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BROAD VIEWS

A Monthly Periodical dealing with all Subjects of General Interest, without regard to Conventional Habits of Thought.

EDITED BY

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BROAD VIEWS.

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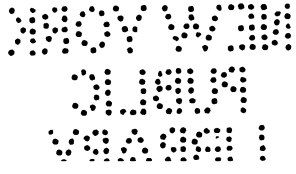
WHAT SHOULD THE CHILDREN BE TAUGHT?

THIS inquiry, everyone will see at once, has nothing to do with recent proceedings in Parliament. Politicians discussing Education Bills, seem, as the years go on, to lose sight more and more completely of the question set forth above. The word "Education" is gathering by degrees a new significance. It stands for a phase of political strife, in which the interest of the children to be taught in the schools is but remotely concerned. It concentrates within itself the ferocities of various sects who hate one another as only good Christians can. It is surrounded by a halo of conflicting sentiment, taking its rise in the contempt of one class for the common herd, and the detestation, by another, of its social superiors. And as for the Education Bill of the present Government, that can only provoke reference to an anecdote, too familiar for quotation amongst Anglo-Indians, but claiming transplantation to this country to meet an existing emergency. It is alleged that a certain tedious litigation once known in the East as the "Gorham case" was suggested to a weary Editor as the subject of a leading article. On the slip of paper bearing the familiar heading he simply wrote, "Damn the Gorham case," and cast it aside. But through one of the complex accidents that sometimes take place in a printing office that earnest comment was actually set up in type, and published as the shortest but perhaps the most universally admired leading article on record. That the Education Bill, which has barred the way of all useful legislation for the past twelve months, deserves the fate invoked for the Gorham case is a broad conclusion beyond dispute.

But turning aside in equally hopeless disgust from the Bill as designed by its author, and from the product of the transmutation it has undergone in the Lords, it is possible that some of us may have tried in imagination during its progress to work out a system of dealing with the young generation of this country, that should be inspired neither by the passions of political parties, nor the mutual loathing of those whose Christianity has undergone different finishing touches. If we set out merely with the simple desire to determine what would really be the best plan that could be adopted for bringing up the children of the people, in such a way as would fit them most happily for the destinies to which they may have been born,—and the infinite opportunities which life in a civilised country may afford,—to what conclusions do we come?

Even the past history of the well-intentioned, clumsily conducted scheme by which the principle of national education was set on foot in 1870, may help to throw some light on the free fight in which we find all parties at present engaged. We need not credit the scheme of 1870 with supreme wisdom when we recognise that, at all events, at that period the religious difficulty had hardly asserted itself. The Board Schools of Mr. Forster's design provided for no religious catechism or religious formulæ distinctive of any particular denomination, leaving undisturbed the schools that were mainly supported by denominational funds. The enthusiasts for religious teaching were in no way prejudiced. The Forster Board Schools were merely designed to diffuse the three R's over a wider area than before, and as long as the Forster forecast, that the rate supporting them would never exceed three pence in the pound was maintained, the religious difficulty remained below the horizon. It has been encouraged to spread over the whole sky by the extravagant development given to the original Board School scheme, when educational fanatics were not content with simply rescuing the children of the people from the ignoble ignorance liable to submerge them at former periods. Everybody seems to have been content with the idea that you could not expect much religion for 3d. in the £, but when the Board School began to assume palatial proportions, to concern itself with the arts and



sciences, with cookery and music, then, as was well explained in an article concerning the Education Acts of 1902 and 1903, which appeared in the very first number of BROAD VIEWS in January, 1904, "the voluntary schools began to fall into the rear, for the subscriptions could not keep up with the movement." The Church of England, as well as Nonconformist schools, were swallowed up by the school boards. And in truth it is by the aggressive usurpation of territory into which it never had any proper title to intrude, that national education has brought down upon its own head the ferocious passions that invariably rage around differences of faith that split up Christian society into sects.

Of course it is easier to break up a system that has worked decently well, than to reconstruct it when later generations may be sorry for the breakage. If we could get back to the conditions of 1870, it is just possible that political parties eager to fight, would find some field of battle,—some tournament lists,—better suited for the purpose than board schools. There is no sense in the system under which the rivalry of Episcopalian and Nonconformist congregations goes in double harness, with the personal rivalry of antagonistic politicians, or is used as an ostensible justification of a combat with which really it has nothing to do; in the way that in duelling days men who were reluctant to explain fully why they sought each other's blood, were content to pretend they did so by reason of a word spoken at the card table. No one of intelligence in this country is the dupe of the hollow pretence on the basis of which the immemorial hostility of democracy and privilege is represented in the present war. Even that primitive strife itself is lost sight of to some extent in the midst of the purely personal struggle of modern politics. Perhaps in the so-called Conservative camp there is some genuine attachment to the imperial principle; which in the other camp is sincerely regarded as offensive to individual liberty abroad and the sacred theories of popular representation. But although under a dozen different heads one could group views of public life which are black in the one camp and white in the other, it would be difficult indeed for a politician in the present day to define in terms of abstract principle the essential antagonisms

clustering round a few conspicuous names. Neither party represents any nobler principle, as far as its parliamentary representatives are concerned, than the supremely desirable purpose of tripping up the representatives of the other side. *Ote-toi quê je m'y mets* is the motto of all alike. And thus directly we begin to think of any scheme by means of which some great national result might be brought about, one feels that its realisation would only be possible in a land newly risen from the waves, or swept clean of its earlier traditions by a glacial deluge. So far as parliament and the newspapers are concerned, we have been talking for the past twelve months of little else than the Education Bill, and yet one has at once to recognise that the question "How ought the children to be taught" is one that lies hopelessly outside the sphere of practical politics.

It is merely a vision in which one may indulge when we seek, in a contemplative mood, for an answer to that question. But surely they ought to be taught with some reference to the conditions of life in which they find themselves (whether that station has been designed by Providence or by influences of lesser dignity), and at the same time we have to recognise that the generous system of dealing with the children of the people must include the gift to them of resources by means of which, if they have it in them to rise, they should be able to accomplish their own elevation. It is clear that no one could cultivate his higher faculties without in the first instance being in command of the written, as well as the spoken, language. Even granting that, the boy whose condition in life renders it inevitable that at an early age he should earn his own living by some kind of manual labour, cannot be *taught* to cultivate his mind if the impulse to do this is not of spontaneous growth. But the boy who can read—in a world of free libraries—has boundless opportunities before him. The boy who does not want to read, whose aspirations rise no higher than the pleasures, whatever they may be, of his own class, will not be made to cultivate his mind, even if he is constrained to study Shakespeare and the musical glasses. And the money extorted for the purpose of imposing that constraint upon him, from the heavily burdened middle class, is for the most part as wantonly wasted as though it

were flung into the sea. A really intelligent view of the national education problem would have been concerned rather with the doubt whether it was justifiable to compel all the children of the people to learn even reading and writing, than with the question whether it was desirable in all cases to supplement that teaching with instruction in much more advanced subjects. Sir Walter Besant's book about the East End of London ought to be studied by those who are enthusiastic about expanding the work of the board schools. In that enormous region to which the book refers the people for the most part shuffle off all recollection of their board school sufferings at the earliest possible age. In square miles of crowded streets there is no such thing as a shop in which a book could be bought. The humblest indulgences in eating, drinking and dress are all that really concern the aspirations of their inhabitants. If this ruthless criticism does not apply to all, the few who are unlike the many, find their way to other realms of existence.

And there can be no doubt that much fruitless hardship is imposed on masses of the children driven unwillingly to school on multitudes of the parents pestered by the inquisition of the school board myrmidons, and robbed of the domestic help their children could often render and which they so urgently need. But still looking to ideal possibilities, one cannot but feel that a State which allowed any considerable number of its people to grow up in ignorance of reading and writing, would fail to subserve the mightier purposes for which it has been endowed with civilization. But ought the State to do more than aim at investing every child, subordinate to its control, with the means of advancing in culture and condition if the aspiration to do this be there? Because our modern school authorities have attempted to do so much, the line of demarcation bounding their duties is pushed further and further back towards a wider horizon. The question now is, not merely how the children should be taught, but how they should be fed? Quite as important a problem, perhaps, but not the same problem. As all who realise fundamental principles are well aware, it would be easy to provide that all the children should be fed, and that all the grown up people should have wages, but that cannot be done if they are all to

be left also to do what they like,—in the full enjoyment of that individual liberty so ardently worshipped by the modern Liberal. If all the people are to be cared for by the State, they must all be under the control of the State, and liable to compulsion when appropriate work is assigned them, and in a secondary degree the same answer must be given when the question is, "How shall the children be fed?" They go hungry when this is their fate, by reason of the fact that their fathers are free men. And whether it will be possible, in spite of that, to feed them, is a question that no experience as yet has enabled us to answer. We can only see with certainty that if the attempt is made the fathers, for the most part, will cheerfully resign it to the State, though resigning no other detail of their birthright.

But even if we assume that children are somehow fed and constrained, in accordance with what may be a sound principle, to learn at all events to read, what else is it incumbent on the State under our ideal system to impose upon them as compulsory teaching? It is assumed, sometimes, that the people of England as a whole are so deeply religious that they would feel shocked if their children were brought up in heathen ignorance. The conception is not a little strained in view of the fact that to a large extent the parents can only be induced to let their children go to school at all by fear of the police-court and the fines. But suppose for a moment we assume that in a majority of cases the people of England desire their children to be taught religion, what is the religion which ought to be taught? It is sadly amusing to observe the grotesque confusion of ideas exhibited in all parliamentary discussion on this subject. For each champion of religious teaching, religion means nothing but the doctrine of his own sect, or if some pretender to impartiality suggests a compromise, he recommends this in a phrase which is even more ludicrous in its destitution of meaning than the controversies of antagonistic creeds. What lessons would be imparted by the schoolmaster appointed to administer "simple Bible teaching?" One would like the advocates of that expression to define the teaching of the Bible, and if the London *gamin* should prove as inquisitive as Bishop Colenso's Zulu, would the exponent of simple Bible teaching be at liberty to

explain, that in the estimation of the modern world, Genesis has to be taken with a great deal of salt? There is no abstract religious doctrine recognised at present which could be recommended as a substitute for the varied denominational extravagances that inspire the enthusiasm of each independent sect.

But the recognition of this grievous state of things does indeed suggest the possibility, that if the educational problem could be rescued from the degraded quagmire of parliamentary life, it might perhaps at some time, not hopelessly distant in the future, be possible for the representatives of Christian teaching in its varied aspects to find out, in a conference on the subject, whether, indeed, there may not be some fundamental religious conceptions on which they are all agreed. One would have to be content with a very elementary statement as the creed to be taught by common consent in the period devoted to religious instruction to all the children of England alike in the board schools. But even those who represent the most advanced studies in spiritual science and are least disposed to take a serious view of the mythologies with which the Churches have been content, will be inclined to believe that beneath these there must be some underlying beliefs inspired by genuine reverence for the Divine idea which are common to all sects, and might be available as principles that should guide human conduct. Richard Burton somewhere quotes an epigrammatic epitome of religious systems which he,—if the present writer's recollection be right,—assigns to Humboldt. All religions may be divided, he says, into three parts: a system of cosmogony which is more or less absurd; a system of morals which is more or less admirable; and a historical novelette that is more or less interesting. Now, the intermediate portion is that which it is most essential to convey to the minds of the rising generation. That it could be formulated in such a way as also to be dignified by a reverent recognition of Divine authority—as the source from which all conceptions of right and wrong must flow—ought surely to seem possible alike for the Churchman and the Nonconformist! They are a quarrelsome race—people concerned with religious denominations—but surely if the exacerbation of political intrigue were somehow eliminated from the problem, it might be possible

even for rival sectarians to agree on some neutral teaching which might at the same time be inoffensive to them and inoffensive to the growing intelligence of the thinking world, for which religion is coming to mean so much more than ecclesiastical dogma.

For many reasons it would be eminently desirable that something of this kind should be done. That if it could be done, the religious difficulty as regards national education would be solved, would be a fairly sufficient motive to begin with, but beyond this it is quite likely that future generations, timed to arrive on earth very soon, will begin to take religion seriously, not merely as a habit of respectable society. New knowledge is dawning, and the region of the unknown—once supposed to be that of the unknowable—is opening out before modern exploration. While the intellectual world was no better qualified than the average bishop to define the conditions of superphysical existence, it was content to leave the bishop to speculate as he pleased on the subject, and to formulate the faith to be held by whosoever would be tolerated in good company. But the Church can only retain its authority by adapting itself to accomplished facts. The use of anæsthetics in domestic crises prevailed against clerical disapproval suggested by certain phrases in the Bible. And now it is with—not "without doubt"—that the pulpit discusses the probability under some circumstances of perishing everlastingly. But, after all, Christianity is a grand, solemn fact in the world which no sane member—least of all those who share modern enlightenment concerning spiritual truths, have any mind to defame. Not because there are streaks of comedy in the constitution of the artificial organisation called the Church is the majesty of Divine law impaired. If the clergy could be brought to understand that, how grand a destiny might be theirs! And sooner or later they must grow up and learn to put away childish things—childish pretences of belief in mediæval theologies. Might not a beginning in that direction be made by a conference of religious representatives all professing to be Christians, who should find out what, if anything, they all believe in—what is the irreducible minimum of faith that constitutes Christianity?

Then incidentally it would be plain beyond question that the religion appropriate to national schools had been discovered.

And, meanwhile, there is no real difficulty in determining how the children ought to be taught. If they are taught to read and write, and to know right from wrong, those of them who are qualified to teach themselves something more, would be adequately armed for the battle of life.

But when can we hope that the interests of the children shall be rescued from the clutches of the self-seeking politician?

A. P. SINNETT.

AN IMMORTAL SOUL

By W. H. Mallock.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Barton's sermon was, perhaps, somewhat over the heads of those to whom it purported to be more particularly addressed; but the manner of the preacher made its appeal to all; and Miss Vivian had been lifted by him, as she listened, into the regions of reverential dream. Sunday being esteemed a day of freedom from the ties of ordinary business, she had been nourishing a hope that a visitor, who had lately absented himself, might in the course of the afternoon, have appeared at Cliff's End once more. But the afternoon passed, the hour for church arrived, and no Sir Rawlin had presented himself at Lady Susannah's tea-table. Her hope, in fading, had seemed to carry along with it, as it had done on former occasions, a whole world of interests and longings into the twilight of lost illusions; and again, as on former occasions, out of the void thus left other interests and hungers had at once made their voices audible. Having put the last touch to her veil before starting for church, she had been moved to open the pages of Mr Barton's "Secret Way." Her eyes had happened to fall on these words, which were St. Augustine's, and throughout Barton's sermon, her mood had been in tune with these. "I did not as yet love anything; but already I was in love with loving; and I was searching all the world for something on which my love might rest." In the accents of the preacher, in the atmosphere of the sacred building, in the organ whose "throats of gold" wailed for

some divine fruition—was not this sought-for something to be found amongst things like these?

Monday came, and the same mood persisted; though the second post did something to interrupt it, by bringing invitations for the family to Lord Cotswold's evening party. That might mean, she reflected—it might mean—what? It might mean nothing, or worse than nothing. It might merely show her what she divined already—that she was forgotten.

That she was not forgotten, however, in the literal sense of the word, was made evident to her the next morning, when a large envelope, having something bulky inside it, was put into her hands by her maid, who found her already wakeful. What she drew out of it surprised, indeed, almost shocked her. It was a pamphlet called "Thought and Sensation"—the words were to her unintelligible—which announced itself as part of the "Proceedings" of a learned Society in Chicago. Together with this, however, as she saw presently, was a note. It was brief; and yet its brevity had one consolatory feature. There was no formal beginning. It ran thus:

"I have been, since I saw you last, so completely the slave of business—yes, even on Sunday I was condemned to the preparation of speeches—that I have not had a moment to myself; but I have often been thinking of the talk which we promised ourselves about Dr. Thistlewood's Lecture; and it occurred to me that what I enclose might interest you. The writer is a very eminent man; though I must confess that his style is a trifle dry. If you are going on Tuesday night, as I hope you are, to visit our enchanted castle, we can have our talk then about this, and other things as well. I am, meanwhile, as you know I am, your sincere friend, Rawlin Stantor."

Lighter at heart than she had been the day before, and occasionally distracted by thoughts of her evening's toilette, she yet came down to breakfast with listless and languid eyes; and all the details of her dress having been discussed and settled before luncheon, and a very slight misfit under one of the sleeves rectified, she found the afternoon a blank, with nothing but doubts beyond it—doubts, and the single certainty that her dress would be at least triumphant.

Late in the afternoon, however, as she was wandering about the garden aimlessly, she discovered that she was in her sorrows not without a companion. She come upon Oswald, whose haughty and clouded brow gave familiar signs that he was struggling with some form of adverse destiny.

"I wish to goodness, Nest," he said, "that I could see Sir Rawlin Stantor. Why doesn't he come in the morning, and walk you off to the golf-ground?"

"Why, may I ask," said Miss Vivian, "do you want to see Sir Rawlin?"

"I want to ask him," said Oswald, "if I can start for the East at once. I have had enough of Europe."

"Really," retorted Miss Vivian, "I am not Sir Rawlin's keeper. I suppose he is too busy with this stupid election. Or else, which is perhaps more likely, he has too much to say to Lady Conway."

This suggestion was by no means well received. "I have my reasons," said Oswald, "for thinking that that's not probable. Lady Conway is busy herself. Even I have seen nothing of her lately. If it hadn't been for that fool, Mr. Hugo, I should have taken her with me the other night to dinner at Lord Cotswold's. Perhaps on the whole it was just as well I didn't. Look here, Nest, I should rather like to show you something. You've a very good ear for verses. This is something—it's merely a bit of fancy—which I made up this morning, and I don't think it sounds bad."

Oswald, while he spoke, had produced a sheet of paper; and Miss Vivian consenting to listen, he cleared his throat, and began; "My branded heart," he ejaculated. "But no, no—that's not right. That's the wtong copy. Here we are. Now listen.

"My life was like the storm-blown cloud,
You made its heart of darkness shine;
Your gaze—the world may call it proud—
Grew tender when it mixed with mine.

Take back your gift, if so you will,
If love to love be now denied,
One link remains unbroken still,
I still can give you pride for pride.

"For you," the poet continued, with the gesture of a lost angel,

"For you the ball-room's jaded glow—
The gems unworthy of your hair.
For me the milk-white domes that blow
Their bubbles to the orient air.

Your heart at dawn, in curtained ease,
Shall ache through dreams that are not rest,
While mine shall leap to meet the seas
That broke against Leander's breast.

Or could you mark my turbaned brow,
When I my lonely vigils keep
By moonlight, neath some cyprus bough,
Where bulbuls sing and Moslems sleep—

Bother now! Where's the rest? I've left it, I'm afraid, indoors."

"Well," said Miss Vivian hastily, "you must read it another time. Here's Berry looking for me. Dear Oswald, that was very pretty about Leander; but I don't think that at the Embassy you're likely to wear a turban."

"What nonsense," said Oswald. "It's got nothing to do with me. I thought of calling it 'One Mood of a Man.'"

"Mr. Barton, Miss," said Berry, "is in her ladyship's boudoir. I told him you were about the place. A letter for you, Mr. Oswald. The boy who brought it didn't wait for an answer."

The direction was in a bold, but evidently female hand. Oswald turned the envelope over. On the back of it was a gilt coronet. Oswald's ravaged countenance underwent a striking change. He thrust his poem into his pocket with something very like contempt; and quite forgetting his cousin, he plunged into a path amongst the laurel-bushes. Here he opened his letter. It was an invitation from Lady Conway to go with her an hour hence for a drive. He was pressing the notepaper to his lips, when some small species of projectile seemed to spit itself through the bushes and sharply stung his leg. A passing suspicion that he might have been attacked by some ambushed rival was dissipated by the emergence of Mr. Hugo, armed with a small air-gun, and wearing on his face a bland scientific smile. Oswald was by this time far above the reach of irritation. "My dear fellow," he said magnificently, "please mind what you're doing. You've spoilt the silk

facings of my coat. I must ask you to be merciful to my trousers."

"I meant it," said Mr Hugo, "for a horrible she-cat, who I'm sure has designs of a matrimonial kind on Peter."

"Hush," whispered Oswald. "I see her. I see her tail. Oh Mr. Hugo, do let me have a shot at her. What a pity! She's gone. Quick—we shall catch her yet." And the poet and the man of science sprang down the descending pathway.

Miss Vivian, meanwhile, had entered the green boudoir. Could Oswald only have realised the air of secret experience which anyone who knew women would have detected in her mien and movements, he would have sacrificed the prospect of many turbans to acquire it. It vaguely impressed Mr. Barton even. He could not explain its meaning. Was she, he asked himself, in any way getting beyond him—there was in her manner, such an aplomb as she motioned him to resume his seat. But no. He looked in her eyes, and they seemed to him still so young, and also so frankly sad, that he saw in her more poignantly than ever his own spiritual child.

"I called," he began, "on the chance of finding you in, because I have something special—indeed two things—that I want to tell you. One thing is this—if you can be patient with me for a few minutes. It has been on my mind," he continued, as Miss Vivian seated herself, "that in my sermon, which was a mere introduction, and consequently very incomplete, I might have conveyed to you a false impression by the manner in which I spoke of the body. The body, like the soul, is a wonderful work of God; and from the Christian point of view, of course, it demands our reverence. From the Christian point of view it is the Temple of the Holy Ghost: and also the dwelling-place of our Blessed Lord's humanity. It is also—I did say this, but not perhaps with enough emphasis—the vehicle of the Christian Sacraments. We are confirmed by the contact of the Bishop's hands with our heads. Moreover the very persistence of the body, so long as the soul inhabits it, is an adumbration of persistence of the soul. Each of our bodies retains, so long as we live, the mystical efficacy of Confirmation and Baptism; and above all, it is through the body that the living Humanity of our Lord makes itself

one with ours, when he enters us in the sacred Bread. When this happens to you, you will, as one of the great saints has said 'be holding your Lord your prisoner'; and you may murmur to Him, 'Thou art within me, and I will not let Thee go.' I wanted to impress this on you; and I wanted to do so this afternoon, because the claims of the body have this morning been brought home to me in a very unlooked-for way. In my parish, thank God, there is generally little sickness, but it contains, unfortunately, one isolated group of cottages—about half a mile away from that house of Lord Cotswold's—which are ill-drained and neglected; and there, it has just been reported to me, there has been an outbreak of an illness which may possibly be a dangerous fever. The doctor will know to-morrow, and should his fears be realised my work will probably lie for some time among the sick, and the chances of my carrying infection may meanwhile perhaps cut me off from you. I thought, therefore, that I would try to see you for just these few minutes only; and now, though I might like to stay, I can't—I must be hurrying home again."

Miss Vivian thanked him for coming, assured him that she understood his meaning, and expressed her concern at the news which he had just told her. Mr. Barton replied that it might be a false alarm, as nothing certain could be known till the following morning. "I only hope," he said, "that our doctor—for he, too, is one of these Freethinkers—will give all attention, like a Christian, to these maladies of the obscure and humble." Miss Vivian begged that he would, at all events, remain for tea, but Mr. Barton, though betraying an inclination to consent, refused.

"By the way," he said, looking back from the doorway, "there was one thing I wished to ask you. I have received an invitation for to-night to play a little sacred music at Lord Cotswold's. I distrust his atmosphere, as I told you; but still, for that very reason, if you are going I should be tempted to go too."

"My dear Nest," exclaimed Mr. Carlton, as she entered the drawing-room before dinner, "how naughty of you! Come here and let me feel that stuff—all grey clouds and silver. What do you call it? Smoke colour? And the violets, and the little touch of red! And now the shoes—put out the little shoes. And

the fan, and the gloves—how naughty of you! You look as if you were going to break every one of our poor hearts."

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Cotswold's party was to begin at ten o'clock, Lady Conway and Sir Rawlin having dined with him; and dinner, which was somewhat late in consequence of Lady Conway's expedition with Oswald, was but just drawing to its conclusion when the hour in question struck.

Lord Cotswold had explained that he had got together about forty guests—some of them being Indian or Colonial officials and their wives, who years ago had been hospitable to him in the course of his many travels, and of whom, of the wives especially, he entertained grateful recollections. Others were Southquay residents who possessed political influence, or who were, like old Mrs. Summerfield, retired veterans of the world. Mr. Barton who, it was hoped, would be the musical hero of the evening, was to be kept in countenance by the performances of a small string-band; and an entertainment which might possibly be even more popular than the music—that is to say, an exhibition of moving photographs—was to take place in Dr. Thistlewood's big bare room.

"Well," said Lord Cotswold, as the clock gave its warning, "we must have our cigars later. The music will be in the room that opens into the conservatory. We can smoke and be warm under a palm tree, whilst our clergyman discourses music."

The arrivals soon began, and the string band in the music room struck up punctually at the first peal of the doorbell. The company were easy to entertain, as the larger part of them knew each other; and the inspection of a singular house, which had hitherto been a local mystery, was enough to keep them, as they dispersed themselves, amused, talking, and occupied.

In due time came the party from Cliff's End. "My dear," said Lord Cotswold to Miss Vivian, "you are the moon clothed in clouds. The other night Lady Conway gave us a moon unclouded. I prefer the clouds. I wonder if we can find you an Endymion. We can find you a seat at all events. Most of my friends have gone on into the music room."

The music room was dimly lighted by a number of coloured lanterns, and the general effect was pleasing. Rumours were in circulation to the effect that Mr. Barton was going to play; but he had not yet arrived. Nor did he do so before Lord Cotswold, in order to make up for his absence, had directed that the moving photographs should be exhibited as a preliminary diversion. The entire body of the guests was trooping in to the exhibition, when, full of apologies, the defaulter greeted his host, at whose suggestion, with alacrity, he followed the disappearing sightseers.

When the last of this band had gone, Lord Cotswold heaved a sigh of relief. As he did so he drew out a large cigar case, and quietly passed through the open window into the conservatory, in the dim leafage of which was the murmur of two men's voices. The music-room had not, however, been left entirely empty. Miss Vivian, when the exodus began, had remained in a shaded corner, and now she was alone with Lady Conway, who likewise had not stirred.

"Come," said Lady Conway, "come and sit down by me. That's right. Now I can talk to you comfortably. Help me to think. Have I seen you since that famous ball? Of course I did—at the mesmerist's, and I thought your hat charming. Tell me who made your dress? When I was your age I never had a dress like that. Oh, my dear, what a bore—here comes the Church in person as cross as two sticks at seeing you appropriated by the world. It's you the good man wants. You are one of his pet lambs, I suppose. Depend upon it that man has a very bad, nasty temper. Mr. Barton—I'm sure you are Mr. Barton—do sit down and play to us. Play us something soft—play anything—just for our two selves. Anything," she added in a whisper, "that will prevent him from trying to talk to us."

Mr. Barton, who having vainly sought for, had at last found Miss Vivian, disappointed though he was at finding her thus engaged, could not resist this appeal, and settled himself down to play. Lady Conway, who had never heard him before, was, to her own surprise, for a minute or two, unconscious of anything but his music, but gradually her ear was penetrated by sounds of another kind—namely, those of a low-toned conversation proceeding from a group of men, who were seated outside the window on

the broad steps of the conservatory. A sudden flash in her eyes showed that she had divined its tenour.

"Mr. Barton," she exclaimed, "don't stop playing, whatever you do. That really is too delicious. We are only moving in order to hear better. My dear, do you mind coming rather nearer the window."

They transferred themselves to a pair of chairs, which were shielded from any draught by the curtains, and Mr. Barton began again. The voices of those outside were now clearly audible. The music filled the room with its soft dissolving cadences, but Lady Conway saw, as she knew she would, that her companion's ears heard nothing of it. "It's just as well," she said to herself, "that she should realise what men are."

"Women of different races," Dr. Thistlewood had just been saying, "Scotch, French, Italian, differ as much from each other as the languages in which they talk, and as little."

"Our friend here," said Lord Cotswold, "would, I think, quite agree with you. I remember, Rawlin, your telling me in earlier days, that in talking to one woman you very often forgot that she was not another whom you had talked to somewhere else six months before, the only change being that she had migrated to a different house."

"I didn't know," said Sir Rawlin, "that I had ever put the case like that. If I did, I meant something which is certainly true in one sense. All the great religions tell us to love man as man. This can only mean that we are to love not men, but manhood, which alone gives an equal value to Harry and Tom and Dick. If that's the case, the same thing must be obviously true about womanhood—that this is what we really seek for, whether in Moll or Meg or Marjory. I dare say to Dr. Thistlewood all this seems mere romance."

"On the contrary," said Dr. Thistlewood, "it seems to me strict science. A man has a passion for roses; but his passion does not lose its object with the death of any single flower. The individual women whom men love, just like the individual roses, are merely so many cups which scoop up the same water for them. And the same thing is true of the driest scientific experiment. Every experiment must be made on a particular specimen

—whether of a gas, or a mineral, or blood, or fermenting beer. But we value the specimen for everything rather than for itself. Each is only a different eye-piece through which we peer into the same universe."

"I'm not quite sure," said Sir Rawlin, "that I have, when it comes to practice, quite the courage of what I sometimes take to be my opinions. If the individual woman is nothing more than the cup, still it is the cup alone that enables us to drink the water; and for each of us only one such cup, out of every thousand, will hold it. If we find one that will, we should be careful not to break it."

"That," said Lord Cotswold, putting his hand on Sir Rawlin's shoulder, "is what Dr. Gustav does not see. There are some kinds of experiment which he has never himself tried, But here come our worthy guests back from the pleasures of photography. Finish your cigars if you like. I shall have to sacrifice mine."

The three smokers rose. Lord Cotswold and Dr. Thistlewood disappeared at once into the music-room, where Mr. Barton became a centre of entreaties from his host and from a ring of others, that he would give them what they hoped to hear. Sir Rawlin remained behind, standing just outside a window. Not a yard away from him, partially hidden by a curtain, a figure moved within, and presently stood confronting him. Miss Vivian supposed him to have passed in with the others, and was herself about to seek a seclusion which she took for solitude. On seeing him she slightly started, and made a movement as though to turn away.

Sir Rawlin instinctively held out a hand to check her, and there was something in his eyes and voice which she found herself unable to resist.

"What," he said, "are you going? It's days since I've seen you—days since I've said a word to you. Come down amongst the palms. We shall be able to talk there. Or if you'd rather listen to the music we will be silent. You won't miss a note."

She looked at him, and after a moment's hesitation her hand sought his.

"Be careful you don't slip," he said, as he led her down the

glimmering steps. "Till I saw you again I hardly knew how I'd missed you. What do you say to those chairs? Have the one with the cushions. That's right. Be comfortable. Well, we can talk at last."

"You're sure," she said, "that I don't bore you? You don't mind being alone with me? If that's so, I'll say to you, as I think I must have said to you at the ball. Don't talk to me yet. Let me listen for a little to the music, and get myself ready for a question I want to ask you."

For several minutes they both of them remained silent. At last she said carelessly, "Mr. Barton plays well, doesn't he?"

"He is," said Sir Rawlin, "a man of many accomplishments. Do you like him?"

The girl's lips formed themselves into a tantalising half smile. "Yes," she answered, "enormously. Mr. Barton, or rather Mr. Barton plus a piano, is—do you think, Sir Rawlin, you'd understand me if I tried to explain myself by a simile?"

"I'm afraid I shan't," said Sir Rawlin, "unless you will consent to try me."

"With the addition I spoke of," said Miss Vivian, "I mean of a piano or an organ—Mr. Barton is a cup which scoops up very beautiful music. I'm not sure now whether I won't keep my question to myself."

"You must for the moment, at all events," said Sir Rawlin, somewhat abruptly. "Listen. There are some people coming. Suppose we go somewhere else. At the far end of the conservatory is a smoking-room in a round tower. We shan't be interrupted there."

Miss Vivian had risen as quickly almost as he had; and they were soon making their way along a lane between banked flowers, on one side of which, through glass came the shinings of the moon and sea.

"You heard then," said Sir Rawlin presently, "what we were talking about as we sat there smoking?"

"Some of it," said the girl, "some of it. My question has to do with that. Wait till I ask it. Look—does this remind you of nothing? It's like that place at the ball where I lost myself in a stupid dream."

Whilst she was speaking, the moon, hitherto full and brilliant, was suddenly overcast. "What a startling eclipse," said Sir Rawlin, drawing her more closely to his side. "Let us go to the window in the tower, and try to make out what's happening."

The door of the tower was open, and firelight shone within. On entering, they found themselves in a small circular room, with a window facing the sea, and opening out on a balcony. They looked out on a scene which charmed them by its visionary wildness. The moon was by this time wholly lost to sight; and masses of travelling cloud, the comformations of which were vaguely distinguishable, had already hidden half the sky with their slowly-moving noiseless wings.

At last she said to him, "If you and I were outside there, I should hardly see you as well as I did when we stood together in the mist. Everything changes. Don't you think it does? There's one question for you, though it is not the one I meant."

"Let me," said Sir Rawlin, "hear the one that you did mean. I'll do my best to answer it. My inclination is to tell you too much rather than too little."

She took him gently by the coat, holding it with both her hands, and looking at him with a smile which at first made him doubt her seriousness. "Tell me," she began, "do men really think of women as wine-glasses, which they put to their lips, drink from, and then throw away behind them? Is that what happens? I should very much like to know."

"My dear," said Sir Rawlin, "you must never let a simile run away with you. Still, if you keep to this one, which was not mine, but Dr. Thistlewood's, I should say this in answer to you. Should a man know that, if he drank from one of these delicate vessels, it might, owing to his nature or his circumstances, drop from his hand afterwards, he had better remain thirsty, and not drink at all. This is a hard saying. The truth of it one learns only from experience."

"If I were the glass," said Miss Vivian, "and I found myself being treated like that, I should feel, not that I was being taken care of, but that I was not worth being lifted. But you must know better than I do. Yes, you have had experience, by which you mean many experiences, just as you have seen many countries

and I dare say you've broken and thrown away many things. Is that so? I think it is, for do you know what you're doing now? If you don't go away, or if I don't, you'll have broken my flowers presently—my poor violets. How dark they look, see, by this dim light, almost black. You may break them," she went on, "if you like—," but her words ended in a gasp. For a single dazzling instant, Sir Rawlin's face to her and her face to him, suddenly seemed to have turned into a mask of illuminated alabaster, and a pennon of blinding fire had shaken itself across the night outside. The next thing Sir Rawlin knew was that her face was hidden on his shoulder and that the beating of her heart was as audible to him as if it had been his own. Then, after a breathless silence, came a crackle and a roar of thunder, so long and loud that the window-frame and the floor trembled.

Sir Rawlin, remembering what he had seen before, had been conscious for a moment of nothing but a fear that the girl might faint and an anxiety of a mixed kind as to the consequences. Something, however, told him that this precise result was unlikely. When the thunder began she had clung to him yet more closely, but this very act showed him that she was not losing her strength.

"My dear," he said to her, not pausing to choose his words, "Nest, my dearest child, come back to the music-room. You won't hear the thunder, you won't see the lightning there." But he felt that this suggestion met with very small approval. Her laces brushed his hands. The scent of her violets, which now were being bruised indeed, faintly touched his nostrils. Then, as he could not extricate himself, his face bent slowly down to her, and she was aware that a kiss had formed itself as his lips touched her hair. At that instant there came a second flash, which seemed as if it had licked the window-panes, and the thunder followed after barely a second's interval. "Come," Sir Rawlin repeated, winding his arm about her. "Come inside at once. It is madness to wait here longer—madness for many reasons. What, my child, won't you do as I ask you? Nest, do you know this?—I have dreamt of you every night."

At last she looked up at him, her head thrown slightly back. He felt momentary pressure of her deep-drawn happy sigh, and her

dimmed eyes, now seeking his, were expectant. "I, too, have had my dreams," she said. "Is this the fulfilment?"

These last words, which were a whisper, seemed to lose themselves in a blue-white blaze, accompanied by a crash quite close to them, like that of an exploding shell. The floor and the walls shook, and a pane of glass was shivered. For a moment they were both bewildered by the sound, the light, the shock. The room was filled with dust and a curious odour. Sir Rawlin, recovering himself, looked first towards the window, then at the girl, whose hand was now gripping his. To his astonishment she was smiling calmly.

"Well," she said, "we are still alive—or I think we are."

"Do you know," said Sir Rawlin, "what has happened? The lightning has struck the balcony, and a bit of the stone has fallen. Now, positively, and with no more nonsense, you must go."

He wound his arm round her waist, with the effect very nearly of carrying her, and hurried her back with him through the narrow passage of the conservatory. By the time, however, that they had reached the steps of the conservatory their bearing was beyond reproach—not only his, but hers. She patted her violets, as she mounted, into something like their pristine order, contrived with possibly more success than he to enter as though nothing had happened that was more unusual than the storm.

Sir Rawlin was lost in wonder at her singular self-possession, but he noticed as she sat down, which she did at his suggestion on the first chair which presented itself, that, in spite of her self-possession, her limbs had begun to tremble. "I must," he said "tell Lord Cotswold about the accident that has befallen his premises."

"Do," she said, smiling. "Find him. I am perfectly happy here."

Their entrance was unnoticed, as had probably been their absence also, for the storm which had interrupted Mr. Barton in his triumphant rendering of a Mass had constituted a more moving performance than the finest piano playing in the world.

Lord Cotswold, catching sight of Sir Rawlin, came towards him with an odd glitter in his eyes. "This is nearly as fine," he

said, "as what you and I witnessed once amongst the mounds of Babylon, when we'd nothing but a tent to protect us. We had, my dear fellow, no lightning conductors there. We had to take our chance, and enjoyed it."

"I don't want to frighten your guests," said Sir Rawlin, lowering his voice, "but you must, I think, have taken your conductors on trust. A bit of the balcony of your smoking-room window is gone. I was close by when it happened."

"Then my landlord," said Lord Cotswold, placidly, "must bear the loss of his balcony better, my dear Rawlin, than I should have borne the loss of you."

A plaintive voice interrupted them. It was Lady Susannah Lipscombe's. "Sir Rawlin," she said, "can you tell me what's become of Nest? You know what makes me anxious."

"You needn't be anxious," he said. "I had taken her to see the conservatory just as the storm broke. There she is, and you'll find her as calm as you are.'"

Lady Susannah hastened to the girl's side. Lord Cotswold's eyes followed her. "I assume," he said, "that the shepherdess shared your adventures. If she's been frightened, as the aunt seems to suppose, she's the first shepherdess I've seen who could make fright ornamental. Another flash—did you see it? And now wait for the thunder. Hark—it was a long time coming. The storm's drifting away from us. Listen again. That's rain. Well, since our friends are no longer in danger, they will be brave enough to enjoy hearing what their danger has been."

The news of the catastrophe proved to be highly popular, and one or two adventurous spirits, headed by Mr. Hugo, who felt, from his intimate knowledge of it, that the lightning was a sort of cousin of his own, set out to inspect the havoc with a pleasant sense of intrepidity. Mr. Barton, meanwhile, who had been searching for Miss Vivian vainly, having now seen her, and seen, too, that she had no other company than her aunt's, with an ill-restrained eagerness made his way towards her. By the time he reached her she had risen, and, leaning against the wall, was tapping the ground impatiently with the tip of a grey kid shoe, and affecting to pull her long gloves over her elbows, which, as a matter of fact, they showed no inclination to leave.

"My dear," her aunt was saying to her, "you're sure that you feel quite well?"

"Perfectly," said Miss Vivian. "I'm only a little restless. I feel as if I must walk about."

"Will you," said Mr. Barton, "take a turn about the room with me."

"There's nothing in the world," said Miss Vivian, "that I should like less. I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to be rude. Come, Mr. Barton, stroll with me round the room, as you said. Unfortunately we can't go fast; and I would sooner walk than talk."

Mr. Barton was overjoyed to have her, let the terms be what they might. The scantiness of the furniture rendered walking easy; whilst the company, though some had already gone into supper, was still sufficiently numerous to render it not conspicuous. Their wandering *téte-à-téte* had not, however, lasted long, when Dr. Thistlewood, who had for some time been missing, entered the room in haste, and immediately came up to them.

"Mr. Barton," he began, "I have something special to say to you."

Mr. Barton bowed stiffly, whilst his eyes fixed themselves on this ill-bred enemy of souls, as though asking the freezing question, "What have I to do with thee?"

Dr. Thistlewood, however, taking no note of this, had turned to Miss Vivian, with a glance that searched her face. "What is this?" he said. "Has the thunder jarred your nerves? It often does that to some people. You stay here, and I'll speak to you in another moment."

Mr. Barton's face had grown more and more severe. "Well sir," he said, "what is it?"

"I want to tell you," said Dr. Thistlewood, "that in one of the cottages over the hill, there's a woman dying. I've been with her for the last half hour. The parish doctor was engaged. The case is not infectious. My remedies and advice have done all they can. She is anxious to receive yours, which I trust may be more efficacious. You needn't be afraid of the rain. It stopped as I was on my way back. If it wasn't that this young lady would be the better for a little attention, I would have walked there with you

myself. As it is, I will join you shortly. Simmons, the woman's name is. My servant, who will show you the way, is at the door with a little case for you. It contains everything that is necessary for the administration of your last Sacraments."

Mr. Barton was completely taken aback. His lip quivered. He went through an obvious struggle. Then offering Dr. Thistlewood his hand, "I thank you," he said, "for having been a messenger of duty to me." And, turning, on his heel, he went.

"Now," said Dr. Thistlewood to Miss Vivian, "Do you mind my having a little talk with *you*?"

"Not in the least," she replied, with a slight involuntary shiver. "I don't know why I did that. I'm sure I haven't caught a chill. Yes, Dr. Thistlewood, talk. I think it would be a rest to hear you. Where shall we go? I'll go anywhere you like to tell me."

"I knew," he said, "that day when you sang at tea to us, that your influenza—I know about that also—had left some trace behind it. Nerves, nerves, we are made up of nerves, all of us. I've a little den of my own here, which leads out of that passage. Shall we go in there for a minute or two? It will do you good to rest."

She accompanied him with the docility of a child; and they entered a small sitting-room furnished with comfortable chairs. "There," said Dr. Thistlewood soothingly, "try if that chair suits you. We won't talk about health. Your own doctor must do that. Let us talk about imagination. I should think you were very imaginative."

"Am I?" she said indifferently. "Why do you tell me that?"

"I mean," said Dr. Thistlewood, "that, if anything which you have seen is mentioned to you, your mind, with no effort on your part, calls up a vivid image of it. For instance, if I showed you a book—say this Bradshaw with the red cover, which I am now holding out to you—and if I asked you to think of it afterwards, you would, I conjecture, see an image of it with unusual clearness. You don't think there's much in that. No—but suggestible imaginations can sometimes do more than those who possess them are aware of. Suppose we try: and, if you fancy I'm playing you

a trick—well, you must catch me out. Here's the book then. Look at it. Now close your eyes, and when you open them, the book will have disappeared."

She did as he directed her, exhibiting no great interest—fancying, indeed, that he was treating her as a child. She closed her eyes, and then opened them; the book being still held out to her.

"Well," said Dr. Thistlewood, "where is the book now?"

"I don't know," she replied. "You have hidden it away somewhere."

"What do you think," said Dr. Thistlewood, "that I am doing with my right hand?"

"It looks to me," said the girl, "as if you were pretending to hold something with it. Do you want to see if I can imagine that the book's there?"

Dr. Thistlewood laughed. "Well," he said, "put your hand out and feel. Is my hand only pretending? Do your fingers feel nothing solid?"

Miss Vivian started. "Yes," she said, "they seem to be touching a book, but I see only empty air."

"Now," said Dr. Thistlewood, "watch me. The book is in my right hand still. I am going to transfer it to my left. As soon as my left has hold of it you will see it as large as life again."

"Yes," said Miss Vivian, "that's perfectly true. I do see it. All this is like a card trick, but I can't guess tricks to-night. I should like to sleep for five minutes. I wish I was in my own bed."

"I will," said Dr. Thistlewood, "just make one more trial. "Here," he went on, taking up a photograph of Lord Cotswold's castle, "is a photograph of Cliff's End—a very good one, I think. Do you realise from what spot it was taken?"

Miss Vivian looked. "Of course I do," she said. "How did you get that? It was taken from a corner in the garden behind the three large flower-beds."

"Thank you," said Dr. Thistlewood, "I won't trouble you any more. Go to sleep for a minute or two. It's the best thing you can do. I'll speak to Lady Susannah, and when the carriage is ready I'll come back for you"

When he found himself again in the music room the company was fast dispersing, and Lady Susannah and Mr. Carlton, both of them in some agitation, were enquiring of Sir Rawlin if he knew where Miss Vivian was."

"I'm afraid," said Dr. Thistlewood, coming up to her, "that, in a natural and a quite unalarming way, Miss Vivian is beginning to feel what she didn't seem to feel at first. I mean the shock caused by the lightning when it happened to hit the house. Don't be anxious. I congratulate you on your young lady's courage. Only self-restraint is an effort, and the effort has had the happy effect of tiring her. At the present moment she is sound asleep in my study. The best thing will be, if we can manage it, to get her quietly home without waking her and have her put straight to bed. I suppose you have two carriages. I will order one of them, if you'll let me, to come round to the private door and we'll get her into it without any fuss or trouble If you wouldn't mind going home with her yourself now, the rest of your party can come on when it suits them. I see a young man of yours there, who is sitting down to a game of cards."

Dr. Thistlewood was a man of such masterly promptitude that, before five minutes were over, his arrangements were all complete. The side door was not far from his sitting-room, and he himself, carrying the girl as though she were no more than a feather, had placed her in the carriage, her sleep being quite unbroken.

"She's very light," he said to Lady Susannah. "Your own servants—I noticed that you have a stalwart footman—will have no difficulty in getting her to her own room. The longer she can sleep the better. I will call or send to-morrow to hear of her complete recovery."

"Tell me," said Lord Cotswold, when Dr. Thistlewood appeared again, "what's all this? I hope there's nothing really the matter with her."

Dr. Thistlewood explained what had happened, and assured him that there was nothing to be alarmed about.

"What's all this?" said Lady Conway, looking up from the card-table, at which she had begun to give Oswald his first lesson in Piquet. "If I had been at that window I should have been

frightened out of my life. I envy young people whom a thunderbolt nearly puts to sleep at bedtime. Oswald, my dear boy, you're incorrigible. Fancy playing a card like that. It strikes me forcibly that, unless this narcotic tempest is going to make all of us sleep on Lord Cotswold's chairs and sofas, we had better be following Miss Vivian's example, and taking ourselves back to our own lawful pillows. My dear Dr. Gustav," she continued, "why that hat in your hand, and that grey coat over your arm? Has your own lawful pillow suddenly ceased to be enough for you?"

Dr. Thistlewood, who was actually carrying with him both these articles of attire, looked at Lady Conway with a sort of contemptuous friendliness. "Your penetration," he said, "does you credit. I am going, as you guess, to a pillow that is not my own —the pillow of a woman who is dying, if she is not already dead. Next to the manner in which human beings live, the most interesting thing to me is the manner in which they die. I hope to be in time to witness the application of the priest's anæsthetics, which in some cases, though not in all, give more relief than ours."

(To be continued.)

THE INTELLIGENT SAVAGE AS A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

THOSE of us who appreciate in any important degree the illumination that spiritual science casts upon all problems connected with religion, will be doubly amused at an address delivered by Mr. Bernard Shaw one day last month on "Some necessary repairs to Religion." Though offered from the point of view of blank ignorance, concerning all that must be understood in order to understand religion correctly, Mr. Shaw's criticisms are free, bold, and intelligent in a conspicuous degree. Till we get rid of the Bible, he said, in the sense in which we have spoken of it for three hundred years, religion in this country will be impossible. It is easy to sympathise with the disgust the ordinary man must feel, when emancipated from the conventional superstitions of orthodoxy, at the idea of regarding the heterogeneous collection of ancient literature, known to modern ages as the Bible, as a volume which, from cover to cover, is to be regarded as a divine message to the world. The ordinary reader cannot translate into intelligible language its wild eastern imagery in dealing with creation. He feels insulted by the stories of Jonah and Noah's ark, and with Mr. Shaw, will be impelled to use strong language in denouncing the practise of teaching children to regard these fables as so much religious truth. In the midst of the indefensible nonsense talked on both sides of the controversy relating to the Education Bill, no idea stands out as more grotesquely ludicrous than that on which, as Mr. Shaw points out, every one seems to agree,—that the children in the public schools should at all events receive

simple Bible teaching. Yet every one whose thinking is brightened by the new spiritual science till lately hidden from the world at large, and available only for the occult student, will be well aware that buried in the allegories of biblical language, that sadly misunderstood volume contains some priceless treasures, the value of which may be recognised by the loftiest wisdom. The conventional devotee for whom the coarse infamies imputed to Jahveh, the tribal deity of the Jews, are entitled to the same blind reverence bestowed, without comprehending its meaning, on the drama of the soul's development enshrined in the New Testament, is in one way hardly more elementary in his nature than the critic who would cast the whole book into the waste basket because of its obvious offences against common sense. Again, from the point of view of the intelligent savage, Mr. Shaw is justified in saying, "If Christ had died in a country house worth five thousand a year, everything he said would be just as true as if he had been crucified," and, as a sneer at the decorous conventions of the period, the observation is no less just than it is hollow and absurd from the point of view of loftier conceptions which appreciate the allegorical significance of the whole gospel story.

Next our brilliant iconoclast falls foul of the conventional conception which represents the Deity, painted by Michel Angelo, as "an elderly gentleman, rather nicely dressed," and millions, in Mr. Shaw's estimation, revolt against religion when confronted by the question, "When God is powerful, why is the world such a horrible place?" Sheltering himself under a vague denial that he intended to speak disrespectfully of religion, our eloquent critic winds up by declaring that all he has been endeavouring to do, is to denounce the rubbish that chokes religion. Until the rubbish was got rid of, there was no chance of getting a world in which anything worth talking about would ever be done!

That view of the matter has possessed the minds of many intelligent savages since the days of Tom Paine, who, for that matter, very completely anticipated all the essential ideas embodied in the lecture under notice; and that kind of criticism has so far proved totally ineffective as a means of reforming the world's thought. It has undoubtedly engendered a great volume

of incredulity almost amounting to Atheism. A considerable number of cultivated people are thus more completely destitute of true religious conceptions than the savages of mid-Africa, while at the same time the enormous body of conventional churchgoers, for whom religion is merely a phase of respectability, are undisturbed by discrepancies in the contents of the Bible on which they never seriously bestow a thought. By direct attack at the foolishness of conventional pretence,—one cannot call it conventional "thinking," because it represents no thought, but merely acquiescence in a fashion,—by no direct attack on that which stands for the intellectual basis of the fashion, can any impression be made on the world which regards it as indecorous to discuss religious formulæ intelligently. The more generally approved phrase in which that idea can be expressed declares that it is impious to deal with matters of faith by the light of reason. "Reason," in the conventional view, is almost synonymous with blasphemy, and though criticisms on the Bible from the point of view of the intelligent savage will, for those who have already emancipated themselves from its intellectual tyranny, be as entertaining as ever, they will not promote that repair of religion which Mr. Shaw so justly regards as desirable.

Only by means of the new science that begins to invest the superphysical aspects of Nature with coherent significance, can we hope to loosen the hold on civilised mankind of the old superstitions that have encrusted themselves round the sacred writings of the past,—insulted, in truth, by those who concern themselves merely with their letter. The illumination of such writings by adequate interpretation is the only way to treat them in the interest of future enlightenment. For example, without attempting in these brief pages the stupendous task of interpreting the occult significance of the Bible, one may illustrate the true method of criticising erroneous religious beliefs by dealing with one of the most deplorable documents to which theologians of the past, in their curious folly, have clung. Mr. Shaw did not discuss with the Athanasian Creed, but one could imagine the kind of language he would employ in reference to that unequalled composition. The brutality of its form has, of course, offended the fastidious hearing, even of multitudes, amongst those

who are but little prone to pay attention to the meaning of words uttered in church. But the Athanasian Creed, with its wild denunciation of eternal torment against those who fail to believe a body of statement, the authors of which recognise as incomprehensible, is rather too much for the patience, even of the conventional churchgoer. And the only criticism that could be launched against it by the intelligent savage, would be expressed in language quite too coarse and unseemly to be tolerated on any pages but those of the prayer book. And yet the student of the new spiritual science can see behind the clumsy phraseology, in which the author, whoever he may have been, of that curious publication, the Athanasian Creed, originally enshrouded his meaning, and his real meaning is sublimely important and incontrovertibly true. Only, indeed, in the light of the latest knowledge concerning the principles of spiritual evolution can the truth disguised behind the fantastic phraseology of the creed in question be appreciated.

Those of us who have come to realise the course designed for the future progress of mankind, are enabled to see that within the limits assigned to the career of our race, it is possible to attain sublime heights of spiritual development, moral perfection, and divine power. We know that it will only be by the conscious exercise of our own free will, illuminated by exalted knowledge as yet imperfectly attained to by any but a very few, that these great heights will be scaled. We know that persistent neglect of the duties that life after life may define, that incapacity to appreciate the dignity of the nobler course, will so retard the progress of some, that they will never, during the period assigned to the course mankind has to run, attain the summit levels of possibility associated with that progress. They will, for this great period, be the failures of Nature, and as immortal beings will have to begin again in a new evolution to travel a similar road to that from which they have gone astray, to face renewed opportunities, and, perhaps, to accomplish in the end, the achievement they failed to realise before. That is one great truth embodied in the results of research connected with spiritual science, and that great truth is disguised in the clumsy language in which, for English readers, the Athanasian Creed has been set forth. Eternity, in the estimation of the writer, was not synonymous with

infinitude, and the corresponding phrase in oriental speech is never synonymous with that idea. Oriental language recognises "eternities" in the plural, and the phrase is merely significant of the big period of time under discussion at the moment. To be "lost" does not mean to be committed to the flaming hell of medieval fancy, it means to have lost for the time being the opportunity of attaining to godlike heights of development. And that loss will be inevitable, unless in the course, the long course, of its future progress the individual human Ego, is enabled to assimilate in his understanding many subtle truths concerned with divine activity on planes of Nature far exalted above the limits of his present observation. Knowledge alone will enable him to deal successfully with the later problems of his existence when humanity shall have attained the advanced stages of progress which the most intelligent thinking of the present day is wholly unable to forecast. And in this way the rescue of religiously minded people from the trouble in which they are entangled by the language of the Athanasian Creed, is to be acomplished by its *interpretation*, and not by the sledge hammer of the iconoclast. So with all the foolishness which passes for piety in the present age. That will never be transmuted into wisdom by the laughter of those who merely jeer at its superficial incoherences. It must be spiritualised and reformed from within, not from without, by the ultimate comprehension on the part of those especially charged with the task of representing it, of the genuine spiritual truths underlying traditional superstitions. From the point of view of the enlightened student of spiritual science it is often wonderful to observe how little in the way of change is required to bring the professions of religious belief, obnoxious in their crude shape, even to the intelligent savage, into harmony with the wisdom we can already discern as dawning on the horizons of the future.

AN OCCULT STUDENT.

THE CANDID FRIEND.

Of all the unpopular characters to be met with in daily life none probably enjoys a more strictly select circle of friends than the Fault-finder: so generally in fact has the world echoed the poet's condemnation of him, that his defence would appear almost a forlorn hope, a cause only to be undertaken in that spirit of catholic optimism which induced the Scotch Divine, after praying for the whole human race, to put up a tentative petition "for the puir De'il." But if we approach the matter in a scientific spirit and try to estimate the Fault-finder, as we would a medicine, by the effect he produces on the constitution rather than on the palate, we shall probably come to the conclusion that the judgment of the many is no more infallible on this point than on any other, and that, so far from being a social pest, the outspoken critic is doing a good deal more for the progress of the race than the invertebrate men and women who go amiably twittering through life, possibly without forming, at all events without uttering, a single adverse criticism of the people they call their friends.

Whether we admit it or not, most of us are perfectly conscious of our own good points, doubtless by a merciful provision of Nature, who specially inserted this ingredient into man's composition with a view to the continuance of the species, for there is no surer safeguard against suicide than conceit. And not only do we know our own good points, but we will often put ourselves to a good deal of inconvenience to keep them prominently before

our friends; like a certain young lady who, having unfortunately realised that she had an attractive profile, used to walk with her chin over her shoulder as if she had stepped out of an Egyptian painting; or another who, because she had been told by her host in an unguarded moment that she looked charming in a hat, for the rest of her visit rarely allowed herself to be seen without one till dinner-time, even going the length of getting up half an hour earlier that a walk before breakfast might afford her an excuse for looking charming at that meal.

But while most people have a thorough—not to say sometimes an exaggerated—appreciation of their own attractions, or virtues, or successes, they are not always equally clear-sighted about the other side of the picture. Indeed, it has almost passed into a proverb that, if anyone believes himself to be exempt from a particular failing, he will generally be found to possess a larger percentage of it than most people. We all know, for instance, that the man who says "Whatever else I am, I am not stingy," is not the sort of person to go to with a subscription list; that the woman who thanks Heaven she does not know what jealousy means will generally be found to act very much as if she did. A man's faults, indeed, resemble the nose on his face; for this, too, may to all the rest of the world be plain, as in the hackneyed simile; this, too, as with Cyrano, may to them appear "gross as a mountain, open, palpable," but to the possessor himself, it must always remain a comparatively unknown feature, directly visible only in a hazy, sideways fashion, and incapable of being seen clearly without the help of a looking-glass. To act in this capacity is the function of the Candid Friend: and, since it is only by his help that we can get rid of those blemishes, of whose very existence we are ignorant, surely it is the height of folly, as well as the basest ingratitude, to turn and rend him for having shown us ourselves, however little to our liking the picture may be.

The more one thinks of it, the more remarkable does the popular conception of Friendship appear. My friend, forsooth, is one who takes my side, right or wrong; backs up my claims without any regard for their justice; sympathises with me when I have made a fool of myself, and might, perhaps, if let alone, begin to have a suspicion of that fact; tells me that my blunders

were all someone else's fault, or sheer bad luck, or just what he would have done himself in the same position. My friend, in short, will do all in his power to prevent my getting that good out of my mistakes which Nature designed I should get. Then he will dilate on my virtues and accomplishments, not only behind my back—which will probably do no particular harm, as his hearers will not believe him—but frankly and brutally before my face, heedless of the possibility that he may be puffing me up to my own perdition; heedless, too, of what might be expected to touch him far more nearly, the certainty that, though I may lap up his praises as a cat laps cream, I cannot help forming all the time a lower estimate of his judgment. For, unless he exercises a good deal of discretion in the use of his superlatives, I shall inevitably come to the conclusion that he takes me for a fool, or that he must be one himself thus to over-rate what I, in my heart of hearts, know to be by no means "wonderful out of all whooping."

But if I want to hear a word from my friend about that side of my nature which most needs the attention of any one that loves me, I must wait for some happy chance of finding him angry, for then he may be induced to give me what he would call "a piece of his mind." What a remarkable light it throws, by the way, on the state of people's minds, that this phrase should never be used except for fault-finding. It seems to suggest that all people who can be said to have any minds at all have formed a very unfavourable opinion about the rest of the world, and that if ever they are heard to utter a word of praise they are not depicting their real state of mind at all. But this view of social intercourse, though it was maintained with some heat by Timon in his later years, is somewhat too pungent to find general acceptance; it is comforting, therefore, to dismiss the phrase as one of those vagaries of the English language which has arisen from the average Englishman's ignorance of the meaning of the words he uses.

The popular conception of friendship, then, amounts to this: If I want to be morally slobbered over, my friend is the man to go to, but if I want to be helped in the only way one man can get help from another—*i.e.*, by being shown what I was too blind to detect for myself—I must either go to my enemy or provoke my

friend to battle. The remedy is a heroic one, but if it is the only way in which we can "see oursels as ithers see us," we may some times grow so sick of the immaculate reflection with which our vanity and our friends supply us, as for very boredom to have recourse to it.

A certain similarity of tastes and ideals is probably necessary in all friendships, but no wise man would choose for his friend one who was his own counterpart in all respects. He would rather say with Emerson: "Better be a thorn in the side of your friend than his echo," and would be naturally drawn to one who could make up for his own deficiencies in such points as he admired, one who in mathematical language was his complement. The fact that this plan has often worked so disastrously in marriage is no reason why it should not form the most satisfactory basis for friendship. The conditions are so entirely different; husbands and wives are too often under the lamentable delusion that the other party to the contract is their property, and accordingly are apt to feel considerably annoyed when that property takes a diametrically opposite view of a situation to that which they hold themselves. But in friendship no one has ever put forward so monstrous a claim; each is allowed, in popular parlance, "to call his soul his own," and those different points of view, which are so irritating in married life, are between two friends merely healthily stimulating. If a due equilibrium be maintained, so that neither sinks his own individuality and each tries to play the Candid Friend to the other, two people who are each other's complements will be pretty sure to hear both sides of most questions, and that is an advantage neither of them would derive from a friendship with his counterpart. However, probably the last thing the average man wants is to hear both sides of any question in which he takes a vital interest, and will frankly admit that he prefers the complementary basis of his friendships to be spelt with an "i" rather than an "e."

The Candid Friend, however, must not be confused with that dangerous and unpleasant person, the advocate of truth at any price. The subject is a delicate one; but this much may be fairly admitted, that the man who makes a point of telling the

truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to everyone he comes across, will not only prove very objectionable to meet, but will do rather more harm on the whole than if he systematically lied. But because this is so, are we going to keep our "home truths" as ammunition to be fired off when we are in a rage? Are we going to treat the whole world, intimates and casual strangers alike, with the same degree of frankness or reticence? Or if we make any difference between them, is it to consist in a greater degree of discretion in serving out the truth to those people we like? And yet how many of us even try to give our friends a dispassionate criticism of their actions, discussing their vices as freely as their virtues? "Not quite such a fool," murmurs the astute reader, "they wouldn't stand it." Well then, I put it to you, if a friendship can only be kept up by abolishing freedom of speech, how far is such a make-believe worthy of the name of friendship at all? Surely the man to whom you dare not say all you think of him is entitled to no warmer term than acquaintance? And far be it from me to advocate the same degree of frankness between acquaintances as between friends. The candid acquaintance would be abominable: to begin with, he does not know me well enough to be able to judge of my character or actions, as he will probably quite honestly admit to my face, though he is apt to become curiously oblivious of the fact when he comes to talk me over with someone else.

Neither, for the same reason, is it justifiable to aim one's critical arrow at the moon. Even if the great man so far condescends towards the little man as to request his candid opinion, this should be taken, unless there is a real friendship between them, solely as an act of grace, and not, as in any way, conferring the right to find fault. The subordinate who has not learnt this lesson must not be surprised to find himself shown the door, like Gil Blas, with the parting wish that he may enjoy "all manner of prosperity and a little more taste." It is, indeed, "the poor prerogative of greatness" to be exempt from the kindly onslaught of the fault-finder; while poverty, with all its drawbacks, has one great compensation, in the fact that the poor man will hear a good deal of outspoken criticism which would never come to his ears if he were rich, and, if he has sense enough not to be offended at it,

he can often turn it to good account. But the hapless monarch, the unfortunate millionaire, whose evil destiny it is never to be found fault with their whole lives through, except by their enemies, is it not astonishing that they should turn out as well as they do?

The childishness of the average man or woman is nowhere so manifest as in his dislike for the Fault-finder. He may comport himself in all other respects as a reasonable being, but at the voice of the Candid Friend he will at once betray how incapable he is of looking through the temporary annoyance of hearing himself disparaged to the ultimate benefit he may get from attending to the criticism. Not that it is the criticism itself which he resents, of course not, that would be indeed unjust; but it is the time or place or manner of its utterance which galls him; or the fact that that particular friend should have the face to point out motes in other people's eyes when his own are so notoriously in want of attention; it is the gross want of tact shown in broaching the subject before lunch or after lunch, as the case may be, or in writing, when he might have spoken frankly like a man, or in speaking when it would have been much better taste to write on so delicate a matter, and so on and so on; with a wealth of ingenuity which would have brought in a fortune at the Common Law Bar, the poor grown-up baby tries to hide from his critic and himself the vexation he feels at being found fault with. He has not even as a rule the honesty to say with the Archbishop: "I don't at all take it ill that you give your opinion; it is your opinion only that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding."

Most people at some point of their lives come to the conclusion that they have a larger circle of acquaintances—they generally call them friends—than is desirable or even necessary. The man who has reached this stage, and wishes to weed out the superfluities, can set about it in several ways; for instance, he may take to dressing badly, but so long as his friends find him in any way useful, that alone will prove quite ineffectual; or he may outrage some convention of society, but in these revolutionary days, though this will quite successfully rid him of some undesirable acquaintances, there are others who will only be the more attracted. Naturally he is anxious to do nothing which would

lower his own self-respect, or bring him into conflict with the police, so he is debarred from several obvious modes of getting himself dropped. If, however, he wishes to find the speediest and surest test of his friends, one which will enable him to detect infallibly which of them are worth the keeping, he will find in the rôle of the Candid Friend a winnowing fan of unerring accuracy; and, when the chaff has flown away in a highly prickly condition, he will speedily come to the conclusion—as many a man has found before—that thehalf is greater than the whole.

For assuming, of course, that he uses a reasonable amount of tact and administers plenty of jam with his powders, he will be very unlikely to find that all his friends resent his candour. Quite a considerable number of people value progress more than self-conceit and are really grateful for an adverse criticism so long as they are convinced of the goodwill of the critic. Indeed to the well-ordered mind it is a positive pleasure to realise its own past mistakes. No one who looks back on his own past with entire approbation, who detects no flaw in his last year's conduct or blemish in his last year's work, can quite escape feeling that he is living on a dead level, growing older without growing wiser; and that is a cheerless view to take of oneself. Moreover, if he seems to himself to have always done the right thing, never to have made a blunder, while he can see quite plainly the mistakes of all the rest of the world, he must be self-satisfied beyond the bounds of sanity if the horrible doubt does not sometimes steal over him that possibly he is living in a fool's paradise, that after all he may be no better than his neighbours, but only able to see more clearly the bundles on their backs than the one on his own. Whereas, if on reviewing his own past conduct he feels disgusted with himself for his own stupidity, he can experience a glow of satisfaction at the thought of the progress he is making, and can say to himself with perfectly justifiable self-complacency, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." There is, indeed, no higher pleasure than this, if we may trust the words of Socrates, that "he lives the best life who is always studying to improve himself, and he the pleasantest who feels that he is really improving." It is because the Candid Friend can help him to attain this pleasure

that the wise man will wear him within his heart of hearts as the only friend who at all deserves the name.

But it is not alone on such high grounds that the Fault-finder should be encouraged; quite apart from his function as a spur on the path of virtue, he is so interesting. To anyone gifted with a decently combative instinct the next best thing to delivering an attack is encountering one. Do you suppose that Mark Antony, who had his full share of pugnacity and humour, did not enjoy the Second Philippic every bit as much as Cicero? Everyone is a sublime egotist at bottom, whether he admits it or not, and would much rather be assailed than ignored. Indeed, in all friendship's armoury there is no deadlier weapon than silence. The veriest shadow of intimacy entitles us to a comment from those who, according to the proverb, have seen the most of the game. And if that comment must take the form of undiluted praise or undiluted blame, I put it to any intelligent person, will he not get far more entertainment out of the latter? To begin with, it will probably be quite refreshingly new to him; while the praise must be far-fetched indeed if he has not found it out already for himself, and, let us hope, learnt enough about himself to discount it liberally. And then men's vices are so much more variegated than their virtues, so much more complex and incomprehensible; they naturally, therefore, form a more attractive subject of debate. The poet's appetite for praise may possibly be insatiable; but surely we others—plain men of prose—will rather be bored than gratified by untempered eulogy: our sense of justice no less than our sense of humour will make us echo the reflection of the Carpenter in the ballad, that the butter is spread too thick.

The fact that the critical faculty is developed at a very early age seems to suggest that Nature designed the Candid Friend to play a considerable part in the evolution of the species. Children not only make up their minds about people with great decision, but as a rule will utter their criticisms with the most uncompromising frankness, until they are checked by their less natural and generally less interesting fathers and mothers, who, by the way, are usually far more dismayed at the remarks of the infant critic than is the person at whom they are aimed. It throws light upon the artificiality of modern life that, in order to hear a per-

fectly candid, dispassionate opinion of ourselves, wherein, to the best of the critic's ability, nothing is extenuated nor aught set down in malice, we should have to go to the nursery. An attempt was made to return to these primitive conditions by the Oneida Creek Community, the members of which used to assemble once a week in the church to give each one an opportunity of helping his neighbour by finding fault with him, not in a whisper, be it noted, but in the face of the congregation, that others might add the weight of their censure if so minded. No doubt it was this custom, in a great measure, which helped to make the Community so successful; but how does it strike you, my average Sir, with your thin skin and your proper pride? Naturally you will shrug your shoulders at a set of visionaries, who were noodles enough to set moral improvement above money-making, and had no higher ambition than to learn—your own view of the chief end of man being, I take it, quite otherwise.

There is indeed one relationship in modern life in which the Candid Friend will not be sought wholly in vain, for the candour will rarely be lacking, even if the friendship is not very apparent. "The advantage of matrimony," says Lord Dalling and Bulwer, "is that a wife will tell her husband truths which nobody else would venture to tell, and thus correct many of his defects."* But, apart from the fact that the use of the word "advantage" in the singular is calculated to rouse reflection in the minds which are lightly turned to thoughts of matrimony, the course of treatment recommended is not so certain in its efficacy as to warrant all unmarried people who wish to get rid of their faults plunging headlong into the purifying stream of matrimony. There was once a man who had long lamented the state of moral stagnation in which he lived; he was convinced that he was afflicted with many grave faults, but he lacked the wits to detect them; while, owing to a quite unfounded reputation for sharpness of speech, neither his enemies nor his friends had mustered enough courage to point them out to him. So in a rash moment he determined in Stevenson's phrase "to domesticate the recording angel," by taking to himself a standing critic in the shape of a wife. Picture his feelings when

*The Nineteenth Century, Aug. 1904.

on settling down after the honeymoon, it began to dawn on him that his wife worshipped him; to her he was the one flawless idol in the world, and, so far from spurring him on the path of virtue by finding fault with him, she coated him with sugar till he could hardly breathe. Of course he found he could not bear it; after six months of misery he ran away—oh yes, quite alone; he said he had had enough of woman's sympathy to last a lifetime—and after many vicissitudes devoted himself to politics as being the only sphere in which a man is sure to get his full share of criticism. His death-bed was cheered by the hope that in the Elysian Fields he might come across Xanthippe, to whose frankness of speech he always considered Socrates owed no small share of his wisdom and virtue. As for the deserted wife—it all happened in one of those reasonable countries where a husband who declines to live with you is counted as no husband at all—she almost immediately married someone else, to whom she quite successfully transferred her adoration, although—or should I say because? But who can thread the mazes of a woman's heart?—he differed in almost every particular from idol number one.

Even apart from such fiascos it is questionable whether husband and wife are best fitted to play the Candid Friend to each other: the personal element is too strong; their interests are generally either identical or diametrically opposite; and in neither case can a criticism be given with that aloofness which is the first requisite of all sound judgment. The Candid Friend should be one who is near, yet not too near; like ourselves, yet not our counterpart; one who is perfectly unmoved if in our folly we turn and rend him, and will with dogged cheerfulness return to the assault on the first opportunity; one who has more care for our progress than our pleasure and loves us well enough to be willing to hurt us. Perhaps it is little wonder that he is not often found; but it seems odd that when he is found we should try to get rid of him as quickly as possible. And yet, may be, it is not so odd after all, if we can accept King Solomon and Carlyle as true prophets: for the former sage warns us that it is only the wise man who loves one that has reproved him; and the other—what was it he said about the majority of the inhabitants of the British Isles?

C. B. WHEELER.

THE VISION OF PRIMEL.

WHEN Gradlon, King of Armorica, died in the forest in the time of falling leaves, there were two who knelt beside him Gwennole the Christian monk, and the aged Primel, last of the Druids. Before the mystery of Death they bowed, those two, the priest of the Old and the priest of the New Faith, and they prayed together, each in his own way, for him whose spirit had been freed.

Then Gwennole, bidding farewell to the old Druid, went his way to fulfil the last bequest of Gradlon the King. But Primel remained in the forest. He knew that death was upon him, too, and he was glad, for his was a great sorrow, the sorrow of one who had lost his gods—the last survival of a fallen Faith.

"I would greet my God in the rising of the Sun once more ere I die," he said, and he passed on with tottering steps.

It was the time of falling leaves: the hawthorns and the elms were golden, and there was a red glow beneath the beech trees. Sometimes a leaf would drop upon his snow-white head, or a bramble catch into his robe and seek to hold him prisoner. But he passed on, and save for his footfall on the gold-red leaves there was silence in the forest, and the twilight hour was on the land.

The trees parted, and down below him lay a lake, and across the lake were mountains, shadowy blue. He was weary and sank down to rest beneath an ancient oak; and as he leaned his head against the trunk, the falling leaves crowned him for the last time with the sacred garland.

The great loneliness was upon him, and in the sorrow of his heart he cried aloud,

"They are dead, the gods are dead, or they would not leave me thus deserted."

But there came no answer to his moan, only the twilight deepened, and the lake lay black in the gathering shadows.

"Even so does the darkness spread over the land of Armorica, for her old Faith is no more," murmured the dying Druid.

Through the forest the wind moaned, sadly like the wail of a soul in pain, and it was the time of falling leaves.

Then on a sudden, it seemed to Primel that a radiant light shone before him, and in the midst of the light was a woman, wondrous fair and robed in white, with long hair that fell about her.

"Doest thou know me, O Primel the Druid?" and her voice was as a mellow bell.

He looked into her eyes, and he saw that they shone with the peace of the moonlight, and that the wisdom of the ages lay in their depths. As he gazed, he was taken back over the years, and the ardour of prayer was on him again.

"I know thee," he cried, "thou art the Spirit of Religion."

She bowed her head.

"And because thou hast truly known me in the past," she said, "I am come to show thee that there is yet light in the land of Armorica. See!" and as she raised her hand a picture opened out before him. The centuries had rolled away, and he looked far back into the years that were gone. He saw a mystic worship in all its early purity. He watched the Druids of ancient Arvor, white robed and oak leaf crowned, amid the sacred groves: he saw the kindling of the holy fire at dawn to greet the rising of the Mighty One. And pervading all their rites and prayers and dealings with the people, Primel saw the shining form of the Spirit of Religion. Then as the centuries rolled on, he noted many changes in the picture. The Druids grew despotic; they loved power rather than the things of the spirit, falsehood rather than the truth; and the people cowered before them. The pure rites of early days became corrupted, and the smoke of burning human flesh darkened the land. Fainter and fainter had grown that shining form, till Primel saw, dismayed, that the Spirit of Religion no longer dwelled in the Faith of Arvor.

Then a new thing came to pass. A small group of men appeared bearing a cross, and among them was Gwennole the monk. A radiance shone about them, for lo! in their midst was the Spirit of Religion, and the heart of Primel was glad as he looked on her again. The monks of the new faith spread over the land, and slowly the Druids gave way before them. The human victims ceased to burn, and a more mystic sacrifice took their place. And pervading all, even as in bygone days, was the Spirit, old as the Ages.

"Hast thou learnt thy lesson, O Primel the Druid?"

And Primel, looking on her of the moonlit eyes, humbly made reply.

"I have learnt the lesson. 'Tis not the form that maketh true religion, but the Spirit."

"You have answered well, O Primel the Druid."

There was a stillness in the night and all was dark, save where the moonlight wandered through the mist.

. . . . . .

It was the hour of dawn; a pale light showed behind the eastern hills. The mists crept away into the forest as the glory grew and spread; crimson and gold, merging into orange, amber, mauve, and the lake flashed back the wonder of the sky. Above the purple mountains the sun rose, radiant, glorious; and in that sacred moment the soul of Primel went forth to meet the king of Light—and over him, who had been the last of the Druids, the wind of morning lay a gold-red pall, for it was the time of falling leaves.

A CHILD OF THE CYMRY.

"THE WORSHIP OF PHYSICAL CULTURE."

A REPLY.

An article in the June number of this Review embodies a conclusion fraught with danger and peculiarly inappropriate to a period when the degeneration of the national physique has been deplored by an influential meeting at the Mansion House, and by 14,000 members of the medical profession signing a memorial, in favour of compulsory hygienic teaching in national schools.

At the first glance, the article might seem to establish its point—that the worship of physical culture holds excessive sway over the English nation. The opening paragraph runs as follows:

"It is unpleasant to strike a discordant note, but the time has surely come for some real opposition to the present overwhelming passion for what is called physical culture. Of timid deferential, half-hearted protests there have been plenty, but anything like clear condemnation has been scrupulously avoided, partly because of the plausible arguments brought forward by the adherents of this athletic movement, and partly owing to the very natural unwillingness of would be opponents to champion an obviously unpopular cause."

In the first sentence physical culture is referred to, and in the second, "this athletic movement," which is no doubt criticised with considerable success. But these are two different things;

and though we annihilate the latter, the former remains untouched. School and college athletics may be carried out to extravagant excess, and Kipling's lines,—scorned contemptuously until their truth was realised—concerning "muddied oafs and flannelled fools" may have sunk deeply into many minds. But in confusing athleticism with physical culture, the writer in BROAD VIEWS deludes himself, and is in danger of deluding his readers. Even athletics may be used to develop hardy and useful bodies for both girls and boys, without any danger of our being taunted as "a nation of muscle worshippers." Mere "muscle making" is not the object of athletics; still less is it the end of physical culture. No one having the welfare of the nation at heart, would care to see games and sports disappear from our playing fields. In America, where less keenness is generally found in the pursuit of athletics, there are some States, in which the race for wealth tinges even the school boys; with the result that they not infrequently spend holidays in making money, instead of in mental relaxation and physical exercise. The physical products in such cases are, sometimes, as deplorable as the mental and moral; and few of us would wish to see their introduction into England, or anywhere else.

Between athleticism on the one hand, and disease for want of exercise on the other, there is abundant room for unlimited physical culture. And just at the moment there is no prospect of any danger of overdoing culture of this kind; all the evidence is, unfortunately, the other way. Anyone possessed of first hand knowledge of the benefits to be gained by a little attention to exercise alone, more especially among the classes employed in sedentary occupation, can never conscientiously permit physical culture to be depreciated.

A true view of physical culture is obtained if it be recognised as a means to the end of perfect health. Since health is good, physical culture must be good. Its object is to bring about that condition in the human being which will make the body the most useful possible instrument for the owner. Thus understood, physical culture deserves every encouragement, provided only that intelligence is used in its practice. Intuitive recognition of the importance of physical culture, ex-

plains why "the craze has insinuated itself into every sphere of Society." Physical culture does not merely mean exercise in all its various forms, even though care be given to all important matters of fresh air and breathing; it includes also attention to rest, to diet, and last but not least, to thought. And, it is of consequence, mainly because it lies at the foundation and root of mental culture, and is justified by the phrase, hackneyed indeed, but perennially significant, *mens sana in corpore sano.*

C. W. JOHNSON.

THE CRAVING FOR A TRUE RELIGION.

[The following article is not one which fulfils the main purpose of this REVIEW, that of illuminating current thought concerning all the problems of social life and religion as they arise with the light of occult knowledge gradually accumulating on our hands. But none the less it seems appropriate to these pages, by illustrating the intensity of that thirst for a clearer view of life and spiritual things than established religions afford, which is growing in the consciousness of serious thinkers, emancipating themselves by degrees from old and outworn conceptions, although as yet they may be unaware that a living spring is flowing from which their thirst may be allayed.]

WE are living in a time of ferment and unrest as far as religious thought is concerned, for we are on the eve of a great spiritual change. One more stage in the soul's history is practically past, and on every side the old hopes and beliefs are swept away, preparing the world slowly but surely for the new revelation that is bound to come!

Science has dissipated old orthodox beliefs, and in their place offers us the religion of the "service of man," which, though grand in theory, hardly satisfies the soul hunger of those who, in spite of the materialism that at present sways the world, still hanker after the infinite! What hope do we gain, or what spiritual help, from modern writers on philosophy; take any of the greatest writers you choose, Kant, Stuart Mill, Locke, Huxley,

Herbert Spencer, and what does one learn of the soul? They have dissected man into such fine portions that there seems to be nothing left for the imagination; but still, with all their physical knowledge, which is undoubtedly great, they cannot disclose to us the "secret of life," or disprove the existence of a "power" in man which defies their practical logic! We turn to the "occult science" of the ancients. Here, indeed, we are offered proof of the existence of a soul, and of its immortality after death. Marvellous psychic power also, to those who study its laws and crucify the body to the extent that we become not human beings with natural human passions and glorious impulses, but spiritual entities with physical bodies attached! Will this belief satisfy or appeal to the general run of humanity, to the masses of the people? Are human passions, human joys, human sorrows to be regarded as mere stumbling blocks; are we to stunt the growth of natural affections? It is only when we wrongfully and wilfully misuse them that they impede our spiritual advancement, for it is through our humanity, our humanity alone, that God speaks. (See concluding Editorial note.)

Our religion, to be of any use or comfort, must be a practical religion; one that will comply with the needs, desires and aspirations of everyday life; it must be a practical force, as well as a spiritual support.

One mistaken notion is, that Science and Religion must of necessity be antagonistic, and it is in this spirit that the adherents on either side view the subject. But what is Religion and what is Science? Religion is worship; it is the inborn sense of the infinite, the realisation and the recognition of something greater than man, embodied in one God or in many gods; it is the worship of something outside us, greater than us, forming us, and yet, of which we are a part. It is the worship of the highest, the good, the beautiful, the true, as summed up in one word, perfection. Being ourselves incomplete, we worship that which is complete, being limited, that which is unlimited, being imperfect, that which is perfect, being mortal, that which is immortal. Therefore religion is, in reality, all that we would be and are not. The very fact of our realising the knowledge of our limitations, is a sure proof of our power to rise above them;

our craving for a fuller and broader comprehension, is a sure sign that we are capable of attaining it. Our present dissatisfaction owes its birth to the fact that we believe in the possibility of something better. If this life were the summit of our development, if this were only what we were created for, it stands to reason we should be incapable of imagining or wishing for anything higher, for there would be nothing higher to attain to!

Science may be briefly illustrated as truth demonstrated by Nature and proved by facts. It is true she confirms no one creed or dogma, in fact, refutes their fallibility, she obeys no laws but the laws of Nature, she has no worship but the worship of truth!

Religion taken in its great and broad sense, has no dogmas, is not one creed or any creed. Her worship is the absolute good, and the absolute good must also be the absolute truth, so that looked at from this point of view, Religion and Science, instead of being antagonistic, are in reality, twin-worshippers. And why cannot we treat them as such? Why give them a dual existence, when in reality there is only one? We have come to an age when, unless we treat these two as one, most people have no religion at all. For the old Bible story has done its work, it has taught us wisely and well many things; but the reign of its dogma is practically over, because Science and dogma, as laid down by supposed supernatural revelation, are not compatible! But the grand truth that Christianity taught, the great gospel of love, will live for ever, for Nature's God is indeed a God of Love.

We have outgrown many superstitions, Calvinistic hell fire, the musical heaven, the fall and the flood, but in their place feel vaguely sure that, assuredly as in the old days, wrong doing brought its punishment, so now as then, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." We believe in a future life insomuch as there is no such thing as loss in nature, and once created, though it may be under many different forms, we exist for ever, and as everything in Nature develops may we not believe that our next state will be a higher development still?

Nature's God is a much closer, more personal, being than the Jehovah of the Bible, one who needs no mediation wherewith to approach Him, for the Creator of the flowers and of the insects, in

His forethought for everything that exists, seems very close to us in His loving tenderness. His justice is absolute, for are we not all ruled and bound by the same laws, have we not each one of us the same revelation given to us, the revelation of God in nature, for those who have "eyes to see and ears to hear." Stand alone on a summer's evening and watch the crimson sunset, and you will feel yourself elevated, raised from earth, carried out of your material self in a wondering, worshipping ecstasy, and the God you worship as revealed through that sunset will be much nearer than the jealous God to whom you sang hymns in church! For the true and only God is the embodiment of all beauty, truth and holiness, Nature's God, and a God of love.

And is it not through Science that Nature is truly revealed? She teaches us to penetrate her mysteries, she shows us her working and laws, the causes and effects of existence as far as we are capable of judging; and through this clearer knowledge of her works do we not gain more insight into our perception of Nature's God? Does it not, instead of lessening our belief in a supreme controller, strengthen our faith in one?

Thought, it used to be supposed, was quite distinct from matter, and capable of acting without the slightest connection with it. But science has latterly taught that every thought is the expression of the action in the brain, produced by some local atomic movement.

But the phenomenon of consciousness is still on one side shrouded with mystery. We can comprehend how each physical function performs its various duties; but the only solution as to how it has come to have another, and that a spiritual side (which it undoubtedly has, for how else can we account for religious fervour, unselfish action, spiritual love, self-sacrifice?) is, that consciousness is not self working, but is affected by some other force, greater than itself! This must of necessity be, and this spiritual force, to which it is subordinate, is an inner-consciousness, that indefinable essence we call the soul!

This is what we believe to be the immortal part of us, for it came and exists how we know not, therefore, can we not imagine that it will go and exist where we know not?

If it obeys no ordinary physical laws, why should death affect

it? It was produced from unknown causes, and may it not exist in another state, obeying that same unknown cause? There are undoubtedly moments when every human being bows down in awe and wonder before the grandeur of his own inner-consciousness, when he realises the sublime within himself, when his mental attitude is thereby raised, and with a growing belief in his own power and strength of purpose, he feels himself capable of what seemed till then an unattainable perfection. And with this recognition of his own majesty of soul, comes the ever deepening consciousness of its immortality and unlimited potentialities.

The Universe is composed of matter and force, this much we know, but as to how they exist and why they exist, we cannot tell; therefore, can we not infer that there is a greater force, a stronger cause, whose laws they are bound to obey, and out of which they were created, in whose existence the reason of their existence is explained; and this force, this matter, this dominant spirit, is it not God?

People are clamouring for a new revelation, a new belief to gladden men's hearts, for we have outgrown the old superstitions of the past, and our larger tolerance consistent with the higher development of humanity, forbids us to believe in the fall of man and his punishment thereof. For good and evil are purely relative terms, and we by our civilisation and our social conditions have made the world such a hard place to live in; more especially have we made it hard by our religions.

People up till now have reasoned that there must be two forces in the world, one good and one evil, each fighting for the soul of man. This necessitates the belief that God either is wholly good, but not all paramount, or else that he is both good and evil. But good and evil are purely relative terms, and can we not carry our thoughts further still, and believe that there is a first cause, whose ways are inscrutable, a Universe whose laws we can only faintly follow, a law which may make the existence of the polarity of good and evil a necessity in the scheme of things, and absolutely necessary to the higher development of mankind, both as a whole and individually.

Believe that love is the great force that caused and controls this Universe, and we brace ourselves to hope and to bear every-

thing. Believe that it is merciless chance or fate inexorable, and we kick savagely against the pricks or sit down in the numb apathy of hopeless despair. Why good and evil originally existed we cannot say, but we must believe that their counter-action is necessary to our development, and that distinct above them, beyond them, is the ruling force, love or God. Fighting for us, working through us, towards some great consummation and perfection. Religions are the developments of mankind mentally, and as we develop so we outgrow them, for there is evolution even in religions.

God has sent His teachers unto every age, and they, though always in advance of their time, have yet preached to mankind, only what they were then capable of responding to, of what they were then capable of understanding.

To a few of us the absolute belief in God's love is such an intense reality that we want neither religion nor proof to assure us that everything, come what may, is for the best; that most of the miseries and sorrows in this world are brought upon man by his own ignorant machinations; that the sorrows that lead to faith, and the faith that leads to love, are the highest and happiest influences the human soul can attain! But this necessitates a faith so great that it surmounts all things, which sees God's love and wisdom beneath even the most seemingly cruel facts, which recognises His infinite patience towards all created things, which bows down in meek humility and passionate devotion before Him, and realises that for some good reason and purpose man must work out his own salvation, through pain and through defeat! That asks neither future reward nor immortality, but is content to leave the issue in God's hands, assured that whatever He decrees is always for the best. M. DE VERE.

The impression conveyed by the passage in this essay, relating to "the occult sciences of the ancients," is widely shared but erroneous. Until recent years, indeed, no literary exposition of the real belief of those who in ancient times were already occultists in any true sense of the term, was available for the information of modern students, so that a completely false view of the subject naturally grew up.

The specific exposition in plain language of the teaching concerning life and its problems to be derived from occult research, was inaugurated by the publication in 1883 of my own book, "Esoteric Buddhism," of which I may speak thus without personal arrogance, as I explained in the preface that the system of philosophy and the teaching concerning the laws governing human evolution which it set forth, were not the fruit of my own thinking or research, but were communicated through my agency by those great custodians of Esoteric truth in whose possession they had accumulated, and by whom the world at large was considered to be,—to some extent, at all events,—ripe for their reception. Since 1883, the literature of "theosophy," as this scheme of spiritual science has generally been called, has expanded enormously, and a vast society has been formed by those appreciating (in various degrees) its significance and importance. As an almost inevitable consequence, the comprehensive revelation of spiritual truth thus gradually constituted, has been too closely identified in some minds with individual personalities concerned with its development; and has thus sometimes been unduly discredited by the shortcomings of such personalities, but this represents a misconception of the whole development as great as if the value of chemical discovery were estimated by reference to the regard in which we might hold individual discoverers. The whole body of teaching, generally known as theosophy,—but which need not bear any specific label, does, as a matter of fact, meet in complete perfection the craving for insight into spiritual truth which the above paper sets forth. It embodies no set formulas of belief, though it includes many definite convictions concerning natural law far in advance of ordinary thinking,—which all who are capable of profiting by the results of occult research are prepared to accept as fundamental principles.

Incidentally, therefore, it will be observed that the passage in the above article which relates to ancient occultism, is one which is, at all events, entirely inappropriate to the views of life and conduct deducible from what may, by comparison, be described as modern occultism.—[EDITOR, BROAD VIEWS.]

A WEEK END CONVERSATION.

Concerning the House of Lords.

Scene :—*A country house near London.*
Time :—*Saturday Evening after Dinner.*

The group of friends whose conversations on various subjects of general interest have from time to time been recorded in these pages, were assembled lately round the usual fire, when the Accomplished Novelist reminded them that about this time last year they had been discussing the natural history of ghosts. She asked the psychic researcher if he had any late intelligence from Ghost-Land to communicate to them in honour of the approaching season.

The Psychic Researcher:

I have no certain information, but I should think that an increasing surprise must pervade the next world concerning the inconquerable frivolity of this one, where the more important, because the much more durable life, is so rarely dealt with seriously.

Our Hostess:

Dear Mr. Meldon, I am sure your next-world friends would not be rude to Esther.

The Successful Barrister:

Nor so crushing, Clara, to our more or less scientific friend, as your remark might seem to be. But a new line of enquiry suggests itself to me. If I understand rightly, the occultist holds that there are not merely ghosts of our friends to deal with in that other world of your inquiry, but ghosts also of their clothes and personal belongings.

OUR HOSTESS:

My dear George, that is such an old difficulty! I could deal with it myself, without troubling Mr. Meldon.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

I am not putting it forward as a difficulty, but merely as a prelude. Can we expand the assumption or the theory so far as to include, for example, ghosts of complete institutions or cities?

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

If by the ridiculous word "ghost" you mean the astral counterpart of physical objects, undeniably such phenomena are possible, almost *ad libitum*.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

That is the interesting conclusion I wish to establish. Because when my own time comes to investigate the region we are talking of, few things will interest me more than the ghost of the House of Lords.

THE JOURNALIST:

So you expect to survive the institution you refer to. How tired you will be of life before you reach the limits you allow yourself!

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN:

The dear old gilded chamber! What price the premium on its insurance for the next five years?

THE JOURNALIST:

I couldn't pay if I lost, but that is a detail. A shilling per annum in the hundred pounds, would, I think, be a premium I should be glad to accept.

OUR HOST:

I would not take shares in your insurance company, my dear West, though I sympathise to a great extent with your sympathies. Nothing is certain but the unforseen in a country controlled by the caprices of popular representation.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

I submit to the dictum in so far as it precludes us from discerning the conditions under which the medieval pageant of which we are speaking will pass off the stage. But this much we cannot but recognise. It is out of date.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

That is a terrible thought. Without the peerage modern fiction would be so monotonous.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN:

But who proposes to dispense with the Duchesses? We may all still luxuriate in loyalty to them, but I fail to see what right the Dukes have to make laws that I am expected to obey.

THE JOURNALIST:

It is certainly an unhealthy sign of the times, when the self-indulgent aristocrat is faithless even to the interest of his own class.

OUR HOST:

We are gradually arranging the preliminaries of a really pretty quarrel. I knew George Greyston was on the Liberal side. With Mostyn for his junior, he will perhaps lead the case against the House of Lords, while West, whose writings, as we all know constitute an important part of the constitution's bulwark, will be quite able to take the case for the defendant—with only such help as I feel sure the ladies will give him.

OUR HOSTESS:

The ladies, indeed! So in the presence of such women as Esther and Harriet you treat them merely as a make-weight.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

My improvement on the idea would be that we should treat them as judges in this case. If West requires any assistance in the conduct of his noble clients' defence, I gather that the member for Ghost-land will be on the side of time-honoured institutions.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

I shall not object to the judicial attitude, on the understanding that I am clearly entitled to find both sides in the wrong.

THE JOURNALIST:

It is quite certain that both sides are in the wrong if we simply regard the existing state of facts. The House of Lords is deplorably in the wrong in allowing its constitution to remain for all these centuries unchanged. That democracy is in the wrong —for a political philosopher can only be a truism. Great

thoughts, conducive to social and national welfare, must invariably emanate in the beginning from exceptional minds. While the populace is bellowing any battle-cries with which it is familiar, genius is forecasting those of the future. By degrees a minority appreciates them. In the infinite progress of time, perhaps, they are appreciated more generally, and by that time new developments have been inspired by genius. It is a logical necessity that minorities must always be in advance of their period; in the right. In other words majorities and democracies must invariably be in the wrong.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

Am I justified in assuming that my eloquent friend assigns the roll of genius to his clients, the noble heirs of their fathers' titles who sit in the Gilded Chamber?

THE JOURNALIST:

The sarcasm has no sharp edge. Many sons of their fathers are undeniably out of place in the Upper House, but so many are there in fulfilment of conditions favourable to political growth, that the men who speak habitually in the House of Lords are notoriously the intellectual superiors of the corresponding class in the Commons.

THE DISTINGUISHED LADY DOCTOR:

How can you say that, Mr. West, when you remember such giants of the past as Gladstone and Bright, or even Disraeli, not to speak of modern heroes, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and others.

THE JOURNALIST:

My political memory is long enough to carry me back to the period of the earliest giant mentioned, and I declare from knowledge that amongst journalists of the Palmerstonian era, it used to be recognised as a fact, whether sympathies were with the lower or the upper classes, that when a big, full-dress debate on some large subject of policy happened to be in progress, the debate in the Lords was always a finer intellectual display than the corresponding debate in the House of Commons.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

I am afraid the second-hand testimony of unknown journalists

given forty years ago, is not good evidence before the present court. But considering the advantages young men of the peerage enjoy, and the number from whom the few leading speakers of the Upper House may be selected, it would be very surprising indeed if some of them were not intellectually capable. Whether that intellectual capability justifies them in overriding the wishes of the nation when important legislation is concerned, is perhaps the question we really have to deal with.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN:

And for my part I neither deny nor admit the mental superiority to myself of any given noble lord you like to name, but I deny that he has any right to exact my obedience to his views of what Law should be.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

But why are you more willing to grovel in submission to the clodhopper? For myself I protest equally against the supremacy of the peer or the peasant. Why am I,—outrageously taxed as I find myself, through the intermediation of the landlord of my flat,—denied the smallest share in governing myself?

OUR HOST:

However interesting the digression might be, I am afraid we cannot allow a petticoat, to be dragged like a red herring, across the trail of this debate. The wrongs of women are extremely interesting, but the rights of the House of Lords are engaging our attention this evening.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

But I can never afford the House of Lords the invaluable privilege of my support, until I know whether they are prepared to behave towards me in accordance with elementary justice.

THE JOURNALIST:

With profound respect, that remark illustrates some of the worst characteristics of English politics. People will judge mighty national questions in the light of their personal interests. I have no axes of my own to grind, but the English nation may be a power in the world for good if it is properly governed, and it appears to me inconceivable that reasonable men or women can suppose proper government likely to emerge from the unchecked

caprices, the sordid delusions, the clumsy misunderstandings of a coarse-minded, ignorant multitude, unchecked by the comparatively superior intelligence of those who have the advantages of birth and education to guide their thinking.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

May I suggest that all methods of government in this somewhat barbarous world are compromises with conflicting embarrassments? A state may be governed by autocracy, by oligarchy or by democracy. History in the past affords us abundant reason for recognising that it may be badly governed under any of these methods. But history and contemporary example certainly suggest that popular representation leads, on the whole, to the most fairly creditable results. I thank a departed Tory chieftain for warning us that we must educate our masters. In so far as the Church will allow it, democratic governments are eager to carry out that injunction. But imperfectly educated though they may be as yet, the people, in lands where they prevail, have given rise on the whole to more respectable results in government than are shown in countries governed by autocracy, or than have been shown in the past (hardly any examples are left to us now) in countries governed by oligarchies. So personally I plump for the people.

THE JOURNALIST:

And it is just in plumping that you go wrong. By no one of the methods you describe can decent government be evolved. I say nothing about the United States, where popular rule is tempered by periodical autocracies, not less effective because disguised in republican phrases, but our own country provides us with a theory according to which government should be evolved from the combination of the three methods our learned friend has referred to. A little autocracy at the top should invest the result with a certain continuity of design, with a certain dignity in the face of other states. A considerable infusion of the oligarchical idea would guard it from the monstrous excesses to which unchecked democracy has always been prone. The guardianship of popular liberty by the democratic chamber forbids the possibility of a tyrannical development of the other factors in the

Constitution. The British Constitution realized, invested with actuality in all its parts, relieved from the dread of destruction by a mud avalanche, provides the world with quite the most perfect governmental machine that has yet been thought out by any theorist or developed by any experience. But a reckless generation of kid-gloved Iconoclasts, like Mostyn, frets against those features of the Constitution for which it grows contemptuous by familiarity, and wantonly cheers the destructive engineering which threatens to overwhelm us all, themselves included, by the mud avalanche already referred to.

THE DISTINGUISHED LADY DOCTOR:

By the term mud avalanche our friend apparently refers to what may be roughly described as liberal progress. In the course of the past century that has set free the slave, has cleansed the prisons, has cleared away the iniquities of the poor law and the press gang, has emancipated intelligence by creating an untaxed press, is teaching the people to respect themselves by investing them with power in the State, and meanwhile has given them cheap bread to eat.

THE JOURNALIST:

Bread! O merciful shade of Cobden! Poor old seer of a delusive vision! Let us rather have woman suffrage to divert our attention from the threatened murder of the constitution, than be drawn off into the dismal swamp of the Free Trade controversy.

THE DISTINGUISHED LADY DOCTOR:

I apologise for my reference to the untaxed loaf. No doubt the landlords left to themselves would have generously provided it without Mr. Cobden's help. Their eagerness to benefit their tenants, to pursue their pleasures as sportsmen in the way that should be best in harmony with the interests of the farmer, their punctilious regard for the value of unexhausted improvements, should of course inspire us with the conviction that the welfare of the nation would be safe in their unfettered hands.

OUR HOSTESS:

I am sure, George, I don't know why your vigorous Liberals stand in surly opposition to the woman's vote. It seems to me that

when women do get politics on the brain they are frightfully apt to be as radical as the worst of you.

THE JOURNALIST:

Our learned friend, as far as he himself is concerned, is merely following the lead of his party. The fact that as a rule it opposes the woman's claim, merely shows that it is no less foolish than conceited, and curiously destitute of the judicial sense. Whether women will vote black or white does not affect my personal conviction that in a country where voting is tolerated they have an undeniable claim to join in the mélée. The man who appreciates the value of the aristocratic element in public life, is not on that account a bigoted supporter of any existing conditions. "Conservative" is an idiotic expression to apply to those who generally wear the title in the present day. As a member of the so-called Conservative Party, I probably have a list of changes which I desire to bring about, longer even than the list put forward by those afloat on the mud avalanche. But apropos to my catalogue of desirable changes, may I suggest those which directly apply to the great question we have in hand, the question of the House of Lords.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN:

On you go, my friend, any change will loosen the foundations on which that curious institution rests, and must thus hasten the downfall of the edifice.

THE JOURNALIST:

Your learned leader is discreetly silent. He knows quite well that a few changes would clear the House of Lords of all liability to reproach, would render the conventional abuse against it, by which the multitude is hoodwinked, ineffective for practical agitation. Invest the Lords with the simple right of determining which among their six hundred should constitute the House, — say three hundred qualified representatives of their class,—and that senate, a product as it would be of natural growth, and not of clumsy artificial methods of election, like those that give rise to the senates of America and some of our colonies, would be a legislative authority of unexampled perfection. Certainly not one qualified to rule alone, but qualified to initiate most of the useful

legislation required, as well as to guard us from the legislative monstrosities generated in the pestilential air of the Lower House, liable as that always is to represent the most successful lie of the latest agitator, and in any case paralyzed as regards all useful work by absorption in the personal struggles of rival politicians to grasp the joys of Office. All this senseless fury directed against the House of Lords, if it gave rise to practical results, would leave the government of the country helpless in the midst of a strife as sordid and personal in its character as that which ranges within and around the Stock Exchange.

Parenthetically I may venture to call your attention to a curious series of changes in progress. Few reasonable observers of public affairs in this country will deny that the Crown in these days—including by that expression the greater part of the last century—represents extraordinary progress in the direction of loftier ideals than were associated with monarchy in by-gone generations. So, also, our much abused Upper House, perhaps, under the discipline of misfortune, but anyhow as a fact, represents in its action and debates a dignity and self-control which earlier oligarchies rarely achieved. It is only the Representative Chamber, the factor in the Constitution which Liberals of all shades would exalt, that has exhibited moral degradation. The decline in public respect for the House of Commons is the most notorious fact connected with modern politics. We all know that its debates are make-believe, its decisions determined simply by the division bell and the direction of the party whip, who tells the sheep of his flock hurrying in from the smoking rooms whether they are to vote aye or no. The serious politician to-day addresses the world through the pages of the monthly reviews, and guards himself from wasting his earnest thought on the reporters' gallery, trained in these days to give the newspaper reader mere glimpses of what is going on in the arena below, and warned by sub-editors in the back-ground that one cannot give much space now to mere parliamentary reports. In former days parliamentary reports took precedence of everything else in the newspapers. In these—look round. Except in the old-fashioned *Times*, news of all other kinds takes precedence of them, and to rob us of the constitutional safeguard by means of which the

degenerate House of Commons can be prevented from playing ducks and drakes with such national interests as still survive, is the light-hearted reckless purpose of those who misunderstand their inheritance of the once ennobling traditions of the Liberal party.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

Quite admirable—the address of our eloquent friend—if we could imagine it uttered amongst a company of aeronauts up in a balloon. On the solid earth it is out of date. Aristocratic privilege is doomed. Some of us may be hurt under the new régime, but the new régime means that the people of this country must rule it in their own way. Even, as you have seen, my esteemed friend Mr. Mostyn, who is merely an ornament of society, and has no rights because he has done nothing to earn any, objects to be dictated to by dukes. The hard-working man of the people, whose industry creates the nation, has arrived at the conclusion that he will no longer allow the Dukes to dictate. It is no use to try and fluster his understanding with the herald's tabards and silver trumpets and coat armour of the middle ages. All that kind of thing, and the privileges to which it gave rise, are out of date. These are not the days of tournaments, but of trade unions. Nor are the trade unions fierce or bloodthirsty. They do not want to guillotine the peer: they merely say to him, civilly, as the railway porter says to those in his way as he wheels a heavy truck of luggage: "By your leave." But if the person in the way is not wise enough to stand aside, he is apt to get hurt.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

I like that last illustration. It shows on what level of thought the liberal politician moves. Human life for him is no more than the crowd at a railway station. Among those on the platform there may conceivably be poets, men of genius in connection with science or literature, but for the porter they are all just passengers. For the liberal politician humanity is equally a homogenous horde, to be driven this way or that as the petty exigencies of the moment may require. The idea that spiritually the horde may include beings as far superior to others as the arc light is brighter than a candle in a lanthorn is entirely ignored. The

totally blind man would not understand the one difference, and your average liberal does not understand the other.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

Then I humbly claim to be a shade less stupid than the average liberal. I recognise differences in mental luminosity, and I think we are a little more likely to get the arc lights into Parliament by leaving the constituencies to elect them, than by trusting the peers to breed them.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

And you really think that the peers of one generation are alone responsible for the peers of the next?

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

You anticipate my criticism. It occurred to me that the peeresses had something to do with the matter, even though as mere women they would be denied votes.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

With submission to the Court, the peeresses even are less influential in the matter than Liberal politicians of the railway porter type would suppose. I wonder would it be permissible to suggest that not even by a vote of the House of Commons can you entirely abolish——Providence!

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN:

Please remember that this is Saturday evening, not Sunday morning.

OUR HOSTESS:

It is getting so near Sunday morning that I shall have to ask Esther, on behalf of "the Court," as you call us, to pronounce judgment on you very soon.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER:

The member for the frivolous world has answered himself. He cannot understand that powers and forces of which he knows nothing are concerned in human affairs more actively perhaps on days devoted to serious business than on the odd seventh. And the influences which drift men coming back to work from long rest in other phases of existence make it more likely that the arc lights,—to keep to that metaphor,—will be found in the classes inheriting culture and social distinction, than among the multi-

tudinous egos not yet emancipated from the task of manual labour. A political system which resolutely ignores that fundamental natural law, must stand in the way of true progress and tend to the degradation of the nation that adopts it.

THE JOURNALIST:

I fear we are hardly yet able to organise any political system which shall fully give effect to that idea; but meanwhile the British Constitution,—

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN:

Good Lord deliver us! or rather, in this case, good ladies who preside over this debate protect us from the British Constitution.

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

It is my easy task to give judgment in this cause. You are all equally at sea in your attempts to find fault with each other. The Commons are utterly unfit to be trusted to rule the country by themselves. The Lords are utterly incapable of controlling them effectually. Your British Constitution is a lopsided and ridiculous bit of antiquated machinery. King, Peers and Commons are collectively a failure, but we are obliged to put up with them and tolerate their incapacity because the women who might be able to manage politics better, have other things to do. Where they rule, as round the fireside, men may talk as much nonsense as they like, but the time comes when women act, and—take themselves off to bed.

OUR HOSTESS:

So be it. But never mind, George, you played for your side very nicely, even if the judgment is against you.

THE SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER:

Good gracious! Did you fail to perceive that poor West was the person referred to by your illustrious colleague on the Bench as talking nonsense.

THE JOURNALIST TO THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

Do you care to make him see what you really meant?

THE ACCOMPLISHED NOVELIST:

Good-night!

THE POWER OF THE KNIFE.

It was in an old curiosity shop at Siena. I had bought a set of Ginore tea-cups, some Neapolitan blue and white plates, a finely wrought copper scaldino, some pieces of eighteenth century brocade, and I felt at the end of the resources of my slender purse.

"No more to-day," I said to the old Jew who kept the shop. "I can afford no more."

"Just this trifle, Signorina. You shall have it for a mere nothing. Two hundred years old at least."

He unclasped a knife as he spoke, and handed to me. I took it. The handle was of black wood, inlaid with ivory, in a quaint design of little rounds, with small, black spots placed unevenly on them. The blade was slender, very pointed, notched on one side, and ornamented with an arabesque design. On the handle a tiny brass plate had engraved on it two peacock feathers and a leaf.

As I held the knife a curious pricking sensation, accompanied by a little thrill, passed from my hand up my arm, I did not pay much attention to this at the time, but I remembered it afterwards.

"How much?" I asked.

"Five lire."

"Two and a half," I said indifferently.

"Well, be it so," he said, rather to my surprise. "I make you a present of it at such a price; but as you have bought the other things,"—and he shrugged his shoulders. "Take care, however, how you use it; some of these old knives are poisoned."

"Indeed," said I, "that makes it the more interesting."

The old man closed the knife and gave it to me with an odd smile. I slipped it into my pocket, paid for what I had purchased, and telling him where to send the other things, left the shop.

I had been gay, excited, intensely interested during this my first visit to Siena. But now, for the first time, as I stepped into the narrow stone paved street, with its high, stern, mediæval houses, it was as if a shadow fell on me. A sense of strange gloom, of something tragic and sinister came over me. I moved instinctively to the sunny side of the street. I thought that I must be tired, and that I would go home and tell Anna all that I had been doing.

Anna was my travelling companion and dearest friend. We were sharing a little apartment in an old *palazzo* together.

My spirits rose when I entered the sitting-room and found a dainty little supper set out, flowers on the table, a log fire burning brightly on the stone hearth, and Anna's fair, serene face bending over her embroidery. Soon all feeling of gloom was forgotten in our pleasant, familiar talk. After we had supped my purchases arrived, and Anna admired and criticized.

"But I have forgotten to show you one thing," I exclaimed, and I drew the knife from my pocket.

Anna took it and opened it, and I noticed that she turned just a shade pale.

"It is the only thing you have bought that I don't like," she said.

"But it is so pretty," I objected, "and so romantic. The man said it might be poisoned," and I laughed.

Anna shuddered slightly. "Put it away," she said.

"You dear thing," said I, "you are so timid. You never like anything sharp and pointed. But I do. I like the feel of it"—and I drew my fingers daintily along the blade. "Fancy! it may have killed some one."

"Don't!" she said. "There is a savage strain in you, Barbara."

I laughed and kissed her, and put the knife away in my trunk, where it remained till we returned to England.

. . . . . .

Anna and I shared a little flat in Kensington. She embroidered

and I painted, and the occasional proceeds of our work paid for our amusements if not for our daily bread. We had lived for some time in tranquil happiness together. But since our return after a winter spent in Italy, things were somehow different. At first it was delightful to be at home again, to arrange our treasures, see our friends, and set to work again. But after a little while a feeling of restless discontent crept over me. I pined for the sunny shores of the South; I could not paint to my satisfaction; my temper suffered. Anna must have noticed a change in me, but she was very patient; she said nothing.

There was something moreover which I never told her—something which I disliked to acknowledge even to myself, for I was very proud and independent. I loved Cyril Morland. We had been art students together, and friendships between us had gradually developed into a warmer feeling on both sides. Yes, on both sides; for, although he had until now never openly spoken of his love, I knew it by the look that at times flashed into his eyes, by words that he inadvertently let fall, those words which often tell more than many an explicit avowal. Sometimes, indeed, I pretended that he did not love me, that he could not; for why did he not speak? Sometimes I pretended to myself that I did not love him; but, deep in my heart, I instinctively knew that we loved one another. And there was not only love between us, but much sympathy. We cared for the same things. It was I who first understood and encouraged his talent. He, on his side, appreciated me in a subtle way that no other man was capable of; not my painting, that alas, was too small a thing, but myself; the kernel of my soul and its expression in my personality. He loved my vivid temperament, my masses of copper-coloured hair. He was calmer, more *insouciant*, also more reasonable than I was.

Since our return from Italy I had not seen much of him, and when we met, he was cold in his manner. This provoked me, and at times I almost hated him. In my turn I became cold and disdainful.

But at last a crisis came, and it was my Italian knife that provoked it.

I kept the knife by me on a little table close to my usual seat.

I liked to look at it and handle it, for it had a curious fascination for me.

He came one afternoon when I was alone. I see him now standing, as he stood then, with his back to the fire, tall and fair, lithe and straight-featured. I was feeling rather nervous, and without thinking, picked up the knife and began to toy with it.

"I don't like to see you with that thing in your hand," he said.

"Why not?" I asked rather defiantly.

"Oh, it is like seeing a child with something deadly."

"I am not a child, and I love the knife."

I gently pressed the point as I spoke against my palm and smiled.

"Give it to me," he said, and tried to take it from me.

I held tight, and in the struggle the knife slipped, and the point pierced my wrist. Two or three drops of blood appeared.

I let go, and held out my arm for him to see. He flung away the knife, and falling on his knees, pressed his lips to the wound.

"I am a brute!" he said. "Forgive me!"

I did not speak, I had turned almost faint with a strange happiness. In another moment I was in his arms, and his kisses were on my face. Then suddenly he loosed me and sprang up.

"This is horrible!" he said. "I am mad."

A dreadful revulsion of feeling came over me. "What do you mean," I asked falteringly.

His eyes, as he looked at me, were full of love and anguish: "I should never have let you know," he said.

"But why?"

"Barbara, I have no right to love you."

I got up and put my hands on his shoulders. "But you do love me," I said.

"God help me, yes!"

"And why should you not? What comes between us?"

"I am engaged to marry someone else."

My hands fell away from him, we stood facing each other in silence for a moment. Then I turned away and sat down at some distance from him. I was cold and numb, and I had to

make a great effort before I could ask what I wanted to ask; but the words came at last like a bitter taste to my lips: "Who is it?"

"Esther Hamilton."

"Esther Hamilton," I repeated, and there must have been surprise and scorn in my tone.

A vision of a short, dark, rather common-looking girl rose before me: a girl with small eyes and a coarse mouth. She had been a student at the same school of art with us. I remembered her artistic pose, her shallow conceit, her rather flimsy theatrical work.

"*You* engaged to that girl," I exclaimed. "*Why?*"

"Why!" he said bitterly. "Because I supposed at one time that I loved her."

"How long have you been engaged to her?"

"Two or three years."

"And . . . when are you going to marry her?"

"Soon," he said, doggedly.

"But you don't love her now?"

"No."

"When did you leave off loving her?"

"A year ago; when my friendship with you became something more than friendship on my part."

I turned my back to him and buried my face in the sofa cushions. I did not cry; the blood began to rush about my body in furious gusts. It mounted to my head. I felt a rage that choked me. Suddenly unable to control myself, I sprang up and faced him.

"*I hate you!*" I exclaimed.

But as I met his eyes the despair in them checked me. I groaned and hid my face in my hands.

"Yes," he said, "hate me, Barbara. It is all you can do. I am going now. I shall not come again."

"Impossible!" I cried. "What, will you leave me for that woman? Do you know what she is? She has no soul."

"It doesn't matter to me whether she has a soul or not. She is nothing to me now."

"Yet you stick to her."

"I am in honour bound. I cannot break my word."

The words fell on my ears like a knell. I knew it was absolutely useless to attempt to alter his decision. Anger, argument, supplication would alike beat against him as waves against a rock. Besides, I was too proud to stoop to supplication. I hardened myself. I had already said too much; but in moments of passion the truth bursts from us.

"Then it must be good-bye," I said calmly and coldly.

"Yes, good-bye."

He cast one glance at me which was like the glance of a drowning man, and went without offering me his hand.

When he was gone, for the moment I felt nothing. It was as if a great sea had flooded me and had now retired leaving an empty waste.

I began mechanically to look for something, a horrible attraction drawing me. It was the knife. I found it lying where he had flung it. I picked it up and sat down with it. I remained for a time in an almost unconscious state, holding it in my hand.

At last I remembered the wound in my wrist, and looked at it. It was little more than a scratch. Still, if what the man had told me was true, it might have poisoned me. I laughed. It mattered so little to me that my body should be poisoned. A worse poison had infected my soul—my soul which would henceforth be linked with the knife—the symbol of hatred, violence and revenge.

. . . . . .

Days passed, and I began to recover. My natural elasticity and pride helped me. I resolved to trample my love under foot. Life was strong in me. And I was beautiful. I flirted with other men and forgot Cyril Morland. Yet the poison was working in me all the time and corroding my heart. I met Esther Hamilton in society. Her engagement was now proclaimed. She seemed, so I thought, elated and happy. On one occasion when we met Cyril was with her. He was looking older, worn and bored. My heart smote me. After all he was suffering more than I was, for it was he who would have to bear life with a distasteful companion—not I. Yes; but it was his own fault after all. Why should he sacrifice himself and me to an overstrung sense of honour? Was not this

honour a convention—a fetish to which a finer instinct for true living was to be sacrificed as well as our happiness?

We exchanged bows and smiles. I forced myself to appear at ease and natural. It gave me a little wicked consolation to know that my dress was perfect, and that I was looking beautiful. I read his thoughts of me in his hungry, half averted eyes. After a short talk we parted with mutual relief. Giovanni Tipolo, an Italian Marchese, who was very attentive to me at that time, took me away on his arm. I talked to him and others with gaiety, and even brilliancy, till at last I felt I could bear no more, and seeking out Anna begged her to go home.

In the hansom, driving back, hatred crept slowly up into my heart, and I knew that it was destined to grow and grow, and I knew also, with a sure presentiment, that some day she, whom I hated, would be in my power. It was as if the knife spoke to me. If she had been a woman whom I could have respected or admired I would have forgiven her. I could not have hated a good woman. But she was common and insufferable in my eyes.

. . . . . .

One day Anna told me that she had made acquaintance with Mrs. Emery, a most interesting and attractive woman, and also a wonderful clairvoyante, though she did not exercise her gift professionally.

"I have asked her to tea," she said, "and you must be at home. I want her to feel your knife."

"I daresay she will find out that it has stabbed some one," I said lightly.

The appointed day came, and Mrs. Emery arrived. She was a slight fair woman with a face which combined great sensitiveness with strength and honesty. I was at once attracted to her. After some conversation, chiefly on psychical subjects, in which we were all interested, I handed her my knife begging her to see if she could tell us anything about its past history.

I was sitting beside her on the sofa. She took the knife and held it for a minute. Then she let it drop with a little cry. "It is horrid!" she said, "I can't touch it. Yes, it *has* killed some one."

"Who was it?" I asked.

"A woman?"

"No doubt some sudden affair of Italian jealousy."

"No, not that. It was a long hate; at last it struck."

She spoke hesitatingly, reluctantly. I entreated her to go on and tell me more. I thrust the knife back into her hand. Something impelled me to know all that could be known.

"Give me your hand, then," she said; "perhaps you will help. You have something to do with it."

I did so.

In a few moments a cold air breathed over me, and then something strange took place; I lost consciousness of my actual environment; something seemed to burst open in me and I *saw*.

I saw a dim church, an altar with a large crucifix; steps before the altar—two women kneeling. One was dressed in a rich mediæval gown, the other quite simply; she seemed to be an attendant. I looked as I had never looked in my life before. By and by the richly dressed woman turned her head, and with a strange and awful thrill I saw a face that I knew. It was the face of Esther Hamilton.

Another figure now appeared—a rough-looking man in a dark cloak stole from behind a pillar. He had a low, hard type of face. He crept up to the woman, and, drawing a knife from beneath his cloak, seized her from behind and plunged it into her heart. As she fell the other woman threw herself upon the man; there was a short struggle before he mastered her, stabbing her viciously in several places.

All passed like a flash of lightning. The man fled, I saw the faces of the two women contorted in death. I saw their blood on their breasts and clothes, and on the steps of the altar. Then all was hidden by a cloud, and in an instant another scene appeared.

A stately room hung with tapestry. A woman in a brocaded gown sat by an immense stone hearth on which burnt a wood fire. The firelight fell on her hair and made it glow like burnished copper. It fell on her white face, her red lips and dark eyes. They were mine. I saw myself.

The door opened and the dark figure of the murderer glided in. He fell on his knees before her and offered her a knife wet with blood. I saw the black handle, inlaid with ivory, the long

sharp blade. I recognised it. She took it from him with a strange exultant smile, looked at it for a moment, holding it in a strong hand that did not tremble, then rose and put it away in a silver casket which she locked with a key that hung from her girdle. Then they seemed to speak long and earnestly together. Somehow, though I could not hear their words, I knew what they were saying. At last she gave him a purse heavy with gold. He bowed low, kissed her hand and went.

I saw no more, and came back to myself with a sense of unearthly horror. It was as if blood rose in my throat and stifled me. I rushed to Anna and fell on my knees, hiding my face in her lap. In broken words I told her what I had seen. I felt sick with terror. The atmosphere of the past surrounded me. I had the very feeling of my former life, I was again, for a brief instant, the woman I had been. I was plunged again into a network of intrigue and violence. If it had not been for Anna's arms around me, I think I should have gone mad. I kept on repeating "It was I myself, and it was the knife, that knife which is *here now!*

"I saw all that she saw," said Mrs. Emery who was very pale. "Don't let her talk of it."

She came and held my hand and kissed it. "It doesn't matter," she said, "it is past!"

I looked up and recognised her face. It was the face of the servant I had seen as she lay dead—the same, yet how changed. "You," I said, "*you* were the other woman."

"I know," she said very calmly. "I felt the point of the knife in my heart when I touched it for the second time."

My brain reeled and I fainted.

When my senses returned I was alone with Anna. Mrs. Emery had gone. She comforted me, and soothed me as best she could, and tried to turn my attention into other channels.

"You must make an effort, darling, and forget this just for the time," she said. "The shock has been too much for you. Later on we will talk about it and consider what it all means."

I felt she was wise and, indeed, I had suddenly become so exhausted that I yielded to her entreaties to go to bed. Hardly had my head touched the pillow when I fell into a deep sleep.

. . . . . .

A few days after Anna spoke to me seriously and very earnestly. Up to now we had neither of us alluded to the scene which had taken place, but now she seemed to think the moment had come to speak.

"Will you do me a favour, dear?" she asked. "It is only a little thing, which you may easily do. Get rid of that knife! From the first I thought there was something evil, uncanny about it. I disliked to see you touch it. When you touched it you seemed to change. It is as if the thing were alive and had an unholy influence, besides the dreadful associations."

I glanced towards the little table where the knife usually lay. *It was still there.* I wondered how it was I could endure the sight of it, why, indeed, I had not got rid of it already.

I hesitated. "You can put it away in the cabinet," I said at length.

"Let us bury it in the garden."

"No, no, it would be spoilt."

I got up and put it inside a glass cabinet which held some of our little treasures. I felt as if the thing did not wish to leave me and some curious spell made me reluctant to part with it.

"Do you really believe that all that we saw that evening was a true vision of the past?" I asked Anna, seating myself again beside her.

"You are the best judge of that," she answered. "Have you no inward sense of its truth yourself?"

"Yes," I said; "as I saw I *knew* that what I saw was true. And when the picture was gone, I remembered. It was as if I tasted the past. Memory is not fancy."

"Then why, why do you keep anything connected with such a horrible past? How can you free yourself from that awful shadow of crime if you persist in keeping what was the instrument of it?"

"I cannot analyse my motives," I said, "but I feel I must keep the knife."

Anna sighed and looked at me very sorrowfully and pityingly —"You are very strange," she said.

"You see," I said, "after all it did me a good turn in that past life."

"You are joking," she said with disgust.

"No; I am not joking," I replied, and some sinister impulse seemed to rise up in me and prompt my words; "it removed an obstacle. That woman was my enemy then, as she is now. Cyril Morland loves me, not her."

Then I told her all. She had guessed something.

"You must forgive," she said, when I had finished. "You must learn that there is a law against revenge. You must not make fresh evil, but free yourself from the web of your old destiny by dissociating yourself from it entirely. It was given you to see those scenes as a warning. Oh, Barbara, be warned! I feel as if you were a child dancing over its own grave. Can't you understand what you have to do?"

I burst into a flood of bitter tears, but still I felt that I could not get rid of the knife. Still its poison was in my soul.

. . . . . .

After this my health began to fail. I became weak, listless and at the same time restless. Anna thought that a change would do me good, and we went to a quiet little place on the Cornish coast. It was here that I had the news of Cyril Morland's marriage. I felt nothing for the time but a deep resentment which swallowed up all my love. My heart was hardened, and I could not bring myself to feel mercy, kindness or even that indifference which I knew would be wisdom.

One evening I went out by myself in an unusually bitter frame of mind. I had left the knife behind me in London, yet it was, as it were, in my hand, as if its spirit were prompting me to some deed of violence or wrong. I wondered vaguely if that was how murderers felt. I could have caught the throat of the woman I hated in my strong hands, throttled her and flung her aside like a dead animal.

I went down to walk on the sands. Above me were the towering cliffs; on the other side of me were the big waves, the in and out rushing sheets of foam, and in my face was a wild wind which blew through my loosened hair. I was in complete loneliness: not even a fisherman's cottage was in sight. I walked on quickly for some time with a curious sort of savage joy in the elements. I felt more than my natural vigour.

By-and-bye I perceived a figure coming down a path on the cliff not very far ahead of me. It was the small grey figure of a woman. I stood still and watched her descend. I wondered who it could possibly be so far away from all houses. Then I recollected that there was a small hotel, a mile or two off, much frequented by artists. No doubt she had come to sketch. I watched her with interest as she scrambled down. Something about her figure and movements were familiar to me. My heart suddenly stopped and went on again at a furious pace. It was Esther—Esther Morland now.

I had the sense of some approaching dreadful crisis—as if I were face to face with my destiny. Then I became quite cool and moved on towards her. She was walking away from me, along the sands. I followed her for some minutes—I knew the shore well, and I remembered that just by those black, queerly-shaped rocks, which she was coming to, there were quicksands. There was usually a notice of danger, but I saw that the board had been blown down. I hastened my steps. She was walking in a straight line to the dangerous spot. Did she know? If not, my moment had come—I had only to look on and see her die; see what I hated disappear, sucked in by the remorseless earth. Cyril Morland would be free. The evil spirit of the knife was speaking in my heart. I laughed to myself.

Then all of a sudden I saw something strange before me; though whether, indeed, it was really there or only a vision of my mind, so intense as to objectivate itself in space, I cannot say. I saw my own face, not the face of my former life on earth, but my own present face, yet changed, haggard, inhuman, horrible, with dreadful, soulless eyes. And something said to me. If you let her die you will be your own murderess—see *yourself*."

The vision lasted only an instant, but in that instant I became free and sane. A great light rushed into my mind, I recognised with an awful shock what it is to be a criminal, and stood aghast at myself. Some deadly spell, the spell that had lasted from one life to another, was broken.

I rushed forward, shouting "Stop!"

She turned round, "You, Barbara!" she exclaimed, "what are you doing here? And how queer you look! What is the matter?"

"You are on the edge of a quicksand," I said, "don't go a step farther."

She grew rather pale and came and stood beside me.

"Why, how lucky you were here," she said. "Good gracious, you were only just in time! Why is there no notice?"

"It has been washed away."

"Well, anyhow, I am glad we have met," she said, "How wild you look with your red hair floating in the wind. You have as much of it as ever. We are staying at the 'Rose and Crown.' Won't you come back to tea with us? Cyril will be there."

There was a conscious, quietly triumphant look on her face as she said the last words.

"No thank you," I said. "I must hurry home to Anna. I have been out too long already."

As I spoke I twisted my hair and bound it up. I had saved her life, but I felt she was insufferable. Her odious little penetrating eyes were on me. But what did it matter? I asked myself. The whole thing was over, all my thoughts of her, all my thoughts of him. I had escaped a greater danger than she had.

I recovered my self-possession. "Good bye for the present," I said smilingly, and gave her my hand. "You must come and see Anna and me. I will send you our address."

"We will certainly come," she replied, and lightly kissing her hand to me she retraced her steps towards the cliff.

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When I returned to Anna, I told her all that had happened.

"Thank God!" she said, and there were tears running down her cheeks as she kissed me. "The power of the knife is at an end."

. . . . . .

I never saw the knife again. When once more in London I went to the cabinet meaning to throw it away; I found that it had disappeared—how, or when, nobody seemed to know.

FLORENCE TUCKER.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE constitutional crisis of course transcends every other public event in thrilling interest as we write. But its aspects may change from day to day, and this renders the subject one that can hardly be handled with confidence, except by writers in the daily press dealing with the aspect of the moment. But at all events the oratorical fireworks let off in the House of Commons are not,—to use the slang of modern criticism,—in any way convincing. Even those who regard the present House of Commons as a mere caricature of British public opinion, cannot rely with any confidence on the evanescent character of the impression it will leave on affairs. Vast masses of the population, necessarily democratic in their sympathies, will for the first time have realised their power in the State. If, whenever the next general election takes place, they are more under the impression of excited delight at their discovery, than of feelings which might really be more deeply seated, we may find the next House bent upon coercing the Lords and encouraged to believe itself qualified to pronounce their doom. And yet one cannot but believe that if the problem at stake were really stated in perfectly impartial terms, the answer England would give would have the effect of maintaining the principle of a second chamber representing, if not actually constituted of, the class by which it is constituted at present. Most assuredly there must be an immense number of people in this country, distinctly opposed to the idea of handing over its destiny, to the control of its lowest classes, and that is practically what would be meant by the success of those who are attempting to wreck the Upper House.

The questions at issue are by no means shut up within the boundaries of purely mundane thinking. No appreciation of the Enlightenment derived from those studies concerning human evolution, associated with what has hitherto been called "occult science," can be complete if it refers that enlightenment exclusively to spiritual thoughts, and regards it as irrelevant to the practical concerns of life. The truth is, that a correct appreciation of the results of occult research and teaching as bearing on human affairs, reveals them immersed, as it were, in an atmosphere of hitherto unknown law, which affects every practical act in which governments and nations can be concerned. Comprehension of the great purposes towards which human evolution is tending may undoubtedly explain the necessity of democratic developments as conducive to the education of individual egos who would otherwise drift through life after life, more happily perhaps than when allowed a share in the control of their own affairs, but losing the individual advantage to be gained by personal struggle and experience. But spiritual enlightenment also shows, that to expect political wisdom and generally an ordering of things for the best as a consequence of leaving control in the hands of those most in need of development, is a kind of foolishness that could only arise from ignorance of the laws governing humanity as a whole. For the sake of the English people, regarded as an enormous accumulation of individual entities, whose spiritual interests must be thought of, it is desirable that they should have power enough to pursue chimerical ideals even to the extent of seriously hurting both themselves and others, always assuming that matters are so managed that the pursuit does not absolutely wreck the nation as a whole. This has functions to fulfil in the world as an aggregate entity, over and above those having to do with the individual development of the people. Perhaps a time will come when the British flag will no longer lead the vanguard of civilisation, but that time has hardly come yet, and the world, if it realised the truth, would see therefore that as yet it would be premature to allow the conditions under which Great Britain has accomplished her national work so far, to be prematurely overwhelmed by a democratic flood. Perhaps those to whom the shortcomings of the

class represented by the House of Lords are especially under observation, will be inclined to ridicule the notion of regarding that institution as the trustee of superior wisdom and enlightenment. But in practical life, one must be content with approximations. Compare the present House of Lords with the present House of Commons, and who is there outside the ranks of those prepared to start a new communist revolution with light hearts, who would not prefer to trust his future to the upper rather than to the lower of the two chambers? At all events, until some more finished mechanism can be devised, the House of Lords represents our best hope of national salvation.

CERTAINLY, in spite of all that has just been said, those whose estimate of various public problems, is most fully illuminated by the results of spiritual enlightenment, would, in dealing with detailed schemes of legislative improvement, be liable to find themselves more constantly at variance with the House of Lords than even with the present House of Commons. Political institutions as well as private personalities have the *défauts de leur qualités*. Trustworthy as the House of Lords may be in regard to protecting the grand principles of government—the major interests of the State,—they would probably be slower than the democracy to recognise the justice of many very urgently desirable changes in our law. A grotesque entanglement in the divorce court suggests the remark for the moment. Some years ago a girl got married to a heedless young Frenchman under age; his parents re-captured the naughty boy, French courts annulled the marriage. Later on, he married again, and that union is regarded in France as perfectly legitimate. The English lady not unnaturally assumes that what is sauce for the gander is, in this case, sauce also for the goose, and herself marries again. Then conditions arise, not affecting the point under consideration for the moment, which lead her husband to desire release from his matrimonial bond. So he goes to the court demanding that his marriage shall be annulled on the ground that the lady committed bigamy in marrying him. And the learned judge gives the case in his favour! In doing this, he may be quite correctly interpreting the law, and thus fulfilling his duty, but granting so much, is

only equivalent to recognising the law as idiotic,—the product of a wholly preposterous and unfounded treatment of the marriage contract as a super-terrestrial rite, involving obligations between the contracting parties and the Deity, and lying outside the circle of those affecting justice as between incarnate men and women.

There would only be one way in which the marriage laws could be dealt with in accordance with reason and enlightened perceptions. That would be by sweeping the whole collection off the board and reconstructing the system from A to *Z*. What would be the likelihood that any such comprehensive scheme would win the sanction of a House in which the Bishops would regard any such proposal as entitling them in a pre-eminent degree, to pronounce their judgment? Woman suffrage again, a measure which those views of life described above as Enlightenment distinctly lead many of us to favour, would be even less likely to secure approval in the Upper House than in the legislative whirlpool presided over by the Speaker. Whenever any question arises in connection with which there is room for the manifestation of narrow religious bigotry, the House of Lords is nearly sure to make friends with the stupid side. Progress, genuine progress, not the "Rake's Progress" on which the present Government is bent, is terribly apt to be impeded by the institution to which nevertheless one must look at present for the preservation of the State from results equivalent to a catastrophe. Assuredly we are fighting our way slowly through the thicket of national embarrassments, and some delusive assurances afloat in certain circles connected with occult study towards the end of the last century, which promised a relatively peaceful and tranquil period as destined to inaugurate the new one, have been disconcerted with comic completeness.

A NEW step has been taken in the direction of carrying scientific knowledge across the threshold dividing its usual activities from those belonging to superphysical realms of nature. True, the achievement we are about to notice lies still within the physical plane, but it represents subtle intimacy with the working of etheric conditions, which would hardly have been considered

within the domain of physical science a generation ago. A Danish scientist, Mr. Poulsen, has hit upon an electric discovery, calculated to improve the methods of what is known as wireless telegraphy, in a direction bringing them, by a long stride, nearer than before, to certain forces hitherto regarded as exclusively psychic. When it has been alleged by occult students as a possibility of nature, that one person, by the exercise of what are vaguely described as clairvoyant gifts, can exchange thoughts with another, at a distant place of the earth's surface, that idea has, of course, been ridiculed by the conventional representative of physical science as a baseless delusion. And yet, when the first discoveries of etheric electric waves by Hertz, led rapidly to the further discovery, that they could be controlled from one end of a line of communication and interpreted at the other,—science came dangerously near sharing in the delusion. All the developments known as wireless telegraphy,—better described now as radiotelegraphy,—followed in due course, bringing with them new difficulties and embarrassments, contributing to render the process much less practical than at the first glance its promoters hoped it would be. In spite of all that has been said about tuning the waves, it has only been possible to tune them within broad margins of error, and the difficulty may be appreciated by comparing them with more familiar waves of sound. When a pistol is fired, a sudden shock is given to the atmosphere producing violent waves within the immediate focus of the disturbance which die out at no very great distance and in a short interval of time. If it were desirable to keep up the waves so produced, pistol shots would have to be fired in very rapid succession. But in dealing with atmospheric sound waves we have them well under control. By arranging a tuning fork so that it is kept in uniform vibration by an electric motor, sound waves are sent out which are perfectly uniform in their character, a continuous flow quite unlike the spasmodic succession of impulses due to the stream of pistol shots. Now it would be useless here, without elaborate diagrams and protracted dissertations on some of the most intricate phenomena of electricity, to explain precisely how Mr. Poulsen has brought his results about. But that which he has done is to find a means of propagating electric wave on the principle

comparable with the uniform atmospheric wave produced by the tuning fork, whereas the electric waves hitherto made use of for wireless telegraphy have been propagated by a succession of sparks corresponding, in our illustration, with the pistol shots.

In the course of a public demonstration given last month, in which, as far as it was thought possible to show them in a room, Mr. Poulson's discovery was illustrated, those concerned with its explanation maintained that the new invention would finally put an end to spark telegraphy. The uniform wave, or as its representatives prefer to call it, the "undamped" wave, is very much more practically useful for telegraphic purposes than the spasmodic spark wave. The essence of radio-telegraphy resides in the fact that the receiving instruments can be adapted to respond only to waves of a given amplitude, within limits. The limits in the case of spark telegraphy had to be very wide, threatening to introduce embarrassments if a great many currents were imagined as simultaneously in operation. The limits with the uniform wave (Mr. Poulson's favourite expression "undamped" is singularly inappropriate) seems very much more susceptible to delicate tuning, and it has been found that a difference of only 6 per cent. in the amplitude of the wave is enough to render the receiving instrument deaf to its appeal. That is to say a multitude of wave impulses, varying as between one another by not more than 6 per cent. of their amplitude, could be trusted each to keep to its appointed path without jostling each other or confusing the messages. This undeniably promises to invest radio-telegraphy with an entirely new value and to bring it into closer and closer relations with methods of communications belonging to media, the waves of which are still more subtle and still less liable to confusion than those even of the ether.

THE radio-telegraphy of a purely psychic order described as thought transference at a distance, has been especially under notice in the month just passed, in connection with the performances of the remarkably sensitive Madame *Zancig*, to whose interesting performance at the Alhambra reference was made in these pages last month. Since then a great deal of attention has been directed to the *Zancig* performances. Brilliantly successful

experiments, far more instructive than those at the theatre, have been described in the columns of the *Daily Mail*. Scientific attention will no doubt be shortly turned to the demonstrations in question, and one regrets to see that ignorant scepticism has rushed forward to test the genuine character of the manifestation in the only way adapted to its crude understanding—by the offer of a bet. For reasons which the perfectly ill-educated sceptic is unable to understand, the elements introduced into an experiment when a bet is concerned are terribly likely to disturb ultra-physical conditions. Incurable stupidity is apt to smile, and think that this is because the bet is the only genuine test. The occult student knows quite well that though he may have no sort of objection to the bet in its proper place, as a worldly amusement like any other game, it is somehow out of tune with spiritual activities to that extent that it is bound to give them some embarrassing jar. We may illustrate our meaning by a little anecdote, which the materialistic sceptic will probably suppose to be invented for the occasion, inasmuch as one of his salient characteristics is a curious disinclination to believe in the honour and truthfulness of others. The anecdote reaches us on the testimony of a friend, but the friend in question is an earnest devotee of serious enquiry concerning superphysical nature. A certain person endowed with the curious attributes commonly described as mediumship told him three years in succession (or it may have been four)—the name of the horse that was going to win the Derby. The information was given to him under the solemn injunction, which he accepted by a solemn promise, that neither directly nor indirectly would he make any pecuniary use of the knowledge, which was simply given to him as a scientific proof that predictions of a certain character were possible. Later on it seems that certain other persons came into touch with the medium; gave similar promises with reserved intentions as to their fulfilment, and began by testing the medium's power. Two years in succession did they get from her quite correctly the name of a horse that proved the winner on a certain race. On neither of those occasions did they trust the prediction. But the third time they thought it good enough to plunge on. The third prediction was duly given to them, they

piled their money on it for all they were worth, and the horse did not win! Will the conventional sceptic, even if he believes the narrative, regard the transaction as accidental? How could the medium foresee that in that case her clients meant to break their promises, and did she deliberately lie? Neither hypothesis is necessary, but intelligence outside that of the medium has much to do with transactions of this nature, and those of us concerned with occult research are quite able to comprehend the conditions under which the attempt of the enterprising sportsmen in question to get the better of their fellow creatures by enlisting help from a higher plane, was consciously disconcerted.

BROAD VIEWS.

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THE ORIGIN AND PURPOSE OF STONEHENGE.

SIR NORMAN LOCKYER has been engaged for some time past in endeavouring to ascertain by astronomical methods the date at which Stonehenge, in our own country, and some of the pyramids in Egypt were probably constructed. The principle on which he has proceeded, and the results he has attained are fully set forth in a recently published volume entitled "Stonehenge and other British Stone Monuments Astronomically considered." Without going here into a very minute exposition of the methods made use of, it will be enough to say that as regards Stonehenge, the probable date of its origin is determined by assuming in the first instance (a very reasonable assumption) that the structure was oriented with special regard to the place of sunrise at the summer solstice, and then, by observing the change in the place of that sunrise which has come about since Stonehenge was built, owing to the very slow and slight alteration in progress as regards what is commonly called the obliquity of the ecliptic. The change is so slight, that it is impossible by virtue of this indication alone to do more than to establish a date within a margin of error on either side of about 200 years, but allowing for this margin Sir Norman assigns the origin of Stonehenge to a period between 1500 and 1900 years B.C., or taking the middle of these two limits say at 1700 B.C. or 3600 years ago.

From the point of view of plain, physical astronomical knowledge there is no flaw to be found in Sir Norman's reasoning, nor is there any fault to find with the assumption on which that

reasoning depends. But for those who have had even a little illumination from loftier realms of knowledge than the physical astronomer deals with, the conclusion reached is almost comically wide of the truth. Although there is hardly any department of science to which the remark would not apply, investigations like those with which Sir Norman has been concerned, will be among the first to require comprehensive revision, when the leaders of natural science come to realise that certain human faculties lying already within their reach, if they knew where to look for them, are available as instruments or means of research, the value of which so far transcends that of more familiar methods as to be hardly in the same order of magnitude. All of us who are seriously engaged in those branches of scientific enquiry hitherto described as "occult," though the word is becoming more and more inappropriate as time goes on, are well aware that it is possible by virtue of certain sense perceptions belonging to a higher plane of nature, to acquire positive aud certain knowledge concerning events in the remote past, in reference to which neither literature nor inference can help us to any confident conclusion.

Splendid patience, intelligence, and mental culture are exhibited in such researches as those which Sir Norman has been carrying on, and yet they remind one of the allegorical anecdote (is it Mark Twain who relates it ?), of the man who languishes for twenty years in a melancholy dungeon, till it suddenly occurs to him one day to open the door and go away. In many departments of ordinary science men are at present straining every mental fibre in a futile effort to accomplish impossible tasks, when, if they only realised the fact, by turning round in another direction they would secure the result at which they are aiming with perfect ease. No doubt, for people who have made no study of occult literature, the statement we are about to make will seem ridiculous and incredible, but nevertheless, it is a simple fact that there are people in existence, who, by adjusting their perceptive faculties in an appropriate manner, can actually look back to events in the remote past,—and recover visions showing the condition of the world at such times,—in such a way as to reconstruct history with an accuracy and fulness of detai com-

pletely beyond the reach of scholarly or scientific research. In that way it has come to pass that some of us who have profited by opportunities of the kind described, knew what the actual fact was in reference to the origin of Stonehenge, as also of the other megalithic monuments scattered along the coast line, now so broken, but once continuous, from Norway to the South of Spain.

Sir Norman Lockyer's conjectures concerning the ideas associated with the orientation of Stonehenge, are fully justified, (though they fail to cover the whole ground) by the definite knowledge attained by clairvoyant research. But, as regards the date on which he has settled, the mistake into which he has fallen,—though it could hardly have been avoided by any one working with purely physical plane data,—is quite ludicrous when compared with the actual fact. Yet it has been determined by a method quite fairly applied to the problem under investigation! To disentangle the mistake involved in the calculations he has made, from the sound principle on which he has been working, will require a somewhat elaborate explanation.

First of all, before dealing with the abundant visions of the past which illuminate the origin of Stonehenge for clairvoyant investigation, let us consider the physical phenomenon Sir Norman has been chiefly concerned with,—the alteration of the place of sunrise for the summer solstice due to the gradual change going on in what most of the astronomical books persist in calling the obliquity of the ecliptic, although, of course, the change in such obliquity ought more properly to be described as a change in the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of the ecliptic. The more conventional phrase leads to a misconception in the untrained mind, to the effect that somehow the ecliptic itself is an objective reality which undergoes a varying tilt. Now the change in the inclination of the axis, which is having the effect of gradually making the axis assume a slightly more upright position than that it occupies at present, is so minute that the figures which express it will hardly convey any definite conception to minds unfamiliar with astronomical measurements. The annual change amounts to about 4½ tenths of a second, and the belief of some astronomers working with tentative theories concerning the origin of the change, is to the effect that it varies between extreme

limits covering a range of not more than 1°21′, the most nearly upright position being reached about 15,000 years hence, when the arctic circle will have a polar distance of 22½ instead of about 23½ degrees. Astronomers at the present stage of their progress do not generally recognise these changes in the inclination of the axis as definitely cyclic in their character, nor is the calculation referred to above as indicating the limits within which the change takes place to be regarded as among those which rest on incontrovertible data. Most of the measurements relating to the solar system which modern astronomy has been able to carry out, are beyond the reach of criticism, but, with every science, the definitely known is surrounded by a fringe of imperfectly established conjecture. And that which is described in astronomical books, from those of Sir John Herschell downwards, as the conical movement of the earth's axis, is amongst astronomical phenomena which have not yet come within the range of absolutely final conclusions. For while the movement is described as one in which the pole of the heavens,—the point in the sky to which the earth's axis points—describes a circle round the pole of the ecliptic,—the point in the heavens constituting the zenith of the ecliptic plane, the change in the obliquity already noticed, must to that extent interfere with the perfection of the circle described. So that circle, in point of fact, is not a circle but a curve, the precise character of which has not yet been ascertained.

Now it may be that this curve has been correctly described by one highly unorthodox astronomer who has written on the subject a good deal, the late General Drayson. His contention is that the movement commonly called the conical movement of the earth's axis does not have the pole of the ecliptic for the centre of the circle described by the pole of the heavens, but a point six degrees removed from that hypothetical centre. The effect of such an arrangement would be that the variation in the inclination of the axis during a precessional period, would be very much greater than the variation indicated by the figures just referred to. Thus the so-called obliquity of the ecliptic as regards our earth,—though, of course, the plane itself in which the earth moves round the sun is unaltered,—would vary by twelve degrees

instead of by one and a fraction. The movement of the axis is referred to in the Drayson books, not as a conical movement, but as a second rotation of the earth around another than the diurnal axis, and a model constructed for the purpose shows easily enough the way in which the two rotations may be combined, although their periods are so different. The Drayson period for the second rotation of the complete cyclic change in the inclination of the axis, is something over 30,000 years, instead of 25,000, and the evidence in support of his position is derived from the records of so-called proper motions amongst the fixed stars, a great many of which, though of course, by no means all, are not proper motions at all, but referable to the changes in the earth's position, from which the apparent motions are observed. General Drayson claims,—and sets forth all his own methods of calculation in his books,—to have verified his theory by reference to the observed apparent proper motions of over a hundred stars, whose present position can be arrived at by calculation from the records of the earliest star catalogues, by simply applying the rule derived from the recognition of the second rotation. The whole theory or discovery, as its author prefers to call it, has never succeeded in securing the attention that on the face of things it seems to deserve, has certainly never been disproved, and perhaps is ignored for two reasons which, though really inadequate, are easily understood. The theory has been set forth by its author in books saturated with biting sneers and sarcasms directed against the more orthodox astronomers, and has thus naturally given offence where a more conciliatory tone would have secured appreciation. And another embarrassment ensues from the fact that no ordinary reader can see how the author ever got the idea in the beginning. He claims to prove it right, but he gives no indication to show how it was reached in the first instance.

Now at the present time, when General Drayson has followed the ordinary course of humanity to another phase of existence, it is hardly an indiscretion on the part of the present writer to affirm that the principle of the second rotation was communicated to him in the first instance from another plane of Nature, by what have hitherto been called occult means. General Drayson we

have good reason to believe, was told in the first instance by superphysical informants that such and such was the fact in regard to the motion of the earth, and was left to verify this statement by ordinary astronomical calculations. That he succeeded in such verification, his books appear to show, though unfortunately they have been rarely *criticised* by more orthodox astronomers, but simply ignored. For those of us therefore for whom the occult origin of any given piece of information does not in itself provoke distrust, the whole theory of the second rotation seems provisionally acceptable, and harnesses up all those changes having to do with the inclination of the axis, with the precessional cycle, in a harmonious and satisfactory, or in other words, in a truly scientific way.

And if we start with the assumption on Drayism principle—which is not in any way out of harmony with observed astronomical conjecture—that the obliquity cycle is co-incident in time with the precessional cycle, though the two have not yet been generally traced to the same cause, we shall see at once that the date arrived at by such means as Sir Norman Lockyer has employed, may apply to the *current* obliquity cycle or to any other of its predecessors. In other words, the place of sunrise at the summer solstice for any given spot on the earth must oscillate between extreme limits backwards and forwards to the same extent during each precessional cycle. It has been found to vary from the place it occupied at the period of Stonehenge's construction by a given amount, which Sir Norman reads as indicating that 3,600 years have elapsed since that date. But this conclusion rests on the assumption that Stonehenge must have been constructed within the period of the current precessional cycle. Leaving for the moment out of account what commonplace thinking will regard as an extravagance—the supposition that its antiquity can be so remote—it is obvious, incontrovertibly obvious, that what may be called the Norman Lockyer evidence would be equally good for a date 1700 B.C., 31,700 B.C. (taking 30,000 years as a precessional cycle), or for dates 61,700 B.C. or 91,700 B.C. If any reasons exist which justify us in looking for a date enormously more remote than 1700 B.C. as that in which Stonehenge was erected, there is absolutely nothing in the discoveries that Sir Norman Lockyer has made to discredit the bolder hypothesis.

And for the occult student the adoption of one among the earlier possible dates does not depend on any guesswork, but on definite investigation in the light of the methods available on the principles of his own science. The actual facts connected with the beginnings of Stonehenge have been very carefully investigated by some of those qualified to apply faculties of the higher clairvoyance to the problem, and for us who know how to appreciate such researches, the origin of Stonehenge is not obscured by any mysteries whatever. The real facts are much more interesting than the empty guesswork which assigns the construction to a mere Druid ancestry, and are intimately blended with interpretations relating to all the megalithic monuments of Norway, Scotland, Wales, Brittany, and Spain. Stonehenge is really of Atlantean origin, and it is only by reference to the history of Atlantis—itself unveiled for us by clairvoyant research in the imperishable records of what is technically called the astral light, in the memory of nature, if that somewhat figurative expression seems to convey the idea more clearly—that its genesis can be properly understood.

As regards Atlantis, the mere fact that continental land existed in that region of the earth which is now the basin of the Atlantic Ocean is hardly any longer resisted by orthodox geologists. But geology of course has nothing to do with the question how the Atlantic continent was inhabited, and since the last remnant of that continent disappeared beneath the waves more than 9000 B.C., while the greater part of it was broken up by catastrophes enormously more remote in time, it will at once be obvious that any events in other parts of the world directly traceable to Atlantean activities have to do with an antiquity out of all comparison greater than that which modern habits of thoughts have rendered acceptable to conventional thinking. It is true that no one under the influence of modern culture attaches importance any longer to the figurative chronology of the Old Testament, but the traditional habit of accepting that chronology and of fitting in the other facts of human history within its limits has induced a habit of thought which prompts even modern antiquaries to prefer a short, rather than prolonged, retrospect in dealing with the past history of the earth. It is absurd and

deplorable that such habits of thought should prevail, because reason points to enormously greater antiquity for the earlier civilisation of mankind than to such brief periods of time as Egyptian and Chaldean researches deal with. These scarcely carry us back further than 7000 years B.C., but even they show us that at that period language and the arts of civilisation prevailed to an extent pointing to vast stretches of human life behind, and even literary records discovered in Mexico and Yucatan bring the destruction of Poseidonis, the last fragment of Atlantean land, within the category of recorded events.

Anyhow, parting company now with the fragmentary evidence that even the most conventional thinkers are logically bound to accept, we know from occult research that Atlantean civilisation flourished for many hundreds of thousands of years before geographical catastrophes pronounced its doom, and we know that it was flourishing in its perfection long before the European continent had grown into existence. We know also that as that growth took place a firm coast line was established along its western confines, before those regions which are now Austria, Hungary and European Russia were rescued from marshy conditions sufficiently to be habitable. The British Islands had not at that time assumed an insular character, and they merely formed part of the continuous land stretching from Norway to Morocco, and that continuous land was inhabited, as, indeed, was all the rest of the then existing world, by races belonging, in truth, to the huge world-wide race, technically in occult language described as "Atlantean" by reason of having its origin and culminating glories in Atlantean land.

Now these culminating glories were not of a morally elevating character. The Atlantean race included, it is true, a small minority representing highly advanced conditions of morality and knowledge, but the dominant people of Atlantis were conspicuous rather for their knowledge than for their morals, and got out of tune to quite an extraordinary degree with the loftiest representatives of the purer wisdom. These, whom we have drifted into the habit of describing as the Atlantean adepts, already inspired with the sublime conceptions with which the higher occultism has always been concerned, sought, in many cases, to extricate them-

selves from the degraded conditions of life in Atlantean cities, and migrated to other regions of the world where perhaps civilisation in the mudane sense had hardly penetrated, but where at all events the people were free from the poisonous vices that had been developed to a rampant excess in Atlantis proper. In this way, at a period even more remote than that which we have to deal with in investigating the origin of Stonehenge, a considerable body of Atlantean adepts and their disciples had established themselves in the valley of the Nile. With their activities for the moment we need not have to do, but much later on it came to pass that other migrations of a similar character were directed to somewhat nearer regions, and thus a considerable city of which all traces have now been lost, which once occupied a place on part of what is now Salisbury Plain, became the home of a considerable body of Atlantean adepts. And it was they who were the engineers of Stonehenge, it was they who began to instruct the ignorant but docile population, amongst which they settled, with some pure and simple religious ideas susceptible of being welded with the visible astronomical facts of the solar system.

As quite correctly conjectured by those who have been guided by the manifestly purposeful orientation of Stonehenge, this rude, but scientifically constructed building was a temple of Sun worship. But that phrase, Sun worship conveys to most readers a very imperfect conception of the religious system, the Atlantean adepts endeavoured to impress upon the minds of the people amongst whom they had come to live. Perhaps when the part that the Sun plays in the life of the solar system, not merely as the physical source of light and heat, but as a superphysical centre of spiritual and vital energies, the religion of the future may even be more closely tinged with Sun worship than purblind representatives of current theological conceptions can readily foresee.

The rudeness of Stonehenge as a structure, in so far as the stones are but roughly dressed, was deliberately adopted by those who guided its construction under the influence of a feeling which induced them to look back with disgust on the sumptuous decorations and elaborate architecture of the buildings dedicated in Atlantis to a corrupt system of worship little better than a carica-

ture of genuine religion. The effort was to keep the new temple in harmony with the simplest conceptions of Nature and spiritual purity. As for the engineering devices, by means of which the massive monoliths were raised, and the huge stones which crowned them as imposts lifted into their position, those methods are as little suspected by the modern antiquary as the actual fact connected with the date of their erection. It is amusing to those who know how the work was really carried out, to read the speculations by which the modern archæologist attempts in his own mind to account for a performance which, at the first glance, would claim the elaborate engineering resources of modern times. Conventional imagination makes large drafts upon the theory of inclined planes, by means of which it is supposed mere manual labour sufficed to roll the mighty imposts up to the level they were required to attain. Atlantean engineers were really in possession of resources that enabled them to accomplish their work in a much more simple way.

Some mysteries of nature which have not yet been fully unveiled before the advance of the modern scientist were already intelligible to his Atlantean predecessors. Let us guard ourselves here from the silly trick which some imperfectly trained occultists indulge in, of sneering at the achievements of modern science because in some directions they have not yet overtaken specific knowledge in the possession of a former race. In the processes of natural evolution, it continually happens that some body of achievement reaches a certain point, and is then swept completely into oblivion, while the task is recommenced under more favourable conditions. Atlantean science rushed forward to some dazzling results, with hasty, so to speak, and ill-considered footsteps. The next great race, our own, has plodded over the same road of progress with infinitely greater care. The superior detail and finish of modern science up to the point it has reached, is conspicuous for those who can understand the broad design of human evolution, as compared with the science of the past, and when modern science has fully overtaken some of the stages to which Atlantean inspiration leaped, the achievement will be far more complete and perfect than that of which we now have occult records. But none the less, it is a fact that during the

Atlantean period, some knowledge was possessed concerning the forces of gravitation which rendered them amenable to control in a way with which, at present, we are unfamiliar. It is only those representatives of science who are ignorant of sporadic occurrences amongst ourselves which foreshadow future results, who will conceive the idea of so dealing with physical objects, as to neutralize gravitational force in their case, as in itself an unthinkable performance. That performance is constantly being carried out in our own time at spiritualistic séances, as the testimony of thousands of unimpeachable witnesses has fully established, and the Atlantean engineers, destitute as they were of many of the resources available for those of our own time, had nevertheless the art of depriving heavy bodies of their weight for limited periods, and for a definite purpose. And it was by virtue of this art that they dealt with the massive stones of the great structure on Salisbury Plain. It was by means of light scaffoldings, no stronger than those which would be used in the present day in the construction of a cottage, that the huge impost stones which crown the trilithons of Stonehenge were elevated to their place.

That statement does not rest on guesswork; that statement rests on definite visions recovered from the astral light and showing us Stonehenge in process of construction.

And now as to its date. In truth, we have to go back over three precessional cycles before we deal with that during which the same shift which Sir Norman Lockyer has lately observed in connection with our own did actually take place. And assuming that his calculations are right within their own limitations, which we have no reason to doubt, it is in the neighbourhood of 91,700 years B.C. that we must seek not merely for the actual origin of Stonehenge, but for those also of the other monuments of a similar character erected at about the same time and under the same kind of influence at various points along the inhabited coastline from Norway to the south of Spain. Many of the simple dolmens, as they are called, rude trilithon arrangements, where a simple capstone rests on two supports, belong to the same stupendous antiquity; many of them, again, are of far more recent date, for up to the Druid period, of which the Roman writers give us news, a con-

tinuity of worship in association with rude stone monuments had been kept up, not, it is true, always on the same principle. In the beginning Stonehenge was presided over by priests representative of exalted dignity who conducted ceremonies of the simplest purity. The altar stone which in later and dismally degenerate periods was desecrated by with the blood of human sacrifice, was designed in the beginning to bear simple symbolical offerings of fruit and flowers. The great temple was always open to the heavens as it is now; some archæological conjectures to the effect that the interior circles were once roofed over, is entirely unfounded.

But this sketch of their origin would be protracted to inconvenient length if an attempt were made to interpret the significance of such glimpses as we have obtained concerning the ceremonies in vogue at the Atlantean period. The degeneration that followed was very slow and gradual, but the early adept emigrants were not successful at Stonehenge in the way their predecessors had been successful in Egypt, in securing pupils qualified to perpetuate their own wisdom and transmit their own influence to later ages. The Druids, of comparatively recent millenniums had themselves undergone complete degradation by the time we get into touch with them through Roman historians. And the degradation is grievous in the retrospect when we think of the lofty conditions prevailing in the beginning. But again the character of Druid worship would constitute a theme by itself on which for the moment it is impossible here to enlarge.

Only a few suggestions need be added to explain the main purpose of this brief essay. Discoveries on which Sir Norman Lockyer enlarges, which were made by Professor Gowland when lately engaged in restoring to an upright position, one of the great stones that had nearly fallen at Stonehenge, are quite interesting in their way, and in no way out of harmony with the explanations in this paper, although so easily misunderstood. In digging out new foundations for the stone he set upright, Professor Gowland came on huge deposits of chips and flint instruments, which showed beyond misconception, the manner in which the big stones constituting the temple had originally been roughly dressed. To the paleolithic age, Stonehenge is at once assigned by those who

read without full comprehension the significance of the flint implements. Undoubtedly the Atlantean adepts, as engineers, were ill-provided with mechanical resources corresponding with their superphysical science. They knew how to perform a feat which would dazzle the Royal Society of to-day, they knew how to deprive stone masses, weighing many tons, of the weight, which for us, is such an inseparable attribute of their existence, and yet they had no implements of the physical order at their disposal, amongst the rude community they had joined, that were approximate in their perfection to the hammer and chisel of the simplest stone mason of our own day. For the mechanical work of their buildings, they were content to allow the people around them to use their own resources, and if the inhabitants of the region, now Salisbury Plain, in Atlantean times as we look back, are to be thought of as representatives of the paleolithic age, so be it! The occultist will not quarrel with that conclusion. But to those innocent paleolithic people some immigrants had come, who were representatives along some lines of development of a higher knowledge than the European science of the twentieth century has yet recovered. They had a higher knowledge, may we add, in regard to their religious thinking than the Churches of the twentieth century have reached up to as yet. It was a wonderful period that in which Stonehenge was built, in which ignorance and wisdom went hand in hand, in which the much talked of veil of Isis, so impenetrable for modern eyes, was transparent or diaphanous. As the precessional cycles proceeded, that veil grew denser and denser, densest at the period when the work going on in front of it became representative of the keenest intelligence, of the maxim achievement representing progress on the physical plane. But now, again, for a few it is diaphanous once more, for many of us there are rents in it through which glimpses may be obtained of the stupendous infinities beyond. We have reached a wonderful period in the history of the world, the wonders of which are not represented, as the current newspaper writer would suppose, by the hundred ton gun, or the ocean liner, by the arc light, or marconigram, or even by the æroplanes to be. For later generations, the grandeur of the moment, will be recognised as concerned with the beginning of a new departure

in science, the laboratories of which will be established behind that veil of Isis which the last few generations have so fondly been supposed impassable for incarnate man. And then, among the minor activities in which some departments of future science will be engaged, the enlightened archæologist will, no doubt, address himself to the interesting task of recovering from the memory of nature, much fuller details concerning the original construction of Stonehenge and the circumstances of the surrounding country, than the very sketchy outline, trustworthy, however, as far as it goes, that has been set forth in the foregoing pages.

A. P. SINNETT.

AN IMMORTAL SOUL

By W. H. Mallock.

CHAPTER V.

Sir Rawlin's mind next morning was in hardly a more enviable state than that of a last night's drunkard, who awakes with his brain still reeling. He was loaded with the sense of having taken, in one unguarded moment, a step which his sober judgment had set aside as impossible. Hence, when in the course of the morning he presented himself at Cliff's End to inquire, as he was bound to do, how Miss Vivian was, he found himself considerably relieved for more reasons than one by the butler's report that fatigue was her only malady—so Dr. Thistlewood had said—and that she still was sound asleep. His relief became yet greater when, whilst he was extracting a card, Dr. Thistlewood himself appeared, accompanied by Lady Susannah, who was with a smile of satisfaction thanking him for his help and counsel.

"Let us hope," Dr. Thistlewood was saying, "that she won't wake up for hours, and then, when she does awake, keep her perfectly quiet—quiet all to-day and to-morrow. Meanwhile, I'll look over these notes you've given me. Dr. Gonteau's notes about his patients are always worth a doctor's reading. I've just been assuring my lady here," he went on to Sir Rawlin, "that in nine cases out of ten nature is her own best doctor. To tell you the truth," he resumed, as he and Sir Rawlin departed together down the drive "I feel, on an occasion like this, more or less of an interloper, but

the local doctor, who has once or twice attended her, can hardly complain of me for insisting that the attentions of neither of us are required. By the way, last night I got back just in time to see our friend, Mr. Barton, engaged in his proper work."

"Those cottages," said Sir Rawlin, "must be on my own property. They're leaseholds, and I have no authority, but I'll go there to-day and see if I can do anything. The only two certain goods which we can do to others are to avoid giving pain and to alleviate it. The one is a negative act, and the other ceases to bring pleasure almost as soon as it is accomplished."

"I agree with you," said Dr. Thistlewood. "Alleviate pain when you can; be indifferent to it when you can't. In those two commandments lie all the law and the prophets. I will go with you myself, if you like, to these cottages this afternoon. I daresay we shall find our priest there, if he is not too busy with Ash Wednesday services."

With regard to Mr. Barton, Dr. Thistlewood's conjecture was correct. Having, at the time when he was called away from Lord Cotswold's, observed nothing unusual in Miss Vivian's physical condition, he had been troubled merely by his failure, which haunted him through all his dreams, to secure so much as a moment for intimate or even for friendly conversation with her. He had, however, confidently looked forward to seeing her at church on the morning of this, the first day of Lent, and on failing to do this, he found some comfort in the fact that for the whole of the afternoon his work was cut out for him among the cottages, where his own anxieties would be forgotten in the presence of more obvious wretchedness.

There, to his surprise, he encountered, not only Dr. Thistlewood, but also Sir Rawlin, who, accompanied by a sanitary engineer, was inspecting the defective premises in a very businesslike manner, and who, further, so he gathered, had, together with Dr. Thistlewood, engaged to be responsible for whatever repairs were necessary. Mr. Barton was constrained to acknowledge a certain grudging respect for them, but he was glad when they went and left him to his own devices. Sir Rawlin, in the matter of spirits, was far more fortunate than he. He had gathered from an observation of Dr. Thistlewood's, relative to Miss Vivian's indisposition,

that in all probability she would, when she came to herself again, have only the vaguest recollection of the startling event which caused it, and a ray of sunlight burst on him through what previously had seemed hopeless clouds. But Mr. Barton also had his good moment in store for him.

Having done what, for the time, was necessary, he was walking home through the fields. The path he chose was circuitous, but it had this recommendation, that it brought him to a spot where, from a distance, he could see the Cliff's End chimneys, and, his thoughts now getting into some methodical order, he was reflecting on the power of the world, with its subtle excitements and adulations, to deflect a sensitive soul from the most ordinary of its religious duties, when in front of him, surmounting a stile with some apparent difficulty, two female figures were perceived by him, encumbered with some large baskets. These were Lady Susannah and Miss Arundel, who, laden with port wine and soup, were on their way to the cottages. Mr. Barton's heart gave a leap. He hastened forward to meet them, and relieving them of some of their burdens, turned back to keep them company. And now, for the first time, he heard of the nervous prostration from which Miss Vivian had been suffering, but from which, said Lady Susannah, she was already so nearly recovered that it need not be treated seriously. "She woke up," Lady Susannah added, "at four o'clock this afternoon, having slept for sixteen hours. She felt rather weak at first, but her strength seems fast coming back to her, and Dr. Thistlewood has just told us that to-morrow she may come downstairs again."

"Dr. Thistlewood!" said Mr. Barton, with a frown. "So he is prescribing, is he? I wonder what Dr. Parham is likely to say to that."

"To tell you the truth," said Lady Susannah—"Mr. Barton, don't betray me—dear Dr. Parham is rather an old woman, and Dr. Thistlewood knows more about nerves than any other man in Europe. But there's been no prescribing for anybody. Dr. Thistlewood told us, as a friend, that no doctor was necessary."

"I'm not sure," said Mr. Barton, "that I should care to call him in myself. I can't help fancying that there's a certain touch of the quack about him."

"My dear Mr. Barton," said Lady Susannah, "you're not so

critical generally. Dr. Thistlewood, if you'll allow me to quote him, says that we mustn't be surprised if Nest is still a little weak for a day or two, but probably by to-morrow afternoon she will, he says, be quite strong enough to see a friend quietly for half an hour if she wishes to. Perhaps, if you are not too busy, you'll pay her a little visit yourself."

"Certainly," said Mr. Barton, with a remarkable change of tone; "that is to say, if I'm not imperatively called elsewhere. Shall we say five o'clock, unless I write to the contrary? I don't suggest that Dr. Thistlewood is not a good doctor in some ways, or that he's not a philanthropic man. I must, indeed, confess that last night he was beforehand with me in my own duties. Well, then, Lady Susannah, suppose we say five to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and the hour, and he found, to his intense relief, that no other call interfered with this supreme engagement. He almost ran down the road from his own house to Cliff's End, wild to sustain and comfort this exquisite soul beset by the treacherous delicacy of its over-sensitive body.

He was shown into the drawing-room, where Lady Susannah, who was at tea, offered him a cup, which he could not force himself to swallow.

"My niece," she said, "will be very much pleased to see you, but be careful not to excite her, for she's rather pulled down still. And, Mr. Barton, if you don't mind my quoting Dr. Thistlewood once again, you—even an old friend like you—ought not to stay with her for more than twenty minutes. Perhaps you won't mind coming into my boudoir. Nest is in there. I'll take you to her now, if you are ready."

Mr. Barton rose at once and followed her with a beating heart. "Ah," said Lady Susannah, having opened the boudoir door, "I see she's not here. I'll send her to you."

Mr. Barton, who accordingly found himself left alone with Lady Susannah's dim chintzes, her china on rosewood whatnots, and a copy of his own parochial magazine on the green velvet cloth of her otherwise bare table, began to be conscious of a hollowness underneath his waistcoat, and a sense that he hardly knew what was to happen, or what he wished to happen. For a moment he thought it would simplify things were they only to talk about the weather.

At last Miss Vivian entered. She was dressed in the rose-coloured tea-gown which she had worn on the night when, in her sitting-room, she had sought counsel of her own reflection. Pale though she was, and showing signs of exhaustion, Mr. Barton felt himself almost aghast at her beauty. The sight of him seemed to please her, and she offered him a friendly, though a somewhat languid hand.

"I'm afraid," she said, "you'll find me rather a washed-out rag. Will it fidget you if I walk about a little? I suppose that, having had more than my due share of rest, I'm paying for it now by an undue share of restlessness."

Mr. Barton besought her to walk about as she pleased. "I know myself," he said timidly, "what it is to be restless, but I trust you are not suffering otherwise."

She began to trifle idly with some china cups on a shelf. "No," she said. "Oh, no. Otherwise I'm right enough—thank you very much for asking."

Mr. Barton felt perplexed and thwarted. He had not been prepared for this. She was close to him—almost in his grasp; she was evidently not unfriendly to him, and yet some invisible river seemed to flow between them. He asked her some further questions relating to the merest trifles, for he divined that an abrupt approach to any serious topic was impossible, but her answers were little more than one or two listless words, and he began to fear, with a pang of disappointed sympathy, that any conversation in her present state might be too much for her. At last one or two of his observations met with no response at all. She had ceased to walk and was leaning against a cabinet opposite to him, her head slightly bent and her hand shading her eyes as though she were absorbed in thought. He was watching her with growing anxiety when suddenly, to his surprise and pleasure, she seemed to pull herself together and began to return his look. Her whole expression, he saw, had undergone a most reassuring change. Apathy—he could not be deceiving himself—had given place to personal interest, and there was a light in her eyes, or the suggestion of a light, which he knew that he must have long dreamed of, but which never till now—he was surely not dreaming still—had he seen in them when they met his own.

Mr. Barton felt as if the room were beginning to turn round. The light, the ineffable light, grew more and more unmistakable—appealing, tender, and yet with a vague reproach in it. She moved towards the fire and sank quietly into a chair, motioning him to be seated also.

"I was sure," she said, speaking in a low, soft tone, "that you would come back here to me. After what you said here—you know what I mean—I felt sure that you did take an interest in me. Indeed, ever since I first met you I fancied that you took more interest in me than most people take in most people—a little bit more—just a little bit."

"I take more interest in you," said Mr. Barton, his voice shaking, "in you, your own self, your own solitary life—my darling, my darling, I don't know how to speak it—than I have ever taken before in any other human soul."

"I trust you," she said. "Yes, I trust you—even if I am only a cup, as Dr. Thistlewood says, to be drunk from and cast aside."

"Did he say that of you?" murmured Mr. Barton. "The brute beast!"

"But," she continued, "don't let us talk of that. For the present—for to-night it's enough for me to have you here, though you won't be able to stop long. Tell me—how did you manage to come back? As they all must have seen you go, you shouldn't have come back like this."

Mr. Barton, so far as his deeper feelings permitted him, was conscious of some faint surprise at this last observation, but he quickly remembered the fact of her long sleep, which would have naturally confused and foreshortened her ideas of time, and have probably made her suppose that his last visit was yesterday. Words failed him, however, and he merely leaned forwards and looked at her.

"Tell me," she went on, "which way did you come back? Did you come in through the conservatory?"

Why it should be supposed that he had chosen this mode of ingress was beyond Mr. Barton's comprehension. A conservatory, indeed, existed at Cliff's End, to which a door from the porch gave access, and it might, for all he knew, be possible to enter the house through it, but this was not a route he would ever have thought of choosing. "No," he replied with a smile, as if indulging an invalid's

fancy, "I came into the hall first, and I wiped my feet on your aunt's new mat, and then I went into the drawing-room, and then I found my way here." He was so totally strange to the situation that was now maturing round him, that he felt a kind of relief in lingering over these banalities.

"What then?" she persisted. "Did any of the servants see you? Didn't they think it odd?"

"The butler," said Mr. Barton, humouring her—"yes, he saw me certainly. So did your aunt, also."

"She didn't!" exclaimed Miss Vivian. "Well, I don't care, after all, whether it was odd or not. You are here. That's all that matters."

"But your aunt," said Mr. Barton, still seeking refuge in the unessential, "you must know that she saw me. She told you I was here, and she sent you to me."

"Well," said Miss Vivian, laughing faintly, "have it your own way. I'm too tired to be teased. Why are you so far off? Sometimes I can hardly hear you. Look here—for a moment—I couldn't stand it for longer—but for one moment come over and talk to me."

Mr. Barton rose. There happened to be no chair near hers. Before he knew what he had done, he found himself at her side, kneeling. She leaned towards him and laid her hand on his hair. "My aunt didn't send for me," she said. "How silly you are. I was waiting for you."

"You are more to me," murmured Mr. Barton, thrilling beneath this undreamed of touch, "than anything else in the whole wide world, except Him in whom you and I and all worlds exist."

"I was wondering," said Miss Vivian, "whether you felt like that. I have thought about it—for it's the way I feel myself—when I burnt the incense which Mr. Barton gave me, and when I read Mr. Barton's book, which points us to a star beyond a star. Come, I am waiting—just touch my lips—once only, or I shall die. Ah—at last—at last!" He had never kissed, even in thought, a woman's lips before.

"Now," she said, "you must go. I can bear nothing more now. My aunt will be coming to look after me. I had rather that you went first."

"I was warned," said Mr. Barton, "that I wasn't to stay long

this evening. Much more must be said, as soon as my beloved, my beloved, my beloved can bear it—to her and to others also."

In the act of rising he stooped and solemnly kissed her on the forehead. She was conscious that he was trembling all over.

How he got out of the room, Mr. Barton never knew. He was like a man who had died and come to life again in a new world. Cliff's End, with its hall, its front door, and its long, laurelled drive, and then the road along which he hurried homewards, were shadows to him. Gradually, through this haze of beatitude, certain thoughts took shape, which at first brought him to earth with their practical and austere solemnity, and then lifted him up once again on wings. He was one of an Anglican Order whose members, so long as they remained in it, were vowed in secret to celibacy. Of priestly celibacy he had hitherto been an earnest, though not a bigoted advocate. From his brethren and from his former opinions he would now have to sever himself.

CHAPTER VI.

MORE had happened to Mr. Barton than he himself was aware of, but he was keenly alive to the fact that his nature had undergone some change. Not only did his spiritual aspirations remain as vivid as ever, but they seemed to him to have become enriched with vitalities of a hitherto unfamiliar kind. His spirit on all sides seemed to have enlarged its kingdom. Its wings caught on their surfaces strange and dazzling colours, and moved with a more strenuous sweep. His heart throbbed, his blood coursed, his nerves thrilled, in their service. He had, indeed, since his last interview with Miss Vivian, passed by a process in his case curiously belated, from the immaturity of youth to the maturity of the common man.

That night, in the small and cell-like room where he generally wrote his sermons and so often meditated on his knees, he gave himself to the composition of a letter addressed to the Superior of his Order, and announcing the changed prospects which would separate him from the band of brethren. "I am," he wrote in conclusion, "heart and soul with you still, but we all recognised, in the

provisional character of our vows, the possibility of its being revealed to us that our vocation lay outside them. God has made this revelation to myself—a wonderful and overwhelming revelation. Pray for me that I may find in the holy sacrament of marriage such means of grace as will enable me to work—as I believe I shall—more effectively than ever for the ends which are equally sacred to us both. Brother of mine in Christ, let your brotherly love remain with me."

This letter would have to be followed by another, the composition of which engaged him during the many intervals in his sleep. Next morning he wrote it out immediately after breakfast, and despatched it by messenger to Lady Susannah Lipscombe. It ran thus:—

"In accordance with what you said to me, I remained yesterday with your niece for a very short time only—shorter, indeed, than you had yourself suggested. To begin, then—though this is not what I mainly desire to say to you—my impression with regard to her health was of a very reassuring kind. For the first five minutes or so she seemed nervous and restless, and I was beginning to think that she was hardly equal to the effort of conversation. I was, indeed, on the point of getting up and going, when the nervousness and restlessness seemed all at once to leave her, and then she became her natural, healthy self. It had been my intention to say to her, had I found her in a mood to listen, something about those sacred matters in which it has fallen to my lot to instruct her, and to which—I am specially anxious, Lady Susannah, to impress this fact on your notice—every private conversation of mine with her has been rigidly confined. Events, however, yesterday afternoon brought a certain topic forward, to which neither of us had ever adverted on any previous occasion, and I wish about this point to speak to you without delay. I wonder if I shall surprise you.

"The character of your niece, as I have come to know it, is so pure, so simple, so touchingly beautiful, so full of the spirit of religion, that it made, from my earliest acquaintance with her, a very deep impression on me. Will you, then be very much surprised if I tell you that I have come to love her? I have never been in love with anyone—girl or woman—before, and so, I suppose, I did not know what was happening to me. If I had, I should prob-

ably have spoken to you earlier, for I never would have entered your house knowingly under false pretences.

"Well, yesterday, by the merest accident, and with no premeditation on her part—you won't want me to tell you exactly how it happened—she made me aware that she entertained for me something not unlike that feeling which had grown up in me for her. Then I understood myself—we understand each other. It was all done in a moment. I did not stay long. I think I left her happy. But if she should regret anything—if she should be in any doubt—let it all be as though it never had been. As to myself, I have fair private means, and as to my family connections, I believe that you would consider them respectable. I am, in all honesty and candour,—Yours, "THEOPHILUS BARTON."

Mr. Barton, having despatched this letter, with instructions to the messenger not to wait for an answer, had been trying for half an hour or so, not with entire success, to get himself ready for his round of parochial duties, when the front-door bell rang, and his maid-servant a moment later came in with a card, saying: "The gentleman, sir, wants to see you most particular."

Mr. Barton took up the card. To his surprise it was Dr. Thistlewood's. He eyed the name with a frown, but it presently struck him as possible that this visit was connected with the occurrence of some new case of illness. He accordingly composed his countenance and replied: "Show the gentleman up."

"I trust," he began at once, as Dr. Thistlewood entered, "that there has been no fresh outbreak."

His manner was one which combined suggestion of stiffness towards Dr. Thistlewood with a fitting anxiety as to the needs of the sick and suffering.

"No," replied Dr. Thistlewood. "If you are referring to our poor friends in the cottages, I have no bad news for you, but if you could kindly give me a few moments I do want to consult you about the health of one of your parishioners, on whose present condition, you might, I think, throw some light."

"I'm a busy man," said Mr. Barton, affecting to consult his watch, "but I've ten minutes to spare. If there is any information which I can suitably give you, I will do so. Pray sit down."

"I have," said Dr. Thistlewood, "come here on behalf of a friend of yours—Lady Susannah Lipscombe. I have only this moment left her."

Mr. Barton felt, as he heard these words, that ice-cold drops were creeping out on his forehead. Could Lady Susannah have heard of what took place yesterday? And had this infidel doctor been sent to take him to task for it? Or was she worse—his beloved one? Or could it be that she was dead? Had happiness been too much for her?

"I hope," he stammered, "there's nothing wrong—wrong at Cliff's End—with anyone."

"I can," said Dr. Thistlewood, "set your mind at ease as to one point. Nobody at Cliff's End is in what most people mean by danger. You know, however, that Miss Vivian—and with a nervous subject the incident was a very natural one—was upset the other night by that thunderstorm. Well, if we want to get rid of the effects of any little jar quickly, these nervous cases require to be gently handled, and nervous disorder takes so many forms that we ought in each case to acquaint ourselves with even the slightest symptoms. Since, therefore, you—as Lady Susannah tells me—were the last and, indeed, have been the only visitor whom Miss Vivian has seen since this little indisposition of hers, I have come, with Lady Susannah's sanction, to ask you how she struck you. Was there in her conversation anything odd or unusual?"

Having been cold a moment ago, Mr. Barton now grew hot. "You place me, sir," he said, "in what even you must admit must be a slightly embarrassing position. You may be aware, perhaps, that my acquaintance with the young lady in question originated in my having been called on to instruct her in religious matters. Most of my conversation with her has been confined to these, and you will pardon me if I tell you that both for myself and others they are sacred."

"I quite understand your feelings," said Dr. Thistlewood very temperately, "and also your position, and I assure you I respect both. The questions I want to put to you have no reference whatever to anything that Miss Vivian may have said to you of a sacred or even confidential character. What I want to ask you about is only such ordinary and casual observations as occur here and there in the course of the most serious conversation. For example, I

once learnt something extremely useful about a patient from being told that in the middle of some interview, I don't even know with whom, she had been complaining of the coldness of the room when its temperature was really over seventy. Now I want to ask you whether, when she was referring to ordinary matters, you noticed in Miss Vivian any straying of attention, or any tendency, after her long sleep, to confuse the order in which recent events happened."

"Oh," said Mr. Barton, in a tone which indicated much relief, "is that the sort of thing you mean? I beg your pardon if at first I answered you a little bit hastily. Yes, do you know, now you mention it, I did notice something of the very kind you refer to. She seemed to think that my last visit to Cliff's End, which really was some days before, had taken place, I couldn't quite make out when, but at all events much more recently."

"May I ask," said Dr. Thistlewood, "how she conveyed this impression to you?"

"Well," said Mr. Barton, "instead of speaking about my having called again, she spoke about my having come back, which is the sort of thing she might have said had I only just left the house."

Dr. Thistlewood nodded. "Quite so," he said. "Quite so. Was there anything else you noticed at all of the same kind?"

"No," said Mr. Barton, reflecting. "I don't think there was very much else. She said, by the way, that when I was there last everybody had seen me leave the house. Now that wasn't true, for, when I was there last, she took me to the door herself. Perhaps she had gone back to the day when you were at tea there. And yet, no, it could hardly be that." Mr. Barton, realising that the catechism was quite innocuous, was beginning to find an excuse for talking about Miss Vivian pleasant. "And—oh," he went on, "there were one or two little odd things more. She asked me if I came back through the conservatory."

"Ah," exclaimed Dr. Thistlewood, looking up rather sharply. "Is there a conservatory at Cliff's End through which visitors often enter?"

"No," said Mr. Barton, as though proud of Miss Vivian's fancy, "that's just where the sadness comes in. Then, too, there was another thing, though I don't know if it's much to the point. She happened to quote something from a little book by myself, and she

used a phrase which might—and yet, I can't be sure about this—show that her mind had a certain tendency to stray. She quoted my book, saying to me: 'That's what Mr. Barton tells us.' It's not a sort of phrase that is usual with her, and of course it may have meant that, when engrossed in the substance of my book, she failed for the moment to realise who was the author."

"Well, Mr. Barton," said Dr. Thistlewood, "I'm very much obliged to you for your information. It's just little symptoms like these which help us in a case like this to see how much and what kind of nervous disturbance tends to persist in the patient, even after the medicine of a good long sleep. I hope you won't think that my questions have been unduly intrusive."

"No," said Mr. Barton, his stiffness having by this time relaxed, "and I beg your pardon again for at first fancying that they might be. And now, perhaps I may ask you a question in return. Miss Vivian is no worse, is she, than she was when I saw her yesterday? There is nothing in her condition different from what you might have reasonably expected?"

"Nothing," said Dr. Thistlewood, rising. "No, Mr. Barton, nothing. Her general health is in no danger of any kind. For some days, however, she must be kept perfectly quiet, and I advise her friends, spiritual and secular, although for that time they must miss her company, to feel no anxiety about herself. She has had rest while she slept. We must now let her have rest waking."

Mr. Barton looked as though he were meditating some further questions, but he recognised in these last words such a semblance of commonsense that he checked himself not ungraciously, and merely said "Good-bye," and, as soon as Dr. Thistlewood had gone, he went out on his round of duties.

His day was a busy one, and he worked with a feverish energy in order to beguile the time dividing him from the thing he hoped for—Lady Susannah's answer to the letter he had sent that morning. It reached him as, weary with waiting, he was forcing himself to sit down to dinner. As soon as he had read the first words of it, he gave a sigh of relief and thankfulness. He swallowed his soup with appetite, and then, without any misgiving, proceeded to read the rest.

"My dear Mr. Barton," Lady Susannah wrote, "I quite under-

stand how things have happened, and I am sure that your conduct has been as honourable as your letter, which touched me much, was frank. I have always approved myself of clergymen marrying. I have several clergymen-cousins myself, and they have all very nice wives. You deserve one just as nice, and I should like to think that you had found one by my means. Also, I could wish nothing better for Nest, young as she is, than a husband who would make her happy.

"There are, however, several reasons why happiness would be very doubtful for you. I ought to tell you plainly, for one thing, that Miss Vivian's parentage is most unfortunate. I do not mean that she is illegitimate, but her father, whom in early days I knew well and liked much—indeed, why should not I give you confidence for confidence and tell you that I was once engaged to him?—is under a cloud and cannot show his face in England. Also, the lady he married was a divorcee, and—to mention what is a suspicion of my own, and I believe of other people, too—there is another girl under his care, a Miss Enid Wynn, who is nominally his niece, but that can't be so, and who must, I think, poor child, be his daughter by this wife before he married her. Anyhow, there are difficulties in connection with both these unhappy children, for both of whom I have promised to do all I can. As to these domestic details, it is unnecessary for me to say more, but there are other difficulties quite apart from these, relating to dear Nest herself, and these may, I think, prove a yet greater obstacle to your wishes.

"I could not explain these if I wished to, for as yet I but partly understand them. But they have to do with her health—her general health, not merely her present indisposition, though this seems to be throwing light on some weak points in her constitution, and is alarming for that reason only. I am having the best advice. We have been telegraphing to her parents and to her former doctor at Nice, and some time to-morrow I shall probably have more to tell you. But of one thing I am very nearly sure—that for the present, though I hope for the present only, you should desist altogether from pressing on her any matter such as that which you have mentioned to me.

"As to her prospects of becoming quite strong some day, I may, when I write to-morrow, be able to say something which will

reassure you, but even then you must remember her unfortunate connections. Nothing can alter these. Wishing that I could have written something which would have pleased you better—I am, most sincerely yours, "SUSANNAH LIPSCOMBE."

Staggered by the conclusion of this letter, but yet, on a second reading of it, not discouraged, Mr. Barton hastened to his writing-table, and, without pausing a moment, dashed off the following answer:

"I will respect your wishes. If I have to wait, I will wait as Jacob waited. But no external circumstances, however unfortunate, would for me be any obstacle. If her home surroundings are unfortunate, this fact would merely deepen my happiness in providing a home fit for her. I shall look out with impatience for your promised letter to-morrow, but do not think that I resign or even lessen my hopes."

It was not till next evening that the promised letter arrived. Mr. Barton did not, as he had done with the first, waste any time in dallying with the opening sentences. What he read was this:

"Dear Mr. Barton,—We had a long telegram this morning from Nest's parents, who have been consulting Dr. Gonteau. Dr. Gonteau also has been exchanging telegrams with Dr. Thistlewood. Her parents seem to have been quite prepared for the kind of breakdown which has occurred. Indeed, when they sent her to me—but I needn't go into this—they made certain arrangements in view of such a thing happening. Anyhow, the disposal of their daughter is entirely in their own hands, and the long and the short of the matter is just this. They have desired that Dr. Thistlewood should have the sole charge of her movements and arrange for her being taken to a home of rest for a day or two, till she is able to rejoin her family—though I hope that before long I shall have her again safe and sound, and as only one of the girls can be with the parents at a time, I have promised that Enid Wynn shall meanwhile take Nest's place. Nest left me at two o'clock to-day. I sincerely hope we shall all see her again in a month or so, but meanwhile she is to be kept in entire seclusion, and if you want any information about

her, I must—for, dear Mr. Barton, I am not my own mistress—ask you to apply not to me, but to her father, Captain Rhyss Wynn Vivian, Villa Orloff, Cimiez, Nice."

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, my dear Susie," said Mr. Carlton, "in our young days little girls with attacks of nerves weren't humoured as they are to-day. If they ventured to be fanciful they were locked up in the schoolroom—that's what used to happen at Collingham—and had to eat cold rice pudding off the nursery governess's writing-table. Poor Nest—we miss her, her and her lovely dresses, and if she's coddled it's no fault of her own. But I can't help thinking that parents in the present generation make some maladies worse by paying too much attention to them."

Such, whilst Mr. Barton was staring in solitary consternation at Lady Susannah's announcement of Miss Vivian's sudden disappearance, was the manner in which the event was being discussed in the dining-room at Cliff's End. Lady Susannah, it is true, was hardly in her usual spirits. She had become attached to her niece; she pitied her, and regretted her absence. But though she had been quite sufficiently alarmed by the continued instability of her health to be grateful for being relieved from all responsibility in connection with it, she inclined to agree with Mr. Carlton that too much was being made of the matter; and, Miss Vivian's absence promising to be of no very long duration, she was by no means disinclined to temper her regrets with cheerfulness.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that, in Nest's case, there's something rather more than fancy. Anyhow, my dear George, her parents have telegraphed to Dr. Thistlewood, saying that he is to do whatever he thinks best; and so, if she is coddled too much, you mustn't lay the blame on me. It's lucky he had a most respectable nurse to go with her.

"I saw her in the hall," said Mr. Carlton, "a sensible, sober person, so different from those trolloping females—too dreadful, I call them—you know the modern nurse. At Easton the other day there

were two of them; and they actually used to flaunt together arm-in-arm along the corridor—giggling, my dear—giggling out quite loud. If my poor dear mother could have seen it, I think she would have had a fit. And our invalid is to go no farther than Malvern, is she?"

"She will stay there for a day or two," said Lady Susannah, "in Dr. Thistlewood's home of rest. He's going there to-morrow himself, to see how she's getting on; and then he and her parents will settle everything between them. I can never thank him enough for all the trouble he's taken. He has promised, though as yet he can't be sure about the day, to meet Enid Wynn at Bristol, and bring her back with him.

"It's really very good of you," said Mr. Carlton, "nice kind thing that you are, to be having these two girls following one another like this, especially when the change is sprung on you in such a sudden way."

"No," said Lady Susannah, laughing, "it's not quite so sudden as you suppose. Nest's coming here was looked upon as a mere experiment from the first, and, in case Southquay should not suit her and her parents should want her back again, everything was arranged for Enid's taking her place. There are three boxes of Enid's upstairs in the box-room now."

"Enid," said Mr. Hugo solemnly, "is a very sensible name."

He had been treated by Miss Vivian with a sort of friendly flippancy by no means, in his opinion, suitable to his age and wisdom; and was already looking forward to the chance that Miss Wynn might learn to view him at once with tenderer and more respectful eyes.

"Yes," said Oswald condescendingly. "It begins with the same sacred letter as Elvira."

Oswald, who had received that morning a letter from Lady Conway, was in the happy condition which prompts successful lovers to regard the loves of others as the objects of a placid merriment. Mr. Hugo frowned, and pretended to read the menu.

"Mr. Hugo," said Miss Arundel, "why are you making such an exceedingly naughty face? There's a melon coming. I ordered it for you, on purpose to make you good."

Miss Arundel had studied for three months at a cookery school, and prided herself on the ingenious economy with which she managed

to feed her kindred. For this reason she was the frequent butt of her brothers, who, forgetting their feud, now joined in an attack on her.

"Nest," began Mr. Hugo, "even if she is not very wise, could at all events do one thing. She could write out a menu fit for a gentleman to read. When I have a house of my own," Mr. Hugo continued, his prospective income being four hundred a year, "I shall have a servant specially to look after things like that."

"A menu of Nina's," said Oswald, "is like a series of dish-covers, which conceal, instead of explaining, the nature of what we're going to eat. Look here, Cousin George, let me just read you this: Soup, fish, minced meat in shells. What comes next? I suppose it will be skin—bones. My dear Nina, you had much better do it in French. Purée anonyme—poisson, bon marché—petits débris de quelquechose —morceaux assortis, à la chat. Do you know, Cousin George, I always am telling Nina that, if one day her heart is cut open like Queen Mary's, we shan't find 'Calais' written on it; we shall find, 'Keep down the house-books.'"

"And if Oswald's heart is cut open," said Mr. Hugo, who had only deferred his revenge, and whose repartees were simple rather than pointed, "what we shall find there is 'Lady Conway.'"

"Naughty!" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, in a tone of mock reprobation. "You must not let Cousin Enid find you two sparring like this."

Mr. Barton meanwhile was seating himself before a sheet of notepaper; but midnight had struck before the following lines, which reached Lady Susannah next morning, were finished:

"Dear Lady Susannah,—Your news has completely staggered me. I can hardly take it in. I daresay you can guess what I must suffer selfishly on my own account; but, were that all, I could bear it. What I cannot bear is to think of her Confirmation and her first Communion, for which she was so carefully preparing herself. Her soul was full of them. And now, if I may judge from what you yourself have so emphatically told me, she will be placed out of reach of any religious guidance whatsoever, and the means of grace which our Lord has provided will have been snatched from her. An infidel doctor will be taking her to a tainted home. And for what good reason? So far as I can see, for none. On Dr. Thistlewood's own admission, for he spoke to me about the matter personally, this little

breakdown of hers is not even remotely dangerous. It must be merely an excuse for removing her from—— But I won't say what I was going to say. I won't let my indignation run away with me till I know more. Indeed, at present I hardly know what I think. Dear Lady Susannah, you are a good woman and a kind friend. I will not trouble you with questions which you may be unable to answer; but after to-morrow, by which time I shall have seen Dr. Thistlewood myself, perhaps you will let me see you, and feel that I have your sympathy. God help me! For her sake consider if you can do nothing.—Yours, "THEOPHILUS BARTON."

Mr. Barton had resolved that he would, as early as possible next morning, devote himself with more vigour than usual to his duties amongst his poorer parishioners, and send, before going out, a short line to Dr. Thistlewood, begging, or rather demanding, as Miss Vivian's spiritual guide, an interview with him in the course of the afternoon. The line was written and despatched, and after a meagre breakfast he sallied forth into the chillness of the bright but hazy air, and began his visits to such homes as expected or required his presence. The thought of Dr. Thistlewood—the sceptic, the materialist, the infidel—and of those in league with him—such was the language which Mr. Barton used to himself—filled him with increasing bitterness; but his manner to the harassed women and invalided men whom he visited had, as most of them noticed, a gentleness which it sometimes lacked. It had more of brotherhood than it usually had, and less of spiritual mastery. The spiritual mastery was reserving itself for the prospective interview of the afternoon.

He had quitted a row of artisans' cottages, which occupied a secluded situation in one of Southquay's many pine-woods, and was rehearsing for the twentieth time his own part upon that occasion, when, emerging from a lane into a wide, tree-bordered thoroughfare, he was roused in the general stillness by the sound of an advancing carriage. It came into sight—a large open landau, on one of the seats of which was a pile of rugs and travelling-bags. As it rapidly swept past him, he saw that, facing the luggage, were two men conversing earnestly. One of these men was Sir Rawlin; the other was Dr. Thistlewood himself. Mr. Barton's first impulse was to utter a shout, "Stop!" But the carriage was being driven at the utmost possible

speed, evidently bound for the railway-station, and soon there was no sign left of it but a vanishing trail of dust.

A hundred wild thoughts and questions formed themselves in Mr. Barton's mind. Dr. Thistlewood's frenzied haste was obviously connected with Miss Vivian. Was Sir Rawlin in the plot? Was Sir Rawlin Dr. Thistlewood's confederate? Had the girl been abducted in order that Sir Rawlin might marry her secretly—marry her by force—marry her, or perhaps worse? And had Dr. Thistlewood lent himself to the hellish scheme?

The more exaggerated of these fancies soon wrought their own cure. Mr. Barton dismissed them laughing savagely at his own expense. But their place was taken by a spiritual, and perhaps even a social, jealousy, none the less mordant because vague, of which Sir Rawlin was the principal, though he was not the only, object. Lord Cotswold, Lady Conway, and more especially this sinister doctor—the Flesh, the World, and the Devil, in their several subtle disguises—were all included within its uncertain boundaries; and the poor man's doubts and suspense, which, now that Dr. Thistlewood was gone, he would have no means of mitigating, gave to his bitterness the keen edge of a knife.

Could he only have heard the conversation which actually took place between Sir Rawlin and Dr. Thistlewood in the carriage, his mind might have been somewhat easier. The principal subject which had occupied them had been the group of insanitary cottages, and a project for accommodating some of the occupants elsewhere while certain improvements were in progress which it was proposed to begin at once. Of Miss Vivian something was said; but this, too, would have reassured Mr. Barton, by showing him that Sir Rawlin knew very little more than he. Sir Rawlin's chief anxiety had been to assure himself that Miss Vivian's condition was not reasonably attributable to any behaviour of his own; and, though he was unable to approach this question in any direct way, what he learnt from Dr. Thistlewood indirectly was enough to set his mind at rest. Dr. Thistlewood told him—"You must treat this," he said, "as confidential"—that the girl had suffered in just the same way before. That fact he had learnt from Lady Susannah, who had received from Captain Vivian, prior to his daughter's arrival, a long letter describing her previous state of health, and together with this some memoranda in

a sealed envelope by a well-known French doctor, about which she was not to trouble herself, unless any complications of a serious kind arose, when a specialist in nervous disorders might find that these records were of use to him. "These," said Dr. Thistlewood, "have been handed over to me, and I have gone through them. They are full of information about the young lady's diet, tastes, and so forth, which is in its way helpful; but they tell me nothing essential which I hadn't found out already. In the ordinary sense of the word, her constitution is excellent; and she probably will soon have forgotten her present indisposition altogether."

"I suppose," said Sir Rawlin, "that, for a week or two, you'll keep her quiet at Malvern? My sister had a rest-cure once."

Dr. Thistlewood shrugged his shoulders. "If her family wish her," he said, "to take her rest with them, as they most probably will, there will be nothing to prevent her going. Meanwhile, we shall have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of her cousin. Indeed, that young person will possibly arrive to-morrow. If so, I may meet her at Bristol, and bring her on here myself. I shall have a telegram at Malvern. I can be certain about nothing till I get it."

On the whole, Sir Rawlin was satisfied with this account of the matter. His own position, for some time at all events, could be altered by no conduct of his in one way or the other; and Miss Vivian affording him now no cause for any pressing embarrassment he found himself beginning to regard her as the object of a renewed interest, of which, however, without suppressing it, he had now learnt to beware.

The next day came, but brought with it no Enid. It brought, however, a letter from Dr. Thistlewood to Lady Susannah.

"Miss Vivian is gone," he wrote, "as we both knew she would have to do; and Miss Enid will, in accordance with the wishes of her relations, be here at Malvern to-night under the charge of Miss Grey, my matron. Miss Enid is just as particular, it seems, with regard to her clothes, as her sister is. Amongst her boxes at Cliff's End is a small one, covered with brown canvas, which contains, as I gather, a travelling-dress, and I know not what besides. Pray send this box at once, addressed to Mrs. Grey's care. Miss Enid will, I take it, not appear amongst you until she is in a position to make a suitable first impression. She has nothing, it seems, which will fit the occasion with her."

The box was sent as desired; and during the course of the afternoon Lady Susannah received her expected, and somewhat dreaded, visit from Mr. Barton. He was soothed by finding that she received him with an almost maternal sympathy; but he tried in vain to elicit from her any definite news of Miss Vivian, and the little that Lady Susannah could tell him increased, rather than lessened, his anxiety. She had been removed, said Lady Susannah, from Dr. Thistlewood's immediate care; and Dr. Thistlewood very kindly would bring back the cousin instead of her.

"I will," said Mr. Barton at last, "be patient for another day or two. If I hear nothing further—if I can get nothing out of Dr. Thistlewood—I will go to Nice myself, and ask her parents to give her to me, well or ill. She could rest with me as thoroughly as in any doctor's home."

"I couldn't," said Lady Susannah, "encourage you to do that. I'm sure it would do no good. Come and see me any day—as soon as you like—again. As soon as I am able to give you any news I will. And now let me say one thing. This bears on the matter, too. These cousins—I hardly know on what terms they have lived together, but there seems to have been some sort of estrangement, due to themselves or others. Anyhow, I may as well beg you, as I've begged George Carlton and the others, not to say anything at all to her about Nest, if you can possibly help doing so. Well, Mr. Barton, come and see me soon again. If you've any curiosity in the matter, come and meet the cousin. You might, for Nest's sake, find some comfort in being kind to her. She has, I think, seen more of the world than Nest has. She has travelled. She has been at Cairo, and she once spent a month or so with some hunting friends in England. We expect her here about five o'clock to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

A VERY CURIOUS EXPERIENCE.

THE experiences I am going to relate occurred to me recently as the result of a rather severe attack of influenza, and I am sending them to BROAD VIEWS in the hope that they may elici an explanation of the phenomena from some of its readers who are learned and steeped in occult knowledge.

It should first of all be made clear that they cannot be ascribed to anything unusual in my temperament. I have never been called hysterical or neurotic even by adverse critics, nor have my friends ever regarded me as possessing what is called a highly-strung, nervous system. I am not psychic, nor abnormal in any way. I am not a feverish subject, and have never been delirious nor light-headed in any of my illnesses. I have never fainted, nor have I ever lost consciousness, excepting under the influence of anæsthetics. I am not of an excitable nature. With these introductory remarks I will start on my story.

I was seized one evening, more or less suddenly, with a rather violent attack of influenza. My temperature taken by the doctor the next morning was found to be 104, of course, accompanied by high fever. As generally had happened to me before under such conditions,—lying with closed eyes, and the body a mass of discomfort and pain,—I seemed to see various figures in the air around,—conventional geometrical shapes, perfectly uninteresting and very monotonous. I have hitherto regarded their appearance as somehow due to feverish conditions. On this occasion they presented themselves, but as the hours wore slowly on, I became aware of a change in their appearance. The formal designs gave

place to other objects,—moving masses of rock of different kinds, vast seams of coal, not as if seen from the outside, but at first, as though I were examining the interior of coal mines, or other geological structures. Then followed a further development, the outlines of the great blocks of stone that made up the whole mass, would suddenly flash out with a bright light, and discover faces more or less grim and semi-human, quickly changing, or getting lost in the body of the rock, others springing up elsewhere under much the same conditions. The bright light when more carefully looked at, seemed to come from within the substance, and not from without.

After some time, towards the close of the second day, when the fever had in a great measure abated, the pictures became more interesting and varied in their character. I could see, and now from the outside as it were, mountains, rocky and rather forbidding in appearance, also vast fields of ice, glaciers and crevasses, the outlines of the individual blocks, whether of ice or rock, continually brightened or illuminated by a vivid light, and taking shape as a rather poor imitation of human faces. The one eye visible, as the faces were only, of course, profiles, would roll and show a sort of consciousness, but not of me personally. Quite at the end of the second day, before settling for the night, I saw a much better kind of scenery,—mountains, at first rather barren, but then clothed with magnificent trees. Vast forests, and long, long avenues, stretching out to what seemed to be immense distances, while from the extreme end of the vista, a glowing soft light gave the finishing touch to the beautiful vision. That night, when prepared for sleep, the room quiet and everyone gone to bed, I saw on each side of my bed, lying right close up to my body, curious shapes very solid in appearance, black in colour, which I could neither regard as objects, nor creatures. They did not move. One of them looked almost like a box, but all had a peculiar kind of grotesque consciousness about them, comical rather than awesome. Such a statement as this will, no doubt, suggest the idea that I was suffering from some kind of delirium, the result of an excited and feverish brain. But, as a matter of fact, my mind was calm, my brain not excited. I was interested, and curious, and critical, but not in the least alarmed,

disturbed or anxious. I settled myself for sleep, only amazed at the oddity and objectivity of the appearances around me.

On the third day, the doctor declared my temperature to be normal, and I was practically well, though still kept in bed. The visions, however, far from diminishing in intensity, were more vivid and persistent than before. The whole of the day passed in gazing at the ever changing, but always continuous scenes that followed one another in endless succession, whenever my attention was not withdrawn for other concerns. It mattered not in the least whether my eyes were open or shut, whether the room was lighted by the sun, or by gas, or in darkness, whether I was alone or talking to my attendants. If I did not occupy my mind in reading, the extraordinary procession of scenes was always going on. The ceiling of my bedroom is papered in plain white, but as I look at it in broad daylight, with my eyes wide open, and fully conscious of all the furniture in the room, I was surprised to observe that there was a pattern upon it, and for the moment thought it must always have been there, but that I had not noticed it. Then it became suffused with colour, a beautiful rosy hue, the pattern still being maintained. The surface then seemed to detach itself from the ceiling, and descended in the form of a lovely lace veil or curtain, which lost its colour as it descended. It was supported by its four corners, and was, of course, quite transparent; beyond it, other, but different curtains showed themselves. The design would by degrees change, but so slowly and imperceptibly, that it was impossible to discern how, still less by what means, the change was effected.

I forgot to mention that on first awaking on the third morning, before the maid had brought my early cup of tea, I found that my bed, all up to my shoulders and head, was covered in a kind of shimmering silvery fabric, that sparkled and glittered in a wonderful way, and was to all intents and purposes, just as objective and real to the sight, as the familiar eiderdown of my every day vision. When the servant arrived with my tea, the effect was not disturbed, excepting in so far as my attention was momentarily withdrawn, and as soon as I had drunk the tea and the girl had gone, there was my beautiful magical drapery, the same as before. The day was a Sunday, and never can I forget

the marvellous visions that presented themselves to my eyes all through the day. Great masses of architecture in marble or stone, portions of Corinthian columns, bits of church decorations, gargoyles, the eyes in whose faces rolled quaintly, and statuary, often only plaster instead of marble, rose up from the foot of my bed, and passed slowly through the ceiling, but these were among the least interesting of the pictures. One isolated subject I got was a square marble building very white, with a dome and minarets; the walls were a mass of beautiful carving and decorations. The windows were filled in with a kind of fretwork, which rendered them partially transparent, for a light glowed through them from within, which was at times obscured by the passing of figures to and fro inside the building. I have never seen the Taj, but I thought as I looked at this that it might be something like it. Once my room was transformed into the interior of a big building with an arched roof made of large and rather roughly hewn stones, the walls being all one with the ceiling. As I looked, the end of the stone chamber that faced my bed receded, and seemed to lead to a crudely-formed archway fitted in with lattice work, from behind which the same kind of dull light shone, and behind which once more figures—genuine human figures—moved, but always hidden from my view.

Once I saw before me on my bed, quite close up to my face, a large handsome set of old bookshelves, fashioned in inlaid wood, and furnished on the lower shelf with thick folios bound beautifully in old stamped leather and gold. This object being so close to me I could see it clearly in all its details, and at once looked for the titles of the volumes, but, alas, they were not there. Another time I became aware of a mass of colour on my left side, at first dingy, rather dirty red, this slowly began to take shape, the colour cleared, and there on my bed lay a lovely dark red rose, exquisitely formed, but larger than an ordinary rose. Then, as always happened with everythng, it began to flutter and move and change. The colour disappeared, and I saw in the place where the rose had been the picture of a dog much loved in life There was no sense of life about it, and it was not coloured, but the likeness was good. The whole of the afternoon, which was

very quiet, my husband being out, and the servants only coming to me at intervals with food or physic, I watched these pictures. Especially was I delighted with the landscapes and the trees. These latter attained such wonderful objectivity that it seemed exactly as if I were out in the air, excepting that I was fully conscious of being in bed. Palms and leaves formed themselves, their leaves and fronds waving as if in answer to a gentle breeze, every detail of their shape and colouring clearly defined, and absolutely as physical to my consciousness as though they had been brought in from a florist's shop. They changed their character and took fresh forms, representing different species of growth from the wood and the forest, but when pot-ferns and palms were shown they seemed to be on my bed, and I should not like to say how many different kinds I saw on that afternoon.

There was not the smallest sense either of effort, strain, or fatigue in watching the varied objects, and I cannot be too emphatic in repeating that during the whole time these visions were in progress my mind was absolutely clear and normal, as those with me could testify, independently of my own assurance. At intervals of an hour or so I took up a book, and when my attention was fixed on it my customary surroundings reasserted myself. As long as I occupied myself with the book there was no question of visions. Each time that in reading there were no visions, I felt that perhaps they would not return, but they always did. I think, perhaps, the climax was reached on the third night. When by about 10.30 I was settled and made comfortable, the gas lowered, and I was finally left alone, my room became a veritable place of enchantment. The first thing I was struck with was, that once more my bed, from the head to the foot, quite up to my body, was draped in a wonderful glittering fabric, first of black and jet, and then of shimmering silvery stuff, lying about me in thick folds. The walls were panelled half way up in richly carved dark oak. Above this, up to the ceiling, they were hung with a glowing crimson material, and closely covered with gold, brass, and other metal ornaments of all sorts of quaint shapes, so closely were they arranged, that but very small bits of the coloured wall behind them was visible. These effects entirely supplanted the wardrobe and other articles of furniture around, that disappeared from the

scene. The air all about me glittered and sparkled with intense activity. The room was suffused with a light that yet was not ordinary light, and all the objects shone by their own inherent luminosity.

It did not matter in the least whether my eyes were open or shut, the effect was quite as vivid in one way as the other, yet it seems to me that this condition of consciousness must somehow have been associated with eyesight, because the vision always was limited by the range of my natural sight, *i.e.*, I did not see behind myself, nor under my bed, nor through the screen that sheltered me from draught, and although all physical objects were blotted out from my sight when the visions were in progress, I was still perfectly conscious of their presence. I got rather tired at last, that is to say not tired mentally, but I wished to get my natural sleep, but it was quite impossible to feel sleepy under the conditions that surrounded me. It would be just as easy to sleep in a theatre while an interesting play was in progress as with all these scenes that absorbed my consciousness. If I shut my eyes for a moment the visions would be dispelled, always supposing I was looking at them with open eyes, but if I kept them closed for more than a moment then the pictures would start afresh. Then if I again dispelled them by opening my eyes, in a second a new scheme would evolve under the new arrangement. It seemed hopeless. At last I signalled for my husband to come and see if he could help me to sleep. I was not feverish, nor excited, nor uplifted, nor unusual. I was simply just my normal self, but under conditions quite new and inexplicable, and consequently far from feeling any possibility of sleep, though much desiring it. As my husband put his hand on my head, which was quite cool, to suggest the idea of sleep, his dressing gown at once changed its very ordinary appearance to suit the general glitter of the room. It was covered all over with beautiful silver and gold tissue, splashed with crimson, and became truly a magician's robe, but he himself, face and hands remained the same, and as we talked together about the amazing situation all the enchantment proceeded just as if I had been alone.

Of course he had to leave me eventually, and it seemed to me that the one course left was to let the pictures

tire themselves out. So I lent myself once more to the amusement and interest of watching the changing scenes. The dark oak panelling was replaced by one of crimson, a soft looking fabric, upon which were stuck, by means of gold headed pins, hundreds of pieces of velvet of the same colour, about two inches long and one wide, oval in form. As I looked at the curious decorations more closely, they began to wriggle and elongate themselves, until they reached a length of nearly a yard. They waved and moved out at right angles from the wall as though blown by a strong current of air, and these hundreds of restless, swaying streamers produced a truly weird effect, while from the ceiling at the same time were let down other streamers, which resembled mossy green seaweed. If I withdrew my attention from the crimson streamers and observed some other parts of the show, they shrunk back again and remained as quiet little tabs pinned to the wall. But as soon as ever I looked at them anew, then they threw out their long arms and reproduced the scene. After a very considerable time I managed to get some sleep, and had a perfectly pleasant, natural night's rest, untroubled with any dreams of an unusual character.

On the morning of the fourth day another change took place. As I opened my eyes about eight o'clock, having gone to sleep again after my early tea, I found from my bed head all around the room shelves arranged and draped in red cloth, laden from end to end with every kind of silver ornament and utensil known to the silversmith's art. Once more the room was glittering with decorations. The whole of the day, I being still in bed, fresh and fresh pictures, scenery and objects passed before my eyes. I tried experiments to see if I could in any way affect the character of the visions, if I could alter the shapes of the articles or objects before me, but it seemed as if I had no connection with what was before me any more than if I were watching a play at a theatre. As I lay with my cheek on the pillow on one occasion I observed some soft feathery substance, the colour of the feathers on a peacock's neck, and very much resembling the feather, for they were feathered only on one side of the quill, just as the neck feathers in those birds are before becoming genuine tail feathers

finished with the coloured eye. These were brought in greater and greater abundance, and so closely packed together that at last they formed an immense heap of material covering quite a great space, and resolving itself eventually into a mass of very soft mossy stuff, such as is sold for curtains and called chenille. Then this fabric was manipulated by invisible means into a pair of huge thick, dense curtains covering a proscenium. They were just ready to be drawn aside when all was reduced to a quivering, formless mass and other fancies were evolved. Scenery and decorations in abundance would seem just ready for developments, when, instead of any climax following, all the elaborate preparations would gradually collapse or disintegration would set in.

All the five days, while I was enjoying these experiences, I was asking myself what does it mean, of what good is it to me or any one else? What is it I am looking at? What is producing these extraordinary effects? Of course I have heard of and read about the astral plane, and the wonderful scenes of beauty as well as of horror, that are to be met with in that region of Nature by psychics, who wander there in full astral consciousness, but that clearly was not my case. I was truly fully conscious, but always of my body and physical surroundings, although, at the same time, the objects I was so critically observing, were certainly *not* physical. Then, again, why did I never see living astral human beings or any forms which can be described as having life? For when on one or two occasions I did see men and women they did not give me the impression of being anything more than pictures thrown in, so to say, to lend vraisemblance to the scene in preparation, and did not possess any human consciousness. As an example, when I was watching some rather beautiful lace weaving itself before me one graceful pattern, changing into others, after a time there was a shop before me stocked entirely with garments made of lace—not at all an ordinary shop, nor were the garments suitable for anything but dolls, and selling these absurd articles were girls in a kind of livery, but they did not look really any more genuine than the stock of goods of which they were in charge, neither were there any customers. The only visions of men that struck me as bearing any semblance of reality were those forms I saw moving behind the windows of the white marble

temple, and of the latticed archway in the stone chamber, and these in both cases were practically concealed from my sight. It was, and remains a most perplexing problem. On the fourth night when packed up and left for the night, the room was once more gay with the fantastic panoramas. I thought early in the proceedings that the dark oak panelling was going to be built again as on the previous night, for on the wall close to my bed head and just over my table bearing the customary paraphernalia of a sick room, the first section of the panelling process was started about the size of a hatchment. I was not interested in repeating the same scene, and so determined to try and stop its further growth. I shut my eyes to break off the sight, sat up in bed, turned up the light, and did everything I could think of to destroy the picture but I could not alter or move it in the very least, and although it did not increase in size or throw out shoots to distribute itself, it remained there on the wall the rest of my waking hours and was just as objective and physical in appearance as the table underneath it or the bookshelves that hung just above. The final effect that night was brought on by the ceiling opening out and revealing to me a beautiful scene of forest trees and open air, soothing and refreshing. It seemed to be night, bright stars were in the sky—and yet different from stars,—and other larger lights resembling very well shaded arc lights, soft, subdued and movable, that is to say, would appear dimly first in one part of the sky, go out and reappear elsewhere. After this sleep came to me, and I had another excellent night broken by no undesirable incidents.

The fifth day the visions continued but not with quite so much vividness, though even while I was sitting up and dressed for a few hours, the trees, palms and forms clustered around me, seeming to be resting on my lap as I sat by the fire. But from this time on the phenomena tailed off, and in a few days practically ceased altogether. I have not, however, narrated one half of the many curious, beautiful, and grotesque scenes that I saw during those days of illness. They had the happy effect of turning what, under ordinary circumstances, would have been days of unutterable weariness and discomfort into a most wonderfully interesting, but for me most perplexing, experience. J. J.

A proof of the above article was submitted to a very competent clairvoyant critic, who comments on it as follows:—

This is a well-told story of an interesting but not unique experience. An account of somewhat similar visions during illness appeared some time since in *The Theosophical Review*.

Illness not infrequently alters the arrangement of that set of fluidic and nicely-balanced conditions which constitute the limitations of our consciousness, and consequently allows certain things which normally lie just below the threshold of that consciousness to show themselves above it. Most probably the conventional geometrical shapes mentioned as seen on other occasions come into this category, though it is difficult to be certain of this without a much more detailed definition of them. Forms which might be so described are very commonly produced as the result of strains of or impacts upon the various ethers.

When the student of occultism is asked to account for some abnormal experience, his difficulty is usually not in finding an explanation for it, but in choosing between a number of possible explanations, any of which would cover the ground equally well. That is true of a great many of the incidents here described, but there are points about some of the visions which make it practically certain that they were intentionally produced by an external agency in order to relieve the tedium of the days of sickness. How well they succeeded is shown by the concluding sentence "They had the happy effect of turning what under ordinary circumstances would have been days of unutterable weariness and discomfort, into a most wonderfully interesting experience."

Two questions immediately arise in the mind—who did this kindly act, and by what means was the end achieved? To the first we can reply only conjecturally, but there are certain indications to guide our conjectures. It will be observed that the display, interesting as it undoubtedly was, was yet not of the highest conceivable order. Supposing that one of us, having the power to produce such visions, devoted himself to trying to lighten the dreariness of a friend's illness, he would almost certainly set himself to tell by their means some connected story, or would endeavour to raise the thoughts of his friend to some of the higher spiritual conceptions upon which he could rely to

awaken the deepest interest and the fullest response. What was really shown was much more like the kindly effort of a child to amuse by a number of disconnected pictures; indeed, such an effort made by a dead child would be a quite possible explanation of all that happened.

Suppose, however, that some adult worker upon the astral plane (whether he were what we commonly call living, or what we commonly call dead, would not matter an iota) became aware of the impending illness and wished to give such relief as he could; what would be likely to be his method of procedure? All such workers have their time occupied to an extent and with an intensity far exceeding that of any possible business on the physical plane, so obviously he could not himself sit down for five days to arrange entertainment for his patient. Clearly he must appoint a deputy to do this work. As I have said, a dead child could manage it; but far more probably a nature-spirit or an artificial elemental would be employed.

A full explanation of these terms would involve a treatise at least as large as a whole number of BROAD VIEWS. To put it very briefly, there exists a vast kingdom of nature—quite as large and quite as varied as, for example, the animal kingdom—which is under ordinary circumstances invisible to humanity. In the course of history glimpses have occasionally been caught of a few of its species; hence the legends of gnomes, fairies, elves, brownies, pixies, sylphs, *et id genus omne*. Like the animals, such creatures are of very various orders of intelligence; indeed, there are some of them who in that respect are fully our equals along certain lines. Again, like the animals, the majority of them avoid and dislike humanity; but there are some who may become attached to individuals, much as a dog may, and would then (like the dog) be proud to be noticed, and delighted to be trusted with any responsibility or set to do a piece of work. Such a creature, having the charge given to him to stay by a sick person and amuse him by showing him pictures, would be perfectly capable of producing all that is described in this article.

The artificial elemental is something of quite a different type. The nature-spirit above-mentioned is an evolving entity, as much a manifestation of the Divine Life as ourselves, though moving

along a different line; the artificial elemental is a temporary creation, not evolving or permanently existing at all, nor even in reality a living thing. It is a form created by the power of thought for some definite purpose, and it exists only until that purpose is fulfilled. At the same time it is not a mere machine, for during its temporary existence it is capable of displaying a certain amount of intelligence and adaptability in connection with its purpose. Any one who has learnt how to do it could readily construct such an instrument and charge it (as though with electricity) with the intention of amusing a sick person; and it would then proceed to carry out that intention along whatever proved to be the line of least resistance.

Whichever of these methods was employed, it is interesting to note the way in which the entity did its work. It would not have been difficult to act subjectively—to produce illusory visions by a sort of hypnotic influence; but instead of this, the plan adopted seems to have been partly a stimulation of the faculties, producing a certain degree of temporary clairvoyance, and partly the creation of forms in etheric matter. As is always the case, the entity in charge took the easiest method of arriving at its results. Any one who has been in the habit of using clairvoyant sight will at once recognise the description of the moving masses of rock and seams of coal *seen from the inside;* still more characteristic is the shining of light through everything, and the appearance of the gnomes, with their grim and semi-human faces, as sometimes part of the rock and sometimes outside of it. The mountains and the glaciers of the second day, with the same inner light, and with the elemental essence showing through in its poor imitation of human faces; the masses of architecture, the bookshelves, the other shelves loaded with silverware, the representation of the Taj Mahal or some similar building; all these things were probably really seen by a slight stimulation of faculty; though it is, of course, also possible that the entity in charge (if human or a nature-spirit) reproduced them as semi-materialized thought-forms in etheric matter.

This latter plan was clearly adopted in the case of the dog and the rose, of the "curious shapes, neither objects or creatures," of the tabs which changed into streamers when electrified by the

turning of the attention upon them, and with the pattern upon the ceiling which changed into a lace veil and descended. The same may be the explanation of the gorgeous appearance of the dressing-gown and the bed-furniture; though here the entity probably saved himself trouble to some extent by utilising existing realities, for the "shimmering silvery fabric" described is very much the appearance that would be presented by the etheric part of the familiar eiderdown.

What really happened may be summed up as a slight stimulation of faculty, sufficient to extend the vision to some of the lower kinds of etheric matter, and then the materialisation to that level of whatever objects the entity in charge thought would would be amusing or interesting—the whole affair being arranged by some friend, living or dead, with the amiable intention of helping the patient through the weariness and pain of an attack of influenza.

A DEPLORABLE PROJECT REVIVED.

MOST people who regard the inviolability of the British Islands as a condition of things it is desirable to maintain, in the interest not merely of their inhabitants but of civilisation generally, will have been for some years past under the impression that the scheme putting England into railway communication with the continent by means of a tunnel under the Channel had been finally abandoned. More than twenty years ago it was proposed by people whose imagination had been inflamed by the success of similar engineering projects abroad, but when seriously discussed, the political motives for discouraging it became so manifest that a joint committee of both Houses emphatically condemned the scheme. It was generally understood that its adoption would have involved a wanton sacrifice of the advantages this country enjoys by virtue of its insular position, and one thought the Channel tunnel scheme had been finally laid at rest.

Now, curiously enough, the extraordinary condition of parliament has brought the project once more to the surface, and we are suddenly confronted with a serious danger. The present House of Commons in the course of the month on which we are now entering, may recklessly sanction an undertaking that has hitherto been solemnly condemned as injurious to the best interests of the country. Much interesting speculation concerning the relationship between modern political parties and proposals which imperil the Empire, might be suggested by the revival of the Channel Tunnel scheme. But meanwhile, it is now again a

burning question on its own merits, and leaving political sympathies aside for the moment, one can hardly fail,—in the midst of the animated discussion to which the revival of the scheme has given rise—to regard the arguments in favour of the enterprise as contemptibly insignificant in contrast with those which recommend its rejection. The all-important consideration weighing with the military experts, who one and all condemn the proposed undertaking, has to do with the manner in which it would sacrifice the value of our first line of defence in the event of any possible complications in the future which might lay this country open to attack. Even attaching the highest possible value to naval supremacy as guaranteeing the country against invasion, expert opinion has never repudiated the possibility that a raid by a force considerable enough to hold its own against any army we could hastily assemble, would be a conceivable possibility. But the possibility has not alarmed us hitherto, in view of the consideration that even if such a raid were accomplished during a temporary neglect of naval precautions, the raiding army would find it much more difficult to get home again than to accomplish its primary purpose. That consideration would probably operate to discourage any foreign powers that might in the first instance contemplate the raid. But once railway communication would be established with a foreign shore, the value of this reflection is completely dissipated. The raiding army would, as its first purpose, secure the British end of the tunnel, and then we should at once become subject to the military dangers of continental states. Our naval supremacy, even if maintained, would have been neutralised, and whatever fleets might be prowling round the shore, they would have no influence on the course of events.

We are all, of course, familiar with the arguments, for what they are worth, that the defenders of the tunnel scheme bring forward in reply to their military critics. They pretend that it might be possible to arrange for blowing up the mouth of the tunnel in an emergency by pressing a button at the War Office. They rely with naive simplicity on the assumption that the country is destitute of a sense of the ludicrous. Such a button would certainly not be pressed by a ministry of the present type

until the enemy had had time to cut the wires communicating with the mines. And how far the happiness of passengers using the tunnel in time of peace might be promoted by the thought that an accidental pressure of the famous button would ensure their destruction in the ghastly trap they had entered, is a question the tunnel promoters seem hardly to think worth notice. But in fact the button precaution is ridiculed by the engineers in favour of the undertaking, who would be content to rely upon devices by which an army in the tunnel could be asphyxiated by using the ventilators to blow in foul gases. But they disregard the thought that possibly the ventilators might be in possession of the enemy's advance guard before the main body of the invading army entered the tunnel at all. Putting the matter shortly from the point of view of those still capable of patriotic feeling, the Channel tunnel is a wicked scheme, independently altogether of what, in spite of engineering forecasts, may possibly be its folly also.

For although its opponents are but little concerned with the difficulties of the project as an engineering work, the mere assurance of engineering firms likely to be concerned with the expenditure of the sixteen millions the tunnel is estimated to cost, is not entirely convincing to the looker on. It may be that their skill would triumph over all difficulties in the way. The Simplon tunnel is twelve miles long, and the Channel tunnel would be nearly thirty. Still it does not follow that the difficulties would be two and a half times as great. Probably the unforeseen would manifest itself in due course, but even then, the finders of the sixteen millions would no doubt be constrained to find another sixteen to guard themselves against total loss. Again, although the passenger, like the London cab horse, grows used to alarming novelties, the prospect of a passage through a pipe beneath the sea, thirty miles in length, is hardly one that would attract his imagination at the first glance, and when we turn aside from the political wickedness of the scheme to consider it merely from the point of view of its absurdity, the disproportion between the repulsiveness of the tunnel journey and the residual discomforts which might remain if the oversea journey were sensibly organised, is striking to say the least of it.

Of course, hitherto the channel crossing has not been very intelligently organised. Till quite recent years, while the trumpery little steamboats which alone could enter the opposite harbours were still in use, the traffic may be thought of as having been ridiculously mismanaged, but still the boats in use do not guarantee the sensitive passenger from sea-sickness. One further step in advance might easily accomplish that result. And perhaps the most surprising feature of the discussion which has been going on for the last few weeks in the newspapers and reviews has been one "conspicuous by its absence." No one has been emphasising the possibility of establishing a train ferry across the Channel which would give the ordinary passenger all the advantages claimed for the tunnel without involving us in any of the military perils that render the mere conception of the tunnel an outrage on patriotic sentiment. About a year ago, the Channel ferry scheme seemed approaching the realm of practical politics. A Bill was actually before Parliament on its behalf. A book was published, constituting a gigantic prospectus of the scheme, which showed how well within the range of actual experience such projects as the Channel ferry actually lay. For those quite unfamiliar with the system, the idea of running a train bodily on to a boat seems rather startling. In America, however, the arrangement is familiar to experience. Ferry boats cross 90 miles of the Michigan Lake,—subject to storms quite as violent as those which afflict the Channel,—carrying four trains on their decks running on parallel tracks. Half-a-dozen other train ferries in different parts of the United States establish the practicability of the method, and, according to the book published last year, a train ferry across the Channel could be organised at an expenditure of less than one million, even allowing for the gigantic system of electric lifts by which whole trains would be raised and lowered between the level of the permanent railway and that at which, in any state of the tide, a big ferryboat might chance to lie. Nothing in the ferry scheme would impair the protective value of our naval supremacy. The *Dreadnought* and her companions might safely be trusted to prohibit the use of the ferry boats in the service of any attempted invasion.

Is the bare conception of any such attempt so entirely foolish

at the present stage of the world's progress, as some optimists, believers in future peace, may maintain? Let us grant to the fullest degree the improbability that such an attempt will be made, let us trust, at its maximum value, to the perpetuation of our friendship with France. Still, without crystallising objectionable possibilities even in imagination, it is clear, as one writer has well expressed the thought, that while the continent is bristling with army corps, the wanton sacrifice of the safety we enjoy by virtue of our naval strength would be a species of dementia. Why is it that at this moment the fanatics in favour of the tunnel have thought the time appropriate for the revival of their scheme? Reasonable observers capable of crediting even their political opponents with sincerity of purpose, will not reply to the effect that the present Government is known to be sympathetic with every idea designed to damage and disintegrate the Empire. Certainly we see it bent on carrying out measures which must tend to destroy the British Empire in South Africa, and we see it preparing to favour proposals, the effect of which may be to encourage the transmutation of Ireland into the condition of a hostile foreign state. Within the limits of the British Islands we see the Government driving its huge majority rough shod over institutions hitherto regarded as buttresses of the national welfare, and for many of us, of course, the existing condition of Parliament already represents, on a large scale, the "dementia" referred to above in connection with the Channel tunnel scheme. But still one cannot believe that even the supporters of that scheme deliberately desire to render these islands the prey of a foreign conqueror, even though they may, by some mysterious working of sympathies it is difficult to understand, desire to break up the Empire as a world-wide power. But there is no longer any room for doubting the practical bearing of the policy the present Government represents. However sincerely, by some curious perversion of sentiment, measures hostile to the international strength and independent dignity of the British nation, appeal to the sympathies of the Statesmen for the moment in power. And just because the Channel tunnel scheme is a menace to the security of these islands, its promoters instinctively feel that this is a happy moment for reviving their enterprise.

We can only put our trust in the somewhat slender hope that a considerable proportion of those constituting what the Duke of Northumberland has described as "the unruly tail" of the "weak-headed" administration under which we suffer, will be alive to the probability that those who now vote for the Tunnel scheme will at the next election be anathema in the sight of the large multitude who must still be, as Englishmen, mainly governed by that sentiment of national patriotism the modern Liberal has so strangely discarded. To attempt to discredit that sentiment by calling it "Jingoism" is out of keeping with the general character of those who sympathise on broad lines with progress and civilisation. In spite of its clumsy shortcomings the British nation stands at the head of civilising and progressive states, and most undeniably, if its influence in the world were cancelled by its subjection to any of the military powers of the continent, the welfare of the world at large would be compromised, and its progress retarded to an extent which no other political disaster one can think of would provide for in an equal degree.

THE ZANCIG PERFORMANCE.

PEOPLE familiar in even a moderate degree with the progress of occult research in recent years, will have been amused exceedingly at the manner in which the performance at the Alhambra, by Mr. and Mrs. *Z*ancig, has been criticised in the newspapers. Some communications have shown that spectators have correctly appreciated the performance as a manifestation of a faculty frequently available for experiment in varying degrees of perfection; others, blankly ignorant of all that has been done in connection with such experiments, find the explanation they are pleased to call "supernatural," impossible of acceptance, and cling to the belief that some mysterious code of signals must be employed to convey to Mrs. *Z*ancig the consciousness of names, numbers of objects communicated to her husband. The silliness of the code theory can only be fully appreciated by those who, independently of any knowledge they may or may not possess concerning psychic mysteries, have investigated the actual resources of the conjuror's art. Code signals have been undeniably employed by many public performers who have carried out entertainments bearing some resemblance to that of the *Z*ancig couple, but never in connection with the body of circumstance surrounding the recent demonstrations. The code theory is, in fact, only one degree less idiotic than that which has been employed by some writers in their struggle to explain away a very simple psychic phenomenon, —the theory of ventriloquism. Those who have propounded this view must be as comically ignorant as to what ventriloquism can really accomplish, as of occult science.

But without wasting time on the pure foolishness with which the controversy concerning the *Z*ancigs has been surrounded, we may remind the reader who may have forgotten the fact,—and suggest to any who may not have encountered it,—that as a natural phenomenon, "telepathy"—as the faculty exhibited by the *Z*ancigs was first described by Frederic Myers,—has been established as a possibility by the work of the Psychic Research Society on a basis that must be recognised as definitely scientific. Doubt on the subject no longer represents prudent scepticism, but simply ignorance of accomplished results. Even as far back as the year 1881, the investigations of the Society above-named, had established a *prima facie* case for the recognition of telepathy, which in itself was conclusive. The fanatically careful leaders of the Society in question have only come within the range of criticism, in connection with the way in which they have established telepathy on a firm foundation, in so far as they have often attempted to explain other and far more subtle manifestations of psychic energy, by overworking the telepathic hypothesis. For the genuine occultist looking on at the proceedings of the Psychic Research Society, telepathy has thus come to represent a standing joke. As an explanation of communication between the physical and astral planes of consciousness, it has often been appealed to as inappropriately as the code theory is appealed to, by the shallow materialists writing to the *Daily Mail* as an explanation of telepathy.

In the first big book issued by Messrs. Myers and Gurney, "Phantasms of the Living," published in 1886, the authors record a great body of experimental evidence the general character of which they forecast in the following terms. "The facts to be adduced carry us at least one step beyond the accepted boundaries. What they prove is the ability of one mind to impress or to be impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognised channels of sense." And among the most interesting experiments to the record of which this general conclusion is the preface, we may turn to a series carried out during the years '81 and 82, by a group of distinguished representatives of the Society, Professors Balfour Stewart and Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Sidgwick, and others, besides Mr. Myers and Mr. Gurney. This series

of experiments had to do with the faculties exhibited by the daughters of the Rev. A. M. Creery, then resident at Buxton. These young ladies were remarkbly receptive, and the experiments that were carried out left no room for any other hypothesis than that of thought transference. The girls would be sent out of the room into another. While they were absent a decision would be reached by those remaining behind as to what they should do, and the act so chosen would continually be performed successfully, before the girls had returned into the room where the Committee was sitting. That is to say the action to be performed would require the girls to go to some other part of the house and bring some selected object.

"Night after night for several months," Mr. Creery himself explains, "we spent an hour or two each evening in varying the conditions of the experiments, and choosing new subjects for thought transference." This was while he himself was investigating the wonderful faculty of his children. "We began by selecting the simplest objects in the room, then chose names of towns, names of people, dates, cards out of a pack, lines from different poems, in fact any things or ideas that those present could keep steadily before the minds. And when the children were in good humour and excited by the wonderful nature of their successful guessing they very seldom made a mistake." In due course the psychic research committee travelled over the same lines of experiment with equal success, even when they alone and no member of the Creery family were cognisant of the thought or idea selected for transfer.

Another conclusive series of experiments carried out by the Society in 1883 had to do with the transfer of visual impressions, —"thought transfer diagrams," as they are commonly called. In this case a rough drawing or diagram would be made by the "agent" concerned and reproduced by the "percipient," to adopt the convenient nomenclature of Messrs. Myers and Gurney's book. Some hundred and fifty experiments were made, the precautions against fraud being adopted as usual with the fanatical care of which the Society is so proud, and "the whole series has been carefully mounted and preserved by Mr. Guthrie. No one could look through them without perceiving that the hypothesis

of chance or guess work is out of the question." It would be easy for me to reproduce some of these illustrations as given in "Phantasms of the Living," but perhaps it may interest my readers more if I reproduce some similar diagrams the result of thought transfer experiments of my own carried out with a lady endowed with remarkable psychic gifts nearly as far back as the period of Mr. Guthrie's experiments. I remember showing the series I obtained to Mr. Myers, who frankly acknowledged that they were the finest examples he had seen.

It chanced that the young lady in question, was staying with her friends at a hotel in Switzerland where my wife and I were also among the guests. Conversation one morning, when we were all out in the woods near the hotel, led me to believe that this young lady had psychic qualifications. I asked her if she would like to try a thought transfer diagram, and using such scraps of paper as I had in my pocket, we made the experiment then and there. Of course I took care to make my own drawings under conditions which gave her no clue to their character. I used to hold them in my pocket book in a way which made it impossible for her to see them, and sitting beside her would lightly touch her forehead with the tips of my fingers.

Let me here interpolate a few words concerning the much talked of question of contact in these cases. Investigators of the Psychic Research Society have often impeded their own work by needless conditions precluding any touch of the percipient by the agent. It is perfectly true that in the crude and elementary form of thought transference that became the subject of a drawing-room pastime, a good many years ago, contact was often of a kind which reduced the performance to a ridiculously ignominious level. In the "willing game," as it used to be called, the agent would sometimes be conscientious, no doubt, but would often, consciously or almost unconsciously give the recipient significant pushes. None the less very often, even in the more or less ridiculous willing game, sensitive girls would come under the influence of psychic impressions, and sometimes also under the influence of very bad mesmeric magnetism, while playing the game in the usual way but that is of course a detail with which for the moment we are not concerned.

Such performances had no evidential value of any kind, nor would the more elaborate pin-finding experiments of so-called thought readers, who used to give public entertainments, and find hidden pins by virtue of psychic guidance by some one from among the audience, be of very much greater value, in presence of the suggestion that the result was due to "muscle reading.' Probably in nine cases out of ten it was not due to anything of the sort, but to genuine psychic impressions. But the contact in such cases was undeniably a suspicious condition, though as I have seen one of the professional pin-finders accomplish his task successfully while merely connected with his agent by a piece of string, I know that the muscle reading theory so aggressively adopted by the Psychic Research Society in reference to these performers, is certainly not always justified. But the point I wish to emphasise is that with certain kinds of thought transference muscle reading would be as ridiculous an explanation as ventriloquism in the case of the Zancigs. It must be obvious for any person of sane intelligence that by simply touching the forehead of another person without any word being said, I cannot by unconscious muscular action indicate whether the drawing I am looking at represents a boat, a church, a horse, or any one of the thousand things I might have drawn at random. But whatever the vibrations in some subtle medium may be, by means of which the thought in my mind is conveyed to that of my percipient, it is obvious that the transfer of such vibrations may be promoted by even the light physical contact above described. My own investigations prove to me that they are so promoted. I have known cases in which every other condition being provided, my percipient has been unable to receive the thought in my mind until the touch of the finger on the forehead, has helped the subtler communication of brain waves in some way that must still remain rather mysterious, but as I pass on to my illustrations I think it will be recognised that their character can only have been conveyed to the percipient's mind by something more than the finger's touch described, added to which the intelligent reader will perceive that in the experiments I am describing I was not endeavouring to impress other people, but carrying out an experiment for my own

edification, thus was hardly in a position to suspect myself of plots and devices for my own deception.

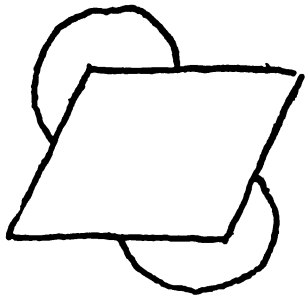

FIG. 1.

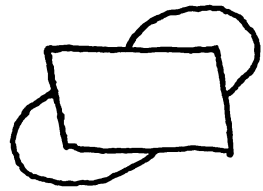

FIG. 2.

Figure 1 is an exact reproduction of the first diagram I scrawled in beginning my experiments. The illustrations herewith are reproduced from tracings of the original diagrams, and are thus of precisely the same size. In a time to be estimated by seconds rather than by minutes my sensitive made the drawing reproduced in figure 2. It exhibits what in reference to Mr. Guthrie's results Mr. Myers describes as "the curious phenomenon of inversion." This is not always manifest, and in my own cases, as will be seen, is not manifested again, all the other transfer impressions being right side uppermost.

Delighted with the success of my first effort I at once attempted its repetition. This time the result was a failure. I tore up and threw away the papers embodying this failure, supposing at the time that failures would be frequent and the successes only worth preservation,—no less valuable as evidence of what might *sometimes* be done, than if no failures had intervened. But the third attempt is represented by the next figures 3 and 4,

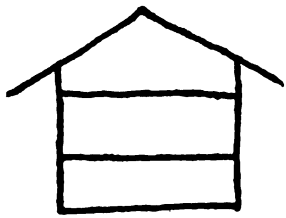

FIG. 3.

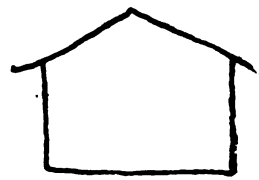

FIG. 4.

4 being the reproduction, and, strange to say, I never afterwards, as long as we carried on the experiments, which were

repeated on many occasions at our hotel—never afterwards did I have a single failure! The successful result became so invariable that after a time we grew tired of the work and passed on to psychic experiments of a far higher and more important order, but with which in connection with the subject at present under treatment I need not concern myself. It will be understood that the examples I give in the annexed figures are in no way more remarkable than the rest, but no object would be served by printing more.

FIG 5.

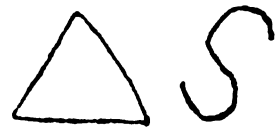

FIG. 6.

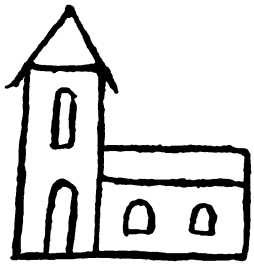

FIG. 7.

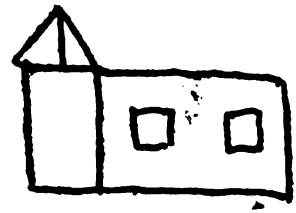

FIG. 8.

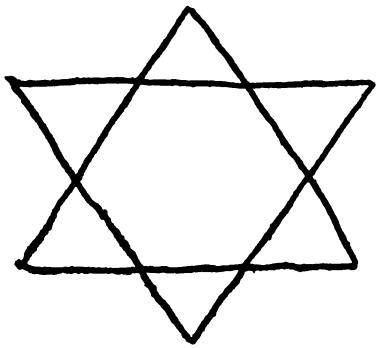

FIG. 9.

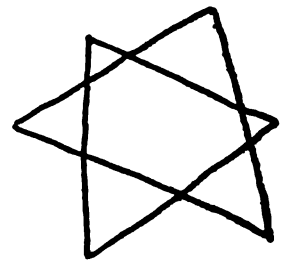

FIG. 10.

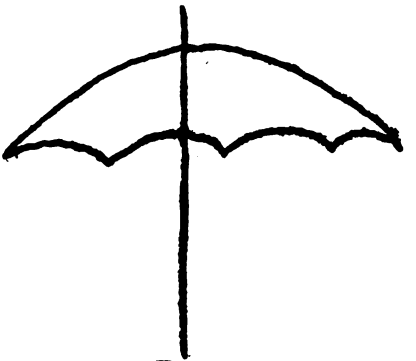

FIG. 11.

FIG. 12.

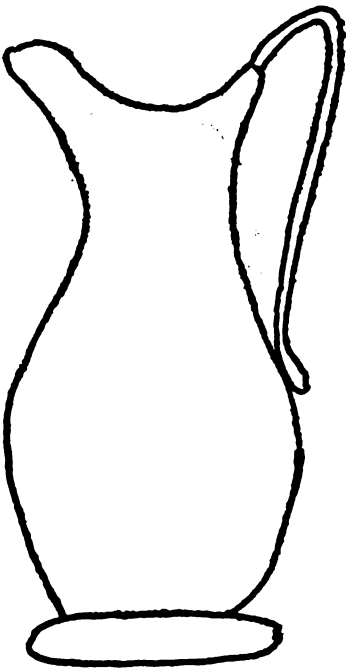

FIG. 13.

FIG. 14.

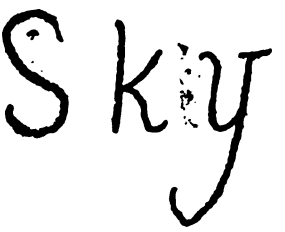

FIG. 15.

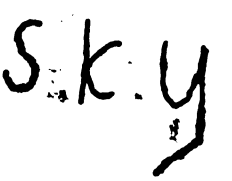

FIG. 16.

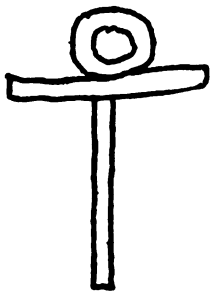

FIG. 17.

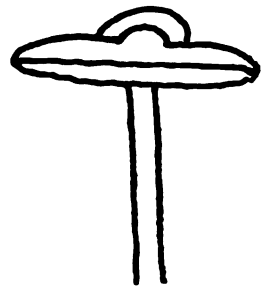

FIG. 18.

Now of course, people who in dealing with experiments of this nature are content to stop short and gape at the results as a wonder, occupy a place on the scale of intelligence only a little elevated above that assignable to the person who supposes that any performance he cannot understand must somehow be fraudulent and a trick. For scientific students of psychic phenomena these thought transfer impressions may necessarily remain as imperfectly comprehended as the nature of consciousness itself, but they can be assigned to their own place in a great category of psychic phenomena, falling under the comprehensive designation of "clairvoyance." Their practical value at the present stage of the world's progress has to do with the manner in which, for reasonable beings, they force, so to speak, the thin end of the wedge which represents clairvoyance, into the understanding of all who are capable of mental growth. If the faculty of receiving thought impressions stopped short at the stage represented by my diagrams, or by Madame Zancig's excellent lucidity, even then the achievements would represent a new departure in psychology, and would claim the earnest attention of all attempting to advance the boundaries of that science. But as the thin end of the wedge representing clairvoyance those of us who have worked at that subject, and those of us who have profited by the existing literature on the subject, will be alive to the fact that as between thought transference of the kind lately discussed in the newspapers, and the ultimate possibilities of clairvoyance even as known to the modern occult student, we have to recognise a range of difference as great as that between the child's first alphabet book and the noblest creations of poetic genius.

Until reduced to the level of a public entertainment, and sometimes, indeed, even under those conditions, thought transference of the higher order has generally been associated with the mesmeric treatment of the percipient, and many of the earlier French books relating to mesmerism are full of narratives showing not merely how sensitive mesmeric subjects may be to [the thoughts passing through the mind of the mesmeriser, but how percipient they may be of distant scenes to which the emancipated faculties of the mesmerised subject are directed. That is the next step beyond the direct transference of a thought from one person to another, which carries us on into the region of higher psychic work. The loftiest manifestations of clairvoyance are of course independent again of all mesmeric conditions, and the clairvoyance of a person who is at the same time invested in his current life with the necessary potentialities and trained in the methods culminating in the higher adeptship, can be directed at will in any direction as regards the physical world, and, within limits, to any plane of nature representing higher conditions of existence. But between elementary performances and those of the higher occultism there lies a vast region of achievement, in which the receptive or sensitive faculty is stimulated by the mesmeric condition.

As far back as the middle of last century, Dr. Gregory, in his well-known work (or work that ought to be well-known, entitled "Animal Magnetism") recalls a brilliant series of experiments in what may be called physical plane clairvoyance, which he and his friends carried out at the time he wrote with a number of sensitive subjects. And it is simply deplorable that the world at large, in its present state of development, should plod on at its physical plane work, shutting its eyes resolutely to the wealth of psychic achievement recorded around us, should still treat all reference to clairvoyance, when the subject happens to crop up in the newspapers, as though it was some foolish manifestation of fraud on human credulity. Every one who has profited by recent developments of occult research will feel so sure that he may almost be said to know, that all the great developments of future human intelligence awaiting the races to come, must be brought about by the adoption as a method of research of cultivated clairvoyant faculties. The dogged, almost brutal hostility

that used to be encountered by the earlier mesmerists and the ill-equipped representatives of western occultism during the past century is to a certain extent becoming enfeebled. But all progress towards that full appreciation of the higher human faculties which must precede their general development, is accomplished very slowly in face, even at the present day, of a surly antagonism on the part of those who represent progress in other fields of activity, which grievously retards an advance that must be made before civilisation can accomplish its next great step of progress.

Coming back now to the *Z*ancig performance, this has occasionally exhibited some features which, without introducing any preposterous theories concerning physical plane trickery, suggest that occasionally it represents a different psychic phenomenon from that described as thought transference. It has not infrequently happened that before Mr. *Z*ancig has had time to take into his hands and form a mental picture of some object passed over to him, Mrs. *Z*ancig has called out its description, or in some way identified its nature. This sometimes may be due to thought transference from the person offering the object in question. Besides those emanating from her husband's thought, she must be sensible of innumerable impressions flashing across the mental screen of her consciousness; and, indeed, in an experiment I had the opportunity of trying myself, I found it possible to convey a series of numbers to her by thought projection, Mr. *Z*ancig not knowing what numbers I was using. This single experiment was quite enough, in my own case, to satisfy me that the code theory could be confidently rejected, apart altogether from its intrinsic absurdity. But in some cases Mrs. *Z*ancig has shown herself in receipt of impressions which cannot have come from thought projection by anybody. In one case recorded in the papers, when a cigarette case was handed to her, she announced the number of cigarettes it contained before it was opened, and the number was too unusual a one to be reached by a happy guess. Now a little result of this kind, insignificant as it may seem to those unacquainted with the manifold varieties of psychic possibility, distinctly indicates the activity of some disembodied consciousness.

The explanation will be even less acceptable to the materialist than the less incomprehensible phenomenon of brain waves. But every one who has had considerable experience with professional exponents of clairvoyance will be well aware that in some cases they are not really exercising clairvoyant faculties, even when they exhibit results that seem to suggest clairvoyance, but are actually in receipt of astral information from some friendly being belonging to the astral plane; from some being, that is to say, belonging to the order of those which spiritualists,—neglecting finer distinction of which as a rule they are unconscious,—are in the habit of calling "spirits." In such cases the clairvoyant is more correctly described as a medium accessible by virtue of astral sensibilities to communications from another plane of consciousness. Beings on that plane are sometimes capable of perceiving physical conditions inaccessible to ordinary observation. For instance, it is a familiar experience in spiritualism that the astral friend will be able to read the first word on some page of a closed book, mentioned by some one present at random. Now it would only be to astral consciousness that the contents of the unopened cigarette case would have been perceptible, and when Madame Zancig announced its contents, she was, for those acquainted with the minutiæ of such work, showing plainly that her delicate faculties, sensitive to thought impressions as they are, are also sensitive to communications from the astral plane, and thus within her performance she is sometimes, as the spiritualist would put it, helped by the spirits. How far such help may conduce to the brilliant success she has had in connection with the ordinary manifestations, is a question with which only the occultist need be concerned. But it will be seen that this reflection opens out alluring avenues of possibility in connection with the study of all such phenomena as those which she has exemplified.

From the point of view of serious occult study, it may, perhaps, be deplored that the education of the public mind, in reference to the higher faculties latent in the human organism, should have depended upon the success and popularity of a music hall entertainment. The Royal Institution, rather than the Alhambra, ought to be the arena in which experiments of the kind under notice should have been studied, and while we need not, on account

of their limitations, be ungrateful to the representatives of physical science, who have done so much to illuminate the working of nature, one cannot but hope that the time is not far distant at which they, as well as some of their less honoured contemporaries will become alive to those limitations, will boldly approach the task of breaking through them, and will bring within the range of exact and verified knowledge the clouded speculations of less qualified investigators already groping their way amongst the fascinating mysteries that lie beyond.

THEOSOPHIC CORRESPONDENCE.

[The following letter is a further contribution to the series, parts of which were printed in the last number of BROAD VIEWS. It was written in reply to earnest inquiries along lines of thought on which many minds, beginning to be tinged with the influences of the new spiritual Science, may probably be engaged.]

THE question contained in your letter of the 2nd, as to how you are to get into closer rapport with the spiritual side of existence, hinges upon one of the greatest and most important aspects of soul-development. What is it that best helps men and women to realise consciously their own divine nature? To a great extent it depends upon the special line or tendency of character of each individual soul. For one, enlightenment comes through the devotional element, to another through the philosophical, to a third by means of accurate scientific observation of the working of the laws of nature that govern the world, to a fourth through a deep-seated love of truth, to a fifth by means of ritual, ceremony, symbology, and so on, but in any case, whatever the fundamental characteristic of the soul may be, its development can only be promoted by its own interior effort to reach and draw from, its own centre of spiritual consciousness, and how is this to be done?

In your own case, prayer seems to have been the key which first unlocked your treasure house, and therefore it would appear

as though the path of devotion was the one by which you could find the true and best assistance. Now, of course, conventional prayer, *i.e.*, lip prayer, or prayer by rote, is practically useless from the occult point of view. But for the purpose of genuine spiritual enlightenment, true prayer is a potent factor. Such prayer means a strong effort of will that holds the thoughts in subjection, and keeps the mind free from dwelling upon ordinary, or any mundane affairs, and when the thoughts and mind are quiet, then comes an aspiration, a longing for union with the divine, and the soul touches, and can transmit to the physical consciousness, a reflection or foreshadowing of that "peace" of which you speak.

This sort of prayer is by some of the Fathers and other mystics called "meditation." Naturally the more you can in your daily life tune your mind to the harmonies of nature, and keep your thoughts from the evils and discords that are, alas! always more or less around us, the more easy will become the habit of prayer, and the greater and more lasting the effects you will be able to draw from that spiritual intercourse. One of the greatest and most illuminated of our own Christian mystics was Jacob Bœhme, and he was distinctly one of those souls who are travelling on the devotional line of development. In one of his smaller books, called "The Supersensual Life," he gives what he conceives to be the best means of obtaining the conscious knowledge of other planes of existence, they being the means he himself adopted with such marvellous results. He uses the Christian symbology, but he is all the same a true occultist, and whether such a one attains to his spiritual condition through the Christian, Buddhist, Hindu, or any other great religion, matters not at all, for all are founded on the same rock, the Wisdom of God. I cite for your benefit Bœhme, for it seems to me that he answers so very directly your question, in the above mentioned book. The disciple asks his master how he is to attain to the divine intercourse, how to come to the supersensual life, and where he is to find it. The master answers as follows. "Son, it is in thee. When thou standest still from the thinking of self and the willing of self, when both thy intellect are quiet and passive to the receptions of the impressions of the eternal world of Spirit, and when thy Soul is winged up and above that which is temporal,

the outward senses and the imagination being locked up in holy abstraction, then the eternal hearing, and seeing, and speaking will be revealed in thee, and so God heareth and seeth through thee being now the organ of *His* spirit, and so God speaketh in thee and whispereth to the spirit, and thy spirit heareth His voice." The Eastern teachers, Patanjali, and other great adepts, though separated from Boehme in time by hundreds of years, and geographically by thousands of miles, taught practically the same method, *i.e.*, the abstraction of the senses and the mind from the objects of sense, for the things of the spirit are, and must ever remain unrealisable by the exercise of the physical senses. The physical environment must be transcended before those higher conditions can be realised, and this can only be done by effort, self-restraint, unselfishness, sympathy and love. Therefore, the answer to your question, "How are you to find these things?" is,—read, study, meditate, learn to "know yourself" as the great Hermes advised, *i.e.*, search for your permanent divine self, the Christ within you, which is the spirit of love. And in order to have any success in this search for the Higher Self, the lower and its desires have to be sacrificed. The union or the absorption of the human into the divine is the goal of all humanity, and all the elaborate rules of conduct, counsels of perfection, of habits of life laid down by the teachers and founders of the various religions of the world, may be summed up in the words, Love God with all your heart and soul, and your neighbour as yourself.

The following letter addressed to a different correspondent, will itself reveal the nature of the trouble it endeavours to deal with.

Suffering on this plane of existence is, it seems to me, inevitable when death claims from the body we have loved, the soul that gave it all its meaning and qualities. The terrible sense of desolation, and the black emptiness that overwhelms us with sorrow, is not really filled up or compensated for either by the intellectual certainty that the soul of the loved person survives

or by the possibilities of communication with that soul, either through one's own psychic nature, or through the mediumship of another, although these may to some extent relieve the sense of total loss. What we crave for and miss is the daily and hourly contact with the flesh and blood companion that has made the joy of life.

What you tell me about your own case, however, discloses a doubly painful state, from the fact that your whole nature and being has been touched to the quick, and the wrench of the separation has swamped for the time your powers of realising that your husband still lives, though you are unable to see him with your physical eyes, or consciously on this plane communicate with him. If, as you say, before this calamity befel you, you were a Christian, you must have had a belief in the life after death. Why, therefore, should you throw over this faith because he whom you loved and love so truly, should have dropped his physical body? Try and remember that he is more alive now than he could have been on this plane, and that your present mental condition of pain and rebellion against what was inevitable, is hurting him, keeping him maybe from participating in and benefitting to the full by the possibilities of his present state of existence. You tie him down to this earth by your unhappiness and the deadly pessimism of your mental atmosphere. Above all, you render it very difficult, nay, almost impossible, for him to comfort and relieve your oppressed soul. Of course, it is out of my power to say in what state your husband is in at present without knowing what manner of man he was in life, in how far his interests were centred in spiritual, intellectual, or mundane pursuits, but if he loved you as you love him, you may be very sure that your suffering causes him pain. There can be no separation of two souls who are linked together by true love, and normally, it is not too much to say that the death of one may draw the two souls into a still closer alliance than was the case when both were incarnate, for the reason that the soul released from its physical incasement is freer, stronger, and more able to manifest its emotions and sympathetic nature than it was when its consciousness was shut in and restricted by the limitations of the physical senses and the brain. I hope by this time that the

bitterness caused by this temporary separation will, to a great extent, have passed away, and that perhaps you may have come to feel that at night, when your body is asleep, your soul is communicating with the soul of your husband, and that although you may not bring back any very clear recollection of what has taken place, you may yet awake with a feeling of refreshment and a lighter heart due to the experiences the soul may have enjoyed.

Before concluding this letter, there is one more point I should like to comment upon, and that is as to the character of the sorrow that we endure when we are called upon to part with those we love. This grief, when analysed, is seen to spring from the selfishness inherent in our unregenerate nature, rather than from love in its higher manifestation. For in those cases we feel sure that the one we mourn for is happier than when in physical life, that he or she is not separated in consciousness from the loved one left behind, that in nine cases out of ten, he or she would not return if it were possible to do so, that the strain and stress of life are things of the past. When under these familiar conditions, we who are left to carry on for a while longer the burden of physical life, presume to say we mourn for our dead, in fact we just mourn for ourselves, hug our sorrow and make all around us unhappy by giving way to a depression that is wholly selfish or egotistical in its real essence, and for the time, poisons the delight born of true love. We increase the effect by clothing our bodies in the densest black garments, inviting thereby the dark influences to come around and add to the gloomy atmosphere. Yet all the time we believe that the escaped soul is infinitely better off and happier than when on the earth plane of existence. Love in its highest aspect, can in its expression and outflow yield only pure enjoyment. Whenever this joy is mixed with pain or only partial, it is because the element of selfishness is present in one form or another. True, unselfish love needs no response, though to find and meet with it in human life undoubtedly intensifies the sense of bliss; but for what it gives it asks for no return; the highest pleasure is in the giving. Therefore we ought to rejoice when a soul is released from its bondage of flesh, although at the same time we are deeply conscious of our own loss on this physical plane. In any case it is a duty we owe

to those around us to bear ourselves as cheerfully as possible to take up the duties of life bravely, to give our companions help, and services to those who need them, to avoid all signs of woe and despondency, and to dwell in our thoughts on the idea that the one who is with us no more, is free of the burden of life here below and on the way to the happiness of the spiritual plane.

CLAIRVOYANT IMPRESSIONS.

To the EDITOR *of* BROAD VIEWS.

Dear Sir,—I have made a few experiments to try if it were possible to know what another person was doing when at a distance from me, by concentrating my thoughts on that person.

The result was so surprising that I think it worth sending to you.

As the lady I experimented with does not wish her name known, and as I myself prefer not to be known to your readers, I will merely call her "A."

The first attempt:—I "thought" she must be sitting in front of a looking glass, right profile to glass, and touching her back hair with her right hand.

On asking "A" she said at the time she was putting some tonic on her hair.

I then made the following attempts to know what she was doing, not seeing her till after all the experiments were finished, the distance was about six miles apart, except in the last instance, when it was slightly further.

December 24th, 7.40 p.m. "A" appeared to me to be sewing a bracelet on a piece of black ribbon, and tying it round her neck, with long ends hanging behind.

I knew she had this bracelet, which was made to sew on ribbon for neck, but she had *never* used it before in this way. (I was perfectly right in all particulars). At 10 p.m. I thought she was playing cards, sitting at head of table. (I was right in this, I knew she had visitors staying with her).

Xmas Day, 6.50 p.m.—I thought she, whilst dressing for dinner, was scolding her maid, also that as she walked out of the

room her hair seemed waved by curling irons artificially. (Her hair is naturally wavy).

(I was right that she had scolded her maid about some dance she had been at the night before, her hair was not waved by irons, but by "crimpers," this is a detail a man would not be able to distinguish even if he saw the hair). Earlier that evening she seemed to be sitting in her dressing room in tea gown with one or two other ladies. (Right, she had two lady friends gossiping with her before dressing for dinner).

December 26th, 1.13½p.m.—Seemed to be sitting at head of table for lunch, and owing to draught from door behind her, put a shawl over her shoulders.

(She did put a shawl over her shoulders, on account of a draught, but was not at lunch, it is probable that it being lunch time, I inferred she *must* be at lunch).

On the 28th and 30th I thought her unhappy about something. (This was right).

January 4th, 10.50 a.m.—Thought she was cycling, and getting very hot over it. (Right, I was *so* right up to now that she will not believe I did not get my information from some one).

January 5th.—Thought she had a certain new tea gown on. (Wrong, it was a tea gown, but not the one I thought, this may be from my not knowing the one she had on, and thinking it was a new one. I mean it was a mistake a man might make, even if he saw the dress).

I can only get these impressions if all is very quiet, and I am alone. "A" seems only to know that I am thinking of her at those moments, but not to know what I am doing.

I have not succeeded in this thought reading further than about six miles, when I try further I do not get any idea come into my mind.

AN UNBELIEVER UP TO THE PRESENT TIME.

The Editor has reason to trust the *bona fides* of the above letter. The writer's identity is of course confided to him.

THE WARNING BIRD.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Cairns, North Queensland describes a curious experience, which we may as well pass on to our readers in his own words:—

Having for some months past been an ardent and sympathetic reader of your Magazine, I feel sure that the following, in connection with the article entitled "Taking Notice," which appeared in the number of August last, will be of interest to yourself and your readers.

I took up my residence in Australia in 1885, and in September, 1890, my youngest sister A., nearly 10 years younger than myself, joined us.

We had a brother, 4 years younger than myself, living in America, whither he had gone in 1882—some 3 years before I left England—and in March, 1891, one afternoon, on returning home, I found A. very much upset.

I should here mention that her reason for joining me in Australia was, that in February, 1890, our sister H., 2 years older than A., had died after a very sharp attack of pneumonia, and A. being in consequence so prostrated with grief, it was thought that a trip out to me, and a stay of a few months in Australia, would do her good.

Well, to return to my story; on my questioning her as to why she was so upset, she told me she had seen "the bird" again; this to me was quite unintelligible, but she then told me that during the whole day on which H. died, a small bird attached itself to her (A.), and followed her about the house, *inside* it, wherever she

went, although it was then still winter and all the windows were kept shut.

She then said that all that day (in March, 1891), a small bird had been constantly hovering about her, and that she was sure something dreadful had happened to some member of our family, and she was in a state of the greatest agitation.

Shortly after she received a letter from an American friend of our brother, announcing the sudden death of the latter on the identical day in March of that year on which the bird had kept fluttering round A.

I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

GERALD HANBURY.

PASSING EVENTS.

WHILE—in connexion with politics,—we are navigating the rapids above Niagara and wondering whether we shall be able to hold on somewhere to the shore before going over the falls, it is amusing to find a writer so definitely identified as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace with many political conceptions belonging to the radical order, pronouncing himself in favour of a system of representation which certainly would be calculated to turn back the democratic flood, or,—keeping in touch with the original metaphore,—to haul us ashore in safety out of the rapids, before plunging over the abyss. Dr. Wallace maintains that it is foolish in the highest degree to invest young people, on attaining their majority, with the privilege of voting in Parliamentary elections. He maintains that it can only be by virtue of mature experience and long familiarity with life that a man can arrive at any capacity for sound judgment in connexion with national affairs, and if he were reconstructing the laws relating to the suffrage he would grant that privilege to no one until he attained the age of forty, though at that fairly mature period of life he would grant it to all, of course to women as well as to men, irrespective of all other considerations. The voter on this principle would be registered not as a householder but as a British subject having attained the age of forty, and if he moved from any part of the country to another he would carry with him his certificate of parliamentary competence, and would be registered afresh at his new place of abode.

The idea is amusing in its incongruity with existing theories of representation. Nor does Dr. Wallace put it forward with any confidence in the likelihood of its serious consideration by politicians of the present day. But for many of us it strikes a note productive of vibration among many familiar strings of our own consciousness. The whole course of parliamentary reform from 1832 downwards has been profoundly stupid. The famous measure which began the series undoubtedly cleared off many abuses. But since that period, parliamentary reform has merely been a party weapon flourished in the interest of rival statesmen, bidding for popular support. No other reform has been thought of but that which lowered the franchise through successive stages of degradation. And when from time to time theorists of more than usual intelligence endeavoured to promote ideas which would vary the monotony of a franchise depending on the rents of houses, their proposals have always been ridiculed by candidates for popularity, as though there were something inherently offensive to democracy in the attempt to bestow votes for personal desert.

But Dr. Wallace's suffrage would represent a clumsy one-sided conception of the subject unworthy of a man so capable as he of bold and original reflection. Directly he gets as far as recognising that the right to exercise a parliamentary vote ought to depend on the qualifications of the voter, he ought surely to go beyond the rude qualification of age, in search of the test which should justify a gift of the privilege. Of course, the idea lies outside the realm of practical politics, that phrase representing the region in which the most low-minded activities of public life are engaged in congenial conflict. But if for the moment we do lift our gaze in the direction of parliamentary ideals, it should be obvious that the only way of creating a national assembly really entitled to respect, would be by distributing the parliamentary vote in the first instance on principles that might render it fairly probable that the majority of the electors would be more or less entitled to respectful regard themselves. An age for qualification might be included, though forty seems rather far on to seek for it. But the voter should not merely be of competent age; he or she should only gain the vote after passing some reasonable kind of educational test, and even then, only if combining with

suitable age and culture some qualification relating to his or her means of livelihood. We need not be exclusively confined to the house rent test, nor would the status of the householder be necessarily a condition of the suffrage in a perfectly well-ordered scheme. But there should be some provision to insure that the holder of this great trust was in a position,—using this phrase in its broadest significance,—of self-reliance; he should not be too obviously exposed to the terrible liability of corrupt influence.

WHAT are they aiming at?—these three distinguished ecclesiastical authorities who have addressed a message to the nation on the subject of Sunday observance? The message published in the papers in the course of the past month embodies no thought rising above the level of empty truism. Undeniably one day's rest in seven contributes to the mental and physical welfare of the human creature, and it is good, or it might be good that people should avail themselves of that restful day to spend a part of it in "higher thought and nobler aspiration" than is compatible with "the grip of ordinary cares" during the rest of the week. But what new development are the archbishops seeking to bring about?

For many years past intelligent people have been struggling, not without success, to emancipate this country from the gloomy pressure of the old puritanical observances which rendered the day of physical rest, a day of mental weariness. No thanks to the archbishops that now, at all events, in a half-hearted sort of way, the people are allowed intelligent recreation on the Sunday. The Sunday Society formed during the days of unmitigated Sabbatarian gloom to fight for the opening at least of museums and picture galleries on Sunday, has at last been wound up by reason of having accomplished its task. But what do the archbishops want? Surely not again to shut up the picture galleries! Is it their purpose to somehow drive people in greater numbers to Church? Driving, in such an enterprise, is no longer likely to be effective. When the subject was lately under discussion in one of the newspapers, a correspondent claiming to have studied religious systems throughout the world maintained, that because people are now growing more and more deeply interested in

religion, for that reason they are more and more disinclined to attend Church. If it were possible for the nation to return a message to the archbishops, surely its general effect would be to reproach them for allowing the Churches to continue to be the scene of reiterated statements concerning sacred things that offend the intelligence of earnest thinkers, desirous of devoting not merely part of Sunday, but much of their lives to higher thought and nobler aspiration. Does something happen to an ecclesiastic as soon as the costume of his order is assumed, to blunt his perception of what ought to be an obvious truth?—namely that culture and earnest spiritual enthusiasm has completely outrun the cut and dried theological dogmas handed down from the middle ages. Cannot the archbishops understand that they are the people responsible, in so far as they perpetuate the foolish repetition of worn-out creeds, for making the churches impossible for the most earnestly religious aspirants of this period?

Of course, apart from the gigantic evil that ecclesiastical language is out of harmony with genuinely religious thought, most of the evils still connected with the habits of this country in connection with Sunday, are residual bequests of the puritanical régime. Simple minded people sometimes think that the body of conventional law that regulates the British Sunday is derived somehow from divine authority. If so, divine authority is nowhere operative except in the British Islands. The British Sunday is not defined by *Christian* rules for the vast majority of the Christian world is quite untouched by its regulations. It is not a Protestant idea, for the majority of the Protestant world ignores it utterly. Throughout Lutheran Germany the theatre is especially the recreation of the people on Sunday evening. The British idea is not even English, for earlier periods in our history bear no trace of it. Of course it is simply the outcome of a brief period of passionate reaction against the excesses of a luxurious and self-indulgent generation. The restoration rescued us from the political effects of that reaction, but somehow left the country subject to the dominion of its ecclesiastical superstitions. The British Sunday is simply the product of historical accident operative in a very limited area. And even those who in some measure appreciate this idea, are sufficiently its slaves very often

to declare that while they would dissipate some of the gloom attaching to the British Sunday, they do not want to transfer to this country the "Continental Sunday," which it is somehow the fashion to disparage. For many of us who have had experience abroad it is precisely the continental Sunday which above all other varieties of that institution is the one we desire chiefly to import. And every one knows that when it is resisted on the pretence that the provision of amusement for the people means the work of some who would otherwise rest, that argument is absolutely hypocritical. Those who employ it are certainly not governed by a benevolent desire to benefit the actor or the ballet girl, but simply by the arrogant desire to enforce submission to their own theological whims.

WHEN Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson made acquaintance with the inside of Holloway Gaol on a recent occasion, she stated, after emerging from that self-sacrificing experience, that the place was insufficiently warmed. Another lady, writing to the *Times* at a later date, having had experience of the prison as a visitor, declares that in her opinion the place was over-heated. Perhaps the testimony of the temporary resident is the more trustworthy of the two. But the matter is of no great consequence, and it is only by reason of a certain phrase in Miss Beck's letter that widely ramifying reflections may be suggested by her detailed criticism, which is not impressive in itself.

Justifying the general arrangements of the prison she writes, "In fact it appeared to me that bodily welfare is quite adequately provided for considering that punishment is the object of imprisonment." To begin with of course the assumption is one which many theorists would contest. One view of the relations between the State and the criminal is that his treatment should be gently persuasive, remedial, engaging him in new lines of thought and aspiration. Merely to make his treatment painful as a penalty, is held to be barbarous by a large school of thinkers. But leaving them aside for the moment, and assuming that Miss Beck's theory is generally adopted, what ought to be the limitations within which the above stated object of imprisonment is to be carried out, or in other words, more comprehensive in their

bearing, what should be the true theory of punishment if based on the idea that is a warning to the offender not to misbehave himself again?

The amount and nature of the suffering to be inflicted can be considered later, but the limitations to be set up in the first instance seem fairly obvious. The suffering ought not to be of the kind which in any way damages him for life. Of course we are passing over the question whether in some cases the life ought not to be extinguished altogether. That is an independent problem. And the limitation above noticed is emphatically recognised by people opposed to the savage physical punishments of former days. We may well shudder at the records of even this country where a very few centuries ago a man's right hand might be lopped off to punish him for writing some essay held to be seditious. And the case of those who argue against corporal punishment in any form, is largely made up from evidence which shows that the effect of excessive flogging will sometimes be carried to the grave. But permanent damage may be done by more insidious methods than those which tear the flesh, and for that matter it is even possible that a chilly prison cell may undermine the health of a prisoner more fatally than treatment liable to be described as brutal.

The truth probably is, that though slow in its operation, the effect of prison life is to do the sufferer permanent damage by subtle injuries to his constitution in all cases except those where a rough organism liable to be strained by debauchery during freedom, may sometimes no doubt be benefitted by the very simple life of the prison cell. But that thought only brings us back to one of the most horrible features of our existing system, the ghastly inequality of its pressure on the different classes of people who may come under its operation. The whole subject is of course frightfully entangled with difficulty. These few remarks are not designed to suggest a perfect system, but the clumsy drift of conventional thought, ignorant, apathetic and narrow, which is dignified by the name of public opinion, is too apt to acquiesce in an existing routine applauded by those concerned with its administration, and, by the necessity of the case, almost entirely exempt from the criticism of those who experience its effects.

At all events, clear sighted observation of all that is taking place in connection with this entangled embarrassment, points clearly to two or three conclusions, one, that the sentences of modern criminal courts are hideously too long, designed in accordance with a stupid scale which has arisen, no one knows how, in connection with which there is no rational theory or scientific harmony. Secondly, that cases are hideously frequent in which innocent persons are convicted and sentenced by the courts, through the gross failure of the judges concerned to do their duty with conscientious intelligence. Thirdly, that if, as Miss Beck puts it, punishment is the purpose of imprisonment, it might easily be made to carry out that purpose effectively at a cost to the State, which would be but a minute fraction of the vast sums squandered now on the huge, clumsy, and ineffective organisation of which the much talked of Holloway Gaol is but a minute fragment.

PREVAILING superstitions concerning Shakespeare have been assailed in a new and unfamiliar fashion by Count Tolstoi in the *Fortnightly Review*. He seems to know nothing concerning the exhaustive search that has been made to determine the true authorship of the so-called Shakesperean plays. Readers of former articles in these pages will be more or less familiar with the overwhelming proofs that establish Francis Bacon on the intellectual throne, accidentally usurped by the butcher's apprentice of Stratford. Some attention, one may remark in passing, has lately been drawn to a new theory on the subject, started by a German critic, Mr. Bleibtreu. He has been first of all convinced on general grounds that the plays could not have been produced by the aforesaid apprentice, even after he had drifted, as a young man, to London, and had become a good third rate actor. Starting from the assumption that the Stratford authorship is inconceivable, Mr. Bleibtreu, ignorant apparently of the Baconian proofs, fastens on the Earl of Rutland as a possible author. The argument is not worth serious attention in view of the fact that minute fragments of suggestive evidence favouring the Bleibtreu hypothesis are of featherweight in the scale, as

compared with the overwhelming assurance we have that the plays were really the work of Francis Bacon.

But even after adopting that conviction in its entirety, there is room for the development of a new heresy, as it would be regarded from the point of view of the old-fashioned Shakespearean enthusiast, to the effect that the plays as a whole are not really entitled to the reverential regard in which, as a general rule, up to the present time they have been held. Nor is it necessary even for those who entertain the loftiest conceptions of Bacon's genius and general nobility of character, to attach the conventional value to the whole mass of literature he seems to have given out from behind the Shakesperean mask. Indeed, it is by no means certain that all the plays in the canonical collection of 1623 would have been claimed by him, if he had been perfectly frank. Literature at that date was rather in a chaotic condition. Lord Penzance has shown how a great many plays were in circulation with Shakespeare's name on the title page during his life, which no one at this date regards for a moment as the work of the author of Hamlet. The fact that many of the plays in the 1623 collection were never heard of till after the death of Shakespeare the actor, is merely evidence to the effect that they were Bacon's work. But it is impossible not to feel that all the plays as we have them now, are surrounded with a haziness of outline, which leaves us inclined to be very eclectic in determining which may really be treated as actually from the first scene to the last, the work of Francis Bacon. In the estimation, at all events, of a great many impartial students free from the singular glamour that convention has associated with the name of Shakespeare, a great many of the plays as they stand, are very worthless, and very few entirely free from passages quite unworthy of admiration.

This feeling has been developed by Count Tolstoi to an extent which has certainly never yet found public expression at the hand of any critic of consideration. He began his onslaught by dissecting "King Lear." After quoting a number of glowing phrases in praise of that particular work by various Shakespearean critics of the conventional order, he went on to ridicule the grotesque absurdity of the earlier scenes in which the King's behaviour to

his daughters is stupid to the verge of idiocy, going on to the end of the play with scorching denunciations of its gross and inartistic absurdities. In the second part of his work he ranges over a great many other plays and especially concerns himself with showing that Shakespeare was not an artist, in so far as he fails to invest the characters that march across his stage, with any distinctive individualities. They all utter Shakesperean ideas, and in many cases if their respective speeches were transposed, no visible violence would be done to the harmony, such as it is, of the play. Open Shakespeare, says our Count, wherever you like, you will never find ten consecutive lines which are comprehensible, unartificial, natural to the character which says them. And when Shakespeare availed himself of earlier writings to construct his plays on existing models, Count Tolstoi is prepared to maintain that in all cases he defaced instead of enhancing the beauties of the original. He works out this theory with considerable care and no inconsiderable force in reference to "King Lear," "Othello" and "Hamlet."

Of course, Count Tolstoi is always an extremist and a fanatic, and in dealing with Shakespeare he seems governed by the belief that from his time to now, the drama has been in a degraded state. It might be the most important branch of art, but it has become "the trivial and immoral amusement of a trivial and immoral crowd." With that contention we need not be specially concerned, except so far as to recognise that the author who entertains it approaches Shakespearean criticism in a somewhat prejudiced condition of mind. But whether we are in sympathy with the spirit in which the good old count writes, or have lain to some extent under the dominion of orthodox Shakespeare worship, there is something refreshing as well as entertaining in the outburst of scarifying vituperation now directed against a conventional faith which at all events in its usual aspect is singularly ill entitled to intellectual respect.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL mystery, more puzzling for many of us than the thought transference achievements of the Zancigs, is involved in the exhibition of certain states of mind prevailing

among conventional thinkers still painfully out of tune with the advanced knowledge of the age. For example, we read in a recent number of the *Athenæum*, *apropos* to a book on astronomy, a reference to "the so-called canals of Mars and the absurd views which have been put forward with regard to their imagined artificial nature." Apart from the fact that a brilliantly competent observer has brought forward a mass of evidence to show that the canals exhibit all the characteristics of humanly designed public works, why should the idea of their artificiality be regarded as "absurd," even if such evidence had been missing? Is it not on the face of things far more absurd to imagine that Nature—to adopt a term that need not involve the discussion in theological embarrassments—should take the trouble to evolve planets that remain uninhabited by intelligent beings? Some of those, in our system, it is true, are manifestly not yet ready for physical life—for the advent of incarnate beings capable of engineering activities,—but Mars is of a more advanced order. Nothing but the mediæval simplicity of illiterate monks, who could only think of the earth as the scene of life, and of the moon and stars as lamps for the illumination of the midnight sky, can be offended by the conception of life in other worlds. But the churches, resisting at every step a more enlightened view of Nature, have somehow infected even the representatives of scientific progress with their own reluctance to accept a broader belief. Even if we affect to believe that the condition of Mars, as inhabited by intelligent beings is not yet proved, is not the assumption to that effect in itself more reasonable than the contrary belief? Within our knowledge this world of ours is teeming with life in every part; scarcely any manifestation of Nature within our reach is destitute of life in some form or other. That which on the face of things is "absurd" is the theory according to which any region in the solar system can have been left without inhabitants. In some of her manifestations Nature seems only to provide a theatre of life for its lower forms. In others it is fitted for the loftiest forms of which we have cognisance. To suppose that in so obviously habitable a world as Mars there is no life of an order at least as elevated as our own would be "absurd" indeed.

THE announcement that Queen Anne is dead has long been regarded as outside the category of strictly new information. But the body of thought, if entitled to any such name, that has been discussed in the papers during the past month as the "New Theology" is scarcely newer,—in the estimation of people who regard religion as something more than a fashion,—than the celebrated utterance concerning her long departed Majesty. Mr. Campbell, the enthusiastically admired preacher of the City Temple, has apparently ventured to criticise some of the mediæval absurdities embodied in creeds which the conventional clergy have not yet become ashamed to repeat, and some of his congregation apparently, besides many correspondents of the *Daily Mail*, are aflame with wonder (indignant or delighted as the case may be) at discovering that Mr. Campbell does not regard the doctrine of the atonement as signifying that God appeased His wrath at the sight of human wickedness by putting an innocent Saint to a painful death. Mr. Campbell himself waters down the first somewhat crude report of his teaching, by delaring that he is not giving up the atonement, but is only endeavouring to re-state it "in terms of the ethical ideal." For him unitarianism and trinitarianism when properly understood are so much alike "that one cannot tell the other from which." That is not Mr. Campbell's own phrase, but the drift of his thought seems in that direction.

Sir Oliver Lodge appealed to in his character as a religious expert, fails to discern any thing specially new in the "New Theology" except the fact that the public just now seems to be taking an interest in the matter. Of course the doctrine of atonement in its naked deformity, as expressed in the prayerbook, has long since been dismissed from the thinking of every one capable, with reference to spiritual conceptions, of rising above the gross anthropomorphism of the savage. It is deplorable beyond the power of language to lament, that authorities of the Church should still allow the blasphemous phrases in which it is conventionally expressed, to be suavely reiterated every Sunday from the pulpits and reading desks they control. But the words probably flow harmless off the consciousness of most of those who (do not?) listen, engrossed in thoughts concerning bonnets, or the bills falling due on Monday. Or if others are seriously

engaged with devotional thought, they are among the least likely to be troubled by the literal meaning of orthodox language. Anyhow we are all familiar with the long-standing attempt to make sense of the atonement, by breaking up the word with hyphens and calling it the at-one-ment, a silly device if intended to palliate the enormities of the old theology,—a rather clumsy one if aimed at a new interpretation of the idea. Etymology is a false beacon for those who attempt to discover the meaning of doubtful words. "Sincere," in the present day does not signify "without wax," the "candidate" at a parliamentary election is not identified as clothed in white garments. Acquired meanings are the real meanings of words in the English language, and peple who make etymological excuses for clinging to the use of the term "atonement," are simply endeavouring to deprecate the wrath of fanatics, deceiving themselves if they think they are explaining away the barbarous and stupid beliefs which passed for religion in the dark ages.

No doubt Mr. Campbell is doing good by stirring, in the minds of his admirers, a vague conviction that something in the creeds of the Church requires amendment. And, indeed, in the present age of the world, the religion of the multitude can only be ameliorated so to speak by slow degrees, by the administration of intelligence in homeopathic doses. In the vanguard of progress a few may already be applying scientific accuracy of thinking to speculations reaching towards the mysteries of the spiritual worlds, as at the same time those who are truly scientific are beginning to blend with their speculations concerning nature, the other series relating to nature in her superphysical aspects. But for the rest, the light, one is fain to admit, must be let in slowly, as into the darkened room of one but just relieved from blindness by a surgical operation. The "New Theology" is a phrase with a somewhat ludicrous flavour for many of us. But no doubt for those who can find it new, it will prove a living spring of stimulation and refreshment.

BROAD VIEWS.

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INDIAN EMIGRATION.

MUCH has been said of late against the ill-treatment which Indian immigrants into the Transvaal and other South African Colonies receive at the hands of the white population, and against the system of recruiting labour in India for working on plantations in distant countries. Many remedies have been suggested to ameliorate the lot of these unfortunate people, and many have denounced in strong terms this "thinly-veiled" system of slavery. It is no doubt true that some changes are necessary in the system of recruiting, but from what I have seen in the West Indies, I can safely say that the lot of the Indian labourers is, after all, not so gloomy as it is described. I travelled a few years ago in all the English, French and Danish West India islands, as well as in some of the South and Central American Republics. In many of these countries, particularly in those under the Union Jack, I came across numbers of Indian immigrants. Their prosperity in their new homes at once struck me as something remarkable, and I, consequently, devoted considerable time in investigating the prospects of labour for future immigrants.

The Indian labourers in their native villages, overburdened with debt, their small dwellings seized by usurious Marwarees in payment of originally small loans, but swollen by compound interest to twelve times their original value, and their household goods threatened with dispersal, afford indeed a miserable spectacle. Disheartened and hopeless, they hear, as they smoke

their *hukkas* under the village trees, of a land in the far West where labourers are scarce; perhaps they meet some of their old acquaintances whom they have lost sight of for many years, but who have now returned with a few thousand rupees which they have earned in that same distant land, so the poor labourers pack up their few remaining possessions, and with their wives and children go to the nearest emigration depôt and seek the advice of the specially licensed recruiting agents. These agents supply them with an authorised statement of the terms offered to them, and if they feel inclined to accept them, they sign an agreement before the proper English officer. After medical examination, they find themselves afloat on the great ocean (*kala pani*) in a licensed emigrant vessel under contract and under the charge of a surgeon-superintendent appointed by the Crown agents of the different Colonies, such as British Guiana, Jamaica, Trinidad and other British West Indian Islands. On arrival, after medical examination, they are allotted and indentured to the different employers who have applied for them. Their period of indenture is for five years, during which period they are regularly inspected by the officers of the Immigration Department, and are also visited by the local Government medical officers. They are provided with suitable dwellings, free of rent, built in accordance with Government regulations, the site of which has been first approved by the Government inspector and the medical officer. These dwellings are situated on different parts of the estates and are not enclosed in any way. Each dwelling-yard on an estate is a village in itself, and there is no more difficulty experienced by the immigrants in entering into or leaving it, so far as fencing or other material restrictions are concerned, than there is in entering or leaving a village in Scotland. Owing, however, to the necessity for keeping the indentured population under observation, not only from the labour but also from the medical point of view, it is required that all indentured labourers must reside on the plantations assigned to them. In general, owing to the distances from each other of the estates in the Colonies, the large numbers residing in each of the dwelling-yards, and the strict compliance with the law under which relatives and friends are allotted to the same estate, there is but little

inducement for immigrants to leave the plantations during the week. However, it is a common practice for them, without applying for leave, to take the "week-end" from Saturday afternoon to Sunday night or Monday morning, for the purpose of visiting their friends on other estates. No objections have, so far as it is known, been taken to the practice.

For the first three months of their indenture they are supplied with rations by the employer on a scale approved by the Government of the Colonies, and a fixed wage of 1s. a day for men, and 9d. a day for women, the value of the rations (2s. 6d. a week) being deducted from their wages. After three months they are allowed to do task work, at which many of them earn more than 1s. 9d. a day, and are allowed to feed themselves. At the expiration of their five years of indenture they are allowed to work where they like. It is open to them to re-engage themselves for service under contract for another year, but very few have hitherto availed themselves of this provision of the law. They prefer to work wherever they please.

Immigrants are required to complete a continuous residence of ten years in the Colonies before being entitled to a free or assisted return passage to India. But after the five years indenture they may, by obtaining a passport from the Protector of Immigrants, which that officer has no power to refuse, leave the Colonies at any time at their own expense. During illness they receive no wages, but are fed and treated at the Government hospitals situated in the chief towns of the several districts, free of cost to themselves. Some large plantations have their own hospitals and staff. For many years past it has been the duty of the nurses employed in the estates' hospitals to visit the dwelling-yard each morning for the purpose of seeing that no sick people are allowed to remain in their houses unattended to. There are no regulations for the punishment of indentured or other immigrants, all offences under the Immigration Laws being dealt with by the magistrate in open court, and the sentences carried out by the ordinary officers of the prison service. The employer has to prefer and prove his case in the same manner as any other private individual. All laws in connection with the introduction and supervision under indenture of East India immigrants have not

only to be sanctioned by the authorities in the Colonies, but they must also meet with the approval of the Indian and Home Governments before they can become operative.

Many labourers are known to have saved as much as Rs. 1,200 after they have finished their five years under indenture, with their wives and children. This is, however, not the case in all instances. Rum is cheap, and the Hindus and Mohammedans, who are usually sober in India, become, in too many cases, infected with the love of strong drink. It has often made me sad to see drunkenness amongst some of them. It is, I believe, a proof of excess of money beyond their actual wants. Rum costs 2s. and beer 1s. a quart bottle in British Guiana and Jamaica. In India they are sober of necessity, and as to food, many of them enjoy only one meal a day. In their new homes they have all their "caffee-paoo" (coffee and bread) for breakfast, and one or two substantial meals with no dread of starvation in the future. I am absolutely convinced that, if immigrants be strong, sober and industrious, there is no limit to the prosperity which they may attain. By honest labour they can amass a considerable amount of money. I have observed that many of them never waste their acquired wealth in clothes, houses or servants; they remain in the same hut, clothe in the same *dhoties*, and eat the same boiled rice and vegetable curry as before; but they buy cows, and load their wives with bangles, armlets, foot-rings and necklaces; for themselves they buy sovereigns at the bank, and, sending for native goldsmiths, they keep them at their huts and under their eyes whilst the sovereigns are turned into large gold beads, a whole string of which they fasten securely with a strong cord round their necks. I have frequently seen them working in a cane field entirely naked, except for a *dhotie*, and a string of gold beads or sovereigns round their necks. Some of them make large sums of money, but when they return to India with their savings they are sometimes robbed by their relations. As they have lost caste, by crossing the *kala pani*, so the priests exact from them large sums of money before they will allow them to recover their caste, as also their relatives and the other members of the village community. Kirparam, an immigrant, after a residence of seventeen years in

British Guiana, felt a desire to visit India for a few months. He arranged about his passage, and one afternoon asked to see the manager of the bank in George Town (capital of British Guiana). When introduced in his presence, he said, with many salaams, "Sahib, me go em Calcutta only six months; me people too much tief, suppose money take em, people rob em, sahib, me give you me money for keep em, and me when come back you give em. Too much bad men Calcutta." The sahib said that he did not take small deposits. Certainly, Kirparam did not look like a capitalist, with his bare legs and feet and a dirty turban and a *dhotie*. When Kirparam assured him that it was not a small deposit, but £4,000, the Sahib exclaimed, "What! you have £4,000?" "Yes, sahib," murmured Kirparam, and took out from inside his big turban a small cotton bag, and placed it on the sahib's desk. Needless to say it contained £4,000 in gold and paper.

In Berbice (British Guiana) there lives an old immigrant who is the proud possessor of about sixty houses and some 4,000 head of cattle, and, besides, considerable sums of money in the banks. This is no exaggeration. He is reputed to be the richest East Indian in British Guiana. Some of the immigrants smoke Verginia cigarettes and Havana cigars, drive in cabs, drink Dewar's whiskey and Mazawattee tea, wear cashmere trousers and Russian leather shoes, and even drink Moet et Chandon's champagne. There is an Indian who keeps some of the finest race-horses in Jamaica, and there are some who travel as saloon passengers between British Guiana and New York.

Amongst the East Indian immigrants introduced into British Guiana and other Colonies the percentage of women is small; there are, on an average, not more than thirty-five women to every hundred men, so it is impossible to provide each man with a wife. I understand that there is great difficulty in persuading women to emigrate from India. I ought to say that the male relations of a woman wishing to emigrate will do everything in their power to prevent her from doing so. When landed in his new home, the immigrant, unless he has brought a wife with him, or has persuaded a female on board ship to live with him when he arrives, has very small chance of getting a wife until he has worked for

some years and amassed sufficient money to enable him to purchase the daughter of a fellow countryman who is blessed with a family. It can well be imagined, on a large sugar estate where there are 700 or 800 East Indians, most of whom are young men, that the husband of an attractive young wife has not a very easy life. Every inducement of love and jewellery is tried to seduce the girl (often only fourteen or fifteen years of age) to leave her husband, or, at any rate, to listen to the tales of love poured into her ears. It is no wonder that such a state of affairs often leads to adultery, and adultery too frequently leads to murder. In this country the injured husband seeks redress in the divorce court, but not so with the Hindu or Mohammedan immigrant. He mutilates the faithless wife by chopping off her nose, breasts, or arms, and if in a violent rage, cuts her into pieces with his cutlass. These violent assaults and murders are, unfortunately, very common.

It is remarkable, however, that, despite the scarcity of women amongst the East Indian population, I have seldom seen an East Indian taking up with a negro woman. There is a mutual antipathy between the races. A negro prisoner once asked an Indian witness, "Do you know me?" The Hindu, with contempt, replied, "Me no keep em company with black men."

The Indian immigrants are treated with great consideration by the white and the black population of these Colonies. There is no Asiatic Ordinance there as in the Transvaal, for the whites of Jamaica and Trinidad are better educated and altogether more refined, and are descended from a better stock. Colour makes no difference in these colonies. The Indian immigrants live in absolute happiness. They can live where they like, can own houses and lands, and can travel in the same railway compartment side by side with a white man or a *mem-sahib*. I have often seen white men playing with and fondling the babies of these immigrants. The whites consider them useful creatures, for they know that without them the sugar cultivation in the Colonies would cease altogether. They are useful, and, as the whites say, "they are ornamental." But I regret I cannot say the same thing about the negroes. Though some of the blacks live on good terms with the immigrants, the majority of them have no friendship for them.

There is no jealousy. The negroes do not regard the immigrants as their competitors who have come to lower their wages. The immigrants come to work: the negroes do not want to work. The two races are more absolutely apart than the white and the black. The immigrants insist on their superiority of birth, and pride themselves on the ancient civilization of Hindustan.

The immigrants on their arrival in the Colonies are generally ignorant, half-famished, and emaciated; but after a time they pick up flesh and altogether look different beings. Their offspring (known as *Creoles*) born in the Colonies are always better-looking than themselves. They are a fair race, both men and women. Some of them are very handsome, and particularly the women. Not often in India have I seen such stately and beautiful Hindu and Mohammedan women, with their bewitching eyes and tiny lips, as I have seen among these Creole women. I have heard many English planters and other business men in these Colonies say that the features of these East Indian Creole girls are far superior to those of some of their own women. The East Indian Creole boy has tasted the sweets of education and British civilization. He dresses suitably, and unlike the parents, the majority of the boys and girls now marry for love. There is no lack among them of Romeos and Juliets. A fine race of men and women is springing up, and let me express the hope that these East Indian Creoles would form within the next twenty-five years the principal population and mainstay of these Colonies.

Unfortunately the education of the offspring of the immigrants is in a very backward state. There are schools for the Creole children on the plantations, but the parents are indifferent, and very few can read or write. The negroes are better educated, and it often pained me, when I was in the Colonies, to notice how the education of the young Indian Creoles was sadly neglected. Have we no disinterested and patriotic men in India who would go to these Colonies to teach the young minds how to shoot? It is no use saying that it is the duty of Government to do so. The Government of the Colonies have established schools and provided teachers, but they cannot force instruction into the heads of the young. There are many in India with money and abilities who should take up this task.

The only educated Indian I met in British Guiana out of a population of 100,000 immigrants was a Bengali. He was a short, emaciated man, and had lived in the Colony for about ten years. How and why such an educated man came to the Colony as a labourer was a mystery to many. He spoke and wrote beautiful English, and was once tried, but acquitted, for sedition and disloyal utterances. To me he seemed an object of pity. The white planters hated him, and the immigrants looked at him with distrust. They dreaded him as a mischief-maker, and as one who tried to bring about a state of ill-feeling between the whites and themselves. They treated him as a worthless fellow, saying: "Bara haramkhor hai, nahi kuch kam karé, khali sarkarku gali dévè." He could scarcely find any work to do in the Colony. One thing must be said to the credit of these immigrants, that though uneducated, they yield to none in point of loyalty to the British Raj. They have no imaginary grievances, and are consequently happy.

Although this Bengali wrote beautiful English I have often read specimens of English "as she is wrote" written by some of the immigrants which would send one into fits of laughter. But in their writings the negroes of the Colonies almost equal the immigrants. Their speeches are as wonderful as their letters. At a black wedding one of the guests delivered an oration which he had carefully written down:—

"My friends, it is with feelings of no ordinary nature which have actuated my inmost heart on this present occasion, for on such festivities so full of mirth and aggrandizement, when the bridegroom and bride, in all their splendour repair to the house of reception, and there we find familiar friends and neighbours heralding the consummation of their enterprise, it fills me with that enthusiasm which otherwise would fail to draw out our congratulations."

Immigrants after finishing their five years' term of indenture can easily make a living for themselves in the Colonies or in other foreign lands close to them. From what I have observed, I can safely say that in the case of hardworking and steady immigrants there is no necessity that they should migrate to foreign lands. There are at present about 250,000 of them in the chief

colonies, and there is enough work for them all. Jamaica and Trinidad have plenty of work for them; however, I should at any time prefer British Guiana. It is my ideal for a colony. Were I at any time to choose a simple life with "three acres and a cow," I should certainly prefer it to the other colonies for my abode. The climate is perfect, and vegetation grows wild. There is no fear of the monsoon failing, and no dread of consequent famine. A *dhotie* and a turban are only necessary for covering the body. Land is cheap—about a dollar an acre, provided you undertake to put it under cultivation within a certain period. Rice can be easily grown for local consumption. Yams and cassava grow without much effort. All sorts of fruits and vegetables can be cultivated, for the soil is easily worked and inexhaustibly fertile. The bread-fruit and *papao* grow luxuriantly. You can get your oil and butter from cocoa nuts. Baked plantains are considered very nourishing. I have seen whole bunches of bananas thrown to pigs—such as would be considered a luxury on the table of any large restaurant in London. Oranges and limes are plentiful; the latter grow in abundance, and when ripe fall to the ground to rot. Some of the finest shops in Water Street, the principal thoroughfare of George Town, are owned by Indian immigrants. Many have made decent fortunes by lending money to negroes, and sometimes even to Portuguese shop-keepers and white assistants in banks and mercantile offices. In short, British Guiana is India on a miniature scale.

But if an immigrant is not satisfied with British Guiana or Jamaica, then let him try some of the Republics in South and Central America. In Venezuela, there are a few Indian labourers working on coffee plantations. Many of them have married Spanish women. Some of them have forgotten Hindustani and only speak Spanish. Enormous as Venezuela is—being four times as big as the whole of Central America—there are less than three millions of people to inhabit it. Over fifty millions can live easily there without in any way crowding upon one another. Many labourers find regular occupation on the sugar plantations, since the cane grows everywhere in the country except in the mountainous regions, and the sowing and reaping are so arranged as to keep the plantations under cultivation all the year round.

Constant irrigation has to be resorted to, but in a land so bountifully supplied with water this is easy enough. Besides the Orinoco, there are 1,058 rivers in this large Republic. In the large coffee plantations a labourer works happily and contentedly enough for his 40 or 50 cents a day (say 2s. to 2s. 2d.), putting in from seven to eight hours' good work.

To induce immigrants to come to Venezuela the Government offers free transportation from the starting place to that of destination at the main immigrant depôts. Immigrants are cared for and fed for a space of thirty days after their arrival, all their belongings are carried free, and when they are engaged to work by the Government they are transported free to the Colonies. Moreover each man or woman of prescribed age is entitled to a free grant of public land of from two to six hectares. They have to cultivate one-third of it within four years, or it is confiscated. The new arrivals are governed by the alien law, but many become naturalised. Within two years of their arrival they may purchase lands, but need not pay for them until four years later, when title-deeds are issued in their favour, and these may be regarded as secure. Besides Venezuela, there are Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Guatemala, and the New Orleans district in the United States.

Outside the British Colonies, the most prosperous East Indians I have come across are in Costa Rica, Central America. In some parts of Costa Rica, land can be had for the asking. One has only to clear the forests and begin cultivation. Some of the East Indians have put large tracts of land under cultivation there, and have become rich by growing bananas and cocoa, which find a ready sale in Port Limon, and from where they are shipped to New York.

Sober and industrious men prosper everywhere, but the intemperate and lazy never do any good. My ideal of a colony for immigrants being British Guiana, I have no hesitation in saying that every hard-working and honest man or woman who goes there has an equal chance of improvement. The climate is well suited to East Indians; their offspring show signs of improvement, and will, it may be hoped, in time form the principal resident population. No one can say what may be

before them hereafter. One thing, however, I am sure of, that, under the beneficent protection of the British Raj, these Indian immigrants and their offspring will live and prosper and prove a credit to the Colony.

NASARVANJI M. COOPER.

AN IMMORTAL SOUL

By W. H. Mallock.

CHAPTER II.

At five o'clock next day, as the hour was striking, the door-bell at Cliff's End gave a resounding peal. Lady Susannah, who was in the drawing-room, together with her family party—for there was to be this afternoon no separate school-room tea—rose with an odd timidity which was almost like distress, and made her way into the hall. Mr. Hugo looked as though he would have liked to follow her, but did not; whilst Miss Arundel, Oswald, and Mr. Carlton exhibited in their several ways expressions of curiosity, tempered by prospective welcome.

In the hall the first object which Lady Susannah encountered was, to her considerable relief, the figure of Dr. Thistlewood.

"Well," he said, laughing, "I thought that, as a faithful courier, I oughtn't to desert my charge till I'd actually brought her to her destination."

Lady Susannah gave him her hand and nodded. "Yes, yes," she said hastily; "it was very kind of you to come." And then she turned her attention in the direction of the open door, at which servants were busy with some wraps and a small brown box, and someone, having the air of a boy and the outlines of a graceful girl, was pausing to administer an injunction to a bending and perturbed footman.

"Gently, man, gently!" Lady Susannah heard her say. "You're dropping the magazines and papers all over the shop."

A moment later Lady Susannah and the new arrival met.

"Enid," said Lady Susannah kindly, yet with a certain effort, "my dear, I am glad to see you."

The young lady came forward, looked at the friend who welcomed her, and then threw her arms brusquely round Lady Susannah's neck.

"It's awfully good of you having me here like this," she said. "I always heard that you were quite one of the best. Do you mind my giving you a kiss? I hope I am not too forward."

Lady Susannah returned the salute with tenderness; and when this process was over there were traces of moisture in her eyes.

When the stranger entered the drawing-room from the gloom which was perennial in the hall, her likeness to Miss Vivian and her difference from her became both equally apparent. Their figures and features were similar, but the likeness ended there. Every movement of Miss Vivian's was instinct with a something that was not male. The frou-frou of her silks, the belts that accentuated her waist, her soft furs faintly scented, the delicacy of her gloves and boots, all seemed a part of herself, as though they were a bird's plumage. Miss Enid wore on her head a hard wide-awake hat. Her white collar was stiff. She wore a necktie with a horseshoe pin in it. Her gloves were of loose, thick doeskin; and her dress of plain brown cloth, beautifully fitting though it was, seemed making a pretty apology for consenting to end in skirts. Her voice, moreover, though otherwise not unlike Miss Vivian's, was nevertheless a good half-tone lower. She greeted her new relations with a frank grasp of their hands and a nod of composed good-fellowship; though she treated Mr. Carlton, with his rings and his little feet, to a momentary glance of politely-veiled surprise. Then, on Lady Susannah's suggesting that she had better come to the tea-table, she tore off her gloves, tossed them contemptuously on to a sofa, and observed that, the room being hot, she proposed to take off her coat. Oswald was at once at her service, begging her to accept his help.

"Thanks, dear boy," she said. "Peel it off, if you can. One, two, three—now for a good pull. Thanks once more. There, chuck it down anywhere."

Lady Susannah felt herself listening to a new species of language and making acquaintance with a new code of gesture. Both,

besides being a surprise to her, were a shock to her old-fashioned prejudices; and yet the quiet self-possession of the stranger, the absence of any doubt on her part that each phrase which escaped her was the right one, and the sweetness of her low-toned voice, which formed an amusing contrast to the use which its owner made of it, did much towards turning into indulgence the criticism which they united to provoke.

"Now," said Lady Susannah, "here's your tea; and here are muffins, sandwiches, toast, Devonshire cream. I'll leave you to help yourself. I hope you had a pleasant journey?"

"Devonshire cream!" said Miss Enid. "I think I'll have a go at that. I never saw it before. Yes, Aunt Susannah, the journey itself was right enough; only at Bristol, where we'd got to change, we'd a mauvais quar d'heure on the platform. The whole place, from end to end, was as black as your hat with excursionists. When our own train came in it was as much as we could do to get to it. Dr. Thistlewood's as strong as they make 'em, but even he was a bit hustled; and as for the porter, they nearly squeezed his inside out. I felt," she went on, as everyone seemed to be listening to her, "for all the world as if I were at good old Cairo, where fifty Arabs in night-shirts fight like monkeys over one dressing-bag; and the next moment, for anything you can tell, it may be at Mecca. Before I knew better, I fancied myself rather smart for discovering that the scarecrow who grabbed mine first was Hassan. Imagine my feelings when I discovered that they were all Hassan—every man of them. Look here," she said, turning confidentially to Mr. Hugo, who, with some naïve adroitness, had managed to sit down next her, "I didn't quite catch your name, though I know that your brother's Oswald. Well, don't be in a hurry. Think it over and tell me to-morrow; and meanwhile give me a bit more cream. Dr. Thistlewood knows, Aunt Susannah, that I didn't have too much lunch."

"Nothing," said Dr. Thistlewood, who had been listening to this discourse, "makes one more hungry than the excitement of seeing new places. Miss Enid knows nothing of England but a bit of the Midland Counties."

"Yes," said Miss Enid, "just a bit about Harborough; and I only knew that for a fortnight, a few years ago—worse luck. This is better to look at. I could almost fancy I was at Nice. I suppose,

however, there's no hunting hereabouts—I daresay no sport of any kind?"

"Mr. Hugo," said Miss Arundel, "might help you to catch rats."

This suggestion, which was made as a mild witticism, was received by Miss Enid in a manner so unexpectedly favourable that Lady Susannah observed, with a touch of tartness, "Here, I am thankful to say, you won't find a rat to catch."

Dr. Thistlewood, however, somewhat marred the effect of this by adding that one of the wings of Lord Cotswold's castle was infested by them, and that anyone who would reduce their number would be welcomed there with open arms.

Lady Susannah shook her head. "I hope," she said, smiling, "Enid's not going to be cruel."

Presently Dr. Thistlewood rose to take his departure; and his last words to Miss Enid, as he left the room, were: "Well, I may say, for Lord Cotswold, that he hopes to see you soon, whether you come to kill rats or to give pleasure to him."

"And, now," said Lady Susannah, "Enid, I'm sure, would like to be shown her rooms. Nina, will you take her?"

"Certainly," said Miss Arundel. "Enid, are you ready?"

"Right you are!" replied Miss Enid; and the cousins were about to go when voices were heard in the hall, one being that of Dr. Thistlewood, who was speaking somewhat curtly; and the butler immediately afterwards ushered in Mr. Barton, preternaturally grave but affecting a slight smile.

"Here, you—Oswald," Miss Enid was saying as he advanced, "pitch us my coat and gloves—that's a good fellow. Thank you. Now, Nina, lead the way."

She was in the act of catching her possessions when she found the new visitor staring at her, to which attention she replied by a quick but comprehensive survey of him. Lady Susannah was in the act of calling her back, with a view to making her and Mr. Barton acquainted, but the impulse came too late; Miss Arundel and she were gone.

"I hope," said Miss Enid, as soon as they were outside, "that that individual will know me again when he sees me. Who is he? He looks as if he'd swallowed the poker."

Miss Arundel explained that Mr. Barton was a clergyman, a friend, and a neighbour.

"Have you many in these parts built that way?" asked Miss Enid as they climbed the stairs. "The only English parson I've ever seen to speak to was a ripping little fellow, who hunted three times a week, and would take a toss without turning a hair. You'd never have guessed what he was, if you hadn't been put up to it; and the poor people in Northamptonshire worshipped the very ground he trod on. What! am I going to live down this very snug little passage? And your aunt spoke about rooms. Is she really going to give me two?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Arundel; "they were"—she hesitated for a moment—"they were got ready for Nest."

"I shall like to see them," said Miss Enid, slighting shrugging her shoulders. "So this is the bedroom, is it?"

Miss Vivian's maid, a discreet-looking, elderly woman, who had, it was so arranged, been left to wait on her successor, was busy setting out a pair of plain ivory brushes and some other toilet appliances equally plain on the dressing-table.

"I don't know, miss," she said, "if you've got any bottles and other things. I can find no scent anywhere."

"I should rather think not!" said Miss Enid. "It's the whole bag of tricks you've got there. But whose are these?" she went on, pointing to a powder-box and a pair of glove-stretchers. "They're not mine, you may take your oath of that. Lock them up in some place or other which they won't get out of till they're wanted." And then, having said thus much, she began to survey the room.

"I hope you'll be comfortable here," said Miss Arundel kindly.

Miss Enid turned to her with a laugh, and put a hand on her shoulder. "I was going to have said something," she answered, "which would have made me seem a beast. Comfortable?—yes, comfortable is no word for it. Only all these ornaments and these curtains, all frills and flounces, make me feel like a bull being put to bed in a china-shop. Don't d—— my eyes for having popped it out like that. Aunt Susannah's awfully good to me. And now let's have a squint at the sitting-room."

In the sitting-room was a lamp, and the fire was brightly blazing. Everything was arranged precisely as Miss Vivian left it, and there still clung to the curtains a fragrance faintly perceptible, which was due to sundry burnings of Mr. Barton's incense. Miss Enid sniffed a little, and glanced at the walls and furniture.

"If I were going to live here," she said, "I should want those walls for my fishing-rods; but I couldn't better the chairs, and you won't think me a Goth if I clap the books in a cupboard. But, Nina, my dear girl, there's a crucifix and a saint's picture and a prie-dieu. They remind me of the convent school."

"Were you brought up at a convent?" asked Miss Arundel, with some curiosity.

"Yes," said Miss Enid, "for my sins; but, of course, only when I was a kid. Why are those things here? Are you all of you holy Romans? And that black man downstairs who made a face at me—perhaps he was the genuine article?"

Miss Arundel assured her that Mr. Barton, like Lady Susannah and herself, were members of the same Church as the hunting parson of Northamptonshire; but that Mr. Barton would be horrified at the supposition that crucifixes and pictures of saints were not even more in place in an Anglican household than in a Roman. "And you," she went on, "from what you say about the convent, I suppose that you belong to the English Church, too?"

Miss Enid looked at her with a sort of humorous hesitation. "Well, my dear," she said, "I belong to nothing else. And now let me ask you one thing. Don't you think that, before we go downstairs, we might open the window and have this bower of luxury aired a bit? It may be only my fancy, but to me the place smells like a pole-cat."

"Perhaps," said Miss Arundel, "it is a little bit stuffy. We'll do as you say. And now you shall see the schoolroom."

The schoolroom, where Mr. Hugo, still thinking of his new cousin, was solacing himself for her disappearance by severe occupation with his microscope, was much more to Miss Enid's taste than the elegance of her own apartment.

"One can breathe here," she exclaimed. "This is the place for me."

Mr. Hugo looked up, delighted; but, with some effort of will, he consulted his dignity as a sage by not abandoning his apparatus for a trifle like a mere girl. Miss Enid rewarded him by an immediate approach to his table.

"What have you got in there?" she said. "Let me have a peep."

Mr. Hugo beamed condescending approval on this dawn of scientific intelligence in a quite unexpected quarter.

"Wait a moment," he said, as he delicately turned a screw, "till I get the object into proper position. What's in there is a toad's eye. Now, sit down, and if the focus is wrong you can alter it."

"Well, Enid," said Miss Arundel, "I shall leave you here. You can find your way to your own room at dressing-time."

Miss Enid meanwhile was beginning to peer through the eye-piece of the instrument. "All right, Nina," she said, without looking up. "I haven't," she went on in a low voice full of interest, "got the focus yet. Here, Mr. Hugo, how does the little devil work? Am I turning the right screw? No, don't touch me. It's coming. There it is. Ah, isn't that jolly!"

Mr. Hugo's delight increased as he watched his promising pupil, and his hand hovered over her shoulder like a moth which desired to pitch on it. This consummation, however, was hindered partly by his own shyness and partly by the entrance of Oswald, which a frown on Mr. Hugo's brow showed that he regarded as the worst form of intrusion. As for Oswald himself, he had already come to the conclusion that the absent Lady Medway would certainly suffer no wrong from the charms of a young hoyden with a soul which could stoop to rat-catching. Still, like many lovers of very much more experience, he felt that, though his constancy to one lady was inviolable, it was only due to himself that others should attempt to undermine it; and he was now in quest of the temptation which, as a matter of course, he would resist. Oswald's instincts in matters such as these were admirable. Without even seeming to notice that Miss Enid was present, he went to the cupboard in which he kept his portfolio of caricatures, and, opening it on the central table, became seemingly lost in a search for some particular picture. His tactics were presently successful, for as soon as Miss Enid had been satisfied by the spectacle of the toad's eye, she rose from her chair and slowly approached the artist, leaving poor Mr. Hugo to affect a profound indifference, the only result of which was the breakage of his slide as he extracted it.

"Oh," said Miss Enid carelessly, with her arms akimbo, "are all those pretty pictures yours?"

"Yes," said Oswald, forbearing to look up, but at the same time

adroitly spreading some of the drawings over the table. "They're only scribbles. I was seeing if I'd lost a letter amongst them."

Miss Enid took up a drawing. "This is good!" she exclaimed. "I see you're a regular dab at it. Are these some of the Southquay freaks?"

"What have you got?" said Oswald. "Oh, that's a Mrs. Morriston Campbell and her dried-up stick of a husband."

Miss Enid next took up one of Oswald's romantic love-scenes, in which a lady on a balcony was listening to a moonlit troubadour. "Here's a party," said Miss Enid, "who seems to be a trifle sorry for herself. You've made her look as if she had a pain in her tummy."

This piece of profane criticism was heard by Mr. Hugo with delight, and he immediately came over to the table to enjoy his brother's discomfiture; but Miss Enid had passed from the love-scene to some more of the caricatures, and was once again in a state of appreciation and interest. As the next best thing, therefore, to seeing Oswald's talents made light of, Mr. Hugo set about helping to do the honours of them himself. "Show her," he said, "the ones of Mr. Barton and Peter."

"Oh, do," said Miss Enid, her eyes lighting up with mischief, "Mr. Barton's the sky-pilot, isn't he—the bean-pole of a man who came stalking into the drawing-room and looked at me—well, as if I'd come out of Noah's ark? Is that him? He's not a Roman, Nina tells me; so what has he to do with Peter or Pope either?"

"Our Peter," began Oswald solemnly, "is not an apostle; he is a deity."

But this method of explanation was much too indirect for Mr. Hugo. "Our Peter," he said, "is a beautiful Angora cat, and he cost seven pounds; and that's his altar, where we offer up lights and liver to him and Oswald has invented a ritual for him, copied from Mr. Barton's; and—there, Oswald, look!—there's one of the pictures. That's Mr. Barton preaching an offertory sermon for him."

Miss Enid's reception of the news that Peter was one of the feline species was not particularly enthusiastic, but she grasped the situation at once; and as soon as she saw Mr. Barton depicted in full canonicals, which were covered with lace and embroidery, she burst into a laugh that was delightful to the artist's vanity.

"This is grand!" she said. "Do let's see some more of them.

As soon as Mr. Barton came in to-day I thought he looked a first-rate rotter. Women in petticoats are bad enough; men in petticoats are worse. I say, Mr. Hugo, I want to tell you a secret. I once had a friend, a Scotch girl, who had a dress like a Highlander's, with a kilt only down to here. I've got one made like it. It does make you feel so free. And I've got a sporran and everything. My kilt is of Welsh stuff. It's rot pretending you're real Scotch if you're not. Do you think that, if I wore it, Aunt Susannah would go pop? It would make Mr. Barton sit up, wouldn't it? I think, anyhow, I don't dare do it to-night."

Mr. Hugo, who had never seen a Highland costume in his life, whispered, with wise reticence, "Keep it for Mr. Barton."

To Oswald this whispering and the whisperers seemed utterly beneath contempt; so, gathering his pictures together, he haughtily left the room, taking his constancy to Lady Medway away with him like a shield which had not received even the honour of a single dent.

When dinner-time arrived Miss Enid made her appearance. Her long skirt was safe enough from any resemblance to a kilt, but she wore a sort of black jacket, ornamented with silver buttons, which was more or less emulative of the male fashion of the Highlands; whilst her hair was somehow arranged so as to look like a Scotch bonnet, and was tied at the back with a knowing little black bow. Her manners before and especially towards Lady Susannah, though in no way visibly constrained, were so naturally subdued and softened, and suggested such dignified care for the feelings of other people, that Lady Susannah herself could find no more unkindly fault with her than that her tastes and language seemed both rather peculiar.

"I'm sorry, my dear," Lady Susannah said, "that you were out of the room before I could introduce Mr. Barton to you. But you'll see him again soon. He's very clever and accomplished, and plays magnificently. And on Sunday I hope you'll come with us to his really beautiful church."

"Certainly," said Miss Enid. "I'll do just what you think I ought to do; only, as to his music, I expect I'm not up to that. I believe that, besides dances, I know only two tunes in the world. 'The Marseillaise' is one, and 'Drink, puppy, drink,' is the other."

In spite of her limitations, however, there was something in her

flow of spirits that everybody found catching; so much so, indeed, that in the drawing-room, when dinner was over, Mr. Carlton proposed the playing of some innocent round game. The game at length fixed upon was at all events innocent enough. Each player in turn named one of the four elements—fire, water, earth, or air—and challenged another to name, whilst the challenger counted ten, something whose existence was connected with it. Thus Mr. Carlton himself was challenged with the element air. His answer by rights should have been some bird or insect, and he was held to have failed ignominiously because all he could think of was soda-water. Oswald did better when, air having been named again, he responded with cynical promptitude, "Women's promises."

"Dear Oswald," gurgled his aunt, "I do think you're a little hard on us. But I must tell you this—you're all of you playing the game quite wrongly. When an element is given you, you must name something that lives in it. Now, Hugo, you give us one; it's your turn."

Mr. Hugo looked round with a solemn and superior smile, and, his eyes at last fixing themselves on his new cousin, he astonished the whole party by articulating the word "Carbon."

"My dear," said Lady Susannah, "carbon is not an element."

"It is," replied Mr. Hugo, "and without it nothing would live at all."

But the sensation produced by this display of erudition on Mr. Hugo's part sank into insignificance when Miss Enid took up the subject.

"If it comes to that," she said, "as you and I both know, carbon alone will make life no more than air or water will. You want oxygen, hydrogen, and the whole group of albuminates."

"My dear," exclaimed Lady Susannah, "where did you pick all this up?"

"Oh," said Miss Enid modestly, "it's only what all boys know. Isn't it, Mr. Hugo?"

Mr. Hugo, who was enraptured by this display of scientific knowledge but was also a little jealous of it, replied with great gravity: "I should hardly quite say that. It's what very few girls know, at any rate."

"I'm sure," said Miss Enid, "that Aunt Susannah thinks me an awful prig; but after the nuns had done tackling me, you see, I was taught a thing or two by a couple of friends of ours—Dr. Gonteau

and Professor Guggenheim—at Nice. Dr. Gonteau, by the way, is a great friend of Dr. Thistlewood's, and he often used to take me into his laboratory and let me see him at work."

"And what," said Mr. Carlton, "did the other gentleman do—the gentleman with the charming name? He sounds like a chemist. I'm sure he made horrid smells."

"Oh," said Miss Enid, "he's on another tack; but, anyhow, he's bad to beat. He used to give lectures on scholarship and the Bible and Christianity."

"I'm glad," said Lady Susannah, "that you've had some religious instruction."

Miss Enid, who was sitting by Mr. Hugo, whispered hastily in his ear, "I should jolly well think I had!"

"It's a pity," said Mr. Carlton, with the air of a regretful governess, "that these doctors and professors didn't teach you music instead."

CHAPTER III.

THE following morning Oswald, who was still very far from satisfied with the somewhat inadequate treatment which his new cousin had accorded him, received from her a compliment to his manhood of a kind which he had not looked out for.

Last night, before going to bed, he had, on casting his eyes over one of the London papers, come across a column full of distinguished names, at the head of which were the words, "The Marchioness of Medway's Reception." He pictured her in diamonds at the head of a palatial staircase, with stars and blue ribands competing for her radiant glances; and the thought that secretly her haughty heart was his own, and that certain hedges in the rural vicinity of Southquay had seen her hand, as they drove together, tenderly clasp his own, sent him to his pillow with a renewed sense of his importance, and peopled his sleep with visions of yet further conquests which would raise his reputation on the storied shores of the Bosphorus. Pleasingly stirred, when he woke, by these flattering prospects, he had risen early and gone out before breakfast into the garden, to share his meditations with the dews, the sea, and the cinerarias. Here, at a turn of one of the winding paths, he suddenly came on Miss Enid wearing one of his own hats.

"Morning," she said, with a nod. "Is this your property I've been making free with?"

"It is," said Oswald, looking her full in the eyes. "That hat is old; it has seen many vicissitudes, but never lived till now."

"Oh," said Miss Enid composedly, "you know how to lay it on, I see. I don't care for compliments. Compliments are all my eye."

"That," said the gallant Oswald, "is because you have had too many of them."

"I'll tell you what," said Miss Enid; "I know how to take care of myself, and one doesn't learn that for nothing. Well, come on; it's a poor heart that never rejoices. Are you game for stepping out a bit? It's cold work standing. This place is like Italy. Have you ever been to Italy?"

"Once," said Oswald. "I should like to go there again, for the sake of certain old associations. But I can't—at least, not at present. I am called to a very different and much more distant place. I am expecting every day to be ordered out to Constantinople."

"The deuce you are!" said Miss Enid. "And what are you going to do there?"

"Attached to the Embassy," said Oswald, with magnificent brevity.

Miss Enid looked at him with a respect which she had hardly evinced previously. "Well," she said, "if ever in your life you've done anything particularly rotten, I hope that there you'll be sufficiently far away from it."

During the course of this conversation Oswald's pleasure had been increasing. If she did not treat him exactly as a man she loved, she at all events treated him as a man; and also betrayed herself in doing so as more or less of a woman. To that babyish Mr. Hugo she could never have behaved in this way.

Matters were in this position when a bell was heard to ring.

"That," said Oswald, "is not for breakfast; it's for prayers."

Miss Enid inquired anxiously if she was expected to attend herself. "Because, if it pleases them," she said, "it wouldn't, I suppose, hurt me." On hearing, however, that she was free to do as she liked, she answered, with a sigh of relief, "Thank the Lord for that!"

Oswald, who felt that, whatever might be the case with men, liberal opinions were more or less unbecoming in women, felt slightly

jarred by this utterance; and he felt that he was, by the time they went in to breakfast, beginning to regard her with a really successful apathy, when, as ill-luck would have it, no sooner had Mr. Hugo appeared than she at once devoted herself to him with an odious and inexplicable intimacy, allowing him to pick out for her the juiciest of six kidneys, and apparently indulging with him also in the whispered concoction of some plot.

"I wish, Aunt Susannah," said Oswald, hoping thus to reduce them to insignificance, "that you'd ask Sir Rawlin Stantor to luncheon. I see in the paper that he's been busy these last few days; but I daresay he'd come if you asked him, and I very much want to speak to him."

This announcement so far achieved its object that it drew from Lady Susannah a promise to do as he suggested, and elicited an inquiry from Miss Enid as to who Sir Rawlin was.

"He happens," said Oswald, "to be one of the best-known men in Europe. He's the greatest authority living on European politics in the East. It is he who has been arranging about my own diplomatic post for me. My dear Nina, will you kindly give me an egg? —if it isn't one of the addled ones which your hen Cecilia lays."

"She doesn't, Oswald," said Miss Arundel. "The last one was quite an accident—that poor little egg—and I thought you'd never find it out. Enid, this morning do come and see my hen-house."

Miss Enid replied that she and Mr. Hugo had already arranged to go for a stroll after breakfast, but would visit the hen-house on their return. The morning wore away, however, and the two were still missing; and when it was found at luncheon that both their places were vacant, Lady Susannah was beginning to show symptoms of grave alarm. It was not till nearly tea-time that the truants showed their faces again, and the history of their adventures was made plain in all its surprising enormity.

What had happened was this. Amongst Miss Enid's various whisperings to Mr. Hugo in the dining-room had been the question, "I say, have you got a terrier?" Mr. Hugo somewhat shamefacedly had been obliged to admit he had not. "Well," said Miss Enid, "no doubt Dr. Thistlewood has one. Let's slope off to Lord Cotswold's and have a good rat-hunt there."

"Would you," asked Mr. Hugo, aghast at this bold proposal,

"like that better than looking at my radium and the beginnings of life in my bottle?"

"We'll see those in the evening," said Miss Enid, "when the others have gone to bed. I don't see why I should turn in at half-past ten."

Accordingly Mr. Hugo, in obedience to the stronger will, had set off with his companion, bound for the Pacha's Castle.

"Now," she said, when at last they reached the portal, "don't be afraid of the bell. Pull for all you're worth, or let me give a lug at it."

"Whom will you ask for?" inquired Mr. Hugo timidly. "I hardly know Lord Cotswold."

"Oh," said Miss Enid, "you leave all that to me. Look here," she went on to a footman, when the tall doors were opened, "will you tell Lord Cotswold that Miss Wynn and Mr. Hugo Arundel have come over to do the bit of rat-catching that Dr. Thistlewood talked about?"

The man eyed her doubtfully, and could hardly forbear from smiling.

"Yes," Miss Enid continued, "just look alive and find him. He'll know all about it. We'll wait here outside. And, hi! there; I suppose they can raise a dog and a ferret on the premises?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say, miss. I'll find Dr. Thistlewood and ask."

"Well, Mr. Hugo," said Miss Enid, "this is a rum sort of castle. It's just like a birthday cake, with half the sugar melted."

Presently the footman returned, and, demeaning himself much more respectfully, said, "His lordship is at home, miss, and begs that you will step this way."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lord Cotswold, advancing, when the pair were shown into a library, "when age loses the privilege of going to look for beauty, beauty makes good the loss by coming to look for age. There's your friend Dr. Thistlewood. We were talking about you just now. And how is our man of science? He seems also a sportsman. I know he's a good photographer. We must show him the moving photographs he took on the night of my party. And now," he continued, "about the great business of the morning. Dr. Thistlewood has told me of a cottager who has ferrets and who lives close by. I've sent someone to find him and bring him, if he's there to bring. And, meanwhile, how shall we amuse ourselves?"

"I hope awfully," said Miss Enid, "that we're not putting you out. I thought from what he—Dr. Thistlewood—told me that we could have just gone round to an outhouse and had a whack at the rats without disturbing anyone."

"Perhaps," said Dr. Thistlewood, who had been watching Miss Enid with interest, "she would like to see the place where the lightning struck the balcony."

Lord Cotswold looked at him and nodded.

"What," said Miss Enid, "did lightning strike this house? I like anything to do with electricity. Do let me see that."

As they passed through the main drawing-room, Miss Enid caught sight of a man who was turning over some books at a table, and who, as the party entered, looked up and fixed his eyes on her.

"Who's that?" she whispered to Dr. Thistlewood. "He looks like a swell of some sort."

"That," said Dr. Thistlewood, "is Sir Rawlin Stantor. He's come here this morning to consult some Government Blue Books of Lord Cotswold's. He knows your friends, and will much like to know you. Sir Rawlin, will you come and make Miss Wynn's acquaintance? She's a student of electrical science, and we're going to show her the balcony."

"Be quiet!" she said, inflicting on him a confidential push, and extending her hand to Sir Rawlin with the gesture of a frank schoolboy. "Ain't it a shame of him," she continued, "giving me away like that?"

"Now," said Dr. Thistlewood, lightly touching her shoulder, "you run on to the scene of the accident with your cousin. We shall follow soon. And never be ashamed of what you know, though it's not always wise to tell it. Well, Sir Rawlin, how does the likeness strike you?"

"I," said Sir Rawlin, "should have set them down as twins; but twins, according to you, are generally more like in character. This one's an odd little monkey, but I think she might on occasion be graver than she looks now."

"I wish," Miss Enid was saying when their elders reached the smoking-room, "I'd only been there to see it. It would have been ripping. Look how this rail's twisted."

"I was there myself," said Sir Rawlin, "as near as I am now. I

wonder if you would have begun to inquire, as I did, for which of my misdemeanours the lightning was trying to get at me?"

"You didn't do that," said Miss Enid. "Of course, I can see you're laughing. Well, if you didn't, why do you think that I should? The only kind of lightning that really picks us out is the lightning of our own idiocy. I was on the Riviera when the earthquake rattled us up so. The priests said it was a judgment. They might tell that to the marines. It just toppled their churches down like so many old nine-pins, and it didn't give even a jog to the Casino at Monte Carlo. One of the croupiers told me, and he should know all about it."

"Oh!" said Sir Rawlin, "so you know the croupiers, do you? Have you ever studied the science of luck at the tables?"

"Not I!" said the girl. "I just poked my nose in once. The very air of the place is enough to blow your head off."

"Listen!" said Lord Cotswold, with a smile. "I wonder if you young philosophers would like to go down into the yard and see whether the ferrets are forthcoming? If they are not, we'll have them some other day; and when you come back we will take some moving photographs."

Miss Enid replied with the two words, "Thanks, awfully!"

A servant was accordingly summoned, who conducted them to the back-yard, and showed them the rooms and cellars in which the rats abounded; but the man with the ferrets was, it appeared, out, and the two votaries of sport were brought back presently to their host.

"Very well, then," said Lord Cotswold, "now go for the moving photographs." So saying, he led them into the large, bare room in which Lady Conway had witnessed the performance of the hypnotised maid Sarah. The end of it now was hidden by a large white sheet. Dr. Thistlewood's servant, who was present, was ordered to close the shutters; a light gleamed in the darkness, some mechanism began to click, and presently the sheet was peopled with the guests of the previous Friday, moving, talking, and laughing as they had done before the thunderstorm.

"This is fun!" exclaimed Miss Enid, taking Dr. Thistlewood's arm. "Oh, Mr. Hugo, there's Mr. Barton—look at him! He's peering about for somebody, and—goodness!—isn't he cross at not being able to find him! Is that all? What a pity! I wanted to see Mr. Barton making another face."

"Now, Francesco," said Dr. Thistlewood to his servant, "get the camera ready; and we'll take the young gentleman and lady doing whatever they please."

The difficulty was to decide what they would please to do. Mr. Hugo's first proposal, so far as regarded himself, was that he should be seated at a table, reading a scientific book.

"Stupid!" said Miss Enid. "We want to see you moving."

Mr. Hugo then proposed that he should be giving her an electric shock.

"Thank you for nothing!" she retorted; and Lord Cotswold suggested as an alternative that she and Mr. Hugo should be married, Dr. Thistlewood officiating as priest. But to this Miss Enid objected even more than to the electric shock.

"I wouldn't be married by a priest," she said, "not even in a photograph. It's a pity I've not my kilt on; I might have danced a Highland fling. I don't see, after all, why I shouldn't do it now. This shabby old tweed skirt of mine is half-way up my stockings as it is."

Here was a proposal at last which was met with acclamation by everybody. The girl took her station in the middle of the room, and, not exhibiting the smallest sense of shyness, began her performance with an air of mischievous animation.

"Now, Dr. Thistlewood," she exclaimed, "come on with the camera. Fire away as soon as ever you're ready."

The camera began its operations, and the dancer grew more and more excited, till she was obviously quite unconscious of camera and spectators alike, and only came to herself again when, at last pausing from exhaustion, she found herself greeted with laughter and a chorus of applauding hands.

"Encore! encore!" said Lord Cotswold; but she refused to renew her operations, unless Mr. Hugo would consent to join her in a reel. Mr. Hugo, who knew nothing of reels, blushed an obdurate negative, and was seeking a safe refuge under the black focussing-cloth of the camera when news came that the ferrets were actually in the yard below. The two were accordingly despatched to the scene of action; and, having been told by Lord Cotswold that he meant them to stay to luncheon, they came back an hour later, covered with dust and cobwebs; and then, after a vigorous though

somewhat imperfect cleaning, ate their luncheon with so hearty an appetite that Lord Cotswold, as he said himself, felt like a boy in watching it.

"I have had a good time," said Miss Enid to Dr. Thistlewood, who came to the door with them. "There's nobody here but you who can guess what I mean by that. If this were a grass country I could ride for miles and miles. Well, Mr. Hugo, as it isn't, we'll have a look-in at the golf course."

"Those two," said Dr. Thistlewood afterwards, "remind me of a couple of dogs. In this case it's the she one that makes the other go hunting. Well, she's like most caged creatures when let out of their cages. No wonder. A man who married her would be a Mazeppa, tied to a wild horse."

(To be continued.)

FORMER LIVES OF LIVING PEOPLE.

MANY letters have reached me from readers of this REVIEW, relating to the appearance in its pages more than a year ago, of a paper bearing the above title. They all express the desire for further information of the same kind. I have hesitated in putting this forward by reason of a vague feeling that no great interest can attach to the narratives of former lives spent by people now in incarnation, unless one is personally acquainted with the heroes or heroines of these stories. For those outside the circle of such acquaintanceship, and imperfectly alive to the possibility of recovering the records of the past by the exercise of appropriate clairvoyant faculties, the stories in question must seem hardly more impressive than works of imagination. But in response to the desire so frequently expressed I will endeavour to complete the survey of that prolonged series of former lives which came especially under observation during the great research to which certain students of occultism, myself amongst the number, were privileged to devote themselves a few years ago.

For the convenience of those who may have forgotten the beginning of the story I may repeat that the entity with whom we shall be concerned, was first revealed to our view as a Chaldean priest, leading a dignified and respected life in a temple of which he seemed to be the chief some 21,000 years ago. Following this life after an interval of about 2,000 years he passed through another in Egypt in a position of inferior social eminence, but during which artistic taste and talent—observable again in many of the later lives—underwent much cultivation. Then after

another devachanic interval of the usual character, our friend was reborn in Atlantis at the period of its latest decadence, giving way in this case to the luxurious temptations around, and leading a life of greatly inferior value, from the point of view of spiritual progress, as compared with those immediately preceding it. Then came lives of considerable trouble. Incidentally a change of sex had taken place, our hero for some lives to come will have to be regarded as a heroine, and the latest existence described in the former paper was one of great suffering and sorrow, the outcome apparently of the energies so sadly misdirected in the life but one before, in Atlantis.

But the bad karma of that former life seems by then to have been exhausted, and the interest of the life to be now dealt with has to do rather with the light it throws on the general conditions of the period than with its own experiences. The ill-used, unhappy wife and mother of the last episode is now reborn in a South American region, ultimately identified as that which is now called Peru, and the birth took place a little earlier than 12,000 B.C. Both as regards climate and political conditions the region in question at the period named was conducive in every way to a peaceful and happy existence. The entity whose destinies we are following was born a girl of rich and influential parents, was carefully brought up and educated; was naturally studious and clever in painting and music. The life of the period was refined and highly civilised, Peru, to give it its present name, being an outlying province of Atlantis, sharing the advancement in general culture and civilisation of that great continent, but at the same time untouched, as it happened, by the corruption developed to so high a pitch in Poseidonis. It still reflected the earlier Atlantean conditions before decadence began, and from the point of view established by observation of the life under notice, the clairvoyant investigators were enabled to extend observation around, and in various ways become more familiar with that old Peruvian life than with almost any other period touched upon in the course of the whole research. For it soon appeared that in accordance with a law, the appreciation of which is all-important for the students of former lives, a large number of those who are intimate at the present time with the entity whose stream of life is

especially under notice, were also in incarnation during that peaceful Peruvian backwater of evolution. At least twelve persons whom I know in this life have been identified as also in incarnation at that happy period and place.

On general principles it may be worth while to interpolate a few explanations concerning the way the law works. A very little consideration will show that it is not surprising to find the intimacies of one period revived at another. It would be really surprising if that were not the case. For take any given generation of mankind. On the average its individual members will have lives of about the same period, will, on the average, have participated in the moral and spiritual influences of their period, so as to have about the same capacity for subsequent spiritual life, and thus at about the same epoch later on, will be ripe for re-incarnation. When that general tendency is emphasised by special sympathies uniting groups of friends and relatives its operation becomes fairly certain. Indeed, the whole survey of the many life histories that we have been investigating, shows that although now and then individual entities in karmic relations with each other may be scattered along the path of time, they always have a tendency to rejoin each other at later periods, and genuine attachments, once established, seem almost as immortal as the souls which they unite.

The observation of our heroine's doings, guided by the observation of her own literary and artistic tastes, gave rise to a description of the books and other implements of civilisation by which she was surrounded. The books were not of paper, but consisted of thin sheets of some flexible material, and the printing, or characters they bore, seemed to be burned in. In her painting, our young friend seemed to be using coloured powders of intense brilliancy, laid on with a brush made of some fibrous wood, the end beaten out till it was fine as hair. The drawings and paintings observed represented outdoor scenes in good perspective, and when finished appeared to be preserved with some kind of varnish susceptible of being washed. Gold and precious stone were around in great abundance, and the house in which our heroine was brought up was richly decorated with colour and carving.

As time goes on, the girl marries very happily a man apparently in some sort of judicial position not definitely identified during the investigation. *Apropos* to that last remark, let us take note of the fact that the absence of such identification does no mean that the Ego in question has been lost sight of since. How, it may be asked, in any case are identifications accomplished? Not by any physical resemblance of the successive incarnations observed. For readers unfamiliar with the deeper mysteries of occult research it will be difficult to explain the matter, which, nevertheless, is extremely simple in its essential character. Those who comprehend the complex constitution of the human being will be aware that he has—or as time goes on develops—vehicles of consciousness appropriate to each plane of nature on which at different periods he may be called upon to function. The highest of these vehicles, belonging to the region of nature described as the manasic plane, itself including widely different conditions of spiritual existence, requires for consciousness on its highest levels a certain refined and subtle vehicle or body, which may be regarded as that of the true Ego, distinct from any obscured manifestations of lower planes. Now this vehicle changes its aspect very slowly from life to life, and once known by a clairvoyant capable of cognising it, is just as recognisable as, amongst ourselves, a face with which we are familiar. In this way, in the study of past lives the clairvoyant will recognise those whose causal body he is acquainted with, by reason of being acquainted with them in their present incarnations. But clairvoyance will not enable him to identify a causal body quite strange to him with any that he does not happen to have encountered in the present life. So, although our heroine's younger sister was, on being seen during this research, at once identified with a person known to us in the present life, her husband remained unidentified, although I should think it much more than probable that he is playing a part in the present experience of the life drama now in progress. In the Peruvian existence our heroine and her husband lived a long and almost untroubled life, dying the same day. That sort of attachment is one which is sure to bear fruit in later lives.

I have said that the life just noticed was so closely interwoven

with many others claiming investigation that the attention of those concerned with this great research was focussed for a long time on the Peruvian period. And independently of the interest connected with the individual lives examined, the whole social life of the ancient community proved to be so curiously interesting that it repaid the closest observation. The political organisation of the country was extremely simple in principle though complicated in detail. As will readily be imagined by all who have made any study of Atlantean records, it is not even tainted by the democratic principle with which the politics of later periods have rendered us familiar. From the top to the bottom of the organisation the interests and welfare of the people were the supreme consideration of Government. But that Government rested throughout on the principle of authority. The Sovereign of the whole country was an absolute monarch, but his power was exercised through a widely ramifying hierarchy; through provincial viceroys to begin with, below them through officers whom we may roughly describe as Lords Lieutenants of counties, beneath whom governors reigned over cities or smaller districts, while the subdivision of responsibility went on until it came down to an official exercising jurisdiction over a hundred families. And even he availed himself of subordinates charged with the task of bringing to his notice any trouble affecting any one of the ten families with which each subordinate might be individually identified. The working of this elaborate method of centralisation was productive of such uniform well-being that we are not surprised to find no trace of the elective principle operative anywhere throughout the perfectly ordered state. The community seems to have been as free from anything modern phraseology would recognise as crime that hardly any system of punishment prevailed, and exile from the State appears to have been the heaviest penalty available in the rare cases where heinous offences were committed.

But the most remarkable feature of the whole organisation had to do with the distribution of the fruits of the soil. Half of the land belonged to the State, half to private owners. Half of the State land belonged to the King, half to the priesthood, this portion being spoken of as the Land of the Sun, the religion prevailing being, of course, that pure and exalted system of Sun worship, the

meaning of which, for common-place archæologists who have picked up the phrase, is missed so absolutely. But the organisation would be completely misunderstood if it were supposed that the Sun lands went to the support of a luxurious clergy. Their revenue was devoted to the fulfilment of the tasks imposed on the priesthood, the magnitude of which were such and their importance so supreme, that where labour or irrigation was deficient the lands of the Sun claimed attention before those destined to any other service. For the revenues of the Sun were devoted first of all to the education of the young, an education that included not only elementary teaching, but technical training up to the age of twenty. Secondly, the authorities of the Sun had all sick people in their charge. They were not merely physicians, but all who fell ill in any way, were cared for during their sickness as guests of the Sun, and absolved during the time from all their duties to the State. Finally, the whole of the population, after attaining the age of 45, became guests of the Sun, free from the duty of performing public work. They were pensioned for the remainder of their lives, permitted to attach themselves if they so desired to some temple or monastic community, pursuing whatever studies or lines of work their inclinations pointed to, and in this way the most valuable discoveries and inventions of the period emanated from the leisured and pensioned class.

The King's share of the revenue went to pay all expenses of administration, the salaries of the various subordinate officers, and the maintenance of such military force as it was necessary for him to maintain to protect his people from the rougher tribes surrounding the Empire. It was the King's task, moreover, to provide the cost of all public works in his realm, the ruins of some among which may still be the subject of wonder and wildly erroneous speculation by archæologists untrained as yet in the comprehension of the only method by which the mysteries of dim antiquity can be accurately revealed to our observation.

This is but a brief sketch of the wonderful picture disclosed in the course of the researches focussed on the halcyon period of Peruvian life through which our heroine enjoyed so tranquil a passage. We must now return to the main thread of our story. But meanwhile, those who expect, in tracing the concatenations

of a long life chain, to find each of its stages exactly expressive of what may be expected as a logical consequence of the last, will be puzzled with the narrative I have to deal with. Our heroine, after a very long devachanic period over 2,300 years, reappears in earth life—again as a girl—in the interior of China, where she spends a harmless, peaceable, but apparently quite unmeaning life of a purely conventional order, happily circumstanced as regards material things, but destitute of any evolutionary value that one can discern. Nor does it last any time worth speaking of. The child dies at the age of twelve, spends a correspondingly brief interval on the spiritual plane, and then reappears only 22 years later as the child of a family belonging to one of the later Atlantean sub-races in the northern region of Poseidonis.

Observe the period we have now reached, 9620 B.C. about. Poseidonis is approaching its final catastrophe. The father of the family into which our heroine is born is a chieftain of influence, the girl leads a daring open-air life, hunting and fishing with her brothers, but when she is about 18 years of age the tribe to which she belongs is conquered by the people of the country further to the south, the men for the most part are slaughtered, the girl is taken a captive to the great city of Poseidonis. The degredation of that country had now reached its lowest point. Oppression, cruelty and black magic everywhere prevailed. Our heroine, although a slave of war, is not ill-treated, but on the contrary married by a wealthy young man who takes a fancy to her, and provided for in a sufficiently luxurious fashion. By degrees the husband degenerates in character, indulges in drink and drugs of sorts, coarsens in every way, and alienates the affections of his wife, although retrospective gratitude still attaches her to him to a certain extent. Then there appears on the scene an old priest who had in some way belonged to the girl's original tribe and had escaped the general slaughter. He is seer enough to foresee the approaching disaster. He warns our heroine of what is coming. She, in turn, endeavours to persuade her husband to accept the warning and take flight, but he laughs at the whole prophecy. So the wife, though fully convinced of its approach, is loyal enough to remain with him rather than fly by herself. Attention focussed on the period gives us a picture of the awful catastrophe

that ensues. Huge masses of the land sink to a considerable depth, the sea sweeps over the whole region in a terrific flood. The turmoil of waters is so great that few even of the vessels afloat can survive, the whole destruction of Poseidonis is accomplished in little more than four and twenty hours.

We shall look in vain if we track the investigation along its later stages for intelligible sequence in the various scenes described, but this very absence of dramatic significance is itself in harmony with some general principles that close observation of the evolutionary law enables us to discern. Until certain turning points in evolution are reached a considerable series of lives may represent no important change. The Ego has grown up to a certain level through countless experiences in a remote past, and it may be that a peculiar and special effort will be required to accomplish important devolopments beyond this level. So life after life goes on, reflecting in a methodical, but so to speak, lethargic fashion, the karmic forces relating to worldly life that each in turn engenders, but even then reflecting them bit by bit, while the karmic law seems sometimes as it were merely marking time, without troubling itself to wind up accounts with exactitude. It can but too well afford to leave the account running for an indefinite period. Beyond the stage of fairly advanced civilisation, whether that was reached 14,000 years ago in Peru, or only in the later millenniums with which we are concerned in current lives,—beyond that fairly advanced stage of progress, an Ego desirous of relatively immediate advancement in the scheme of Nature, must comprehend the laws of evolution which occult study is gradually bringing to light, and adapt himself to these laws, uniting his own will force and strenuous effort with the evolutionary drift of Nature by which he is so slowly borne along. In the life series we are investigating the whole concatenation from the Chaldean period to the present time, seems practically concerned with what may be described as one stage of spiritual growth. Very few of the reincarnation stories with which I have had touch, indicate that upward bound from ordinary conditions of life of those belonging to a higher spiritual level, which is naturally the object of supreme desire for those who comprehend its meaning. But that great subject is one

which lies a little apart from the road we are now pursuing, and I return to the literal narrative of the actual life series under observation.

About a thousand years after the Atlantean catastrophe, our heroine, again a girl, is born of an Etruscan family. The life is curiously uneventful, tranquil and contented, embellished by artistic pursuits, and giving rise to a period of rest on the spiritual plane extending to a little over a thousand years. Then about 7500 B.C. our heroine goes through another similar kind of life distinguished by no thrilling adventures, again associated with artistic pursuits of a kind, in one of the islands now constituting Japan. Closer research in connection both of this life and the last would no doubt reveal modern personalities in association with the heroine of the story, but to do this at the time would have expanded the task in hand to unmanageable dimensions. The Japanese life is followed by a period of some 1,500 years on the spiritual plane, and the Ego whose adventures we are following returns to an incarnation in Egypt about 5880 B.C.

In fulfilment of the great law which periodically involves a change of sex, the immortal soul whose destinies we are following has returned now to the masculine condition. He is born in a family of the upper class, or at all events one of wealth and distinction. The father holds some office putting him in charge, as public architect, of palaces, public buildings, and temples. Though more attracted by personal tastes to the artistic life, our hero submits to his father's wishes and becomes an officer in the King's bodyguard. He takes part in some fairly important military operations in the direction of Palestine, in connection with which it is observed that the Egyptian troops are well trained, and provided with something in the nature of defensive leathern clothing, using javelins and a sort of cross-bow for weapons, amongst others. The object of the campaign appears to be to drive some enemy out of the country in which it is carried on, and the Egyptian troops push forward through Asia Minor as far as the shores of the Black Sea. On his return from this campaign our hero marries very happily, and succeeds in devoting himself more to sculpture and artistic work than to further

engagements as a soldier. Without stopping to explain minutely the way in which such identification is possible, I may add that one statuette of a Scribe now in the Louvre is an accidental bequest from the period under review, and the work of our hero in that far back Egyptian life. This extended to the age of 75, tinged towards the close with grief at the death of children and the much loved wife, but for the rest free of any elements of distress assignable to karmic causes. Towards its conclusion it is also tinged with interest in occult study under the guidance of an old priest friend, initiated apparently to some extent in the higher mysteries. The astral form of the wife is seen continually about her surviving husband, who on his deathbed appears at last conscious of her presence.

A life of more exciting adventure follows this after a rather protracted devachanic period of nearly 1800 years. A new birth takes place in India at Ajmere in Rajputana. The boy is born into a war-like Kshattrya family, and the period is exciting, full of battle and strife. The father and a younger brother are both of them identified as members of the family by which our hero in his current life is surrounded. The boy, as he grows up, is devoted to soldiering. The girl he marries while still quite young is also identified as a member of his family in the present life. Later on he is sent on a kind of embassy to Egypt, where he becomes intimately acquainted with others of our modern friends then in Egyptian incarnations; for one, with the writer of these lines. After the return of this embassy the most distressing adventure of the life under notice is encountered. Our hero goes again to the wars accompanied this time by his younger brother. During a skirmish, this young man, pushing to the front, is nearly surrounded with enemies. Our hero rushes forward to his rescue, throws a javelin which misses its aim, the thrower being struck himself at the moment when he hurls it, and instead of the foe aimed at, it strikes and kills the younger brother. Our hero's grief is intense and even unreasonable, and the whole family are inconsolable, so, abandoning the military life, he becomes an ascetic possessed with the belief that the accident must have been caused by some bad karma of the past, only to be worked out by pro-

found repentance during the remainder of his life. Wandering in the jungle he at last falls in with a hermit living in a cave (also identified with a now living personality), under whose instruction he lives for some years, and ultimately passes away in what *mutatis mutandis* may be described as the odour of sanctity.

We are certainly unable to discern in any of the lives that have been recorded a karmic origin for the accident which so terribly embittered the life just spent. Whether it has to be treated as associated with causes in a still more remote past than any which this research has dealt with, or on the other hand, is to be regarded as a new occurrence in the nature of what, for want of a better term, we must call an accident, is a problem which occult students will deal with in different ways. At all events a curious experience of a later life to which we shall come directly may perhaps be regarded as a consequence of the melancholy event in Rajputana. But meanwhile, after a devachanic period of another 1,800 years, our friend reappears in an Aryan-Semitic family in some part of Syria, the father apparently a merchant of respectable position. But the life seems to have been rather commonplace, and although the taste for occult study re-asserts itself, it fails in any conspicuous fashion to reflect conditions of the past. It is followed after the usual interval by a birth in Persia. Our friend has now a twin sister to which he is warmly attached. Near the city where they live is a lake on which the boy and girl go sailing in a boat with a kind of lateen sail. During a sudden squall the boat is upset. The boatman endeavours to swim ashore with the two children but finds the double task impossible. They return to the capsized boat. The boy insists that the boatman shall take the sister on shore first, he will be able to hold on till his return with another boat. The girl is successfully landed, but by the time the boatman returns for the boy he has been drowned. The sister is undoubtedly identified with the younger brother who was killed in the Rajputana life, but there seems little sense in the boat accident as a consequence of the previous misfortune, although the students of these lives have generally been in the habit of regarding it in that light.

Two or three other lives have been traced between the Persian

period and the present time, and one of some interest in Greece about the period of Pythagoras, shows our hero concerned in a pronounced degree with artistic pursuits, and some of his works as a sculptor have been identified amongst the existing stores of the British Museum. But no lessons of any peculiar significance would be involved in following out the later details of this great series. Its especial value for students of the laws governing Reincarnation has turned on the fact,—though this may seem paradoxical at the first glance,—that it is *not* replete with thrilling karmic significance. In some other lives, where such concatenation is more obvious, existing susceptibilities might be unduly affected by a minute investigation of the past. The former life histories with which we have been able to deal, are sometimes entangled with strong feelings on which the kaleidoscopic changes of time impose a certain reserve. If this phrase appears somewhat cryptic for the readers unfamiliar with studies of the kind under consideration, I am afraid it must be left so for reasons themselves embodied in the idea. But meanwhile the life chain under notice has been of the utmost possible service as assisting collateral investigations having to do with the various periods to which it has borne reference. And again, although disappointing to many students who have been inclined to expect a more rapid progress in spiritual evolution than its records portray, that disappointment is itself instructive along the lines of the great principle which, above all others, is the outcome of modern occult research. After reaching a certain stage of civilisation and progress, Nature, so to speak, unaided, can do no more than perpetuate a life through a prolonged series of opportunities, leaving the entity concerned to his own devices, leaving him to choose the moment at which he will make the great and heroic effort required to accomplish the higher achievements of evolution, along the arduous path on which alone he can anticipate the ultimate possibilities of his spiritual development. But the manner in which efforts of that kind may enable humanity to transcend the normal cycle of continual rebirth, is the subject to which esoteric philosophy at large is devoted, and cannot be incidentally discussed as a mere postcript to this simple record of some former lives passed through at the various periods

reviewed, by a friend of the present writer, one of those whose earlier leanings in the direction of occult study rendered him peculiarly appreciative from the first moment of its appearance of that "light from the East" to which all such knowledge as that with which I have been dealing is fundamentally due.

A. P. SINNETT.

RELIGION AND SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

IN the last number of this REVIEW there was a paragraph amongst the comments on "Passing Events" with reference to the recent appeal to the nation made by the heads of the Churches. This appeal may be interpreted either as evidence of growth within the theological bodies—in which case it is very welcome—or it may be regarded as a sign of the waneing influence of the Churches.

It is, I think, an unfortunate fact that the great aim of the Churches has hitherto been to keep the minds of the people in thraldom, and to stoutly oppose any development of the religious ideas until this has been actually forced upon them, and their supremacy has been threatened. This is, perhaps, a natural policy for priesthoods, but I hold that it is a mistaken one. The object of all Churches should be the pursuit of Truth, without any limitations, and they should be prepared to cast off such ideas, as from time to time cease to be in accord with this object. The system of evolution must apply to the religions of mankind, as to everything else in this world.

Probably the average cleric would say: "But there is no need for us to pursue Truth, we have already found it. That is just the point—have they? Either they are in ignorance as to the real meaning of their Theology, or they wilfully keep their followers in ignorance. If the former be the case, there is no excuse, for it is open to anyone who will take a little trouble to get to the root of the matter, and if the latter, they are not fit to be teachers at all. Was it not St. Paul who said that we should

provide things honest in the sight of all men? Those who have seriously investigated the matter agree in their conclusions. The Christian Religion has borrowed a good deal from Sun-Worship and Astro-Mythology, and is partly a repetition of the more ancient Hindoo mythology. There never has been a quite New Religion since the world began. All faiths grow according to the universal law of evolution. All are modified according to locality and circumstances, depending on the culture of leaders and people, borrowing from and adding to the legendary lore of the past, absorbing ideas, here a little and there a little, here a demi-god, a saint, or a rite, there a custom, doctrine, or emblem. Thus did Christianity gradually grow in Judea, Syria, Greece, Egypt, Italy and Persia. Its teachings and moral precepts have much in common with more ancient systems. Buddha in India, and Confucius in China, taught the Golden Rule centuries before Jesus appeared in Palestine.

The influence of the Christian Religion without doubt has been beneficial in many cases—but necessarily narrowing—since it confines the minds of believers within strict limits, and cultivates intolerance towards other faiths and religious ideas. The fact that belief is not an act of volition is either lost sight of, or is ignored, but it is manifest that belief must be in accordance with the mental limitations of the individual, *i.e.*, we can only believe that which we are mentally constituted to believe—and therefore the particular form which appeals to some cannot appeal to all. Those who are so mentally constituted that they cannot accept generally received ideas, are *at least* equally worthy of respect and consideration. It should always be kept in mind that progress emanates, not from the many, but from the few.

Years ago the poet, Bailey, wrote in "Festus":—

> "What know men of Religion—save its forms?
> True Faith—nor biddeth nor abideth form
> The bended knee, the eye uplift is all
> Which man need render; all which God can bear,
> What to the Faith are forms? A passing speck,
> A crow upon the sky.
> God's worship is—that only He inspires."

Latterly there has been indications of coming change. Is the revolt of such men as Canon Henson and the Rev. R. J. Camp-

bell a sign that the churches are to become really broader, and that they will ultimately promote freedom of thought, and thus remain important organisations in the body politic? We must all hope so.

In the January number of BROAD VIEWS there was an article on "The Craving for a True Religion," and there can be but little doubt that the writer of this article voices the religious aspirations of many, but shall we ever have an absolutely true religion? The Editor in his note at the end of the article seems to suggest that Theosophy is to be the religion of the future. This may be—I do not pretend to sufficient knowledge to enable me to say that it will or will not, but it is clear to me that Theosophy is on a much higher plane than any religion we have yet had—and therefore it is worthy of the attention of all those whose spiritual needs are not met by the so-called orthodox religion.

Let us turn to the question of Sunday Observance. The Sunday should be, firstly, a day of rest; and, secondly, a day of recreation. The first is only partly secured by cessation from labour, the second cannot be secured to any two individuals in exactly the same way. The man of science will not find recreation in chanting the Athanasian Creed, and the High Church devotee would probably be the better after an ordinary working day than after a Sunday spent in a laboratory; leave them alone, and they will each find recreation on their day of rest. Attempt to coerce them, and what should be a blessing becomes a curse. No legislation of a compulsory nature can do anything but harm in this matter; but I think there is room for some institution to meet the requirements of those who do not, and, perhaps, never will, come under the influence of the theological bodies. We should all be grateful to the founder of the Sunday Society, and to those who have for twenty-one years worked with him, for the good work done, and the object accomplished, in the opening of the National Museums and Picture Galleries on Sunday.

What I hope to see in the near future is perfect freedom, but with organised efforts to make intelligent use of the Day of Rest. Rest should not be sloth nor idleness, but pleasant change of occupation. In the towns all museums, picture galleries and concert-rooms should be open, and there should be lectures on

religion, science and the arts. The lectures on religion should be really educative, and should give the real meaning and history of all the principal religions of the world, and show how the sacred books or Bibles were compiled. In the villages and country districts there should be, in the winter months, either concerts or lectures, and in the summer games and open-air concerts.

I cannot understand the attitude of mind of those who regard the Continental Sunday as something to be avoided at all costs. Personally, I vastly prefer it to the British type, and it does not seem to me to be at all necessary that one should be immured within a temple made with hands, in order to worship the Great Architect of the Universe.

ARTHUR NEWBOLD.

TWO VIEWS OF LOYALTY.

THE FIRST VIEW.

LET me at once admit that I cannot understand the loyalty that is felt for royal personages merely because they are royal. Monarchism is, in my opinion, an institution which the world ought to have outgrown; yet we still set apart one particular family, placing it on a pedestal and worshipping it from afar. A Prince of the Blood is forced to marry for dynastic reasons, but is limited in his choice by considerations of rank and religion; the far more important questions of sympathy and affinity, physical and moral health, do not enter into the affair at all. The range of choice is a very narrow one, and leads to intermarrying, with the consequent evils of consumption, scrofula and lessened power generally. It is difficult to see how such conditions can produce beings endowed with special gifts qualifying them to rule their fellow men.

There is also the loyalty to one's country, which is called patriotism; this is wider, and one can more easily understand it, although when analysed it is seen to be very little better than enlarged egotism. One reason why monarchism is undesirable is that it encourages militarism, that deadly thing which still disfigures the world and retards progress. Empires and monarchies are for ever extending their borders, at a cost of much blood and widespread misery.

History shows that kings can be poor creatures—shallow, futile, and even wicked—actually harmful in example and influ-

ence to the State which deifies them; petty and atrophied in soul, though surrounded by pomp and display. Loyalty to such puppets is a good feeling misapplied; it is desecration. Loyalty, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, seeing virtues and beauties that do not exist; in its mild form it is infatuation—exaggerated, it becomes obsession. Monarchism is an excrescence, a fungoid growth, which ought long since to have been obliterated. I say nothing against our present King, who is a good product of a bad institution; still it must be admitted that the English Roya Family is not English at all; it is an imported article, "made in Germany."

Irrational loyalty has its root in snobbism. He who worships a king merely for his kingship, would also love a lord; loyalty carried to extremes becomes sycophancy and toadyism; or as Carlyle puts it, "The valet world has to be governed by the Sham-Hero, by the King merely *dressed* in King-gear." In our Society papers long accounts are given of the most uninteresting doings of titled people. P. G. Hamerton says that the French cannot understand the interest we take in "the movements of mediocrities who have nothing but titles to distinguish them." The only true aristocracy is that of talent, high principle, and good breeding, which latter quality is not a prerogative of any one class.

In Germany it is dangerous to speak slightingly of the heaven-descended Kaiser; to do so entails danger of imprisonment for lèse Majesté. In this respect England compares favourably; our freedom of speech acts as a safety-valve to feelings which might otherwise become dangerously explosive. The idea of the "divine right of kings" ought to have died with the belief in touching for the king's evil, but superstitions die hard and cling to life with microbic tenacity.

A living prophet and poet encourages us to hope for a far different future—

"Now the kings wax lean as they sit,
The people grow strong to stand;
The men they trod on and spat,
The dumb dread people that sat
As corpses cast in a pit,
Rise up with God at their hand,

And thrones are hurled on a heap,
And strong men, sons of the land,
Put in the sickles and reap."*

The greatness of a monarch is only a life interest, which ceases at his death: "Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel? Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away." Marcus Aurelius lives after the passing of centuries, not because he was an emperor, but because he was a thinker. His "Meditations" may often be found side by side with those of Epictetus, the lame Greek slave—the comradeship of talent democratically ignoring the difference of rank. Mozart died in poverty and obscurity; yet his name and his works live and have a real meaning; while kings and queens who were feted during life, and whose deaths caused stir and commotion, are only empty names.

The real great ones are so through no accident; birth has not made them great, they become so through effort, or by virtue of their genius; these one can admire and reverence without sycophancy. Staunchness to friends "in good report and evil report" is true loyalty, which seeks neither reward or recognition; or there is the loyalty of the artist who is true to his art, and produces the best that is in him.

Some people hold the strange view that loyalty to one's country implies moral blindness; it is disloyal to see any fault, blunder or crime: whereas it is no more disloyal to England to see her faults than it is disloyal to oneself to see one's own. The same law holds good to the world without as to the world within. If moral blindness is an essential of good citizenship, and the blind are led by the blind, what wonder if both fall into the ditch? A fierce light always shines upon the lofty and titled ones, but this is conspicuousness, not distinction; "the world knows nothing of its greatest men."

Geniuses may languish in a garret and die of starvation, only enjoying a posthumous recognition. Keats, Goldsmith, Heine, all died poor, but their work endures and influences. The immortals

* "Messidor." Swinburne.

are mostly those who had no success, but were apparent failures; of this John the Baptist and Jesus of Nazareth are notable examples.

In order to be truly loyal to our friends, is it necessary to be blind to their faults? assuredly it is *not*. It is possible to see and hate the faults—to love and be loyal to the offender—in spite of and with his faults.

CHESTER WARREN.

THE SECOND VIEW.

Loyalty is to public what love is to private life. A man who has remained a bachelor by choice, never having felt the need of love, may be an honourable man of business, a conscientious citizen, an accomplished writer, an intelligent student of science, but he has missed that which others who have felt it regard as the element of life which renders it best worth living. And just as love, though it may have wider ramifications, must in its supreme manifestation be concentrated on a single individuality, in fulfilment of the great law which runs all through Nature and is the meaning of sex, so loyalty cannot vaguely exhale itself in the direction of moral worth in the abstract, but must be concentrated on the personality of a sovereign before it can be invested with fervour or colour, or react with invigorating force on the volume of consciousness from which it emanates.

Patriotism, where no sovereign is concerned, may be either a stern virtue or an expanded egotism, according to the character of the patriot, but it cannot be suffused with the glow of emotion that may, under the influence of loyalty, extinguish even the love of self and promote the growth of a spirituality which owes its beginning to such extinction.

A poet has written, "who imagines he knows why he loves. cannot even imagine real love in a dream." That declaration almost covers the hackneyed objection that kings do not always deserve the admiration or approval of their subjects. Some old cavalier affirmed that he would worship the crown if it were set upon a bush. He would have been the last to mean by that metaphor that he made a fetish of the emblem. He meant that

the crown was for him a symbol suggestive of that complicated body of feeling which ennobled public life, without which politics degenerated into a mere struggle of rival interests, a conflict of grasping desires. Investing the wearer with the halo of sovereignty, it inspired every public act with the beauty of altruistic devotion, and loyalty endowed those whose hearts it thrilled with a moral strength that glorified their lives; foreshadowing, however imperfectly, the final perfection to which humanity may attain when the conscious union of the individual will with the Divine intention shall obliterate all lower motives, and bring about the supreme happiness alone attainable through the abandonment of the delusion involved in the idea of the separated self.

Thus it will be seen that no greater mistake can be made in contemplating the idea of loyalty than that which is involved in gauging its justification by reference to the characteristics of the sovereign towards which the feeling is directed. The reactive effect of the emotion invests it with its supreme importance. A sovereign, considered merely as a human being, may be faulty in a variety of ways, and yet the multitude of individualities constituting the nation which is loyal to him, may each be morally benefitted by the exercise of loyalty as completely as though he were the best and the wisest representative of humanity amongst them. Unhappily for us, we have to go back some time in our history before we encounter illustrations of loyalty in English life distinguished by the fervour and intensity of which the emotion is capable. The Jacobite period might indeed afford innumerable examples illustrating the beauty of lives devoted to the exercise of loyalty, in cases where the cold-hearted critical observer looking back and vividly realising how little in one way the sentiment was logically justified, feels something like scorn for those who entertained it. But go a stage or two further back still, and contemplate the events of the Elizabethan period!

That is the latest chapter of English history in which sovereignty was absolute and complete. The Queen's right to rule was recognised so unreservedly that one has to coin an unusual word in order to describe her authority. She was undisobeyable, and regarded in that light by all the subject-

servants who surrounded her. Nothing would be easier than to point out blemishes in her character regarding her simply as a human being. Her petty little vanities were almost ludicrous. For the terrible cruelties by which the history of her reign is clouded the temper of the time was partly responsible, but she also, in no inconsiderable degree. She was ready at any time to disavow the acts of agents who were but fulfilling her commands, if it suited her policy to throw them overboard. And yet we find Burleigh, on his deathbed, after a long life devoted passionately to her service, and not by any means free all through from doubt whether the hand he so reverently kissed might not, some day, sign his death warrant should his devotion fail to please—we find him on his deathbed adjuring his son, "If you would serve your country, if you would serve your God, above all things serve your Queen." And when the Queen, at an earlier period of her reign, sent Winter with a fleet to the North to turn the French out of Scotland—sweeping aside the unanimous dissuasions of her Council, and governed, as some of us may think, by the inspiration of a higher wisdom than her own—she frankly told Winter that if he failed, she would disavow him and leave him to be hanged as a pirate. Certainly there were political motives in the background which in some measure justified her behaviour, but with these Winter had nothing to do. Enough for him that he set out thrilled with the glory of serving his royal mistress on a dangerous errand, and though circumstances ultimately redounded to the honour of the undertaking, he faithfully acted up to his instructions, and with splendid mendacity declared, when challenged by the French authorities, that the Queen was no party whatever to his proceedings. Who can fail to admire him for the heroic falsehood.

Or turn to another period. We may seek on a lofty level of thought to explain the achievements of Joan at the siege of Orleans. She was no doubt inspired by influences of a complicated order, but in her own estimation her "voices" enjoined her to act as she did, in loyalty to her King. Looking back one has little reverence, indeed, for him as a human being, but all the more boundless reverence for the principle under which he could be made to inspire a sentiment so beautiful as that which animated Jeanne d'Arc.

Truly crowns have often been set on the heads of most unworthy wearers, but those who criticise sovereignty with all the conditions to which it gives rise, in the light merely of that melancholy truth, miss altogether the meaning that it bears. Indeed, from the point of view that glances over human evolution as a whole, one may recognise that evolution cannot proceed under the influence of one moral force alone; that loyalty in a perfectly contented and obedient state is apt to render life too simple for the multitude; that the individualities of which that multitude is composed may better find their growth stimulated in the rough struggles of a democratic system. And thus it may be recognised that for certain purposes at certain periods of the world's growth, loyalty must be laid aside in favour, for a time, of other influences. But from the stormy midst of a period like this through which we are passing now, one is inclined to think that wisdom would dictate some pause in the development of individual strength, some reversion to earlier conceptions that might conduce to the purification of political life. The sentiment of loyalty is far from extinct in this country. Speculation has even suggested that in the guidance of European destinies the late reign fulfilled a great purpose in guarding civilisation from the entire extinction of that sentiment, an extinction that was threatened in the earlier part of the century by the presence on many thrones of sovereigns ill calculated to encourage the growth of the great emotion with which we are dealing, Crippled though she was by the development of radical institutions, Queen Victoria, by the dignity of her life, by the influence abroad of her descendants, redeemed loyalty to an extent approximately appreciated at her death. For this task, of course, she had one great advantage in being a woman. In so far as it is the function of sovereignty to give rise to loyalty, one is tempted to regret that the traditions of the past should still transmit crowns in the male line. That was hardly necessary even in the days of ruder fighting, for even then, as an inspiration for the other fighters, a Queen in the background might do much more to secure a victory than the king's individual sword in battle. But at all events, in modern times the magic of sex operates on the throne as elsewhere, and the history, for the last few centuries, of every state in

Europe has shown us the female reigns the most glorious and the most successful in stimulating the devotion of peoples. As a comical illustration of the idea, an anecdote may be here interpolated. A friend of the present writer engaged in business often taking him to America, found it convenient to become a naturalised citizen of the United States. Jeered at for abandoning his natural allegiance, my friend replied, "I couldn't have done it in the old Queen's time, but now I don't care a ——." In the matter referred to the friend in question was a mere straw blowing in the wind, but the direction of the wind was significant of many things.

One may freely grant that contemplating the prospects of modern politics it seems uncertain whether there will again, within a measurable future, be any favourable opportunities for the regeneration of the loyalty we see casting so rich a glow upon the rugged features of the Elizabethan period. Probably we are far as yet in this country from the lowest depths to which democratic progress may ultimately descend. And if future generations are privileged to enjoy a genuine regeneration of loyalty, that beautiful result must be preceded by a regeneration of royalty along some lines of development as yet imperfectly available for forecast. But this, judging from the analogies of Nature and the significance of earlier civilisations, does certainly seem probable :— at some future time the methods of government will recover the dignity they have lost while dependent on the results of that degrading struggle which almost every Parliamentary election displays to the philosophical observer. It may be that the lessons of democracy have not yet been fully learned, and that still for a long while to come we must think of politics as the arena in which nations shall gradually discover the ignominy of rendering national life subordinate to gusts of popular feeling, themselves the product too often of falsehood and misrepresentation on the part of candidates for political power. In the long run, at all events, it seems inconceivable that the principle of supreme authority on which the worlds depend for their existence, should not be ultimately recognised as that best entitled to imitation on the humbler level of human institutions. And whether or not, within a measurable future, humanity will be again endowed with

the semi-divine monarchs of remote antiquity, sovereignty even of the kind which recent experience has shown us to be possible, may, when re-established on a new foundation, set the healthy current of loyalty flowing once more through the veins of nations, so that some future statesmen may once more be in a position to repeat Burleigh's words: "If you would serve your country, if you would serve your God, serve your Queen!"

WALTER PIERCE.

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

THERE is not very much novelty in what has been called in the papers lately "the New Theology" from the point of view of those who have been in the habit of spiritualising in thought the crude and clumsy expositions of mediæval doctrine which the Churches for the most part unhappily continue to print in their prayer books. Those who recite such formulas to their congregations, doubtless, do so in most cases with the comfortable conviction that no one any longer takes them quite seriously. If anyone frankly objects to the literal phraseology of certain articles to which the clergy are supposed to subscribe with reverent adhesion, the objection is put aside with some graceful paraphrasis which lifts the rugged dogma to some extent into the region of metaphysics. If, for example, anyone inquires whether an orthodox religious teacher really means that God got so angry with the creatures of his own creation that his inclination to destroy them could only be softened by the sight of an innocent man-god tortured to death on a cross, the inquiry is put aside with vague assurance that the sublime mystery of the atonement is not correctly defined by that clumsy misapprehension.

Nor of course is the roughest view of the idea embodied in any part of the Church service with which congregations are familiar. But in truth it is set forth in painfully unmistakable terms in the thirty-nine articles. These affirm that "Christ, very God and very man, who truly suffered, was crucified, dead, and buried, to reconcile his father to us, and to be a sacrifice, not only for original guilt, but also for all actual sins of man." And in

another passage the articles set forth in unequivocal terms the brainless, heartless, and idiotic belief that all mankind is doomed to perdition except the comparatively unimportant number of those who are enlightened with the wisdom of the 39 articles in question. One of them runs, "They also are to be had accursed that presume to say that every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth so that he be diligent to frame his life according to that law and the light of nature, for Holy Scripture doth set out unto us only the name of Jesus Christ whereby man can be saved." Now, in so far as the preaching of Mr. Campbell at the City Temple has endeavoured to wean his congregation from the barbarous conceptions embodied in these declarations, those who have described his teaching as a new theology must indeed be ill acquainted with the trend of educated thought during the last few generations. But he has certainly thrown some other ideas into the current of modern discussion that may be a little better entitled to be regarded as original contributions to thought from the point of view of the average churchgoer, than those which have dealt with the Atonement.

The "Immanence of God in Nature is an idea familiar to many schemes of philosophy and an essential part of every scheme which rises above the dead level of materialism. That the idea does *not* mean that the consciousness of God is active in every stone or plant, need only be explained to those who so far have failed altogether to grasp its true significance. In the subtle philosophies of the East it shows us the world evolving as a consequence of what is called "the descent of spirit into matter," developed and growing towards higher perfection by the energy of the spiritual force endowing inert matter with life; ultimately teaching matter, so to speak, to become an appropriate vehicle for its higher manifestation, so that at last, in the differentiated egos of human beings, spiritual consciousness begins to reflect something resembling—although as yet it is but a germ resemblance—the Divine Consciousness from which the world emanated in the beginning. The new theology, as known to the newspapers, is far as yet from having developed this idea in its grandest significance, but it is one which has startled and offended the commonplace theologian. For instance, the Bishop of London, preaching

on February 10th on the new theology, seems to have dealt scornfully with what he supposed the Immanence theory to mean, namely, that people themselves were Christs and God. When God was regarded as a vague, nebulous presence which pervaded the world, he did not wonder that people had lost a sense of sin! The great message for to-day was the personality of God before whom all must give an account.

That the one sublime development of religious thought which civilisation is working out, is exactly at variance with this crude mediæval conception of God, is the most encouraging assurance we have that popular religion may be capable of purification without being subject to the ruder processes of the iconoclast. It may still be useful as a figure of speech by means of which the lowest intelligences can be reached, to let people suppose that after death they were somehow to be hauled up before a Divine magistrate and sentenced to punishment for their sins. But if bishops are capable of thinking what the Bishop of London is reported to have said, one cannot but recognise with surprise that the theological world is more nearly identified than one might have supposed with the lowest intelligences above referred to.

So far as there is really any new theology afloat in the newspapers it must not be recognised as emanating from the City Temple but from the realms of science. On a former occasion, when the ultimate reconciliation of religion with science in the broadest significance of the term was under consideration in this REVIEW, that happy result was anticipated for some future period when science would have become sympathetic and religion intelligent. The first process seems likely to be accomplished sooner than the other. Sir Oliver Lodge is intensely sympathetic with religious thinking, and both in writings and speech has done much of late to foreshadow the direction in which religion may be rescued from ecclesiastical barbarities, and become a living force with the vanguard of humanity. He neither attacks nor endeavours to explain away the rude traditions of the ecclesiastical system, but approaches the contemplation of spiritual thinking along the road that the reverent study of nature has opened out for all who are capable of enlightenment. Following the lines of his new catechism, the pupil asked, "what is he?" must give the follow-

ing reply: "I am alive and conscious on this earth, my ancestors having ascended by gradual processes from the lower forms of animal life, and with struggle and suffering become men." But now he goes on to recognise something more than mere life as possessed by man—something represented by the words mind, soul, and spirit, so that though on the one side we are members of the animal kingdom, on the other we are associated with a loftier type of existence, and linked with the divine. For the theologian who declines to accept these broad statements as a foundation on which to build a religious system worthy of the period we have reached, all one can say is that the element of mind, soul and spirit as yet blended with the life he has inherited from his ancestors, is rather, so far, a potentiality of the future than a realised position. The average bishop, it is to be feared, has many stages of mental evolution yet to accomplish before he can appreciate the dignity of the conceptions which, on the foundation described, our scientific theologian proceeds to form. We do not know, Sir Oliver confesses, why it has taken so long a time to produce man upon the earth. That is a mystery he could only speak of with bated breath. But now, at all events, man had reached a stage in which it was possible for him to take part in the work of his own ulterior development, to co-operate with the Creator, so to speak, and lend him a helping hand. He believed that as time went on, things would be left more and more to us the world would be more and more managed from inside by the conscious beings which all this long process has at last brought into existence.

Now here, if we are allowed to recognise Sir Oliver Lodge's lecturing as part of the new theology, some gleams of which are emanating from the City, we find the first promise of conceptions which may be regarded as new, indeed, for the world at large, although they lie at the base of that great spiritual science in process of evolution by means of occult research. This interprets the mystery Sir Oliver speaks of with bated breath—the gradual evolution of man in the past—and at the same time forecasts the destinies awaiting him in the future, in so far as he may co-operate with the Creator along the path of that evolution mapped out for later ages. With a true intuition Sir Oliver recognises the mag-

nificence of the course so mapped out. "Never think," he said, "that we are the last work of the creation we see around us." "This is the most hopeful time. We are beginning to realise our responsibility, people are beginning to take control of things. If they will only learn to act wisely and do the best they can, the race will advance faster than ever before."

This is not merely a teaching of occult philosophy, the assurance that it not only may happen, but will happen, is the outcome of occult research, although at the same time we recognise but too clearly that for a long while those who fully appreciate the possibilities of their nature, who visualise the goal towards which they are proceeding, will be few indeed as compared with the multitude of the human family. Hitherto they have been mere scattered units. In the future they may be considerable groups, and a time will assuredly come when the groups themselves may become relatively multitudes. But one change which must precede that development must somehow involve the abandonment by those who are conventionally recognised as religious teachers, of the foolish bigotries to which the habits of the past induce them to cling. The ecclesiastical mind has not yet been opened to the primary conception which should guide its activity before the world; it has not yet been enlightened with the dawn of that consciousness which for the representatives of occult research is a fundamental principle, namely, that all conceptions the human mind at any stage of its progress can form concerning spiritual energy and the nature of the inconceivably exalted Beings from whom that energy proceeds, can only represent a mere upward aspiration towards knowledge—towards the understanding of that which must remain incomprehensible for a long while to come—the actual nature of Divinity. But this appreciation includes the thought, the conscious certainty that by continued effort and by virtue of the further evolution of intelligence, a nearer and nearer approach may be made towards a comprehension which can never, within any conceivable future, be realised, because it represents infinity. A religion to be worthy of the race as represented by its advance guard in the present age, must be progressive, must be alert for every opportunity of adapting its language to new spiritual enlightenment.

LIFE'S MOSAIC.

THE children's voices died away in the distance as they trooped merrily off to their own special quarters in the garden—a little sanctum where pets of every description lived in peace and plenty and where the youngsters themselves had happy times together, safe from the intrusion of their elders.

Once more left to my reflections I leaned my head against the sun-warmed trellis, and drinking in the exquisite fragrance from the sweet-briar luxuriantly climbing over the rustic arch under which I was seated, listened to the last faint echoes of childish merriment blending delightfully with the songs of the blackbirds and thrushes.

Itwas a moment of perfect harmony, a harmony so complete that all five senses were called upon for its appreciation. The warm glowing rays of the spring sunshine, the graceful forms and delicate green of the waving branches of sweet-briar, the fresh spring colouring, the radiant primroses and the heather; all these enchanted the eye and appealed to the sense of beauty.

At the same time the music of the young voices and the rich full notes of the thrushes and blackbirds mingling so harmoniously with the silken rustle of the wind among the newly-clad trees, ministered most exquisitely to the sense of hearing.

Finally, the sweet fragrant scents which filled the air, and the kindling, glowing warmth of the sun's rays beating upon my cheek fitted in perfect proportion with the charming sights and sounds already described as parts of a most perfect whole, or

better still as different pieces of some beautiful mosaic of rare and far-reaching design.

Lazily content with the soothing influences all about me, I closed my eyes in order to rest them a little from the bright sunshine and the better to enjoy the musical sounds pleading with my sense of hearing for greater appreciation.

The rise and fall of the gentle breeze produced a soft tuneful melody among the foliage of the trees and conifers near by. At one moment becoming louder and more intense, at the next dying away imperceptibly, this rhythm of the wind now seemed to adapt itself quite easily and naturally to the phrase "rare and far-reaching design," formulated a moment ago in my thoughts.

"Rare and far-reaching design" sang the wind again and again, as if it were the chorus to some rich-toned orchestra; the constant repetition of the soft cadence proving meanwhile strangely soothing and delightful. Indeed, the dolce-far-niente of the situation was fast growing quite overpowering and had well nigh lulled me to sleep, when the breeze, gathering in volume and intensity, delivered the now familiar refrain "rare and far-reaching design" with all the dignity and force appropriate to some mighty paean of praise, forming the grand finale or Ultima Thule to a symphony, with the universe for its theme.

Roused from my reverie, electrified by Nature's inspiring harmonies, a fervent desire possessed me to look more deeply into the beautiful mosaic of life and colour, sound and scent which Mother Earth, under the stirring influences of spring, was exhibiting all around me with her usual prodigality.

Drawing a fragant green twig of sweet briar towards me, I looked carefully at its busy little leaves. Each leaf—a little world of life in itself—had been put forth by the parent shrub on its awakening from winter's sleep, to gather from the atmosphere an abundance of food in the form of carbonic acid for the benefit and support of sweet-briar life. This very food, so necessary for the growth and development of every tree and plant was at that very moment borne on the wings of the melodious breeze to the hundreds of little waiting mouths, veiled from the naked eye, but which none the less truly formed the under-surface of the pretty green leaf.

Coming straight from its cleansing work of sweeping the neighbouring city, the rustling wind was thus laden with ample stores of carbonic acid such as plant life in general, and sweet briar in particular, love and need. Sweeping on away and away over hill and dale, this breeze, re-charged with a fresh supply of oxygen newly liberated by the work of millions of little leaves, must continue its alternative and beneficent work of purifying the atmosphere of crowded and stifling cities, and conveying nourishment to herb and tree, to field and forest.

Taking one more look at my pretty twig before releasing it from its temporary captivity, I noticed hidden away, deep in the interstices of a crown of young leaves, a tiny, tiny semblance of a rosebud. Seemingly the designs I had just unveiled in the relationship of leaf and breeze were but subsidiary ones after all, or else what could be the meaning of this exquisite living cradle, prepared so carefully by the life forces of the pretty shrub. Surely such carefulness of detail, such elaborate preparations for the coming seed—its arrival to be still further heralded by a fragrant bright-tinted flower—betokened that the mysterious purpose and design of the living community forming this luxuriant sweet-scented shrub was just the development of the seed, just the care for the next generation.

So quiet and motionless had I been during the course of these reflections that the birds, becoming accustomed to my presence, took no further notice of me, and, busying themselves with their own affairs, treated me with the same supreme indifference they accorded to the wooden trellis against which I was leaning.

The nesting season was well advanced. On the white railing close by a well-groomed father thrush was perched, pouring out his little heart in a passion of love and thrilling song for the encouragement of his devoted little mate, who, seated on her nest, was perhaps ardently awaiting the first faint sounds of chipping shells, which would announce to her the coming reward of maternal devotion.

Now, a blackbird with sweeping flight landed gently on the lawn, lifted his tail gracefully, and stood watching me for some seconds before commencing his search for worms. Deciding, as others of his feathered friends had already done, that my presence

was of no moment, he quickly withdrew a worm from the soft fresh earth, and I beheld him retreat with his burden into the dense foliage of a golden yew not many yards away. Soon Mrs. Blackbird made her appearance, and, carrying out the same programme as her spouse, the pair of them worked alternately with great devotion to supply the needs of their ravenous little family.

The sudden cessation of the rich thrilling notes of the Father Thrush now arrested my attention. Raising my eyes to discover the cause of the abrupt termination of his voluminous song, I saw that a large black crow was now perched on the railing recently occupied by the devoted little parent. Puzzled to know the wherefore of his sudden arrival on the scene, I waited patiently for time and silence to solve the mystery.

A few moments explained it. His bright eyes had also been watching from afar the same domestic scene in which I had been so absorbed. The foolish little blackbirds should not have chosen a golden conifer in which to start their house-keeping. The bright sunny colouring of the shrub contrasted too strongly with their sable feathers to prove a safe and secret dwelling-place.

Quitting his coign of vantage, rising suddenly on his wings, and flying with a velocity and directness almost inconceivable, the crow now dived in among the foliage of the yew, and re-appeared with a young nestling in his beak before I had even realised his murderous intention.

In one moment the harmonious state of affairs I had been enjoying was transformed into wild clamour and discord. The parent blackbirds discovering the cruel theft too late to prevent the tragedy, were yet in time to attack the culprit. Following the disturber of their peace and happiness into the neighbouring copse, they gave vent to their anger and grief by prolonged and bitter cries.

Reflecting that in itself the act was not abnormal, though an unusual one for human sight to witness, I returned to the seat from which I had abruptly risen when disturbed by this rude act of piracy, and endeavoured to re-enter the peaceful channel in which my thoughts were flowing prior to the discordant interruption. But my efforts proved unavailing. A new factor had been introduced into my meditation, and demanded recog-

nition :—This preying of the stronger upon the weaker stood out in such startling and fierce contrast to the uplifting and inspiring display of parental love so recently exhibited by the little song-birds, that I could not refrain from mechanically weighing the two facts in the balance.

Seeing the firm hold the subject had taken of my mind, I decided to face the inevitable and yield myself completely to this intruding element.

And now there arose before my mental vision a long, long procession of all forms of life, great and small, high and low, insect, bird and beast, including even human life, with its many grades and varied manifestations. Truly a vast and comprehensive multitude, coming up through untold ages down to the present day, ever growing and increasing in complexity, power and beauty, but one and all more or less guilty of preying upon some weaker form of life, one and all capable in greater or less degree according to development, of an intense solicitude and self-sacrificing love for their offspring. How did these two contradictions fit into life's grand mosaic? What relative position did they occupy in the rare and far-reaching design that I was seeking to comprehend. . . . . ?

As I sought for an answer to my self-imposed problem, I realised and remembered that the instinct which compels the stronger to play upon the weaker is universally admitted to hold priority in nature's economy over that which inspires a loving devotion for its offspring. This is self-evident, because the lower and more primitive the order of life, the more rudimentary does the parental instinct become, so that far enough down the scale, the simple acts which represent parental love are so vague and indefinite as to be hardly worthy of the name. On the other hand, the most rudimentary form of life on this planet is known to be quite as capable of preying upon something smaller and weaker than itself as its more highly evolved relatives.

As I pondered over the truth that selfishness and cruelty were reigning factors in the world ages before unselfishness and love were born, Drummond's illuminating work, "The Ascent of Man," came forcibly to my mind. I saw at a glance that the beautiful theory revealed by him in his chapter on "The Evolu-

tion of a Mother," was more than sufficient to solve my problem.

"Is it too much to say," says Drummond, "that the one motive of organic nature was to make mammalia—*i.e.*, mothers? It is at least certain that this was the chief thing she did. In as real a sense as a factory is meant to turn out locomotives or clocks, the machinery of nature is designed in the last resort to turn out mothers. Without the circumstances of motherhood and helpless infancy, we might, in the course of evolution, have become formidable among animals through sheer force of sharp-wittedness, but except for the circumstances of infancy we should never have comprehended the meaning of such phrases as *self-sacrifice, devotion, or love.*"

At last! To the accompaniment of these inspiring words, self-sacrifice, devotion, and love, the mighty design of life's mosaic, with its glorious setting of colour, sound and scent, began to unroll itself before my inner vision. Clear and beautiful, of infinite strength and power, I saw it in its unity and perfection, reaching far back and embracing the very beginning of all things, when as yet the struggle for life was paramount (as it still is to-day in the lower reaches of nature). I saw the design hidden in the womb of time, slowly evolving out of rough foundations laid first in life's primal necessities, then in the provision for the offspring, fashioning itself faintly and indistinctly at first out of crude maternity, then more clearly out of the more abundant material of motherhood, infancy, and family life. Finally, I saw all men and women, good, bad and indifferent, whether parents or children, friends or relations, citizens or good Samaritans, each and all of them unconsciously adding his tiny quota of beauty and perfection, to that grand and wonderful mosaic of life, of which the rare and far-reaching design is simply LOVE. . . . LOVE the very essence and foundation of all life. LOVE, that secret hidden force working lowly and with exquisite patience from within outwards, transforming and uplifting, leaving its sweet impress on every living thing, constituting in its completeness the very warp and woof of nature, and nature's transcendant work.

Rising involuntarily from my seat, perhaps impelled by the very magnitude of my thoughts to seek a more comprehensive view of my immediate surroundings, my eye was suddenly attracted

by a blaze of light springing from the ground at my feet :—nothing more than a piece of broken glass, washed by the recent rains and reflecting the radiant sunshine. From its jagged and incomplete edges, every colour of the rainbow was vividly projected, while from the smooth surface of its rounded centre, the clear white light of the sun's complete rays was reflected with such power and brilliancy as to prove intensely dazzling, more so than my eyes could endure without strain.

Just a little incident of trivial import, but none the less a parable full of rich significance at that moment.

This bit of broken glass some two or three inches in size, discarded by the hand of man because of its utter uselessness, was yet chemically composed of some of the same initial constituents as that mighty orb of light, heat and energy—the centre of the solar system.

Useless and broken, this bit of jagged glass was none the less receptive of the sun's brilliant rays; useless and broken, it was yet capable of giving them forth again with amazing brilliancy, and adding generously to the surrounding scheme of light and beauty. Useless and broken, its very constitution was nevertheless altered and uplifted by its receptivity to the sun's rays, for its temperature was changed, its inherent vibrations were sensibly quickened, and being quickened, were now attuned and more in harmony with the inherent vibrations of the atoms composing the great sun itself.

As with the receptive though imperfect glass and the radiant energising sun, so with every living thing and the kindling, glowing, life-giving orb, LOVE. The broken edges of the glass splitting up the perfect white rays into red or blue, purple or gold, seemed beautifully to portray the lives of men imperfectly displaying the light of love.

Recalling once more to my mental vision that portion of life's mighty procession which was composed of human life in its various grades and manifestations, I beheld how this humanity, responding to the love-light of the natural affections, yet seemed to give forth the rays in a warped and sadly imperfect manner. Were they not often split on the sharp edges of selfishness, greed or lust ?

Again I beheld humanity rising to still higher things, able to receive the bright white light of universal pity, compassion and benevolence, yet even in this beautiful presentation sometimes the love-rays were split on the destructive edges of vanity and personal pride. Finally, I saw still more responsive souls arise and shine. Impelled by the kindling, glowing love-light within them, I beheld these shining ones uplift the discarded and worthless, heal the broken in mind and body, staying their ready hand at no ardent act of self-sacrifice and generous love. Yet even in their case the love-light was not perfectly transmitted.

In the hurry and enthusiasm to be up and doing the work of love in greater and ever greater fulness, these eager souls had forgotten to round off the broken edges of temper or imperiousness into that smooth brilliant surface, that perfection of body, soul and spirit which alone, like the very Christ Himself, is able to receive and give forth in its completeness the great white light of perfect love. . . . . "That light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," energising, healing and creative in its effects, of unequalled power and brilliancy, because it is the light of love, because love is God and God is life, "for in Him all things live and move and have their being." . . . .

Thus in life's beautiful mosaic, life proclaims the Infinite and all-powerful Designer, and the rare and far-reaching Design *to be one and the same.*

CHRISTIANA DUCKWORTH.

CLAIRVOYANT EXPERIENCES.

CLAIRVOYANT experiences, even of a very interesting order, are far more common than the world at large, outside the circle of those paying especial attention to occult developments, can be aware of. In many cases, however, those who are privileged to have such experiences are peculiarly reluctant to make them the subject of published narratives. These are often closely associated with the intimacies of private life, and sometimes with the susceptibilities of others, themselves reluctant to come within the range of possible identification. This reluctance may sometimes not have any valid justification, but must be respected where it exists. In one case, however, where certain information is in our hands, the lady whose clairvoyant experiences we are about to relate, has been good enough to put them at our disposal, subject only to such reserves as may fairly well veil her personality. It is only necessary to add that, from the point of view of the editor of this Review, the *bona fides* of the narrative thus provided is above all question.

Some fifteen years ago our correspondent first discovered that by concentrating her thoughts on persons whom she knew, she could sometimes obtain interior visions showing her what they were doing at the time. No trance of any abnormal character was associated with such achievements. They would be possible under ordinary conditions of consciousness, as for example in the case we first have to deal with. She was sitting at the time on a sea beach, with her two children playing a little way off.

"I thought I would try to see my husband (a captain in a certain regiment, never mind which). [I closed my eyes and covered them with my hand. In a few seconds I saw him entering the gates of——Barracks, go across the square to the mess, go into the reading room, and sit down at a writing table opposite the door to write a letter. On returning home I asked him whether my vision was correct. He said it was, and he had written a letter at the table opposite the door. There are other tables in different parts of the room. I had no idea what he was going to do that morning. He might have been drilling his company for all I knew."

Encouraged by this success our correspondent naturally tried other experiments of a similar character with remarkable results. An instance she gives relates to a vision of her mother, at the time in another part of the world. The lady herself at the time was living in England, her mother at a certain place in South Africa. One night about 9 p.m. she made up her mind and try to get a sight of her mother.

"I made up my mind to go to her. I concentrated my thoughts on her. I thought I took the long journey over the land all down the coast till I got to Cape Town. Then afterwards to——and into the gates of the old home. Then I found myself going into the house by the door of a dressing room opening on the balcony which runs round the house on the first floor. My mother's room opened into the dressing room. I went just inside the door and looked round the room. I saw everything in the room even to a peculiar luminous clock on the mantlepiece, and other ornaments. I found my mother in bed. I stood some time looking at her, then I wondered whether I could make her feel my presence. So I said 'Mother, Mother,' willing intensely that she should hear me. I saw her sit up in bed and look round the room, but she did not appear to see me. I then relaxed to my normal condition. I cannot say 'awoke,' for I was wide awake and quite conscious of myself. The time at Cape Town would have been 10.30 p.m. I wrote to my mother telling her about it. She was most interested, for she said one night just about that time, she felt so conscious of me that she sat up in bed and looked round the room expecting to see me, but she did not, and only felt

my presence. She unfortunately did not note the date, but from her description of the time, I feel sure it was the night I went to her.

"I find now I can see people more readily when I hold some thing they have touched, or the stalks of flowers I have given them. For instance a great friend of mine was going away for her health for some weeks. She came to say good bye to me the evening before she left. She was feeling very ill and depressed and told me she would go to bed as soon as she arrived at her destination. I gave her some flowers to take away with her, retaining myself some of the ends of the stalks. The next night at 8 o'clock I held the stalks of the flowers in my hand and shut my eyes. Very soon I saw her standing in a room in evening dress, talking to some one and looking quite bright and smiling. I said to my two boys who were with me 'Miss——is much better than she expected, and is feeling well enough to dress and come down to dinner.' I then saw another picture of her sitting at dinner, and the flowers I had given her were on the table in front of her. I made a note of the date and time. A week after this she wrote to me telling me that on her arrival she had felt much better than she expected, and was able to dress and come down for dinner, and she mentioned that the flowers I had given her were on the table in front of her at dinner. She was very interested when I wrote and told her I had seen her that night.

"This proves to my mind the experience to be genuine as I would more naturally have thought of her as ill and in bed, and I was very surprised when I saw her in my vision dressed for dinner, and apparently well; the dress I saw her in was correct also, and I may say I had never seen the dress before. My own experiences certainly show that an influence is more readily conveyed from one person to another when each holds a portion of the *same living plant.*"

This last remark is very suggestive and well worth the attention of those who have some reason to believe that their psychic faculties are not altogether latent, and who may desire to try experiments in imitation of those above described.

Several correspondents interested in the records of clairvoyant and other psychic experiences that have lately appeared in these pages, send us records of more or less similar experiences they have gone through. One lady personally known to the Editor writes:—

"A friend, Miss ——— (she mentions the name, but it need not be printed), knowing that I am sometimes able to see houses, people, or landscapes unknown to me in the ordinary way, asked me recently, one Sunday about 2.30 p.m., to try and visualise a friend's house in Highgate. I found myself able to describe two ladies and three gentlemen seated round a luncheon table. My friend recognised my description of the place and people, but did not think the family would be alone, nor lunching at so late an hour. Later inquiries by letter showed, however, that the luncheon party was just as I had seen it, consisting only of the family, and that they were unusually late in lunching, being still at the table at 2.30.

"In just the same way another friend asked me one evening to describe her home in the country. I saw the house, but was puzzled by a sense of discussion pervading the empty drawing-room. Also I felt that a door ought to be where there seemed to be merely a wall, and passing through this I saw an elderly gentleman writing busily at a table loaded with papers and looking very untidy. My friend said I had given an exact description of her father who died some years before, and of his habit when writing. Also it appeared later on that there had been a heated family discussion going on during the afternoon in the drawing-room. On another occasion in Florence, a year or two ago, I had been dining with an Italian friend. When I returned home, remembering that my hostess was very delicate and suffering from insomnia, I visualised her, supposing her to have gone to bed, in the hope of helping her to sleep. Not seeing her in her bedroom I looked into the drawing-room and became conscious of her, and other guests still remaining with her, playing cards. I afterwards found out that they had done so after my departure."

Another lady, having read the article in the February number of BROAD VIEWS entitled "A Very Curious Experience," describes a somewhat similar experience which she went through while in a

perfectly normal condition at a concert. Her narrative is as follows:—

"They were playing Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and I closed my eyes as the opening notes were struck, to find myself in a field of beautiful flowers, like chrysanthemums, but of exquisite colours, a soft lilac tint sometimes deepening, ever-changing, a pale soft yellow over-clouding them at times. Then they died, at least it grew dark and the petals drooped. Now the music changed to a stronger, deeper movement, loud sounding chords which bring flashes of a gorgeous blue.

"As the Allegretto movement starts its sweet rhythmic passages, something large, circular—with the glint of a crystal from its facets, the circular edge changing to a serrated one, and over all soft pearly hues like the inner lining of a pearl shell.

"With the opening of the Scherzo movement, peacock blue discs are going round me in a half circle, and with bolder modulations in the music, come faces in bas-relief as it were, strange, uncouth, fantastic, some with long beards and strange head-dresses, always in profile, and as the music works up, I am in a veil of blue, in which shows a triangle, and a whirling disc moves about, first below, then above the triangle with immense rapidity.

"The 'Trio," based on a pilgrim's hymn, brings a train of peacefulness, and I am conscious of curious growths like seaweed changing to foliage and acacia blossoms in long shady avenues, with the hot sunlight shining through.

"Then comes such a sense of peace, as if I were in the presence of some sacred thing, and I see Apollo's lyre, winged, and of an exquisite soft grey green, with a lilac mist half way over it, like a floating veil, through which the top of the lyre changes to three tulip-shaped flowers in a filmy white outline. I am quivering all over me, as the music comes to a close, in a whirling mist of lilac and yellow, the tension of which was overwhelming, and I came down to earth with the opening of my eyes, and looked round the concert hall with a wondering feeling as to whether it were still there.

"The next number on the programme is a Concertstück by Dohnanzi, with solo 'cello. For a little while I watch the player, but now I am impelled to close my eyes, and I am in a

rainbow-coloured mist on which triangles and fire-rayed stars kaleidoscopically revolve in and out, and as the theme takes on a rhythmical measure, high above me I see bowls filled with something which seems to emit a steady white light upheld by hands of which I could not see the figures, yet I was conscious of crowned heads bowed in reverent attitude.

"Now a change in the music sets me quivering to my finger tips, and as I look up through lambent purple mists, everywhere there are great vaulted arches, and windows beside me of Norman or some such architecture, with the blue light of a topaz shining through them, and my whole being seems winged with a sense of uplifting I cannot describe, words are inadequate.

AN OVER-WORKED VIRTUE.

By Margaret Kilroy.

Life is an evolution,—to begin with a truism. Every stage of that evolution has left some mark on the ages that followed. The vegetable and mineral worlds are yeilding these traces to the probings of scientific research every day. The zoologist has a similar field with the lower animals. To the psychologist and sociologist the history of the human race and the study of existing conditions team with evidences of the evolutionary order of progress.

Out of chaos came animal life. Then human life conquered the animal world. To conquer, it had to combine; the family was the natural combination that suggested and broadened into the tribe and clan. The larger organisation reacted on the smaller, strengthened its bonds, outlined its duties, and then the whole was cemented by superstition. Might, and might alone was right. The battle went always to the strong. To the strong went therefore whatever of authority those lawless days recognised. The possessive idea was the ideal. Every man had a right to hold whatever was not taken from him by force. If it were taken,—the right to it left the original possessor and went to his victor. Under such conditions, there could be no moral sense. Weaklings were destroyed mercilessly. Each man still lived for himself. Then the family, founded on instinct, and organised

on the possessive ideal, began to care for the weak that belonged to it. Possessions became more and more accumulative, and family pride was born.

Slowly, the idea of the State evolved from that of the family and of the tribe, and under the feudal system they were closely wedded. Government was then "paternal." There was still but little moral sense. The head of the family was the strong man. Frequently, he had obtained his position by rapine and bloodshed. If a weakling came by natural succession to the place of honour, ——he did not live long! In return for the benefit of rough protection from the head of the family,—the feudal Lord,—those protected had to adopt a slavish attitude. They must obey, submit to everything. They must never question.

And it is from this state of affairs that we of the West have inherited our traditions of filial piety, and the correlative parental rights. Custom has set its seal upon them. Superstition has woven around them its legendary meshes. They have had their day. In that day they were useful, inevitable. But that was a day of rough things. Today, it is postulated that we are ripe for better things.

Filial piety is the most overworked virtue in existence. Insistance on it leads to constant injustice. In reality, it belongs to the realm of sentiment, not to that of equity, nor even of ethics. Parental care as a duty, on the other hand, belongs to all three realms. The theory of filial piety has for its hypothesis an immense obligation incurred by children in their age of helplessness, towards their parents. Obligations incurred without conscious volition are not ethically binding. Children come into the world at the wish of their parents; they have no voice themselves in the matter. This statement is not made lightly; it should form the base of all consideration of the rights of parents and children.

We live in an age of increasing respect for human life. The dignity of humanity is one of the catch-words of the day. Slavery must be abolished. The franchise must be made universal. Unions must improve the status of the working man. Everyone is as good as you are,—(only much better!) So runs the tale. And, with the beautiful inconsistency that governs this old world of ours, parents continue to look upon their children as their own

private property, much as they did in the feudal ages! Sons, it is true, can choose their own professions, more or less. Daughters are not married against their will;—not openly, at any rate. But the possessive idea obtains, for all that.

What is all the modern outcry against the daughter who is not content to stay at home in unproductive idleness, but insists on living her own life,—if it be not the revolt of parents at losing the control of something they consider to be essentially their own private property? A mother who had lived for many years in the depths of the country, recently told me that she had never sent her children to boarding school because she would have felt so lonely as her husband was out of the house all day. And "children ought to be a comfort to their parents," she said. So they were educated (?) by spasmodic tutors, and to day the sons are not equipped for any good profession, and live at home, with tiny salaries to repay them for drudging as inferior clerks. The girls have no girl-friends, and are fretful because they have no occupation. The mother complains that they are not sufficiently grateful for her protecting love, that has kept them all dependant. But she "has the comfort of her children's society," and is proud of having "kept the home together." She can make really beautiful speeches on the sacredness of filial piety.

Perhaps this type of mother is more rare in America than in any other country; but she is pretty frequent even there. In France, and Switzerland, the daughter, at least, is the absolute property of her parents, particularly in the matter of marriage. In France, even a son is not much better off. England is following America in giving the younger generation scope for the exercise of its will; but absolute respect for a parent's expressed opinion is enforced very strongly in that country. Youth may freely criticise the the foibles of the parents' friends,—persons of the same age and and presumably of about the same intellectual capacity as the parents themselves,—but any criticism of a parent's actions lays the speaker open to the bitterest reproaches of being a 'bad son' —or a 'bad daughter.'

For parents to protect and cherish the helplessness of their young children is a plain duty. When they have done all they can, they have done *only* their duty. In bringing a fresh life with

its embryo soul into the world they have incurred a terrific responsibility of which nothing can relieve them. The gratitude which the children may yield in return, is a saving grace. In a sense, it is also a duty; but a duty that the children owe to *themselves*, not to their parents. Love creates love, if the recipient be worthy. Kindness engenders kindness, if the object be self-respecting. Tolerance makes for peace, charity for gratitude, and so on. But all these virtues appear in the second party as he or she works out his or her own salvation. Their appearance or non-appearance has no intimate relation to the original well-doer Far more obviously should this be true when the very existence, the very possibility of a condition of need in the second person has been caused by an act of the first. For the sake of his moral welfare, a child will love a parent who loves him! If he fail to do so, the loss will be his. But selfish parents think the loss is theirs, referring to the supposed indebtedness of the child. No logic will uphold them. But selfish people are, *ipso-facto*, illogical, the whole life perspective is distorted when "there is too much ego in the cosmos!"

Filial piety is a duty a child owes to himself,—not to his parents. He will perform it, at best, at the dictates of his own dignity and self-respect. If his nature be pure and sweet, he will be anxious to give even more than he has received. Those who in this world are nearest to him will naturally be the first recipients of his generous love. To them his heart will first turn. Not from duty,—indeed the cold bonds of duty would kill the delicate flower of love,—but because his nature must find expression.

A good parent,—one who is far-seeing, unselfish, who freely recognises the rights of the child,—seldom has an unloving child. I do not say never. Parental love has its tragedies. Often it is that the love was at first blind and weak, foolishly spoiling the child in its earliest years; and then the cause is obvious, though frequently pitiful enough. Sometimes heredity deals an unexpected blow, swooping down with the influence of some long past generation; and for the sorrow of parents in such a case, there should be all sympathy and respect. More frequently mothers or fathers pay for their folly in wrongly choosing a life-partner by seeing dissension and bitterness grow up among their children.

"If we fall in the Race, though we win,—the Hoof-slide is scarred on the Course;
Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth for ever Remorse!"

A selfish parent,—whether grossly and actively, or foolishly and supinely selfish,—deserves no pity if forsaken by his children The paliative,—"Oh remember he is your father!"—so often brought to bear on a son justly indignant at some wrong from a parent's hand, owes no support either to equity or ethics. The power of the argument comes from various sources. It is cognate to a purely animal instinct. It has behind it the illogical influences of sentiment and tradition. Above all things, it appeals to the self-respect of the wronged person; for the ties of blood are strong, and one suffers with the members of one's family. This, not because of any duty towards them, but on the analogy of Touchstone's—"a poor thing, yet mine own!" Here we see the possessive sense working again. It may be sentimentally pleasing; but so soon as the possessive idea is applied to persons, it begins to warp the scales of strict justice.

Closely bound up with this idea of filial piety is that of the respect due from Youth to Age. In this connection I find support in the works of one of no less national fame than Ralph Waldo Emerson,—one surely who is open to no charge of iconoclastic pessimism. "Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being?" he asks in his essay on 'Self-Reliance,' and again in the same essay,—"Do not think the youth has no force, ... he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary." Again, in his essay on 'Old Age,' he speaks yet more strongly. Age in itself need not command respect. In our loose usage of words, 'venerable' is often employed as a synonym for 'ancient.' Such usage, it is hardly necessary to say, is incorrect. But our careless misuse of words has more influence on our actions than we know. Old age, alone, suggests a waning of the faculties, a decay of the tissues, a dulness of the brain. But old age means also that he who has achieved it has had great opportunities of service. If he has employed these to their full, if he has profited by every experience, he is indeed venerable. But an old age that sees narrow-mindedness crystalised into prejudice, selfishness sealed by

inaction, proper pride deadened into egotism, is only infinitely contemptible. The claim of old age to veneration should be that of thoughtful and generous experience ready to place its knowledge at the service of those less favoured. But in these days it is our youth that is crowded with experience. The seniors seek sheltered paths. How many girls, battling in the turmoil of professions or business, win more moral battles, see more stress, avoid more temptations, before they have seen twenty-five summers, than their dear mothers had ever occasion to wot of in all the sacred peace of their sixty years?

Why not face the thing honestly? Obedience can be commanded, can be enforced. But nothing unworthy can compel respect. And obedience without respect is the quality of a slave. It is also a boomerang that recoils on the head of whoever dares to enforce it. On the other hand, true worth must always command respect. (I am not pretending that true worth brings always material remuneration in this world. It does not. Respect is on a higher plane than material goods, and obeys a higher law.) The crux of this question of parents and children bears on a law of very wide application. No one can hurt us but ourselves; no one can help us save ourselves. "We are changed, not by what others do to us, but by what we do to others." If anyone is thinking this law a lax one, let them think a little longer, and then try to abide by its rulings for one day.

In insisting more than is usual on the responsibilities of parents, I am not pleading for unruly children. The parent who fully realises his responsibilities as I have tried to outline them will never 'spoil' a child in its very early years. The parents who 'spoil' their children, fall pretty easily into two classes. First—those who regard their children as toys, finding personal gratification of their own vanity in having 'show-children.' And secondly;—those who are too lazy to be troubled with the personal care of wise discipline. In both cases, the parent is suffering from an undue development of the possessive idea. Such 'spoiling' is immense selfishness, is immeasurable cruelty. The 'spoilt' child, through no fault of his own, starts life with a false perspective, is selfish, capricious, completely unlovely. He will go through life, unless possessed of an unusually fine nature which

can out-grow the handicap, constantly ostracised by the falsehood of his impressions. A parent who expects to respect the child's individuality, will spare no pains in training the young soul from the very first. The more deeply religious or humanitarian he be the more ready he will be to respect the sanctity and importance of this manifestation of the infinite for whose appearance in the world he is responsible. It is the shallow thinker who makes the bad parent. And the shallow thinker is always the last to abandon an old tradition. He follows the line of least resistance. The old-fashioned parent, good or bad, who was certain of his divine right, who exacted slavish obedience that brooked no questions, and made no allowance for differences of temperament in children,—had far fewer pangs of heart-searching than will be the lot of the parent I am describing.

But which is the more worth while? The young generation knows its worth. It is fully conscious of its rights. And if water will always find its level, how much more the magical ether of mind? There are two courses open to the youth whose parents will not recognise his individuality and moral independence. He may rebel openly, bring down on his head bitter reproaches, and go his way more or less callously. Or, he may adopt a contemptuously protective mode of thought. He may seem outwardly submissive, simply hiding his thoughts and intimate actions from his parents, refusing all discussion of moot points with them. Either course brings infinite harm to both parties; but both, with their manifold modifications, meet our eyes wherever we look. Sometimes the old-fashioned parent's plan is more wholly successful. The young ones are cowed, their individualities killed, their ambitions blighted,—and their obedience is complete. Such cases become rarer each year. Can one wish that it should be otherwise? What sort of comfort can obedience purchased at such a cost afford even to the most blindly self-satisfied of parents? Surely parents will feel more pride, will experience more comfort, in children who accept their guidance because they have proved it wise,—not because they dare not rebel. Love that is given freely because the young heart has been tuned in the harmony of the spheres and overflows with love to all around, is worth more than dutiful but spiritless obedience. There is no joy in commanding

service that cannot be refused. Parents will lose nothing by claiming less. Everyone chafes against restrictions. Peace and order are obtained by the simplification, not by the multiplication of laws. Life is an affirmation: it mopes under a rule of negations.

The workings of this general law are sometimes almost humorous in their minor manifestations. Many daughters destroying the peace of their homes by their furious frettings to go out and see the world, would remain at home quite contentedly if the permission to leave were accorded them. This little fact is worth the careful consideration of the mother,—and her name is legion,—who is "broken-hearted" at her daughter's "ingratitude." She will tell you that she cannot bear to think that her child shall learn in the hard school of experience; she would fain spare her all hard knocks, all sharp pain. But the daughter knows perhaps only sub-consciously, that her life can have meaning only to the degree that she has felt and tested, yes, and suffered, for herself. She will not yield gratitude to one who hinders her existence from becoming instinct with purpose,—that is, truly LIFE. And she is right. Only a coward shirks an experience because of its possible pain. But it is not little concessions in detail that parents are urged to make. Weakness or diplomacy bring such about every day. It is the free recognition of a changed principle that is needed.

The conditions of birth bring a child into this world through no volition of its own, and therefore under no ethical obligation to any person. Parents, if they believe in an immortal soul, incur an immortal responsibility when they give life to a child. If they do not believe in anything immortal, they may consider the responsibility less,—just as the whole import of their lives must necessarily be narrowed in outlook,—but even to such, the difference in responsibility is of one degree, not of kind, and must increase in proportion to the objectivity of their mental outlook. As usual, facts are preceding theory. The prevalence of the "spoilt child," is the logical result of illogical thought. It is an unwholesome and disastrous compromise, but productive in these days of so much discomfort, that it will presently force people's attention to the imminent task of fitting new theories to new conditions in this matter. Then we shall have done with a lot of

phenomena that are now painful. Children will not be shamed by long recitals of parent's "sacrifices" on their behalf. Those "sacrifices" form part of the cost that should have been counted before marriage. We shall not hear so much about "the *foolish* enthusiasm of youth." The precious nature of that all-too-rare commodity will be better understood. Respect for individual rights might well be the rule and not the exception, when our youth grows up to have its own rights carefully and wisely considered and explained. And above all things, children will be able to respect their parents far more than they do to-day, because those parents will have become truly worthy of respect. No one gains respect by insisting on obligations. "Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind."

PASSING EVENTS.

NOTHING going on in public affairs at present, as far as this country is concerned, can be compared in importance with the attack the present government pretends to be preparing against the fundamental principles of the Constitution. No doubt, like all other human devices, that also must be adapted to the progress of intelligence amongst the people. Methods of administration that worked as well as could be expected in the sixteenth century, may not be appropriate, unchanged, for the conditions of the twentieth. But the theory running through the British Constitution can never within any measurable future get out of date. That theory is that government is the resultant of several forces operative from different directions. A nation must consist of many classes. The interest of the nation as a whole must represent the aggregate value of those varied though not necessarily conflicting interests. The popular element in the Constitution has lately become enormously more powerful than it was, either in the Tudor period or in that of the great revolution, but to suppose that the national interest as a whole can be served by the obliteration of the other influences, amounts to a misunderstanding, not merely of current English feeling, but of humanity as a whole.

The consistent effort made in these pages is to show the way in which an appreciation of humanity as a whole, based on a more scientific view of the great natural forces controlling its evolution, throws light upon all the current problems of politics and sociology, which cannot be derived from any other source.

Recognising humanity as consisting of beings at very varied stages of moral and mental growth,—immortal beings all, but some of whom are millions of years older than others, belonging to the same generation of life as themselves,—this view is obviously at a glance incompatable with those derived from the conception of humanity as a homogenous harvest, so to speak, of human growth, where but for what is foolishly imagined to be the accident of birth, all should be regarded as having equal rights in the state to which they belong. Of all the pretty phrases coined from time to time to represent emotions that captivate the fancy of their inventors, the triple cry of "liberty, equality, fraternity," is among the most ridiculous. Liberty, in the sense that simply renders it the reverse of slavery, may be a principle which all philosophies alike defend. Pushed to any further extreme it represents social chaos. Every system of law that prevails is a method of controlling individual liberty. Equality is observable only on the humblest levels of social life. Fraternity is an idea embodying a spiritual truth unsuspected by more than one in a thousand who use the phrase. As applied to the relations of individual units in physical life it is a conception no less fantastic than would be that of a periodical interchange of functions as between the ploughman and the Prime Minister. Ideal government must equally be designed to promote the welfare of all. The ideal could only be realised if it were directed by an absolute ruler divine in the perfection of knowledge and goodness. The practical approach to this ideal is made by the concurrent action in politics of,—or by what must sometimes be the conflict between the interests of,—the various component parts that make up the nation. Frantic reformers who are asking indignantly whether the country is to be governed by the Peers or the people fail to see that it can only be governed with approximate success by both those energies acting together. There is no more divine right clinging to the electoral than to the hereditary principle. Each may be a protective defence against the other, but neither can justify its claim to absolute supremacy. Nor coming down from the region of philosophical thought to that of practical politics, is there the smallest reason for supposing that the majority even of the people would desire to exclude the influence

of the upper classes from parliament if the alternatives were fairly presented to their imagination. No such result as government by the people in the sense of government with a universal sanction, has ever or can ever be realised in this world. Tyranny by majorities may frequently have been accomplished, and it is possible that this country may eventually be the prey of that dismal condition. But each section making up the people will be aware of the danger to which it is exposed by the combination of other sections against it. Every man of even moderate intelligence who appreciates the necessarily gusty character of popular elections will wish, as an assurance against contingencies that may affect himself, for some brake power available for application to parliamentary activities at periods of excitement. The House of Lords is almost an ideal brake of the kind contemplated. That if it were slightly amended it might be enormously strengthened is so obvious that democratic resistance has always been opposed to its amendment. But in the present age when sovereign power has been so elaborately enfeebled, the House of Lords is the only protective agency on which the people can rely as a defence, not against themselves, but against the treacherous misrepresentations, in critical emergencies, of professional politicians seeking their own advantage. Meanwhile some evolutionary progress is represented on the rough average by social station superior to the sea level of humanity, and infatuation very deeply tinged with foolishness is exhibited by those who in the familiar illustration saw through the branch on which they are sitting.

ONE conceivable result that may be thought of as possibly ensuing from the discussion of constitutional change, would be that which should bring clearly into public view the frightful infringement of the Constitution which has actually been accomplished by the suppression of the Privy Council, and the exaltation of that constitutional deformity to which people have now become so used, that they look upon it sometimes with admiration and respect,—the Cabinet! Efforts have been made from time to time in these pages and elsewhere to remind those who carelessly accept existing facts as established necessities, that the system under which the heads of state departments meet together in

secret, and bind themselves together as a solid group of office holders pledged to mutual support, standing shoulder to shoulder against the attacks of others anxious to turn them out and occupy their places,—efforts have been made to show that this system is an outrage on the principles of the British Constitution, and the root from which all the degrading characteristics of modern English politics in their party aspect, have actually been developed. We are applying no modern fancy to the current situation in describing the two-party system as an outrage on the principles of the Constitution. In the middle of the last century, that well-known writer on constitutional law, Mr. Chisholm Anstey, was emphatic in explaining how fatally the Cabinet system, as compared with the earlier Privy Council system, deprived Parliament, amongst other bad consequences, of the legitimate right to criticise departmental activities. In his interesting volume entitled "Guide to the History of the Laws and Constitutions of England," Anstey writes as follows:—

> "The Privy Council, with not very many Exceptions, continued to exercise its antient Control over the Government of the Country, down to the Revolution of 1688. It was not until that new and signal Triumph of the Doctrines of Concentration, that the Affairs of the Realm fell into the hands of the illegal Cabinet, or Cabal; that the Privy Council became permanently displaced; and that, in contempt of antient Laws—subsisting still, in 1845, in all their pristine Vigour—the Powers of the Crown, and the Functions of its Prerogative, were withdrawn from that great and weighty Council, which the Crown has, for all Purposes of State—and centred in a few Advisers, unauthorised by Law, and irresponsible, except for their Usurpation of that Office. Thenceforward the Conspiracies of Cabals, or Cabinets, took the place of the solemn Deliberations of Councils."

At the present day when any criticism is levelled at the dishonesties and ignominies ensuing from the conflict of parties under the existing system, it is too much the fashion to say that, bad as the system may be, it is impossible in a parliamentary country to replace it by any other. The objection is simply due to ignorance of the history of parliament and of constitutional change in this

country. With the Privy Council exercising its proper functions the solidarity of the Cabinet or Cabal ceases to be a feature in the administration, and hostile party organisations cease any longer to to have a meaning. Parliamentary control over administration is not even weakened by surrendering all collective acts to the authority of the Privy Council. Mr. Anstey and other writers on constitutional law, especially Mr. David Urquhart, who in former years used to discuss the whole subject with great sagacity in the pages of the *Diplomatic Review*, are earnest and successful in showing that though the Privy Council may be a nominated body, its action, subject to the censure of parliament, can never degenerate into oligarchical tyranny. And research in the old review just mentioned will bring to light an amusing correspondence, showing how appreciation of the good results that might ensue from the restoration of the Privy Council to its former place in the constitution, is by no means confined to representatives of upper class culture. As late as 1872 a working men's Mutual Improvement Society in Birmingham entered into correspondence with one of the Birmingham representatives, Mr. George Dixon, begging him to use his influence in the direction of effecting a restoration of the functions of the Privy Council. Mr. Dixon at first endeavoured to pooh-pooh their proposals by a few contemptuous phrases about the properly elected representatives of the nation, but the working men, represented by some very acute student of constitutional law, follow the line of Chisholm Anstey's argument, and succeed in rendering the commonplaces of Mr. Dixon's answering notes the evidence of a total incapacity to appreciate the merits of the problem. Commonplaces, unfortunately, it must be admitted, are but too likely to prevail in this country against intellectual reasoning, and thus it may be feared that the impending agitation about the House of Lords is unlikely to give rise to any more satisfactory result than the maintenance of the status quo, and it may be we shall have to await the pressure of some serious national disaster before the country as a whole will realise that the usurpations of the House of Commons have really been accountable for what will then be recognised as the sufferings of the people.

THE current trouble connected with the agitation for Woman Suffrage is itself indicative of much more than the growth of opinion in favour of that idea. Papers opposed to the movement contemptuously talk of the demonstrations in the streets as rendering the movement ridiculous, as bringing the womens' claim into contempt, as disgracing its more reputable supporters, and so on, with varying phrases of contempt. They fail, or pretend to fail, to see that whatever is degraded and ignominious in the methods of those who have brought Lancashire mill women and others of the rough type to assault the police and get up rows in the streets, brings disgrace, not on themselves, but on the methods of modern politics. Some of the ladies who speak, attempt to put the responsibility on the government that refuses their demand. The responsibility rests with the system under which new legislative demands can only force their way into the field of practical politics by the ignominious methods of popular disturbance. Those who say that the suffragist riots in the streets are nails driven into the coffin of female suffrage, and so on, are talking nonsense of which they can hardly fail to be conscious. These riotous methods have brought the claim into the forefront of parliamentary affairs, have done more to make it a living question in a few months, than all the decorous eloquence of generations had been able to accomplish previously, while woman suffrage was merely represented by the intellectual advocacy of cultivated and decorous exponents. When a claim can give rise to popular riots it promises to pay one party or the other in a state the prey of the two-party system, to accept its championship. As yet, so to speak, the dividends it will pay are uncertain, and rival leaders are a little shy of the female demand, not quite sure yet whether masculine bigotry may not be an even more profitable ally. But meanwhile the simple fact is obvious, that a street riot, in a country under the dominion of the two-party system, is fifty times more effectual than an intellectual argument in the interests of any cause making an appeal to parliamentary support.

A VERY amusing illustration of the morals prevalent amongst the multitude was afforded during the past month by a little

incident on Ludgate Hill. A rough looking labouring man, for no reason that has been as yet discerned, thought fit one evening to smash the window of a jeweller's shop, and putting in his hand, seized traysful of rings, brooches, and other miscellaneous articles of jewellery, and flung them broadcast into the street. He made no effort to keep any for his own personal use, but bestowed this largesse on the crowd in a spirit of altruistic generosity. The multitude flung themselves upon the pavement and the roadway, hastily gathering the glittering gems. Decorous bystanders, of course, imagined that they were doing this with the view of restoring the property to its legitimate owner. But in the event, it appears that only one person of those who picked up the unconsidered trifles conceived it to be his duty to take them back to the shop. Out of some £250 worth of varied gew-gaws scattered in the way described, two or three, representing about as many pounds, found their way back to the jeweller. The rest will go to decorate unknown young ladies, friends of the fortunate finders, whose consciences, let us trust, will not seriously embarrass their pleasure in availing themselves of these adornments. But what was the motive of the personage who played the principal part in this curious experiment on human nature? Was he simply a cynic resolved to show that if in person he should be sent to prison for the part he took in the redistribution of property, that result would be a practical satire upon the incapacity of the law to deal with the lawlessness he had so ingeniously tested? He himself, it appears, was free from all covetousness concerning his neighbour's goods, but in a spirit of self-sacrifice was anxious to convey a moral lesson to the minds of magistrates unhappily unable to deal officially with any breaches but those of the eleventh commandment.

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