrases used a little while ago when we spoke of the possibility that religion might become intelligent and science sympathetic.

One cannot easily analyse the present mental condition of the religious world without seeming to be unjust to that which may be described as its moral condition. Undeniably there are a great number of people placidly content with the teachings of the churches or sects to which they may belong, who never trouble their heads for a moment with any critical consideration of statements made concerning the invisible side of nature. That love of God spoken of already, though little qualified to bear coldly critical examination, is an inspiration which enobles a multitude of lives. And the great religion of the western world combines with its fantastic dogmas conceptions of ethical principles which have done much to promote the civilization of mankind. As set forth in the creeds and in the Bible, these principles are but too vulnerable to criticism, but for many generations past the Christian world has shown itself capable or distilling admirable rules of life from theological literature, very far from admirable when taken at the foot of the letter. Thus directly anyone begins to find fault with the religious world, with creeds or quotations from Scripture as their text, multitudes of devoutly minded people feel outraged and indignant. But that is simply because the religious world on the whole, in spite of many beautiful attributes by which it is glorified, has not condescended so far to become intelligent. For most of the people the formulas repeated in the course of Divine service are no more regarded as having a definite meaning than the notes of the organ are expected to embody historical truth. The whole scheme of ecclesiastical ceremony, except indeed in so far as it is tinged with a much lower purpose, is an appeal to inarticulate emotion, to a perfectly

beautiful emotion however inarticulate,—the one which recognises the sublimity of being in tune with the divine element in creation which represents goodness,—with the beauty of holding oneself rigorously aloof from the debased motives which represent evil. But the authorities presiding over ecclesiastical ceremonies will not, or dare not, bring the language they use in their services into approximate harmony with truth, as it is gradually unveiling itself before the intelligence of mankind. Undoubtedly from time to time individual exponents of intelligence in the pulpit, will make the most of the theory that transposes assertions grotesque in themselves into the elastic region of allegory. And within the last few weeks, an American Bishop, addressing a Young Men's Christian Association at Detroit, warned them against submitting to the conventional fancy that the Bible is the word of God. Teaching to that effect, he declared to have been one of the most prolific sources of unbelief, and to that extent he moves forward in the direction of illuminating religion with intelligence. Perhaps he takes too professional a view of the subject in suggesting that the treatment of the Bible as though it were dictated in terms of human speech by the Divine author of the Universe, is merely productive of "unbelief." If that which is disbelieved—as a consequence of the manifest absurdity condemned—is the no less unacceptable body of theological statement embodied in creeds and ecclesiastical formulæ, unbelief of that sort is hardly a condition to be deplored. But giving the words quoted a somewhat wider significance, it is true, no doubt, that the theory of the Bible which makes supreme, incomprehensible Divinity responsible for every clumsy word and misplaced comma, is only one among the conventional doctrines echoed in the churches which render them unapproachable to those on whose intelligence such crudities operate like a blister. The purification of ecclesiastic services from all dogmatic statements of a kind which offend those who listen to them intelligently, is the great task which must be accomplished by those who are advancing toward perfection along the path of devotion, and are thus naturally drifted into the religious world, before general harmony can prevail.

It is not necessary in connection with this suggestion to go

into minute examination of the creeds which require revision. It is not necessary to claim that every such creed should be rendered perfectly lucid and unimpeachable. It is more than desirable that for a long time to come the professions of those who endeavour in Divine services to set forth their attitude of mind, should be clouded in language designedly obscure. That which the ntelligently devout enthusiast should profess to believe, is in its nature incomprehensible. One of the most intelligent of all the religious bodies, the Unitarian community, which has included some of the grandest exponents of religious thought who have ever endeavoured to keep touch with pulpits and pews and places of worship, made what the occultist will recognise as a mistake in divorcing themselves from the Trinitarian theory. That which disgusted them was the gross, mechanical, stupid presentation of the Trinitarian theory in the creeds of the earlier churches. To talk about God in unmeaning paradoxes, seemed to them in the nature of blasphemy. But the unmeaning paradoxes must have been thrown into the current of the world's theology by those who understood something more than it was possible to convey in language, concerning the triple aspect of Divine energy. To bring those passages of ecclesiastical service into harmony with the advancing intelligence of the age it is unnecessary to repudiate the conception, merely because it cannot be fully understood. That which ought to be aimed at is its expression in terms which recognise the impossibility of accurately comprehending it as yet, but which at the same time embody reverence for the profound mystery dimly sensed by intuition.

No doubt the great task of bringing religious language into harmony with advancing intelligence is seriously embarrassed by the complexity of temporal interests with which the whole ecclesiastical fabric is so intimately interwoven. Individually there may be many clergymen, or even Bishops who would sacrifice their worldly possessions if honestly convinced that the spiritual welfare of the world demanded their pecuniary martyrdom. But it would be childish to deny that on the whole account the worldly interest of those identified with the churches is the hugest obstacle in the way of any movement tending towards the illumination of "churchianity" with intelligence.

And what is the great corresponding difficulty which stands in the way of illuminating the scientific world with an appreciation of the spiritual energies presiding over human evolution, towards which the religious devotee aspires with a sounder instinct than that which governs his infinitely more intellectual companion? Of course, be it here interpolated, there are many in the scientific world for whom the magnificent truths of spiritual nature are appreciated, even though as yet but dimly apprehended. But they correspond to the few among the Bishops prepared to denounce the folly of verbal inspiration. The average, commonplace student of science may perhaps accompany his family to church but only with the same feeling as that which induces him to wear evening costume in going out to dinner. With his *mind*, religion has no concern whatever. He entertains a doubt—in which disbelief probably turns the scale—in regard to the probability that his consciousness will survive the stoppage of his heart's pulsation. To suppose that realms of consciousness unseen by the eye surround the planet on which he lives, is for him a baseless superstition, if not absolutely to be ranked with mathematical absurdities like squaring the circle. Better than his creed, even like his companions of the church, he obeys and even admires the ethical propositions of his period, and is even illogical enough sometimes to take an interest in work that can only benefit others. But he is destitute of the first glimmering conception of the reason which ought to invest his own study of nature with something like the spirit of devotion guiding those on the other side of the hedge which separates him from the religious world. He does not yet know enough to be sympathetic with feelings derived from something different from knowledge. But for him to become sympathetic, it is surely only needful that he should get used to researches which bring within the pale of strict scientific thinking conceptions relating to those phases of nature of which, as yet, we can merely deal with the fringes. For those "who know," the superphysical realms of nature are as real as sulphuric acid and oxygen gas. Never will the man advancing towards perfection along the scientific path be called upon to exercise that mental attribute which he despises—blind faith. Progress for him will mean a step by step advance from knowledge definitely acquired to newer

knowledge coming within range of acquisition. As this, indeed, begins to open vistas of possibility stretching towards infinite distance, the scientific mind will become characterised by a receptivity which at present it exhibits but seldom. But that characteristic need never engender belief in any doctrine or statement beyond the range of definite investigation. It will only—by establishing the fact that the physical plane is but a part of nature—render acceptable the suggestion that even those other parts which may be reached, may not be the whole. And full possession of the idea that greater realities lie behind those ultra-physical conditions found to be real, although formerly denied, will begin to invest the student's mind with an emotion so closely resembling that which is the main inspiration of the devotee, that he will then be capable of sympathy, even as the devotee with his help may become intelligent.

And thus in the long future one can realise the manner in which the varied categories of human consciousness, antipathetic though they may have been in the first instance, will ultimately blend as two aspects of the same endeavour. It is indeed desirable in the interest of progress and human welfare that religion should become scientific, but it is no less essential to true progress that science should become religious. And indeed, that will probably be the first of the two great achievements. For truth to tell the beautiful attributes with which the religious world as a whole may be credited, are rather of spontaneous generation than the fruit of ecclesiastical leadership. That leadership is ceasing to be a power in the world. Thought is guided by another heirarchy, the authority of which meets with perhaps a grudging acquiescence even in the religious world. But it may be, as time goes on, that the grudging element in that acquiescence will fade away. In the earlier period of "the conflict," science, or rather scientific truth, always vanquished bigoted resistance. But bigotry itself is loosened at its foundations. Scientific truth is all the more effective as it ceases to be pugnacious, and it will be irresistible when it becomes sympathetic.

A. P. SINNETT.

PHANTOMS OF THE SEA.

By James Wilson.

Is the ocean haunted? Sailors say it is, and there is a considerable amount of testimony corroborative of the assertion.

Why should there not be ghosts at sea as well as on land? All the tragic elements which produce ghostly spectacles are common enough on sea and shore. Yet thousands of people will believe in ghostly visions on land, who scout the idea of phantoms ever being seen at sea. Were we not so sceptical we would soon obtain interesting and convincing evidence of sea phantoms, but sailors—like everybody else—shrink from being laughed at, and will only unbosom themselves in congenial company.

For this reason many of the most interesting sea ghost stories are never talked about on land. But some others are so well attested, have been seen so often, and by so many, that every old salt is familiar with them. Some of them have been related, for the benefit of those who do not "go down to the sea in ships," and thus have become familiar to landsmen as well as sailors.

A case of this kind is Captain Marryat's description of the *Flying Dutchman*. This vessel, under the command of Captain Vanderdecken, when trying to round the Cape, was met by a fearful storm. The Captain lost his temper and swore he would get round, even though it should take him to the Judgment Day. Then his vessel was wrecked, and he and his ghostly crew have been trying for three centuries to round the Cape, only to be driven back by the violence of the gales.

It is said that our present King, while Prince of Wales, once saw this spectre ship. The Late Duke of Clarence and our present Prince of Wales also met this phantom during their cruise on board the Bacchante, 1879-1882. Here is the extract from the private journal of the late Duke:—

"July 11th, 1881, at 4 a.m. The *Flying Dutchman* crossed our bows. A strange red light as of a phantom ship, all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars and sails of the brig, 200 yards distant, stood out in strong relief. As she came up the look-out man on the forecastle reported her as close on the port bow. The night being clear, and the sea calm, thirteen persons, altogether, saw her, but whether it was *Van Dieman* or the *Flying Dutchman* or who else must remain unknown."

Their escorts, the *Tourmaline* and *Cleopatra*, which were sailing on their starboard bow, flashed to ask whether they had seen the strange red light. . . . . At a quarter to eleven a.m., the ordinary seaman who had that morning reported the *Flying Dutchman*, fell from the fore-top mast cross-trees and was smashed to atoms. . . . . At the next port they came to the admiral also was smitten down.

It would require a volume to contain all the testimony that might be collected to prove the existence of this particular ghost of the sea, if landsmen were less sceptical and seamen less reticent. A sea-captain friend of mine, with twenty-five years experience, asserts:—

"I myself have seen many spectre ships on the deep, manned by ghostly crews. Not only I, but many other seamen, are quite familiar with them." It is not that the phantoms are rare at sea any more than they are on land, it is the power or faculty by which they are seen which is rare, but which seems to be getting more common.

For instance, there is the spectre ship which haunts the English Channel; she has been seen by hundreds, if not by thousands. You may pass the Ower's lightship a hundred times in fair weather and never see the spectre, but if there be a gale blowing, or a snowstorm, you may see a great three-masted frigate loom up and sail silently by. Then, as you watch, there rises a blood-chilling shriek and the vessel disappears. It has been

recognised as the apparition of the unfortunate *Eurydice*, which went down here some twenty years ago with 400 souls aboard.

Almost every Thames lighterman and bargee is acquainted with the story of the spectre of the pleasure steamer *Princess Alice*, which foundered one sad Sunday evening in the Thames, and whose ghost was often seen in the dim twilight in succeeding years.

On the rugged coasts of Scotland, spectre ships are common enough. Once, it is said, a couple of adventurous young men put off in a boat to meet a ghostly flotilla on the West Coast, but at their approach the first ship sunk, and the boat and its occupants were drawn down in the swirl of the sinking ship.

The quaint old Venetian custom of "wedding the Adriatic with a ring" had its origin in a legend of a sea spectre.

An old fisherman was called upon, during a storm, to row three men across the gulf. A huge spectral ship, manned by ghosts, bore down upon them. But the fisherman's boat bore boldly on and struck right through the phantom. As they passed through it it vanished with a weird wail. On landing the fisherman was presented by his passengers with a ring, which endowed him with the faculty of clairvoyance, thus enabling him to recognise his passengers, who were St. Nicholas, St. Mark and St. George. In commemoration of this deliverance from the ghostly pirate, the Doge of Venice used every year to perform the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic. There is a weird picture in the Venetian Academy commemorative of the event. The demon sailors are seen leaping overboard, whilst spars and sails glow with lurid gleams against the dark background of the storm-tossed sea.

The traditions of the Cornish coast are particularly plentiful in stories of ghosts of the sea, probably due to the fact that the deadly Manacles have been the means of sending so many vessels to destruction. There is the story of the young woman who escaped from the ill-fated Irish mail steamer (The *Thames*) in a small boat. On dark and wintry nights she is seen struggling to bring her frail boat to land, but always in vain. When she nears the shore, the boat is swamped, and with an unearthly scream the apparition vanishes, to re-appear with the next storm. Then there

is another story of a ghostly ship, which glides along close to the coast, crowded with men, women and children, who, as they come opposite, stretch out their hands in mute appeal for aid. This has been identified as the ghost of the emigrant ship, *John*, of Plymouth, which went down here with its hapless crew, some fifty years ago.

On the other side of the Atlantic, perhaps, the best known spectre ship is the *Palatine*. Her story is a gruesome one. She was a Dutch trading vessel, wrecked on Block Island in 1752. The wreckers had soon possessed themselves of her moveable cargo, then to hide all traces of their callous work, they set fire to the hull and sent it adrift. As the tide carried the blazing wreck down the channel, shrieks were heard through the waving smoke, resounding with increasing force as a woman was seen rushing across the deck, in vain search for safety. No effort was made to save her, and her ghostly yell from her spectre ship still thrills the blood of the mariner who passes Block Island in a storm.

A curious story is that of the "Dead Ship of Salem." Some 200 years ago the *Salem* was ready to sail for England, when two strange persons, whom none had ever observed in the locality before, came hurriedly on board and secured their passage. They were a young man and woman, both remarkable for their beauty and their dignified reserve. The vessel was detained so long by opposing winds, that the people began to suspect witchcraft and to prophecy disaster. But the captain laughed at their scruples, and as soon as the gale ceased he sailed, though it was on a Friday; a fact which tended to increase the ominous feeling which prevailed.

Never again did anyone see any sign of that ship with her human freight, but a phantom ship, with shining spars and sails is often met, flying in the very teeth of the strongest gales. A ghostly crew man her, whilst on the quarter-deck stand a handsome pair, a young man and woman.

On the cold and stormy gulf, off Cape d'Espair, a phantom ship will often appear, before a storm. Her deck is crowded with soldiers, and a steady light beams from her old-fashioned portholes. A military officer stands in her bows and points to the

shore with his drawn sword. Suddenly the lights go out, a shrill half-scream half-moan is heard, and with a sudden lurch, the apparition disappears. It is the ghost of a British flagship; the flagship of an expedition, sent out to turn the French out of Canada. A fearful storm caught them here and destroyed the bulk of the fleet.

The most terrible ghost stories of the sea have their origin in the time of the pirates, when reckless and cruel practices were common. Many of these desperadoes seem to be condemned to repeat for centuries their horrible crimes, to haunt the scenes of their earthly sins, or the spots where their ill-gotten treasure was buried.

As an instance, there is the story of the *Aveno*. One night, after an exciting chase, she was caught by a pirate off Cape Florida, and robbed of her rich cargo. The pirate captain, enraged at the length of the chase, and the stubborn resistance of the crew, ordered every one of them to walk the plank; with fiendish cruelty keeping the skipper's wife to watch their fate, and that of her courageous husband. Stung to fury by this outrage, she called down the vengeance of heaven on the murderers. At that moment, a foaming wave came gliding over the calm sea, and lifting both vessels in its liquid arms, bore them away; bore them into that much-dreaded swamp, where the tangled saw-grass and mangrove held them fast, and where the survivors perished of fever and hunger.

But should any unfortunate vessel be driven from her course and be cruising along that malarious shore, she may still sight the pirate ship floating in the mangrove marsh with tattered sails and rotting timbers, whilst on her decks the ghostly crew enact again and again the final tragedy of their wild life.

Many another tale might be told of phantom ships of every age and nation, of the ghostly barques that haunt the frozen north like the *Henry Hudson* ship with its mutinous crew, like the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, who are said to have become coated with ice and transformed into icebergs from which ghostly lights still glimmer, of the many becalmed sailing ships that lie rotting in the weedy tangle of the Sargasso Sea, while their phantom crews make desperate but unavailing efforts

to reach port. Every sea-faring nation in the world has its stock of sea ghost stories.

These ghastly sights are not at all welcome to sailors. They are generally believed to foreshadow some impending disaster, as in the instance cited by the late Duke of Clarence. The first man who saw the phantom ship was dashed to pieces by falling from the fore-top mast a few hours later.

A few hours before the wreck of the unfortunate *Elbe*, a spectre ship appeared and sailed close alongside, visible to many, until the final crash. A death warning probably, but if warnings are given on land why should they not be given at sea?

Some passages from a recently published poem, entitled "Souls of the Ships," by J. J. B., may appropriately be quoted in conclusion. In his vision, the writer sees ships of which—

". . . . some was ancient, and some was new,
But all had been murdered, sure . . . .
Now I'm tellin' ye, lad—and it's terrible true—
The souls o' such ships endure.
All ships ha' souls, but the souls don't stay
When the days o' the ship is done—
Excep' in the ships as is thrown away,
Oh! there do the souls live on!
They live for to witness afore the Lord—
Be it ever so long a time—
They live to behold His just reward
To them as got rich by crime."

Then the writer tells of the Judgment, after which, the criminal is put—

". . . . . on the ship to sail
Wi' Fear on a shoreless sea—
Wi' nothing but Fear as the ship would sink
An' Life which had growed most dear;
Wi' nothin' to do, an nothin' to think,
Nothin' but Life and Fear!"

* * * * * *

"Ho, laugh if you like! but I say once more—
Carryin' Jewels or Coals,
Crossin' the ocean, or huggin' the shore—
The ships o' the sea ha' souls!"

AN ATOM OF GREATER BRITAIN.

THE papers often supply us with scraps of information concerning the doings of the Pitcairn Islanders,—the simple idyllic community descended from the mutineers of the *Bounty*. The virtues of their descendants ought, in a retrospective fashion, (for those who are tenacious of theories connected with moral heredity,) to justify the original revolt, the history of which, indeed, even in its simplest aspect, does no little to excuse the mutineers' proceedings. But Pitcairn Island is a populous dependency compared to one other which owes allegiance to the British Crown, and is probably the smallest independent atom of all the King's variegated colonial possessions.

The Island of Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic had a population of seventy-seven souls at the latest computation, men, women, and children all counted, and it is described with conscious or unconscious irony in the Statesman's Year Book as having "no government and being entirely free from vice or crime." A somewhat misguided attempt was made a year or two ago, to induce the islanders to abandon their home and migrate in a body to the Cape. Under instructions from the Colonial Office a Commissioner was sent from the Cape Colony to ascertain their wishes in the matter. But of the eleven families of which the population consisted, only three were in favour of removal, seven preferred to stay where they were, and the other was neutral. So the removal scheme fell through, and we are still left to enjoy the thought that in Tristan da Cunha an inter-

esting social experiment is in progress,—one which tempts the fancy to elaborate fantastic schemes by means of which it might be possible to sprinkle the Ocean with other paradisaical allotments, where men and women, delightfully free from the complicated curses attending political and judicial systems, might assist the people of Tristan da Cunha to show, in opposition to recent European beliefs, that the smaller the state, the happier are the people.

Of course it may be that the fortunate island under consideration, owes its welfare to the fact that it was a purely natural growth, not in any way the fruit of deliberate human design. The people of Tristan in the first instance were waifs and strays from shipwrecked vessels. The islands (for Tristan is a small group not an isolated spot of land) lie in the middle of the South Atlantic, in the track of vessels bound for some of the South American ports, and have levied a heavy toll on the merchant shipping of the last century. They were first discovered by the Portuguese navigator Tristan da Cunha, who bestowed his own name upon them, in 1506. They were quite uninhabited at the time, and supposed to be almost desolate, as indeed the two smaller islands may be regarded to this day. Tristan, itself, the largest, is little more than a volcanic cone with a circular base, equal to a little over thirty square miles, with a summit over 7,600 feet high. The volcano must have been extinct during all historic periods, and for the most part the plateau above the lofty cliffs which fringe the shore, is swampy and uninhabitable. Only one region which slopes down to the sea, affords facilities for cultivation. Only one person capable of giving a written account seems ever to have ascended the mountain; this person was Captain Carmichael, who went to Tristan in 1819 with a small garrison, established there at the time under a vague impression which tormented the British Government, that if left unoccupied, Tristan would somehow be made use of as a means of facilitating Napoleon's escape from St. Helena. When in progress of time Napolean's departure for another world relieved the authorities of this nervous anxiety, the garrison was withdrawn, and Tristan for a time left in possession of a small population that had accumulated there during its occupation. Mr. Hammond Tooke, the

Commissioner sent in 1904 to sound the Islanders concerning the project for their removal, himself an official belonging to the Cape Government, has endeavoured in his report to give us a coherent history of Tristan, but his materials do not seem to have been very abundant, and his narrative is not easily condensed into a straightforward chronicle of events. One or two enterprising Americans established themselves at Tristan early in the last century and at first proposed to constitute themselves an independent state. But later on, when visited by a British vessel they proposed, on terms, to become subjects of his Britannic Majesty. Then one of them died, or is supposed to have perished at sea out fishing, and a certain Thomas Currie was the sole survivor left on the island, a Robinson Crusoe concerning whose experiences unhappily we have no information. But eventually he was joined by other waifs and strays from passing or wrecked vessels.

When the garrison was finally withdrawn, only three men remained on the island, one of them with a wife and two children. And this man, Corporal Glass, who died in 1853, is represented by many descendants at Tristan in the present day. A married sailor joined him in 1821, when the population of the island consisted of nine men and two women, with two or more children. Then by degrees, under conditions it is hardly worth while to examine in detail, other waifs and strays from the ocean drifted to Tristan, and the population at one time attained a maximum limit of 109. This was about the year 1880 when the settlers had frequently shown much hospitality and kindness to wrecked vessels, and had received stores and presents from various governments, especially from that of the United States, in acknowledgment of the services thus rendered. Unhappily on one occasion a wrecked vessel seems to have been full of rats which landed on the island, and have been a great curse to the community ever since, making it entirely impossible for them to grow wheat, a crop for which the cultivable land is quite well adapted, but which the rats destroy as soon as it appears. From time to time cats and dogs have been imported in the hope of combating this pest, but quite without success, and the community is mainly dependent on potatoes, getting what flour they can from passing vessels in exchange of their own fresh vege-

tables and meat. A terrible calamity befell the community in 1886, when a boat with fifteen of their best men on board, going out to trade with a vessel far out at sea, was lost under conditions never clearly understood, so that all on board were drowned. Thirteen women became widows that day, and one man went mad under pressure of the disaster. In 1898 the island was visited by a British Government vessel, the "Thrush," which brought away a shipwrecked crew that had been kindly treated by the islanders, in return for which the Board of Trade afterwards presented them with goods to the value of £120.

And now we come to the conditions, prevailing at the present time, or at the date of the informarion supplied to us by Mr. Tooke, in his report dated 1904. At the period of his visit, the community consisted of 44 adults and 33 children. Of the adults 17 were men and 27 women. Seven of the women were widows, and seven, strange to say, unmarried girls. For of the 17 men, seven were still unmarried. It seems rather difficult to make out whether these seven bachelors retained their independence by reason of vague ambitions associated with a possible migration at a later date to South Africa, or whether some mysterious scruples concerning the difficulty of getting legally married have been standing in their way. One would have thought that in such a simply organised society any of the elders would have been regarded as having sufficient inborn ecclesiastical authority to invest the union of any loving couple with appropriate sanctity. But there does seem some mysterious difficulty in this connection. Till a few years ago a certain Mr. Peter Green, the oldest inhabitant, was authorised by the Bishop of St. Helena to solomnise marriages; but since his death in 1902, no one on the island has been formally empowered to perform such ceremonies. Why the Bishop of St. Helena has any rights in the matter is a mystery the present report leaves still obscure. But since then the Secretary of State for the Colonies has apparently been in correspondence with the only member of the Tristan community who knows how to write, a certain Mr. Andrew Reppetto, with reference to the possibility of supplying the islanders with a chaplain.

With singular want of intelligence the Colonial Office proposed to undertake part of the expense connected with this

proposal, if the islanders would find a contribution to the extent of £75 a year. Mr. Reppetto's answer, dated March, 1905, is printed, together with the other official papers before us in his own language, though the spelling comes under suspicion of having been corrected for the press.

"I am sorry of that it is impossible for us to call whoever individual in the condition of the salary.

"If here was any possibility to sell yearly sum of our property which consist in cattle, sheep, and potatoes we be able and willing to pay the all salary for a man who choose to come at the island, also for the house we have not all the necessary to build one, specially comfortable enough for a man who intend to bring with his wife.

"If there was a man which choose to come live with us for a short time that may be for charity but not for made live of it so he may stay with one of the small family and he will be share off with things we get from passing ships and products of the Island.

"Of course be wonderful to you to hear that in the year (1904) only (5 shilling) came in the Island so we leave the consideration to you if that is possible for us to pay a such sum which a school-master require.

"The man which be the most need at the Island is the member of the Church of England but be better a unmarried man."

In spite of Mr. Reppetto's highly practical assurances, it seems that a clergyman with the disqualification of a wife and a wife's maid, must have actually by this time have contrived to reach Tristan. This gentleman, the Rev. J. G. Barrow, was resolute to get to Tristan, believing the Islanders badly in want of spiritual nourishment, and especially impelled to go there because his mother was wrecked on the island some years ago, and kindly cared for by the people. He tried in August last year to induce the Government to give him a passage to Tristan on some man-of-war, but this was not arranged for. Then Mr. Barrow, apparently at his own charges, went to St. Helena, trusting somehow to find a whaler or other vessel that would take him and his wife (and the maid) to Tristan, and the very latest paper we have relating to the affairs of the Island, is a letter from Mr. Barrow to the Colonial Office, dated on board the steamship *Surrey*, a hundred miles east of Tristan, April 7th, 1906. In this letter he says he has the honour to inform the Colonial Secretary that he expects to land the following day, and at this tantalizing stage of his adventure we are left to the vague chances of the future for the continuation of his story.

The Earl of Crawford attempted last February, on board his yacht, the "Valhalla," to visit Tristan, but was unable to land by reason of bad weather. One is tempted to think that some one or other of the many millionaires in possession of steam yachts, might employ the summer months much less profitably than by carrying out simple presents of clothing, books, and other necessaries to the interesting islanders. Perhaps the books for the moment, would not be of much use in so far as it appears that very few of the inhabitants are sufficiently educated to read. But this difficulty would probably disappear by degrees, if the enterprising clergyman above referred to, succeeds in maintaining his position.

Mr. Tooke, not unnaturally, ascribes the absence of vice and crime amongst the people to the fact that there is no liquor on the island. But even the most determined teetotaller can hardly account, by this negative condition, for the singular moderation and self-control of character that the islanders exhibit. As Mr. Tooke points out, his visit involved the decision on a very important question, the proposed migration of the colony, and distinct variation of opinion existed. It might have been expected, under those conditions, that some kind of ill-feeling would have been developed, but nothing of the sort could be observed. The minority, says the Commissioner, submitted to the will of the majority with resignation and self-control, and the majority carried their point without exultation or triumph. Such a people certainly seem to deserve more comfortable lives than they can enjoy at Tristan as long as the rats continue to defeat all attempts at the higher agriculture, and as long as even the women are dependent for clothing on the sailors' slops that they can obtain by barter from the ships that happen to pass. Most of the people seem to be dressed in some heavy stuff known to sailormen as dungaree, although the women, according to the Commissioner, "show the usual resource of their sex," and making the best use of the poor materials available, "are mostly clad in blouse and skirt, with a handkerchief for headgear." Perhaps for this superior toilet they may be partly indebted to a present of clothing bestowed on them in 1899, and conveyed to them by H.M.S. *Beagle* in 1901. For shoes they avail themselves of the hides obtained from their own oxen existing on the island in

fairly considerable number, though the pasturage is of a very poor order.

Certainly the last thing the sympathetic looker-on would wish would be the absorption of these people in a crowded colony like the Cape of Good Hope, and the abandonment of their queer little territory to the "molly hawk" and the "sooty albatros," apparently the only indigenous inhabitants of the region. For it is exempt from reptile life, as also from any species of mammal other than those that have been imported from ships.

One cannot but remain eagerly desirous for further information concerning Tristan from Mr. Barrow, who ought to have, by the time the next news comes home, a much more interesting story to tell even than that supplied to us by the Commissioner from the Cape. Above all things one wants to know whether the seven unmarried young men encouraged by clerical presence have taken brides to themselves from amongst the eight young girls, and whether their delay in doing so had actually been due to their tenacious reverence for the formalities of the marriage service. In the latter case it would seem as though a lofty code of morals were engendered in a community in inverse ratio to the luxury and culture of the people. And how long will the fact that they have no government, suffice to maintain them in the paths of unblemished virtue? So far the only fault that Mr. Tooke could find with them was that they were somewhat unpunctual and procrastinating in their habits. But why indeed should they worry themselves to be otherwise, when their lives are flowing forward in so even and untroubled a current? From the point of view of those who regard human life as the school or spiritual progress, it may indeed seem a little difficult to realize what is the use of an existence on Tristan da Cunha? But at all events, if the blessings of such a condition are negative, these wonderfully well behaved islanders are restful for a time, and can hardly be thought of as engaged, like most of those who are enjoying advanced civilisation, in the usual enterprise of engendering bad karma.

FRIENDSHIP; IS IT ON THE WANE?

By the Rev. J. Hudson, M.A.

"A faithful friend is the medicine of life."
(Eccles. VI. 16.)

What writer, ancient or modern, has failed to hymn the praises of friendship? Who has not sung of its beauty, its brightness, its blessedness, and—alas!—also of its brevity? In all ages, it has formed a fascinating theme for poets, preachers and philosophers. From the Psalmist's plaintive reference to "mine own familiar friend," to Tennyson's splendid dirge over Arthur Hallam, his idolized and idealized friend, it is a subject that has had a predominating influence and position in all literature.

"Friendship is the greatest bond in the world"—writes Jeremy Taylor. "Friendship peculiar boon of Heaven," says Samuel Johnson. Charlotte Brontë puts into the mouth of Jane Eyre the sentence "there is no happiness like that of being loved by your fellow creatures, and feeling that your presence is an addition to their comfort." Emerson says that "by friendship we are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life."

Some of the early definitions of friendship are very striking. "A friend," says Aristotle, "is a second self." "Friendship is community of life, and of all that is in it," was the doctrine of Zeno and his school.

There is a strange sadness that attaches to the saying of

Clarendon about the Duke of Buckingham, that he might have been saved from half his faults, and, perhaps, from his sad end, if only, in his political career, he had had one faithful friend.

Upon the façade of an English nobleman's house stands the inscription, "*Amicis et mihi*," "for my friends, and (afterwards) for myself," teaching that unselfishness is at the base of every generous friendship.

It would be easy, in fact, to compile an anthology, both in poetry and prose, on friendship. But my present purpose is rather to consider the question which I have placed at the head of this short paper, to reflect whether friendship be not, as many allege, on the wane, or even a virtue of the past; whether it has not to a great extent ceased to play the part which it was wont to play in the lives of the ancient Greeks and Romans and Hebrews.

It is true that there have been many notable instances of modern friendships,—and it is remarkable that some of the most striking of these consist not in a pair of friends, but in a trio or triumvirate of distinguished names. There has been, for instance, the well-know ecclesiastical triumvirate, consisting of Keble, Newman and Pusey; the political triumvirate of Cobden, Bright and Milner Gibson; the poetical triumvirate of the Lake school representatives—Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey; and the theological or episcopal triumvirate of Westcott, Lightfoot and Benson; but looking at the matter from the epistolary side only, what statesman in the Christian era has kept up such a correspondence with a friend as that which, for instance, Cicero maintained with Atticus?

Why, in one year alone, the famous year of Cæsar's death, we find no fewer than seventy-six letters written by Cicero to Atticus, all private and confidential, *i.e.*, not routine letters or business documents.

A parallel instance would be hard to cite in modern times, unless it be found perhaps in the correspondence of Horace Walpole and Horace Mann, who regularly wrote to each other for forty years without meeting, or the letters which Dean Swift wrote in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign to the unhappy Stella.

Are we, then, to answer the question, is the decay of friendship a fact, by an immediate affirmative?

We shall be wiser if we hesitate somewhat before venturing upon a decisive answer. The question is more wide-reaching than is apparent at first sight, and to give a true answer to it involves further considerations than appear upon the surface.

Probably the wise man will answer neither "yes" nor "no" to the enquiry, but will find even in the *apparent* decay of friendship some of those *providential compensations*, as they may be called, so frequently to be met with in the social and moral, no less than in the natural world. For there *is* an apparent decay of friendship—such friendship as existed in old times, as instanced by that, say, of Laelius and Scipio.

And if we enquire into the reason of this, I think we might attribute it to one or other, or all of the following causes and considerations :—

(1) In these days of rapid communication both by sea and land, in the frequent and incessant congregating and congestion of human beings for purposes of business and pleasure, which is so characteristic of the age in which we live, the numerical increase of every man's acquaintance as compared with that of his forefathers is simply enormous. The acquaintances of any busy man in the busy hive of twentieth century industry are numbered not by the score, nor even by the hundred, but by the thousand.

Amongst such a variety of people with whom he is connected in varying degrees of intimacy, there becomes less and less likelihood that a man should single out any particular individual as his fidus Achates, and give him a special niche in the temple of his affections.

(2) Furthermore, with an increased humanitarianism, under which (whatever pessimists may say to the contrary) men are more truly brothers than ever before, there is less need in ordinary cases for the formation of friendship's link, at least as a means of mutual succour and support.

This is especially noticeable in our public schools. Friendships exist there, and happily exist—warm, generous, hearty friendships, such as only boys can form—but there is less of

chumming of the old-fashioned kind that used to be so much in vogue. Tom Browns and Harry Easts are not to be seen in every school. And the main reason is to be found in the abolition of many of the evils that rendered such an alliance almost a necessity for mutual comfort and defence—such, for instance, as the suppression of bullying, which was so common in Tom Brown's day, and which united our two friends as such firm allies in waging war on their common enemy, Flashman.

(3) Moreover, the very wear and tear of modern life, the ceaseless and increasing struggle in the teeth of ever fiercer competition in all walks of life, the strenuous effort that is needed to gain a living or make a name—all these leave scanty leisure and small inclination for forming new friendships, or even of keeping up those already formed. Men are swimming in the turbulent Niagara Rapids of professional life, and they must strain every nerve and sinew to keep their heads above water. The increase of population means increased work and worry for many, and diminished opportunities for culture and refinement, and all the other graceful amenities of life in whose atmosphere friendship most thrives. It may be a hard fact, it may be a melancholy fact, but that it is a fact, few will be found to deny.

(4) But a deeper and more potent factor than any of these will be found in what, for want of a better name, I may call the emancipation of woman.

Friendship has changed, not so much in degree as in kind. It is an admitted truth that the social intercourse of the sexes which now supplies so many instances of the closest and most exalted friendship, was in former times far less satisfactory than under modern civilisation. In Greece and Rome the position of women was deplorable.

And is it not, after all, quite within recent times—so recent that one is only just getting accustomed to them now—that woman has begun to be, in any true sense of the word, a companion of man on anything like equal terms.

"I can well remember," writes Mrs. Haweis, "when the horizon of the average woman seemed bounded on the North by the cap, and on the South by the key-basket, soon after the age of thirty. There were plenty of sweet women then,

but they were not exactly the average women. The average woman seems to have been very down-trodden and very contented. Up to ten she was allowed to work samplers, and up to twenty to write in diaries, and for another decade or two 'to toil, to rear children, and to weep,' as the Spanish worded it, and she concerned herself with nothing else. The sweet, safe corner behind the heads of children, of which Mrs. Browning sings, was the sole womanly ideal then. And when the 'olive branches,' if any, were grown up and gone, why she was just an old Mrs. Nickleby or Mrs. Varden, and her only noticeable garment was the cap she was never seen without. If she had any brains left, she began all over again with the grand-children, and if she had not, she fixed her attention upon her latter end, unless she was too torpid even for that. And the insurgée, if she wrote any essay in protest, why she was shrieked down; if she wrote at all, she was eyed askance. The average woman, with an opinion of any sort on anything, did not have a good time. But all this is changing fast, we have removed the cap, relinquished the old prejudices, which made it improper to do this because you were too young, and unbecoming to do that, because you were too old; and Mrs. Grundy, having dropped her lash, except in the depths of the country (I believe she keeps it in pickle there) society is much happier and much nicer."

This certainly gives a somewhat gruesome picture of woman's status a few decades ago, and we may smile or blush at the retrospect according to our humour or temperament.

And in this great and almost magical elevation of womankind —mentally, physically and morally, to be as she had never been before, the friend, companion and helpmeet of man, is to be found what I called just now one of those providential compensations that are frequently to be met with, when, at first sight, one is apt to imagine that such and such a virtue that flourished in the good old times is beginning to fade into decay.

This is, no doubt, the true way of looking at questions of this kind, namely, to see if there is anything to counterbalance, or more than counterbalance a seeming loss, and in such a method of regarding them lies the true answer to the carping "laudator

temporis acti," who idly enquires why the former times were better than these.

No, reserved as the English people are (was it Novantes who said that every Englishman is *an island*?), they can still love and hate as well as ever, though times have changed and the mode and method of friendship's manifestation have changed with them.

Friendship is not dead, nor dying. Still is the precept of the old Bard of Avon pondered and practised:—

> "Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

Still is it true, and long may it be true, that "A faithful friend doubles the joys and halves the sorrows of life."

THE WHITE MAN AND THE NEGRO.

WITH the common place view concerning the relations of the white man and the negro, we are all familiar, and like many common place views it is irritating by reason of embodying so much good sense that one cannot quarrel with it altogether. But when we have shuddered over the infamous brutalities of the old slave trade, and the hideous complications that ensued sometimes in the Southern States of America, when girls with only a trace of black blood to darken their complexion became the victims of brutal masters, we have only contemplated the whole subject from the point of view reached by the people of the Northern States at the conclusion of the Civil War. Then, by one huge, indiscriminate act of emancipation they set all negroes free! Ever since, the social problems that have been pressing for solution have suggested a doubt whether in obeying the passionate philanthropic impulse which dictated this policy, the Northern people have not blundered into an impasse along which it is impossible for them to proceed, while it is equally impossible for them to retrace their steps.

A deplorable fate seems to have been hanging from the first over the relations of the white man and the negro. This has defeated what one may think of as perhaps the design of Providence in bringing the two races together. The subtleties of the black and white difficulty can only be understood by those who obtain that comprehensive glance over human evolution as a whole, which occult research alone has enabled us to obtain. But before

discussing the complexities of the subject, let us glance for a moment at a surprising state of things brought to light by an English traveller, Mr. Nevinson, in connection with a system of slave dealing in full activity at the present day in the Portuguese province of Angola, generally marked on the maps as "Guinea," midway down the West Coast of Africa. Here it seems that the slave trade, in its most recklessly abominable form continues unchecked. It is veiled by a thin disguise according to which the slaves are called "servicaes" or contract labourers, but as a matter of fact they are kidnapped or bought from chiefs in the interior by traders engaged in the business, shackled together by wooden fetters, and marched down through the forests several hundred miles to the coast, where, at Benguela, as many of them as survive this ordeal,—never more than an average proportion of the original caravan,—are sold to agents of the planters at San Thomé, the Portuguese island in the Gulf of Guinea, lying nearly under the equator, where tropical cultivation is carried on. The theory that the slaves have contracted to go as free labourers to San Thomé is the hollowest sham that can be imagined, and the savage ferocity with which they are treated by their captors could not have been eclipsed by any similar proceedings when the trade,—in days before Wilberforce—was in need of no affectations. Mr. Nevinson explored the regions from which the slaves are brought, he saw their treatment on board ship, as also on plantations, both in the province of Angola itself and at San Thomé. The floggings which the black victims undergo when they attempt to escape, or for any other reason incur the anger of their masters would have given new ideas to Legree. Though a wasteful habit, it seems considered on the whole desirable on the march, to flog absolutely to death, any negro who attempts to escape. The example is important, and Mr. Nevinson is assured,—although this part of his story is one which he is not able personally to guarantee, that again to discourage similar mistakes, it is considered well at San Thomé to flog to death any woman discovered on her arrival to be in a condition threatening to interfere with her usefulness as a worker. That this practice would be extravagantly wasteful is a consideration which renders one inclined to doubt the

probability of the common belief. But there seems no room whatever for doubting the general truth of Mr. Nevinson's narrative, and the upshot of it is, that considering what they wink at, the Portuguese Government could find little justification, even if they so desired, for taking a severe view of the proceedings in progress in the Congo territory across their border.

Now of course such outrages on humanity and civilisation as those of which the Portuguese are thus guilty, can only be regarded with loathing and detestation. But looking at the relations of the white man and the negro on the whole account, from the Elizabethan period down to the present day, one thought that may invest the gloomy story with something like a new flavour of sadness has to do with the manner in which a grand opportunity has been missed. That which the commonplace observer overlooks,—for want of subtler knowledge than he possesses,—regards as the scandal involved in slavery, is really the scandal involved in the manner in which slavery has been mismanaged.

Only by virtue of comprehending the large scale laws which govern human evolution can we begin to glimpse of what might have been a perfectly well-ordered system of slavery. One of the clearest conclusions that have emerged from modern occult research has been that which recognises three great root races as representing the present inhabitants of the world. These, indeed, were preceded by two others, of which no trace now remains, but the third root race (an expression much more comprehensive than any which the ethnologist makes use of) is still represented among us by the lowest type of the African negro, by the aborigines of Australia and by those of a few other outlying fragments of ancient land. The fourth great race which practically covered the whole earth for millions of years, diverging according to climate and condition into all the varieties of colour and physique exhibited not merely between China and Peru, but between Cape Horn and Spitzbergen, is still accountable for the majority of the earth's population. Emerging from this at a certain focus appropriate to the new development, the fifth great root race came eventually into being, and is represented at this period of its growth by the most advanced of the white communities on earth.

Now the important point to be realised in connection with this great development is, that the individuals constituting the advanced race, with all its varied sub-races and national families, have through remote ages passed upward under the great law of re-incarnation from the lower races, of which remnants still exist. The African negro of the lowest type is not, as the foolishness of early theology imagines, an independent creation, doomed by an inscrutable Providence to exist in that comfortless fashion, but an early recruit for the human family beginning a long pilgrimage, and destined, when he has acquired whatever experience the humbler incarnations may give him, to ascend the ladder of evolution and be born again under superior conditions. Roughly speaking, all of us who stand now in the vanguard of civilization have, at almost inconceivably remote periods in the past, gone through such experiences as those now represented by savage races, and the true Ego which constitutes the centre of individual consciousness for each of us has been the same centre of consciousness throughout the long series of incarnations, beginning with those of the humbler order.

Thus it may be said from one point of view that the purpose of Nature when a negro is born is, that the Ego thus incarnated shall cease to be a negro as soon as possible. There will no longer be any need for negro bodies in the world when all the Egos in the rearguard of the human family shall have passed through the savage condition of existence and shall have become qualified for something better. Of course this is a very crude glance at a highly complicated law, but it focusses attention on the point for the moment especially worth notice, which is that the true welfare of the negro race is best subserved by encouraging the gradual disappearance of the negro race from the population of the world. Not, of course, by violent means, not by exterminating the bodies, but by so educating the Egos that they will no longer need incarnation of the earlier type.

Now in her own slow way Nature would accomplish the purpose here contemplated by the mere accumulation of such experience as the normal negro life might supply. But undoubtedly the negro, imported into the midst of a civilised community, even though in the condition of a slave, must have his spiritual

evolution stimulated to a very remarkable degree by such an experience. And with the wonderful power that Nature has of distilling good from evil, we can even recognise that in spite of the criminal brutality with which slavery was carried on for many years in the West Indies and in the Southern States, multitudes of the black slaves were unconsciously going through a process which prepared them for white bodies in their next incarnations. Of course, the unprincipled slave-dealer, who pretends to think that the negro is benefitted by being brought into touch with civilisation, utterly fails to understand the thought we have just expressed. And though he may be an unconscious instrument of Providence in carrying out a certain evolutionary design, he nevertheless conducts himself for the most part with such infamous brutality, that philanthropists can only regard him as a criminal, to be suppressed at any cost. Nor is it to be imagined that in those fierce centuries when the notion of kidnapping black men from Africa and setting them to work in West Indian plantations was first inaugurated by certain of Queen Elizabeth's great captains, careful humanity could have been expected to preside over the undertaking. The age was a rough one, and all its doings matched its general character. But it is inexpressibly sad to think that as general civilisation advanced the comprehension of the laws governing human evolution, which some of us at all events, now possess, was not sufficiently advanced to guide legislation concerned with the conduct of slavery in America. This might have been so magnificent an agency for promoting human progress, if only the ruling race had comprehended it aright!

Conventional feeling may be startled at the idea that slavery, under any circumstances, could have been justifiable, and it is possible that no skill in designing appropriate legislation could so far have obviated the trouble likely to arise from the misuse of authority by ill-qualified masters. Indeed, in dreaming of an ideal state of things, imagination may mislead us into roads of thought that never could have been travelled in reality. But supposing for a moment that with the intelligent guidance of knowledge concerning the laws of evolution above referred to, the people of the Southern States of America had from an early period of their history endeavoured to adapt law on the physical plane to

the laws of nature! Suppose on the physical plane it had been enacted that no one should remain in a state of slavery when his negro descent had been in any way tinged with an admixture of white blood. By the barbarous rule that actually prevailed, a tinge of black blood enslaved the man or woman who bore it. The other rule, that a tinge of white blood should have set free, would at one stroke have eliminated from American slavery a large proportion of the abominations which brought it ultimately to destruction. And then it might have been enacted, not that any man qualified to buy a slave should hold one in subjection, but that the right to hold slaves should belong exclusively to those who might have a licence to exercise that kind of authority. And if the licences had been issued with care, a very considerable proportion of the remaining evils would have been eliminated from the institution of South American slavery without bringing in the train of such reform the disastrous conditions with which the Southern people are now confronted.

Nor, even allowing for the fact that up to the time of the Civil War the great institution was scandalously mismanaged, need it have been quite impossible to reform it along some such lines as have just been suggested. True wisdom would never have given rise to the clumsy sweeping abolition carried out at the close of the Civil War under the impulse, of course, we may frankly recognise, of sympathies that could hardly take any other direction in the absence of a fuller enlightenment than that by which they were guided. But the more completely illuminated view does certainly enable us to recognise the terrible tangle into which ignorant philanthropy has guided the people of the United States, while at the same time the mere superficial observation of facts shows how deplorably unfit for the life of a free republican citizen the pure-bred negro,—even though born in the States,—has certainly remained.

Whether a complete and generally diffused comprehension of the whole subject in the light of that knowledge relating to the evolution of the great races of which we have been speaking, would point to any definite course of action in the present crisis is a question susceptible of varied replies, but hardly belonging as yet to the region of practical politics. The truly philosophical

comprehension of that which ought to be the relationship between the white man and the negro is intellectually interesting rather than suggestive of any definite programme. Perhaps, indeed, it is interesting in the highest degree by reason of the way it illustrates the deplorable insufficiency of what may be called commonplace intelligence as the main spring either of individual or national activity. Few of the problems which embarrass advanced civilisation, few of the difficulties by which governments are confronted, can be appreciated correctly until examined under the clear light of that widely ramifying knowledge with which occult research is concerned.

WALTER PIERCE.

THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

HAVE you ever, when pressed by the din and turmoil of life,—in the grip, perhaps, of a sorrow only time can alleviate,—turned your back on would be sympathisers and taken your trouble straight to the sea? Have you known the solace of feeling the water close round you, realised your own powerlessness as you floated idly on its mighty surface, known that in some mysterious way you were one with it, that it was part of you, that you adored it for its majesty and power, stretched out your arms and besought it to permeate your being, wash away the earth stains, bring you into the atmosphere of its own purity? If none of these experiences have been yours, the Frenchman's wise saying applies to you, "*que de fois on passe dans la vie à côté de ce qu'en ferait le charme!*" You have missed one of the great anodynes of life.

Beautiful, ever changing ocean, only those on whom this mystic spell is cast can realise thy charm! Terrible in wrath, lulling to profoundest peace when every silver ripple whispers just the message our heart longs for, as it breaks into laughter at our feet ere drawn back to its playfellows with that murmur in which lurks the essence of all lullabies. Oh, mother of many moods, what adjective that was ever coined, what poem that was ever phrased, shall even dimly hymn thine infinite perfection!

Is it because we are island born that this unquiet immensity of water responds to a need in us that is touched by nothing else? A faithful mirror of life, it seems to me, gazing with fasci-

nated eyes into its blue depths, on which we are tossed helpless as those strands of purple seaweed, the sport of wind and weather. Yet purposeless as it all appears, order underlies the seeming chaos, the tide rises and falls in obedience to fixed rules. The storm-tossed life throbs joyfully to vibrations started many a year ago, gathers sorrowfully bitter fruit from the same past, and when it comes to the knowledge that this is so, is content that the debt should be paid, that the waves should gather and break, so that the sooner they bear the soul to peace. Peace, that solitude into which no sympathy can enter, no love, however deep, can penetrate; for where human passion intrudes, even in its most rarefied form, it brings with it inevitably the element of unrest. The peace of which the ocean murmurs to me, only dawns on the one who, realising himself as part of the divine Whole, casts away the mantle of separateness, and, gathering all things into himself, transmutes them into harmony, so that, indeed, "the peace of God which passes all understanding" descends as the Great All Consciousness lifts such a soul nearer to itself.

To-day the west wind has lashed the sea into a mimic fury, on the horizon the beautiful indigo depths are barely flecked with white, but near the shore large waves are tumbling over each other in angry protest at the upward slant of the beach, and the snowy foam in prodigal profusion throws its creamy treasures high up on the greedy sand. The triumphal music of the breeze as it sports with the incoming rush of troubled water, bears to me with it (for I had been studying that most engrossing book, Râma Prâsad's "Nature's finer forces," and am indebted to it for these ideas), a vision of the Tattvas, those five primary manifestations of the Great Breath, that in obedience to the creative thought, assuming more definite properties as they descended through the spheres, brought our world into objectivity.

Aeon after Aeon passed while Akâsha,—Gas, Fire, Water, Earth—fulfilled their appointed tasks, how fascinating in thought to dwell on it, to picture the dim outline of the seven luminous globes that are to be the future habitation of man, to watch the fire mists gather, the immature worlds shattered and reformed as the Tattvas swept on their relentless way, agents of Shiva the Creator and Destroyer, then as now.

The world work complete, that no link between the human and divine should remain unforged, the same great Cosmic Powers incorporated themselves into the body of man. Akâsha crowned the head and brain that were to grow god-like. Vâyu between throat and eyebrows lingered, so that the third eye hidden there preserves the memory of the divine. Fire descended on the heart, and life pulsated, touched the tongue, and speech was born Water from middle to knee linked him with itself and with the Astral plane. Earth claimed his feet, and rooted them to it, each Tattva imposed its own colour and correspondence, under them the wonderful network of veins and nerves sprang into being. Guided by Sun and Moon the great Breath divided into negative and positive; from the brain the Solar current poured its vivifying influence throughout the body; the positive force in Nature, the power of the Moon gathered in the heart, and sends out from thence the cooler negative current. Prâna, the atmosphere round the Sun, in which the Earth and all Planets move, the sustainer of everything that is, differentiates itself into the human breath, and the two canals, Ida and Pingala, of the spinal chord Sushumnâ, distributes this life force through the Nâdis and Chakras, following again the five-fold Tattvic manifestations. As Prâna the life breath animates the whole body, its correspondence in the macrocosm being the Sun. Apâna, that which throws off waste, is connected with the Earth; Samâna, the digestive breath, is helped by Akâsha; Vyâna, the circulating breath, keeping the body in physical efficiency, is dominated by Vâyu. Udâna, the power which impels the life current back to the centre's heart and brain, and is, therefore, associated with death, is controlled by Tejas, the luminous ether, the fire that quenching physical life leads the emancipated Ego to super-physical existence.

Always positive and negative run side by side, the former strongest from day to night has by then so dominated the body that it sinks into the unconsciousness we call sleep, which would pass into death did not the cooler lunar current set in when the heart is reached and counteract it, till in its turn its effect exhausted, and the brain power re-established, we awake. A perfect balance between these great forces is imperative, as if the strength of either passed beyond the ordinary limits, death ensues, that is

why the passage from the body is sometimes alluded to as being solar or lunar, according to the current which has asserted its ascendency.

Nature's mighty work completed, man comes forth a perfect organism ready, had harmony prevailed, to subdue all things to himself; but, alas! the Tattvic colours intermingled each Cosmic Power, claimed this new-born being as its own, and the endless strife between Spirit and Matter began. Man identifying himself with these warring elements sank deeper and deeper into fleshly lust; mind as it developed co-operating with body, made the captivity complete. The perishable vehicles that responded so readily to pain and pleasure, constituted himself, the Divine, from having been a part of his consciousness became an outside potency, to be feared and propitiated, opposed to his instincts, hostile to all that interested him most. Yet properly understood the Tattvic forces in macrocosmic, and miscrocosmic, developments establish the unity as nothing else can. The Hindu scriptures teach that God and man function and enjoy through seven metaphorical members and nineteen mouths, the latter consisting of the five senses, the five organs of action, hands, feet, tongue, the organs of excretion and generation. The five breaths, Prâna, Apâna, Samâna, Vyâna, Udâna, already described, Buddhi Manas, Chitta and Ahankara. Into all these modes of progress the great Cosmic life infuses itself, that it may lead on the evolution of the child soul that for so long can only be appealed to from outside. The word enjoyment at first sight appears misleading when applied to the Divine, but it is not so, for in these manifestations that make up the sum of human sensations, Ishvara has willed to limit himself, that every passion which plunges man deeper into separateness should be instinct with His life, held together only by that great force, so that however far humanity seems to wander from Him, in very truth they still live, move, and have their being in Him alone, He who not only is the ending but the beginning, "dwelling in the world, enveloping all."

Looking out again across the blue plain of waters, watching the silver of a seagull's wing cleave the waves, man in his unrest sinks out of sight, and following the bird as it soars heavenward, a gleam of light poised between sea and sky, in thought I would

fain resolve the mighty Tattvic forces into the limitless space that is the womb of all things, past, present and to come.

Immensity, to which the ears are dedicated as receptacles of sound, which it conveys, dimly grasped by sight and touch, which, reaching forward to attain some object of desire, and, failing to do so, recognise as space that which separates them from it. Around us everywhere, responsive to our passionate yearning for freedom, yet far above human cognition, for how can the finite expand to the infinite, mortal measure immortality? When we have explored the wonders space unfolds as far as science takes us, the great plenurn that is a vacuum only to the ignorant, there comes a moment when alone the mystic realises a shadow of the Great Beyond, the "thrice Greatest Darkness where all knowledge is resolved into ignorance," where prostrate the soul must lie one with the restful night till light dawns, for light there is behind the veil, so dazzling that alone the ecstatic vision may picture it. The light of the central Sun, could it pierce for one moment the outer robes that shade His glory, would destroy the Universe it maintains. A splendour to which all human conception of radiance is darkest night, and from the centre of this Light, which is nowhere, to the circumference which is everywhere, proceeds the outbreathing and the inbreathing which is Manvantara and Pralaya, the giving forth the Life of our Solar Logos, and the withdrawal of all things into Himself.

Yet when this almost unapproachable height is realized, space still remains, supporting other Solar systems, working out other laws we are ignorant of, the reflection of the unknowable, the veil of Parabrahman itself.

Holy, holy, holy, surely the rhythm of the waves are chanting it, and like a chord of music Shri Krishna's words float back from the far-off past, "Having pervaded this whole Universe with a portion of Myself, I remain."

ALICE C. AMES.

PASSING EVENTS.

NATURALLY enough Mr. Asquith wishes to say disagreeable things to ladies concerned with the movement in favour of female suffrage. But in the middle of last month, when a meeting with his constituents facilitated the desire of the suffragettes to interview him, his desire to be rude betrayed him into declaration which, as emanating from a parliamentary politician, was simply silly. He had treated with sarcasm as a "picturesque myth" the idea that he exerted himself to frustrate the purposes of more enlightened colleagues who were panting to confer the suffrage on women. To speak frankly, he explained, the question of woman suffrage did not interest him. He had long been of opinion that no important political results would ensue from the enfranchisement of women.

Now it is quite conceivable that many men of high intelligence may take no interest in the question. Such men may not even take interest in the question whether so-called Liberals or so-called Conservatives get hold of ministerial office. The game of politics as played in this country is saturated with selfishness and insincerity, with hypocrisy and incompetence; and many lookers on, whether governed by philosophy or cynicism may prefer to stand altogether aloof from the ignominies of parliamentary conflict. But for a man deeply immersed in parliamentary conflict and absorbed by the ambitions of political life, to pretend that he is not interested in a movement, the success of which might have quite a revolutionary effect on parliamentary activities, is to assume a position that is obviously absurd, and merely assumed, to quote an old nursery rhyme, because he knows (or thinks he knows) "it teases."

WITH a body of politicians in power who call themselves Liberals, those of us who are neither philosophical nor cynical enough to disregard the current of politics altogether, cannot but be eager for authoritative information as to the meaning to be assigned in the present day to the term "Liberalism." Fifty years ago the term had a very definite meaning, and was the title of those who generously strove to relieve the oppressed classes, from the tyranny of a legislative system, cruel and unfair to the people in a great variety of ways. But it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that no trace of the social evils against which Liberalism was invented to fight, survives in the present century. The phrase therefore represents for many of us a "terminological inexactitude" as applied to the group of politicians united simply by the understanding that they are opposed to the group inclined to follow Mr. Balfour. But a parliamentary politician must pretend to be something more than a seeker of office, so the group in question call themselves Liberals, and one of the most conspicuous among them, Mr. Lloyd George, has lately endeavoured to define their principles. The task was a little embarrassing because it was necessary at the same time to explain that Liberalism is distinct from the programme of the Independent Labour Party. Until it became apparent that this party itself aimed at office, Liberals were glad to recognise them as congenial allies. But now they are warned that to aim at an independent conquest, is to fail in comprehending the elementary forces that move human nature. The Labour party is described as attempting a movement which, if successful, would sweep away Liberalism itself among other things. But Liberals had to prove that they were really the friends of the people,—"Codlin, not Short." They would still be triumphant at the end of an average term of office if they coped seriously with the social condition of the people, and removed the national degradation of wide-spread poverty and destitution in a land glittering with wealth. These "glittering generalities" are further explained to mean that certain evils must be boldly attacked. Those enumerated are drink, the vicious land system, the waste of our national resources in armaments, and the House of Lords. If the Liberals "tackled the landlords and the brewers and the peers—then the Independent Labour

party would call in vain upon the working men of Britain to desert them."

Now, more than ever, it would seem that Liberalism, having really accomplished the purposes of its founders, can only maintain its existence as an independent party cry by phrases steeped in hypocrisy. Mr. Keir Hardie may be deluded profoundly when he thinks that the sufferings of the poor would be alleviated by that comprehensive transfer of industrial control to the State which constitutes the essence of Socialism. But we may assume that he is honestly deluded. It is difficult to suppose that men of more cultured intelligence can believe that poverty in the lower ranks of the great industrial class would be relieved even to any microscopic degree by dispossessing the Peers of their privileges and abolishing the principle of private property of land. That industrial distress is partly due to an unsound commercial system masquerading under the inappropriate title Free Trade, is a consideration which cannot be altogether overlooked. But even more obvious for all who contemplate human society with a clear vision is the great principle that industrial distress must always continue as long as the industrial classes cling to the privilege of individual freedom, which a fairly considerable proportion will necessarily misuse, thus rendering themselves unfit for employment. Undoubtedly another considerable proportion become the victims of fluctuations in the prosperity of trades and manufactures, but, again, they are but indirectly the victims of industrial freedom, because if the armies of industry were open to the enlistment of all who were willing to work, the necessaries of life would be automatically provided by the executive of that great army, with whom would rest the direction of its energies into profitable channels. Whoever attempts to bid for popular support at the polls by pretending that hostile operations against the upper classes can be an effective substitute for intelligent legislation controlling the lower, must either be profoundly incapable of appreciating social problems, or consciously attempting to impose on ignorant masses, vaguely fierce by reason of their own ill-comprehended suffering.

THE papers have been concerned for the last few weeks with

the adventures of a Russian lady, wife of a certain General Ouchakoff who thought fit,—at a considerable worldly sacrifice apparently,—to leave her husband in company with a certain Captain Essipoff to whom she appears devotedly attached. The angry husband set off in pursuit, and the incident, in no way remarkable in itself, has attracted attention and become a sensational topic by reason of the way in which the hunt has been carried on. The lovers have been followed to America and back again to France. They have been pursued all through Spain as well, and the ferocious General appears to have made no secret of his intention to kill Captain Essipoff,—according to some accounts, the lady also. The lovers and the husband have been freely interviewed during their wild career by newspaper reporters. The husband pretends to regard his wife as insane, quite without any visible justification, while if we regard the General himself as in that condition of mind we should probably be more lenient than the circumstances justify.

As a matter of public interest, the adventure assumes importance as illustrating variegated views concerning the obligations involved in marriage. Various correspondents have given utterance to their feelings concerning the chase, and Dr. Emil Reich entertains a clearly defined opinion. He emphatically declares that in such a case "the husband commits no crime; rather he does a useful act in killing not only the man, but the woman who has been false to him." He goes on to quote with approval the younger Dumas' brutal injunction "tue la." Now it is just possible, that Dr. Reich does not stand alone in holding the loathsome and barbarous opinion that he puts forward. With reference to abnormal conditions under which the usually simple and straightforward relationship of husband and wife are occasionally disturbed, conventional doctrine has hardly yet escaped from the influence of the purely savage view concerning the marriage state. People who are slaves of conventional habits of thinking, are, no doubt, under the impression that, in regarding the marriage tie as involving obligations of overwhelming sanctity, especially as these apply to the woman, they are governed by a religious principle which overrides considerations merely having to do with the happiness of individuals.

They rarely stop to consider whether the theory, according to which no circumstances can justify a wife in casting off her allegiance, has been derived in truth from any loftier sanction than the habits of the brutal savage, who regards his wife as one of his domestic possessions. Undoubtedly ecclesiastical authority in all historic periods has exerted itself to encourage fidelity to the savage custom, and it is only in communities representing the most advanced civilisation current on earth at this time that some provision is made for relieving wives conspicuously ill-treated or deceived, of the burden imposed upon them by the ecclesiastical theory of their matrimonial obligations. Every step that has been taken towards providing remedies for the mistakes not infrequently made by those who hurriedly assume the marriage vow is, of course, in its turn treated as blasphemous and immoral. But slowly and by degrees a healthier public opinion is gathering round the subject, and this, one may fairly suppose, to be strengthened and invigorated by the disgust with which all decently minded people must be filled at the spectacle of the famous hunt, and, above all, at the naked hideousness of the view which Dr. Emil Reich expresses.

Theoretically, of course, it is possible to imagine cases in which the man who beguiles a married woman away from her husband is vile and unpardonable. Seduction of the conventional order, like that attempted in "Still Waters Run Deep," requires for its fulfilment a husband embodying dignity and virtue, a stage villain for the lover, and a lady with the brains of a goose. These conditions are not often realised in actual life, and until a contrary state of things is proved, the natural presumption is,—when a lady makes the tremendous personal sacrifice of worldly advantage almost always involved in her flight from a husband's roof,—that she must have been impelled to take that course by very urgent considerations. Perhaps in some cases considerations which would seem urgent to the lady will not present themselves in the same light to impartial lookers on. But assuredly, when civilisation advances further, when medieval superstition as applied to the married state has been dispersed, the *onus probandi* of determining that she ought not to have left him, all things considered, will distinctly rest on the husband.

The changes that are gradually creeping over the law of marriage in Western Countries, and over the body of public opinion relating to the whole subject, are all in the direction of giving the wife greater liberty in the matter of breaking the matrimonial bond than can safely be assigned to the man. Already over a large part of the United States a situation like that developed by the Russian case under notice would present no embarrassment whatever. It is more than probable that a man capable of the murderous ferocity exhibited by Ouchakoff would have given his wife a hundred justifications for obtaining divorce in a well-ordered community. That she has been constrained to run away with her lover does no more, on the face of things, than condemn the law of the country in which she has had the misfortune to be born. As regards the much talked of hunt, the would-be murderer should long ago have been arrested and locked up until some adequate security could have been given to the effect that he had relinquished his criminal intentions.

A WIDELY circulated American newspaper entitled "Everybody's Magazine," has lately published articles by an observant traveller in India, Mr. Charles Edward Russell, describing the shocking conditions under which Great Britain exercises authority in that vast dependency. We do not believe in the present day in any natural antipathy between the English and American peoples; on the contrary, the solidarity of the Anglo-Saxon race looks, one is glad to think, amongst the surest guarantees of the world's future progress. But still Americans and English people but too often enjoy mutual digs at one another's suspected failings, and Republican sentiment across the Atlantic is especially prone to induce Americans to think that the old country, still addicted to monarchical principles, is too despotic and overbearing in dealing with subject races. So, of course, Mr Russell will have met with a sympathetic audience when he drew effective contrasts between the luxuries of Anglo-Indian life and the miserable poverty of the vast Indian population. So many people,—for the moment never mind the figures,—die of preventable disease. Millions starve in time of famine while the ruling power is decked in fantastic pomp. The enormous excess of Indian

exports as compared with her import represents a ruinous tribute she is paying to the dominant country, and under the British flag Mr. Russell has been horrified to observe at the door of an Indian temple a notice to the effect that "low caste servants and dogs are not permitted to enter." All experience, thinks the Republican critic, points to the same conclusion. Wherever autocracy prevails and hereditary rank is recognised, the dismal fruits of these institutions are invariably the same.

And yet to any one familiar with Indian life there is no atom of Mr. Russell's criticism which is otherwise but illustrative of a ludicrous misunderstanding. No doubt as between the Hindoo ryot and Members of Council at Calcutta, the contrast, as regards the circumstances of life, can hardly be exaggerated, but even that may be eclipsed by the contrast between the conditions of the ryot and the native Raja! Inequalities of that order are in no way the invention of the British Government. So far as the influence of the British Government touches the problem at all, it tends, by promoting the development of a prosperous middle class, to diminish the discrepancies of condition naturally belonging to an Eastern community. So with the low caste servants and the dogs. The injurious collocation is not the outcome of British Government, but of obstinate native characteristics that no influence the Government can exert, has yet been able to break down. That many deaths occur continually from "preventable plague," is undoubtedly true, and when the British Government has endeavoured to enforce measures that would prevent such mortality, the indignant fury of the Indian people at interference with their domestic concerns has nearly provoked revolution. That famines in seasons of drought will bring many thousands, if not millions, to starvation is undoubtedly true, even although the efforts of the British Government, which Mr. Russell entirely ignores, have been passionately devoted, during the last quarter of a century, at the alleviation of this inevitable terror. Famines in the pre-British period of Indian history, as anyone may realise who will merely take the trouble to read Hunter's "Rural Bengal," were disastrous out of all proportion to those of modern times. Finally, the most unfortunate line of criticism directed by the American writer against the British

Government in India is that which has to do with the imaginary drain of wealth. That which is calmly ignored by unscrupulous assailants in our own midst who endeavour to circulate the same calumny, and from whom evidently Mr. Russell has derived his idea, is the simple fact that the drain of wealth in question consists for the most part of interest paid by India on loans devoted to the construction of her profitable railways and invaluable irrigation system. In spite of the luxury exhibited by the Courts of the native princes, India was a poor country when we came to deal with it. Its resources could only be developed by the influx of European capital, fertilising the vast domain as the waters of the Nile fertilise the Egyptian valley. A manufacturer carrying on a profitable industry with the help of resources contributed by friends does not regard them as robbers draining him of his wealth when he pays them the yearly interest he can so well afford.

There is no venom in these days in the criticism of the old country by American writers, and there need be no bitterness in British protests against fault finding we do not deserve. But it does seem hard that we cannot get credit with the only people in the world really qualified by racial sympathy to understand us if they would, for that which is perhaps the noblest as well as the biggest achievement standing to the credit of the old flag,—the establishment in India of the most unselfish, the least tyrannical, and that which on the whole is, perhaps, the best government in the world.

We have been taken to task by a reader of Broad Views who writes from New Zealand, for inaccuracy of statement amounting to "sharply defined untruths" concerning socialism. The statements which have offended our correspondent appeared in an article entitled "Socialism in the Light of Occult Science," published in an early number of this Review, and the accusation that we attributed to socialism certain aspirations which that system does not really countenance, has nothing whatever to do with the main drift of the article in question. The trouble mainly ensues from the fact that in the course of modern political writing and controversy, this word "socialism" is used in many more senses than one, its modern newspaper signification having

diverged widely from the idea the term was first invented to represent. Certainly the pure theoretical socialist ought properly to be regarded as merely aiming at the control of industry by the State rather than by individual capitalists. We are accused of having untruthfully represented first, that Socialism is made up of vague schemes; secondly, that the Socialists propose to divide the land; thirdly, that they offer to reward everybody according to their needs. No doubt Socialism of the earlier type did not embody proposals of this nature, but it is equally certain that they have been included in the designs of writers generally regarded as Socialists, according to the loose habits of modern political phraseology. Our correspondent declares that Socialists propose to reward everybody, not according to their needs, but according to their "deeds," and this declaration seems to suggest that he belongs to a very refined and peculiar order of Socialism, a school which, no doubt, in the sight of those interested in it, is divided into many classes.

The main position meanwhile which our original article was designed to maintain seems equally obnoxious to almost any system of thought that can in any way deserve the name. That which the enthusiastic believer in popular rights has failed to include in his conceptions of human life is the fact so clearly revealed by the results of occult research—the fundamental principle that there is no more natural equality amongst the various members of the human family than amongst the creatures of the animal world that inhabit the jungle, or amongst the plants that constitute the vegetable kingdom. The rough social divisions which have prevailed throughout historic periods may often, no doubt, be rooted in selfishness and tyranny. But the fact that social distinctions and different values, as regards the influence they shall exercise in the world, ought to prevail throughout human society, is a deep truth based upon natural fact as all study concerning the laws which govern evolution, renders glaringly apparent to those who know how to profit by occult research.

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A BROAD VIEW OF CONSCRIPTION.

BY CAPTAIN J. W. PETAVEL (*late Royal Engineers*).

THERE is a tendency to make the question of universal military service for Home defence a party question, to couple training the nation in arms, with Tariff Reform, as Tory ideas which every good Radical should oppose; all national questions tend to become party questions, but in considering matters connected with the safety of our shores we should rise above party spirit.

The true patriot should pay no attention whatever to theories. People who are not in earnest make theories and put their faith in them. The "blue water" theories satisfy some, whilst others are content with the idea that no one would be so wicked as to invade these islands, but those who are in earnest say, with Napoleon, that "the unforseen is what we should expect," and want to provide for their country's safety in every conceivable way. It is quite evident that any day, in this age of inventions, might produce some machine that could seriously diminish the value of some kind of ship or armament we had been relying on, and leave us, for a time at least, exposed to invasion.

But in the matter of how the country's manhood should be trained to defend its shores, there will be great differences of opinion. The typical Tory will advocate conscription, more "advanced" people regard war as an anachronism, and consider that fostering the military spirit in the nation is leading it away from the highest moral and ethical ideas; and they have a strong

argument in the fact that the nations that have not glorified militarism have proved themselves the best fighters when compelled to take up arms. England, Switzerland, Japan, with their wonderful record of victories, and remarkably few defeats, are among the anti-military nations. True manliness, which loathes homicide in any form, and loves liberty above all things, resists the militarism which flourishes among sturdy nations indeed, but not during the most glorious periods of their history. On the other hand, the ways in which universal military service would have a good influence in actual practice are obvious also, and the argument for conscription, based on the value of the physical training the soldier receives, is strong when applied to the case of a nation of town dwellers, such as we have now become. Discipline, moreover, develops manliness of character, it teaches the individual that his particular views are not everything, and that he must learn to work in unison with others, even when he does not agree with them. There is frequently much of the "liberty of the wild ass" among those who have never learnt discipline, and an insane egotism which is, perhaps, worse than the faults militarism may induce. The man who knows no such feeling as loyalty, who is self-centred, is not only a bad citizen, but less useful in practical things than one whose ideas have been broadened by proper training.

All the moral advantages of militarism, without its disadvantages, could be attained by organising the youth of the country in a suitable way, and it would be possible to train boys so as to make it easy to turn them into soldiers for home defence, under a system that no anti-militarist could object to, and that every social reformer would welcome. With modern means of production, the efficiency of labour is enormously increased when a number of people work together. In a recent article in BROAD VIEWS, we saw how the army could be made self-supporting by employing soldiers or reservists in producing things for themselves, and it is evident that if boys, on leaving school, were to join establishments in which their labour would be utilised in a systematic fashion, they could do far more towards supporting themselves and contributing something towards the support of their homes in a half-day's work, than they would do in the

whole day in the hap-hazard employment they generally tumble into when they leave school. The rest of the day, then, could be employed in giving them a training that would be useful to them their whole lives, and that would enable them to be readily turned into soldiers if the necessity arose.

If the militarist party had its way, the boys would be drilled in a manner that would make them soldiers; if the counsels of the anti-militarists prevailed they might receive nothing more than physical training, but in either case, boys leaving such establishments could soon be turned into soldiers on an emergency.

It should be easy to make the needful establishments self supporting. They would be supplying their own wants, making just what was required, where it was required, in the exact quantities required, instead of manufacturing speculatively to compete in glutted markets. According to Professor Herzka's calculations, quoted in the article referred to above, five million men working two hours and twelve minutes a-day, could supply a nation of twenty-two million people with "everything conceivable of necessity and of luxury." The boys would not have a family each to provide for by their labour, as the men would, but, at the very outside, each would have to provide for himself and, say one other person, including the allowance paid to his parents, and his contribution towards the support of the instructors and directors of the establishments; they would not have to provide themselves and others with "everything conceivable of necessity and of luxury," but merely with a reasonable allowance of necessaries, so that, if they worked with a fifth of the efficiency the professor allows for, they need work productively only two and a quarter hours a-day, and four and a half hours if they worked with one tenth of that efficiency.

With the large amount of supervision we have allowed for above, it seems that this low efficiency ought to be easily attainable, and then the establishments would not only be entirely self-supplying, but would take the boys without inflicting any kind of hardship on parents. Boys, who might be usefully employed at home, could be given long periods of leave of absence, and especially in the seasons in which they would be useful at home. Evidently, however, it is but just that every youth should spend

half his time, at least, receiving a training which would not only make him a better citizen, but improve his prospects for life.

If we had such establishments as these the curriculum of the Elementary Schools could be considerably altered. As the boys in the industrial establishments would get some schooling, the training at the schools could be made partly industrial, so that boys joining the industrial establishments would be of some use from the very beginning, and all who know something of education would expect that the effect of school hours, alternating with work on allotments and in workshops under supervision, would be to improve results all round. Under such conditions as these boys could spend long hours at the school and bring some produce home to their parents.

Now, let us consider the other advantages of the kind of conscription we are considering.

Broadly speaking, under present conditions the majority of boys get a training that is suited only to qualify them to join the ranks of the unemployed and ultimately of the unemployable; a few get a good or fairly good training for a trade; but none at all, or more strictly a quite inappreciable proportion, receive a training that is suitable for workpeople under modern industrial conditions.

We are in an age of inventions, a fatal characteristic of modern industrialism is that new machinery is constantly being invented that throws workpeople out of employment, and often renders useless some special work a man has spent a lifetime becoming skilful in. Versatility is the first qualification a modern working man needs. In such establishments as we are considering, boys would be taught first to be versatile, so that if the speciality they devoted themselves to later failed they could turn to something else or emigrate and become good colonists.

When we come to consider the social side of the question, and what would be the effect of the workers learning to be versatile, and learning discipline, a new and interesting aspect of the question appears.

In some way or other great changes must come over our civilisation, and what we must hope is to see the changes come as evolution and not revolution.

It is true theoretically that the able bodied men of a country

working between two and three hours a day could supply everyone with every article of necessity and of luxury, and it is evident therefore that the workers will not remain indefinitely contented with a system under which men, women, and children, toil long hours to obtain an insufficient supply even of bare necessaries. It will be impossible to persuade them, when they begin to think, that the difference between theory and practice should be so enormous as it is under our system of competitive individualism; moreover the stupendous wastefulness of the system is apparent to all students of social questions.

Enlightened and capable workpeople, who had learned to be versatile and to co-operate, would form themselves into guilds which would divide up their members amongst various branches of production so that those who were out of work or too old to get employment would work co-operatively to provide for their own needs. There would always be a few things they could not make for themselves, but they could obtain the money to buy these things by selling a few others to the members of the guild who were in work. Such guilds would have the strength of the co-operative colony without its weakness. This would put an end to unemployment and destitution in old age.

With such guilds as these, capital would be an organiser of labour, instead of a sweater of labour. The workpeople would be able to live independently of the employer, and the employer would obtain their services only by paying them a sufficient wage to induce them to serve him.

It is quite a question whether capital itself would not gain by this at first, because the workman receiving more pay would buy more, and the productive powers of civilisation, which are only partly utilised now, would be better utilised. The United States are said to be prosperous because of high wages, not in spite of them; they show us also that cheap production goes with high wages, because more attention is then given to labour-saving methods.

Ultimately, however, capital would be the loser; its days are numbered in any case; like everything else earthly it must have its time and its day must pass. The guilds would learn to co-operate among themselves and produce everything between them

on such a large scale that labour would finally cease to have anything to gain by working for capital. Then the social revolution would be complete; it would have taken place peacefully and gradually instead of suddenly.

Such guilds as these could be organised even under present conditions. The men could learn their "out-of-work-trades" in their spare time, but it is evident how greatly their formation would be facilitated by a national system of industrial training.

It appears, then, that the Social Reformer has as much reason as the Jingo to desire conscription, provided it is arranged on up-to-date principles, and if we may hope to see Europe relieved of the burden of armaments it may be by the substitution for the present military system, of the scheme we are here considering, supplemented by that which we discussed in the August issue. The more advanced nations adopting these systems might form themselves into a federation to compel any other nation having a dispute with any one of them to submit the matter to arbitration, and the delay thus caused would give it time to drill its trained manhood into trained soldiers for the event of a possible appeal to arms, and then the superiority of its manhood would tell. Conscription might thus help the cause of peace as well as of social reform.*

J. W. PETAVEL.

* The contents of the article referred to above, together with the contents of this article amplified in detail, and several other essays on "Administrative Efficiency and What it Might Give us," are now being published under the above title, by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., in a small booklet.

AN IMMORTAL SOUL

By W. H. Mallock.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

"The priest,' said Dr. Thistlewood, "—I saw it on a notice-board at his church-door—is going to-morrow to preach a Comfirmation sermon. I'm told he's most original in the pulpit."

"Then by all means," said Lord Cotswold, "if the hour is not ruinous to the digestion, let us both go and hear him. By the way, my dear Gustav, you struck up yesterday afternoon a very sudden friendship with that most excellent of dear good women, Lady Susannah Lipscombe."

"I struck up," said Dr. Thistlewood ignoring this observation, "three other interests in that excellent lady's drawing room—one in the priest, one in the beautiful niece, and the other in your friend Sir Rawlin."

They were standing together in front of a large fireplace, the arch of which was like the entrance of a mosque. Above it wreathed in arabesques, was a clock with Turkish numerals, the hands of which were approaching the hour of half-past eight. The room to which this fireplace belonged, large and finely proportioned, was tawdry even in the dim lamp-light, with tarnished colours and gilding. The ceiling was blue, enlivened with huge gold crescents: and the mirrors in fantastic frames, which, culminating in horse-shoe curves, made high panels along the walls, were only rendered tolerable by the dimness of

neglect and time. The curtains, however, the modern carpet, the solid and commodious tables, and the comfortable chairs and sofas —all supplied on hire by an enterprising firm in Southquay— brought the whole into amicable relationship with the common demands of life.

"Who," said a voice in the doorway, eclipsing that of a servant, "who, may I ask, takes an interest in whom?"

Lady Conway was clothed in black. In her hair was a diamond crescent.

"Look," said Lord Cotswold, pointing to the blue ceiling, "even the heavens above us have been doing their best to welcome you. We were talking of Rawlin Stantor. To-night he's making a speech. Otherwise we should have had him here."

"Well," said Lady Conway, "we must manage to do without him, and drink his flow of soul from the local paper to-morrow. I was after all unable to bring my Oswald. The brother has spilt some of his chemicals over my lover's evening coat. Still we shall get on, if Dr. Gustav behaves himself. At dinner, three is company, though perhaps not on other occasions."

"Poor Oswald," said Lord Cotswold. "We should have been glad to welcome a poet with nothing on but his laurel crown."

"And so," began Lady Conway, when they had sat down to dinner, "you were even talking about our friend, Sir Rawlin."

"Rawlin," said Lord Cotswold, "is one of those happy men who, without meaning to do so, is born to attract women. With such men, love is by no means their chief interest. It is merely a match which sets a light to their desires for something wider; and, failing to find this something in one woman, the man goes off to another; and the desire is always fresh, because it has never been satisfied."

"Sir Rawlin," said Lady Conway, "according to your account of him, is the astronomer of fable rather than the lover of fact. He goes looking about for a star, and he tumbles into a well. The woman is the well, and there isn't even truth at the bottom of it."

"Do you know," said Dr. Thistlewood, "that you often talk a great deal of nonsense?"

Dr. Thistlewood's manner towards pretty and prosperous women was generally marked by a species of brutal brotherliness. This was one of the things that made such women like him.

"Dr. Gustav," said Lady Conway, "you're a bear, and you always were. But you shan't frighten me from saying that our dear Rawlin is in imminent danger of tumbling into one well more—a well which is quite new, and at present not very deep; but one out of which it will be difficult for him to scramble gracefully."

"I know what you mean," said Lord Cotswold, "I'm inclined to say, happy Rawlin. But, my dear lady, you're quite wrong about one thing. The wells of youth may be as deep as the wells of maturity. A girl of eighteen, if she has the root of the matter in her—and I think this young lady has—may get round a man more effectually than the most accomplished woman, because nobody suspects what she's doing, and very likely she doesn't do so herself."

"Well," said Lady Conway, "I've warned him. I believe that the young person, and not he, is the beginner. However, he sees his danger, and I've given him some excellent and quite original advice, which I think I shall publish, as to how to get creditably out of it. I told him, Dr. Gustav, to overwhelm her with continued attentions, but gradually to let these attentions have the aim of improving and educating her. I told him to take her to that famous lecture of yours. I'm sure the young person will highly object to being educated, and instead of his getting into trouble on account of her broken heart, she'll drop him herself, and be happy in the thought that she has broken his. And now let us talk about something that's more sensible. Who built this madman's house? And what on earth made you take it? If it wasn't for the high moral atmosphere which you yourself impart to it, I could fancy that I was dining with old Ismail Pascha."

"An Indian adventurer of some sort," replied Lord Cotswold, "built it. As to why I took it I won't tell you my reasons; but after dinner Dr. Gustav and I will show them to you."

"Then, meanwhile," said Lady Conway, "since it seems that, like the poet Anacreon, we find a difficulty in singing about

anything else than love, let me ask you, Lord Cotswold, do you know who the young person really is? She is, it appears, a daughter of Rhyss Wynn Vivian—you must remember him—about whom there was that old scandal."

"Yes," said Dr. Thistlewood, "it's quite true, she's his daughter."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lady Conway; "so you're in the secret, are you? Perhaps you have tumbled into the well of youth also. The priest has, so there's room for everybody."

"Before dinner," said Dr. Thistlewood, turning away to Lord Cotswold, "you commented on the intimacy which I had struck up with Lady Susannah. The secret of our intimacy was this. I happened to say to her that her niece was like somebody I had once come across in Italy—in some ways curiously like, and this somehow led to the subject of the young lady's health. I saw myself that she was nervous, and I learnt that she'd been under the care of my old friend, Dr. Gonteau, at Nice. That's neither here nor there; but Lady Susannah told me—the matter can be no secret—that Captain Vivian's family comprises a second member, Miss Wynn, a cousin, who doesn't get on with this one; and this one's health was apparently a good excuse for getting her out of the way so as to make things pleasant for the other. Well, that the daughter should have to give way to the cousin—as I fancy has been the case all along—does not seem very natural; but my own theory is that the cousin, as they choose to call her, must be really an illegitimate sister, born before the father's marriage, and in that case I shouldn't be at all surprised if this illegitimate sister was the lady whom I saw in Italy. Lady Susannah is certainly one of the kindest of women, for it seems that, if Miss Vivian doesn't thrive in the air of Southquay, she's to be sent back to her parents, and Miss Wynn is to come here instead of her. I wish all prosperity, I am sure, to Miss Vivian's health; but I should, for several reasons, be curious to see Miss Wynn."

"Should you?" said Lady Conway. "No doubt this is all most interesting. But as to Lady Susannah, that admirable and irreproachable old cousin of mine, I gather from Oswald that she gets well paid for her kindness. And now,

have we quite exhausted the history and the charms of Miss Vivian ?"

"Do you know," said Lord Cotswold, "why Miss Vivian interests me ? I'm sure your modesty would never let you guess the reason. She reminds me of yourself. You, like her, when a girl, had all the fascinations of a woman, just as, now you are a woman, you have all the fascinations of a girl."

Lady Conway smiled, and for once in a way she blushed. "Lord Cotswold," she said, "you make me what few men can make any woman—dumb."

Lord Cotswold at length tinkled a small hand-bell, with which throughout dinner the servants had been summoned when wanted. "Dodson," he said, as soon as the summons was answered, "let all the lamps be lighted. And now, Lady Conway, you shall see why I took this house."

From the gaudy drawing-room in which they had assembled before dinner, they passed on to a circular saloon, decorated in the same style, but more barely furnished, and having in it a grand piano. The windows opened into a conservatory, the floor of which, on a lower level, was reached by flights of steps. Lady Conway looked into this. "It's the very place for lovers," she said. "Lord Cotswold, you ought to give a party."

"Precisely," replied Lord Cotswold, "and have the priest to play. It's the very thing I've been contemplating. Before you go, I must consult you about it. But first," he continued, "let us go on with our explorations."

He opened, as he spoke, a pair of tall vermilion doors, which admitted them into a wide passage, carpetless, bare, and echoing

"Here," he said, "I shall hand you over to our friend. I took this house because it allowed me to provide him with a little kingdom of his own. He thinks, when I leave, of continuing as its king, on his own account."

Again doors were opened—doors at which the passage ended. "Now," said Dr. Thistlewood, "will you favour me by walking in. And will you favour me with your opinion on what you see."

"My opinion of what I see," said Lady Conway, "is that it's like a gymnasium for mechanics, which I once opened in a dirty little town in Wales; or like a magnified servant's hall. But

before I say a word more, let me get to the fire and warm myself."

The large room or gallery, in which they were now standing, was illuminated by naked gas-jets, which accentuated its general bleakness. The floor was covered with coarse cocoa-nut matting; the tables were of white deal; and the pale walls were hung with photographs of human figures, obviously taken for scientific, rather than for artistic purposes, and alternating with a variety of what seemed to be anatomical diagrams. At one end was a cupboard, draped with curtains; and at the other, partially hidden by black cloths thrown over them, were a large phonograph, and some other sets of apparatus, which made mysterious glimmerings with their highly polished brass and mahogany. The only objects with any pretensions to art, were two large photographic groups, very handsomely framed, which hung over the fire-place, in a way to invite attention.

"Dr. Gustav," exclaimed Lady Conway, suddenly, with an accent of slight alarm, "you don't mean to tell me that you've opened a private hospital."

Dr. Thistlewood looked at her with an air of provoking gravity. "Don't be alarmed," he said. "My patients are not infectious. Indeed I have only got one, who was lately a servant of our host's. It is, however quite true that I may, when our host departs, take this as a home of rest for a certain class of invalids, instead of a house which at present I have at Malvern. That phonograph is the confessional, into which some of my patients talk; and those other implements are for taking and exhibiting, moving photographs of them at critical stages of their careers."

"This monster," said Lady Conway to Lord Cotswold, "is making me quite uncomfortable. What is it he really does here? Is this a dissecting-room? And does he vivisect babies? And have you tucked him away in this outhouse so that no one may hear their cries?"

"No," said Dr. Thistlewood, "I don't vivisect babies. I am much more anxious to practise vivisection on adults, and if I had my way that wouldn't be out of the question. Instead of hanging the criminals, whom at present we condemn to the gallows, I would send them to the hospitals alive to be used for scientific

purposes. I've seen men whose heads I would cut open with as little compunction as an egg with a half-hatched chicken in it. But why cry for the moon? Luckily nature helps us. She gives us the vivisection of disease, more especially of brain disease. Also we have hypnotism, which is a kind of vivisection in disguise, and which the sentimentalists don't attack because they don't yet understand it. But Lady Conway must forgive me for one moment. I must look at my one specimen—merely an hysterical ex-housemaid—a most respectable woman, who in some condition will commit what she thinks is murder. I shall be back presently and will show you something which, perhaps, may interest you."

So speaking he disappeared through a farther door. "Our dear, Dr. Gustav," said Lady Conway, "he frightens me. He's rather a brute sometimes."

"Whilst he is away," said Lord Cotswold, "I want you to examine these two photographs over the chimney-piece. They are mine. They were done originally for one of the Paris papers, and our friend, who hates being advertised, wants me to take them down."

Lady Conway turned and looked at them. One represented a room with a coved and painted ceiling. Its walls were hung with damask, against them were gilded chairs, and gorgeous candelabra glistened between the festooned windows. The companion picture represented the same room, with the chairs and the hangings gone, and the polished floor almost hidden by a number of white oblongs. These were the coverlets of beds, and at one end of each was a miserable human head. By one of these beds a tall man was standing, with a hand, as if in protection, touching the sufferer's shoulder, and his eyes beckoning a priest, who was close by, holding a crucifix.

"I should," said Lady Conway, more grave than usual, "have known that for Dr. Gustav anywhere. He looks as calm as if he were calling for a hansom cab."

The door again opened and she turned quickly away. "Well," she continued, "your specimen has not kept you long."

"No," said Dr. Thistlewood. "She was very nearly ready. You shall see her in a minute or two. Meanwhile would you like to look at some of my pretty pictures? Now, what do you think

that is, that thing which looks like a spider's web, with some odd little black splotches, like pear-shaped flies, caught in it? It's an animal which enjoys the name of Microgamia Socialis. Each of the little blotches is a living animal in itself, and they're tied together into one animal by a spider's web which is made of nerves. Don't make a face at it. You have there a simple illustration of the way in which you and I and all of us are tied together into what we are."

"Good heavens!" said Lady Conway with a gasp, "what have we got here?"

She was no longer looking at the picture, which seemed to have little interest for her. What attracted her attention was the entrance of a female domestic—a woman with a sweet but a somewhat drawn face—who proceeded to dust the chairs in a very business-like manner, till she came to the group near the fire-place, when a singular thing happened. On the front of Lady Conway's dress was a flower, somewhat loosely pinned—an artificial rose; and the woman, quietly approaching her, with a slight pull took this, and seating herself, began to smell it. Lady Conway was in the act of making a horrified gesture, worthy of a Lucretia in the act of defying Tarquin; but Dr. Thistlewood, seizing her arm, checked her. "Don't mind that," he said. "Madame Levy could do that. Just stop quiet and listen. Sarah Davies, tell me — where did you find that flower?"

The woman looked slightly puzzled. "It was floating in the air, like a feather," she said, "just in front of the fire-place."

"How many people do you see in this room?" said Dr. Thistlewood.

"I see two," the woman replied—"yourself, and another gentleman."

"You don't see a lady anywhere?"

"No, I see no lady."

"At the end of the room," said Dr. Thistlewood, "is a cupboard with a curtain drawn across it. Pull the curtain aside. You will find Mrs. Markham hiding there."

The woman obeyed the order, and presently exposed to view a life-size lay figure, or doll, draped in female clothing.

"Do you," said Dr. Thistlewood, "see any lady now? You do? Very good. Who is she?"

"Mrs. Markham, my late mistress."

Dr. Thistlewood pointed to one of the deal tables, on which were standing a tumbler and a bottle of water. "Sarah Davies," he said, "go over to that table. I've an order to give you presently. Lady Conway, observe my specimen. She's a woman who willingly would not hurt a fly. Now watch." He poured some water into the tumbler. "Take this," he said to the woman, "and be careful how you hold it. In that tumbler is oil of vitrol. You know what vitrol is. It burns the skin it touches. If it touches eyes, it blinds them. Are you quite aware of that?"

"Yes," said the woman, holding the tumbler gingerly. "I am quite aware of that."

"Now then," said Dr. Thistlewood, "without spilling a drop, go over to Mrs. Markham, and throw the whole of it in her face."

Holding the tumbler away from her, and moving with extravagant caution, the woman crossed the room, and dashed the water with a jerk in the face of the lay figure.

"Thank you," said Dr. Thistlewood. "You have destroyed her altogether. There is nothing left, is there? You can't see Mrs. Markham now?"

"No," said the woman, "she is gone. There is nobody in there now."

"Thank you," said Dr. Thistlewood. "Sarah, you will go to bed. You will sleep soundly, and in nine hours you will wake."

Dr. Thistlewood, when the door had closed, turned to Lady Conway with a laugh: "Come," he said, "would you like a little glass of brandy? You look as pale as if you had seen a ghost, or as if you thought I was a wizard, armed with superhuman powers. You might just as well take me for a wizard if I were to put you to sleep with chloral. That woman, when she came into the room, could not see you, because I had told her that I and Lord Cotswold were alone; but she saw your flower, because I had told her that she would see a rose, and that when she saw it she was to take it. Do you think that miraculous? Consider. You don't see one half of the things that are in this room yourself.

And why don't you see them? Simply because you don't attend to them. The hypnotist, by means of suggestion, produces an artificial inattention to certain things which he specifies. But it doesn't always require hypnotism to do even as much as that. Once or twice, when I've had the honour of walking with you in Hyde Park, I've noticed that a number of ladies were totally invisible to yourself. I know a lady, indeed, whose very beautiful cousin, with magnificent auburn hair, was never seen by her again, though she stood five feet ten in her stockings, for the simple reason that she had appropriated this lady's admirer."

"Oh," said Lady Conway, incautiously, "you call her beautiful, do you? Dr. Gustav, you're a fool. You're getting tiresome; and I'm going to say good night."

"Instead of doing that," said Lord Cotswold, "come back into more comfortable quarters. We still have my party to talk about."

"And I," said Dr. Thistlewood, when they found themselves again in the drawing-room, "will try to put her into a more comfortable frame of mind. You've just seen some things," he continued, "which to your thinking are odd. It's odd that a drunkard sees snakes in his boots. It's odd that a knock on the head makes a man see stars. The things which you've just seen are only more odd than these, because they illustrate facts which till lately have never been reduced to a system. These facts are full of meaning, I grant you—a meaning which we don't yet grasp. So is the whole of Nature. But knowledge, in this generation, is making a great step onwards. I should have liked to hypnotise St. Francis after his visions on Mount Alvernia."

"I don't," said Lady Conway, "like your experiments one little bit. You were much nicer when you were putting us together instead of pulling us to pieces, when you were making us well and hungry by prescribing mineral waters, for example, in which you have a solid pecuniary interest, like a good honest selfish Christian. And now let us come to our senses, and talk about Lord Cotswold's party. The priest is to play and sing to us. He's to be the *piece de resistance*, and, of course, the young lady also. And please have someone for me, who will try to undermine my principles, and make me feel that my conscience is

still inside me, by the pain it will give me when I settle not to resist him. He must be a little older than my Oswald, who is getting rather a bore."

"Well," said Lord Cotswold, "you need only name your day."

"Unluckily," said Lady Conway, "I go to London on Wednesday, so I haven't much choice left me. And, now I think of it, Wednesday, my maid told me, is Ash Wednesday, so, in any case, if you want your clergyman you must have him before his Lent. Have your party on Tuesday. He won't object to a carnival."

CHAPTER II.

LADY CONWAY'S knowledge of the world was accurate within certain limits. A man like Sir Rawlin Stantor, though she did but understand him partially, she understood well enough to advise him better than he could advise himself; and the line o conduct which she suggested to him in connection with Miss Vivian, though there was in its cold-blooded character something which somewhat shocked him, he not only recognised as ingenious; he seriously resolved to follow it.

But if Lady Conway thus proved herself competent to understand and advise Sir Rawlin, there was one whose position, even had she cared to give it a thought, would have lain altogether beyond the reach of her imagination. This was Mr. Barton. The delicacy of the girl's face, the grace of her movements, the feminine appeal in her voice, the elusive craving of her eyes, with all of these the Priest was no less familiar than Sir Rawlin was; but they affected his mind—or at all events, the conscious part of it—merely as symbols of a soul unusually pure and beautiful, which had, in some special way, been committed to his own care. They made her dwell in his imagination like one of Mantegna's angels, laying a feminine cheek on a shoulder of the dead Christ, whilst her lips quivered with the sorrows of divine love, and her eyes sought the heavens. The dream of embracing her after the fashion of ordinary lovers, would to him have seemed an irrelevance almost as much as a profanation. At the same time he

divined that, placed in this actual world, his angel elect had not an angel's security; and the forms which his passion for her had thus far taken were these—an intense desire that this soul in its heaven-seeking purity should be his companion; a watchfulness for any traitorous impulses that might be lurking within this soul itself; and a bitter and militant jealousy of any external influences which might chill its faith and deflect it into courses other than his own. And such influences—the more formidable on account of their vagueness—seemed to be surrounding her now. When he went away after his short interview with her in her sitting-room, one of her phrases haunted him. "Whether I shall save my soul or no, neither you can tell nor can I." There seemed to him in these words to be a sort of tragic flippancy, like that of a child straying along the brink of a precipice; and Mr. Barton had been conscious of a quasi-maternal longing to throw his arms about her and drag her back into safety. His thoughts recurred sadly to two of his old school-fellows, side by side with whom he had been accustomed to sing in chapel, and whose eyes had been wide and wistful with visions of God and holiness. "Woe unto those who shall cause one of the little ones to offend." He had subsequently had occasion to repeat these solemn words to himself; and a similar imprecation was echoing in his mind now.

In this mood of spiritual exaltation he set himself that same evening to remodel his forthcoming sermon, the "offences which must come" seeming to him doubly hateful from his recent experiences of the manner in which one soul might be endangered by them. Of these, the most subtle and formidable seemed to him, as he thought things over, to be those vague intellectual influences which tended, in his opinion, to fritter away the Christian's sense of the seriousness of the inner life, and which, in the stress laid by them on the material aspect of things, deadliest when they failed to discredit themselves by the absurdities of extreme materialism. His opening sermon should therefore be an attack on these; and he felt, when he set himself to recast the pages which he had already written, that all the hosts of the spiritual world were hovering round him as auxiliaries, sharpening his intellect, as well as giving fervour to his feelings. He knew

himself to be a good preacher. He felt, without vanity, that this, the first of his course of sermons on Confirmation, would be probably more moving than any he had ever preached before.

The service, which the sermon was to follow, was to take place at half-past six, an hour which it was held would be convenient for all classes of the congregation, and the number of cabs and carriages which drew up at the church door, and the throng within, comprising an unusual proportion of men, were enough to convince Mr. Barton that the hour had been well chosen. Lord Cotswold, true to his word, was present in a foremost place, and Dr. Thistlewood seated next him, an object of much observation, was casting his eyes about him with a not unfriendly curiosity.

The chancel was specked with lights, but the body of the building was left in a half obscurity. Presently the beautiful organ began a low-voiced prelude. Then at length came the flicker of the white advancing choir, followed by the stoled priests. The prelude ended, and the intonation of a priest began. At the same time, as if by magic, and from quarters hardly perceivable, a general illumination was produced by electric light, soft and subdued, but sufficient to make prayer book and hymn book legible. The conduct of the service was throughout simple and exquisite, and filled the church with an atmosphere of contrition, solemnity, and exaltation. The liturgy was followed by the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and as this was drawing to its conclusion, and the congregation were closing their hymn books, the lights in the nave were lowered again, leaving the chancel starry, and a somewhat hatchet-shaped face gleaming pale above the marble of the pulpit—a face with a hard mouth and large, spiritual eyes, from which enthusiasm glittered like a bird about to fly.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" This was Mr. Barton's text which thrilled through an expectant silence. He was going, he said, to address himself more directly to those younger members of his congregation who were going to be confirmed at Easter; but the meaning and importance of a sacrament did not end with its reception, and there was little which he proposed to say on that preliminary occasion, which was not equally

applicable to every man and woman who heard him. Confirmation was, like all the other Sacraments, given us for our help and comfort; and regarded in that light, it would be his duty to speak of it by-and-by; but this evening, assuming that health and comfort were vouchsafed to us, he would invite them to reflect on the reasons why help and comfort were necessary. "We are all of us human beings," he said, "before we can be made Christians. Let us consider what that nature of ours is, which has caused Christ's work to be necessary." In our present state of existence we were, he said, composite creatures, made up of soul and body. He would deal with the body first. That in itself was a composite thing also. We each of us bore witness to this fact every moment, in speaking, as we were obliged to do, of the different bodily parts of us—my hands, my legs, my feet, my arms, my breast, and so forth. It was composite, not only in the sense that we could separate its part in thought, but also in the sense that some of its parts could be amputated without destroying it; whilst if other parts ceased to operate, the whole was decomposed and lost. In what, then, so far as any one of us was concerned, did the practical unity of the living human body consist? It consisted in the relation of the parts to the living human self that dwelt in it. This arm, this foot, this tongue, we say, all belongs to *me*, because they all minister to one and the same self—to that self and to no other. I am," said Mr. Barton, "merely repeating to you here the truth with which the child starts, and with which the philosopher ends. And now," he continued, "let us turn from the composite body, which is mine, to the self—or let us say the soul—which is *me*. As soon as we did this," he said, "we were confronted by a momentous contrast, which only failed to overwhelm us because it was so self-evident and so familiar. The body could be divided into its component parts by thought. Every body was ultimately so divided in fact. But the soul, the self, was, even in thought, indivisible. To-day," he said, "I may have two eyes, to-morrow I may have plucked out one. To-day I may be miserable, to-morrow happy. I may love God to-morrow, I may have turned away from him yesterday. Everything may change in me—everything but I myself. It is the same I—the

same enduring centre—that loves, suffers, sins, prays, is blind, sees. And this I, this self, this soul, being simple and without parts, is for that reason in its very nature indestructible. We did not ask to be; but, having once been, we can never again not be."

Not a syllable of Mr. Barton's vibrating and limpid articulation was lost. There neither was, nor did he affect that there was, any novelty in his argument. He was merely restating what, for him, were the fundamentals of all theology, and of common sense likewise, but his rendering of the argument, like the rendering of a passage of music, produced a thrill amongst his audience, as though they had never heard it before.

"Well may each of us say," he continued, after a long pause, "What a fearful thing the existence of myself is! In the troubles and fatigues that come upon us every day we can find comfort in the thought of our pillows, and the rest of forgetfulness which for some long interval they will bring to us, or to the peace of resignation which will be ours on abandoning some hopeless struggle. But, in the deeper sense of the words, we shall rest from ourselves—never. No poppy or madragora can ever quench those fires. Self lies upon self like an ever-living coal. It is, indeed, an overwhelming thing to think that I shall be I always—that I can never divide myself from myself. This reflection came even to the heathen poet, Horace. A man may fly from his country, but from himself, said Horace, he can never fly. Self sits behind the headlong horseman. It is a stowaway on the gilded pleasure craft. And this craft, the body—this vessel of pain or pleasure—we may leave that behind us too; but the soul cannot leave the soul. And to say that," Mr. Barton went on, "is to state but half the case. The soul not only is what it is, throughout this eternity of present moments, but it drags its past after it, like a trail from which it can never free itself; and its past is always fulfilling itself in the quality of its eternal present. Nor does the matter end even here. Not only are we burdened with the past which we call our own, but we are burdened also with the past of our human ancestors—more especially of our first ancestor. We are, all of us, like him, born desiring peace. We have all of us, through his perverse weakness, lost the power of gaining it. Thus, the natural man unaided, is, in the very fact

of being a man, his own house of torment, from which there is no escape. Put away, if you will, all thoughts of what is called hell, in which punishment is inflicted on you by means of some external agency. What torment could be greater than that which, were we left to ourselves, would undoubtedly be the lot of all of us—the torment of an unending weariness, and an unending impotence to sleep? To realise our own indestructibility—the natural man in his weakness might well say of this, as King Lear said, 'That way madness lies.'"

"These desolating reflections, however," Mr. Barton continued, were merely an introduction to others, which would enable us to confront and neutralise them. To qualify us for this effort was the work of Christ, and of the Sacraments by which the work of Christ was applied to each one of us individually. He had just spoken of man's weakness, which unfitted him to achieve peace. The Sacrament of Confirmation, which now specially concerned them, was the Sacrament by which Christ and the Holy Spirit turned this weakness into strength, reviving those powers in us which Adam, by his transgression, lost. We must not content ourselves, however, with merely talking of powers. Powers were valuable only for the sake of what we gained by using them; and when Adam lost these powers, what result did he lose along with them? What he lost was very intelligible. It was the integrity of his moral character. In what way did Christ make good this loss which Adam has transmitted to us? By giving us, as the second Adam, this lost character back again—the Divine itself translated into terms of manhood; and together with this model for our imitation, His continual aid in imitating it. All the Sacraments of the Church, all the teachings and disciplines of Christianity, had for their ultimate object the production of the Christ-like character. Or," said Mr. Barton, "to bring the matter to a finer point, their object was so to redeem and revivify the human will, which is the master of the intellect and the affections, that it should operate in accordance with the will of the Divine Man, our Saviour. This was what he would ask his hearers, and especially those of them who were preparing for the Sacrament of Confirmation to remember. In the strengthening of their wills, in the conforming

of them to the will of Christ, and in thus devoting to Him all their gifts, tastes, and affections, in this lay the secret of that one course of human life which could make the thought of our own indestructible existence not a terror or a burden to us, but a blessedness. Some might have few talents, some many. Some might have great, others might have small intellects. Some might have simple, untutored, and perhaps obtuse perceptions. Others might be endowed with susceptibilities of the rarest and most delicate kind, but the functions of the moral will and its responsibilities were the same in all. Well," exclaimed Mr. Barton, "might a great poet, who was also a great thinker, say that this human will of ours was 'the main miracle' of existence—

> The living will which shall endure,
> When all that seems shall suffer shock,

and endure with you and with me, for weal or woe, eternally.

"Perhaps," he went on, with a slight accent of sarcasm, "perhaps I shall be told—for the spirit of science is abroad—that I am here encroaching on a science which is called Psychology, and shall be asked to explain the methods by which we Christians study it. Christ, so far as we know, delivered no scientific lectures; but all Psychology—new or old—that concerns men practically, is in His teaching. The spiritual self which endures through the changes of all that seems, and whose past is its own no less than its present—as memory, that faculty transcending time, attests—if it were not for this spiritual self, Christ's work would be meaningless. It would be equally meaningless if this self were not master of its own actions, and so responsible for them. Otherwise we should not be men redeemed by Christ. We should be puppets that Christ played with. What He spoke to was a will, the living counterpart of His own, except for its errors only; and this divine implication of His message is repeated by the Church to-day, from all her thousand confessionals, whether at the bedside, or elsewhere. What is the universal language in which the penitent Christian confesses? I have sinned—for what reason have I sinned? Through my fault, through my own fault, through my own most grievous fault. I was master of myself; but my mastery has been used amiss by me; and through my fault, through my own fault, has the heart of my God been

broken. This is what Christ implies. This is what the Church echoes back to Him, through the voices of all the contrite. To this conscience bears witness, confirming what is taught by both.

"Oh eternal spirits to whom I speak, the bodies through which I know your presence, and through which you know mine, they are our instruments in this passing life; some times, alas, they are our impediments; sometimes God makes lutes of them, which sound with the very music of the heavens. Study them if you will. Be duly careful of their health. But you will learn no more about the soul from an examination of their nerves and tissues, than you would about the kind of orders which the master of a household gives, from studying the course of the bell-wires which he agitates when he calls his servants. Yes, study the complexities of the corruptible body, if this interests you; but do not forget in studying them that, when you confront the destiny which your wills, through the deeds done in the body, have been preparing for you, this corruptible will have passed away. You are answerable for yourselves. Herein lies the awfulness of life but herein lies its only hope. Our wills are our own—the inmost and indestructable parts of us, and our characters are the creations of our wills. Christ, using our bodies as the mysterious vehicles of his Sacraments, will strengthen our wills if we apply to Him; but even so—let us remember this—our wills remain our own."

The sermon ended abruptly, and was followed by the announcement of a hymn, which was not in the hymnal, but copies of which had been distributed throughout the church. "I'm sure," said Lord Cotswold to Dr. Thistlewood, "that these words are his own. Do you see the name he has given it? 'Each Soul to its God.'"

The hymn was this:—

Lord of light and might,
  Lord, in star and star
  Only three things are
Living in thy sight.

Thou, the Sun, art one,
  Life of earth and sky.
  One of these am I,
Lost, alone, undone.

Like me, of the three
  One, oh Lord, are they—
  Other souls who stray
Lost and alone like me.

Lord, when place and space
  Are not, and the skies
  Hold no worlds, and eyes
Cease to obscure thy face.

When earth's sun fordone,
  Like an ended thought
  Ends, and all is nought,
May these three be one.

(To be continued.)

A FORECAST OF THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

No methods of divination need be employed in order to obtain a fair comprehension of the way in which the world's progress will be accomplished, as regards its intellectual and spiritual aspects, in the course of the current century. Nor is it necessary to rest our conclusions on any guess work derived from political evidence, or related in any way to theories of social perfection. The prospect that has been opened out before us by virtue of the results attained by modern occult research is such that the world's gradual improvement along certain lines is no less definitely assured than astronomical combinations in the future. Just as we know what changes must take place in the arrangement of the equinoxial points around the earth's orbit within any given period, so the spiritual and intellectual development of mankind is no less certain within considerable margins of time. No one can put his finger on a given date in the almanacks of the future and say that such and such beliefs which have served the world in their time, will then be abandoned, and such others established in their place. But the abandonment of certain beliefs—if they deserve the name—and the establishment amongst those who represent the vanguard of civilization, of certain other convictions within no very protracted period, as measured by centuries, is perfectly certain, by reason of the fact that the whole scheme of human evolution provides for ultimate results, and indicates places, so to speak, on the orbit of that vast scheme, at which, somehow or other, certain stages of progress must be reached.

Some of us, indeed, fully possessed with the belief in an overruling Providence,—a conception which with slight modifica-

tions enters largely into the most advanced and enlightened view of the world's affairs,—may indeed be disposed to assume that future events are mapped out with a greater degree of precision that can really be possible. The idea may be comprehended most easily as applied to individual prospects of spiritual growth. That which enlightened spiritual science enables us to comprehend is that each individual representative of the human family has infinite possibilities before him, and may, if he comes to understand these possibilities aright, ultimately arrive at conditions of perfection, wisdom and influence in the affairs of this and other worlds that lie quite beyond the range of ordinary imagination. And more than this, the human family is numerous enough,—reckoning not merely those who are actually incarnate on this earth, but also the far larger number resting in spiritual conditions, but certain to reappear on the physical earth in due course,—to make it sure that in the long run a certain proportion would avail themselves of the higher possibilities latent in their own nature. And just because the fruition of these possibilities will depend, in every case, on the union of the individual will, illuminated by higher knowledge with the evolutionary forces operative equally on all, no one can say with certainty, from whatever exalted plane he deals with the problem, whether A, B, or C,—definite individualities amongst the gigantic multitude,—will in this way profit by their opportunities. The point is extremely important for all students of enlightenment, because that conception alone invests individual effort with intelligent purpose.

"Enlightenment," be it observed, has been used in the sentence just set down as equivalent to the more common phrase, "the results of occult research," and although there is a great practical convenience in the term "occultism" as embracing those branches of natural science which civilisation has generally ignored till now, there may sometimes be a convenience in employing a synonym by reason of the existing prejudice against the earlier word. That is due to its association with many fantastic ideas having nothing to do with the stupendous realities of spiritual science, while again, these are only to be regarded as lying in the domain of occultism, while they are generally ignored, and only understood by the few. When all

that has hitherto been worthily embraced by the name, is possessed by all who represent advanced culture, the term will indeed be out of date, and will no doubt fall into disuetude.

But going back to the main current of our present thought—the uncertainty which prevails as regards the ultimate destiny of any given individual, coupled with the certainty that out of the myriad millions in presence of the same opportunities, a definite average will take advantage of them—so with regard to the world at large, to its average communities and nations, broad certainties exist which can never be translated into definite statements concerning any one. Thus no measure of enlightenment that we as yet enjoy will enable us to put our finger on any part, for example, of the European map, and to say that this or that nation is destined to grow powerful or to decay. But we do know that when humanity is regarded as representative of certain vast racial divisions, these have inevitable destinies before them, the consideration of which affords us some clue to the actual course of events on the world's surface. Occult research has enabled us to realise that those which we commonly describe as the civilised nations of the Western world, do actually in the aggregate represent one great division of the human race distinctly advanced in the capacity for assimilating intellectual and spiritual knowledge, as compared with that which spread over the earth from its vanished centre of evolution in Atlantis some millions of years ago. And further more we definitely know that the great fifth race, constituting the civilised nations above referred to, and also including some streams of population flowing through regions of the earth less generally recognised as the theatre of modern civilisation, is itself divided by lines of demarcation crossed successively as the ages succeed, and independent altogether of those relatively brief and less significant divisions which break up civilisation at any given epoch into the varied nationalities with which we are familiar. For those quite unused to the nomenclature of occult science, the "sub-races," as they are called, the divisions of each great root-race, are liable to be misunderstood. It is only with great difficulty that people escape from the habit of thinking so to speak, in nations instead of in sub-races, each of which may embrace many nations in its turn. And the difficulty

of fully understanding the vast natural scheme is enhanced by the fact that there is no definite date at which it is possible to say, such and such a sub-race has been inaugurated. Many centuries, perhaps millenniums, may be concerned with the melting of one into another, or with the absorption in some new area of influences derived from more than one of the sub-races which have previously existed. But just as Europe has been the home of the fifth sub-race of the fifth root-race, so the observation which can take note of nature's designs on the large scale, already perceives that the cradle of the sixth sub-race destined to carry the flag of civilisation and progress for many ages and millenniums as yet unborn, is to be found across the Atlantic in the region we speak of now as the United States.

There eventually, when the metamorphosis shall be complete, and when incidentally the mere transitory political characteristics of the United States as we see them at the present time, will probably have undergone a very comprehensive evolution,—there, eventually, enlightenment in the largest sense in which its present students can employ the term, will prevail throughout the cultured classes. And new faculties will then be familiar to the great majority, so that knowledge concerning the higher planes of Nature at present accessible to the personal observation of only a few,—so that for the multitude their very existence is incredulously ignored,—will be as generally recognised as the rotundity of the earth with us, or the fundamental discoveries of chemistry.

Presently it may be worth while to take a rather shorter view of the future, but in the first instance, glancing at these distant certainties, no less certain because the date of their approach can hardly yet be fixed, or thought of as preappointed, we may indulge our foresight with the contemplation of conditions which must arise from the widespread diffusion of the higher psychic faculties. Even then it would probably be only a few of the most highly gifted (or highly self-evolved) representatives of future growth who would be able to be directly cognisant of the loftier spiritual planes associated with this planet. But that which immediately surrounds the physical earth and is most

readily acceptable to psychic observation as this is first developed, the so-called astral plane will necessarily be so familiar, in some at all events of its aspects, that the passage from physical life to the life beyond, now gloomily surrounded with the trappings of death and treated as an awful mystery, will lose all its mysterious attributes. It will not indeed be otherwise than a very solemn, and in some cases acutely distressing experience, regarded from the point of view of those left behind, but it will not mean that sudden, absolute, and complete separation identified with the idea of death at the present stage of our general knowledge.

The future condition of things, however, may not necessarily mean such absolute freedom of intercourse between this state of life and the next as at the first glance it might seem to involve. Together with the enlargement of faculty rendering free observation of the astral plane possible, there will come such expanded enlightenment as will show that it is not in all cases desirable to keep up intimate and continuous communications with those who have passed on. The full elucidation of this idea would require a more elaborate survey of all that is already known in reference to the transition from the astral plane to conditions of existence much more exalted that lie beyond, but it is enough to remember that a very full appreciation of these higher possibilities will operate to render the incarnate humanity of the future willing to forego some immediate satisfaction in the interest of their departed friends' spiritual growth. None the less, however, is it certainly true that the intercourse between the physical and astral planes will be enormously freer than at present, while the methods of such intercourse will undergo a very important change. Communications will not be carried on by those belonging to the astral plane, who find some means of making themselves partially perceptible to the mere physical senses of those left behind. It will be carried on by virtue of the power those left behind will have of following their departed friends in consciousness by the exercise of clairvoyant faculties, and by enjoying to a fuller extent than is often possible at present the power which the human being has in theory, if not generally, as yet in practice, of temporarily detaching himself from the physical body for the purpose of visiting the astral region, so to

speak, long in advance of the time at which that, now called his own death, will separate him from the physical entirely.

And certainly, besides the immense change in current thought concerning life and death, and all that has to do with future existence which the growth of enlightenment will bring on, that inheritance itself will exercise an important influence upon the organisation of physical plane communities. When the laws governing human evolution are fully understood, the principles held entitled to respect with reference to political institutions, will undergo a considerable change. Sometimes it happens that people generously inspired with the desire to improve and alleviate the conditions of their humbler companions on earth, will regard the occult student as detaching himself to an incomprehensible extent from those views of life hitherto identified with the beautiful expression, Liberalism. Those who have long identified this expression with generous desire to benefit the many rather than maintain the privileges of the few, cannot understand how enlightenment can be compatible with any other faith. Nor is it compatible with any other faith than that embodied in the phrases just used, but political party cries undergo strange processes of degradation, and Liberalism is too often a mere party flag, having little regard to any genuine aspiration of benevolence, too often, indeed, associated mainly with a belief well grounded at one period of the world's life, but far from being entitled to perpetual recognition, that Governments can only be trusted to act for the good of the majority, if they are the outcome of voting by the majority, and generally of the institutions associated with the theory of democracy.

It may quite possibly be that for unenlightened communities an element of truth adorns this view. Certainly past experience has shown the socially privileged classes grievously indifferent to other interests than their own, but as soon as a loftier enlightenment shall render the cultured classes as a whole in any given community, far more deeply impressed than at present with the fundamental truth, that as we sow, so shall we reap, that as we behave towards our fellow-creatures in one life, so the environment of the next will bring with it the reward of noble effort or the penalty of selfishness, so in a far higher degree than at any

time in the past, the cultured classes will be trustworthy as invested with national authority, and then the fundamental absurdity of imagining that good government can only be brought about by leaving its control in the hands of the most ignorant multitude, will operate to put an entirely new face on the political organisation of the sixth sub-race. And in so far as already the occult student is rarely an enthusiast for ultra-popular representation, that is due in no way to his disregard of popular welfare but to his growing belief that already to some extent loftier impulses than those of old are beginning to govern the lives and action of the cultivated few. We need not follow this train of thought into all its ramifications, they have indeed often engaged the attention of writers concerned with occult research, and have been dealt with in the pages of this Review. Enough to remind the reader that occult research throwing light on human history at remote periods in the past has sometimes shown us childlike races strangely happy under the dominion of autocractic rulers representing a loftier phase of enlightenment than their own. But in such visions of the past, we have seen that the individually happy egos have not, in a tranquil passage through such easy lives, been able to develop their own interior strength or intelligence. In the rough battles of a stormier period, that growth has been much more conspicuous, and the occultist is the last to deny that even the exaggerated developments of democracy have been otherwise than necessary experiences for the individual units concerned. He only disagrees from the unenlightened democrat in failing to regard the democratic method as productive of the best government. That the government of the future, when civilization shall be fully established under the conditions of the sixth sub-race, will be guided by some newer political faith, may be regarded as among the certainties of the future, though a condition of things the advent of which cannot be assigned to any specific period.

But now let us take a somewhat shorter view of the effects to be anticipated from the growth of that occult research which is equivalent to enlightenment, within a period which some now living may be privileged to see. However little the world as a whole is ripe as yet to accept and work with the achievements of

occult research, these are appreciated already by a sufficient number to render it certain that the torch so kindled will not be extinguished. But the dawn, though clouded, is the sure forerunner of the fuller day. Interest in occult research is manifest in current literature to an extent that can only be appreciated by those who trace the new stream of influence to its fountain head. The newspapers are slow to reflect the extension of a vast philosophy, but literature in the present day is tinged, and often saturated, with allusions to the mysteries of the unseen. Only in the great literature of occultism itself do we recognise that the unseen is becoming the field of a new science. But this change has been brought about by influences, readily identified by students of the subject, of an apparently feeble order compared with the effects they have engendered, and these effects have been engendered in a world baked and desiccated, so to speak, by the materialistic thinking of the nineteenth century. In the course of the century on which we have entered, it is certain, for reasons which could only be explained at the expense of a long digression, that influences working for the spread of enlightenment far more powerful than those which have accomplished important results in the past, will operate on a public mind, agreeably ready for, instead of angrily hostile to the spread of genuine enlightenment.

It is certain that at no distant period, that is to say, not later than about the middle of the present century, a fairly considerable number of egos will be born into the world well qualified by all the conditions of environment in which they will be placed, to be effective exponents of enlightened spiritual science. This may be regarded as certain, because the spiritual authorities through whom the administration of this world is carried on, will be bound to make arrangements to this effect. Of course, when we are speaking of the spiritual authorities, we are referring to those Elder Brethren of mankind who have already worked out the potentialities of their own nature so completely as to be merged in the governing hierarchy of the planet. Their existence and place in nature is so definitely known to occult students that for these there is an element of absurdity in the generally prevailing ignorance on the subject. But at all events, the occultist well

knows that it is the duty of the elder brethren to take steps for the enlightenment of the cultured world generally in connection with those branches of knowledge having to do with the possibilities of future spiritual growth, as soon as the evidence appears to show that the world as a whole is ripe for this intervention. And we know that the measure of success which has been achieved in planting what has hitherto been occult knowledge in the world at large, has guaranteed its continued vitality. We know that we have reached that period in evolution when no further advance can be accomplished, except by those whose minds are opened to the prospects of future evolution, who learn to appreciate the ultimate design with which they are associated, and unite the forces of their own will and aspiration with the evolutionary trend of the whole race.

So the prospect in this case is clear within a very much narrower margin of time than we have been considering when talking of the equally definite certainties concerning the ultimate destinies of the sixth sub-race. All that body of knowledge represented by the main current of statement running through modern occult literature will inevitably and certainly be embodied in the convictions of the cultured classes in the Western world before the twentieth century has expired. Perhaps, indeed, some modern occultists have tried to fathom mysteries beyond the range of their observation. Much, in that way, that may be included in the literature referred to may require revision at a later date, but the broad outlines are never hazy or undefined. The principle of evolutionary growth by means of successive incarnations guided by the law of karma is just as certain a provision of nature as any of those which have to do with the affinities of the elements or the motions of the heavenly bodies. That the field of evolution, although its magnitude is appalling to the mind when first appreciated, has a definite magnitude and final purpose, a goal to be ultimately reached, comes also within the region of our certainties, and that other planes of nature invisible or imperceptible to those whose senses are related with the physical plane alone, are as really in existence as the atmospheric envelope of the earth, is a

state of things which, as enlightenment is developed along the lines pointed out, will be as unreservedly recognized by all intelligent people as any other fact concerning nature, discovered in the first instance by the few, verified by many, accepted by all. And so it will come to pass that the studies still obstinately neglected by the majority will take the foremost place among those claiming the attention of later generations, and circumstances will have to determine whether the teachers and exponents of the higher knowledge will chiefly be found in the ranks of those previously occupied with physical science, or in the ranks of those previously concerned with the earlier theologies, destined to no violent disruption, but to a friendly reconstruction that will courteously consign a great many ecclesiastical formulæ to the mentall domain in which the Olympian deities, together with Thor and Odin, have long since found a tranquil resting place.

Whether, indeed, the Church of the future leads, or merely follows, its passage along the path indicated is guaranteed by the necessities of the case. For a very long course in the future the religion of the multitude must be designed for them on lines of simpler thinking than that evolved from the sublimities of true spiritual science. Happily it is not desirable that the Church should be too suddenly illuminated with a flood of enlightenment. Its stained glass windows will long suffice to keep out the full sunlight that would dazzle the eyes of the simple worshippers within. But whether it leads or merely follows, whether it finds it possible to teach the multitude in phrases that are not false, and at the same time to guide humanity's vanguard into the channels of genuine spiritual advancement, or whether it will resign to other hands altogether the conduct of the world's spiritual progress, it will assuredly share in this, and assuredly take part in the prosecution of inquiries at which at present it frowns or affects to shudder. Inquiries indeed will not at that future period be concerned with the mysteries of elementary simplicity which are treated as mysterious by the majority of the ecclesiastical hierarchy in the present day. Young minds thirsting for information will not, in the future, be fed with indigestible myths concerning creation, nor shocked by blasphemous doctrines that impute to the Creator moral vices of which children would

be ashamed. But it may be that for a long while professional interests will interfere with the enlightenment of the clergy, it may be that the real guidance of thought in connection with religious matters a few decades hence will depend on the growth of a new philosophic agency. But all these uncertainties relate to the details of the way in which that which is ultimately inevitable will drift into happening. Whoever may have appreciated the force of remarks already made concerning the certainty that a given proportion of mankind will reach ultimate perfection, and the uncertainty that attends the destiny of any given one, will see how impossible it must be as yet to determine the exact conditions under which the spiritual and intellectual growth of the current century will be accomplished. The details of the process are ill defined as yet, but in truth they are of little consequence The result is certain, and the younger amongst us will mostly live to witness its fruition. It will be well for them that they have come into incarnation at such a period, still better perhaps it would be for those who preceding them a little in their course along the ages, have anticipated the enlightenment of the future, even though weighed down by the burden, or shall we say, half stifled by the miasma of the orthodoxies bequeathed by mediæval tradition, and the vapid intellectual conceits that have distinguished the self-satisfaction of the nineteenth century.

A. P. SINNETT.

"THE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN."

By a Clairvoyant Critic.

Books written by the dead are becoming quite a feature of our literature; or, perhaps, a better way to express it would be, that many of us are gradually coming to recognise that there is no such thing as death in the old bad sense of the word, and that though a man who has laid aside his physical body may find a certain difficulty in writing a book with his own hand, he is quite as capable of dictating one as any living author. Sometimes such books are moral or metaphysical treatises, but sometimes also they are novels, and in this latter shape they undoubtedly do good, for they reach many who are quite unlikely to encounter a more serious essay on occult matters, and would be still less likely to take the trouble to read it if they did encounter it. One of the latest and most remarkable of such productions is "The Strange Story of Ahrinziman," recently issued by the publishers of *Light*, and those who are interested in such communications may be glad to have their attention drawn to it.

The first impulse of those who are dozing in the comfortable haze which surrounds the average intelligence, and cushions it against the real facts of life, will naturally be to proclaim that the whole thing must be nonsense, on the crude theory that when a man is dead he *is* dead, and it is therefore quite impossible that he should dictate anything; and even those who know better than that may be tempted to suspect that to assign the authorship to a man out of the body is nothing but a novel form of advertisement—a trick of the trade, as it were. So perhaps I had

better begin by saying that I have trustworthy assurance that this book is at least a genuine dictation from the astral plane, though naturally that by no means guarantees that it is in all other respects what it claims to be.

People who are unacquainted with the conditions of life among those whom we are in the habit of miscalling "the dead," seem to find it impossible to realise how natural in all respects that life is, or to understand that human nature may and does exhibit all its varied aspects just as quaintly on the other side of the grave as on this. The dead man has not necessarily been canonised, nor has he suddenly become grave and reverend; he is exactly the same man as before, just as susceptible to the influence of vanity or jealousy, just as capable of making mistakes. An astral author may employ the same literary machinery as a physical author, and may cast his tale into any form that pleases him. When we find Mr. Rider Haggard, writing in the first person under the name of Allan Quatermaine or Ludwig Horace Holly, we do not necessarily assume that he is relating personal experiences of his own, nor even that Quatermaine or Holly had a historical existence. In exactly the same way we must realise that when a dead man dictates in the first person "The Story of Ahrinziman," he may be trying to give us a more or less modified autobiography, or he may simply be casting an allegory or a problem-novel into an attractive and striking form; and this suggestion must no more be considered a reflection upon the "bona-fides" of the dead author than was the previous sentence a reflection upon that of Mr. Haggard.

Be this as it may, Ahrinziman tells us a good story—a story which is thoroughly oriental in its setting. He describes himself as the illegitimate son of a Persian king. His mother, a Greek vestal virgin captured in some Persian foray, is murdered by the rightful queen in a fit of jealousy, and to avoid further unpleasant expression of this same consuming jealousy, the child is brought up by a peasant among the mountains in a distant corner of the empire. The boy is by nature clairvoyant to a certain extent, able to see the nature-spirits which surround him, and also his dead mother. Presently he comes into contact with some priests, learns much from them, and is eventually taken into the temple

and becomes a medium for them. Discontent seizes him, he absconds and joins a band of robbers in the mountains, but after a few years abandons them in turn. He then meets with a practitioner of the darker magic, and attaches himself to him as a pupil but the master dies in the performance of one of his enchantments, and the student is saved from sharing his fate only by the interference of his dead mother.

During further wanderings he meets the prince who is in reality his step-brother (the son of the queen who murdered his mother) and is enabled by his clairvoyant power to cure him of an obsession. This prince in due course comes to the throne and raises our hero to a position of honour, knowing nothing however of the real relationship betweeen them. By this time Ahrinziman is married, unfortunately to an entirely unworthy woman who never really appreciates him, and is false to him without hesitation when she finds that she has attracted the favourable regards of the king. Through his partially developed clairvoyance Ahrinziman becomes aware of this, and in his jealous rage causes the death of the king by astral means. He himself succeeds to the throne, but after a short reign is slain by another claimant.

The rest of the book is devoted to a description of his experiences in the astral world. He is represented as at first filled with jealousy and hatred, and consequently mating with all sorts of horrible entities in order through them to achieve revenge; but gradually the good within him asserts itself, and he begins to try to aid instead of to injure, and so through a long and toilsome upward progress he at last attains to perfect bliss.

How far is it possible that all this can be true? May we take it wholly or partly as the autobiography which it professes to be, or must we regard it as a romance? Certainly of much of it we may say "*Si non é vero, é ben trovato.*" As to the physical part of the story, we have but meagre records of what took place in Persia in the fifth century before the Christian era, but as far as it goes our fragmentary history of that period seems to fit in fairly accurately with what Ahrinziman writes. The interest of the student of the hidden side of nature will naturally be centred chiefly on the astral experiences, for the sake of which mainly the book is put forth, and he will desire to know how far these can be

confirmed from the point of view of such occult knowledge as has reached our Western world.

Those who have studied most deeply will be the first to admit that in this splendid science of the soul we are as yet but picking up pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of knowledge, that our fullest information is as yet far from exhaustive, and that the marvellous variety and adaptability of astral conditions are so great that it would be rash to say that anything is impossible. Still certain broad rules are well established, and some of these seem to be violated by Ahrinziman's story, if we are to take it literally, though all falls readily into place if we allow for certain limitations upon his part. If the whole thing is simply a parable, well and good, but it is interesting to see how Ahrinziman may be perfectly honest in his narration, even though some points in it are contrary to accepted facts.

The first great question is whether a stay of anything like such a period as two thousand three hundred years upon the astral plane is at all possible, since we know that twenty or thirty years is a fair average for ordinary persons. It is true that a man of unusual will-power may greatly prolong his astral life by intensifying his passions and desires, and throwing all his strength into the lower rather than the higher side of himself; and this is exactly what Ahrinziman represents himself to have done. I have read of a case in Germany where an erring priest was earth-bound for four hundred years, and I have myself known one where ambition and a determined will detained a person in astral life for three hundred; but such instances are infrequent, and none of them even approach the vista of centuries claimed by Ahrinziman. It is clear, too, that he does not consider himself by any means as a special case, for he speaks of many friends and contemporaries as still with him, some in advance of him in progress, and some behind him. If, therefore, we are to accept his story as genuine it becomes more probable if we regard it rather as an attempt to describe conditions through which he passed during the first century after his death than as indicating anything at present existing.

Though eager for occult knowledge, he did not show much attraction towards spirituality, except in childhood; his actions

were chiefly the result of ambition, passion and revenge, and he died by violence in the prime of life. Considering all these factors we should expect a protracted and stormy astral existence, the earlier part of which would probably be extremely unpleasant; we should expect also that gradually the passions would wear themselves out, that the better side of his nature would assert itself, and that opportunities would be offered for progress. All this is what Ahrinziman describes, but he surrounds it with a wealth of allegory that may easily be misunderstood, and he spreads over two thousand three hundred years what may well have occupied forty or fifty. We must not forget that upon the astral plane none of our ordinary methods of time-measurement are available, and that if even in physical life a few hours of suffering or anxiety seem to us almost interminable, this characteristic is exaggerated a hundred-fold in an existence of which feelings and passions are the very essence. While it is scarcely conceivable that Ahrinziman can have spent two thousand years upon the astral plane, it is easy to believe that his sojourn there seemed to him an eternity.

Still the fact remains that if he is to be credited as to the physical part of his life, about that length of time has passed since his assassination; what then has he been doing during all these years? I have no personal acquaintance with him, and no right to make impertinent inquiries, but a case somewhat parallel to his which I recently investigated may suggest to us a possible explanation. I was consulted by a lady who stated that her "spirit guide" was a priest of ancient Egypt, and as the advice which he gave was good, and his teaching accurate, it seemed worth while to inquire into his reasons for making so extraordinary a claim, as it appeared scarcely likely that so dignified and upright a man would stoop to the common and petty device of impersonation. On meeting him I saw at once that he had unquestionably been initiated up to a certain level into the Mysteries according to the Egyptian Rite, and naturally I wondered how it could be that he was still active on the astral plane. Upon examination I found that since his life as an Egyptian priest he had had another incarnation, which he had spent wearily and unsatisfactorily within the walls of a monastery, devoting it apparently to the working out of some accumulations of Karma; but after his death

certain circumstances (it *seemed* a mere accident) brought him into touch with the thought-current of his old Egyptian surroundings. Instantly the memory of that previous life flashed into his consciousness—I think it had always been hovering upon the threshold, and he had always been hungering, though he did not know for what—and it was so far more vivid and real to him than the dull monastic round that the latter became to him a mere evil dream. He soon forgot it altogether, or regarded it as nothing more than a wearisome part of his astral punishment, and so he was really quite honest in his statement that he *was* that Egyptian priest. I do not assert that Ahrinziman's case is similar, but it is at least possible that it may be.

Naturally Ahrinziman writes as a man of his day, and uses the terminlogy to which he is accustomed, much of which sounds odd in our ears to-day, especially as he constantly confounds his symbols with material facts. Of course it is not actually true, as he supposes, that men are divided into three great groups, having at their heads angels bearing respectively white, red, and golden stars, any more than it is actually true that Phœbus drives his chariot daily across the sky from east to west, or that the Sun God is newly born at Christmas when the days begin to grow longer. But it *is* true that some ancient religions adopted a system of symbology closely allied to that which this book puts forth, and that a man passing into astral life with his mind filled with such preconceived ideas might go on for a very long time interpreting everything in accordance with them, and ignoring facts which they did not cover.

It is true also that mighty spirits exist whose method of evolution is so entirely different from our own, that *for us* it would be evil; but with them we do not normally come into contact, nor is it of them that Ahrinziman speaks, for he himself admits that his angels of light and darkness are after all human beings who have lived their life on earth. He describes vividly the stupendous thought edifices reared by man's passions, though he often fails to distinguish the temporary thought-images from the more permanent realities of the plane. He gives us a horrible description of a kind of astral battle in which the plain is strewn with the *disjecta membra* of the combatants—a gruesome detail which could not

really occur, as will at once be manifest to anyone who comprehends the fluidic nature of the astral body.

Indeed, if his remarks are really to be taken as representing the ancient Persian knowledge with regard to things astral, we are compelled to recognise that that presentation was less definitely scientific as well as less comprehensive than that which is put before students of the occult at the present day. For example, Ahrinziman does not seem to have any clear grasp of the great central fact of reincarnation, or perhaps regards it as an occasional possibility instead of recognising it as the appointed means of evolution for humanity.

His use of terms is somewhat perplexing until one becomes accustomed to it, for it is fairly evident that he gives the name of "spiritual body" to what we now call the astral vehicle, and that his "astral body" is nothing more than the etheric double—as may be seen when he describes the latter as slightly larger than the physical, and as capable of being influenced by powerful acids; remarks which are true of the etheric double, but would be inaccurate if they referred to what is now termed the astral body. He has also a confusing habit of speaking of unpleasant astral conditions as below the earth plane and pleasant ones as above it, though he describes them both as less material than our earth. He has probably been mislead by the fact that the denser astral matter does interpenetrate our physical globe, and that those who are confined to the least desirable sub-plane may often find themselves actually within the crust of the earth. There is no doubt a plane lower than the physical—one with which normal humanity has happily no connection; but it is more and not less material than the world which we think we know.

Quite frequently he describes something in language which at once convinces the student that he has unquestionably seen that of which he writes; and then he proceeds to disappoint us by accounting for it in an involved and unscientific manner, or by treating poetic symbols as though they were material facts. Once or twice he shows his conceptions to be tainted by the twin-soul theory—a line of thought to be sedulously avoided by all who wish to make any real advance in occult study.

He is in error when he speaks of mediumship as a necessity

for spiritual evolution—though, perhaps, this is once more merely a question of terminology, as he may be using the word in the sense of psychic sensitiveness. He is, however, clearly wrong when he says that it is impossible for a man still possessing a physical body fully to comprehend or to control astral forces and beings, or to have perfect spiritual sight. What he no doubt means, or at least ought to mean, is that a man who is still *confined* to his physical body cannot possess these higher powers, for he has not realised that a man may learn during life how to leave his physical body as completely as at death, and may yet return to it when he wishes. Also he shows ignorance of the Oriental teaching when he stigmatises it as selfish, and opines that by it "the eager hunger of the starving many for light is left unsatisfied." On the whole, however, his teaching is commendably free from sectarianism.

Though the student of occultism thus finds himself compelled to differ from Ahrinziman on certain points, I hasten to add that there are very many upon which we must all most thoroughly agree with him. To take at random a few of the many gems which may be found, his criticisms on war and conquest, and on the history of religions, are admirable. We are all with him when he writes:—

"I hold that truth and error, good and evil, are to be found everywhere and in all religions and amongst all peoples; and no matter how pure the original doctrines of any form of faith may be, it is impossible to prevent the ambitions and the lusts, the greed and the cruelty of the undeveloped human soul from perverting the purity of the teachings and turning them to the basest purposes and overlaying them with the grossest errors . . . . The absurd ordinances, the horrible sacrifices, the the revolting practices, the grotesque beliefs, the fantastic theories, that had crept into the teaching of this religion, were all excrescences fastened one by one upon the simple purity of the teaching of its founder." (pp. 229, 331.)

His terminology is perhaps not the best possible, yet there is much truth in his thought that all evil is a perversion of some good quality, into which it will one day be transmuted. Many of his ideas as to spiritual development are also greatly to be

commended. The dangers of mediumship and hypnotism could hardly be better expressed than in this solemn warning.

"Let no one ever resign the sovereignty of himself, his mind or body, into the hands of another, be he priest or layman. For a man's freedom is his divine prerogative, and he who yields it to another is more abject than the lowest slave." (p. 62).

Again it is explained in one of the notes (p. 277).

"A perfect trance should be the conscious flight of the soul into a superior condition, from which it ought to return strengthened and refreshed and capable of wider thoughts and nobler and freer actions, and a stronger and more perfect possession of its own individuality. To apply the word "trance" to those exhibitions of semi-conscious mental aberration of persons whose sensitiveness lays them open to the mesmeric control of either incarnate or excarnate minds is to propagate an error which ought long ago to have been exploded. With the spread of mediumistic development all and every variety and degree of subconscious conditions have come to be classed as 'trances,' yet they bear no more resemblance to the true trance of the developed mystic of the older occult faiths than does the sleep which is produced by the use of powerful narcotic drugs resemble that of healthy tired nature. The hypnotically-induced trance is as pernicious to the soul as would be the habitual use of narcotics to the body. Whether the magnetiser be in the flesh or out of it, the results are the same; an habitual use of magnetism to induce sleep or 'trance' is an evil."

He describes accurately how the lower dead crowd to séances, and how the so-called guides are by no means always strong enough to keep off evil influences. Clearly also does he warn us how readily the ideas of the earthly inquirers mingle with the revelations of the magnetised medium, so that by such a method of investigation a man usually receives such information or counsel as he desires or expects. He understands that asceticism *as such* is useless and often harmful, and that the physical body must be in perfect health and power if visions are to be reliable. He realises, too, something of the difficulties of the way:—

"Few, very few, who possess the needful clearness of sight ever learn how to use it successfully; still fewer have the indomit-

able will and the unquenchable thirst for knowledge which will carry them through all the dangers and trials and disappointments, and the infinite toil and labour involved in these studies." (Page 168.)

He has all history on his side when he tells us that those who develop the highest degrees of power will do well entirely to withdraw themselves from active life on the physical plane, and his strange congeries of characters is gradually brought to understand that only through unselfishness is real progress possible.

Again and again little touches of knowledge leap to the eyes of the student, showing that things have been rightly seen, even though the expression may be confused for want of more definite classification of the facts. Ahrinziman understands the making of talismans and potions; he sees how a single action or thought of revenge opens the door to evil influences which may cling to its author for years to come; he describes how the presence of the dead causes the living to think of them, even though not sufficiently developed to perceive them.

In writing of astral life, he gives us a fine description of the wicked queen surrounded after death by evil thoughts and memories, which to her were as actual events; and a grimly realistic touch is the account of the slave who spends his time in crawling ever backwards and forwards through the secret passage in the making of which he was murdered. He tells us of the dead who have a confused impression that they are still in their earthly bodies, and of those others who, having realised their separation, try to use the earthly bodies of living men as mediums for the gratification of their passions. He comprehends, too, how men who stand side by side, as far as space is concerned, may yet be absolutely unconscious of one another; and he knows the glorious truth that no evil can be external, that however far from the path the erring soul may wander, at long, long last it also will find its homeward way.

He ends with a hope we all may echo—that as the barriers of ignorance which so long have divided nation from nation are gradually wearing thinner before the radiating force of knowledge, and the light of brotherhood is beginning faintly to shine through, so the same wider knowledge and clearer insight may, by degrees,

set at naught the imaginary barrier which we have misnamed death, showing us that there is in truth no separation after all, since whether at the moment we happen to have physical bodies or not, we are all members of the great fraternity, all moving towards the same goal, all enveloped in the sunlight of the same Eternal Love.

THE SCOPE AND LIMITATIONS OF ASTROLOGY.

ASTROLOGY to the student of the subject proves and illustrates the fact that the bodies of the solar system float in a vast magnetic web, the strands of which connect not only the planets and luminaries with one another, and with the various kingdoms of Nature, but also every atom, organic and inorganic, contained within its boundaries. Consequently there is a constant interplay of influences surrounding this world, and the substances of which it is composed. It is the work of the astrologer to observe, and so to say, classify the effects wrought by the everchanging movements of the planets and luminaries, and to try and make clear the connection between these effects, and the causes which produced them. It is a subject that has fascinated and occupied the minds of many of the greatest men that this humanity has given birth to, and although it has, within the last hundred years or so, ceased to receive public recognition, none the less many of the records of its distinguished followers still remain, and are as forcible in their proofs and statements now, for those who care to test them, as they were when the observations were originally taken. No doubt in the mind of the modern critic will arise the thought that these men of past civilisations, great as they may have been intellectually, worked on the theory of the earth being the centre of the solar system or even of the universe, and that if a theory be built upon a false conception, no true conclusion can be drawn therefrom. This objection would be perfectly sound from the astronomical

point of view, in which the science deals exclusively with the movements, times, distances, weight, etc., of the physical bodies. But in astrology, the question of which body is the centre of the system is not vital at all, for it is the influence mutually operative between them and our earth with which astrologers are concerned, and these influences, if there be any, are the same in character, whether the sun or the earth should be taken as the stationary body. It is this question of magnetic connection which astrologers assert prevails both within and without the solar system that is the basis of all astrological research.

One of the foremost professors of this calling in the present day has recently issued a new work on Astrology, the latest of a long series, putting into the hands of the general public a set of manuals sufficiently complete to enable even casual readers to obtain on the subject all that books can teach them. The main body of this large volume, which runs to 294 pages, is devoted to explaining some of the different methods of "directing" used by various schools of astrology, more especially by his own, which gives the title to the book.* A review of these devices for ascertaining the future events in the lives of individuals drawn from their horoscopes, would be out of place in these pages, but an outline of the claims made by Mr. Leo for the deeper truths which he conceives that astrology unfolds when more closely considered, may prove more interesting to the general reader. The introduction and first four chapters are elevated in tone, dignified, suggestive, and even original in their ideas, and cannot but be attractive and very interesting reading to anyone who cares to occupy his mind with some of the great problems of life either past, present, or future. In his enthusiasm for his profession, Mr. Leo states that astrology gives the only clear and definite answer to all the difficult questions that arise in the minds of thoughtful people, when they consider the glaring inequalities that are to be found in the crowded centres of civilisation, and also that it makes clear the much debated subject of free will and necessity. These are new and ambitious claims to put forward on behalf of astrology. For although it may have been in the remote past a pursuit that

* The "Progressed Horoscope," by Alan Leo, price 10s. 6d. Published by L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Hill.

could be suitably described as a science, and may in the future regain some of its lost greatness, as it is with us now it cannot be accounted a science in the conventional meaning of the word, still less can it be classed either as a philosophy, or a religion, or a study, which in itself makes clear the mysteries of the spiritual life. "Why," the author asks, "are lives so strangely different? Are some fated to be born rich and happy, others poor and miserable, some possessing sound wit and clear intellect, while others are fools or idiots? Or is life merely a matter of chance, a kind of fortuitous concourse of influences? Astrology gives the only clear and definite answer to these questions as well as to many more, for it is the language so to speak of those who govern all things, and bring them to a wise and perfect end." And again, "Character is different in all beings. Some are born 'bad characters,' and no amount of moral or mental training can alter or improve them; they apparently go from bad to worse, cursed from birth by bad heredity and wretched environment, everything conducing to draw out the very worst and the most evil part of their natures. What explanation do we obtain from our moral and religious teachers with regard to these characters? Is it that a pure soul is placed in an impure vessel in sordid and unholy conditions at birth, or is the soul impure, though placed in clean and healthy surroundings at birth, as in the case of the mentally brilliant yet morally deformed? And if so, why is one soul pure and another impure? Astrology throws light upon all these vexed questions. . . . ."

It is very difficult to understand how, from astrology, can be extorted any adequate replies to these most important and far reaching inquiries. It certainly goes far in making clear to students, that there is a mysterious and close connection between a soul born into physical life and the sign of the Zodiac which is rising in the East at the moment of such birth, as also with those planets and luminaries with which the sign is linked by aspect, either good or bad, because from this set of conditions may be deduced by a sufficiently experienced astrologer, the character, mental capacity, health, happiness, wealth, etc., and some of the leading events of the life. But such a map does not

disclose the causes which brought about the soul's connection with those particular stars and planets, still less does it illuminate the mysteries of evolution, good and evil, free-will versus necessity, nor does it provide any system, religious or ethical. Mr. Leo is a student of occultism, and more especially of modern theosophy, and we venture to think that it is these last mentioned studies which have given him a grip of deeper truths than is to be found in earlier writers on astrology. One is supported in this conclusion more especially by the vigour and strength with which he upholds the theory of reincarnation, the return into physical life of souls after their period of spiritual rest. This idea may be utilised with the greatest advantage in the study of astrology, but it cannot be said to be a doctrine or factor to be found in the art Neither is it to be discovered in the text books of the subject ancient or mediæval. Moreover, the theory of rebirth, illuminating as it is when applied to all the many problems of life, is in no way a necessary belief to the professor in his reading of a horoscope. At the same time it must be admitted that the more knowledge of, and insight into Nature's mysteries an astrologer possesses, the better results he will produce. But these results will then be due to his own psychic and spiritual development, and the expansion of his interior consciousness more than to the symbolism of an astrological map from which he deduces or divines future events, whether physical or of a more spiritual nature. Mr. Leo holds that there are two aspects of astrology, an inner and an outer. This suggestion is a reasonable one, but it should not be forgotten that, if astrology has any status at all of its own, it must be as a pursuit dealing with the unseen forces of Nature, and no matter how it may be materialised and degraded by those who use it for other than unselfish purposes, it is still a method of divination, and not an ordinary business or profession. But what is meant by these words esoteric and exoteric, as referring to astrology, or indeed, to any other art or science? The esoteric is at last of all, but the energy, power of concentration, attention and persevering effort which the individual brings to bear upon his chosen subject, for whatever the pursuit may be, it is always one and the same, complete in itself and in what it contains. The laws of mathematics, mechanics, perspective optics, or sound

do not vary, although they may be better understood and utilised by one person more than by another. For one man, an art or a science has no meaning, no interest, contains no secrets, no possibilities; for another, its value seems to be boundless, and its study to open out vast ranges of new thoughts, arousing aspirations undreamed of before, making him feel that there are no limits to the stores of knowledge that lie before him. In short, it is what a man has within his own divine being that is the measure of what he finds in any career or study with which he occupies himself. Therefore, when Mr. Leo writes of esoteric astrology as though it were something wholly different from the subject as generally treated by its less enlightened exponents, it probably means that in his study of this science, he has drawn quite laudably upon information acquired from other sources. In doing this, he gives generously of his own store of knowledge, and receives in return responses that a less ardent temperament might easily fail to obtain. But the point these remarks are intended to emphasise is that astrology, wonderful, suggestive, fascinating and enthralling as it is to its adherents; showing as it does the extraordinary fact that there is a relationship existing between the distant stars of the *Zodiac* and the humanity on this small earth from which effects and events affecting cities, nations, countries and single individuals may be, to some extent, forecast; helping the student in classifying the great hierarchies that aid in the government of the world as representative of certain planetary influences at work, carrying out the stupendous design of the Logos in the evolutionary processes of the solar system; compassing as it does subjects of such enormous magnitude, it still does not in itself show forth as a philosophy nor a religion. It does not explain or account for the inequalities that exist, mental, moral and physical in the conditions of the human race. The horoscope yields no information as to the conditions in which a soul may find itself when it casts off its body at death, nor does it prove or even promise a spiritual life at all. To the occultist, however, astrology discloses the mechanism, so to say, with which the laws of Karma and reincarnation are carried out. It illustrates the way in which Karma environs the soul when it takes rebirth with all sorts of limitations that cripple its powers of

action, thought and expression, born of past misdoing, or presses it into a position in which it has free scope for its expansion and growth, likewise earned in past lives by right efforts! But the horoscope can only depict the present conditions; it cannot discover the previous life, it cannot foretell what the next earth life will be. The astrologer may judge from a study of the map that a man with the characteristics denoted by the planetary positions, must in the past have led a life productive of the present conditions, but the scheme in itself, without the light thrown upon it by other lines of research, does not prove, nor even suggest that the man has ever lived before, or that he will return again to take up another incarnation on earth. And if an especially gifted astrologer asserts that a horoscope will give him the clue to a man's past life, then such a man is drawing upon the powers of his own interior consciousness, for such revelations, and not depending on the symbols contained in the map.

The book that has given rise to these thoughts is a striking illustration of their force. The first five chapters owe almost nothing of their value to astrological research, but in combining astrology with other branches of occultism, Mr. Leo has strengthened his position enormously, and has given a meaning and explanation of the science that no other writer, either ancient or modern has attempted. Where, for example, would the author find in any astrological work, the little sketch he gives in Chapter IV. of the commencement of a solar system? Or where would he have gathered in that class of literature the theory he puts forth regarding the 7 planes of Nature, and the evolution of the soul through the several kingdoms, mineral, vegetable and animal, up to the human, eventually to find its true goal in the divine? Or again, how glean from the teaching of astrology, the sevenfold nature of man and other such theories? They are outside the true science of astrology, and although they help to make clear much that would be otherwise very cloudy and vague in the whence, why and whither queries, they do not belong to the practical work of astrology, either judicial or genethliacal. Let it not be supposed that these remarks are intended in any way to lessen the importance of astrology as a branch of the tree of universal wisdom; they are merely meant to suggest that in

itself, it is but one, or part of one of the seven main streams of evolution leading to supreme enlightenment. In the course of the Ego's pilgrimage along any one of these streams, it must acquire eventually the wisdom of the other six, but this will not be done by limiting its intellectual and spiritual growth to one line of study, or by supposing that the one line embraces every kind of knowledge without reference to that contained in, and as such, separate from other paths of evolution.

PATIENCE SINNETT.

UNSEEN GUARDIANS.

To My Darling.

As down to a river, run rivulets, leaping;
And as to a magnet, the iron takes wing
As close to his lady, a lover's a-keeping;
Affinities pure, to the pure ever cling.

So, speed from my heart, all unseen to protect thee,
Mysterious messengers, many and oft;
Thou would'st not forbid them e'en didst thou reject me—
Are clouds not allowed in the air high aloft.

Around thee now hovers, their beautiful brightness,
That grew with my love, in my love had its birth;
And gleaming and glinting among the fair whiteness,
Are colours more perfect than e'er found on earth.

And clear, through the tinting and flashing most splendid,
Quite steadily growing, is loveliest rose;
And rose will shine on, when the others are ended;
Of this, the full meaning, my darling well knows.

Lancelot.

MARS AN INHABITED WORLD.

FOR rather more than ten years, a great many readers of Mr. Percival Lowell's book, entitled "Mars,"—recording the results of his observations during the opposition of 1894,—will have been fully convinced of the justice of his conclusions. Many astronomers on the other hand, entitled as serious devotees of science to our respect, were reluctant to accept, on the testimony of a single observer, conclusions so far reaching as those which Mr. Lowell set forth. Latterly, however, achievements accomplished during recent oppositions have practically broken down this incredulity. The much talked of markings on the surface of the planet described as canals, have at last, in spite of the extraordinary difficulties attending the operation, been photographed, and have thus been lifted outside that cloud of suspicion attaching to observations by the eye, of a kind as yet unconfirmed by any considerable number of observers. The photographs referred to have formed the subject of a communication by Mr. Lowell to the Royal Society which appears in the last volume of the Society's Proceedings. The highly orthodox astronomical magazine entitled "The Observatory," seems to have given in its adhesion to the long disputed discoveries, and these by reason of harmonising in a very interesting way with information concerning Mars derived from occult research, seem to constitute a subject appropriate to the pages of BROAD VIEWS,—in which, therefore, an attempt will be made to set forth their significance, in terms intelligible even to readers very little in the habit of studying astronomical records.

To begin with, it is desirable to explain what is meant by an "opposition" of Mars. The planet, be it remembered, is practically the only one of the whole solar family, in reference to which it is possible to hope for detailed information as the fruit of telescopic observation. The planets revolving in orbits within our own, when they come near us, must, it will be apparent from a moment's thought, be lost to sight in the radiance of the Sun. When we see Venus as a bright star in the sky, she is really by no means at her nearest, but a crescent-shaped body, a little more, to put it roughly, than half way round her orbit in our direction. The big planets, Jupiter and Saturn, although we can look at them when they are relatively near to us, are even then too far off for minute observation, and as far as Jupiter is concerned, known to be enveloped in a dense and heated envelope of vapour, through which no one has ever yet seen the actual surface of the globe. Saturn, again, is still further removed from us in the depth of space, is also probably surrounded by a dense vapour, but in any case is beyond the range of any telescopes we have the opportunity of using. For in this connection, be it remembered, that beyond a certain magnitude it is no use to go on increasing the size of telescopes in the hope thereby of rendering them more effective. With the best, we are looking at the heavenly bodies from the bottom of a vast atmospheric ocean continually in movement. The movements of the air overhead disturb the fine rays of light conveying information to us from the heavenly bodies, and the more their images are magnified by instrumental means, the more also we magnify the atmospheric disturbances to which they are subject. Mr. Lowell's success as an observer has been due to his full appreciation of this difficulty. He has not alone armed himself with the finest telescopes that optical skill can provide, but has searched the world for a region in which he may set them up where the atmospheric disturbance will be least embarrassing. These favourable conditions he has found in their fairest approximation at a place in the state of Arizona, where his work has consequently been carried on. As he neatly puts it, it seems only to have been recently recognised that observatories should be established at places where they can see, rather than at those where they can be seen.

And now to explain the meaning of an opposition as applied to Mars, and the reasons for selecting it as the period for careful examination of his surface. The opposition is that condition of things in which Mars is on the opposite side of the earth as compared with that occupied, for the time being, by the Sun. Such oppositions occur at fairly frequent intervals, for while the earth accomplishes its movement round the Sun in about 365 days, Mars takes 686 of our days to accomplish his annual journey. Thus we overtake him, so to speak, once in every two years. But we overtake him at different points of the vast orbit along which he moves. And that orbit, be it remembered, is far from being circular. It is an ellipse, of which, as with all planetary orbits, the Sun is situated at one focus. Thus Mars, when at that portion of the orbit nearest the Sun (called the perihelion) is 129,500,000 miles from the Sun, while at the other extremity (in aphelion) he is 154,500,000 miles off. Now the orbit of the earth lying within his, although itself elliptical in the mathematical sense, is very nearly circular, and for the purpose of this explanation its departure from circularity may be ignored. But it will be seen that while we may regard the Sun as approximately in the centre of the earth's nearly circular orbit, that part of the Mars orbit which is the perihelion point is very much nearer to the earth's orbit than the aphelion point of the orbit. The upshot of all this is that while Mars may be no less than 246 millions of miles away from us at periods when he and we are on opposite sides of the Sun, he is only 35 millions of miles from us when he and the Sun are on opposite sides of the earth if that particular opposition happens to occur near the perihelion part of his orbit.

Now this was exactly what happened in 1894, and will happen again at about fifteen years on from that date, or in about the year 1909. The intervening oppositions have some of them been fairly favourable, and have, indeed, subserved the final demonstration by photographic means of Mr. Lowell's earlier observations. But in '94 the favourable conditions as described were emphasized, as they will be in all similar oppositions in the future, by the fact that Mars, being then at its nearest to the Sun, was illuminated with much greater intensity than that which operates when he is further removed. Light, according to the well-known scientific

formula, varies directly with the square of the distance from the source of illumination, so that Mars is actually much brighter when in perihelion than in aphelion, besides being,—when the earth in such moments has a chance of getting near to him,—very much more plainly observable.

We come now to the discoveries that have been made by astronomers who have profited by these favourable conditions. The Italian observer, Schiarparelli, first took note of certain strange lines which he discerned on the surface of Mars, and described as canals. Their existence was long regarded with doubt by other astronomers who failed to observe them. Lowell was enabled to see all that Schiarparelli had recorded, and many more, and by further observation to develop a comprehensive and beautiful scheme of interpretation. Mars, as we have always known, is a planet, the axis of which is inclined to the plane in which it circulates round the Sun in about the same way that our own axis is inclined. Thus there must be seasons on Mars roughly corresponding to those we experience. The logical conclusion corresponds with the observed facts. During the winter of each hemisphere, great areas become brilliantly white at the polar regions. As summer advances, these white areas disappear, evidently melting round the edges, and in succession to these phenomena, the lines called canals begin to manifest, and certain shaded areas in the temperate and equatorial regions of the planet begin to darken with a blueish green colouring. In former times, when nothing was known concerning these successive changes, the dark areas were described by the earlier astronomers as seas, and the lighter regions were supposed to be land. Mr. Lowell now points out with irresistible force that the dark or shaded areas are regions in which vegetation has been developed by the vast system of irrigation represented by the canals. These lines, indeed, which we see transversing the great bright desert areas of the planet, are more than the mere channels of water which they must include. Such channels could not be visible to us across the intervening distance unless they were enormously wider than it is possible to conceive them. But as they pass across the desert regions they irrigate the neighbouring banks, and thus give rise to broad strips

of cultivated country, the breadth of which is quite compatible with our observation of the strips thus rendered habitable. It is as though we were looking from a distance at Egypt; the Nile itself might not be visible, but the cultivated valley would be broad enough to be seen.

Thus we realise that conditions prevail on Mars with reference to its water supply, which differ very widely from those on the Earth. Our planet is only habitable for less than a third of its area, by reason of the rest being deluged with ocean. Mars is only habitable for less than a third of its area by reason of only having water in sufficient abundance to keep that limited region in a fertile state. And that could not have been accomplished except by the intervention of intelligent agency distinctly resembling, if not identical, with that which we describe as human.

The fuller observations which Mr. Lowell has carried out go in every way to confirm the broad hypothesis just set forth. The contraction of the polar caps, when the summer in each hemisphere sets in, is associated with the development around them of dark bands, obviously representing the water developed from the melting snow. The breadth of these bands is such as to harmonise with the mighty task the melting snow is destined to perform, and the dark band follows the contracting polar cap exactly in the way which corresponds with the theory of its formation. But how is the snow deposited? For with rare exceptions of an insignificant kind no clouds ever darken the Martian skies, no rain or snow can be known to the economy of that planet.

That an atmosphere exists is manifest from the fact that these seasonal changes take place. Aqueous vapour evaporated from the warmer latitudes could never be transported to the poles, and could never give rise to the vast annual deposit of snow, unless there was an atmosphere by which it could be conveyed. But direct observations having to do with twilight effects at the rim or "limb," as astronomers call it, of the Martian disc show that the atmosphere of that world is very much thinner than our own, observations again concurring with reasonable inference. For we definitely know the gravitational force of Mars, his volume and density, and that is scarcely a third of the corresponding force exerted by our larger earth. In this way Mars has a much

weaker holding power as regards its atmosphere than we have It cannot retain by its attractive force nearly the same volume of the atmospheric gases. It cannot hold the lower strata of these atmospheric gases in anything resembling the density exhibited by the lower strata of the earth's atmosphere. Needless here to follow the calculations minutely, but the density of the atmosphere at the surface of Mars is estimated by Lowell to be only one-seventh of that familiar to the earth. The atmospheric pressure, instead of corresponding with 30 inches of mercury, corresponds with only about 4½, and so light an air is insufficient to support the heavy masses of cloud with which we are familiar, not insufficent, however, to support invisible aqueous vapour which, when transferred to the poles by air currents, the flow of which can easily be accounted for, will deposit itself in the shape of what is more correctly described as hoar frost than as snow. But for all intents and purposes the one deposit is as efficient as the other in providing the source from which next summer's flow of water along the canals is to be derived.

The obviously artificial character of the canals is made manifest in various ways, to begin with by the fact that they constantly converge at central points where dark, blueish green spots are developed, sometimes hundreds of miles in diameter as the appropriate season comes on. These frequent oases evidently provide detached habitable regions for the Martian inhabitants over and above the vast areas—continental as we may think of them—which are completely irrigated in the equatorial regions and completely overgrown. If by any extravagant conjecture we could imagine the channels to be the product of some natural force, it is inconceivable that they would unite for an obviously definite purpose at central points in the way that numerous railway lines converge at an important junction. But another interesting attribute of the canals points even more clearly to intelligent human agency, or as clearly as the convergence, the testimony of which is, indeed, overwhelming. The canals, be it understood, do not all flow southward or northward, as the case may be, from the poles to the equator, but ramify in all directions, and wherever they strike eastward or westward across the surface of the vast desert areas they follow the line of the "great circle" and not

that of the parallel of latitude. It will be obvious by looking at any two points on a globe that the nearest way between them does not exactly follow the parallel of latitude on which both may be situated. Take for example the Cape of Good Hope and some point in Australia on the same latitude. The shortest way between these two places will follow a course far to the southward of the parallel, one in point of fact which would correspond to the greatest circle that could be traced on the globe uniting those two points. That is the principle of what is called "great circle sailing" resorted to by navigators, when other considerations render it possible. Now all the canals on Mars which run east or west, or approximately east or west, follow the corresponding great circles in a way clearly indicating that those who designed them, understood the mathematical principle concerned. So we not merely have the assurance that the constructors of the Martial canals were capable of digging; we have the certainty that their activities were directed by energies capable of thinking.

Many interesting inferences are brought out by Mr. Lowell from his observations, some of them manifestly reasonable, others frankly imaginative. For example, he humorously suggests that the stature of the Martian people may be determined, like many other characteristics of Martian life, by the weakness of gravitation. Our average stature, he suggests, is determined by the gravitational force we have to contend with in equilibrium with the energy that may be developed by human muscles. If that energy be the same for the Martian people as for ourselves, the weaker gravitation with which they have to contend, would be compatible with a stature three times as great as our own; and then, as weak gravitation means that physical material can be the more easily shifted about, it finally comes out that the Martian navvy could do 81 times as much work as one of our own order! But this is mere fantastic guess work, not to be treated seriously like most of the results seriously set forth in the deeply interesting volume which records Mr. Lowell's work. Moreover, there is no reason to suppose that Martian engineers competent to appreciate the mathematical principles ensuing from the spherical form of the world in which they live, should be destitute of mechanical

resources which would render them independent, in constructing great works, of mere muscular limitations.

Let us now turn to the literature of occult research to see how that corresponds with the latest observations of science. As usual we find that it has anticipated these developments. The statements concerning the actual evolution of the human family embodied in the literature referred to, comprehend amongst vast complexities with which we need not here be concerned, the great principle that the life energy now manifesting on this earth and animating its living kingdoms including its humanity, manifested itself at almost inconceivably remote periods in the past, on the planet Mars. With its further destinies we need not here be concerned, but these are traced to other worlds of the solar system eventually, at periods as far removed in futurity as those of humanity's Martian experiences in the past. It is true that the whole statement shows us our humanity to have been in a much less highly developed condition than that with which we are now familiar, when it inhabited the Martian planet. At that period the spiritual energy,—to employ a figure of speech partly appropriate to the momentary purpose though far from representing the whole story, was learning to manifest in material bodies,—or if the expression seems more appropriately to recognise the infinite possibilities of spiritual influence,—spirit was teaching matter to become the vehicle of its expression. These phrases must be vague because the comprehension of that vast process which we call evolution is imperfect even in the light of occult research, but it is nevertheless giving rise already to a science of wide-reaching complexity, and be it clearly understood that that which passes when the tide wave of life flows round the great planetary chain, is not the material form but the spiritual energy embodied in vehicles of consciousness belonging to so high a plane of nature's manifestation that it practically embraces the whole solar system.

Now, of course, the occupation of Mars by the human family covered an enormous period of time, during which immense progress was made as regards both the evolution of form and the freedom of spirit manifesting in evolving forms; and in the beginning, indeed, the forms were ill-adapted to inhabitation by intelligence that could be thought of as concerned with the design

and execution of great engineering works. In the latest period of its manifestation, indeed, humanity on Mars had attained conditions which were not quite incompatible with these ideas. But to draw one fragment from the great repertory of information acquired by occult research—a fragment of knowledge enormously significant for those who study all the great developments of Nature's higher activities—humanity on Mars was not the only manifestation there, of advanced wisdom.

The purblind generations of the past have fancied the human creature, as we know him now, "the roof and crown of things" as regards the work of creation. The human creature, as we know him now, has but rarely attained to the comprehension of the fact that the worlds include beings greater than himself. It is only the wisdom deduceable from occult research which invests him with that modest consciousness. Just as in all that concerns the working of Divinity through Nature, the loftier our point of view, the wider the horizon which bounds our vision, and the more vast on that account to our perception, the unseen regions beyond. It is only, as an Eastern proverb well represents the fact, the ox in the field whose consciousness fails to include the idea that any mysteries lie beyond its reach. Ordinary humanity of our own type, which has not yet helped itself to the fruit of occult research, occupies an intervening place between the most exalted wisdom and the ox!

But returning to our immediate purpose, we have every reason, if we profit by occult teaching, to assume that in the latest periods covering, of course, some millions of years of human life on Mars, the capacities for work of the people, guided by an intelligence superior to their own, would have been competent to grapple with the tasks imposed upon the inhabitants by Nature, in connection with the scarcity of water as compared with the areas of land. But supposing the canals that we now observe were constructed by the latest race of the Martian people before the life energy was transferred to this world, we seem to be making rather a heavy claim on credulity if we assume that the canals, still fulfilling their original function year after year, still conveying fertilising water along channels thousands of miles, in some cases, in length, are merely the bequests of a period buried now

in the past under more millions of years than it seems reasonable to talk about. Certainly the meteorological conditions of Mars are extraordinarily favourable for the preservation of great works once completed. These on our own planet are rapidly obliterated by the wrecking influence of storm and weather. A wholly different scheme of water circulation prevails with us as compared with that of the one other planet of the solar family we are in a position to observe. Indeed, if we imagine that the Martian astronomer could take note of conditions on the earth as easily as we can recognise those of Mars, he would certainly argue that a planet like the earth was manifestly unfit for human habitation. Water in reason, he would maintain, is certainly a necessity of life, but water in ungovernable floods swept hither and thither by storm forces, themselves incompatible with tranquil existence, would destroy, as fast as they could be constructed any habitations that could be thought of as available for man. It would even be seen that the scanty regions of the earth apparently at one time available for occupation, would at another subside beneath the irresistible flood, while elsewhere arising from its depths some previously unobserved marsh would develop itself. In the vast economies of Nature, the philosopher of Mars would allow, it might be possible, that life could exist even in conditions as intolerable as that of the earth, but for human life of the civilised order that would be unthinkable. So if the earthly observer finds life on Mars incompatible with the dessicated condition of the planet as a whole, with the forlorn tenuity of its atmosphere, with the dismal monotony of its unchanging skies,—where mercy could find no parallel in the impartial rain of heaven,—he would be arguing from as narrow an intellectual platform as the Martian philosopher, who might deny humanity to the earth.

And following the moral of this thought, we must not quarrel with the facts under observation, because they are difficult to interpret. Occult research, indeed, has shown us with an amplitude of detail that need not be developed here, that some portions of our human family, recruited under peculiar conditions appropriate to the emergency, are still in the occupation of Mars, fully competent as regards their intellectual development to deal with engineering problems, but scarcely competent, so far as their

numbers are known to us, to deal with public works on the scale of those required to maintain the fertility of the regions on Mars whose darkened shade as the summer advances, indicates the presence at all events of a vegetable kingdom. But it is only in the most narrow-minded school of physical research that the theories of the moment are held superior in their importance to the facts, and that "*tant pis pour les faits*," is the accepted motto. It is practically now beyond dispute that these much talked-of canals do actually exist, although they become invisible at certain seasons of the year as the very theory of their existence demands. At last in photographs they have been seen in some cases to score the desert regions of the planet. At the outset of this paper reference was made to the difficulty of obtaining photographs of Mars. After all, in the best telescopes the disc of Mars looks no larger than one of the smaller craters of the moon, and to photograph so small an object in a way that the minutest marks upon its surface shall be made visible, is a task the difficulties of which arise from the exasperating perturbations of our own atmosphere. That embarrassment has only been overcome by taking a series of photographs in rapid succession, some of which escape the rapidly changing perturbations of the atmosphere which interfere with others, and though the photographs that were thus obtained are not much more than a quarter of an inch in diameter, some of them yield the precious evidence required. And with that proof, irresistible, though minute, that Mr. Lowell and his assistants have neither deceived the world nor themselves when they drew for us portraits of Mars in all his varied aspects, we need no longer treat, as subject to the slightest uncertainty, the conclusions irresistibly ensuing from the observations made. Either at some period in the past, or now as well, the one planet of the system which physical conditions enable us to observe with precision, has been, or is, undeniably the abode of life associated with intelligence resembling our own. The occultist has been aware of this for as many years as he may have deserved that title. The world at large will have fuller information concerning Mars than even Mr. Lowell, with his splendid patience and magnificent resources, can obtain, when it learns at some no distant period in the future to appreciate occult research at its true value.

THEOSOPHIC CORRESPONDENCE.

[Certain letters in answer to inquiries put to the writer by correspondents interested in the progress and development of theosophical thought, having come into the editor's hands, seem to him well worth a wider circulation than that to which they were originally destined. They are printed here almost *in extenso*, only a few passages of a private and personal nature having been omitted.]

I WILL now endeavour to answer your questions to the best of my ability, but will ask you to bear in mind, in reading them, that the answers give you only my own conclusions, and are not in any way authoritative.

You ask why should an Adept need to have a medium to receive his communications and to transmit his teachings to non-psychic pupils, when he could so easily materialise either his astral body or thought form, and speak directly to the physical senses of the person concerned?

The Adept is in one sense dependent upon a medium in communicating from a distance with persons who are non-psychic, not because he is unable to materialise and speak to them directly on the physical plane, but because this would mean an output of psychic force, and of this there is but a certain

supply available karmically for each individual; and it is in the judgment of each adept in the exercise of his work as to how much or little it is allowable or advisable to use up for such phenomena. With a psychic he has only to impress the mind of his recipient who can then transmit the message with perfect ease, and with practically no loss of psychic force. But I think there is much misunderstanding abroad as to the frequency of such transactions, and that students of occultism, when they have more or less a psychic temperament are very liable to suppose they receive orders or messages from their Masters or high initiates, when, as a matter of fact, there is little foundation for the supposition. As a rough illustration of what I mean, let us suppose that some one very desirous to take some action that he or she considers to be of great importance, either philanthropic, educational, or relating to propaganda of some kind or other. The person naturally wishes to get the opinion or advice of his Master, at all events his approval, and applies to him for this. The Master, seeing that his pupil is eager, earnest, and honest in his desire to carry out the plan, would certainly not throw cold water on the scheme, even if he foresaw it would not turn out well. For in the first place a word of discouragement or doubt from the mouth of an Adept to his pupil would naturally put an end to the pupil's intended action, and his free will would thus be interfered with. Therefore he would give him what council and help he could, and the pupil would quite likely feel almost as though the Master had initiated the idea, and in any case approved of it, and quite probably bring back the transaction to this plane of consciousness as a direct command. Now, as far as our experience goes, a Master almost never gives a direct order to his disciples, unless on very broad subjects of organisation which affect large bodies of people, or when telling a pupil to do something special on his, the Master's account, for another person. In such a case the pupil is but an agent, and his Karma is not affected thereby. Therefore, the idea that real Masters are continually in communication with people on the physical plane, either directly or indirectly, is, in my opinion, a mistaken one. But this does not mean that they are not fully cognisant of what the spiritual condition of their present and prospective chelas may be, neither does it preclude the idea

of free intercourse at night during the sleep of the physical body.

Before finishing with this question, I will deal with a remark of yours towards the end of your letter, which more or less hinges on the subject. You speak of Adepts as being "only on the highest sub-division of the mental plane." I do not quite understand what you mean by this, but fancy it springs from a statement to be found in some of the writings, that the causal body of Adepts habitually occupy that plane because it is the highest plane on which the vehicle called the causal body can be; but this is not to suppose that the consciousness of an Adept, even of the lowest order, is limited to that plane of consciousness. His powers give him a much wider range, the highest conditions of Nirvana being open to his highly envolved soul. He remains in incarnation, in order to be in closer and more sympathetic touch with this humanity, and as long as he elects to have a physical body, he is bound to have also a causal body, the vehicle of the Ego. This vehicle being composed of mental stuff, must of course have its dwelling place on the mental plane, but this, as said above, does not limit his consciousness to that plane, for this can realise and function in realms far beyond any that our minds can in anyway realise. This must be so, for the Adepts who retain physical bodies on this earth for the helping forward of their younger brothers gain nothing by any experience that this earth life and its spiritual planes can give. Their growth must consequently be carried on in regions far transcending those that are sufficient for the immediate needs of ordinary humanity.

Your next question, "Is the Christ synonymous with the second Logos." No, I do not think so, if by the Christ is meant the Jesus of history. The idea conveyed in the statement in the *Vahan* arises, I fancy, from the fact that all the world "Saviours," such as Buddha, Jesus, Krishna, and others belong to the same broad line of evolution which has its source in what some writers describe as the outpouring of the Second Logos. Personally I think it is very misleading to make either Jesus or any of the great religious teachers of the world identical with the Second Logos. Such holy men, as far as we are taught, are working out their evolution, and as they grow higher and higher in spiritual

power, the more they can draw directly from the most divine fountains of truth and wisdom, and as all truth is one, and central and divine, it is easy to think, as conventional Christians do, that Jesus was God. At the same time, Theosophical writers, when identifying Jesus and other great religious leaders with the Second Logos, mean that their especial path leads them more directly towards the second rather than to the First or Third Logos.

In answer to your third question about the life of Jesus. The body of the disciple Jesus was, I believe, used and occupied by a very much more highly developed soul than that of the man born as Jesus. The story of the suffering and Passion of Jesus is an allegory descriptive of the struggle and pain, mostly mental, that all people have to go through in getting clear of the fetters that they have forged for themselves in past lives by wrong doing. The body, *i.e.*, its desires have to be given up as a sacrifice holy and acceptable to the Lord to render the soul fit for union with God the Father, our own divine centre of consciousness. The stepping-stone of this union is initiation, identical with the Regeneration spoken of so much in Christian writings, the entrance into the Communion of Saints, the eating of the body and blood of Christ, for as Jesus taught, "Without me the Christ (the spirit of love) you cannot find the Father." . . . . . There could have been no physical suffering in connection with the life and death of such an entity, because he took incarnation, not on account of anything or experience that life on this plane could teach him, but in order to help humanity by the strong spiritual influence he could give out through a physical body, and thus reach more directly through our physical plane consciousness.

As you truly say, physical suffering can only arise as the consequence of the person having in some life broken Nature's laws, and therefore an entity on the Adept level cannot experience either mental or physical suffering.

In another letter we read as follows:—

Your first question, "What is the Theosophical teaching about our Lord? Is He to be regarded as a much further advanced being—an Adept?" The short answer to this is "Yes,"

for I suppose you mean was He a naturally born human being, or was He as doctrinal Christianity affirms, the miraculously conceived son of God. I think the best attitude of mind to adopt in regard to all statements that deal with the lives or personalities of the Saviours and founders of great religions, is to accept their teaching on morality and philosophy, and set aside the question of their birth. My own belief is in this respect, that all the Saviours known to history, Krishna, Buddha, Osiris, Jesus, etc., were Adepts of a high order of development who took these births with the definite intention of giving their spiritual knowledge and influence at a period when the world and its inhabitants especially needed them. The stories of their births are one and all surrounded by very much the same kind of mystery, and it is not difficult for anyone who believes in and sees the necessity of reincarnation as a factor in human evolution, to grasp more or less clearly the idea that all such births of perfect and God-like men are at the same time natural and special.

As to prayer. Pray certainly to Christ if the natural trend of your mind urges you to do so, and if He stands as your ideal. The desire for prayer is a feeling or an aspiration towards God, and the more it is encouraged and practised the stronger and more helpful will be the results. It does not seem to me to be of great importance as to whom we pray, the main point is to try and get nearer to the divine source of all good, and if the mind can be kept free of all mundane thoughts during the time of prayer, then the soul has a little better chance of transmitting to us the spiritual help and refreshment that it has drawn from its efforts to reach its ideal.

I do not think you need go farther afield for guidance in instructing your children than the words of Jesus, or of the Lord Buddha. Teach them to love one another, to love nature, and the animals, to look for beauty everywhere, and in every thing, to love God and to reveal the wonders of His works. Tell them, if you believe it is true, that they have lived before on this same earth, and that their happiness, goodness, naughtiness, and so on are due to their having been good or the reverse in the past, for what we sow that also and that only shall we reap. Keep clear of dogma, doctrine, etc., as far as possible. I should add,—of mystery

and miracles. Teach them, in short, in simple terms what you yourself hold to be wise and true. There is not the slightest need for you to break away from Christianity, which in its essence is the religion of love and sympathy, and very suitable when freed from its absurd ecclesiastical dogmas, and explained by the light that Theosophy throws upon it, for the reception of and the influence upon the minds of Western children. Last of all, the true meaning of the word Theosophy is "The Wisdom of God," and all the great religions of the world are built upon that foundation, no matter how far asunder they may now appear to be in the outward form of their churches.

I do not believe in the old Christian teaching you speak of "not to trust to your own judgment and reason." In all that affects the growth of the soul each one *must* eventually trust to their own reason. For all that we may learn from reading, study and experience can only be of use to us in so far as we assimilate it and feel intuitively that it is true. We simply cannot get any good out of statements made by others, unless something within us responds to the teaching. Therefore my advice is weigh everything by the light of your own reason. Teach your children what you feel is the truth, and I think that the majority of people who think at all agree that unselfishness, &c., alone are the keynotes to true happiness and spiritual progress.

Madame Blavatsky was undoubtedly one of the founders of the Society calling itself the Theosophical Society, but the body of information that is to be found in the literature of the subject was much of it written quite outside of her influence.

Moreover, the fundamental teaching, brought to light as the consequence of the formation and growth of the society, is to be found, though in less clear language in the Buddhist, ancient Egyptian, and still more ancient Hindu scriptures. Madame B. had no more to say to originating the philosophy and cosmogony taught in modern Theosophy than the disciples of Jesus or of the Buddha had in originating the teachings of their respective Masters. And to condemn a religion or a philosophy on the ground that some of its followers, or even leaders, are less than perfect in their daily lives, would be to wipe out all religions, either ancient or modern. Again, Theosophy does not profess to

be *a* religion or sect, it is, as its name implies, the very root and essence of all religions, and is free from either doctrine or dogma. Madame B. made many enemies, and still more friends, in the course of her life. She was a psychic and possessed powers over some of the laws of nature less understood by the generality of people twenty-five years ago than now. In the beginning of her work for the Society, she made use of these powers very freely, an account of which you can find in Mr. Sinnett's book, "The Occult World." When some people assert that her teaching "broke down," to use your own words, they mean that the Psychical Research Society came to the conclusion, on very insufficient evidence, that she occasionally resorted to fraud and trickery which she claimed to be genuine phenomena. I do not know how far this may or may not be true, what I can testify to is, that many of us have had unbounded proofs of her powers. She was by no means a Saint, nor an ascetic, neither had she her temper under good control, she was of an excitable, highly nervous temperament, and gave free vent to her feelings when ruffled in exceedingly vigorous language. She did not trouble herself with the religious aspect of Theosophy, she was more concerned with the scientific cosmological and universality of its teaching, and in regard to individual growth, was interested mainly in the development of the practical powers which lie inherent though dormant in all men and women.

All sorts of the wildest and most unfounded charges have been made against her, among others, that she was a drunkard. As a matter of fact she hated all stimulants, and never touched wine or spirit or any alcoholic drink, not from principle, but because she simply loathed the taste of them. She was one of those women who rather like to be shrouded in mystery, and yet was very sensitive to adverse criticism. She had a very dominating personality, was adored and revered by some, feared and suspected by others, strong in her attachments, generous, a delightful companion, a great traveller, with a fund of recondite information. Her books are store houses of wonderful lore, profound knowledge, wide experience, drawn from many and various sources. Finally, whether she were the great impostor that some who did

not really know her think, or whether she were the martyr to the persecution of the ignorant, her goodness or her badness, leave absolutely untouched the truth of Theosophy, which in its modern development has succeeded in bringing light and understanding to hundreds of people on many of the difficult problems of life here and hereafter which beset the minds of thoughtful people.

TOTEMISM.

The Most Ancient Cult.

"And they painted on the grave posts
Each his own ancestral *totem*;
Each the system of his household,
Figures of the bear and reindeer,
Of the turtle, crane and beaver;
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed."

HIAWATHA.

ALASKAN tourists have their attention drawn to curious, uncanny-looking poles, grotesquely carved, and usually erected near inhabited or abandoned Indian villages along the West Coast of British Columbia, Alaska and adjacent islands. They are called—Totem Poles—and are referred to in guide books as "weird monuments of family pride," a definition that conveys but a fragment of the real meaning of these insignia of a very old cult.

Totemism is probably common to all native races the world over, although it has been more associated in the public mind with those of America, from the fact that its relics are abundant on a path of familiar travel. According to the "Encyclopedia Britannica":—

"A totem is a class of material objects which a savage regards with superstitious respect, believing that there exists between him and every member of the class an intimate and altogether special relation." Further, "The connection between the man and his totem is mutually beneficent; the totem protects

the man, and the man shows his respect for the totem in various ways, by not killing it, if it be an animal, and not cutting or gathering it if it be a plant. As distinguished from a fetish, a totem is never an isolated individual, but always a class of objects, generally a species of animals or plants, more rarely a class of inanimate objects, very rarely a class of artificial ones."

All over the world native races hold certain animals, in some cases birds, in others fish, and again in a few cases—trees or plants, in veneration. It is their belief that these are either their individual or clan totems, or what we should call guardian spirits. These attachments to animals, fish, birds, plants or trees, divide the races into *clans*, for some belong *by birth* to one group, some to another, united by ties of consanguinity. We find that certain tribes of the great Iroquois race venerate the Turtle, while the Omahas have appropriated Red Wheat and the Choctaws the Cray Fish. The Elk Clan of the Omahas, on the other hand, revere the Male Elk, certain Australian tribes the Scorpion, the Rakalas of West Africa, the Calf Crocodile or Monkey, and so on—one might fill pages with the innumerable animals, birds, fish, trees and plants regarded with veneration by primitive races of men.

From this has evolved a social system deeply embedded in many primitive races, a system which is the extension of the personal totemic idea, extending its beneficial influence over all those belonging to any given clan, so that the relationship between the person or the clan and the totem is the same—one being the extension of the other. From this we gather that the individual acquires a personal totem, the male or female acquires a sex totem, and the group or clan acquires a group totem; thus a father has his personal totem, a mother hers and the child his, yet they may all three have a common group totem.

There is a conflict of opinion on the question of Totemism between American and European Ethnologists; the former claims that it is a religious institution or manifestation, the outcome of savage man's attitude towards Nature, the social aspects of it being secondary and incidental. The European school say that Totemism is principally and essentially "a social institution,

originating in and properly belonging to the matriarchal state of society, and constituting the cause and basis of clan organization."

Leaving aside the complicated arguments set forth by these schools, it is well to say that the American theory has probably more basis of fact, for the reason that the study of the North American native races during the past half century has been painstaking, and carried on under favourable conditions. These investigations give evidence that American Indians if on the savage level at present, must have had at some time a finer environment. This is evidenced by the folk lore found among a great number of them, and particularly the Zunis and Pueblos of Arizona. May they not be degraded descendants of some great race, for races rise and fall as history so well testifies?

The European concept of Totemism, on the other hand, is chiefly based on researches among the tribes of Australasia, Africa, and some parts of Asia—among races, that as a whole, it is fair to infer, are by no means as advanced as those of America, odd as this may sound to those who still have memories of the Custer massacre, and countless cruelties of the wild Apache. However, it is well to remember that the whites were regarded by the Indians in the early days (perhaps they are now), as intruders on their lands, and what more natural than that a savage race should seek to exterminate them? The feeling is natural, and by no means implies a bad moral state, and all whites who have lived among these children of the plain and forest unite in testifying to the good qualities that distinguished them until the white man came along and degraded them.

What is the origin of Totemism? Many brilliant writers have spent years in endeavouring to trace back this cult to its source—and have failed. Nor can it be otherwise so long as science maintains the untenable position of relying on "authority." Now "authority," implies that the deductions of certain investigators on a given subject must not be questioned too minutely; a man may spend years studying the Indian races, and what he says is regarded as authoritative; another, with far less experience, offers a theory that may account in some measure for certain aspects of native life, but he will get little hearing if he clashes with "authority," or preconceived ideas. This is responsible for

the narrowness that characterizes much that would otherwise be brilliant scientific research.

Regardless therefore of the various orthodox definitions given to Totemism by Ethnologists, let us say that it is probably a debased remnant of far off days when animals and men were closely related—for more than they are to-day. There was a time, when, as between man and the animal kingdom, a very close alliance existed, and from this arose a severe system of caste, the details of which will be touched upon, which grouped the various types in blood ties and on the absolute purity of which rested the physical and moral success of a given tribe.

Ethnology passes over too lightly the evidence afforded by Indian races—and known to the few whites who have studied them at close range—of a vast fund of so called myths which are generally regarded as legends and superstitions—although really great truths clothed in legendary garment, even as were the parables of old. The Zuri Indians of Arizona have a most wonderful and jealously guarded oral lore, bearing on the creation of the world and other subjects, much of which has been collected by Frank Hamilton Cushing, who not only lived among them for years but was initiated into their priesthood, and was taught part of their philosophical system. This is now on record in the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. It is not possible to read these myths of peoples regarded as "savages" without considering whether the so-called "savage" with his "longings, yearnings, strivings" may not, after all, be considered as much within the great evolutionary plan, as the more civilized nations.

Ethnology fails to obtain a broader and correct concept of Totemism because it will persist in looking at the savage man's affairs from the generally accepted point of view—which leads Hill-Tout to say—and well:

"In the study of primitive man the greatest difficulty the sophisticated student has to contend with, I have found, is the essential difference of his own from his subject's plane of thought—in other words, the difficulty to see things from the native point of view. He can make no satisfactory advance till he has emptied his mind of all preconceptions regarding primitive man, which more often than not are founded on early misconceptions and limited knowledge of his life and thought. We have been studying the savage more or less syste-

matically for a quarter of a century now, yet I am convinced we are but just beginning to know and to understand him as he really is."

"*Language and Culture of Salish.*"
(*Hill-Tout*, 1905).

Even students who have lived among the native races for years find it very difficult to understand the latter's belief in animated nature. The idea that there should be real living entities in the world of trees and flowers, and in the roaring waters of great rivers, or on the bosom of peaceful lakes, or hidden in the everlasting hills, all this to him is wild heathenism—childish belief of primitive man in matters now only to be found in the nursery.

As yet the belief in the existence of active entities—called nature spirits, pigmies, brownies, etc., and seen by some few in these days on flower and leaf, trunk and limb, crystal and rock—is to be found in all the legends and myths of primitive peoples the world over, and it has been demonstrated that when a common belief such as this finds acceptance among peoples scattered from pole to pole, there are good grounds for believing that it has some reason to be—that it has in it a germ of truth. We do well to remember that there are people living to-day who have a much longer unbroken past than we Anglo-Saxons; the Welsh, the Irish, the West Coast Scotch, the Bretons, the Basques and many others in Europe were in existence as such long before Britain was established, and are still doing business at the old stand. We are apt to be carried away—get a big head—because we can build sky scrapers, ocean greyhounds, gridiron the country with railroads, and tear around in autos, all of which are good in their way, and civilisation is a good thing—but it clouds a mass of knowledge of incalculable value to the race, and which is now held at arm's length through sheer conceit!

From what has been said, we can gather that the native races are much nearer in their daily lives to Nature than we whites. To them the material world is alive, and they see things which we pass by. The peculiar tenets of the Buddhist religion throws a strong ray of light on this Totemistic problem, and may, with the understanding of the attitude of the savage mind, assist to solve it in some measure. In that religion, not exclusively, but perhaps more definitely, the human soul as manifested in the

various personalities of men, has had an immense pilgrimage through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms (see Psalm 139-xv), finally arriving at its present stage of self consciousness.

In the world of animals, there being no self consciousness, the experiences of each and every one do not contribute to each but are attached, form part of what is called a group soul. Now the group souls are the collections of certain units of one kind, such as the horse, the dog, the cat, etc.; these animals in place of profiting each and every one individually by whatever experience it may have had—participate only in the total collective achievement of whatever group soul it may belong to. Illustrations serve better to make matters of this kind clear, and in these the Oriental mind is rich. Take a glass of pure water, take from it a thimbleful, and colour that small part with a drop of red ink, then return the slightly coloured part to the tumbler—you will get a volume very slightly tinted. That tint represents the experience one unit contributes to the group represented by the water in the tumbler. Each thimbleful may be likened to a unit belonging to the group, and in this manner is the process of evolution carried on.

The Oriental belief is, that the animal emerges from the lower kingdom into the human at a given stage. The Western world resents this idea, forgetting that while we speak of a man making a "beast" of himself, it is really an insult to the animal world; for man, being a far more responsible being, in degrading himself sinks to depths of iniquity which it is unfair to associate with what the Buddhists call their "younger brothers." How then does this translation from the animal to the human come about? Still another rich Oriental illustration describes the process.

Most people have read of waterspouts—how they work particularly at sea; from above will be seen a dark cloud hovering at low height from the sea; the latter rises and falls in its roll, and here and there a wave rises higher than the rest in the direction of the cloud—this attraction goes on for a time, until one supreme effort of the wave serves to form a junction with the heavy vaporous cloud above, and a column of water results.

Now this is precisely what happens, they tell us, in the case of, the animal. A dog, (and what dog lover will not follow this with

interest ?) is always seeking to rise to the level of its master. How it will watch and study in its feeble way to understand all what is going on above its consciousness ! It is said that constant human affection for an animal will vivify its consciousness to such an extent as to hurry it onwards towards the human. The aspirations of the dog is what the hovering cloud is to the sea—he is gradually being drawn upward by the attraction of his master, till finally a junction is effected, and then the differentiated animal becomes emancipated from the lower animal world, and emerges into the human kingdom.

It seems hardly necessary to call attention to the striking resemblance of people in their looks and manners to the animal and bird worlds. There are people for instance who in appearance and character resemble the bull dog, for tenacity or what "I have I hold." Others exactly the opposite are as timid as the antelope; some again have the sagacity of the elephant, while others have no more intelligence than the sheep. In the bird world, how many resemble the sparrow for cheek and general hustling? Quite a large number. Clever artists are able to twist bird features into a variety of human faces.

The Totemistic relationship between peoples and animals may thus have had its origin here. When the connection between the lower races of men and the animal kingdom was better understood than now—it is possible to suppose that the actual pedigree of individuals was conjectured, and that each human child assumed to have come from a certain group soul, which group soul would suggest its Totem. It would be idle to imagine that Ethnologists will accept this somewhat startling hypothesis; nevertheless it is a solution of Totemism and as such should not be swept aside as unworthy of consideration because it may happen to jar against preconceived notions.

Ethnology, like all other sciences in the West, argues from effect to cause—hence in its investigations it arrives at a point beyond which it cannot go, as in the case of the origin of Totemism. The Oriental method of logical deduction—from cause to effect—is far more intelligent, and leads to better results. In this case we assume that there is such a thing as a group soul, and thence derive the theory of Totemism. Then all the rites and ceremo-

nies of the native races put on some meaning, instead of being made to appear incomprehensible nonsense. Many people regard the rites and ceremonies of the Romish Church as "mummeries" because they have not taken the trouble to find out their real meaning.

There is undoubtedly a relation between Totemism and Heraldry which opens out an interesting study; this of course will be denied point blank by students, for the reason that they have given out that Heraldry had its origin in the early days of British History. This statement is in line with that made about the Druids and Freemasonry; the one being said to be of early English growth, and the other due to bands of craftsmen who wandered around Europe in the middle ages, and by whom some of the grand cathedrals are said to have been built.

These illustrations serve to show the narrowness above referred to when dealing with the problem of the "origin" of cults, for Totemism, like Heraldry, Druidism and Freemasonry have their origin far back in the night of time, and the animal worship so conspicuous in the religions of Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria and other ancient nations was unquestionably the reflection of a Totemism known to peoples which had disappeared even before that somewhat remote date and about whom we have little in the way of historic records.

The interest of Totemism for us to-day lies in the fact that its study is calculated to bring us into closer relations with the decaying remnants of the native races of the world, races that have had their day in many cases, and will soon cease to be. But for many a year to come the Totem Poles along the Alaskan Route will continue to attract the attention of travellers, and perhaps draw forth unconsciously a kindly feeling of farewell to a people whose present degradation is not due to their primitive beliefs, nor even altogether to the corrupting influence of civilisation, but is more properly to be regarded as the flickering of an expiring flame in a lamp from which the oil has been exhausted.

FREDERICK W. PETTIT.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE course of events with reference to the current agitation for female suffrage has shown very plainly how absurd has been the abuse directed against the self-sacrificing ladies who have devoted themselves during the last few months to making what must be recognised as vulgar disturbances. Ignoring the essential vulgarity of all parliamentary work, some writers have foolishly, and others more or less brutally, reviled Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson and her companions for action which they condemn as injurious to the movement it is designed to support. But all the while, by joining in the public discussion of the matter, they have shown that the action condemned has been successful in a far higher degree than any decorously conducted agitation of the past towards putting female suffrage in the front rank of practical politics.

A letter in the *Times* of November 3rd by Sir Phillip Burne Jones is especially contemptible. The writer glories in the scandalous ill-treatment of the ladies who were sent to Holloway Gaol, and asks "In what does their case differ from that of Betsy Jane in her cups collecting and haranguing a crowd outside the Green Dragon?" One can hardly suppose any one else so stupid as not to see that the cases are in no way parallel, and that, whether wisely or foolishly, the ladies who went to Holloway were deliberately drawing down suffering on their own heads in order that the community might be shocked with the spectacle, and thus be drawn into sympathy with their cause. Certainly it

is disgusting that a claim which, rightly understood, can hardly be resisted by any intelligent reasoning, should require the support of public rioting. But the fact that experience has shown rioting in connection with this movement absolutely required to reinforce reason, ought merely to rouse disgust at the thought that British politics have become degraded to that extent, and only enhances the sympathy one ought to feel for the women heroic enough, under the circumstances, to adopt the miserable policy forced upon them by the political institutions under which they live.

The whole subject invites indignant comment in many different directions. The magistrate who sent the ladies to Holloway (Mr. Horace Smith) could hardly have done quite differently, because in effect they invited that treatment. But in sending them for two months he was outrageously exaggerating the necessity imposed upon him; in neglecting to ensure their treatment as first class misdemeanants he was so scandalously to blame that moderate language seems inappropriate to the occasion. Every one endowed with gentlemanly feeling must have revolted against the thought that ladies of culture and refinement, even though technically involved in the necessity of going to prison, should be treated there like common felons, and subject to all the ignominies that penal imprisonment can provide. Next to the magistrate the Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, is most deeply to blame among the many persons blameable for the scandal brought about, as he only intervened to abate it under pressure in Parliament, and not from any gentlemanly impulse of his own.

It is rather sad that the honour of bringing in a bill to provide for woman suffrage should, by the culpable neglect of politicians on a higher level, have fallen to Mr. Keir Hardie. The needful reform has nothing to do with radicalism, socialism or democracy, and would much more appropriately have been championed by some politician in a dignified position.

THE people who during the last few weeks have been sharing public attention with the ladies undergoing martyrdom at Holloway, are the Peers of the Upper House. The situation is full of interest and bound to engender events of importance. But

it does not follow that those events will shape themselves in accordance with the angry prophecies of those who abhor the principles of the British constitution. There is something rather ludicrous in the attitude of extreme representatives of the Liberal party who conceive that the only function of the House of Lords is meekly to murmur "content," whatever decrees the other House may choose to issue. Until the constitution of the country is deliberately metamorphised into something quite unlike that which has fairly well worked hitherto, it is preposterous to flare up with fury against the House of Lords *à propos* to individual cases in which it is fulfilling its natural purpose. One can understand, though perhaps the majority of English people do not really sympathise with, the attitude of mind of those who would prefer to carry on public business with only one legislative Chamber. But for all who believe sincerely in that doctrine, the effort to revise the constitution in accordance with its principle, ought to be their foremost purpose, without reference to any definite quarrel arising over any specific bone of contention.

Probably the fact is that theorists who would be glad to abolish the House of Lords altogether, know quite well that in cold blood the country would refuse to entertain that proposal. As a measure on its own merits independent of any special legislative project supposed to be popular, the advanced Liberal never attempts to clamour for the abolition of the House of Lords. But he is eager to secure that result by an indirect device, if the passion of the multitude can be sufficiently aroused by the refusal of the House of Lords to pass some measure with which the multitude is presumably enamoured.

With calm serenity, meanwhile, the Lords are dealing with that chaotic fragment of legislation described as the Education Bill in a painstaking and methodical fashion, pretending to lick it into some sort of shape which they may think relatively unobjectionable, but of course knowing all the while that they are merely taking part in a dramatic performance which will never directly have any effect on the future management of schools. They are playing a part which will either constrain the government to dissolve and refer the quarrel to the polls, or drive it into a systematic attempt, by sending up more unacceptable bills, to pile

up a case before the House of Lords before making the supreme appeal. Anyhow, the situation as it stands at present from A to *Z*, is artificial and delusive. One hardly knows in what direction to look for the next coagulation of false pretences, but underlying them all, one tremendous question is undoubtedly gathering force and claiming an answer. Is the whole empire to fall prostrate under the tyranny of the ignorant multitude, or shall we be allowed to retain and invest with increased efficiency the complicated provisions in the constitution which may serve to avert that terrible contingency?

One of the papers, alertly on the watch for entertaining novelties (the *Daily Express*), has given us a curious story concerning certain bones disinterred from one of the old barrows near Avebury, in Wiltshire. These bones, together with some gold ornaments found to have been buried with them, were removed as interesting relics, and left at first at a neighbouring farm-house. Next morning the terrified farmer implored the people who brought them to take them away. He and his family had been frightened during the whole night by unintelligible noises for which they could not account. When the bones were removed to another house the same trouble ensued, and abnormal occurrences of a kind disconcerting to untrained nerves were reported by the servants. Submitting to what appeared the necessities of the case, the archæologists, who first of all hoped to preserve their treasure, felt constrained to return the bones to the barrow from which they came.

Of course such incidents made the subject of careful investigation by competent clairvoyants might give rise to interesting discoveries. Indeed, in the present case a professional psychometrist has been employed to see what could be seen in connection with the archæological discovery, and details a series of visions which appear to connect the mysterious bones with the sacrifice of a woman at some remote Druidical period. The psychometrist saw her put to death by officiating priests. The story is very well told, and the manner in which the visions were gradually developed will be recognised by all who have been concerned with similar inquiries as distinctly ***vraisemblable.*** That

knowledge concerning remote events in the past can be procured by a peculiar kind of clairvoyant faculty is quite as certain as any other fact connected with psychological research, and it is merely the bovine apathy of the modern world at the present early stage of its evolution that deprives us of the advantage that might ensue from the serious study of all such opportunities.

And closely illustrating the last remark, it is amusing, although at the same time distressing, to observe that at the present moment some interesting psychological demonstrations which might, under proper management, do much towards expanding human intelligence, are masquerading in a theatrical disguise as popular entertainments. At one of the most brilliant of the music halls, at the far-famed Alhambra, certain exponents of a peculiar psychic gift, Agnes and Julius Zancig, by name, have for some time past been giving nightly representations of thought transference of a peculiarly effective kind. The man concerned, flitting about amongst the audience, is enabled to convey definite words or figures to the lady on the stage in a manner which the commonplace multitude supposes to be due to some extremely clever trick, some undiscoverable method of signalling. For those who know anything of the natural laws lying about on what may be called the threshold of occult research, the *bona fides* of the transaction is perfectly obvious. Elsewhere in the midst of a common conjuring performance, and in association with an entertainer who has made himself ridiculously conspicuous by heading a silly crusade against spiritualism, another genuine psychic performance is interpolated without popular incredulity being offended by the assertion that it is in any way abnormal. In this case a mesmerised sensitive is made to go through little performances amongst the audience under the influence of telepathic impulses from her brother. Again for "those who know," the psychic character of this exhibition is obvious, as also many years ago a similar entertainment by a professional conjurer named Verbeck, was equally genuine and equally disguised by the affectations of the stage.

Of course there is only one organisation in this country which *ought* to be engaged with experiments of that nature, or, at all events, there is one organisation which ought pre-eminently to

undertake such work, and that one is, the Royal Society! Facts concerning the higher human faculties which transcend the operation of the five familiar senses will inevitably constitute the ground work of human progress in the future. No intelligent psychologist will disparage or undervalue the achievements of physical science, but these have been pushed nearly to the ultimate limits of discovery in that direction. Science later on is destined to have even wider developments, and it is very deplorable that so few of us as yet are in a position to see this clearly.

WHILE the heroines at Holloway are fighting their battle on behalf of women who want to take a hand in politics, two other women have been, in their own quiet way, conspicuous in helping to break down the old-fashioned idiotic belief in the intellectual inferiority of the female brain. The Royal Society, although it has not yet recognised as its duty the task of directing the progress of psychic discovery, has, at all events, done something to acknowledge the progress that women have made in the higher departments of science. The Hughes Medal, lately awarded to Mrs. W. E. Ayrton for her experimental investigations on the electric arc, is the first decoration of the sort ever given to a woman by that very conservative association. And meanwhile, Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, has been formally appointed to succeed her husband, the late Professor Curie, in the chair of General Psychics at the university of Paris. Incidents of this kind help to throw the right sort of light on the attitude of the old-fashioned masculine booby convinced of his own inherent superiority to any of the petticoated tribe.

THE semi-intelligent classes who take an interest in the results of scientific research, without being quite able to estimate them correctly, have lately been misled by certain discoveries connected with the Moon. Prefessor Pickering maintains that he has observed some minute changes in progress on the Moon's surface, hitherto regarded as absolutely unchangeable—in planetary death. Some newspaper writer has been inspired to enlarge on this observation; to suggest that if there is change on the Moon's surface there may be still some remains of an atmosphere

some remains of moisture. From this beginning speculation goes on to deal with the possibility that life also is in activity on the Moon, though, perhaps, it is but the "last lowly remnant of what was." And then (we are quoting from a so-called scientific note in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) it is assumed that the Moon is "Mother Earth's eldest errant daughter," is constituted, that is to say, of matter which at an early stage of the earth's evolution, broke off from this planet, and worked itself into the shape which the Moon now presents.

Of course that conception is supported by the hypothesis of men who must be recognised in connection with other matters as genuine exponents of science. But when science at large advances far enough to recognise the higher psychic faculties as instruments of research concerning the remote past,—infinitely more valuable than mere intelligent inference,—the idea that the Moon was a fragment of the earth broken off during the incandescent period will be consigned to the scrap heap of exploded theories. Clairvoyant research has quite definitely, for those who know how to trust it, established the fact that the Moon as we see it now is the shrunken remnant of a former planet much older than the earth, and that, instead of being constituted of material drawn from the larger body, the larger body at a certain stage of its development absorbed great masses of material formerly constituting the outermost coverings of the Moon. In modern occult literature the whole of the beautifully scientific methods of planetary evolution of which this operation was one, are fully set forth for the guidance of readers intuitive enough to realise the superior credibility of this account as compared with those developed by cruder systems of scientific thinking.

ONE may hope no one can be deceived by the shallow pretence represented by the Royal Commission supposed to be investigating the truth concerning Vivisection. To begin with, the constitution of the Commission is indicative of insincerity on the part of those by whom it has been organised. Ostensibly its appointment is in response to the urgent representations of those opposed to vivisection. It must obviously be meaningless, unless impartial. But it is heavily overweighted by members committed

to the theory of vivisection, and includes a representative of the Home Office, who is grotesquely ill-qualified to be a judge in this matter, by reason of being especially the accused person in the eyes of those who are fighting the anti-vivisection cause. To make the whole undertaking more grotesque, the Commission no sooner met than it decided to carry on its proceedings in secret, refusing the application of the authorities representing the anti-vivisection societies to be present, or to employ counsel to cross-examine the evidence of witnesses in favour of the practice to be investigated. Quite rightly under these conditions the societies have refused to have anything to do with the proceedings of the Commission which has been justly stigmatised in one of the papers as "a pompous farce."

Its behaviour in reference to this subject is one more indication of the way in which the present Government shows that its professed Liberalism is an empty pretence designed to catch democratic votes, utterly destitute of the noble impulses with which the term was originally identified. But leaving this larger issue aside, it should be understood by all who are capable of noble indignation at the hideous atrocities of the vivisectionists that the Royal Commission is a sham, and its report, under the circumstances, predestined to be nothing better than so much dust thrown in the eyes of the public.