MARY EVEREST BOOLE

Collected Works

(Four Volumes)

Edited by

E. M. COBHAM

Preface by

ETHEL S. DUMMER



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PREFACE

In this day of discussion of the unconscious as revealed by the psychoanalysts, it seems timely to republish these papers of Mary Everest Boole who, more than a quarter of a century ago, made such genuine contribution concerning the unconscious mind and its importance in education. Her use of the term "unconscious" included all our power of functioning evolved from the amoeba to man ; the differentiated sensations of eye, ear and touch revealing the meaning of environment and experience, were, with their motor and emotional associations, "stored somewhere in man," becoming the material for thought. In this, as in so many of her observations and hypotheses, she anticipated the science of today.*

Her quotation from Jacobs gives us a clue to her wisdom : "We *feel* as our ancestors *thought* ; as we *think*, so will our descendants *feel*." Whereas Freud discovered in Greek myth the basis of emotional motivation of much of our behaviour, Mrs. Boole, in her study of Hebrew myth, found hypotheses showing struggle toward "correction of error" in thought and action. Instead of emphasising the regressions of persons bound to the past by immature emotion, she sought thought process which should lead man to ever higher levels of life.

From her early statement that there was a "sort of cellar to the mind from which ideas came as by a back-stair or elevator," such ideas needing always to be verified by the conscious mind, on to the invaluable little book, "The Preparation of the Child for Science," Mrs. Boole's life seems given to interpreting this inner functioning which she felt to be an important factor of a completed thought process. She writes : "Analysis is made by projecting the mind outwards, by the observation of outer facts, but the synthesis which completes the sequence takes place within."

It is to be hoped that some day a study may be made of the lives and works of George and Mary Boole, for her research throughout many years of widowhood appears related to an early experience of her husband. He told her that in 1832, when about seventeen, there "flashed" upon him that besides the knowledge gained from direct observation man derived knowledge from some source undefinable and invisible.

Mrs. Boole's study of this unconscious mentation developed

*C. Judson Herrick. *Brains of Rats and Men, pp.* 253–55. University of Chicago Press.

ideas concerning education which have been overlooked even by some of the progressive schools of to-day. In fact, the immediate stimulus to this edition of her papers was the statement that in America more children fail in arithmetic than in any other subject in the curriculum. It seemed imperative to call to the attention of educators her "Logic of Arithmetic," "Fun and Philosophy of Algebra," "The Mathematical Psychology of Gratry and Boole," and especially her fundamental treatise, "The Preparation of the Child for Science."

A few quotations will indicate her theory and method : "Adopt the custom of introducing children to each mathematical principle by some easy examples, in play, several months before it will be used in the work of school problems ; so as to utilise each to the full as a growing ground for the inspirational faculty, before it is given over to be hardened by the formation of convenient habits." "Many a life of intellectual muddle and intellectual dishonesty begins at a point where some teacher explains the rule for Greatest Common Measure to a child who has not had the proper basis of *sub-conscious* knowledge laid in actual experiences. Therefore, if you value your child's future clearness in science, trust no teacher to tell him anything about G.C.M. and L.C.M. till you have ascertained that he is able to find, easily and accurately, by means of compasses, the longest length that will repeat exactly in each of two unequal given lengths, and the shortest length into which each of two unequal given lengths will fit." "By training the hand to trace out Nature's action, we train the unconscious brain to act spontaneously in accordance with Natural Law ; and the unconscious mind so trained, is the best teacher of the conscious mind."

This fitted well with a theory of my husband, William Francis Dummer, that co-ordination of sense and muscle was a fundamental factor in the mental development of a little child. This kinesthetic sense is now used in teaching reading. By tracing the letters with the fingers progress is made by children thought feeble-minded. Professor Kurt Levin, of the University of Berlin, now says that the child thinks with his whole body. There was much truth in the thesis of John B. Watson, that the conscious is the verbalised and the unconscious the non-verbalised.* What he did not emphasise was the importance of those non-verbalised concepts as they register in the unconscious through having meaning for the child. "Children should be given time for things to speak to them."

**The Unconscious, A Symposium. The Unconscious of a Behaviorist.* Knopf., 1927.

Children are still given verbal rules before the processes involved have had time to register through actual practice, through arithmetical experience. This simultaneous appeal to conscious and unconscious bewilders a child. The thought process is not complete. Real understanding is blocked, and although examinations may be passed, mathematics is not comprehended. Progressive schools are rapidly improving method in social studies and in teaching all of the arts through creative activity, but in mathematics there is still lack of understanding of the danger of simultaneous appeal to the conscious and unconscious phases of mentation.

As far back as 1862 this pioneer psycho-biologist had discovered many of the principles of mental hygiene. Seeking the meaning of unconscious mentation led her to all the available physiology and psychiatry of her day. She nursed cases of hysteria for Dr. Maudsley, studied what was then called mesmerism, and straightened out "duffers in mathematics."

Fifty years ago only a few mothers of little children recognised the truth of her statement that unspoken thought was potent. Now a leading psychiatrist says that this is as natural as that "milk in the ice-box acquires the flavour of onions nearby." Another modern writes: "Emotion passes from one to another and then becomes thought." No matter how fear, anger, affection, jealousy or any form of selfishness seem hidden, they may be revealed in tone, gesture, posture and fleeting facial expression. Is not this sensitivity to emotion explicable as man's mode of communication preceding language? This influence of one personality upon another personality is a realm of the unconscious needing further research in order to discover both its dangers and its therapeutic values.

Re-reading Mary Boole in the light of modern psychology, one is amazed at her discernment, her classification of phases of consciousness and unconsciousness and probable motivation during these varying states, with suggestion for securing emotional stability. Modern mental hygienists, with their fear of day-dreaming, may well ponder the synthetic value of reflection, of meditation so necessary to creative idea, and the suggestions made by Mrs. Boole for avoiding the danger of slipping too easily from a conscious to an unconscious state.

In "The Forging of Passion into Power" there is interesting study of the introvert and extrovert types with methods offered for balancing one's tendencies in a way to utilise one's abilities and minimise the disabilities.

"The Message of Psychic Science" is a series of talks to a group

of London mothers who, finding their religion threatened by Darwin's new theories, sought Mrs. Boole's philosophic wisdom. She resolved these differences by emphasis upon the unity of nature. She spoke upon "The Forces of Nature" in a way which prepared the mind for the recent essays of M. Guye on "Physico-Chemical Evolution." Thrilling to Darwin's theory of evolution with the revolution in human thinking it produced, and with her recognition of inspiration as "the correction of error" she brought into one category, as the search for truth, both science and religion.

Her understanding of the need of reversal of attitude for the keeping of mental and nerve poise long preceded the contribution of Professor G. T. W. Patrick in his important book, "The Psychology of Relaxation." Her tracing this hypothesis back to the French engineer, Boulanger, is an interesting study of origins, of evolving ideas. A hundred years earlier Boulanger had also called attention to the connection of fixed mental attitude with the enslavement of the masses, and of periodic reversal of attitude with mental emancipation and power.

Mrs. Boole wrote : "All formation of habit is destructive of that *mental elasticity on the free play of which the possibility of pure inspiration depends.*" "Even for the kind of knowledge which inspiration is an appropriate means of receiving, inspiration, in its true sense of completed synthesis, is a slow and laborious process." "The cultivation of genius or original power, of intuitive and inspirational faculties, depends—as a writer* in the last century said—'on keeping the mind in a live and sensible state' ready to respond freely to the slightest stimulus of fresh suggestion" : "Inspiration is the correction of error."

Boole's early discovery of the unconscious Mrs. Boole phrased as follows : "The mind of man is encased in a mechanism which, besides receiving impressions through the senses, receives information also from some source invisible and undefinable, access to which opens whenever the mind, after a period of tension on the difference, contrast, or conflict between any elements of thought, turns to contemplate the same elements as united or as forming parts of a unity" or larger universe of discourse.

As a youth George Boole had wondered why in Hebrew literature God was always spoken of as the great All or Unity. Pondering this, he organised a mode of study which took any subject as a whole made up of parts and then as part of a larger whole. This method, giving a frame of reference for all data gathered in any branch of study, proved wonderfully effective. His mind

*T. Wedgwood.

swung free between extremes, from negation to affirmation, from zero to unity, with interest in every factor of a problem. Later, when he found the logicians seeking a method of symbols for reasoning, Boole's second discovery was, that by casting out from algebra all thought of number, mathematical processes proved adequate for reasoning on any subject. Mathematics became logic and logic was mathematics. This, Mrs. Boole claimed, gave "a perfect skeleton of the mind's normal action when engaged in evolving the science of which number is the material. It thus stands clear as a contribution to the Science of Human Psychology showing how minds of old worked when mastering difficulties."

Cassius J. Keyser credits George Boole with being the starting point of all the advance in mathematics since his day. Herbert Spencer said Boole had made the greatest advance in logic since Aristotle. His widow claimed that Boole's logic included the element of Aristotle, and that when fully understood was so simple as to make of every man his own Aristotle or Spinoza "according to his intellectual attainments." In her interpretation of the psychologic aspect of her husband's logic, the emphasis upon the time sequence necessary for the alternate functioning of conscious and unconscious holds a clue for us.

His discovery of the unconscious Boole never put into words. Before his death, however, he was delighted to read it in the "Logique" of Gratry, a French Oratorian, who in the middle of the last century was consciously utilising the unconscious. To psychoanalysts who are discovering the complexes of their patients through automatic drawings and writing it will be of interest to learn that Père Gratry made a practice of taking a pen in hand at a certain time each day, and then, "making silence in the soul," setting down whatever came to him about the unity of nature, finding that what was so written had valuable suggestion for the subject he was studying at the time. This should lead to further research. It is of significance that a new edition of Gratry's "Logique" appeared in 1908 and that Boole's "Laws of Thought" was republished in 1916 as the second volume of "Boole's Collected Papers." The first volume has not yet appeared.

As physiological psychology changes toward psychological physiology these hypotheses of Mary Boole concerning biological logic hold real value for us. To read her one must translate her phraseology into modern terms, seeking in her essays and parables, in her strange picturing of theory and practice, the underlying meaning. Her understanding of the sensations and emotions of the past as conditioning the actions and influence of human beings ; her sensing the different levels of life and the varying levels in

the life of one individual showed keen observation and depth of insight. The behaviorists can claim much of our action to be mere response to sensation, to emotion; the Gestaltists know that man perceives and perceives until a configuration appears upon a background; and the intuitionists, with their differentiation between instinctive intuition and intelligent intuition, also find truth, such illumination being based either upon millions of years of developing experience or upon long and careful conscious study. In these writings of Mary Boole one finds the thread of truth, which, running through the psychologies of to-day, links them together, as each interprets an aspect of the various phases in the evolution of human thinking.

ETHEL S. DUMMER.

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"THE OPEN ROAD"

1909.

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(*The same letter, without the postcript, appeared in "The Indian Spectator" of November 25th,* 1911.)

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(*This first appeared in "The Open Road" of October and November,* 1910. *It was published in book form in* 1911.)
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(*This was first published in "The Open Road", December,* 1910, *and January, February and March,* 1911. *It was published as a book in* 1911.)

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(*This appeared in "East and West," May, June and July,* 1911.)

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(*The material of this appeared in "The Open Road," April, May, July, August, September and October,* 1911. *It was published in booklet form in* 1915.)

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(*These appeared in "The Open Road," March, April, May, June, July and August,* 1912. *They were reprinted in "The Healthy Life,"* 1914, *and were published in booklet form in* 1915.)

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(*These papers were to have appeared in a magazine in* 1914, *but the war stopped its publication. They were published as a book in* 1923.)

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INTRODUCTION

DURING the eighty-four years of Mary Everest Boole's life—from 1832 to 1916—the world of thought and word and deed passed through a great number of phases. With many of these she was closely connected, and invariably gave what help she could to all who came to her. For this reason it has seemed best to arrange this collected edition of her works for the most part in chronological order; this seems to bring out most clearly the development of her thought. Where the date of the first written statement of a problem or principle is uncertain the date of first publication has been given. It was, however, Mrs. Boole's habit to keep published as well as unpublished work by her for further revision; the version printed here, therefore, is often not exactly that of the magazine or newspaper of which the reference is given. There is little risk of confusion here, because such revision was never a "bringing up to date," but either removal of paragraphs of local, personal or temporary character or else a clearing-up and elucidation of the original thought.

In most cases, peculiarities of spelling and punctuation, use of hyphens, made-up words, etc., have been retained; they all had their own meanings. 'Unsolvable,' 'reconciliate,' 're-form,' 'thing-al' are instances of this. In a few cases, probably due to there having been no facilities for seeing proofs of articles published in certain periodicals, there are obvious errors: it has seemed better, however, to leave readers to supply their own emendations than to make conjectural ones. In the article '*Suppose*' from *The Banner of Israel* I suspect that Mrs. Boole wrote *suppositions* where the extant copy has *superstitions*. Again, there is an evident mistake in a verse quoted from Thomas Davis, but I have not been able to trace the poem.

A complete index would have been of great bulk; the present one aims only at helping those who wish to trace names and particular examples and lines of thought.

In the earlier years most of the articles were signed "Mary Boole," or occasionally "M. B."; for later work the signature was usually "Mary Everest Boole" or "M. E. B." Sometimes, however, articles were published anonymously or a pseudonym was used. This was not accidental; Mrs. Boole's feeling on the subject was expressed in the following statement which appeared in *The Crank* over the signature of Virginia de Méricour.

ANONYMOUS ARTICLES AND *"Noms de plume"*

"Are the above-mentioned ever legitimate ? I think so. In many cases it is more honourable and *truthful* to use a *nom de plume* than to sign one's own name.

"Suppose a man makes a discovery in a special branch of science which happens to have a special interest for the public at a given time ; or in some way wins notoriety by some special service done to mankind. The fact does not confer omniscience ; yet it does confer prestige ; the general public become familiar with his name and accustomed to think that articles signed by it have some special value. . . . When the public is cured of this kind of delusion there will be no need for *noms de plume* ; but at present the delusion prevails.

"For this reason many honest men of science refrain from writing on *social* and *political* questions, lest their name should carry more weight than their amount of knowledge of *politics or sociology* warrants !

"But this does not seem to me quite the right solution. Because I have made one or two little discoveries in my own special branch of science, that does not seem to me a sufficient reason why I should not express my own opinion, for what it may be worth, on subjects which concern me as much as any other citizen. Therefore, when I write more or less as teacher, I sign my own name (whatever that may be). When I am only contributing my quota of thought to a public discussion I sign a pseudonym."

In this edition, therefore, such pseudonyms are recorded, and in two sections the signed articles have been grouped together and the pseudonymous ones put in a separate group. In one case it will be noticed that there are articles under the same title, one by Virginia de Méricour and another by Mary Everest Boole.

It has been impossible to avoid a certain amount of repetition, though wherever possible this has been avoided by means of cross-references. Those who are annoyed by the repeated allusions to some particular examples of notation, such as the spiral and the multiplication sum, will do well to read "Hunters and Brooders." They will see that the constructive thought often comes, not from many different examples, but by a process of approaching the same example from different points of view and for different purposes. It was a wonderful study for her pupils to see how she used, in conversation and in writing, the same mind-

pictures to help people of very different ages, races, occupations and ways of thinking.

What she was showing them went beyond all such distinctions—it was the normal working of the human mind. The hygiene of intellect and intuition, the power to approach the As-Yet-Unknown to get light on present problems, the safeguards of the truth-seeker, the recognition of man, with all his activities, as being part of the harmony of nature and yet the child of the Creator : these things she saw in everything. To her the earth declared the glory of God ; to her mathematics was the great revealer of man's safe approach to new truth, and ancient traditions and rituals were links of human fellowship throughout all ages.

She often spoke of . . . "The Ancient Secret, that mathematical notation is not a mere mechanism for calculating numbers, but the supporting framework of the same organic relation of man's mind to the As-Yet-Unknown of which religions are various outward expression."

She saw the prophets and teachers of every age . . . "presenting the Divine under three 'Persons' or masks ; viz., the Works of Nature ; the History of Man's Social Organisation ; and the Fact of Inspiration."

"The race that shall prosper is the race which brings up its children pure from the contamination of contact with the idea that one sort of good can be the rival of another."

Misunderstandings sometimes arose because Mrs. Boole appeared to drop some movement suddenly after having shown great sympathy with its promoters. Actually, she felt that her business was not to associate herself with any particular reform except those connected with mental hygiene. She tried to get people who were enthusiastic in favour of some reform or against some abuse to see how harmony could be ultimately attained, not by the repression of any opinion or feeling, but by the fullest expression of difference, followed by the discovery of some line of work about which both parties were in sympathy. The importance of this towards the saving of disputants from overstrain and breakdown, as well as from what they would afterwards recognise as harshness and even injustice to their opponents, will easily be seen.

Very clear statements of Mrs. Boole's habitual attitude towards any form of propaganda are to be found in "A Letter to a Teetotaller" and "A Letter to a Rescue Worker." A "worked example" is seen in the papers concerning the vivisection controversy.

In the same way she often brought out the meaning and implication of certain groups of data, so that people erroneously

identified her opinion with statements which were, for her, merely the "answer" to a sum presented for her working. When the "answer" is absurd, this proves nothing but that the data were incorrect.

She wanted propagandists really to think about their problem. "What I mean by thinking is: referring the subject of conversation to a general formula."

If logic is the art of thinking soundly, mathematics records methods of forming notations by means of which this may be done. In the preface Mrs. Dummer says that through George Boole's discovery "Mathematics became logic and logic was mathematics." The truth of this grows the more evident the more we lay stress on the word "*became.*" Logic and mathematics become one, not by colourless identity but by unification after differentiation.

Of Mary Everest's childhood and youth there are no contemporary records, but "A Child's Idyll," "At the foot of the Cotswolds" and "The Building of the Idol" tell us a great deal. Brought up on lines laid down by Hahnemann, she began early to think of herself as finding her natural aim in service to truth for the sake of humanity, and throughout her long life she never wavered in this purpose.

After Professor George Boole's early death she felt that she was carrying on his work (and that of her father, the Rev. Thomas Everest, and his friends, Babbage and De Morgan) by working with, and learning from, Frederick Denison Maurice and James Hinton. The first two of her books, "The Message of Psychic Science" and "Symbolical Methods of Study" show her work (at Queen's College and at home) of harmonising some of the various lines of thought with which her students were daily coming in contact.

Meanwhile, with the help of David Woolf Marks of the West London Synagogue, she was making a deep study of Mosaism and of the relation of the discipline of Israel to the thought life of the modern world, and wrote a great deal in Jewish papers, English and American. She had given careful study also to the work of Père Gratry, whose "Logique" was all but synchronous with George Boole's "Laws of Thought." Another line of thought she rediscovered in the little-known work of Nicolas Antoine Boulanger. A summary of much of this appears in "Logic Taught by Love," 1890.

Meanwhile she had been attempting to help spiritualists and people of hyper-æsthetic or mediumistic temperament to work out safeguards for their especially difficult tasks and investigations.

For a good many years Mr. Stapley (later Sir Richard Stapley) made his house, 33 Bloomsbury Square, which is now pulled down, a centre for the consideration and discussion of religious and social subjects. The circle was called the Christo-Theosophical Society, but I believe anyone who was interested could come. Speakers of all shades of opinion were invited, and the tradition was that every point of view was listened to with respect and discussed with courtesy. Mr. Stapley was a perfect chairman and it would have been quite impossible when he was there for expression of differences to become over-heated argument. Mrs. Boole read several papers at these meetings between 1891 and 1895, and some of these were printed in a journal called "The Unknown World," edited by A. E. Waite.

Some readers had found "Logic Taught by Love," too concentrated and its examples too far removed from their ordinary interests, so in 1897 "The Mathematical Psychology of Gratry and Boole," gave a few instances of natural laws of thought worked out in greater detail.

Mrs. Boole had always had before her mind some of the specific problems of education, as well as general ones. In the late nineties she put several papers before the Parents' National Educational Union, among others "The Preparation of the Child for Science." This kind of work continued in *The Essex County Standard*, under the sympathetic editorship of Charles E. Benham. "Saturday Talks," "Holiday Talks with Schoolgirls," and two valuable papers on "The Cultivation of the Mathematical Imagination" and "Boole's Psychology as a Factor in Education" were issued by him. At this time, just at the turn of the century, Professor Perry was complaining that students came to the Royal College of Science unable to use simple mathematics. His attention was drawn to Mrs. Boole's work on the means of cultivating mathematical power. Men who were prominent in responsibility with regard to English education were interested and encouraged the work, and two books by Mrs. Boole, "The Logic of Arithmetic," and "The Preparation of the Child for Science," were published by the Clarendon Press. By the courtesy of the Clarendon Press these two books are included in the present edition.

When released from this work of applying great principles to the immediate problems of national education Mrs. Boole's attention went, in the first decade of the present century, in two main directions. One of her chief activities during these years was the presentation to Indian thought of some of the factors which go to make up the problems of twentieth-century India—such as race-antagonism and the clash of varying traditions.

The other was the bringing into the everyday life, both of children and adults, for one's own study and for the consideration of the problems of politics, economics and ethics, those principles of sound mental action that have been worked out by the experience and suffering of prophets and reformers.

Several books were published in quick succession with this aim, and the present edition includes also a number of papers that have not previously been collected, from *Brotherhood, The Crank, The Ethical Review, The Seeker, The Open Road*, etc.

At intervals during these years Mrs. Boole wrote down the record of a quite different kind of experience. Before beginning—or, oftener, after concluding—a bit of solid intellectual work on some special problem, she would have a kind of vision in which the problem would appear in picture-form or sound-form. She would often say that such experiences had value, limited almost entirely to the person to whom they came. At the same time, she thought it would be unfaithful to the impartial study of the total mental response to a set of data to ignore these reactions from the unconscious. For that reason several such writings have been included here, e.g., "The Sleeping Beauty of Zion," "The Cutting of the Mistletoe," "The Revolt of the Dynamos."

Very little of the modern psychologic work on the unconscious came to Mrs. Boole's ears, since in her later years she had but little strength for reading. Yet it will be found that much of her work fits in surprisingly with recent psychology.

During the latest years Mrs. Boole's thought ran on the one hand to the recall and interpretation of memories of her childhood, and, on the other hand, to scientific observation of the oncoming of physical infirmity. The gradual coming of blindness and the increase of deafness formed a never-ceasing source of interest to her. She studied, in her own person, the problems of the deliquescence of faculty, the substitution of means of expression as organs failed, methods of meeting sleeplessness and discomfort, new ways of being helpful through apparent helplessness and especially the sacramental value of the universal experiences of weakness and pain.

This was not mere courage to endure, it was the cheerful and willing acceptance of life and all its implications ; living to her was the opportunity for human service and for rejoicing in the beauty of God's world.

Just because life was so precious a gift, she could hand it back, not merely ungrudgingly, but joyfully, trustfully, to the all-wise, all-loving Father from whose hand it came.

E. M. COBHAM.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE

Collected Works

Vol. I

I

Home Side of a Scientific Mind

Maurice and the National Church

Mount Carmel in London

The Message of Psychic Science
to Mothers and Nurses

Symbolical Methods of Study

The Eighties

HOME-SIDE OF A SCIENTIFIC MIND

This appeared in "The University Magazine," January, February, March and April, 1878; it had been written some years earlier.

In making the following notes upon the life of a man distinguished in his sphere, I would prefer them to be regarded rather as fragmentary studies of inner history in this nineteenth century, than as constituting a personal memoir. To those to whom they may have value, I would rather they came as an ethical than as a biographical contribution. The present series of papers has no pretensions to be a literary composition; but consists of jottings and fragmentary notes, rather affording light on a character of a rare order than presenting a definite biographic form.

There will, however, be many to whom the knowledge of the personality of the subject may rather add a pleasure than diminish interest; and such will have no difficulty in recognising one of whose special work Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his "Study of Sociology," wrote that in the "'Investigation of the Laws of Thought,' the application to logic of methods like those of mathematics constitutes a step far greater in originality and importance than any taken since Aristotle. So that, strangely enough, the assertion that 'we are backward in appreciating and pursuing abstract knowledge,' and the complaint of Mr. Arnold that our life is wanting in ideas, come at a time when we have lately done more to advance the most abstract and purely ideal science than has been done anywhere else, or during any past period."

The more I try to write about my husband, the more I feel the presumption of the attempt. There was a considerable difference between us in age; and he had been all his life so earnest, while I was so little accustomed or inclined to take things *au grand sérieux*, that I am sure he never can have shewn me more than a very small part of his mind. What little insight into it I ever had was gained chiefly by my starting topics of conversation, and his correcting my hastily-formed judgments, or sometimes agreeing with me; so that it is almost impossible for me to say anything about him without speaking more of myself than I like to do. Besides, when he was at home, I always considered that a great deal of my duty consisted in making fun of him, and for him, in order to prevent his intense horror of wilful wrong-doing from preying on his mind and making him morbid. When he went to Oxford or Cambridge, I generally preferred staying at home, so as to have some time to study my children quietly; hence I know very little of what he

was like among his equals in intellect. And yet he lived so retired that others seem to know even less about him than I ; so that it seems to fall to me to try to tell at least something of what he was.

He once spent an evening in the company of Mr. Jowett, at Oxford. Some one who was present said that he had never heard anything so like the Platonic Dialogues as the conversation between those two. I can't say I ever heard anything at all like Platonic Dialogues from him. When I have been with him in company, he generally talked just enough to set every one else talking ; and not much more than that.

He often spoke of the unsatisfactory state into which the study of mathematics was getting, especially at Cambridge, where he said it was made too little of a training for the mind, and too much a display of mere *tours-de-force*. A real mathematician, he said, must be something more than a *mere* mathematician, he must be also something of a poet. He spoke of the probability that a mathematical school of a higher order would grow up at Oxford. A professorship there having fallen vacant, he was spoken of as one who would have a chance of obtaining it. The position would in many ways have suited him, and I could see that the idea haunted him like a too pleasant day-dream. If he were ever at Oxford, he said, he would be able to throw himself heart and soul into his favourite scheme of trying to develop the teaching of mathematics as a healthy, moral discipline. There might be duties connected with the post which a man with more extensive knowledge of the details of the science would be better able to perform. *That*, however, he could of course leave to the decision of those with whom the appointment rested. But there was another difficulty in the way, and a much more serious one. If he were at Oxford, he said, he would be expected by many people to take one side or the other in theological controversy. The life of a man who would be a partisan of neither side might be made very uncomfortable. I persuaded him finally, but with some difficulty, to enter his name as a candidate, but without sending in any testimonials. The appointment was given to a young Oxford man. I have since heard that it was said in the university that my husband's way of sending in his name merely, looked as if he did not care for the appointment. Those who said so, little knew him. I think that there were times when the longing for intellectual companionship was very great, and the idea of what life at Oxford might be, but for religious bitternesses, was one which he hardly dared trust himself to dwell on.

I have often heard him speak of the danger which besets persons, in many social circles, of being tempted to acquiesce, by

silence at least, in religious opinions which they in reality think false and mischievous, for fear either of giving pain to others or of being supposed to doubt truths which seem to many to be, but in reality are not, necessarily bound up with those opinions. *Giving pain* was a thing from which he shrank with a sort of morbid terror. He had on one or two occasions to expose the wrong-doing of persons with whom he was officially connected. He spoke out boldly enough at the time, but suffered terribly for the next few days, and had to be watched and tended like an invalid, so great was the nervous strain. He used sometimes to say that if a man were so placed that it was his *duty* to give pain to others, he might always reckon on strength being given him to speak out : but that he himself felt he had no right, for his own pleasure, or for his children's advancement, to expose himself to the temptation of seeming to sanction what he felt to be false.

I have often heard him say that when once a man thinks himself bound to a settled creed, it seems as if truth, faith, and charity become impossible to him, except in so far as he evades his creed. His own warmest affection always flowed out to those—they were very few—who proved to him that this was not necessarily the case. When I knew him first he would (when too ill to bear the whole length of the service) rather not go to church on the Sacrament Sunday than have to leave before the Communion. Of late years he never received the Sacrament at all. He said that it had been originally intended as a bond of brotherhood, and was now taken as an expression of belief in certain doctrines ; that, whether the doctrines were true or false, this was a perverted use of the rite ; and he would have nothing to do with it. He used to say that a National Church ought to admit all people who accept the Life of the New Testament as the true life for man ; and that the question between Trinitarians and Unitarians, and even any such other question as whether the life of Christ was an actual or an ideal one, ought to be left to be discussed amicably within the Church.

He used to say that a sufficient proof, if proof were needed, of the indifference of the religious world generally to everything but the keeping up of a certain routine of theories, would be afforded by the reception given by it to every earnest, pious man who tries to find out the truth. Instead of heartily accepting the man for the sake of what he *is*, and then assisting him in correcting what they suppose to be his mistakes, clergymen and religious laymen pounce upon errors in doctrine and think them a sufficient reason for excluding him from Church sympathy. He always seemed to think the belief in dogmas, rather than in relationships between

men, the crying sin of the age. He used to speak with great indignation of any woman who, being married to a man of more liberal opinions than herself, tried to prevent his exerting a natural influence over his children. The father, he said, was the normal priest of the family; and a woman who supposed that fact to be altered by any private theories of her own as to what might be, or not be, correct doctrine, gave thereby sufficient proof of the radical unsoundness of her own theology. The best men and most earnest students in a nation, he said, these were its heaven-sent teachers, and these ought to decide on the theology to be taught in its Church; and he would begin to believe in the possible stability of the Church of England when some supposed heretical preacher was made Bishop, not because his doctrines were proved orthodox by his adherents, but purely on the ground of his Apostolical character.

He fully acknowledged all that doctors say about the importance of physical and mental hygiene; and thought that a child's being quite ignorant of everything, theology included, at twelve years old, would be a matter of no consequence, if it were possible for it to be healthy and have its faculties in working order without study. But he seemed to assume, as the first of sanitary facts, that there is direct contact between the Divine Magnetism and the nervous system of man; and to consider the main business of parents to be to cultivate such habits of mind in their children as make them most receptive of that magnetism. On the subject of corporal punishment, he used to say that a delicate child suffers physically far more from the nervous depression consequent on hesitating as to whether it should obey or no, than it would from the whipping which might have settled the question for it.

He told me, if I were left to bring up his children without him, never to allow them to be under the influence of any one who would teach them to think anything more respectable than *work*. Prayer and labour, he used often to say, are the salvation of mankind. He also cautioned me not to allow my ideas of Church discipline, or my desire for Church sympathy, to induce me to allow the children to be with those who would teach them to think that there is any merit in holding one set of opinions rather than another, or that any state of mind is more religious than a humble desire to follow the truth in any direction in which it may present itself. In all other respects, I was left free to bring them up as circumstances should direct.

I was never allowed to encourage our children in any babyish corruption of language. He would sit for a length of time with an

infant on his knee, teaching it to pronounce its first words with perfect distinctness. I have heard it remarked that to hear him teaching a little child to read was a most valuable lesson for any teacher. Every letter, every stop, every inflection of the voice, was attended to with the minutest care. This was partly in order to give the children habits of accuracy, and of reverence for whatever was their work for the time being. Partly, I think, too, because, language being a common property, he wished to discourage the idea of individuals having a private right to use it as they pleased. But he also felt that, considering what is spoken of in the Bible as "The Word," people who make any sort of profession of believing in the Bible ought to be very reverent in their use of words.

I was not allowed to stimulate in the little girls any ambition to excel, except in such occupations as are common to women in all ranks in life. A little pride in his own forefathers (whose character was that they were the *best thatchers and the most reading men* in their village) might have something to do with this. To be a good sick-nurse was always put before the children as the highest result of the best education, as the reward to which they should look for all the pains they took in learning.

He never allowed any theories of education which seemed to imply that parents may be wiser than Providence. I used to wish to keep the children from seeing animals killed, and was shocked when I found him promising them money for killing snails. His explanation, though very gently given, was in effect this : "Peasant children have to do it ; the world couldn't be cultivated if every one indulged in that sort of sentimentality ; and I don't want any unnatural theories brought into my house."

He was much vexed when he found that I had told them that their father was *"a 'genius,' as much as Tennyson or Dickens."* He said that they ought always to feel that they must take their chance through life like all other children, and not think of themselves as exceptions to any common rule. One of my most intimate friends—a girl who spent many an evening with us in reading poetry or looking at the telescope—told me that nothing could exceed her astonishment at learning, after his death, that he was an author. She knew some of his College class, and they talked of him constantly as their friend and guide, as having more influence on their lives than any other person (besides being the best teacher they knew) ; but nothing they said of him ever suggested the idea of his being known beyond his own College.

In giving hints on the subject of teaching he used to insist on the necessity of proceeding from the particular to the general—

from acts to principles. He told me, for instance, always to require a child to work a sum before I gave any explanation of the rule. They were to *obey* first and *understand* afterwards. He said that in the process of making a scientific discovery, you could never tell beforehand to what question you were going to find an answer. You set yourself a question, and presently found that you could not solve it without solving a much wider one. And when you had done so, if you wanted to give others the benefit of your discovery, you must not begin at once with the wider question ; you ought to go back on your own track—start with something like the idea that first suggested itself to you, and lead them on in something like the way in which you had yourself been led. An instance of this is given in the preface to a work of his on Differential Equations.

In speaking of the great anxiety of some parents to procure for their children the best and most accurate books—those which communicate knowledge most directly and with the least trouble, he used to say that they mistook the very nature of education. A great deal of the good of learning consisted in the struggle against difficulties and even avoidable difficulties were not necessarily an evil. He said that he had lost full five years in the beginning of his career for want of proper training ; but he believed that he had gained in the struggle what was well worth the loss. I asked him once why, if this were so, he was so anxious for his own children to have some sort of regular education. He replied that he wanted them to be educated in order that they might all have a fair chance of earning their own living, and of being something like what they should be ; but he knew full well that it would make it much more unlikely that any one of them would shew genius or originality.

When he had a school he used to make the boys spend a great deal of time in copying from books, and he wished me to make our little girls do the same. He thought it very important that children should spend a great deal of time over some mechanical work which could be done without the presence of a teacher, and which they must concentrate their whole energies upon, and do with perfect accuracy.

He used constantly to impress on me that plodding, patient, obedient *work* has more to do with making children good and pious than any talk about God, or about morals or duties ; for it keeps the right part of the brain at work ; whereas very much moral or metaphysical speculation, no matter on what subject, is a less healthy exercise, and in early life a positively mischievous one.

I suppose that he connected with this another very favourite

doctrine of his, viz.: that theology always has been, and always will and must be, reformed from the outside, and very much from the side of science. He used to say that in any discussion among mere theologians, the worst side must almost necessarily win the day; inasmuch as theological discussions put a premium upon getting into an immoral and irreligious state of mind; and the man who wishes to be just and true hardly dares speak out, lest he should be cried down as lukewarm and unbelieving.

He always recommended us rather to lose any outward advantage than to go contrary to an *instinct.*

In one of my note-books I find the following sentence entered as having been said by him:

> "To feel sure of our own future is presumption; to trust that whatever God does will be good, whether it secures our own happiness or not, is faith."

His whole theology, so far as it concerned the relation of the individual man to God, had regard to this life. We might be sure, he said, that all which is good will be perpetuated in some shape or other. Whether individuals will live to see it or not, he believed no man knew; and he, for his part, had no desire to know. The immortality he cared for was not endless existence, but the conviction that while he lived his mind would be in contact with truths that are eternal. Nothing that I have read is so like his ordinary talk on this subject as Renan's essay on Job, which he made me read to him repeatedly, and admired very much. So do I; but I don't think either Renan or my husband could have taught a ragged school. Intense devotion to great purposes is very well for people who understand what the purposes are. He objected to all eager speculation about a future life, both as being a proof of want of faith in God, and as tending to keep up an undue excitement of a part of the brain which rather needs to be quieted. He used to say that mankind had never tried yet what *this* world might be if they set the right way to work to mend it. A German physician of Jewish descent, but I think not a Jew (Dr. Arbarbanell, of Berlin), once said to him, "*Die Gemeinde der Zukunft liegt im Gehirn gesunder Männer.*" He often recurred to the words, laying great stress on *gesunder*, and said he should like to know more of *that* man. The contempt of clergymen for physical, especially medical, science, was one of the few subjects about which he ever became angry. He could not speak of it calmly.

I do not know whether it is generally known that some of those who acquire at Cambridge considerable skill in the use of the

Calculus confess that they never could understand it, and that but for seeing its results are correct they would not believe it. I remarked once to my husband that I believed no man who was naturally capable of understanding the Calculus could ever belong to the "evidence" school of theology. He seemed delighted with the remark. We were talking of Whately's papers on probability. Whately quite misunderstood the subject, I thought.

When Mr. Mansel's Bampton Lectures came out, he brought me the book and desired me to study it attentively, and tell him what I thought of it. There was something so droll in the notion of anybody in the present state of the Integral Calculus gravely reviving the old puzzle about the impossibility of reasoning from the finite to the Infinite, that I found it of course exceedingly interesting ; but I do not believe the most distant idea of its being meant for anything more than a gymnastic exercise would ever have crossed my mind if he had not at last told me it was meant in earnest. I entered into an argument with him once or twice to prove that it could not possibly be meant to represent the belief of real clergymen with real parishes, and women and babies in them. At last he roused himself with an effort, as if to say something which gave him pain, and said, "That is the faith of half the Christian world. You have been telling me lately that the people who profess to believe the Bible don't seem to be on the whole much the better for it ; so I brought you this book, just that you might see what it is they do believe, and why they are not the better for it."

He added that his reason for being so desirous to do something for the advance of the science of logic was that, if it were in a right state, every one would be able to see that the historical evidence for the truth of the Bible is worth nothing ; and then people would be driven to choose between having faith in God and having no religion at all.

Before proceeding further with these notes on home thoughts, I may quote a few passages from published expressions of my husband's, relative to science on the popular plane, bearing in mind what was said by a notable thinker to the editor of a periodical a dozen years ago, respecting the exponent of the "Laws of Thought" : "He would be a bold, even a rash man, who should venture to invite readers of serials to peruse in abstract the deep issues of Boole's intellect." I may sketch incidentally some of his results in logic and mathematics, but as these papers are mainly on thought in private life, it may be appropriate to give my husband's notions with regard to the "Social Aspects of Intellectual Culture" :

"Milton, in one of the most beautiful of his sonnets, addressed to his friend, Cyriack Skinner, commends the cheerful wisdom of refreshing the over-wrought mind and the anxious heart by social intercourse. 'Let Euclid rest,' he says,

> 'Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
> And what the Swede intends, and what the French.'

"And the brief holiday thus snatched from the dust and toil of life, from studies, and cares, and political anxieties, he exhorts him to devote to mirth and friendship. 'Heaven,' he adds,

> 'Disapproves that care, though wise in show
> That with superfluous burdens loads the day,
> And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.'

"He does not tell his friend that he is to neglect the duties of a scholar, for that seems to have been the special vocation of the man, and of a patriot. But he reminds him that there is a time for other things than these—a time for those delights which have been annexed to the companionship of our fellow-creatures —delights the capability of feeling which makes man pre-eminently a social being.

"The words of our great poet admit of a wider application than was directly intended for them. The labours and cares of life must, perhaps always, engross our chief attention. And there may be times which add to this ordinary weight of care a special burden of their own. Milton's friend lived in such times, and we, it seems not unlikely, are entering upon a similar period. To the increased pressure upon the means of life are now added anxious solicitudes about our country, the interests of liberty in Europe,

> And what the Swede intends, and what the French.

"Cast down by such thoughts, we may need to be reminded that when we have done all that we can do to provide, as members of families, for the interests of those dependent upon us, as citizens, for the honour and welfare of the State, one business of life yet remains, and that is, 'to live.' I include under this term the cultivation of our faculties and of our being, the delights of human fellowship, the innocent enjoyment of those good things which have been provided for us in the works of nature and of art.

"I would begin by asking you what we mean when we speak of the human race. Is it merely so many men and women, isolated units of humanity; some dwelling in this quarter of the globe, and some in that; some enjoying their brief tenure of existence under one of the great planetary cycles, and some under another?

You may have stood on a summer's day by some placid lake, and observed, as a light breeze swept by, raising its surface into ripples, how, in obedience to a physical law, each wavelet pursues its own course without interfering with, or in any way influencing the others. You may, in particular, have noticed how, when reflected back from the shore, they cross and override those which they meet, but still without mutual disturbance, until they are finally lost and no trace of them is left. Now, can this be taken as a just emblem of human life ? Are we who are assembled here, and all who in past ages have felt the joys and sorrows of humanity, but mimic billows upon the sea of time which follow in perfect independence their several tracks, and then dying away leave its surface as if they had never been ? I suppose you will agree that this would not be a true picture of our state and condition here. You will be conscious of the existence of bonds by which each age and each country stand connected with all others. You will feel that there is such a thing as *humanity*. I would beg most distinctly to say that I do not use this term in a sense in which it has sometimes been employed of late, and which seems designed to imply that there is nothing higher and greater than the collective race of man. Perhaps it is in the thought that there does exist an Intelligence and Will superior to our own—that the evolutions of the destinies of our species are not solely the product either of human waywardness or of human wisdom ; perhaps, I say, it is in this thought that the conception of humanity attains its truest dignity. When, therefore, I use this term, I would be understood to mean by it the human race, viewed in that mutual connection and dependence which has been established, as I firmly believe, for the accomplishment of a purpose of the Divine Mind. And having said this rather with a view to prevent any possible misconception than because I think such a theme proper to be discussed upon the present occasion—I remark that one eminent instance of that connection and dependence to which I have referred, is to be seen in the progression of the arts and sciences. Each generation as it passes away bequeaths to its successor not only its material works in stone and marble, in brass and iron, but also the truths which it has won, and the ideas which it has learned to conceive ; its art, literature, science, and, to some extent, its spirit and morality. This perpetual transmission of the light of knowledge and civilisation has been compared to those torch races of antiquity in which a lighted brand was transmitted from one runner to another until it reached the final goal. Thus it has been said do generations succeed each other, borrowing and conveying light, receiving the principles of knowledge, testing their truth, enlarging their

application, adding to their number, and then transmitting them forward to coming generations—

Et quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt.

Now, this connection between intellectual discovery and the progressive history of our race, gives to every stage of the former a deep human interest. Each new revelation, whether of the laws of the physical universe, of the principles of art, or of the great truths of morals and of politics, is a step not only in the progress of knowledge, but also in the history of our species. Could we trace back our intellectual pedigree, if you will permit me to use such an expression, we should find ourselves connected by that noblest of all lines of descent with every nation and kindred of men that has occupied a place in history, and with many others, of whose names and deeds no record survives. We should see the picture-writing, most probably, of some forgotten Asiatic tribe, passing through successive stages, analogous to those which are still preserved in the monuments of Egypt, until among the Phœnician people it gave birth to our present system of letters. We should behold the first principles of our science, and much more than the first principles of our literature and philosophy, emerging into light among those isles of Greece which seem to have been the chosen home of freedom and of genius in the ancient world. To the same source we should trace back whatever is most refined in the art of the sculptor, and no small portion of the science of the architect. To the Romans, above all others, we should find ourselves indebted for the principles of government and law. Theirs was even less the genius of conquest than of empire and rule; and the system of jurisprudence which they have left is still, in the opinion of some, their noblest monument. To the Arabians we owe our numerals, and through this the science of arithmetic. And beside these more distinct portions of the inheritance which has been transmitted to us from ages past, and of which the enumeration is far from being complete, how many customs, thoughts, and opinions, how many silent influences for good or for evil, do we not unconsciously owe! As respects the larger and more definite accessions to which I have referred, it would almost seem as if the law of human progression were this—that to different sections of the one great family of man different measures of special capacity were assigned, so that each, while fulfilling its own destiny, should also add to the common stock of intellectual wealth. I conceive the Greek art to be an eminent illustration of this principle, though others, scarcely less signal, might be adduced. Thus, it has been doubted whether we could, in the present day, originate that

union of wildness and romantic beauty, of grotesqueness and grandeur, which constitutes the predominant character of Gothic architecture. I can well conceive that it was only from a certain order of mind, the ground of whose character was formed amid the pine forests of the north, and whose later stamp was received from the stately but decaying monuments of Imperial Rome, that such a product could have arisen. But, having come into being, it remains, through its works and its conceptions, the parent of solemn thoughts to all succeeding times. There is, I need not remind you, one special task which these later ages seem destined to accomplish, a task of the highest importance, but which it would be a fatal error to regard as an end, and not as a means ; it is the extension of man's dominion over the material world. I will not attempt to examine here the various aspects of that much-disputed question, why so subtle and inquisitive a people as the Greeks made no advance in physical science ? It has been said that it is because they did not possess a proper method. But the difficulty is thus thrown back and not solved—for the question immediately arises : Why did they not possess a proper method ? The principles of that method are so obvious as to be almost axiomatic, and in other departments of speculation they were understood and applied by some of the great thinkers of antiquity. I suppose that we must conclude, with an eminent writer on the history of the inductive sciences, that the time for this development was not come, that there were other problems to be solved first, more intimately connected with human freedom and happiness. In confirmation, however, of the fact that the extension of human sway over the material world is an actual, whether or not it is a special, business of these times, we have only to consider what is going on around us.

"There exists yet another and not less important view of the nature of those elements which constitute civilisation. It is that the progress of knowledge and the arts not only forms a bond which connects the different generations of men together by interests and feelings wider than those which are merely national ; it serves also as a progressive manifestation of the nature of man—it makes us acquainted with the hidden capacities of our being. I remember the profound interest with which I read, some years ago, a treatise by a German writer, written with that fulness of learning which the Germans alone possess, and also with that ripeness of judgment which they do not always display, intended to trace the development among the ancient Greeks of the idea of the chief good of man. The author showed how that idea was associated among the earlier writers, as Homer, almost exclusively

with the possession of physical qualifications, largeness of stature, strength of limb, swiftness of foot, or with such intellectual endowments as we should now term cleverness, and perhaps cunning. He showed how at a later period it was connected with wealth and longevity, with the glory of ancestry, the exercise of a large and bountiful hospitality, the esteem of men. This is the form which it chiefly assumes in the writings of Pindar. Then he traced the idea through the Gnomic poets, under the form of prudence, self-respect, reverence for law and established religion, until in the conversations of Socrates it rises to the full measure of the conception of moral good. Now, this picture, though drawn from a source lying a little out of the general line of illustration, which I have adopted, will serve to explain the position I wish to establish. We are not to suppose that there was any moral faculty in Socrates, disputing among his friends about the true ends of life, which did not also exist, only in a less developed degree, in the heroes of the Iliad fighting before Troy, and the youth of Greece contending in the Pythian Games. But this is the lesson which I wish to draw: that it is not in the rude and ignorant, or in the savage and feral state of man, that we can see what human nature is. Its inferior elements predominate there, and all its nobler and more characteristic qualities remain hidden. It is the slow but combined action of the social state which brings out the germs that would otherwise lie buried beneath a stony and a wintry soil. Science, while it is thus a revelation of the laws of the material universe, is also a manifestation of the intellectual nature of man. So, too, all those arts which depend upon the perception of proportion, whether it be in forms or in sounds, are at least as dependent upon the existence of certain faculties of our nature, which faculties they make known to us, as upon any relations of external things. What a world of sweet and solemn emotions, for instance, does not music awaken within us, a world of whose existence we should but for that divine art be wholly unconscious, and of whose possible limits we are still ignorant! It is not in the instrument, nor in the pulses of the air, nor in the mechanism of the human ear, that the harmony resides, but in ourselves. In the mysterious depths of the human spirit those faculties have their abode, for whose calling forth all these external movements are but a preparation. And the science of the organ-builder and the skill of the musician consist in this, that they understand, practically at least, some part of that connection which has been established between mental and material things by Him who is both the maker of the universe, and the author of our spirits.

"I might take up the remaining branch of the argument, and

show that the researches of the antiquary and the scholar possess, when rightly pursued, the same kind of claim to our regard as the labours of the artist and the man of science. Undoubtedly there exists a great deal of trifling curiosity about things of no moment, and many a vain attempt has been made to reconstruct a living form out of those dry bones of antiquity from which the breath of life has fled for ever. In these pursuits, as in all others, but in these more eminently, there is need of a controlling principle. Things are not valuable because they are old and rare ; but the interest which gathers about the relics of bygone ages is then only legitimate when it flows from a deeper source—even from the sense of the fellowship of humanity."

He used often to say that men have no right to expect to be able to judge of what is true doctrine, till they have made their brains clear by some generations of observance of known moral and sanitary laws. This is a scientific version of a saying that will probably occur to most of us—"If anyone desire to do God's will, he will know concerning doctrine."

I know little of my husband's early life ; and the little I do know I have learned chiefly from others. His father was a shoemaker, who liked science better than business. He cultivated his children's tastes, but could afford to give them very little school education. From the age of fifteen the subject of this sketch earned his own living as a school usher ; and studied in such leisure time as he could find or make for himself. He studied at first mostly classics and theology, hoping to become a clergyman. Some gentleman who was interested in him wished to send him to college ; but at the age of nineteen he took a school of his own, in order to be able to assist his parents. A library to which he had been allowed free access was dispersed ; he could not afford to buy the books he preferred, and took up the study of mathematics for the simple reason that he found it cheaper to supply himself with mathematical books than any others, since each treatise took a long time to read.

The late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Everest, Surveyor-General of India, who made his way in the world entirely by his mathematical knowledge, has also told me that his own choice of geometry as the occupation of his leisure was determined by lack of power to procure in India books on other subjects.

It is a curious thing that all my husband's early friends speak of him as if he had been a saint from his cradle, and as if evil had been naturally further from him, and goodness easier to him, than other men. I think, on the contrary, that I never saw anyone in whom the possibilities of evil seemed more rife. Why his hatred

of pretension and selfishness hardly ever made him uncharitable to selfish or conceited people, why his multifarious tastes did not lead him to fritter away his time, why his love of meditation did not make him idle, why his keen sense of physical enjoyment did not cause him to be self-indulgent, why his all-sided sympathy, his love of seeing others cheerful, and his dread of giving pain, did not prevent him from being truthful, and above all, why the delight which women of all ranks and ages took in talking to him and waiting on him did not make him conceited (though he enjoyed their society and accepted their homage with the unconscious simplicity of an idolised baby), it might not be easy to say ; but it can hardly have been for want of a capacity for going wrong. I gave the best explanation I knew of when I suggested the "Calling of Samuel" as the subject for a memorial window in the cathedral of his native town. I doubt if it ever entered his head since he was born that he had a right to dispose of his own life at all. In speaking to me once of the alarm excited by the "Leben Jesu" of Strauss, he said that, however the idea of the life of Christ got into the world, there it was, and God sent it, and it was the true life for man on earth, and that was enough. It was enough for him evidently. Comparing him with most Christian people whom I have known, I should say that whereas they did things because a certain person did them, or commanded them, his goodness was more like that of one who had become so absorbed in the contemplation of an ideal that he had forgotten himself altogether.

One of our children looked up from her book one day and suddenly asked us, "What is Jesus, besides being a man ?" I had a morbid fear of the question, because it had been preventing friendships and doing harm in every direction all round my life. I wanted if I could to save the little creature from singeing her innocent wings at that flame ; so I tried to explain to her that nobody knows, and that she was not likely to find out in this world ; but that, as it was a thing people seemed very anxious to settle, perhaps the finding out was what was reserved for us in the next. My husband exclaimed, as if in a rapture, "*That's* the answer."

It was the only time in the nine years of our marriage that I remember his responding to anything that was said about a future life. The look in his face, as if I had opened to him a vision of Heaven, made me feel more strongly than I did before that his true life was one which none of us shared or knew much about. From those who could best have sympathised with his habitual *feelings*, such, for instance, as F. Denison Maurice, he was kept

apart by differences of *opinion* about something of which I could only make out that it was connected somehow with the words, "At-onement," "Mediator," and "Good news."

His own notion of comradeship may be fairly gathered from the stanzas, written something over thirty years ago, called *The Fellowship of the Dead.**

My acquaintance with the writer of these lines began some four years after they were written, during a visit I paid to the college at which he was professor. I had heard, long before, of his learning and genius, and was disappointed to find him so unlike my girlish ideas of a scientific author. He was considered a great acquisition at picnics and balls. Though he did not dance himself, he liked seeing dancing; was a special favourite with ladies, and seemed able and willing to talk to anyone on his or her special subject. I heard a great deal about him before I knew much of him. The students used to say, "You can't quote a line of doggerel from anywhere but Mr. Boole can tell you the next." "Mr. D. knows everybody, and Mr. Boole knows everything," was a proverb among them. Mr. D. was a professor who had mixed in literary society almost all over Europe. A lady was once giving a description of the different college officials to a friend. "And what is the Professor of Mathematics like?" asked the friend. "Oh, he's like—the sort of man to trust your daughter with," was the reply. I called one day on a lady, and asked for her children (who were all under seven years old). The abstruse mathematician had taken them for a walk, she said, adding that she was always happy when he had charge of them. "What a favourite he seems to be," I remarked. "He is no favourite of mine," she said, "at least, I don't enjoy his society. I don't care to be with such very good people." I observed that I never should have suspected *him* of being too good to be agreeable. "Oh, no," she said, "he never shows you that he thinks you wicked, but when you are near anyone so pure and holy, you can't help feeling how shocked he must be at you. He makes me feel very wicked; but I am always at ease about the children when they are with him; I know they are getting some good."

During that first visit of mine, an English clergyman used in conversation several droll Irish exclamations. Mr. Boole, after looking very nervous for some time, gave him a gentle reproof. The clergyman appeared as much astonished as the rest of the party, and remarked that such expressions meant nothing and were no harm, and that he had only used them in fun. Mr. Boole said very decidedly that if people would only think from *what*

*See *The Message of Psychic Science.*

they were originally derived they would never use them ; and proceeded to explain the meaning of two or three of them. Few things have ever given me so strong a feeling of *never belonging to oneself for a moment*—of being responsible for every word one utters—as that little lecture on etymology did.

I think I never saw anyone to whom religious services afforded such intense enjoyment as to the singular nature I am attempting to sketch. Perhaps for that very reason anything irreverent, either in the matter or the manner of such services, caused him intense pain. Bad singing in a respectably dressed congregation, loose, hasty expressions in a sermon, or bad reading by an educated clergyman, he seemed to consider little short of a crime. I have seen him set his teeth, as if they were all on edge, in speaking of some clergymen's way of performing the service. This might have been attributed to mere æsthetic refinement ; but he was nowhere happier than in little village chapels, where the people spoke reverently in their own dialect and sang fervently the best tunes they knew.

His evidently keen enjoyment of the simplest pleasures, of childish stories, funny rhymes, tame pretty landscapes, ordinary dance-music, flowers, and even of pleasant scents and flavours, was a common source of amusement to his friends. He bore all quizzing on the subject with perfect good nature ; but he used, after our marriage, to give me privately to understand that he thought indifference to common-place sources of enjoyment a sign of an irreverent habit of mind.

I asked him thoughtlessly once or twice what *made* the sight or touch of some object so pleasant. I got no answer but "Hush ! child." It was as if for him something supernal dwelt in every minutest thing.

A friend asked him to give me a little instruction on the subject of acoustics. He seemed pleased to have been asked. He told me he had come to what little knowledge of music he possessed through mathematics.

He did not seem to wish to encourage my special taste for mathematics, but took every opportunity of pointing out to me the beauties of nature and of poetry. He went to Killarney with some friends of mine. On their return they told me that in crossing Bantry Bay in a boat he had insisted on getting out to walk across Whitty Island alone, while they rowed round ; and that he had fallen into a bog, and been nearly smothered. They made great fun of the adventure, thinking that he had left them simply in order to explore the island. But to the end of his life I noticed that he never could bear, in travelling, or when visiting friends,

to be very long in any one's society. Solitary meditation seemed as necessary to him as food—more so than sleep. They spoke, too, of the way he went into cottages, talking with the peasants, partaking of their food, and entering into their life. He seemed to me to have suffered intensely from witnessing their great poverty.

Some of the students and their sisters used to make up parties to go for long rambles into the country, and always thought it a great matter to get him to join them. When he was not with us they talked of him constantly. When he was, he was always cheerful and kind, and quite one of us, as full of fun as any of us. But it was not always easy to get him away from his work; and I have known him accept an invitation and then forget it altogether. I heard many funny stories about his absence of mind.

A couple of years afterwards (in 1852) he visited my home in Gloucestershire. He was very kind and fatherly to us younger members of the family; and used to teach us mathematics, not as a lesson, but as a matter of interest. His first lesson to me was about the path of a planet. He described the body flying off into space, as it were, by the impulse of its own momentum, yet prevented from entirely yielding to that impulse by the attraction of the sun. He showed how the gravitation becomes weaker and weaker, as the planet goes farther and farther from the focus of attraction; and how it seems as though it must ultimately lose its hold. But by a mathematical law, the momentum diminishes (as the distance between the planet and the sun increases) even faster than the attractive force does; so that, however strong the original impulse, however eccentric the orbit, the gravitation ultimately conquers the tendency to escape from its influence, and brings the planet back to revolve round the true focus. He made me write out the mathematical part of my lesson, and seemed very anxious that I should have the theorem quite clearly in my head. But he gave me no hint that it was anything more than a problem in astronomy. Since his death I have found in his handwriting some notes on the subject of gravitation. They appear intended to discuss the question where a supplementary force ought to be placed so as to increase the effect of the sun's attraction, and assist it in diminishing the ellipticity of a planet's orbit. On the same scrap of paper are quotations from religious poems, etc.

His stanzas on the *Fellowship of the Dead* appear to refer to the same idea. In his "Laws of Thought" occurs this passage: "What evil may be in the eyes of Infinite wisdom and purity, we can at best but dimly conjecture; but to us, in all its forms, whether of pain or defect, or moral transgression, or retributory woe, it can

wear but one aspect—that of a sad, stern reality, against which, upon somewhat more than the highest order of prudential considerations, the whole preventive force of our nature may be be exerted."

I wanted him to teach me the Differential Calculus. When I first began to read it, a few years previously, it had seemed to me not *right* somehow—not satisfactory; till I found an old book on Fluxions, which I plunged into by myself, and which seemed to me as clear as crystal. After about a week's enjoyment of my treasure I spoke of it to my then teacher, who said that it was antiquated, and considered at Cambridge incorrect. He made me put it aside and go on with the Calculus, which now seemed clearer to me. When I told Mr. Boole of this he replied that the fluxion method, though clumsy and inconvenient, was the original and more logical of the two; and that no one ought ever to read the Calculus in its modern form till he had become familiar with the idea of the fluxion.

Besides teaching us mathematics, Mr. Boole would insist on reading Milton to us. He went into ecstasies over bits of field that seemed to me just like all other fields. He discovered queer old books on the shelves that no one else ever looked at. One of the family alluded to him as "That fellow that goes about the place with a Father under each arm." He was interested in so many things and so reverent over even the smallest, that he puzzled us all a good deal.

I hardly know what made me say to him, one day, while he was teaching me, that I wished he was a clergyman. "Why so?" he asked. I said that I thought he was fit for it. He seemed much distressed; and told me that he had often thought of it long ago, but it could not be.

One day I said to him that I never dared talk to any of my teachers about certain things which were matters rather of feeling than of knowledge, as they would be sure to think I meant something irreligious. The instantaneous change from his usual manner was wonderful. I felt that for the first time in my presence he had taken off some sort of mask. He begged me, in a nervous, eager way, never to talk about such things to anyone but himself, as people would be sure to misunderstand me. Next day he put me through a long catechism as to what I intended to do with my life; and ended by saying that, as he was too old ever to think of marrying, he would, if I liked, be my friend, and direct my education. But he tried even then to make me see that I had other duties besides learning mathematics. The last chapter of the "Laws of Thought" (of which he was writing the first rough

draught at the time) seems steeped in this anxiety to prove that abstract science is not the end of existence.

I did not know it then, but I had, in my childish complaint about people "thinking I meant something irreligious when I didn't," stumbled across the only morbid idea to which, so far as I know, Mr. Boole ever yielded, the only fear which ever made him uncharitable, the feeling which, as I afterwards found, influenced his whole life, and affected more or less all his relations with society. He could meet on friendly terms clergymen of any denomination, and discuss with them from the outside questions of literary and even theological interest, in the most cordial and courteous manner. But, like some other scientific men whom I have known, he hardly ever would allow himself to be drawn into unreserve with persons whom he supposed to care much for any particular creed ; or say anything before them which would show his real faith or feelings on religious subjects ; and in the last years of his life, since I began to read theology freely, he endeavoured to dissuade me from doing so.

I ought, however, to notice one striking difference between him and many scientific men of his way of thinking. So far as I can recollect, I never knew him to make a joke about, scarcely even to smile at, anything which was sacred to any other person. "Don't forget about speaking the truth in *love*," he said to me more than once within the last few weeks of his life ; when I was talking of some rather absurd doings in the little religious world of our village ; and he explained to me that the Greek meant more than merely *speaking* the truth—it implied being thoroughly true.

I have found copied into one of his note-books these lines by Alexander Smith :

> He who sneers at any living hope
> Or aspiration of a human heart,
> Is just so many stages less than God—
> That universal and all-sided Love.

I have often heard him express the same thought, himself.

From the time when he offered to undertake my education I saw little of him, and corresponded with him only about mathematics ; till 1855, when he found me ill and in trouble, and proposed to take possession of me and my affairs. Friends gave me many warnings ; about the difference in our ages ; about his ill-health, and my own ; about his small income, his irritable nervous system, and overworked brain. He himself had many scruples and doubts about imprisoning a young girl's life. But we made arrangements to be married as soon as possible ; in this

unpromising fashion, as it might have seemed, began a married life so happy that to look back over most of it seems like the remembrance of a sunny dream. The following passages are extracted from a letter written to me during our short engagement :

CAMBRIDGE, 15*th August*, 1855.

". . . It is delightful to me to feel that I can tell you anything that concerns myself without the least reserve, and that things which it might be vanity for me to tell to other people, may, without any scruple of the kind, be told to you. Well, then, I may say that I had no conception, before I came to Cambridge, how much I was thought of here ; not perhaps by the mass, but by the confessed leaders of thought and opinion. I cannot bring myself to write down what they say about my book. But one thing I may mention without fear or scruple ; many of the best men here have made a study of it, and express to me their perfect conviction of the truth of all its general principles. They see that the views of its opponents are untenable, and founded upon insufficient knowledge."

Then follow further details of such intercourse :

". . .Now all this is very gratifying to me ; not, I sincerely trust, from any vain or selfish motive, but because it is and ought to be a delightful thing to gain the regard of eminent men, and also because it makes me feel that I have been instrumental (oh ! how thankful one ought to feel for such a privilege and honour) in leading men to subjects of thought and speculation which might tend to counteract the too material tendencies of the studies of this place, and which in point of scientific truth and accuracy are quite on a level with those studies.

"I dined yesterday in the hall of St. John's, and had a great deal of talk with Mr. ——. It was very satisfactory to find how closely we agree in our opinions on the present state of mathematical teaching in England, and how we both felt in common that it does not, and cannot, without some great alteration, retain its value as an intellectual discipline. You will, I am sure, read with interest these little details which I pour out to you just as if I were only speaking inwardly to myself. You, I know, will rejoice to help me carry out those designs which, if Providence spare my life and health, I hope to see realised for the good of learning and the cause of truth. I try to discourage—and you must aid me in this—every personal thought, every reference to myself, and to fix my thoughts upon those higher motives which ought to rule supreme in the breast of every

votary of knowledge. If I lived much in the world it might be hard to do this; but in the more secluded sphere which I occupy, I shall not fear to fail in this and every other good effort."

Friends said afterwards that we must have been "specially suited" to each other. I think a woman must have been very curiously constituted who did not find some side of his mind with which she seemed specially suited to sympathise. But I did not at first care for most of his favourite books or pictures; I often did not understand his talk to other people; and his wide and comprehensive views of things were for years an utter mystery to me. He seemed to me to understand me less than he did most people. I know that I often jarred on his intensely English habits of mind by things which were due to much of my early life having been spent under French Catholic teachers. He told me that he thought the conditions of a perfect friendship would be totally dissimilar tastes, natural character, opinions, and acquirements, harmonised by similar ultimate objects and views of life.

He had made a thorough study of the subject of domestic relations; and faced the difficulties which presented themselves in the same reverent and scientific spirit as he would a new mathematical problem. Family peace he cultivated as if it were a tender plant; it was God's gift; to throw it away, or to allow me to do so, by indulging our own tempers and idiosyncracies, would, I am sure, have seemed to him like spilling Sacramental wine in a street fight.

The first time that I indulged in an explosion of temper at being thwarted, he gravely walked away. I was dreadfully frightened then; and of course the next thing was to try to get up a hysterical reconciliation. He looked at me for a few minutes with the air of a kind doctor considering the symptoms of a delirious child; and then gently and tenderly, but very resolutely, remarked that I was tired and had better come home and get some dinner. I need hardly say that my first attempt at diversifying my existence after that fashion was also my last.

On one occasion, being made aware that a child of his (who was peculiarly sensitive to the influence of music) was quarrelling with her sisters, he went quietly out into the garden, lifted her up in his arms, carried her without speaking into the drawing-room, and sat down with her on his knee; remarking to his brother: "Here's a little girl who is not very happy just now. Will you play to her?"

I remember once, not long before the birth of one of our younger children, apologising for contesting some point rather hotly, by

saying that I was not fighting merely to get my own way ; I would have yielded at once had I not thought the matter important for the children's welfare. He told me that nothing was so important to children's welfare as harmony between their parents ; and that no educational advantage that a mother could procure for her child could ever compensate for the injury which she inflicted on it by indulging for a moment any feeling of irritation against its father before its birth.

He had read a great many medical books, especially such works as those of the brothers Combe. He was much attached to the late Dr. Barter, who had spent thirty years in the study of non-medicinal therapeutic agents ; and he insisted on my consulting Dr. Lydia Fowler, the phrenologist, saying that I should gain from a woman like that much valuable information which I should find it hard to acquire elsewhere. He never lost an opportunity of adding to his stock of knowledge about the nature of human relationships ; and often answered my questions by some references to "mesmerism." It is sometimes said that materialistic views of brain-action have an irreligious and immoral tendency. I certainly never met anyone more invariably conscientious and reverent than my husband ; nor anyone who seemed so constantly to remember that thought and emotion are carried on by means of the physical machinery of the brain.

Again, he had clear and well-considered ideas about the relative position and mutual duties of the different members of a household. I at first made one or two feeble little attempts at doing what I had gathered from tracts to be the duty of a young woman who had been brought up in a clergyman's house towards a man of the world who had not had that advantage. They were summarily put down. It was no business of mine whether he said his prayers or not, I was given to understand. So also it was a man's own business to decide to what work he should devote his life ; and to what extent he was to sacrifice himself and his family to his work. It was a man's place to decide for himself *what* he wanted or ought to do ; his wife's was to make him define clearly what he himself did want to do ; to help him to find out how it could best be done, and then to be resolute in insisting on his doing it. When once he had made me clearly understand that he intended to tolerate no interference with either his religion or his work, he was as docile as a lamb about everything else.

Soon after our marriage I found a sheet of paper covered with blank verse on some classical subject. "What's this ?" I asked. "Some poetry of mine." I read half through the paper. I had been told he was overworked. I had to preserve his brain from needless

exertion, and save it for science, at least, so I thought ; and I supposed that writing poetry was hard work. I walked over to the fire and dropped the paper into the flames, asking him never to write verses, but, if he had any poetry in his composition, to let it out in talk to me. He promised compliance, but with a curious smile which puzzled me at the time. Those were, I believe, the only verses of his which I saw during his lifetime. The treasures which I found in an old box after his death—hymns, metrical versions of psalms, sonnets and verses about myself (but all written before my prohibition), were a revelation to me of powers in him which I had not suspected. There was not a line in any of them which might not have been written by a devout and liberal Jew, acquainted with Christian literature.

The affairs of his college had been for years in a very uncomfortable condition ; and the maladministration and general misdoings of the authorities formed, as I have observed in my visits there, the stock subject of conversation among the professors, and one not conducive to health or harmony. My husband had been the general referee of all parties. Soon after our marriage I requested him never to talk of college affairs to anyone if he could help it. I had reason to know, afterwards, that he carried out my instructions to the letter, until an occasion arose when we agreed that it was his duty to interfere. I had undertaken the care of his health and brain ; it would no more have occurred to him to resent my forbidding particular topics of conversation, or particular modes of recreation, than his doctor forbidding particular articles of diet.

This clear understanding of the claims of responsibility to respect, ran through all his domestic relations. He used to say that it is seldom worth while to discuss what ought to be done ; inasmuch as we usually have not knowledge enough to be sure what is best in any given case. The thing to be clear about is, who, in each particular case, is the person who ought to decide on what shall be done. He used, sometimes, to remind me of the derivation of "buxom" from "biegsam" ; as if there were some natural connection between healthy energy for one's own business, and the pliancy which bears quietly what one has no call to meddle with.

On entering the breakfast-room one morning, he found one of his children occupied in making toast, and addressed her in German. No answer. After repeating his remark two or three times, he asked, "Don't you understand me ?" "No." "I don't think I've used any new words, have I ?" "I wasn't listening." "Why weren't you listening ?" "A pretty thing it would be if mother came down and found her toast as black as the chimney because little girls were talking German with their fathers." It was with

the greatest pride that he related this anecdote to me, adding that he had praised the child for her clear perception of her duties, and said to her, "When mother bids you do a thing, don't listen to *anyone's* talk." The same child created considerable astonishment in the mind of a juvenile guest by the peremptory manner in which she lectured her father for leaving his wine-glass too near the edge of the dinner-table. "My papa says it's the father's business to order about the children, not the children's to order the father about." But according to my husband's views of life, it was the little assistant housekeeper's business to "order about" anybody who left his wine-glass in the wrong place ; and the duty of the head of the family to set an example of cheerful submission to any rebuke coming from an authorised quarter. It would have been difficult not to be happy in a household of which each member found her sphere of action so clearly defined, and was left so free to act within it.

Directly after our marriage my husband gave me the "Theologia Germanica," and told me that was the only theological book he would make a point of my studying. He was for ever reading the Psalms, and seemed to know them nearly all by heart. When first I found out that he did not think it necessary to believe the whole Bible literally, I asked him how one could be sure that any of it was true unless one knew that the whole was inspired. He told me to do the work that came to me to do, and to pray, and be sure that the God who had guided me so far would take care of me to the end.

A few months after our marriage he hurt his eye and had an attack of acute ophthalmia in consequence. It was my first experience—it was by no means my last—of a fit of illness treated as a holiday. The pain was at times severe. But I never shall forget the childlike delight he seemed to take, when it was over, in lying still, with his eyes shut, and being read to. He never agreed with the common notion that a fit of illness is necessarily an evil to be endured. I do not mean that he said much about it. But to himself it evidently was rather a holiday to be thankfully enjoyed. He seldom suffered much—except locally (from pains in the chest or from rheumatism). There was scarcely anything of what is called nervous suffering. When out of actual pain, he would lie, perfectly content, for hours, alone, if I were engaged, apparently enjoying his own thoughts. Whenever I could go to him he liked me to read to him. I read novels or magazine articles, or simple German tales. In health, he seemed to enjoy reading or hearing sermons, or devotional poetry, or theology, or religious biography, more than almost any other occupation.

He never admitted that indisposition, unless very severe, was

an excuse for neglecting real duties ; or even that one's health would be benefited by such neglect. But he liked to make any slight illness of himself, or me, or one of the children, a holiday to the whole household (if no duty was interfered with), an excuse for putting aside the ordinary routine, and giving ourselves up to the luxury of nursing and being nursed. When I was not well he would nearly always bring up my breakfast and dinner himself, accompanied by as many children as could walk, each carrying some of the necessary apparatus, he taking the greatest pains to teach each to do her part carefully and well.

One of the things he most tried to cultivate in us all was the power of turning away at will from any grief, annoyance, work, or anxiety. "Is there any reason for you to settle that matter just now ?" he would say. "Because, if not, you will do it much the better for getting a rest first. Come and look at the fruit-blossom," or "take a walk," or "sing some hymns," as the case might be. And, what ever form of recreation he chose, nothing less than giving ourselves up entirely to it would ever satisfy him. His reverence for science amounted to nothing less than worship. He interpreted such expressions in the Psalms as "The word of God," "The testimonies of the Lord," etc., as meaning "everything that God has given to man to know," or rather as "all the laws of the universe." He thought that every physical, especially every medical, fact formed a part of that Truth, to follow after which is the religion of man. But he constantly assumed that moral laws and spiritual relations were intended, not indeed to over-ride, but to use and govern, physical facts ; and that physical laws would best serve those who obeyed them for a moral reason and were not afraid to disregard them in a moral cause. I am sure that his own life afforded a justification of this belief. For in spite of hereditary disease of the lungs aggravated latterly by residence in a damp climate, of a nervous system sensitive in the highest degree and originally even irritable, and of a fearful amount of head work which had been for many years carried on amongst noise and interruptions, his life was one of such enjoyment (even physically) as few people, I fear, know anything of. I used to think when I met him out of doors, and watched him before he was aware that I was near, that he seemed scarcely to touch the ground. Some intense and happy thought seemed to be carrying him along almost without his appearing conscious of what he was doing.

He seemed under some circumstances to make a religious duty of putting ourselves, or one of the children, into the most perfect state of physical luxury that was attainable; if a child was unhappy, or very cold, or suffering from the effects of a *temporary* fit

of naughtiness which had already been repented of and forgiven, he would take it on his knee and spare no pains in making it as comfortable as possible. And then I used to overhear scraps of conversation like the following: "Are you quite warm?" "Yes, father." "Are you quite at rest?" "Yes, father." "Quite comfortable?" "Yes, father." "Do you think if any naughty person wanted to tease you, he could reach you now?" "No, father." "Would you like to go to sleep there?" "Yes, father." "Now tell me where the place is where children feel quite warm, and comfortable, and safe, and where they like to go to sleep." "Father's arms," the child would reply with great unction. "That's a good child. Don't forget that. *Father's arms* is always the safe place. Now go to sleep." It would, perhaps, be attributing too much of consciousness to him if I said that he had any definite purpose in this gathering, in play, all pleasant associations round the word "Father"; I would rather suppose that this life had become so transparent that he could not prevent something shining through it always.

If the children were obstinate, or indulged in repeated disobedience or temper, he used to tell them that he could not love them if they were naughty or selfish. I sometimes remonstrated; I thought they ought to feel that we loved them always. But he used to reply, "I can't help it, it is *true*. My love varies with their behaviour, and it is right that they should know it."

At the time of our marriage my husband was, in one sense, an almost unknown writer. Some highly abstruse papers in the Royal Society's Transactions and the "Cambridge Mathematical Journal," and a tract on the Mathematical Analysis of Logic, had earned for him a gold medal and had caused a few men of mark to speak of him as a good mathematician. He owed his appointment as professor mainly to one individual in the University Senate (the Vice-President of the college at Cork to which he was appointed), who had heard of him privately from a friend in Cambridge on whom he relied, as a man sure to do credit to any institution with which he was connected; and who wished that one at least of his staff should be a man of original genius, unhampered by University traditions. The "Laws of Thought" was published in 1854, at the joint expense of the author and a friend. Some of the leading men in Cambridge and Oxford read it; but very few copies were sold, and very few people knew what it was about. I thought it, when I read it over again towards the close of my husband's life, clumsy and needlessly difficult. I told him that it seemed to me as if the thought of it had struck him like a flash of lightning, and he had written it while staggering and blind from the revelation. He

quite agreed as to its being ill written and unsatisfactorily arranged. He said that the thought of expressing logical propositions in algebraical terms had first struck him when he was a boy, during a walk across a field ; but he had laid it aside for many years, being interested in other pursuits. When he began to work it out, he took seven years in writing the book, "and I wish now I had taken fifteen years instead," he said. Of course, when I read part of it in MS. as a girl, I did not understand it well enough to judge of its defects ; I only got a vague sense of safety and comfort from finding it proved that all our thinking was under the shelter of algebraical laws, even when we were not conscious of using mathematical symbols.

The author promised that if I married him I should help him with his work ; but as to what sort of help I could give, he turned out to have no clearer idea than I had myself. For the first year or two it seemed as if this cherished purpose was never to be realised ; for how could I be of any use to him (except as a mere amanuensis) when his mathematical attainments were so far in advance of my own that there was no possibility of our pursuing conjointly the same subject ? It was during a visit to Cambridge that this difficulty was solved. A publisher whom I met there took pains to show me the mistake into which we had fallen. "Why do you want to help your husband make discoveries ? He is perfectly well able to do that without you. The thing he can't do is to bring down his discoveries to the level of those who want to understand them ; suppose you try to help him to make himself intelligible." This was the purport of his advice. It was a flash of light on the situation. A little more talk with my new friend put me on to the right road. As I had not sufficient knowledge to assist my husband in prosecuting mathematical researches, I would try to make use of my ignorance, by representing the uninstructed public, who waited for enlightenment till he should make himself intelligible. I was to be a sort of lay-figure, or milliner's doll, on whom the new book should be tried, to judge of the effect. We were to begin at once on a text-book of Differential Equations, which my adviser undertook to publish. To the best of my recollection I learned the very meaning of the term Differential Equation from the MS. It was up-hill work for us both. At times the author jumped *à pieds joints* over real difficulties ; at others he would write out an elaborate proof of some point so simple that one missed it altogether. I have often read a paragraph over and over till my head ached, in the vain effort to find out what it was about, not being able to believe that he would waste words to prove a thing that was perfectly obvious from the beginning. All this caused a good deal

of delay. The subject of Singular Solutions had a curious fascination for my husband, then and to the end of his life. The chapter of the text-book which refers to them was written in a sort of religious rapture. Unfortunately, that did not make it easier to read ; five times, I think it was, that unlucky chapter was brought to me ready for the press and returned as not intelligible. The sixth version of it I allowed to pass. It has amused me often since to hear Cambridge graduates remark that "that chapter does not read like an ordinary text-book." After this experience I began to be able, not only to help my husband myself, but to utilise the assistance so willingly given by his college students. Friends used to wonder how I found time to give so much help ; but much of it was in reality given by our patient and intelligent volunteer assistants. In fact, our intercourse with the students is one of the things which I can look back upon with unmitigated pleasure. For several years I knew every undergraduate who had any special aptitude for mathematics, and many of them very intimately ; and I do not remember hearing a word from one of them that I wished left unsaid. Yet they seemed quite at home in the house. They came at all times of the day ; to take a walk with the Professor, or to copy or collate almost illegible MSS. with me. Usually only one or two came at a time ; but sometimes we had students' parties, and those evenings were glorious fun. I think the Professor talked rather less than the rest of us, but laughed even more.

At one time my husband thought that I should be of more use to him if I had actually attended college classes. For a few weeks I joined the senior class; but the higher education of women was a new idea in the country in those days, and a lady who attended mathematical classes was something quite anomalous. One old lady told me, in a terrible fit of excitement, that it was "quite unmaidenly" of me to accompany my husband into his lecture room. To save trouble I desisted. But the senior class themselves had more liberal views on the rights of women; they kindly migrated to our own house in the suburbs for lectures ; and, as soon as the "Differential Equations" was published, we all began to work carefully through the examples with a view to preparing the work for a future edition. Another year the class and I took up the subject of Finite Differences. We had no text-book, we created one as we went on.

But the direct help which any one could give to my husband was small compared to the indirect help which he got for himself from every one around him. It was wonderful to see how his affectionate kindness enriched his intellectual life.

He was a fairly good French scholar before I knew him ; that is to say, he knew the etymology of French words, and could translate any French sentence into its nearest equivalent English. But he did not like the French language or literature ; and of the subtle shades of French thought and feeling for which English has no expression he seemed to have little perception. After our marriage he grew to understand the French mind by sheer force of sympathy with my feelings about many things. A friend gave me some of the works of Renan and Michelet, which seemed to open up a quite new world to him. It was odd to see this intensely decorous Englishman studying with delight Michelet's ideas of domestic life and female education.

Then, again, he took great pains to gratify my curiosity to hear Mr. Maurice preach. I forget what the sermon was about. But Mr. Maurice's earnestness impressed him at once, and from that day forward he never lost an opportunity of attending his church ; and his ideal of perfect earthly bliss always included "hearing Maurice read prayers." An Evangelical lady on her deathbed gave me a copy of Maurice's "Prophets and Kings." She *said* it was for me ; but she was very much attached to George, and I cannot help thinking that she conceived it to be the best common standing ground for an Evangelical old lady and a philosopher in search of a theology. He read it with great delight ; and henceforth from whatever quarter of the theological compass young people came to him for help in their mental difficulties, he always advised them to read this book. He told me that Renan was, of all living men, the one for whom he had most reverence, and that there was no one outside his own home whom he loved as he did Mr. Maurice.

Two friends of ours wanted him to meet Mr. Maurice at their houses ; and one asked him to write for a liberal magazine, in the conducting of which Mr. Maurice was to have some influence. He declined both propositions, and ever after rather avoided these friends. "It would never do for you and me to get mixed up with that set," he said to me, with a look of absolute pain on his face. There was something in this very perplexing to me. It was in curious contrast to his amiable and pliant habits of mind ; but at that time I supposed he knew best, and did not try to interfere.

He had very heterodox notions on the subject of the selection of one's acquaintances. He simply ignored all theories which suppose that one is to keep one's visiting list within certain social levels ; only he had as little as possible to do with rich people who made a display of their wealth, and refused ever to let his children visit them. I knew the mothers and sisters of students in all ranks of life. I have had people to spend an evening with me of whom

he could tell me nothing, except that he "had met them at a railway station, and thought they might like to see the telescope" ; or he had "gone into a shop and found the man behind the counter intelligent, so he had asked him to come and have some more talk about optics." I have had a street band from town brought down to lunch in our garden.

He hardly ever gave a reason for departing from the ordinary customs of society, in this or other respects. He let me and others laugh at him, and lecture him if we chose. Sometimes he would throw out a careless-sounding allusion to "the greatest good of the greatest number," as being the proper object to live for. Altogether there was a something about him which strangely reminds me of rich fruit that has struggled, unnoticed, through frost, and storm, and biting winds ; and then, when it is ripe, veils itself shyly under gleaming leaves and glittering dew-drops, and only lets you know it is there by its fragrance.

He used to speak with great disgust of the little interest taken by ministers of religion, both Catholic and Protestant, in the mental culture and amusements of the people. There was a "Temperance Band" in our village, in which he took great interest. He invited the members to tea to look at our large telescope, and offered to teach them book-keeping or Euclid, etc., etc., if they had time to spare from their music. It was suspected by many people that the Irish "Temperance Bands" were an excuse for political meetings ; and, of course, some fun was made about the "Professor's pet Fenians." There was something in the look of the lads when they met him which made one feel that, whether they were Fenians or not, they would in the event of an outbreak have protected us with their lives. I, at least, would rather have trusted them than a force of police.

There was one professor, a doctor in the college, whose conduct was in some ways considered objectionable. At last a statement appeared in the newspapers which showed that Dr. —— had at last done something which would cause him to incur both public disgrace and the loss of his chair. Immediately on reading it, my husband called to consult with the family as to the means of making the most honourable retreat possible under the circumstances. His advice was not taken, and the poor man covered himself with disgrace in a public court. As soon as the inquiry was over my husband went forward, and offered him his arm to escort him from the hall to his carriage. I believe he suffered far more than the culprit himself did.

During his last illness, as soon as it became desirable to call in a second physician, he selected the dismissed Professor. He got so

excited about it that I was for a time alarmed. But it was only "the ruling passion." He was "sure it would give Dr. —— pleasure," he said, "to be called in to an old colleague. And besides that, he lived rather nearer to us than the other medical men of the town, and it would be convenient; and it was always well to employ *neighbours*."

This strengthening of ties between "neighbours" was one of my husband's great fancies. If a tradesman of the town happened to have a country house in our village, he would like if possible to deal at his shop; but he liked even better to employ the village work-people. As a mere matter of business the plan answered often very badly; but the tradesman and his customer would often meet and exchange a few kindly words on the road; so I suppose it was on the whole good for the "greatest happiness of the greatest number."

I need not say that he was talked of as "odd."

Two of our neighbours, a lawyer and a sailor, were once, I was told, talking over a purchase we had just made, and various arrangements therewith connected. "Mr. Boole is as innocent as a child," said the lawyer; "anyone could cheat him." "So they could," replied the sailor; "but what a villain a man must be who could try."

"They say your husband is a very learned man, my dear," an old lady once said to me. "I never saw a learned man before that one could *talk* to." "He's an innocent as a child, bless him! and as good as an angel; but I *never* should have guessed he was *clever*," another remarked. After his appointment to the mathematical professorship, he was once making a walking tour through the Isle of Wight with a chance companion whom he had met at an hotel. After several days of constant companionship, and a great deal of conversation on various subjects, some point in mathematics was spoken of, and Mr. Boole expressed a decided opinion on it. "Well, I should have thought the *last* thing you were likely to know anything about was mathematics," said his companion. He told me this story in great glee.

My husband used to investigate his babies as only great philosophers, it seems to me, ever do care to study little children; and his letters to friends were full of speculations on the origin of language suggested by their prattle. I used to try to teach them and the servants to respect his study during his hours of work; but my attempts in this direction were frustrated by his determination to be at everybody's service. I wanted to institute a rule that the passage outside the study door should be swept while he was engaged at college; he insisted that it should be swept when the

servant found it most convenient. He had grand theories about making children unselfish ; he liked them to learn to sympathise in our illness or troubles. He would make them stay indoors in the finest part of the day to help a servant in her work, and often made them sit still, to an extent which I thought injurious, that they might not disturb me. He discouraged my exerting myself for their comfort when I was tired, and blamed mothers severely who lazily allowed themselves to be made slaves of. Our children were to be treated as members of a household *first of all*, and any care for them as individuals was to be a secondary consideration. "Selfishness is worse for their health than little hardships," he used to say, "and even if it were not so, they had better die than grow up selfish." But where only his own comfort was at stake, he was, as a rule, incorrigibly yielding. A neighbour's child bounded into the study one day where we were at work, exclaiming, "Oh, please we are playing at lions, and we want a good lion who can roar well. *Do* come and help !" He not only went with her, but often spoke afterwards of the incident, and seemed highly flattered at being picked out as a "good lion who could roar well." In fact, when he did a kindness he almost always spoke as if he were the obliged party. In one sense this was genuine ; he learned so much from every one that I believe he quite honestly felt every one was doing him a favour in bestowing their society on him. But I found out gradually that a certain almost convent-like and ascetic exaggeration of humility and self-abnegation formed a part of the "mystical repose of soul" which was for him the condition of intellectual exertion. The greater pressure of work was on him, the sweeter he grew. When he was writing a book, or a paper for the Royal Society, he would at first seem to dawdle over it, and work very little. As it grew towards completion, and he became more and more absorbed in the work, he showed an increasing dislike to let anyone be interfered with, or reprimanded for his sake. He appeared unconscious of noise or interruptions ; when anyone spoke to him he would answer with the utmost sweetness, but sometimes not in the least to the purpose. He behaved with more uniform and equal graciousness than usual, but, I thought, rather lost consciousness of the distinction between individuals. He seemed to care less and less for any one in particular. At such times his face grew more refined and spiritual ; he took very little food, and what he did take was of the lightest description.

If the dinner was not exactly to his liking he would not grumble, but dine cheerfully on a bit of bread ; any fuss about it annoyed him, and he would not, when in these moods, allow the cook to be reproved. The only way in which I could get him to eat was to

do some bit of delicate sick-room cookery, and bring it to him with a little boast of having cooked it myself; he would eat then to gratify me, especially if the recipe was of my own invention.

When the MS. was ready for press (and one never could tell beforehand when that would happen) the mood would suddenly change. At whatever hour of the day or night he finally laid it aside, he would come to me and say he was "very hungry." He would eat and drink heartily of whatever happened to be at hand, and seemed able just then to digest anything. For the next few days he would idle about, reading novels, and be, for him, really selfish and cross, and his face grew comparatively heavy, or rather, I should say, less refined. A curious physical irritability accompanied this eating and idling phase; one could not walk across the room without annoying him. But this fractiousness did not last long, and it was a relief to me from the almost pathetic sweetness of his working moods.

A great deal of his best work was done in the night, often in the dark and in bed. He had acquired this habit, and also that of controlling his nervous irritability and carrying out a train of thought notwithstanding interruptions, while an usher in a school. He preferred thinking in the dark to save his eyesight, and at one time wrote with a machine something like that used by the blind.

Whether in travelling or at home, I was always encouraged to study or amuse myself in any way that I chose. As long as I was positively taking in *anything*, he was quite satisfied, no matter how childish my occupation might appear to be. And if I really wanted to find out anything—to pursue any questions—he never seemed to object to my neglecting for it what may have appeared to him more important. It seemed to be quite a pleasure to him to assist me or the children in any of our pursuits, even (I might almost say especially) if his doing so required a sacrifice of his own pleasure. One would have supposed very often that he had no tastes of his own, and that he followed *anybody's* lead, because it was less trouble to him than guiding himself. But if, when not occupied, I showed indifference to anything because I was not interested in it—still more if I laughed at anything he admired—a short but sharp reproof soon showed, not only that he had tastes of his own, but how very sacred were to him all things that afforded him pleasure.

Though no great judge of art, he had a way of going off into a silent ecstasy before any picture that especially pleased him, such as Francia's "Dead Christ," or Van Eyck's "Lamb of God." Sometimes I could see nothing in these pictures to admire. I found it expedient, however, not to say so. And I must own I

should not have liked to interrupt the sort of quiver of delight into which Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve," for instance, used to throw him, by any irreverent criticism of the poem.

All his teaching of geometry, optics, mechanics, everything, seemed to have some hidden meaning, though he almost always left it to us to discover what that meaning was. He insisted on perfect accuracy in the demonstration of a theorem, corrected the slightest error, even in expression, and then left us to find the interpretation, in life. I do not even know whether any of his pupils but myself were aware how much mathematical formulæ meant to him; but I am sure that the peculiar beauty of his teaching, which they all felt, was due to it.

One of his greatest pleasures was to collect young people about him to look at a telescope or microscope. Strangers used to wonder at the great delicacy of his adjustment. They thought a slight touch of a screw, more or less, in focussing, made no material difference as to how much they saw. He could never be persuaded, however, to be satisfied with anything less than the most perfect adjustment that it was possible to get. But he did not always think it necessary to correct erroneous remarks about the objects we saw.

If, in talking to him, I made use of a simile which I did not quite understand, he would correct me as to the material fact, and leave me to find out how the correction affected my analogy. If I asked him how a particular passage in any old book was affected by the discoveries of modern science about any material object mentioned in it, he would say, "Follow it up, and find out." I never shall forget his start, and look—as if into the other world—one day that we were reading "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and I asked how the interpretation of that passage was affected by the modern theory of circular storms. After a long pause he came back to consciousness, as it were, and said quietly, "Follow it up, and find out."

He used to say that however *correct* a mathematical theorem might appear to be, you ought never to be satisfied that there was not something imperfect about it till it gave you the impression of being also *beautiful*. I think this would give to those who knew him the key to a great deal about him besides his success as a mathematician.

A favourite theme of his was that any point of the ocean surface is capable of becoming the origin of a series of concentric ripples which would extend over its whole surface and perpetuate themselves for ever, and that any number of such infinite series of

ripples might be set up and would cross and recross each other, and never interfere with each other's course.

The whole subject of the relation between the foci of ellipses, of the reflection of light and sound from one focus to the other, of reflection generally, of parabolic mirrors, etc., etc., had for him an intense and peculiar fascination. His father's great taste for optics might be the original cause of this. And his own love for optical instruments was well known among his friends, who, however, seemed to think they were little more than toys to him. He would stop when out walking with me (across a flat common, perhaps, where no one but himself would ever have found anything worth looking at), to watch the play of the lines of light across the sand at the bottom of a little stream or ditch ; sometimes he would remark to me that the focus (or line as the case might be) of greatest light was not *quite* coincident with that of greatest heat ; or give me some other scrap of scientific information ; and then stand gazing, not at the water, but through it, as if into infinity, till a kind of mist would come across his eyes, and his lips would quiver slightly, and he would turn away and walk on. Often during those walks he would say to me, "Oh ! my child, we have a great deal in our lot to be thankful for. People may say that we are not as well off as we might be ; but if we have not the money, we have that for the sake of which others want to get money ; and we have it, and are enjoying it, while they are striving that they may have it at some future time. We have friends and books, and leisure to profit by them, and the enjoyment of natural beauty. And for what else do people struggle to grow rich ?"

I was in mourning when our eldest child was born. He made me leave it off, and told me repeatedly that I should never put it on again whatever happened. It depressed children, he said, to see those about them in sad-coloured clothes ; and a mother had no right, for any trouble of her own, to let her little ones see her in mourning.

On the occasion of the death of a neighbour of ours, I told him that I thought I could be of more use to her family if I were in mourning for a few weeks, so as to be able to go into the house without attracting attention. He yielded then, but very reluctantly.

I put on black at his death, because there were plenty of things of more consequence about which I was obliged to run counter to the opinions of those around me. I felt sure that he would not wish me to overburden myself with small worries about things of no vital importance.

He was very fond of picturing in our conversations what my life

would be when the children grew old enough to be a help and comfort to me. But if I brought him into the picture he would stop me at once. "No, my child," he would say, "you will be very happy, but I shall not be there." He used constantly to talk to me of what I ought to do about different things in the event of his death. He would allow no shrinking from the subject, but seemed to wish to accustom me to the idea of being happy without him.

I do not remember any lines of which he seemed fonder than Böhme's :

Wem Zeit ist wie Ewigkeit
Und Ewigkeit wie Zeit,
Der ist befreit
Von allem Streit.

Except, perhaps, the hymn "Quiet, Lord, my froward heart."

When he got into a melancholy mood, he used to tell me that we lived in a time of exceptional peace and happiness ; and that, looking back at history, and forward to the inevitable results of men's irreverent neglect of sanitary and economic laws, he could not help fearing that some great tide of suffering was about to sweep over the civilised world. *He* could not feel it a blessing to have children, seeing into what children were born. So he used to protest. I can only say that anyone who saw him with his own, would have been long enough in finding out that he did not consider them a blessing.

The "Vie de Jésus" was a great trouble and grief to him, especially because M. Renan wrote it ; but he continued still to speak of the author with ever increasing tenderness and reverence. In the autumn of 1863, I went to London alone ; my husband wrote to ask me if I would like an introduction to Mr. Maurice, which he could easily procure for me. I declined. I would have given a great deal to have any natural business with Mr. Maurice, so as to have the opportunity of asking him a few questions ; but I felt that if I called on him armed with a letter of introduction, I should not know what to say. Mr. Maurice's sermons were peculiarly and hopelessly unintelligible to me just then. (They were afterwards published under the title of "The Gospel of the Kingdom.") Mr. Maurice not only appealed to a whole range of feelings of which I had no experience, and which he evidently considered universal attributes of human nature ; but he was describing and criticising somebody, some French author, not named, against whom he warned his hearers—some one who did not take life and its difficulties seriously enough. I did not recognise the portrait in the least, and thought that the sermons in no way concerned me. On my return home I was talking to my husband about these sermons ;

he said, "My dear, I am afraid he meant Renan." I thought that impossible, but he repeated very sadly, "My dear, I am very much afraid he did." I do not remember ever seeing my husband so sorrowful. And that day (it was about a year before his death) always seems to me to have cut my married life into two distinct parts. I never before understood my husband's reserved and curious ways, nor his allusions to "religious people." From this time we were in full confidence and he began to talk to me quite freely. He said to me that fixed religious beliefs demoralised most people ; but Maurice, he felt sure, would tell the truth, if he could ; his creed had not made him morally dishonest, only intellectually muddled, so that he *could* not understand people made like us. He wanted me to see what a *wicked* thing dogma must be, if it could make such a man as Maurice fail to do justice to such a man as Renan. I understood his distress. But what I also saw was that if George, who did understand Renan, had many years ago when he was asked to do so, met and helped Mr. Maurice, who did not, some part of the ghastly confusion of which I had caught a glimpse would have been avoided.

George seemed never tired of reading what are called "religious books." Hymns, the works of Eastern and Christian mystics, sermons, Jewish books of devotion, the works of old Fathers and Puritan divines, interminable discussions on the Atonement, the Trinity, the nature of Revelation, the lives of saints, Catholic and Protestant—he had always some of these on hand. He had passed, he told me, through all sorts of phases of doubt about particular doctrines ; but all through he seems to have clung to the Bible, and to what people call "religion" ; as if to lose it were to lose all. Though he did not exactly believe doctrines, he seemed to care for them in a way I never could understand. He used to say that if the doctrine of the Trinity were in any sense true, it must be in this sense : Not that there are three Persons in the Godhead, but that man is so constituted as to be capable of comprehending three, and only three, modes of manifestation of God. He used sometimes to refer to the fact that, whereas problems in pure mathematics can be solved with x raised to the power of n, or even to infinity, yet we can conceive of space only in three dimensions, and therefore we can interpret only three powers of x. The sonnet To the Number Three refers to this.*

I often asked him why people seem to suppose that God would be lost to them unless He had at some time walked about in human shape, and done miracles. He always replied that that was just what he had never been able to discover.

*See *Symbolical Methods of Study*.

He said to me, more than once, that no really scientific man in the present day could be an atheist, in the old sense of believing that the world was made by chance ; that even those who do not believe in a personal Ruler, must believe in a moral rule, if they know what modern science has to teach ; and that he could imagine a scientific man saying many of the Psalms with true fervour without any belief in a God. But he used to take care to add that he did not think such a merely scientific religion sufficient. Though he believed that science reveals clearly enough the place in creation which man was meant to fill, and the means whereby he may, if he choose, rise to that place, he seems (from a letter he wrote to a friend) to have feared that the very vastness of science might crush the human will and make people indifferent whether they rose or fell, if they had not the example of faith set by the writers of the Bible to give them courage.

When he was tired he used to like me to read his religious books to him. I was glad, of course, to do whatever rested him ; but I think he had been puzzled and pained when first he found out how little I cared for many of his favourites. It was long before I ever tried to explain to him my feeling on the subject. I had in reality an instinctive repulsion and dislike, not to any doctrines in particular, but to much of what is called religion. There is no use in my pretending to ignore that when once he came to understand it, this feeling of mine influenced my husband a good deal. He had been accustomed to say, in almost a martyr-like manner, "The heart of man craves for certainty and definite knowledge about our relations to the unseen world, but it has been the appointed duty of the people of God in all ages to sacrifice that craving." But when he began to find out that I had no desire for definite knowledge on such subjects, but quite the contrary, he took up the matter in quite a different spirit, and with greater courage. He began to throw himself into the study of destructive criticism with pleasure, instead of facing it sadly, as he had hitherto done, as a solemn duty to the cause of truth.

When I wished to mix in what is called "religious society," he talked to me of "the people of the unseen God," and of how in all ages it had been their duty to keep themselves from too close contact with idolatry. (Idolatry in his language always meant attachment to any particular doctrine.) He tried to persuade me to keep on the same sort of polite mask as he did himself in the company of professedly religious people.

About a year before his death George began to take me into confidence about his past life and projects. As a lad he had hoped to be a clergyman. Poverty first, and the need of helping his

parents, had frustrated for a time his desire to go to college. Afterwards he had felt scruples of conscience about signing the Articles. But the hope of his heart had still been to work in the cause of true religion. Mathematics had never had more than a secondary interest for him ; and even logic he cared for chiefly as a means of clearing the ground of doctrines imagined to be proved, by showing that the evidence on which they were supposed to rest had no tendency to prove them. But he had been endeavouring to give a more active and positive help than this to the cause of what he deemed pure religion. That he was doing nothing in this way was a sore distress to him. I pressed him to begin at once on the work on which he had set his heart, and for which he had been all his life collecting materials in his mind. He "could not see his way," he said. We held many conversations on the subject ; they always ended in the same manner—he could not see his way, and he was afraid of doing mischief. At last I insisted on knowing in what the great difficulty of "seeing his way" consisted. Why, there was one subject, the actual saying of prayers to Christ, which he could not avoid, and on which he could not speak without contradicting Maurice. He did not agree with Maurice ; but Maurice, he was sure, meant something which we did not understand ; he had the manner of one who had looked into the invisible world, and seen something there which he could find no words to explain ; Maurice was actually doing a great work, he would put no hindrance in his way. No work of his could be worth hampering Maurice for. "And as long as Maurice lives," he said, "I will never write against an opinion which he holds." That difficulty did not seem to me a very serious one. Why could not he go and talk it over with Mr. Maurice, then ? I asked. Mr. Maurice would not want to shut anyone's mouth ; and perhaps they might find themselves not so much at variance as he thought. "It would give him so much pain," he said. I thought a little pain more or less would make very little difference to a man like Mr. Maurice, whose heart was evidently in his work. I implored George not to throw on such a man, without his knowledge, the terrible responsibility of silencing another man's voice, but at least to give him the opportunity of deciding for himself how far he wished to silence it. My husband did not argue with me ; he only shivered. I grew frightened at my own responsibility in the matter. I longed that some one besides myself should know something about George. There was only one person in England whom he thoroughly liked the idea of becoming personally acquainted with—Professor Francis Newman. He did not exactly agree with all Mr. Newman said, but he had intense sympathy with his way of feeling, and

seemed to think it would be possible to come to an understanding with him; only with his usual modesty he doubted whether Mr. Newman might care to know *him*. I succeeded in overcoming this difficulty, and he wrote to propose an interview. The letter received, as I expected, a most cordial reply. On his next visit to England he called on Mr. Newman, who afterwards spoke of the interview, in a letter to me, as "a vision which had been shown" to to him.

My husband was growing generally restless about the selfishness and unreality of our life; he used to talk to me about how suffering is scattered broadcast about the world; he read to me frightful stories of cruelties practised on animals, and of sufferings endured by men; of fossils found, showing by their attitude that the creatures had died in agony; and of religious persecutions in olden times. "We are like two children wandering hand in hand through life," he would say to me; "we are too happy for such a world as this." There was one story in the *Nuremberg Chronicle* which especially fascinated his imagination, of a Jew who, on its being proposed to him to escape from death by professing Christianity, replied by leaping into the flames. He made me copy the story into his notebook, and used to repeat often the concluding words of the quaint old German—"*Sprunge unerschrocken mytten in die flammen.*"

His growing reputation, and the honour in which he was held, were at this time a source of self-reproach and grief to him; he used to talk to me of M. Renan's history previous to the publication of the "Vie de Jésus," and tell me it was the natural punishment of "idolatry" that the mass of mankind should be unable to understand the thoughts of the greatest men, and be driven to reject their teaching.

My husband's position as an attendant at church troubled him a good deal; he was afraid that it would be taken as meaning that he "believed" some things about which he had no opinions, and others against which he wished to protest. He did not care for fame, he told me; if he were never to be heard of he should be quite content; but he knew that could never be; he therefore wanted to secure that no use should be made of his name to bolster up a system of things which he thought mischievous and false; but how to secure this he did not know—he could not see his way. He occasionally attended a Unitarian place of worship, and sometimes he talked of formally joining the Unitarian congregation in the town; but to this there were several objections. Such a step would have been taken as meaning that he held distinctively Unitarian opinions about the divinity of Christ; whereas precisely

what he wanted to say was that he had no opinions about the matter at all. Then he disagreed with the Unitarians whom he knew on some very important points. And while such men as Maurice and Colenso were striving to widen the National Church, he preferred not taking any step tending towards the narrowing of it. He talked a great deal to me of what he called my "dishonesty" in receiving the Communion ; because the clergyman of the parish, he felt sure, would not allow it if he knew anything about me. As soon as I found out how unhappy my husband was about this, I thought to make an end of the difficulty by telling our pastor that I did not know what he or anybody else meant by the words, Divinity of Christ ; that I believed God knew what He was about, and would do right, and make no mistakes ; and that I did not feel called on to hold any opinions on points in dispute among learned men, about events that happened, or books that were written, before I was born ; but that I intended to continue to receive the Sacrament as an act of present Church membership. To my surprise, instead of being glad of what I had done, George was horrified. He said that the peace of our lives would be at an end if we took religious people into our confidence ; that it could do no good, and was a useless sacrifice, inasmuch as no good had ever come in the world's history, or ever could come, of the people of the Unseen God trying to come to an amicable understanding with idolaters. He said to me once, "Maurice is wasting his life in an attempt to reconcile faith in God with belief in a visible manifestation of God ; a thing no man ever succeeded in yet, or ever will." Adding after a long pause, that "Maurice *looked* as if he saw what we could not see."

I have spoken of my husband all along as if he were almost perfect ; but I know that he would wish me to tell the honest truth about him. There was a curious pharisaic lack of sympathy with those engaged in actually grappling with the difficulties which he himself "could not see his way" to meet, which sometimes seemed to me to amount to positive cruelty.

One day that I was expressing some vague feeling of my own to him, he said, "Then if you feel like that, don't you see how useless it would be for you to have anything to do with religious people ? They could not understand you and they *dare not try*" ; as if our feeling differently from religious people made us somehow superior to them. Another time I asked him what something meant which our clergyman had been trying earnestly to impress upon me. "Means !" he said, "oh ! means—nothing ; you mustn't suppose people *mean* anything when they speak in that way."

"*On a les défauts de ses qualités.*" I suppose that the man who

had re-created logic, and made of it a perfectly mechanical instrument for extracting out of any set of premises exactly all that they contain in the way of consequences, could hardly be expected to see that a man could *mean* anything by wanting anybody to "hold one opinion rather than another."

In June, 1864, he went to London and remained there some weeks, working in the libraries of the Royal Society and British Museum, and on Sundays attending Mr. Maurice's church. He wrote to me: "I have made out what puts the whole subject of Singular Solutions into a state of unity." But actual calculation had for months past been difficult to him, and his thoughts were turning back to their original and more natural channel. He wrote to me much about theological works, and sent me some extracts from them. He wrote also:

> "Heard your friend in Vere Street twice yesterday. The morning sermon such as he only of living men can preach. . . I had a little discussion with —— this morning about preaching. He said preaching was all the same thing over again—that there was no new knowledge to be got, only different ways of stating what was known or thought before. I remarked that the same words, preached with equal sincerity of conviction and feeling by two different persons, would produce very different effects; that the personal element—the wonderful influence of man over man, must be taken into account; that it always existed, and always would exist, etc. But though he admitted, or rather did not openly dissent from this, he seemed to think 'more the pity that it is so.' He would have everything like Euclid. . ." "I have just returned from hearing Maurice. To say that I was pleased is to say nothing, or what is better left unsaid. To say that I was deeply impressed is only what you would expect. But I should not express my real feeling if I said less than that I listened to him with a sense of awe. The congregation was small, but it seemed to me as if this was the feeling among them. I sat almost immediately under the pulpit and lost no single word. We shall, I have no doubt, some time read the sermon. The text was: 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.' I should exceedingly like to read the sermon carefully. The idea even crossed my mind of applying anonymously for it, but I felt that I had no right to take up the time of a man who works not for us, but for a generation, and, as I think, for generations to come. . . I feel with you that I should not like to leave the Church while Maurice was in it."

He came home strangely altered; tired and unable to work, yet

in better spirits than usual. He seemed sweeter and gentler than ever about most things, yet I noticed that his horror of injustice and cruelty and bigotry had taken a new and alarming development. I found it necessary to warn him that it was unsafe and wrong for him to dwell on anyone's unjust deeds. If he met a man ill-using an animal, he would come in quite ill of distress for the animal's suffering, and rage at the clergy who profess to teach the people their duty, and do so little towards showing them that they have any duty to the dumb creation. I spoke to him very seriously about the selfishness and wrongness of our own negative attitude towards parochial affairs and Church work, and towards our clergyman's actual difficulties ; it seemed the best way of quieting the storms of passion that swept over him.

Nearly the only part of my husband's life of which he had ever enjoyed talking was his intercourse with other mathematicians and logicians. He used to speak with the warmest gratitude of their almost unvarying kindness and courtesy towards himself ; of their hearty appreciation of discoveries which might seem likely to cast some of their own work into the shade ; of their generous assistance in correcting his mistakes, while shrinking even from allowing their share in his labours to be publicly acknowledged ; and of the service which this unselfish co-operation had rendered to his works. One day during this last autumn of his life, I said something to him about the injury which I thought an earnest student might receive from the sort of social excommunication and domestic worry which often follows on the publication of the first (real or supposed) heresy. I daresay I spoke feelingly. I had but too often watched the same kind of blight coming over friends of my own who had, not written but spoken, things displeasing to the orthodox ; and had even felt it creeping over myself. As I described the student, exasperated and perplexed, flung off from religious companionship, and compelled to choose between utter loneliness and the society of men of lower aims and coarser minds than his own ; of men who are sceptics from indifference, and infidels because they do not care for any God at all—and especially as I spoke of the consequent deterioration of his *work*—a strange emotion seemed to stir my husband. His voice rose to a great bitter cry : "Oh my child, you *do* understand that, you *do* understand it !" He begged me henceforth to abandon the attempt to work for or serve any other cause but the one of teaching the need of providing for those who are beginning to go on what may seem a wrong road in religion or morals, genial companionship with people of an opposite turn of mind to their own.

That afternoon's talk was a revelation to me in many ways. It

showed me, among other things, why he spoke with such reverence of avowed heretics of all shades of opinion. They had plunged into the *mêlée* from which his own sensitive nature had been protected by so many circumstances ; and whatever they might henceforth say or do, their names were too sacred to be lightly spoken in his house. The things which common-place, easy-going clergymen took upon themselves to say of Bishop Colenso seemed almost to put him beside himself. He could feel for the loneliness of a supposed heretic or unbeliever, insulted for the sake of dogmas ; while the same sense of loneliness was rather impressed on me by the thought of Mr. Maurice wasting his passionate eloquence on an imaginary Renan, when obviously the thing he most needed to complete his knowledge of human nature was the personal friendship of the real one. To any consciousness that sympathy might be due to our own clergyman, for making himself miserable over imaginary parishioners living without God in the world, while I knew that we could, without much expenditure of time, materially increase his influence for good in the parish, if only we would run the risk of a little unpleasantness and irritation, he seemed quite unawakened and curiously blind, I thought.

He had ordered in London a portrait of Mr. Maurice. When it came home he hung it up, saying he was "hanging out his colours." One day I came into the room and found him standing by it, with his lips quivering and his eyes full of tears. "The dear old Prophet," he said. "I was thinking what it would be to live till one could never hear him preach again."

He had met Bishop Colenso in London, and had heard much of his struggles and difficulties. Thanks to this, he was evidently beginning to realise that the best way to widen one's National Church is to make a wedge of one's own body and soul ; and that to do this persistently might be as useful as going to the stake in defence of, or in protest against, a particular form of words. He gave me the Bishop's famous sermon about Abraham's sacrifice to read aloud to him. When I had finished it he sat thinking for some time in silence. Then he gave me leave—with a smile—to help the clergyman of the parish in any way that I could, or that he would allow me. He told me, in a few quiet words, how completely he had decided to give up his cherished ideal of a happy home and a peaceful life. Next morning he wrote to thank the Bishop for writing that sermon.

In October he left home unexpectedly, without telling me where he was going. On his return he told me that he had been among the scenes and companions of his early life, and visited some friends whom he had not seen for many years. He quoted to me

several times, during the next few weeks, a stanza of a poem on the Higher Philosophy :

> It shall lead thee to those fountains
> Whose streams run never dry,
> To those holy heights of being
> Where all resentments die.

He gave me leave to write to Mr. Maurice and ask him to visit us. When I took him my letter he told me he would enclose it in a note from himself as soon as we had finished looking over some examination papers, on which he was engaged. He went to bed very tired the evening he finished them, and was taken ill in the night. The doctors told me from the beginning that his brain was in the most alarming condition. It was literally worn out with all the hard work of his life. He must have been seriously ill for at least some weeks, they said, and had within the last few days taken cold, which had brought on some bronchial affection. He had all the physical symptoms which are usually accompanied by violent delirium. I was to watch him incessantly, and keep him quiet if I could. If he once lost control of himself, or if I lost control of him, the suffering would be very frightful. I wanted to send for a nurse skilled in such cases. This they forbade. It was just possible, they said, that I might know enough about him to keep him from thinking of exciting subjects ; no one else could be of the slightest use.

On the first or second morning of his illness (November 26th, I believe it was) he told me to write to the Secretary of the Royal Society and ask whether there had been a magnetic storm in the night, as he had awakened and found the room full of light. A lady who called on me in the course of the day told me that she too, had awakened in the night and found the room full of rose-coloured light. But I did not write, being fully occupied.

I soon noticed that his mind fixed itself in a curious restless way on questions of time. I had brought him his food or medicine at the wrong hour ; or it was three days, not two, since so and so happened, etc. ; the mere mention of the subject always brought on a strange look of suffering ; so I warned him to try to keep his mind off the passing of time altogether. With his usual docility he asked me what he should think of instead. I told him to repeat after me, "The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." And whenever the symptoms of restlessness came on I used to hear him repeating the words, as if clinging to them for steadiness. After a time he changed them of his own accord for the verse, "For ever O Lord, Thy word is settled in Heaven," which had always been associated in his mind with his mathematical discoveries. One

day he told me that the whole universe seemed spread before him like a great black ocean, where there was nothing to see and nothing to hear, except that at intervals a silver trumpet seemed to sound across the waters, "For ever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in Heaven." He said that all the sounds in the house and the movements in the room seemed to set themselves to a rhythmical chant which was singing the same words.

He seemed to be thinking intently all through his illness. Every now and then he would say he was tired of thinking, and ask me to tell him something pleasant to rest his mind on. One day that he said so, I told him that the incumbent of the parish had been to see me and been talking to me kindly and with real sympathy. He exclaimed very excitedly, "My dear, you are not going to let our children be brought up by people of that sort." I replied that I had no wish to do so ; I only thought he would like to know how very unlike the behaviour of a mere bigot the clergyman's had been. "I see," he said, "he is a good man; he and I will be great friends—when I get well." I ought to have guessed what was coming then ; for, as Tegner says—

> Around the world the Reconciler goes,
> And our name for him is Death,

not Philosophy. But it was impossible to believe that George was really ill. The excitement which the doctors feared had passed into a strange intoxication of delight. He would lie a long, long time together, looking at the light through the fronds of a fern, and drinking in their beauty till it seemed as if the pleasure became too great to bear. One day I went in and found him sitting up and looking tired and strained. I brought his favourite portrait of Mr. Maurice. He sank back, saying, "Oh, that *is* delightful," and lay quite quiet for hours with it beside him. I told him one day, laughing, that I did not believe he was ill at all ; that he was much more like a creature going through a crisis of development than a sick man ; that he had been for many months past too tired to work properly, and that I expected he would now get a new lease of his brain. "And use it for God," he said, very solemnly. Our youngest child had been taken to pay a visit to his room every day. On the last day of his life he asked me to bring her. "Let me see her again," he said. "Meine Engelchen, sie ist eine *Erscheinung*" (My little angel ; she is a vision).

I think he touched the key-note of his harmonious life just before he became speechless, when I put some tea to his lips asking if it was nice, and he smiled and said, "It is *heavenly*."

He was speechless for some time, but was evidently trying to

give me some instructions about what I was to do. I asked him many questions, which he answered by signs ; but I could make out nothing more definite than that what he wished to say was somehow connected with the religious instruction of his children. I mentioned everything I could think of that he had ever spoken of to me in connection with the subject ; he shook his head. As he was growing excited I asked him if he could not trust to God to guide me ; he nodded and seemed quite content. Then I remembered how he had always said he had no positive belief in a future life. I asked him if he had altered his mind on that point. He shook his head and pushed my hand away. I said, "Are you still willing to leave the future entirely to God ?" He nodded ; and there came over him a smile of such wonderful peace that I would not speak again ; and so he lay quiet until the end.

MAURICE AND THE NATIONAL CHURCH

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A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT

In the early part of 1865, wishing to take employment in some educational institution, I determined, before seeking any, to consult the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice on a practical point which I had heard much discussed. I wished to learn the position with regard to the religious world of people of the essentially pantheistic temperament, and those of the essentially scientific turn of mind; by which expressions I mean, not any particular beliefs or opinions, nor any special talent or genius or taste for science, but a certain attitude towards, and certain feelings about, nature and science. Can persons so constituted, I desired to learn, use such faculties as they possess in the service of the English National Church; or must they necessarily live, as I had always been told, in a state of, at least, negative and passive antagonism to the ministers of religion, such as must ultimately lead to, though it by no means always originally proceeds from, active hostility to religious dogma?

As soon as Mr. Maurice heard that I was asking about employment, and before I had any opportunity of explaining to him what it was that I wished to know, he offered to procure me work in an institution* with which he was connected. The prospect which seemed open to me, of coming to a real understanding of Mr. Maurice's views of Church government, was too good an opportunity to be lost; and I accepted his offer unhesitatingly.

I hope that what I am about to relate will not be mistaken for a panegyric on Frederick Maurice; and also that I shall not be suspected of wishing to plume myself upon the friendship of a great and good man. Mr. Maurice needs no praise of mine; and though he was always kind to those who wanted help, the relations between him and myself were rather official than friendly.

But I have heard of several people who sought Mr. Maurice to consult him in religious or other difficulties; and, finding it impossible to make him fairly face the real point in question, came to the conclusion that his determination to uphold his creeds tended to make him shirk real difficulties in a dishonest manner; that his usual liberality towards those who differed from him was due to the natural kindness and sweetness of his disposition; and

*Queen's College.

that in fact he was too good and too clever for the creeds by which he was fettered; and would have been more honest had he renounced his creeds, and more free to express his best feelings, and to indulge his naturally wide range of sympathies, after such renunciation. Now I think that few people can have had more experience than myself of the difficult business of bringing Mr. Maurice "to the point"; and it is perhaps, therefore, my duty to record the conclusion to which I came, viz.: that the difficulty, wherever it occurred, was due to his very peculiar intellectual constitution and his lack of experience of certain classes of facts; and that when he declared "subscription" to be "no bondage" to prejudice, but entirely an assistance in overcoming ignorance and cowardice and prejudices, he was merely stating what was, for him at least, a simple truth. With all his genius and learning, he was incapable of understanding some things which are perfectly clear to many people of more ordinary talents; and when he seemed to shirk a question it was, I had very good reason to know, for want of being able to believe or conceive that his questioner could mean what seemed to him absurd, or could care for what was unintelligible and uninteresting to himself.

It was not until I was fairly settled in my new post that I at all realised how serious an experiment I was trying, in placing myself in an institution managed by clergymen. Not that anyone within the institution itself ever troubled me on the subject of religious doctrines. Nobody ever asked me what opinions I held, or seemed to consider that anyone was entitled to know. The difficulties were of a different kind from any doctrinal ones; impalpable, undefinable, but nevertheless most real. The air round Mr. Maurice stifled me. He had set the fashion of considering certain feelings universal attributes, certain desires universal cravings of human nature, and this example was tacitly followed by most of his friends. Nobody objected much to anything I *said*; but everything that I meant was quietly ignored. Every one was very kind to me; but I felt floating perpetually between the Scylla of dishonest silence, and the Charybdis of what would have seemed disrespectful speech to my employers.

M. Renan's otherwise perfectly fluent faith contains one dogma ;* viz., that on this earth reconciliation between those who look at human life from the theologic, and those who approach it from the scientific, standpoint is impossible; that whoever desires to study moral and religious truth from the scientific side, *i.e.*, by unbiased observation of the phenomena of religious belief, guided only by such moral and spiritual intuitions as God has

*This was written before the Hibbert Lectures of 1880.

vouchsafed to himself, *must* study those phenomena from a distance ; must keep himself aloof from even the very best of those who hold theological dogmas ; or he will inevitably be forced into situations in which, in spite of the utmost desire for honesty, it will be impossible for him to avoid being drawn into seeming to acquiesce in what he knows is not true ; and will ultimately find that the only way out of a false and untenable position is to allow himself to be crucified without condescending to answer anything that is said of him. I had fled to Mr. Maurice, because that was the only practical protest which I knew how to make against what seemed to me M. Renan's one piece of bitter and cruel dogmatism ; and also a little, because, never having been strong enough to fight for leave to do things that men find *difficult*, or clever enough to do them if I had leave, my energies naturally turn in the direction of making experiments, without anyone's permission, about the feasibility of those things which men have declared to be *impossible*.

I often tried to come to an understanding with Mr. Maurice about my duties ; but for some time without obtaining anything in the shape of an intelligible or satisfactory answer to my questions. His idea of our relative positions seemed for a long time to be : That he was to treat me with exquisite tolerance and affability and that at last some prejudices of mine were to be overcome, some intellectual or spiritual difficulties cleared away ; and that I was to accept his "Gospel" and be happy. It was in vain that I tried to explain to him that I had (on those particular subjects about which I talked to him) no prejudices ; that I wanted no *tolerance*, but a simple statement of whatever he considered my rights and duties in the matter of Church membership, and that whenever he should give me such a statement, I meant to act upon it, without asking for tolerance from anybody in the matter. I used often to think that we were like a bird and a fish talking together ; he seemed to be saying to me : "Yes, of course ; the Church is all-embracing ; it is large enough to contain the whole air" ; and I saying to him : "But I can't breathe in the air ; I want to know if the Church is large enough to hold the water in which I can breathe ; and whether I can without dishonesty take into the water pupils, those few whose lungs are made like mine, but whom we are supposed to be educating in the *National* Church."

Once I put to him this question : Supposing the person to whom he most objected (I instanced particularly M. Renan if residing in England) came and said, "I do not understand your sermons, and I do not believe your creeds ; but I believe common worship is a means of promoting charity among those who differ, and I mean

to present myself for Communion at your church next Sunday,"—I took care not to say "Would you *admit* him," I worded it carefully : *"Would you not say that he had just exactly all the right there that you have yourself?"* After a pause, Mr. Maurice answered, "Of course I should." I then explained to him more clearly than ever that I asked not for myself only, but as the mouthpiece of a small group of friends who had nearly all been at some time of their lives communicants ; but had left the Church reluctantly and for the sake of *honesty*. These friends had been reproaching me with dishonesty in receiving the Communion, on the ground that no clergyman would admit me if he knew what I was like ; and with disloyalty to M. Renan in going anywhere where he would not be welcome. I told Mr. Maurice that I quite agreed with these friends in feeling that I could accept no privilege in which M. Renan might not share ; but I had gathered from his (Mr. Maurice's) books an idea that I was born into a National Church, to a place in which I had a natural right ; and that M. Renan also formed an integral part of the Church of any nation of which he happened to be a member. That my friends, though agreeing in the abstract to this view of the National Church question, had defied me to get any clergyman to assent to it ; and that some of us intended to conduct our lives in some respects according to what he, Mr. Maurice, might say in answer to my question. When I had given this explanation Mr. Maurice went away in silence. I continued to receive the Communion in his church ; and he let me see very clearly that he had no wish that I should desist. But he wrote me a long and agitated letter expressing his regret at my "sympathy with Renan's views," evidently meaning the views expressed in the "Vie de Jésus," as if M. Renan had written nothing else ; whereas I had said nothing about any book in particular ; I had only told Mr. Maurice that many good people considered M. Renan the greatest man of our time ; and expressed my willingness to share his fate, and my unwillingness to accept any favour or privilege that was denied to such men as he. Also Mr. Maurice seemed to imagine that Renan taught falsehood and deception as being *right*, or at least permissible, in a philosopher who had to manage a mob ; for it was against this immoral doctrine that he warned me—not against unbelief in miracles. It had not occurred to him, apparently, that he might have misunderstood M. Renan. If he could only have guessed how profane and immoral his own sermons would sometimes have seemed to me, had it not been for the long training I had had in Renan's canons of criticism, which forbid one to imagine that one *understands* truly that in which others see a beauty which is not visible to one's

self! I had gained very little so far, except those four words above quoted: *"Of course I should."*

Mr. Maurice had always seemed to me, when I only saw him in the pulpit, a man of eminently sympathetic nature. After I came to know him, he gave me at times the impression (a false one, I know, and indeed, really knew all along except just when I was too much worried by his utter lack of comprehension) of having no heart, of caring for nothing except his creeds. Our conversations turned usually on books about which the pupils questioned me, written by men who, either personally or as authors, were to me dear friends, but of whom he seemed to think only as the holders of views, mere machines for attacking some doctrine or other which he cared for, and which he insisted on imagining me to want to attack; whereas it usually happened that the particular doctrine in question was one about which I understood and cared too little to know who held it and who attacked it.

I should have despaired of ever making Mr. Maurice understand what I wanted to know—I did almost despair; but there was growing in me, in spite of all our difficulties, such a conviction of his utter fearless honesty that I struggled on.

It was by accident that I began to come to an understanding with him at last. I was drawn into a long and vague conversation with him one day, not about books, or men with views, but about my own life. I told him that when I was a very little child, it had come into my head to wonder who made arithmetic; because *He* never said "Believe what you're told," or "Don't be impertinent," but taught one the more, the more He was cross-questioned; how I used to long that, whoever He was, He would take me away somewhere, out of reach of God and of all the people who expected me to "believe" things which were not proved; and how happy I was when I found out that this Being, who never expected me to "believe" anything, must after all be the same as the God who made me. I told Mr. Maurice that I had heard in church, or somewhere, that one could pray to *God* for what one *wanted*; so I used to pray passionately that if He had anything to say to me, He would say it, if He wanted to do anything to me, He would do it; if He wanted anything from me, He would take it away whatever it might be; but *never send me a message by anyone.* That was the kind of security which, as a child, I thought I most wanted. I told him that ever since I grew up I had never troubled myself about religious doctrines, either to believe them or to object to them; because it did not signify to me, one way or other, what theories anybody might please to hold, provided they did not want to discuss in my presence my personal relations to the Author of

Science, which, I explained to him, I never felt it right to allow anybody to do, from the same instinct which makes a married woman not allow strangers to discuss with her why her husband cares for her, or how long he will continue to do so (I do not give this as the best possible way that I could now imagine of stating what I mean ; but it was the form in which my ideas cast themselves then, and in which I expressed them to Mr. Maurice). I told him that ever since I knew that God made the multiplication table and that I could understand it, the very words "Mediator" and "Saviour" had always given me, without my in the least knowing what anyone meant by them, an unpleasant cold feeling, as if people wanted to thrust a stranger out of a book between me and my first Friend, whom I had trusted all my life, and who had never given me reason to distrust Him. But that of late years, since I had seen the frightful confusion which the thinking world was in, I had begun to feel that if he (Mr. Maurice) knew where to find a Mediator between people who misunderstand and worry each other, I could see some use in that. That I had talked about it to my own husband, and other friends of M. Renan's way of thinking ; but that they had told me it was not only hopeless, but *wrong* for the people of the Unseen God to try to come to an understanding with people who believe in special and ostensible manifestations of God. That I objected to the splitting up of the human race into any two sets, of which one should not honestly try and understand the feelings of the other ; that I had spoken about it (in spite of my husband's objections to my doing so) to a few professedly religious people, who (exactly as my husband said they would) threatened me with something dreadful, not intelligible to me. That my husband said it was the nature of religious people and they could not help it ; they might be more or less tolerant, some indeed *very* tolerant, to particular heresies, or doubts, or crimes, but they *could* not, and *dared* not, tolerate any one's trusting the Invisible and Formless Creator ; but that I had determined never to rest till I had got an answer of some sort out of him (Mr. Maurice), about the nature of my relations to people who believed in Creeds. I told him all the above facts, and a good deal more ; about some voices I had heard and visions I had seen in my childhood, which, though of little consequence to anyone but myself, helped, I thought, to affect the course of my childish thought.

Mr. Maurice made little comment at the moment ; (it was his habit to take time to think things over) except as to the one point. He told me decidedly that it could never be the business of a minister of the Gospel to dissuade anybody from trusting in God.

He seemed surprised that any child could really love arithmetic. I could not understand what puzzled him so much ; for though he had told me he had never had time to study science, still he must have known that others liked it. It was not till years afterwards that it occurred to me why he had seemed so bewildered. Arithmetic, to an Englishman of his generation, meant of course, chiefly, the use of tables of weights and measures—the most phenomenal and conventional of all kinds of knowledge. I might have explained to him that all my very earliest clear recollections of my own dear father were connected with Euclid and with the Parables of Nature ; that long before I was out of the nursery the use of learning Euclid was explained to me to be : not the value of the geometry which it teaches, but the light which it throws on the nature of reliable proof ; and that I was taught *arithmetic* in the language which I understood best, on the true decimal plan in use in France, by devout and genial men, who made the Rule of Three, or anything they touched, a revelation and delight. Whereas, *religion* I was taught out of English books and by English Protestants living in France, where Anglican worship has no roots, and no life, but means, for a French-speaking child, the having to "believe" something which her school-fellows seem to do very well without, expressed in a language which she does not like, and the clearest outcome of which is that she does not walk in the procession of the *Fête-Dieu* or carry flowers to the grave of a dead companion. Seeing that as much depends on the way in which things are put as on what they are, Mr. Maurice would have understood me well enough, I now know, if it had occurred to me to explain to him that, from my cradle to that hour, science had always come to me as truth which can be absolutely known, and the common knowledge of which forms a bond of spiritual union between the teacher and the taught ; and that theology had invariably come to me as something which I could not know, and yet for the sake of which I was expected to be different from, or obliged to keep more or less aloof from, some one whom I loved.

Even as it was, we got on better from that day forward. From his incoherent exclamations, which seemed hardly addressed to me, I gathered that he had found out what it was that I had been asking him about for months past. He recognised, henceforth, that I did not come to him to ask about my relations to God ; and that I wanted from him a great deal of practical guidance in a matter which many scientific people manage very badly (and sixteen years ago used to manage even worse) : their relations with the "religious" world. So far from shirking my question, he said in the pulpit a Sunday or two after, something to the effect

that preachers tell people that God is their Father, but forget that a father has a right to speak to his children without their permission, and is likely to do so in ways which they cannot comprehend. Many of his sermons at that time seemed intended chiefly for the purpose of re-stating, in plainer and more unmistakable language than ever, the doctrine which he had always been preaching in one form or another, viz. : that God has a right to speak to individual souls without consulting theologians as to the mode of the communication. He also preached two or three sermons about the Communion ; in one of which he expressed his wish that the laity would *assert their right to Communion in spite of whatever the clergy might say*. Of course I do not mean to suggest that these sermons were preached in answer to any question of mine. That "the Sacrament is not for individuals but for nations" he had been teaching all his life ; it was because I had heard him say so in various forms of words that I first sought his acquaintance. But when he made that request of his Vere Street congregation, he at least knew that it would be taken by several people, some of them personally unknown to him, not as implying a vague and mystical assertion about the ideal possibility of a Universal Church in which everybody should see the Resurrection from the right point of view ; but as an answer to a question about the actual and immediate right to Communion of a man who believed the miracles to be conjuring tricks.

The duties of my post imposed on me the necessity for giving a certain amount of religious instruction, to the extent at least of finding suitable occupation for the resident pupils on Sunday evenings, besides answering questions of various sorts all the week. I sometimes found it necessary to apply to Mr. Maurice for assistance in deciding what to say to young ladies, many of them imbued with narrow and not deep religious notions, and very few of whom were addicted to the worship of scientific truth in any form. He would help me when I asked him. Usually the result of his instructions was that I found myself able to say exactly what I myself wished, in words not only more suitable to my audience, but also more satisfactory to myself than any which I should have chosen. The exquisite delight of finding one's own clouded thought come back to one, cleared by filtration through a mind whose fibres lie at right angles to one's own, would, of itself—if there were no better one—be sufficient reason for not confining oneself to work under "persons whose turn of mind is congenial to one's own."

I will not insult my teacher's memory by thinking it necessary to state that he never tried to induce me to say anything which I did not entirely believe ; but I may mention that he never even so

much as attempted to dissuade me from saying anything which I myself thought desirable. His idea of his duty, as my pastor and overseer, appeared to be, not in any respect to over-ride my judgment ; but to keep my conscience alive to the duty of using my own judgment, and weighing my words. His idea of Church membership appeared to be—not that all Church workers need think alike ; still less that they should profess to think alike ; but that each should be willing to sacrifice the idle pleasure of expressing his own idiosyncrasies or his hastily formed opinion, in words pleasant to his own ears, for the serious purpose of making whatever he himself believed to be valuable truth intelligible to as many sorts of people as possible.

I give this as the summary of what he said about Church membership, interpreted by his behaviour to me, and by his advice to me on practical questions connected with my behaviour to others. Whenever I took the trouble to make him see that I meant a thing in earnest, he left me free to say it ; and seemed in every way eager to show me that I had as much right to express my faith as he had to say his Creeds.

It was suggested to me by several friends outside the Institution, that I might none the less do the pupils good, while saving trouble to myself and them, if, when I gave them abstracts of, or extracts from, scientific or philosophical works, such as those of Darwin and Combe, I abstained from mentioning the names of authors displeasing to the orthodox. No such suggestion, I think, was ever made to me by anyone within the place. Mr. Maurice himself would have been as likely, I am sure, to advise his curate to give "abstracts" of St. Paul's Epistles without owning his obligations to the writer ; and if any of us, the subordinate officials, had been inclined to practise dishonest compromises, we should at least never have dared to advocate them, or counsel them to each other, with the remotest chance of the fact coming to the ears of Mr. Maurice.

After I had been a year or two employed under him, an Industrial School was set on feet under his auspices ; and it was understood that the support and management of this school were to constitute the Communion offertory of the congregation of his church. How, or by whose management it happened, I never knew ; but I found myself left in sole and irresponsible charge of the Sunday teaching. I reminded Mr. Maurice that I could not pretend to give doctrinal instruction ; I could only read the Bible with the children, and see that they understood the construction of the phrases and the meaning of the words and allusions, and then let the class question me as they chose. He expressed himself

perfectly content, and said that no kind of teaching could be better than that, and that I might continue to teach the upper class if I wished it. I said that, of course, I wished to do so ; because if I could teach little, I at least learned a good deal. He said that that was quite the right order of things ; it would be an odd sort of clergyman who did not learn more from his congregation than ever he could teach them.

One lady offered to help me with Sunday classes, who was known to attend Mr. Maurice's church rather as a matter of official business than from sympathy with his views. At the request of a member of the Industrial School Committee, I put to Mr. Maurice on this occasion, the formal question : Whether I was to make any inquiry into the beliefs or opinions of communicants offering themselves as my assistants in Sunday teaching. He said most decidedly that he did not wish it. I told him that some of the Committee wished inquiries to be made into the opinions held by Sunday teachers ; not from any bigoted desire that all should think alike in the abstract, but from a fear lest the children should be perplexed and frightened by hearing in class things very superstitious and crude, or too contrary to what Mr. Maurice preached in church. "Well—I certainly don't want the children *frightened ; but still less* do I want any questions asked," he said, with a most significant emphasis and smile.

Since Mr. Maurice's death the question has been often put to me : If he would allow all persons to be communicants without question as to their beliefs, and all communicants to teach in his Sunday-school ; then what is the use of making a "wicket gate" of Church-membership at all ? Why not say simply that any man may teach what he thinks true ? To me the question sounds very like asking what is the difference in illuminating power between the concentrated light of the sun and the diffused shimmer of the tail of a comet ; I can see so many uses in the wicket gate that I cannot say it ever occurred to me to ask Mr. Maurice what use he saw in it.

Once when he had been telling me earnestly something quite unintelligible to me about Christ, I said, "Do you mean to tell me that every one is made so that they can believe all that ?" He said very quietly, "I don't know if every one can believe it, but I know it's *true,* whether they believe it or not. Possibly the time may come when *I* cannot believe it, but it will be *true,* still."

The word "mystery" was once defined for me by a lady who was for many years employed as literary assistant to that eminent logician, Archbishop Whately, as follows : "Mystery is not that which *cannot* be understood, but emphatically that which man

can grow to understand. A mystery is something which cannot be made intelligible by mere verbal definition alone, which can only be perceived by experience, by a process of initiation."

No one, I think, can object to mystery of this sort ; in this sense nearly every study is a "mystery" to those who had not yet entered on it ; in this sense mathematics is one endless mystery. At least I should be sorry to undertake to make algebra intelligible by verbal explanations, to any pupil who either would not take the trouble to go through, or had not the necessary faculties for going through, the "process of initiation" which is commonly called "working easy examples first."

And it would be scarcely fair of us mathematical teachers to refuse to others the right which we claim for ourselves, of insisting that our pupils shall work easy examples under favourable conditions, before they expect us to make them understand complicated ones.

With this preface, I will relate something which it would be pleasanter to keep as a sacred memory for myself. But a woman can do so little for Truth, for Science, by any personal work of her own in the way of abstract discovery, that if she has the least chance of furthering men's labours by helping to clear away misunderstandings, she has no right, I think, to indulge her own feelings in the matter, no choice but to do the little she can.

I had been nursing a sick friend. She had taken the opportunity of being much alone with me, to explain to me why she believed that there was no God, and that, if anyone made the world, the maker must be an evil being. Her arguments were illogical, and had no more effect on me than would the ravings of a lunatic ; but I had got so vivid a consciousness of the wretched life the poor woman must lead alone year after year with such horrible thoughts, that it had given me, from sheer sympathy, a fit of what I must call, for want of a better word, physical atheism—of *feeling God not there.* My pastor's kind anxiety about my apparent ill-health induced me to tell him that he need not be distressed about me ; that I was subject to anomalous bodily and mental phases after nursing the sick, which entailed some suffering, but went off in a few days. In the meantime, it was pleasant, I said, by way of a change, to find myself in the room with a man who believed in God. What Mr. Maurice *said* it is not worth while to repeat ; what such men as he say in moments of intense emotion should not be repeated ; but those who hear them may sometimes gather from their broken exclamations a clue through the complex mazes of their public utterances. I had evoked an intensity of sympathy ; a sudden flow, not, as I expected, of pity for my unfortunate

friend, but of simple fellow feeling with myself, as if he had suffered terribly from the same cause. The glimpse which my teacher gave me of this habitual agony of his soul, set me trying to work out a great Rule of Three sum : As nursing one atheistic and ill-conditioned patient for a few days is to the being surrounded (as many a clergyman is) by hundreds of such for a life-time ; so was my half physical feeling of relief in the conviction that someone else believed in God, to : What, I wonder ? The imagination fails to fill up that awful fourth term. But I suppose, it would naturally be filled by that to me inconceivable condition of the religious mind, which my Pantheist teachers had called "Idolatry," and which I had often called "A mania for thrusting a stranger out of a book between me and the Author of Science, my truest and dearest Friend."

Pantheists* say glibly that "Each religion is a form of lack of faith" ; that "Religious people are atheists who have *invented* distrusting God" ; that "Theology means worrying a baby with metaphysics to prove that it has a mother, instead of leaving it in peace to find food at her breast," and that they can "feel the presence of a Good Spirit in art, in science, in nature, and especially in their own suffering and sorrow and in the peaceful deathbeds of our comrades" ; and so, perhaps too, did Jonadab the son of Rechab, and those seven thousand of whom Elijah had never heard, and who probably considered his conflict with Baal-worship as a mere squabble among rival priests. But if they had shared many storm-stricken lives, perhaps they might understand why the belief that God *Is* does not always suffice to keep a man from falling into pessimism and despair ; why he needs also to be sure that *Christ knows* that God Is.

Is it possible that some contradictory-sounding theories of Church government may mean something like this ? Not, as they seem to many to mean : "Because the clergy need the Creeds, therefore they are true" ; nor "All people who are good and learned enough to be clergymen can make themselves believe the Creeds, for some can believe them" ; but *experience* leads us to think that those to whom their truth has not been revealed, had better not be clergymen. May not the Creeds be useful for the purpose of preventing from flinging themselves into the clerical profession some whom religious enthusiasm would lead to wish to enter it, but who would be more useful in some other? For that profession requires, not more piety and faith than any other, but a power of doing certain kinds of work without losing piety and faith. Any honest man can get through the ordinary trials and

*"Pantheist" here means a believer in the scientific doctrine of Unity.

duties which nature sends, by the help of such faith as God is sure to give, in one form or other, to all who truly seek the Truth by any road. Every layman, therefore, has a right to learn what he can, to teach what he supposes he has learned, to think according to his nature and experience, and to feel as God inspires him. Whatever he thinks and feels, he is none the less a member of the Invisible Church, and has therefore none the less a right to claim a place for that which he can teach in the intellectual and spiritual storehouse of the Visible Church of his nation. But the official clergy, who have to be in constant contact with the sick and delirious, with the criminal and profligate, the frivolous, and the profane, they have to bear almost unintermittently the burden of other people's sin and sorrows, and for them, perhaps, the beautiful Pantheistic Faith in the symbolism of nature has risen to a higher vertebrate type by the precipitation of a skeleton of half-dead dogma.* A clergyman should be one whom the modes of his inner guidance have led to acquire the disciplined habit of referring all his thoughts and actions, not in a vague dream fashion as we all do, but steadily as a matter of duty and business, to the example of the Man who felt that God had forsaken him, yet did not forsake mankind; because the unwholesome nature of clerical work is likely to land any others in either mechanical hardness or atheism, or insanity.

Was there ever such a pathetic self-revelation made as when Mr. Maurice told his congregation that the reason why clergymen cannot understand scientific men's way of dealing with the problems of life, is because they themselves *forget that there was anything in the life of Christ besides the Agony and the Crucifixion?* Almost every man who speaks of the life of Christ gives a clue to the history of his own struggles and sorrows in the manner in which he approaches the subject.

But if the clergy are to be selected as precisely those whose constitution and education has not led them to see Truth so clearly as Pantheists do in nature, and are therefore persons who feel the need of finding it at every turn of their lives in Christ's words, they ought hardly to make it their business to decry scientific work, for it is their lack of the faculties to understand it which is an element in guiding them into the course of thought which is the needful preparation for their proper work. Or, to use Mr. Maurice's picturesque simile, the Apostles were known as not being blasphemers of other people's gods; the Ephesians thought the image of Diana came down from Heaven; the Apostles had no commission to say where she came from; *whence she came was no*

*See James Hinton's "Meditation on Skeletons" in "Thoughts on Health."

business of theirs. They had to preach their Gospel. It must be proved by experience, not settled by argument *a priori*, whether those who listened to it could continue to believe in her heavenly descent.

When Mr. Maurice was appointed to a Professorship of Moral Philosophy in Cambridge, I congratulated him warmly, the more so as he was still to visit us often. He asked me, almost sharply, why I was so glad. I really had no reason, except that I was glad to see him recognised in a way which I felt must give him pleasure. Possibly he may have suspected me of a malicious idea that it was his turn to go and study in the enemy's camp ; for he called on me a few months afterwards and told me that he had begun to study Euclid, as he thought it right"to put himself into harmony," so far as he could, with "the thought of the place" and "find out what it was that interested people so much in mathematics." As an undergraduate he had of course passed examinations in geometry, and had, in a certain sort of way, understood the Propositions, but had never been able to see any very great difference as to degree of certainty between mathematical proof and that given by the immediate testimony of one's own senses ; or to understand why people seemed so *sure* that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. I asked him if he had satisfied his mind on the point at last. "Yes," he said meditatively, "I *think* I begin to see something in it."

"The dear old Prophet !" Faithful to the last to the truth which had been "revealed" to him : that it is the duty of the pastor to under-stand, not over-ride, the minds of his flock ! "The reward of faithful work is—more work." May one hope, therefore, that he has now entered into that deep, sweet spiritual repose which comes to those who have so much useful scientific work to do in their studies that they can find in the doing of it a justification for not coming into too close contact with more of the sad facts of un-scientific and disordered lives than they can actually find a remedy for. Meanwhile, perhaps, to such men as Babbage, and Strauss, and John Stuart Mill is committed the task of dealing as philosophically as they know how with the practical fact of the spread of pessimism on this planet ; in which case I should say they have about as much to do as they can manage ; and perhaps may learn to be thankful that they can sometimes rest from the strain of keeping up faith in Abstract Good, under difficulties, by substituting for it the recollection that a Man who knew nature and human nature better than any of themselves believed in it for them.

But I, loving the Church, for reasons which have as little to do with the books which she reads, or the creeds she recites, or the

dogmas she teaches, as they have with the vestments which she wears, cannot but remember sadly the bitter sarcasm of an eminent scientific man whom I was trying to interest in Mr. Maurice's ideas of Church Reform : "It is all very well for Maurice to talk, but *I* will begin to believe in the possible stability of your Church when Maurice is bishop."

When I realised that Mr. Maurice was intellectually unfitted to understand the very nature of the position about which I had intended to consult him ; and what was worse, was physically in such a state of health that it would have been cruel to tax his brain with unsolved problems, I asked him whether he would prefer my giving up my post. The question meant, of course, virtually, this : "You don't like the turn Renan has taken since he made up his mind that religious people did not want him and would not listen to him ; now I represent the non-theological tone of feeling, but have not yet taken up any distinctive prejudices or ideas ; do you choose to employ me, I promising to obey you for the time being, and to listen to all you say ; or do you prefer to leave me loose about the world, to find employment for myself ?" Mr. Maurice said that he saw no reason why I should leave the College.

I have no reason to suppose that, in the last years of his life, he repented of his fearless candour ; and as for myself, one who has succeeded in unearthing such a rare pearl as that man's behaviour in the dark, and under such difficult circumstances, needs neither justification nor consolation for having sacrificed much to gain the right of digging in the field where it was to be found. But I fear to repeat things which he said to me ; for, except when he was answering direct questions about my work, I seldom understood him. Anything which I have to say of him refers less to the individual Frederick Maurice than to the mutual relations between a typical theologian, a man who, being brought up a Unitarian, took of his own accord to believing in the Athanasian Creed ; and a person like myself, whose chief interest in theology and theologians consists in a desire to find out how far they can be made useful to, and prevented from interfering with, the harmonious development and orderly teaching of physical and psychic science, to encourage which my father (a parish pastor), taught me to think was the most important part of Christ's mission on earth.

The question has sometimes been asked : Why, if Mr. Maurice honestly believed in the right of each layman to express his serious convictions as a contribution to the intellectual funds of the visible Church, he spoke sometimes in a manner inconsistent with this

conviction? I have given my testimony above for what it is worth, as to his manner of dealing with the difficulties which arose in my intercourse with him; but I am not Mr. Maurice's champion and am not bound to account for all the inconsistencies and anomalies of which he may have been guilty. During several years of work under him, however, I discovered one or two little peculiarities of his which may have tended to cause him to appear, in the eyes of people differently constituted from himself, to deal dishonestly with some of the problems of the age.

Mr. Maurice evidently had the prejudiced, as opposed to the sceptical or scientific, temperament. I use the words in no invidious sense; there is nothing very sublime in the monkey-like desire to see the "other side" of everything, for no better reason than that it is not the side which one first saw. I only express my opinion that in Mr. Maurice this desire was naturally weak. To look at the "other side" of anything was in him an act of more or less moral heroism, of which he would only be capable under a strong sense of duty; whereas to me it seems a matter of physical impulse. In fact, though he and I usually agreed at last, if we discussed a matter enough, in our practical conclusions, we differed almost always in what I may call our emotional and sensational axioms.

There was a something intolerant and fixed about him, personally —his natural tone, his "Wesen," which used to make us say that we went to Professor Marks' synagogue to hear a sermon from a Christian; and to church on Sunday to see an old Hebrew prophet. I should be sorry to say anything unjust of a man whose nature was so foreign and unintelligible to me as Mr. Maurice's; but my own impression of him certainly is that he would have been an intensely loving, but very narrow-hearted, and in some respects a cruel man, but for his religious creeds, which bound him over, as he considered, to treat as fellow Churchmen all varieties of the human species; even that, to him, all but intolerable variety which consists of persons to whom the poetry of Darwin's account of Creation is more obvious than that of the Mosaic record; and to whom all the prose and verse that ever were written about the starry heavens seem more or less clumsy parodies of the statement that "the force of gravitation varies inversely as the square of the distance."

He and I had one thing in common, our love for the Church. Thanks to that, I could make him listen to almost any sort of question, if I took trouble enough. But I doubt if he could have even sat still and *listened* to some of the questions which I asked him, from anyone who did not appeal to the individual's rights of

Church membership. His first axiom seemed to be that the opposite of good is evil; he could hardly enter into Renan's and Hinton's feeling that the opposite of good is some other good; and that nothing is *evil* except emptiness, negation, self-absorption, lack of regard to a sufficient number of types of good, and to the manifold variety of others' needs. I hardly know whether I have explained clearly what I mean; but it expresses one of those differences of temperament and training which underlie many supposed differences of belief.

Truth is truth and does not depend on our idiosyncrasies; but the differences of which I speak are constitutional or ingrained; and the truth on any point always underlies and satisfies a pair of polar-opposite forms of consciousness; just as surely as a planet moves round not one centre but a pair of foci. People are much too fond of saying "It is wrong," or "It is absurd," to feel so-and-so. It is absurd, no doubt, to suppose that one's own idiosyncrasies are universal, and wrong to act on them to the injury of humanity; but what one's idiosyncrasies shall be in themselves, what one shall primarily like or dislike, depends on causes beyond one's own control.

My father had always taught me to think of him, not as *my father*, but as the servant of the poor, whom it was my privilege and duty to assist for the time being. My husband had always sternly insisted that every member of the household should think of every other *first* in his or her relation to humanity, and only secondarily as an individual at all. Mr. Maurice was the first man of any intellect with whom I had ever had to do, who seemed very conscious of his own individuality, either personal or professional; the first, too, who seemed naturally inclined to think that the opposite of good is evil, or that what is good or pleasant or wholesome for one person need necessarily be so for another; and the phenomenon was so utterly perplexing to me that I am conscious of not being able to give a very clear account of it.

Mr. Maurice was the more difficult for me to come to an understanding with, because I had come to him on purpose to observe a certain sort of religious ideas which naturally repelled me, and which I had been told were demoralising, but towards which I wished to be just; whereas he had, I am sure, that instinctive dislike to the bare idea of approaching questions relating to the emotions from the side of classified observation and experiment, which is often mistaken for a consequence of theological prejudices, where it is in reality their cause; and which often exists without any theological ideas whatever; as in the case of young ladies who believe in nothing but their own aspirations and ideals;

and in romantic boys who imagine themselves poets because they can't get their sums right.

All theology apart, and if Mr. Maurice had been an atheist (if one can conceive such an idea), I always felt that the sunrise would have seemed less beautiful to him if he remembered at the moment, not that its hour is fixed by strict laws (no man ever was less in love than he with lawlessness), but that the law can be expressed in mathematical formulæ.

Then, again, it was sadly clear to me that Mr. Maurice had been tortured and persecuted till his brain was in an over-sensitive condition on some subjects. Not by any direct attacks, probably; for though, to a man of his temperament, even direct reproach and persecution are painful enough, still there are always compensations in suffering reproach for what one loves; but by that subtler and more cruel kind of insult which takes the form of personal flattery. To hear it said that he was *too good* for those Creeds which he felt sure had helped to save him from being bad, was, I know, unutterably bitter to him; it left behind a sting which rankled incessantly in his heart. When first I knew him I was sorely puzzled by the way in which he would fly off at a tangent from whatever subject we were talking of, to assert his belief in the Creeds; as if he would crush back everything for the sake of maintaining them. I grew to see that what he asserted so vehemently was not the Creeds, but his own belief in them; he wanted, not to persuade *me* to see that they were true, but to show me that *he* was not ashamed of them or disloyally shirking them. He wanted me to see that his liberality to me was an act of obedience to them, not of concession to their opponents. He had been made morbidly sensitive on the subject, and never could let it rest. Unitarian writers used sometimes to claim him as properly one of themselves, as being too liberal and good for the Church of England; it would have been more merciful to put him on the rack. He felt about it as a woman feels when she is told that she, so good and wise, ought not to let herself be talked of as the *friend* of some unpopular thinker to whom she would be proud to be a servant, and to whom she owes the thoughts which are considered wise in her.

I have said tolerably cool and disrespectful things to Mr. Maurice myself—things which I am sure his followers would have considered sacrilegious; but how anyone could be capable of the insolence (to say nothing of the cruelty) of suggesting that that man did not believe the Creeds, I confess I am unable to conceive. Possibly what the writers in question really meant was, that Mr. Maurice was too good and clever to believe *the nonsense which the*

Creeds seemed to them to mean. Which is another thing altogether. Mr. Maurice certainly had a set of thoughts and feelings in his mind about Christ, the very nature of which was simply inconceivable to me, and would have been inconceivable, I think, to any Unitarian, or Deist, or Pantheist whom I ever met. Any words in which those thoughts could have been expressed would necessarily sound like nonsense to me. That is hardly a reason why he should not express them. When will it be recognised that it is not the business of the blind to lay down the law as to the words in which other people shall express their thoughts about colour, or of the deaf to dictate how the blind shall speak of music? If a National Church means anything, one of its functions should surely be to put a stop to this cruel and absurd sort of criticism, by saying to each man, "Other people have knowledge which you have not the necessary faculties for acquiring; and need words which you can never understand to express it to those who are capable of learning from them." If I were writing a biographical notice of Mr. Maurice, I could relate many incidents which proved to me what an effect the cause I have mentioned had produced on his physical and mental health. Though he could bear to hear any abstract truth called in question, the slightest approach to, or appearance of, a suggestion that he would be as good without his Creeds touched some "red-hot spot in his brain" and made it difficult for him to keep up rational conversation; and this perhaps gave him, in the eyes of those who did not know him well, the appearance of shuffling with the subject under consideration.

Then again, as Mr. Maurice often said, his business was not to explain away difficulties, but to preach *The Gospel*: viz., That man is able, not only to study the laws of his being, but to realise his own kinship with the Law-Giver. Which, it seems, needs to be *preached*! Till Mr. Maurice proved the contrary to me, I thought every one knew that who knows anything at all; and I suppose the people who know nothing had been too much forgotten among us. Amongst Pantheistic persons I had heard this fact, of our personal relation to the Creator, spoken of as "the primary fact of consciousness."

To give to the mass of mankind what Pantheism fails to give, as I have often of late years noticed, except to persons who possess certain peculiarities of physical and mental organization, was Mr. Maurice's "consigne"; he had to occupy this post and defend it against all attacks. This was the battle which, as he said to me, he had been fighting all his life "against Mansel and Mill and all of them." Unfortunately, he seems to have taken for granted that no one can feel a thorough and restful sense of relationship with,

and inheritance from, anything not embodied in human form. Also he had assumed that the best way of expressing this relation of inheritance is in all cases by the use of the word Father. Consequently, he was inclined to fight against all who do not use the word Father in speaking of the Creator. That subtle sense of relationship to the Unseen, which floats up like incense from such works as those of James Hinton and Ernest Renan, and which the biographer of the former has so beautifully expressed by saying that "the Laws of Nature were to him as the habits of a dear and intimate friend," lay, I suppose, out of the range of Mr. Maurice's perceptions; their books would be to him, therefore (like a melody whose deepest notes lie out of the reach of one's auditory apparatus) an unpleasant and unmeaning chaos. The word *Father* itself certainly had for him some meaning and associations which it has not for many people; and this he never could be persuaded to see. If we could only get our pupils to *believe* firmly enough that God was *Father*, they would then (he always seemed to fancy) be in possession of all the mental and spiritual wealth with which that belief endowed him;—which was most assuredly not the case. A friend of mine,* who held Mr. Maurice in the most affectionate reverence, gave me an amusing account of an occasion on which he went to consult him in some difficulty about a Bible class. Mr. Maurice solemnly informed him that God was his Father. My friend said that he humbly hoped he had no doubts about that; but it was not the question he came to ask. Mr. Maurice gave him to understand that he had nothing to tell anybody which that word did not convey. I used often to ask myself, "What *can* there have been in the elder Maurice to make the word *Father* mean so much to his son that other words have lost their meaning?" That there are people in the world whose reason for not calling God their *Father* is that the words "Nature" or "Science" implies for them the Infinitude of all that the word "Father" conveys to them in a finite degree; who willingly submit to superior knowledge, but are not awe-struck by what is essentially mysterious; who, if a man came out of his grave and rose into the sky before their eyes, would neither fall on their knees nor veil their faces, but would think it more reverent to look to see what was happening; who respond with the adoration of the heart to an appeal to the intellect, but in whom any direct claim for affection, reverence, or trust excites only suspicion and dislike; who, if they were ever to suffer martyrdom for a dogma, would at least stipulate that it should be expressed in terms previously defined; but would be far more willing to submit to vivisection for an experiment, in order that

*James Hinton.

others may know that of which they are ignorant—this it is always difficult for men of his nature to believe. And when such persons tried to explain themselves to him, he sometimes behaved to them much as his Unitarian critics did to him—simply assumed them to be paltering with their consciences, and telling falsehoods about themselves. *On a les défauts de ses qualités*: or, as he said to me, speaking of his ignorance of science, "What I do has been fed upon what I might have done and could not; it marks out one's vocation."

Mr. Maurice succeeded in gaining the profound affection of his pupils; but he personally had a morbid and almost wild objection to being "believed," or followed, or erected into a pope. It was a proverb among us that "No one can pay Mr. Maurice a compliment without putting him into a passion." He and I had only one personal and angry quarrel, ever; it was caused by my saying that I cared more to know what he wished than what some one else advised. It seemed to me as if he never could entertain the idea that Christ was full of the sort of liberality that consists in not craving to be believed; and yet he showed that liberality in himself by his objections to anything being taken as his own personal dictation.

One day he asked me in an aghast sort of way, "Were you never *afraid* of God?" I said, "Yes, horribly, when I used to think He wanted me to *believe* things; because I took it for granted that that must mean that He was an evil being who wanted to cheat me into thinking He was good; but as soon as I found out that God really *was* good, that when He had said 'Six times seven are forty-two,' *He* was not afraid to allow me to turn round and ask, 'Then what is seven times six?' I lost the power of thenceforth feeling fear of Him (except in the sense of a physical shrinking from any shock to the nervous system)." I told Mr. Maurice that I was *afraid* of *mad dogs*, and asked him what he could mean by using the word in connection with a Being whom he thought of as *good*; because when I had once recognised a person as good, the chief feeling I had about him was a desire to go straight to him to be made good myself. He said hardly anything, but his look and sudden exclamation were a revelation to me. Then, and many times besides, I realised that if he had read things which I said in a book, he would have supposed them to be the flippant nonsense of some one who was playing with the serious problems of life. Said by a woman who was really seeking his help and guidance, who obeyed him in everything, and into whose life the fact of his influence over herself and others had brought, along with much suffering and sorrow, some of the most perplexing problems which it can fall

to a woman's lot to have to solve, I suppose they sounded differently.

It will be seen that I was under no glamour about Mr. Maurice. I had been accustomed from my infancy to live in contact with genius and learning as great as his, and with piety, simplicity, and kindness of heart which, if not greater than his, were at least more obvious, because less obscured by strife and conflict with opponents. Nearly all that was sacred to me was incomprehensible to him; and he pained me at times almost beyond endurance, by treating as mere flippant, satirical attacks on his position as a clergyman, things which I had said out of the depth and fulness of my heart, and often in great anxiety and distress. For all these reasons he does not occupy in my memory exactly the same sort of pedestal which his followers seem to consider his appropriate resting-place. But I think of him as the bravest and by far the truest man of any note whom I ever met; and of his fidelity to his Creeds as the backbone of all that was truest and best in him. If he had ever seriously suspected, either that the Creeds were less than absolutely true, or that his belief in them required him to exclude from active and practical Church membership any human being who sincerely wished to be useful, he would have said so in the pulpit; or else he would never have entered a pulpit again—about that I am as certain as of my own existence.

My personal relations with Mr. Maurice, which must have been difficult enough in any case, were still further complicated by an uneasy suspicion which I feel sure was entertained, either by himself or by some of his friends, that I hoped to entrap him into saying something contrary to the Creeds which he professed. It was an entire mistake. When I knew Mr. Maurice first, I understood and cared far too little about any religious doctrines to take the slightest interest in the question of their truth or falsehood. I had never yet seen anything come of them, either of believing or of doubting them, except the spoiling of friendships; and the only desire I had in connection with them was to be allowed to forget the details of any set in particular; and to go on in peace with my own work, which was the collecting of *observations* respecting the mutual relations between people who hold dogmas (of any sort) and people who hold none. If Mr. Maurice had not honestly believed some dogmas or other, he would not have been a suitable study for my purpose; but which set he held, it in no way interested me to know.

A clergyman who does not believe his Creeds is not such a *rara avis* that I need have come to London to look for one. Talking to a clergyman who does not quite mean what he says is not as

amusing as the clergy themselves seem to fancy; the cruelty of the occupation is more obvious than the fun. It is depressing and demoralizing to oneself too; it always leaves me with a feeling as if I had been floundering in stinging mud. Mr. Maurice's utterances, though often very stinging, in no way resembled mud. Indistinctness of colouring does not necessarily imply impurity; nor indistinctness of outline unreality. There is an old-fashioned flower, little cultivated now, because it is considered by gardeners "indistinct" and "insignificant." It shines like a pale blue star through such a tangled web of twisted calyx-fibres that some country people call it "devil-in-a-bush," and others, "love-in-a-mist"; others give it a name* expressive of sweet but stolen and untruthful tenderness; others, again, one† which implies malicious destruction among established and lawful lines of demarcation. What is it which makes the same phenomenon suggest such different ideas to different minds? It can hardly be the fault of the flower itself, I suppose, that people disagree about it. The difference of opinion about it arises perhaps from the fact that people are not content to take the good of things as God wills them to be, but want them to be something else. What I know about the plant is this: I came across it unexpectedly, more than thirty years ago, and I felt instinctively that it was somehow different from all other plants. I was drawn to kneel down beside it and *look*; and from that day to this I believe I never saw it without experiencing the same feeling; never was tempted to pick one or to count its stamens; and don't know its class and order even now. A gardener at the Botanical Society's Grounds, told me that its scientific name is *Nigella Sativa*; it almost startled me to hear that it had a scientific name.

A little practice in psychological analysis soon enables one to distinguish when a man does not know his own mind, and when something has grown round him which puts a veil between it and other people's minds. Mr. Maurice knew his own mind (on his own subjects) in the same composed and assured way that I know my mind as to what is the square of an algebraic expression. That was partly what made his very presence and his voluntarily-offered remarks oftentimes so restful and helpful. His words ring down one's after years like no other outward sound; they seemed to come from some region of unclouded light, like the voice of an angel heard in a trance. He knew his own mind; or rather it seemed that (on the subjects which were his) he knew God's mind. He knew his own mind so well that after studying him for some time, one began

*"Kiss me quick, my mother's a-coming."
†Devil in the hedges.

to be able to know it for him. One could predict certain things of him on scientific grounds; one could say about certain disputed questions connected with organisation and the mutual relations of men, "He will wish so-and-so; he will not say so-and-so;"—just as one can predict of a bee, from one's knowledge of the nature of the creature, "It will not make octagonal cells." To work a little logical equation, so to speak, taking as data *Mr. Maurice's publicly-avowed general principles*, and getting out, by way of result, *what he would wish in any given case*, and to see his face when one saved him the trouble of stating his own wishes by bringing them up ready expressed for his endorsement, was worth going through a good deal for. Clergymen who afford one this kind of pleasure have been more uncommon in my experience than I could wish; and indeed one gets it not too often from laymen. The man whom many people evidently consider the greatest of modern logicians used to try to convince me of the evil of dogma by telling me that *all* classes of phenomena should be approached from the side of close observation and that each hypothesis should be tested by *subsequent* careful experiment. When I wanted him to apply his own methods of investigation to that phenomenon which we call "the dogmatically religious mind," he refused. Many a time have I told him *à propos* of that question that it seemed to me as if men were constituted by nature incapable of either *faith*, *courage*, or *logic*; and many a time has he owned to me, with a smile, that the reckless disregard of consequences to other people without which it is impossible to be morally logical, is an essentially feminine characteristic. But we were both mistaken; Frederick Maurice, having by nature as timid and nervous an organisation as any woman, had found somewhere a set of beliefs (of which the Athanasian Creed seemed to him the true expression) on which rested so firm a faith that he could act them out logically, and be consistent in them, even though he could not find clear words in which to explain them.

Of the charm of Mr. Maurice's teaching, of the wisdom of his advice, of his kindness to those in illness or trouble, I have said little. I am not writing his biography. When I went to work under him I determined to find out if I could, for others as well as myself, how much he really did mean by the words "National Church"; what place he proposed to make for those who, even if they imagined themselves to *believe* what he called the "Gospel of the Kingdom," would at least instinctively feel doubt as to its being good news; and whether he could find anything for us to *do* in the Church, besides listening in silence to mis-statements about the leaders whom we love. In telling my readers simply what I dis-

covered, I am guilty, I hope, of no ingratitude for all his kindness. He showed me that any sincere person could work with him, in face of many disabilities of his own; and therefore proved that his ideal of a National Church was one practically possible to carry out in real life.

MOUNT CARMEL IN LONDON

This paper was written much later than the two preceding ones, but it was Mrs. Booles's wish that it should follow immediately on the earlier papers in any collected edition. It was published in "The Crank" in 1904.

WITHIN the last forty years, many persons have started off from this country, to visit what we call the Holy Land, apparently under some idea of finding the Holy Spirit at home at Haifa or Mount Carmel. I wonder how many of them had the slightest idea of the spiritual dramas that were evolving themselves within very short distances from Oxford Street!

I propose to narrate one of these; as strange a romance, I should think, as ever sweetened the air of a common-place civilization. It is a modern version of the old contest between Elijah, the Prophet of the Invisible Unity, and the Priests of a Concrete Eidolon.

When one compares the old version with the new, one cannot help seeing that the world has come round to the old position, but on a much higher rung of the spiral.

The Eidolon, in this case, was not an image of wood or stone, but a mistaken presentation of Jesus of Nazareth. The difference of opinion was not about objects of worship, but about whether religion and ethics should be taught in national languages or in international notations. The test was to be, not which kind of worship brings fire from heaven, but which kind of teaching is best able to evoke the intelligence and fidelity of pupils and train them into fitness for free organic co-operation. Some of the priests concerned, though no longer visible among us, were—(nay, may one not say *are*?)—honourable and quixotic gentlemen. The Prophet of the Unseen Unity had entire faith in the power of his God to reveal Himself in His own time, without the help of bloodshed or anger, of strong language, or of haste. And, moreover, he loved one of the priests with a whole-hearted and loyal affection.

George Boole's first book, "The Laws of Thought," was a psychological study (expressed in an algebraic notation) of the precise nature of the relation of the human mind to the doctrine of cosmic Unity. Having completed it, he next set to work to study the relation between the human mind and the doctrines of differentiation and of Singular Solutions, which, as Babbage* had already shown in 1837, is the key to all religious doctrines connected with the idea of miracle. Numa Hartog, the young Jew whose

*Ninth Bridgewater Treatise.

mathematical attainments forced open Cambridge to his co-religionists, speaking to me about the chapter on this subject in Boole's Differential Equations, said in a puzzled kind of way: "It does not read like a chapter in a text-book." A student of Queen's College, Cork, had already said that, when Mr. Boole was lecturing on that kind of subject, he looked, not like a professor writing a demonstration on a blackboard, but like an artist painting from a vision. Now the Vision from which he was painting was Frederick Maurice's Conception of the Doctrine of Incarnation.

My husband had always intended to write out some day in plain English the meaning of his magical notations; but, as he used to say, he could not see his way. I often pressed him to tell me in what consisted the special difficulty of seeing his way, and at last he confessed his secret. He loved Frederick Maurice more than anything on earth outside of his own house. Maurice had made one mistake (he had mistaken the imaginary embodiment of his own glorious conception of a singular solution of Humanity for the historic Christ). George Boole could not have written freely without exposing Maurice's mistake. Maurice was leading a great movement, and while Maurice lived he would never write anything calculated to weaken Maurice's influence. He knew that his work would ultimately cause some disturbance in religious teaching; and he wished to leave Mr. Maurice a free hand, to save the English Church—if he could. He said that he himself would begin to believe in the possible stability of the Church "When Maurice is Bishop."

I suggested that he should meet Mr. Maurice, and thrash out with him the question at issue, but my husband refused. He never, I believe, saw Mr. Maurice in his life except in Church. His very dear and intimate friend, Mr. Frank Penrose, surveyor of St. Paul's, once invited him to meet Mr. Maurice at dinner. He refused, and never again went to Mr. Penrose's house. He would not put himself into temptation, he said. This seemed to me very strange, as he was on cordial terms with many bishops and clergymen. But he said he could talk on the outside of things to others, but not to Maurice. He missed no opportunity of hearing Maurice preach, and, in the last long vacation before his death, wrote me glowing letters about Maurice's sermons, in one of which he said: "I have made out what puts the whole subject of Singular Solutions into a state of Unity."

He came home after that vacation in a strange state of agitation, torn between conflicting emotions. His heart seemed at times full of Maurice and the Singular Solution; at other times he grew absorbed in the tragedy of Israel, martyred for its fidelity to the

Unseen Unity as the only permissible object of worship. In the previous spring I had had some rather unpleasant explanations with the incumbent of our own parish, for attempting which my husband had seriously reproved me; telling me that the People of the Unseen God (i.e., interpreters of abstract science) ought not to "try to come to an understanding with idolaters" (i.e., worshippers of any eidolon or concrete conception of deity, such as Jesus Christ), and that "Moses knew very well what he was about when he forbade this."

He had grown much interested in the cause of Jewish reform as represented by Professor David Marks, a friend of Professor Augustus de Morgan. He seemed torn in two between his two great loyalties—his personal affection for Frederick Maurice, and his sense of the debt of gratitude owed by mankind to martyred Israel.

And then, in the middle of all this agitation, he suddenly realised that the passage in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel about the wind, really referred to the geometric figure of the dust-whirl or circular storm with its system of tangents and normals. Then burst upon him the discovery that the historic Jesus of Nazareth, whatever else he may have been, must have been at least a mathematical psychologist of great brilliancy and power. "You have got the clue now," he said. He advised me to give up all other studies and devote the rest of my life to the study of the Spiral of Jesus.

Now the "clue" is a very simple one. The spiral figure suggests that one gets to the centre of the storm by turning away from one's own inspiration towards the brother who has "offended"—who seems to have been going "wrong." When once my husband saw the meaning of this, I had little difficulty in persuading him to allow me to invite Mr. Maurice to visit us. He warned me solemnly that any attempt to "come to an understanding with idolaters" must lead to family trouble and great misery for the people of the Unseen God; and, more prosaically and concretely, that some of Mr. Maurice's followers were treacherous; but he said that he trusted me to be faithful. He told me he had not the slightest objection to the world knowing nothing about him; but he should object to his name and work being in any way used to prop up a religious system which he believed to be immoral and idolatrous. But, if I was willing to take all risks, he would consent to make an attempt to come to an understanding. I therefore wrote to invite Frederick Maurice to come and stay with us. My husband took my letter and promised to enclose it with a note from himself as soon as he should have finished looking over a certain batch of

examination papers. When they were finished he went to bed very tired, was taken ill in the night, and never rose again. He had a portrait of Frederick Maurice beside him to soothe him when he grew restless in his illness.

Scientific people wished me to edit a biography of my husband. The materials were collected and submitted to Mr. Maurice, in order that the explanation of my husband's strange reticence and his retirement from the society most congenial to him might be so stated as to do no needless injury to the cause of Maurice's Reform. Mr. Maurice expressed the most intense and inexplicable objection to the publication of the biography of any psychologist or religious teacher; at least until the personal interest in the man himself should have had time to die down. Although I could not at the time understand his reasons for the objection, he so evidently had reasons that I stopped the publication. This gave rise to so much misunderstanding and trouble, that the materials collected were dispersed. This might seem regrettable; but it has never caused me any regret; knowing F. D. Maurice as I grew to know him, one could not doubt that at certain moments he was inspired by a consciousness far higher than his own. (At such inspired moments, be it observed, he did not talk theology.) My own contribution to my husband's proposed biography was printed in the "University Magazine" of 1878, under the title of "Home Side of a Scientific Mind."

During my husband's life-time, I had, under his guidance, given to some ladies informal lessons on his philosophy. These lessons were afterwards organized according to the "clue" afforded by the geometric diagram of Jesus. I submitted the MS. to Mr. Maurice, asking, not his advice, but his wishes. After a time he brought it back to me, saying he could not understand it. He seemed so unhappy at the spoiling of my literary career, and so frightened at his own responsibility in the matter, that I tried to cheer him. I remember saying once to him: "I have been taught to believe in men and movements, not in books. There never was a book written yet but what, if I were the writer of it, I would gladly put the manuscript in the fire there, at your bidding, sooner than hamper your work." He sat gazing into the fire for a long time; then said: "I cannot advise you to publish what I myself do not understand. As long as you are in doubt, do not publish; wait till you see your way; and, when you do see it, let no one stop you."

Years afterwards, I had occasion to tell something about my husband's work to Father George Porter, the then head of the Farm Street Jesuits. After several long interviews he said to me: "You must admit that God does not speak to individuals now";

to which I replied: "I cannot admit that, because I know better." He said: "You are cutting the ground from under our feet." He added: "But I see you wish to know the truth; may God enlighten us both."

Now I would venture to suggest that many so-called Free-Thinkers, Progressives, Liberals, etc., are less desirous to know the Truth, and far less willing that it should be known, than either of these consecrated priests of an Eidolon.

Frederick Maurice never became Bishop, and George Porter, alas! did. Shortly after our last interview, he was sent for to Rome, and released from his Jesuit vows, on the ground that the Pope required his services as Archbishop of Bombay. (A Jesuit cannot take any ecclesiastical dignity till he is released from his Jesuit vows.) He went out to Bombay and died soon after arriving there. He was less "Jesuit" in any bad sense of the word, than some of those who make a profession of despising religions, and whose trade-mark is hatred of priests.

THE MESSAGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE

To Mothers and Nurses

This book was prepared for publication in 1868, *published in* 1883 *and republished in* 1908.

DEDICATION

TO THOSE WHOSE NAMES ARE "WRAPPED IN SILENCE"

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE DEAD

FELLOWSHIP of spirits bright,
Crowned with laurel, clad with light,
From what labours are ye sped,
By what common impulse led,
With what deep remembrance bound,
'Mid the mighty concourse round,
That ye thus together stand,
An inseparable band ?

Mortal ! well hast thou divined
What the chains that strongest bind ;
For the free unfettered soul
Bows to no enforced control ;
Sympathy of feelings shared,
Deeds achieved, and perils dared,
These to spirits are—beyond
Time and place—the noblest bond.

All who felt the sacred flame
Rising at oppression's name,
All who toiled for equal laws,
All who loved the righteous cause,
All whose world-embracing span
Bound them to each brother man
Are upon the spirit-coast
An indissoluble host.

All who with a pure intent
Were on Nature's knowledge bent,
Watched the comet's wheeling flight,
Traced the subtle web of light,
And the wide dominion saw
Of the universal law,
In this land of souls agree
With a deep-felt sympathy.

All that to the love of truth
Gave the fervour of their youth,
Then for others spread the store
Of their rich and studious lore,
Bringing starry wisdom down
To the peasant and the clown,
Are with us in spirit-land,
An inseparable band.

Whether they were known to fame,
Whether silence wrapt their name,
Whether dwellers in the strife
Or the still and cloistered life ;
If with pure and humble thought
For the good alone they wrought,
When the earthly life is done,
In the heavenly they are one.

And their souls together twine
In a fellowship divine,
And they see the ages roll
Onward to their destined goal,
Dark with shadows of the past,
Till the morning come at last,
And an Eden bloom again
For the weary sons of men.

GEORGE BOOLE.

PREFACE

THE history of this book may interest some readers at the present day more than its contents.

My father, T. R. Everest, was a learned occultist in days when occultists were few. He did everything in his power to call attention to the dangerous re-action which must come if the clerical and medical professions persisted in ignoring the phenomena of Mesmerism, Trance and Clairvoyance.

Frederick Maurice was a fanatical opponent of all investigation of such phenomena from the experimental or scientific side. Can any good come except from Nazareth?

But Maurice believed that the Church of England system made possible an indefinite expansion of liberality.

Messrs Macmillan started a movement and a journal for the purpose of unifying Religion and Science under the ægis of Maurice. They invited me to join the movement and contribute to the magazine. I had given lectures on psychology to a few Churchwomen.

As a test of Maurice's sincerity I asked him to read the MS. of these lectures and tell me what he wished me to do with it. His verdict was emphatic; it was to this effect:

"I cannot *advise* the publication of a book which I do not understand. If you have any doubts, it is safest to delay. But if you see your way, *let nothing stop you.*"

The MS. was then given to Messrs. Macmillan, who accepted it. The first chapter was put in type.

But Maurice's friends could not consent to the publication of a book which, if much read, would have convinced the public that the grand old Leader had inadvertently misled the whole party into committing themselves to publishing nonsense about a topic as to which they were profoundly ignorant. Pressure which Messrs Macmillan considered irresistible was put on them to suppress the book. A lady member of the Macmillan family afterwards asked me to preserve the letter which finally determined the action of the firm; it will not be published during the lifetime of persons who knew and loved the writer of it. The "Message" was returned to me, along with a printed copy of the first chapter, annotated with clerical comments.

My way was thenceforth not difficult to see: If they reject you in one clique flee to another. I became secretary to James Hinton, a man liberal as to doctrines but a fanatical opponent of the Established Church. I contributed the chapter on Mental Hygiene in Sickness to a series which he was editing in the *People's Journal.*

After his death I got into connection with the Jewish penny weekly press, a world-wide instrument for the culture and elevation of the masses, probably the most potent in existence; a lever, all the more efficacious at that time as an instrument for the elevation of Jews, because it was the fashion for non-Jews to despise it, and, as far as possible, to ignore its existence.

And so I went on, always linking my work with whatever source of force I found most ignored, most despised, or most execrated by the party who seemed to be exerting the most influence at the time—the old Magicians' Master Method for economising one's own vitality by utilising Nature's re-active energy—until, in 1901, officials of the English government asked me why methods of study, *useful for the training of electrical engineers,* were in use abroad and unknown in England. The Magic Cycle was completed and the spell was at work.

A selection of my contributions to various Jewish weeklies has been published by Messrs. Daniel under the title "Logic Taught by Love." Non-Jew readers find the book difficult to understand,

because of the many references to the phraseology and imagery of the synagogue ; and have asked me to translate it into a form more intelligible to the general public. But it seems simpler and better to give to the public the original work suppressed by Maurice's friend, as a fair sample of the kind of knowledge which, half a century ago, was being driven out of England in deference to the whims of an Ecclesiastical Trades Union.

We think that we have progressed since that day. Instead of not believing in ghosts and mediums, we believe in them perhaps rather too much ; we perhaps attach too little weight to the special experience of the parochial clergy. But are we outgrowing our slavery to the tyranny of cliques ? Are we not in some danger of sacrificing much that is valuable to the general intellectual Trades Unionism of the Middle Classes, who decree that what they know not is not knowledge ; that nothing can be of any use except what they can see the use of without taking any trouble to investigate? Sacrificing some things that might be of use in future to the serene conviction of nearly everyone who has anyhow caught the ear of the public for the time being, that what *he* knows not is not knowledge ?

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

October, 1908.

PREFACE TO PRIVATE EDITION

In 1883 *a small edition of the book was published, but not advertised. Very few copies of it were ever sold. The preface to that edition was as follows :*

More than twenty years ago a few ladies, alarmed at the tempest of discussion about all things human and divine which threatened to sweep them from their accustomed anchorage, asked me to help them to find out whether anything was left which we might still venture to believe without finding ourselves in antagonism with something else which seemed to have equal claims to be considered true. The then almost new theory of Evolution on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the marvellous tales which were being told of spirits appearing at séances, seemed to be considered by the critics of the day so contrary, both to each other and to all that had hitherto been considered sacred or reasonable, that these ladies almost felt as though the thought-world were reverting to chaos. In answer to their appeal the following lectures in their original form were written.

Since they were first delivered, I have had assistance in rendering them more complete. Medical men of all the different "pathies" have been kindly willing to help me in calming the minds of perplexed women by leading them to see that the most important part of any new truth is not always that which at first excites the most discussion ; that a force which was spiritual when we were ignorant of the laws of its operation does not become unspiritual because we have discovered a few of those laws ; and that knowledge which was divine when it was vague and partial is not necessarily made "Satanic" by an effort being made to render it more complete and accurate. It would be pleasant to express my gratitude to those who have assisted me ; but as I I prefer that the faults of my compilation should be attributed to myself alone, I will content myself with tendering the thanks of myself and my hearers to all who have aided us in our inquiry.

The Evolution controversy, so far as the unscientific are concerned with it, is practically at an end. No one now supposes that any serious moral issues depend on our being able to define with precision the difference between "varieties" and "true species." But the difficulty which we felt so keenly twenty years ago is not at an end ; truths are still manifold ; and it is still hard to keep up our faith in the principle that Truth is One.

A society has lately been formed, called the Society for Psychical Research, which announces itself as willing to receive and examine, and as far as possible to classify, evidence on such subjects as thought-reading, clairvoyance, apparitions, and haunted houses. It is not difficult to foresee that the future history of this new movement will in many respects repeat the experience of the past. The leaders, many of whom are men of unquestioned ability, will pursue their course in a spirit of calm and patient inquiry, equally unmoved by the satire and antagonism, and by the over-excited curiosity and too ready belief, which will seethe around them. They will combine and utilise the work of isolated observers ; and in due time the world at large will profit greatly by their labours. But meanwhile a terrible amount of quite needless suffering will be caused to those who take no part in the movement, by the mere unsettling of their ordinary habits of thought. And the occasion may perhaps not be inopportune to remind young women who have not the leisure or the aptitude for systematic investigation, of the same principles which were so much forgotten by unscientific readers in the first shock of surprise caused by the publication of the "Origin of Species."

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CHAPTER I

THE FORCES OF NATURE

"Fearfully and wonderfully made."

"Mensch und Glied dieser Geist und Gott-erfüllten Welt."—*Strauss.*

"Where shall wisdom be found? . . . When He made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of His thunder, then did He see it and declare it; He prepared it, yea, and searched it out. And unto *man* He said: Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding."

"Whatever we intrust to Nature's keeping, she
Will beautify a thousand times for our
Enlarged perception at some future hour.

* * * *

And if from youth we walk in her ways free
And unreproved, her footsteps to explore,
The music of our own hearts then will be
With her eternal music blent still more,
And clearer felt, not distinct, as before,
But needful parts of one full harmony,
Where what one wants the other doth supply."—*Ellison.*

You have asked me to give you an account of the opinions really held by some of those authors whose views you have seen caricatured in *Punch* and censured in religious periodicals. The subjects on which you specially questioned me were the speculations of Mr. Darwin, and the real or pretended discoveries of mesmerists, spiritualists, homœopathists, and phrenologists. But a little reflection will, I think, convince you that, if I pretended to give you, in a few conversations, the result of the lifelong labours of a succession of earnest and clever men, I could in reality only succeed in puzzling you, and in proving my own unfitness to act as the interpreter of any serious thinker whatever. It will be, I

think, more to the purpose if I endeavour to put into your hands an end of the golden thread which, as it seems to me, binds all science together, giving us a clue through its intricate mazes, bridging over its awful chasms, and enabling us to walk fearlessly, even where we can see no light. If you like it, I will afterwards try to tell you what I believe to be the true meaning of some of the real or supposed revelations of modern investigation ; but my main object will be to show you how you may, throughout your studies, make facts speak for themselves, and get help from books instead of being confused by them.

In the first chapter of the Bible we read that the earth was originally without form and void. Next it is said that the "Spirit of God" moved upon the face of the waters. And throughout the Old Testament it is easy to see that the writers attributed the settling down of things in general, the ordering of the heavens, the coming up of dry land from under the sea, the clearing away of mists and vapours, and the production of life upon the earth, to the action of this Spirit (or Word) of God upon the chaos of matter. And not only so, but they evidently believed this living Word or Spirit to be continually present throughout creation, at every rising of sun or moon or star, in all cosmical changes, at every birth of man or beast, at every recovery of man or beast from sickness, in all growth, in all life, in all enjoyment ; and to be at each moment the indispensable preserver of every living thing from decay.

"Oh ! of course," you will perhaps say ; "if God did not do things, they would not be done. If He had not willed things to be, they would not be. He set them going as He chose ; and if He chose to take away the forces by which they go, they would stop. In some sense all that happens is His doing." *You* say this. The Bible says nothing of the sort. It says, not only that God willed things to be done, but that the "Spirit of God" was the agency by which they were done. At least, if it does not say that, I do not know what it does say.

Now, then, without entering into any theological discussions, will you allow me for a few moments to assume that the expressions "Spirit of God" or "Word of God," whenever they occur in the Bible, mean *that force* (be the nature of it what it may) *by which God acts upon matter and quickens it into living forms?* The words, no doubt, mean more than that ; but let us assume for the present that they mean that, at least.

The object of making such a hypothesis is this : Supposing it to be a true one, it follows that whatever we can learn from the Bible about the Spirit of God will give us hints for the study

of Nature ; and whatever we learn from Nature herself will help us to understand the mode of operation of the Spirit.

Now, if you were to ask a scientific man what it was that organised matter into living forms, he would probably reply that it was "force." And if you asked him what he meant by "force," he might answer you by saying, "Electricity is one form of force, for instance, and magnetism is another."

There are men, *professing* to be scientific, who, if you asked them what it was that organised and quickened matter, would reply, "It is *only* force, nothing else." But, so far as my small experience of books and authors has gone, it seems to me that the more a man really knows, the less he is inclined to assert that anything is "*only*" any other thing ; and that whoever does make such an assertion is usually on the brink of some unscientific blunder. Leaving, therefore, the "only" out of the question, it seems pretty clear that one of the agencies by which matter is acted upon and organised is electricity, and that another is magnetism. But the Bible says that it is the Spirit of God. Is there any contradiction here ? Not necessarily so, I think.

But it is clear that neither electricity nor magnetism in the forms commonly called by those names, do all the work of creation.

Supposing our hypothesis to be a correct one, that there is one spirit or force which supplies the *vis viva* or motive power for all life, and growth, and movement, it is clear that this Spirit bears, in our ordinary language, different names according to the nature of its varying action upon matter. Thus, when it acts on steel-filings and collects them round a loadstone, we call it *magnetism :* when it acts upon vapour and collects it into thunder-clouds, we call it *electricity :* when it acts upon planets and groups them around a sun, we call it *gravitation :* when it acts on mineral solutions and forms out of them crystals, we call it *crystalline force :* when it acts upon inorganic or decomposed substances and converts them into plants, we call it *vegetable life :* when it acts upon the food of animals and converts it into living flesh, we call it by various names, of which *animal vitality* is perhaps the one in most common use.

But all true scientific men acknowledge that these various words are mere names for a force, or for various forces, the essential nature of which they do not in the least understand. Faraday, for instance, has been heard to remark, "I can tell you something of the laws by which electricity acts ; but what it is in itself I know no more than a child." Now this which Faraday confessed that he (speaking of himself merely as a scientific investigator) could not know, is just what the writers of the Bible (according to

the interpretation of their words which we have assumed to be correct) professed that they did know. They taught (at least I think they taught) that all creative force is the Spirit of a living God.

Mind, I do not assert that these various forces *are* different manifestations of the same force or Spirit. I only ask you to let me proceed for the present on the assumption that they are so. I myself believe them to be so ; I can understand neither the Bible nor the facts of Nature upon any other supposition. But I do not want you to believe it merely because I do. I only want you to understand what it is that I believe, and then as we go on you will see whether you think you have any ground for agreeing with me.

But whether these forces are the same or not it is quite clear that they are practically, to a certain extent, convertible. The galvanic battery, for instance, has the power of causing an unmagnetised iron bar to become magnetic. And though man's power of thus converting one force into another is very limited, it does not follow that they are not, in Nature, interchanged to an infinite extent.

It appears, too, pretty clear that, though we speak as if there existed only a certain limited number of such forces, their number is in reality infinite. Every species of plant and of animal and of crystal has its own. All the higher organisms at least appear to be affected by a great variety of forces, but each is most powerfully affected by that one which is peculiarly the life of its species. The degree in which it is saturated, so to speak, with this its own peculiar life, is often very much, always more or less, affected by other circumstances ; but, on the other hand, its power both to derive benefit from favourable and to resist unfavourable circumstances is derived entirely from its possession of that life. The power of an animal to retain its vitality is more or less affected by heat, light, electricity, etc., and is greater in proportion as the amount which it receives of these extraneous forces is more exactly suited to its constitution ; but no accurately adjusted amount of heat or light or galvanism will enable an animal body to resist the destructive effect of the atmosphere when once the animal vitality has left it. Again, very great heat is injurious to our health, and, in extreme cases, fatal. But a healthy man, it is said, can remain alive, and almost uninjured, in an oven while a joint of meat is roasting. If his body were dead, it would roast too, but the human vitality casts off, to a great degree, the injurious effect of the heat.

This vitality I suppose is the *breath which God breathes* into a

creature, and so makes it become a living soul. When He takes away its breath, we are told, the material organism dies and returns to dust. What we commonly call breath—that is, air—is not taken away. The atmosphere surrounds and pervades the body still; but something else—the spirit which God breathed into it—has been taken away; and therefore it is no longer capable of feeding on the oxygen of the air.

This is a point which I want you to fix firmly in your minds, as we shall have to recur it by and by. Every highly organised being is affected by a variety of influences, which interfere more or less with each other's action, and which would need to be accurately balanced to ensure the highest possible state of enjoyment and of health; but there is always some one dominant force in which the very life of the creature consists, and which has, within certain limits, the power of controlling and regulating within it the action of all the other forces which affect it.

When we say that one set of circumstances is more *healthy* than another, what we chiefly mean is, that the former puts it into a state in which the creature's whole system is more charged with its own peculiar vitality than it would be under the latter. This is the *measure* of the healthiness of circumstances. No treatment is in reality health-giving to a creature, which tends on the whole to diminish its supply of this life force, even though it may temporarily regulate disturbance and relieve uneasiness. And I think you can see that if there were any means by which we could directly pour a constant supply of this vitality in upon any creature, the use of those means would be of paramount importance to that creature. This also I want you to remember.

Now, so far as we can see into Nature, it appears that the action of force is always regulated by strict laws. The law of gravitation is so simple that it comes within the calculations of common arithmetic; the force varies inversely as the square of the distance between the bodies. The laws by which the action of electricity is governed are more complicated, but they fall within the province of the higher mathematics. The laws by which vegetative and animal life are governed do not appear to come within the scope of any known mathematical formulæ; but it does not follow that they are less regular in their operation. On the contrary. Nature seems to be governed throughout by the most exact laws. There could be neither variety nor grace if this were not so. Does this seem to you like a paradox? If you want to know whether law or lawlessness has the most tendency to produce variety and beauty, compare the evolutions of well trained dancers with the effect which would be produced if the same people

assembled in a room and each ran and jumped wherever he or she chose. And the more intricate the dance, the more necessary is it that every step should be taken according to the prearranged plan.

Nature then is governed by laws ; that is to say, as it seems to me, the Spirit of God works regularly.

A young friend of mine was once trying to explain to a pious old woman, her nurse, the movement of the earth round the sun. The old woman, after trying in vain to disprove this (to her) new doctrine by logical arguments, at last entrenched herself behind a theological one. "Well, my darling," she exclaimed triumphantly, "you may believe what you like, but I believe the world is where my Divine Master placed it." Now for centuries past people have been putting science and religion into opposition, just as this old woman did, and for the same reason. We find it easy to conceive of God either as the first cause of a system of material stability, or as the doer of arbitrary acts ; but (our own wills being capricious and contradictory and disorderly) we imagine the two ideas of regular laws and of a constantly acting Will to be mutually exclusive. But whether the people who think it pious to say that not the laws of Nature but the Will of God regulates the universe, or the people who think it scientific to say that not the Spirit of God but only forces animate matter, find the most warrant for their notions, either in common sense or in Scripture, you may, at your leisure, find out, if you can. It is an inquiry in which I cannot help you at all.

Not only do all the forces which govern matter obey laws, but a very curious analogy runs through these laws, however different they may be, both in their expression and in their action. And the tracing of the analogy is, I think, by far the most interesting part of the study of Nature.

So far we have been speaking only of the irresponsible creation, as we call it, consisting of all organisms, from a crystal up to a dog or monkey. It seems to me rather an arbitrary use of words to call either a dog or a monkey or a bee "irresponsible" ; but let that pass for the present. We have been talking of creatures as irresponsible.

You know that some of our modern naturalists are of opinion that man has sprung by regular descent from the lower animals. But this idea of theirs is not the mere product of an intellectual speculation. Whether true or false, it is partly inspired by the instinct which has taught poets and children in all ages to claim the brutes as their kin. This instinct has manifested itself in many strange ways. The metamorphoses of Roman mythology and the

Hindoo doctrine of the transmigration of souls are perhaps, of all the forms in which it has appeared, the two with which you are most familiar. Thoughtless people, of course, say that such ideas are "only" superstitions. But, as I told you before, the more sure a man feels that anything is "only" any other thing, the further he is usually from the truth. Such ideas are indeed superstitious, but they are something else besides. Men's instincts may be distorted into false and ugly shapes, but there is a living root of truth hidden deep down somewhere from which they grew. And be sure it is not for nothing that men in all ages have believed in their relationship with the brutes.

Men in all ages; not by any means *all men*. Most people were shocked and disgusted when first they were told that the monkeys were their own "poor relations." But any instinct may become deadened and perverted by disuse. Who are they who have believed in their relationship with Nature? Poets and children always, and among naturalists, I think, chiefly those who were most observant of living creatures. Just those, you see, who knew most about the matter, who had lived most in communion with living Nature, and in whom, therefore, the part of the mind by which man holds communion with Nature was most exercised and most keen.

If a hundred clever men were kept for years in a half-darkened room poring over books, and then suddenly turned out upon a mountain in the full blaze of the sun, their deepest reasonings about what was likely to be or what ought to be before their dazzled eyes would go for nothing against the testimony of one hardy mountain child who could not spell, though the latter would probably make endless mistakes if he tried to reason upon the causes of the phenomena which he perceived. Why so? Why, the child's eyes would be exercised and accustomed to mountain objects. And so, if poets and children feel a relationship with Nature, be sure there is such a relationship, though their way of explaining it may be very absurd and false. Now, if all the various forms of vitality are, as I believe, different manifestations of the Spirit of the Great Father of Spirits, that would of itself account for the relationship which man feels with Nature; though I do not say that there is not a more immediate and physical relationship as well.

One tie, at all events, binds us to the brutes—a likeness of physical organisation. A great part of what we know about our own bodily selves we have learned by dissecting, and often alive, beings which are literally bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and many of them brain of our brain, with hearts, nerves, thoughts,

affections, marvellously like our own. If you have read anything at all of physiology, you know how true this is. I am not going, however, to enter upon the study of physiology with you; and I only mention the subject for the sake of a few significant facts, the knowledge of which has been bought dear for us by those inferior creatures to whom we are so anxious to refuse all share in our own hopes of immortality and blessedness.

Every nerve which has for its function the production either of physical sensation or of voluntary motion has one end (its peripheral extremity) either in the skin, or in one of the organs of the senses, or in some internal organ (such as the lungs, etc.), and the other end in some portion of what is called the automatic brain. The automatic brain consists of the internal portions of the head, together with the brain-like spinal cord, or marrow, which runs down the backbone. Thus one nerve goes from the spinal cord and acts on the muscles which produce respiration.* Another goes from a ganglion in the middle of the head to the eye, and, when stimulated by light, produces the sensation of sight; and so on. A stimulus applied to the peripheral extremity of a nerve produces its appropriate motion or sensation by what is called reflex action. That is to say, one part of the nerve being stimulated at its peripheral extremity, the other conveys notice of the fact to that portion of the automatic brain to which it is attached; and the automatic brain being thereby excited, immediately discharges a supply of nervous energy, which produces, at the peripheral extremity, the required sensation or muscular contraction. But it is possible to force the automatic brain to act, and to send nervous energy down the nerves, by stimulus applied directly to itself, either artificially or by the action upon it of the outer brain. When you draw back your foot instinctively because it is tickled, the nerves of the foot move the muscles by reflex action. When a galvanic shock applied to the spine convulses a dead leg, it does so by applying an artificial stimulus to the spinal cord. When you move your foot because you will to do it, the stimulus is given directly to the automatic brain by the outer brain, of which we have next to speak.

What thought and emotion may be in their own essential nature we can at the best but dimly guess. It is one of those questions the answer to which every man must seek for himself within that inner sanctuary into which each one must enter alone. But, so far as science has to do with them, they may be said so to manifest themselves as, I might almost say, to consist in the excitement produced by a certain form of force in a

*Note 1.

particular portion of the frame which is specially fitted to receive it, and be stimulated by it. This thinking and feeling organ, to which the name of *the brain* is often given, fits like a cap over the automatic brain of birds and mammals. In fishes* it appears to be almost totally wanting.

There are people who profess not to believe in phrenology; also there are people who profess not to believe in mesmerism. But I hardly think any serious man nowadays professes to disbelieve either that the healthy action of the human nervous system depends in some way on the state of the mind, or that human beings, especially the nervously organised, often affect one another's minds in some way quite independent of visible or audible signs. So I shall express no opinion about the truth of phrenology, but only say that, if not true, it was well invented; for it answers as a summary or skeleton of all that is known on the subject of brain action. And its terminology is convenient. I shall take leave to speak as if it were true, just to save the trouble of using round-about language; only begging you to remember that the best of the so-called phrenologists were men who observed human beings, and that their observations on character and the results of conduct are true, whatever you may think of their theories.

Each portion of the outer or conscious brain is receptive (so say phrenologists) of its own peculiar class of thoughts or feelings, and is unable to receive (or produce) any others. When you study Euclid or cast up your accounts, the organ under the outer part of your eyebrow is at work. When you think of your relations and feel a mere instinctive impulse to long to be near them as such or when you caress a baby for the mere pleasure of doing it, the back of your brain is active. When you feel reverence for an earnest teacher or pity for a suffering child, the top of your brain is brought into action. The science which has for its subject the whole outer or thinking and feeling, brain, is called phrenology or psychology. The two words are not, it is true, quite equivalent; they refer to the same subject treated in two different ways.

Now if you have read "Combe's Physiology" (a work with which I would advise every mother to make herself acquainted), you must, I should think, have noticed with what care he distinguishes between the physical nervous force which is generated in the automatic brain and the nervous power which is communicated to it from the true or conscious brain; and how earnestly he impresses on his readers that (within certain limits)

*Note 2.

the health-giving or exhausting* quality of muscular exertion depends, in man, upon the motive of action which is present to the mind, *i.e.*, upon the state of the thinking brain. It is found, in fact (so say the phrenologists), that upon the activity of certain phrenological organs depends, in great measure, the supply of that higher force or nervous energy by which not only are the other brain organs stimulated to healthy action, but which is able also to supplement to a great degree the want of natural physical power and muscular tone throughout the frame. And not only does this higher force supplement the nervous energy generated in the automatic brain when deficient ; it also controls the discharge of that energy when abundant. But that it may do this, the thinking brain must be in good working order.

You are, of course, well aware that although all parts of the human organism are so related to each other that an injury to or the total inactivity of any one part affects, in some slight degree at least, the well-being of the whole, yet some organs are far more essential than others to the vitality of the frame. For instance, the stimuli afforded by light through the eyes and by sound through the ears are each in a measure good for the health ; but a blind or deaf man may live to old age, and even (if the faculties which he possesses are properly cultivated) enjoy very good health of body and mind ; and there are states of disease in which silence and darkness are most beneficial. But without the stimulus supplied by oxygen to the lungs no man could live an hour ; few men could live a fortnight, or preserve their health from serious injury for half that period, without food. Again the regular exercise of every muscle in turn is, under normal conditions, decidedly advantageous. But an adult whose chest is already well developed may enjoy a very fair share of health without any muscular exercise beyond that of walking. And in many cases of disease or accident it is highly desirable to keep a particular limb perfectly still for weeks together. But no matter how diseased the heart may be, you must not, if you could, stop its action, or even lower it beyond a certain point, or the result would be certainly fatal. As a rule, the higher the type of animal, the greater the number of its *"vital functions"* (*i.e.*, of those the continuance of which is essential to its vitality), and the more quickly fatal is the cessation of any one of them. An alligator, for instance, has been known to live for some time after being decapitated ; but any mammal or bird would die almost instantly on the spinal cord being severed at the neck. But though a certain amount of activity of the stomach and lungs is absolutely essential

*Note 3.

to the life of any mammal or bird, man included, yet it is nevertheless true that, whereas in a young child, or an animal of low type, the physical functions supply nearly all the vitality, the higher the animal and the older the child, the more the health seems to depend on vitality supplied through the brain. Now there is one part of the brain, or one portion of the mind, if you prefer that way of putting it, the action of which is found to communicate nervous energy to the whole frame very much more rapidly and certainly than any other portion. This part is technically termed the "moral and religious" region, and this name I shall adopt as a convenient designation. But it is necessary that you should understand clearly that its distinguishing feature consists not in its being related to any particular class of objects or ideas, but in the fact that its action always involves some form or other of voluntary self-renunciation. Its central and most powerful organ is called Veneration. Why this particular function or portion of the brain should be capable of receiving vitality for, and imparting it to, the whole nervous system so much faster than any other part, we do not know; or at least, if we in our inner souls know, we cannot tell. The ultimate reasons of things can be told, perhaps, by God to man, but never by one man to another. But we do know and we can tell that the fact is so; and phrenologists think that it seems to be somehow connected with and brought about by means of this other fact, viz., that the human skill is sutured across this part of the brain. And as long as men have had skulls—I believe as long as mammals have had skulls—their skulls have been constantly sutured in the same place.

You know that muscular exercise is generally necessary to enable you to take in a proper quantity of food and air. But you know, too, how dangerous it would be to take exercise if you were starving, or if your lungs were in any way prevented from expanding pretty freely. Well, the exercise, in some form or other, of the intellectual functions of the brain is necessary in most cases to keep the moral ones in full play. But to use the former without the latter is just working your nervous system hard, and starving or stifling it. And the analogy between the two cases is all the more complete, because, during muscular exercise, a certain, though very insufficient, amount of oxygen finds its way into the system through the skin. The skin all over the body takes in some oxygen, though much less than it wants for its own use. The lungs only are capable of taking in as much as they want for themselves, and plenty besides to spare for the rest of the body. Just so, the use of any part of the brain vitalises the

nervous system ; but the so-called moral faculties only, as a rule, do so fast enough to keep up health in man.

And now you will be able to understand what I meant when I bade you observe that if we could directly pour in upon any creature a supply of that vital force in which its life consists, it would be of special importance to that creature to do so. Food will not give vitality till it has been digested. Now we do not always know the kind of food which to a particular constitution will prove most thoroughly digestible and most nourishing. And when we do know the right kind of food, we cannot always get it. And if we give overmuch of the wrong kind, with a view of increasing the vitality, we not only completely fail in our object, but also impair the digestive powers for the future. Plenty of oxygen is essential to full health, but it is not always to be had without exposure to an injurious amount of cold. Indeed, it is not always to be had at all. Light is not always attainable ; and when it is, it may be too glaring, and accompanied by too great heat. What suits one patient does not suit another ; and in fact our best laid plans are crossed and checked in countless ways. But earnestness about an object out of oneself never fails to impart life directly to the nervous system.

Do not forget, however, that the greater the charge of vitality, the worse the effect of any misuse of it. This is a complicated subject, and one we shall have to go into if ever we take up the subject of practical sick-nursing. There is endless difficulty in keeping moral emotion pure, in regularising the action of the moral sense itself, and in educating the rest of the mind to work in subjection to it. But the ideas which I want you to seize and comprehend just now are that the supply of that particular force which it is the especial province of the thinking brain to receive is simply unfailing and inexhaustible, and that it is the essentially human force, standing to an adult creature in much the same relation as gravitation does to a planetary system, or crystalline force to a crystal ; and that it comes chiefly on conditions not merely intellectual, but more properly speaking moral.

Mind, we are talking science now. I am not giving expression to any religious belief or pious platitude, but telling you what I believe to be simply a fact, and one of the fundamental facts on which biologic science rests, when I say that, whereas the amount of oxygen is in many places, of food nearly everywhere, insufficient for the full supply of all the creatures who want it, that peculiar force which it is the proper business of the brain to take in is, so far as we can judge, everywhere absolutely inexhaustible in quantity. And, moreover, no devices of man (in

the way of building, etc.) seem to have any great effect in keeping it out ; and no state of the weather affects its intensity in any very serious degree. There does, however, seem to be evidence that any very unusual and widespread religious excitement among human beings is usually preceded or accompanied by some of the more physical manifestations of cosmical disturbance, such as earthquakes, violent hurricanes, thunderstorms, etc.

When you caress a friend, some influence flows from you to her. The more you love each other, the faster and the more pleasantly it flows, the more *en rapport* you are with each other. Some people are much more gifted than others with the power of thus influencing other men or even animals ; and this faculty may be increased by practice. Some men think they can do good by passing a current of their own vitality down a benumbed limb, or even feeding in a temporary supply of it to repair excessive waste. This they call "Mesmerism," from the name of one of the first men who seriously attempted to transfer the subject from the demain of jugglement and superstition to that of sober scientific inquiry. Every mother unconsciously mesmerises her children, every nurse her patient, every teacher his pupils ; and this unconscious mesmerism is in all ordinary cases unquestionably more healthy than any other. It is, nevertheless, desirable that those who have the charge of children or of the sick should know something of the laws which govern the action of human beings on each other. But of all the sins which men commit, none fills me with such horror as the irreverent tampering with this most awful power.

For, if I understand mesmeric science at all, the keynote of it all, the fact, but for our knowledge of which all the other facts of mesmerism would form one chaos of contradictions, which we should be incapable of reducing to a science at all, is this : Between that Person or Power whom we call God and every human being there exists every relation in which it is possible for one human being to stand to another. He actually is the Father, Mother, Husband, Brother, Master, Healer, Teacher, Friend of all mankind ; and every form of mesmerism and biology is an imitation, conscious or unconscious, of some portion of His direct influence on the nervous system of man.

Now as to what is commonly called spiritualism.

In ordinary conditions the nerves receive and transmit the life-force, the human magnetism, of which we have been speaking, unconsciously, as it were. A man feels conscious of a general sense of wellbeing when it flows regularly and in full tide, of discomfort when its flow is checked ; but of the actual flowing of it

he feels no more than you do at this moment of the influx of air into your lungs, or of the coursing of your blood through your veins. In certain states, however, the passing of the vital forces produces a distinct physical sensation. The precise nature of the sensation will depend on the precise set of nerves which is in a sensitive condition. A sensitive subject will tell you at one time that she "saw a vision," at another time that some unseen person "spoke to her," or that "spirit hands touched her." The meaning of this, I believe to be sometimes that her nerves of sight, of hearing, or of touch, were in a condition in which the passing of force along them excited them in the same sort of way as, under normal conditions, they would only have been excited by the reflection of light, the vibration of particles of air, or the contact of some material substance at the peripheral extremity. I dare not say that it means only this ; but I do believe that it means this at least, and that it will be well for us to reflect upon the fact that it does mean this. The angels or the spirits of the departed may indeed be about the "medium" in her hours of inspiration ; but if so, they are about you and me at all times. They may make communications to her ; but if so, they make communications to those who are not physically conscious of their presence. Whether the spirits of the dead are near us or not, at least the Great Spirit is round us, and in contact with every nerve of our frame and every organ of our brain ; and from Him we get light and knowledge and truth. The spiritual fact is not created by the medium's consciousness of it ; and no one has a right to say that it does not exist for those who are not conscious of it, or that it is not going on when no one is conscious of it. And to those who long to "see visions and dream dreams," to have some sensible proof of their relation to the unseen world, I would say, "Blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed," for the thing is true whether we see it or not.

That the phenomena of spiritualism have been of use in calling attention to the fact that there is intercourse between us and the spirit world there can be no doubt ; but I cannot help thinking that it would be well if spiritualists would give to discovering the laws of healthy receptivity of inspiration some of the time which they bestow on observing and inducing the phenomena of conscious reception.

You see that the psalmists and prophets had anticipated the discoveries of modern science in some very remarkable ways. Psalmists and prophets found out that the Unseen gives strength and inspires thoughts to those who trust Him, who pray to Him, who cultivate kindly feelings towards mankind, who renounce

their own will in obedience to His laws. They only knew that He did so. They never thought of asking how He did it. It was His will to do it, and that was all. Now we know that He does it by the normal action of an apparatus made on purpose. That does not make it the less true that it is His will to do it. A mother's milk is not the less a token of her good will to her baby because the baby has a mouth made on purpose to take it in.

And yet just at this point an awful doubt has flashed across many minds. A baby can see, and hear, and touch its mother. If it doubts where its food comes from, it has only to open its eyes and look, or put out its hand and feel. But we can find God only in the one way. Suppose, then, that there should be (for us, at least) no God but forces ; suppose that what we call thought and feeling should be "only" the passing of a magnetic current across the brain ; suppose that the Author of Nature leaves us to work the nerve-battery as we choose or as we can, without caring what becomes of us. The highest moral result of science, unassisted by that higher revelation of his own nature which God gives to His servants, is that there is around us a vital force of which we become receptive on certain moral conditions. Those conditions, for all that science can prove to the contrary, might be these : That from conscientious motives we endeavour to do our duty to the laws of Nature ; that we cherish hopes which may never be realised ; that we perseveringly strive after objects which would disappoint us if we attained them ; that we exercise benevolence towards creatures whose Maker lets them suffer with apparent unconcern ; that we aim at growing like* whatever strikes our fancy ; that we trust in we do not know what ; and that we reverence a modification of electricity. Science has led men by a laborious ascent up the mountain which sages of old were trying in vain to climb, and she has shown them there—Nothing.

I do not mean that God ever leaves those who sincerely desire to serve Him and to hold communion with Him long alone on this giddy height. I should be sorry to suggest to you anything so false as that. No ; to those who have thrown themselves in the dark upon His guidance He has always revealed Himself at last. But when psychologists or phrenologists want to give an account to others of what it is that they do mean and believe, they seem hardly able to speak of anything but a mighty force, which holds us in its grasp, but eludes all our efforts to grasp it. The difficulty is a very real one ; I feel it strongly. The study of science teaches us God's Will ; but scientific language cannot express our thoughts and feelings about God. And therefore let me shelter my own

*Note 4.

confused notions and wavering faith behind the plain statements of Him whose declarations about the invisible world do at least carry more weight than those of any other teacher. And this is the message that we have received of Him :

That the Creator is not merely teaching men Love and Truth as the appointed life of our species, but that He is Himself that which He wills us to be ; that God is indeed, morally and spiritually as well as physically, our Father ; that the Divine love which we dream of is a real feeling on the part of God, and not a mere fancy projected from our vague yearning for some response to our own feelings ; that the Spirit by which He is acting on our spirits is meant to be not only the Life-giver and Teacher, but also the Comforter ; and that whatever clouds may gather between us and His throne, God Himself is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all.

We assumed, you will remember, a hypothesis which I daresay some of you have thought a bold and startling one. What we supposed was in effect nothing less than this : That when the writers of the Bible spoke of the Spirit of God, they meant to speak of the same thing—the same Person, Power, Spirit, or Influence—which a modern scientific man means to speak of when he uses the word *force* ; that though they meant to give us information which science could not give, yet their teaching and the teaching of science refers to the same subject ; that they and the students of "forces" are looking at the same object, though from a different point of view.

It is, I own, a bold hypothesis ; but the question is, is it a true or a false one ? Do we find that it leads us unto truth or into error ? Has it forced us, while we assumed its truth, to put any known facts into the background ? Has it led us into contradictions or confusions ? Has it not rather cleared away confusions and reconciled apparent contradictions ?

For my own part, I can most honestly say that, puzzling as the world and its problems are, they would become infinitely darker and more perplexing to me if I lost hold of the first article of my belief, that all life is a manifestation of the Spirit of the unseen God.

I said above that I do not wish to impose on you any positive opinion as to the truth of phrenology. I myself believe that there is something in it on the whole. But it always seems to me rather an inversion of the right order of things when women have positive opinions on disputed points. It is men's business, as a rule, to decide on facts and to make theories ; a woman can often be better employed in finding out how far those men agree who

differ on particular points ; and who suppose themselves, or are supposed by others, to differ essentially. That seems to be women's business, because it is one of the things that men never seem able to do for themselves. I have been trying to collect and compare the observations on brain-hygiene made by such writers as Maudsley, for instance, with the statements of phrenologists on the same subject, and I find that they do not differ much. All the non-phrenological psychologists allow that the indulgence of every impulse as fast as it arises is bad for the health of both body and brain. A healthy instinct does indeed point to what it is good for the person to do ; but observation shows that it is bad for any one to do at every moment that to which his instinct prompts him, for no higher reason than that he feels inclined. No one doubts that the exercise of benevolence, hope, trust, conscientiousness, imitation, perseverance, and especially veneration, is healthy. And the very names of these qualities imply the sacrifice of immediate impulses to some object out of oneself. No medical man, and no medical book worthy of notice, ever expressed a doubt, so far as I know, that the more complete and steady the education of all the above-named faculties, the better for the health. Phrenologists say that these qualities reside in a part of the brain over which the skull is sutured, and which is therefore more expansible and more accessible than the rest. If that is not true, it is wonderfully like truth, and acts as an excellent "working hypothesis" till somebody provides us with a better.

This also I have observed, and it seems to me significant and curious. Every one that ever I heard of, who tried to exercise any sort of mysterious influence over the minds or health of other people, has made it his business to stimulate some of the "moral and religious" faculties of the patient (or, as I should prefer to call them, the organs of sacrifice). From the Apostles, who avowedly required *faith* (*i.e.*, trust) as the condition of cure, and who certainly by implication insisted on *reverence*, to the strolling quack biologiser, who makes his victims look steadily and perseveringly at some object, thus controlling their wandering self-impulses, this condition has, in some form or other, been a *sine qua non*. And everybody who wants to control or calm an ill-conditioned child, instinctively lays a hand on the top of its head, thus, I suppose, lending the aid of his physical local mesmerism to whatever stimulus he may apply by his words to the moral organs. It will be interesting to find out, as no doubt we some day shall, how far phrenology is true in detail ; but meantime I should like you to fix your minds chiefly on the things that are indisputably true, and not to be led to waste too much force over

things about which men quarrel. I can remember a time when it was the fashion in sermons and religious books to proclaim that Phrenology was essentially immoral, because it implied that man has no duties, being the slave of his physical configuration. At that very time Dr. Fowler told a patient in my hearing (and, as I happen to know, on phrenological grounds), that a course of life so unsuited to her tastes that in her state of health it would probably soon prove fatal if persevered in long without necessity, would do little harm if entered upon from a strong sense of duty, provided the patient would take care to bear constantly in mind that it was also her duty not to allow her work to worry her.

But here I must give you one caution, for want of which the faith of many, both in science and in God, has been shipwrecked. You are not to suppose that the mere fact of a thing being your duty, still less the fact that you have rashly chosen to suppose it to be your duty, possesses any magic to enable you to do it without suffering, or indeed to do it at all. It is only in so far as you *keep* God, or duty, or some analogous motive *in your mind* that you can in any measure conquer circumstances. And you cannot begin to control your mind at a moment's notice. Every self-willed thought that has ever rested on your brain has left its trace upon it, negatively in want of power, if not positively in disease ; and be sure that, when your time of trial comes, your sin will find you out.

I suppose all the earnest thinkers and true men that ever lived have been led, each by his own road, to the same blessed truth : that the Spirit who animates Nature does make her various forces work together for good to them that love Him ; to all who are willing to carry out His purposes in His own way, but most of all to them that *love* Him. They have found out, too, that she sends countless messengers to call wanderers back to the path which he Has appointed for them, just when it seemed as though they must fly off into darkness for ever. But as far as they have wandered, so far must they come back, slowly, and sadly, and painfully. God sends no angels to help men to break Nature's laws ; and those who have persuaded the world to expect them have been either quack doctors or quack priests. The true prophets have always tried to lead men to look in the face of Nature, and see God reflected there.

CHAPTER II

ON DEVELOPMENT, AND ON INFANTILE FEVER AS A CRISIS OF DEVELOPMENT

"The creation was made subject to vanity . . . in hope."

"L'humanité fait du divin comme l'araignée file sa toile ; la marche du monde est enveloppée de ténèbres ; mais il va vers Dieu."
—*Renan.*

"And he showed me a river."

EVERYBODY has heard of Mr. Darwin, but I fear that many so-called educated people still know very little about him, except that they have heard of him as the man who taught that our great-grandfathers were monkeys and our remote ancestors oysters.

Why this description should be supposed to apply to Mr. Darwin in particular, I cannot imagine. For, in the first place, Mr. Darwin does not say that we are descended from monkeys exactly ; in the second place many people held that opinion before he could have suggested it to them ; and in the third place, supposing it should ultimately be proved that each of the great orders of plants and of animals was made by a separate act of creation, his theory would still be a perfectly consistent and intelligible one. And, therefore, if you should happen to have any prejudice against (what Mr. Cobden called) acknowledging our poor relations, pray do not let that spoil your enjoyment of one of the grandest poems that ever was written (the "Origin of Species"), or prevent you from trying to get what help you can for the education of your own pupils from Mr. Darwin's marvellous exposition of some of the principles which govern the Divine education of families and races.

If I can give you any help in understanding his theory, I shall think it a great triumph ; but I feel my own incapacity for dealing with so magnificent a subject ; and must ask you to read the "Origin of Species" for yourselves as soon as you have the opportunity.

The central idea of Mr. Darwin's books, speaking of him merely as a scientific author—I would almost venture to say the central idea of his mind—appears to me to be this : Suppose a cattle-breeder wants sheep differing in some particular from any which he possesses or can procure. Strange as the statement may sound to the uninitiated, there does exist in Nature a law or power by taking advantage of which he can *manufacture* them. Let us say,

for instance, that he wants sheep with very long wool. He looks carefully through his flock, picks out those individuals whose wool is the longest, and sends the rest to the butcher. Now, offspring differ slightly from their parents in all sorts of ways, and therefore it is almost certain that some few at least of the next year's lambs will have longer wool than their parents. Again he picks out those whose wool is longest and sends the rest to the butcher. And so on, till the wool is as long as the breeder wishes it to be, or at least as long as it is consistent with the health of the sheep that it should be. Now the Creator does, by means of cosmical disturbances and of the strife and struggle among the creatures themselves, just what the breeder does by means of the butcher's knife; but with this difference, that the Creator's knife is so arranged as to select of its own accord precisely those individuals which it is fit should die early.

When food is scarce, and must be fought for, the strongest lion will kill the weaker ones. When tigers begin to invade a forest, the deer who have stout muscles must exercise them in running away, and the tigers will dispose of those who have not. When prey is timid and hides itself in holes, the fox who has any special skill must use it to hunt it out; and the fox who has none, however great his muscular strength may be, must starve. When the winter is very severe, all the bears will die except those who have the thickest fur. Or suppose that a particular kind of insect-eating bird begins to find its food very scarce. It is thus driven to make close search for every insect of the species on which it lives. If any remnant escapes, it will of course consist of those few individuals who are so like in colour and form of the leaves of the trees that the birds miss them in spite of all their eagerness. Those few alone will live to propagate their kind. Next year again all the young insects will be eaten except the few who are most like leaves. And so on, until we arrive at last at the leaf-mantis.

A breeder might chalk out a hitherto unknown type of sheep upon his wall, and then, in the course of years, he might realise it by each year keeping alive the individuals who most resembled it. He might actually reproduce in a living animal the ideal that was in his mind. And so God produces whatever was in His mind. For, as Plato explained long ago, in his beautiful fable of the prisoners in the cave (Bk. vii of the "Republic"), what to us appear as visible objects are the shadows of ideas which existed in God before they were projected on to matter.

This is Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection, or rather, it is a faint shadowy outline of its main features. I had meant

to go into it a great deal more in detail; but I dare not. Mr. Darwin's books are to me perfectly awful in their quiet beauty. And he is so reserved and reverent, he suggests so much which he does not actually say, that I would rather ask you again to read his writings carefully at the first opportunity. I will only now say this much more about them:

Three principles or laws in particular come out very clearly in them.

First, that the apparent misfortunes of a race, the circumstances which seem most adverse to its increase in numbers and strength, are precisely those by which the Creator develops its powers and perfects its type.

Secondly, that natural selection does not tend merely to increase size and strength of muscle. All sorts of powers and instincts are engraved on to matter by repeated touches of its unseen chisel. The fox got his cleverness, the bee her geometric instincts, the worker-ant her devotion to the young of her tribe, through the instrumentality of the same machinery of evolution which gave to the tiger his claws. Only a slight shift in the circumstances of any race is needed that the Graver's tool may begin to chisel away at some feature which it had hitherto left untouched. There was a time in the world's history when, if we could have been present invisible, we should have been tempted to say, despairingly, "The earth is delivered over to mere brute force; the longest paws and strongest jaws must always get the best of it." And yet we see it was not so; the great muscular races yield and die out, where smaller, cleverer creatures manage to thrive. The longest paws and strongest jaws always did get the best of it, till the appointed time came when Nature was to develop some other ideal, and no longer. It does not seem proved that even cleverness is the ultimate ideal.

And, thirdly, the health of a creature and its power of resistance to adverse circumstances depend in great measure upon the preservation of a certain *balance* between all its parts and faculties, and on its adjustment to actual circumstances. You will understand better perhaps how this can be from the following instance (which, however, is mine, not Mr. Darwin's). An animal whose frame was too big for the size of its stomach or for its skill in hunting, might be unable, in the one case to digest, in the other case to catch, food enough to keep its strength up. It would become ill where a much smaller animal might have thriven. It would actually grow weak from the excess of its muscular development over and above what the rest of itself was suited to. This is, so far as I know, an entirely fictitious case; but you see that, given the case, the result

might be as I have described. There is no weapon, no defensive armour, no faculty, no instinct, no given bulk of muscle or amount of muscular power, no physical or intellectual development of any kind, which is, of itself and necessarily, good for a creature to possess.

And what is not in some way or other good is bad.

So far Mr. Darwin clearly teaches us.

Now it seems to me that the first question to be considered by any one who wants to solve the problem of a healthy education is, What are we and our children tending towards ?

Some people begin thinking over their plans for their children in this wise : "What would I like this child to become ?" They assume that (within very wide limits) they can make of their children what they please ; or that, if they fail to do so, it is for want of finding out the right means for carrying out their plans. They seem to fancy they have a right to have plans. "I will train my child into a sound Catholic," or "a staunch Protestant" ; "I will make a professional man of my son" ; "My daughter shall never marry below her rank" ; "she shall become a student" or "a domesticated character," etc. Everything, then, is made subservient in the child's education to the parent's hobby. And if the child grows up quite the opposite to what the parents intend, and sickly and quarrelsome and wicked into the bargain, they think they have a right to be surprised and disappointed. I will tell you why I do not think such parents have any right to be surprised at the ill success of their plans, and why I think that their first question ought to have been, not "What plan will I make for my child?" but, "What plan *has been made* for the race of which we and our children form a part ?"

A trainer of animals may (within certain limits) create any sort of animals that he chooses; but his power of doing so depends on precisely those elements in his relations with the animals which have no place in our relations with our children.

First, the farmer has a much greater amount of control over the circumstances of his flock than we have over those of our children. He can shut the flock up on his own farm ; we cannot, we must not shut up our children. He can tell his servants exactly what to do with the creatures ; and if he doubts of the servants' fidelity, he can do all the work himself, or see it done under his own eye. You cannot possibly be nurse, mother, governess, and playfellow to your child, all in one. And you cannot overlook or direct everything that your substitutes do in the course of the day. You cannot even plan out your own conduct to your

children. Some very young mothers fancy they can measure out their words and deeds from one year's end to another according to a pre-arranged plan (as the farmer measures out so much food of one sort, so much of another sort, and the stall door shut at a certain hour) ; but they never succeed in carrying out their ideas long. Now suppose the breeder finds that his one-sided fancy breeding is making his animals delicate in some particular point, he can, if he thinks it worth while, pay special attention to the care of them in that point. You, who cannot, as I said, watch your children all day long, will find quite enough to do in counteracting natural and accidental delicacies and dangers, without wilfully inducing others.

Secondly, the farmer has charge of his animals during the whole course of their lives ; or if they pass into new hands, the buyer wants them (usually) for the same purpose for which the farmer reared them ; so that they are not necessarily exposed to any sudden injurious change of circumstances. People do not choose racehorses for ploughing, or take the seed of spring wheat and sow it in winter, or take out delicate breeds of animals to a new and rough country. If a plant or animal has been bred up to such a pitch that it requires special care and culture, it remains usually among people who will continue to give it that special culture. But our children must go out, as soon as they reach maturity, among people who do not understand our plans and will not continue our treatment ; they must go into a world over the circumstances of which we have no control. And if we trained them on any fancy plan, if we could get them up to any fancy types of our own devising, they might find themselves as badly off on entering the world as a prize pig would do in a forest, or a lap dog in a pack of wolves.

In the third place, a breeder has charge of the same race of animals for many successive generations. If he tried to work out any idea of his own with one single specimen, whose ancestors did not belong to him and whose descendants he did not expect to keep in his own hands, he would waste his time.

And, lastly, although Nature gives to a man great license, and a very wide range within which to try experiments on creatures, either of his own species or of any other species, yet she always manages to assert her supremacy somehow. She allows us to create a change in some part of a creature's organisation ; but then there comes in that terrible "correlation of parts" that Mr. Darwin talks so much of, and brings about some other change which we did not expect or desire. Now, provided that a fancy breeder can carry his point, whatever it may be, he is often utterly

reckless of any consequences to the creatures, short of making them absolutely too sickly to live. We cannot be, and ought not to be, thus reckless.

A prize pig cannot walk. The farmer is quite content to let it lie helpless in its sty. He wanted it fat, and it is fat, and that is all he cares for. We cannot afford to make our children helpless. Tumbler pigeons pay for their absurd accomplishment by a proportionate weakness of wing, and I believe of intellect also. The fancier does not care. He wants them to tumble, and not to fly or to think. And provided they do not tumble so incessantly as to be unable to eat, he is content. We must not run the risk of making our children weakly or idiotic for the sake of any one fancy accomplishment.

Moreover, I doubt whether either a prize pig or a tumbler pigeon has anything like the sense of *spring* and the glow of life and enjoyment which is the birthright of their wild congeners. I daresay tame animals are often happier in many ways than wild ones; but not those exceptionally fancy bred creatures. But we want our children to be fully alive, do we not?

Again, to recur to what I said just now; among scientific farmers an animal is kept pretty much to do what it was originally meant for. But we know that in the unscientific substrata of society animals sometimes get put to all sorts of uses. A hunter may be sold at last to a cabman. If that happens, you can see at once that the poor beast will suffer much more than a less highly bred one would do, and not be on the whole a much better cab horse. You and I ought not so to train our children that, in the event of something happening which is particularly likely to happen, they will suffer much more than they need have done, without any compensating advantage of special fitness for the work which they will have to do. Besides which, breeding to a fancy type not unfrequently makes an animal so delicate and sensitive that no amount of care will keep it alive at all. Then, of course, the creature's life is the price which its owner pays for his experience. Now a rich farmer can afford to lose sheep after sheep, if need be, in the process of trying an idea which turns out to be futile. His position, therefore, is not quite the same as ours. A rich farmer will sometimes look one quite coolly in the face and say, "I intended to do so and so, but I found I was making the beasts so delicate that they died off, and I had to give it up." A poor farmer could not say it so coolly. It is perfectly well understood that a poor farmer has no business to try experiments. His wisdom consists in taking the creatures as they are—in finding out what is good for their health, and doing it steadily.

People who cannot afford to make costly experiments have no right to have special objects of their own invention.

On the whole, I think I may venture to predict that the more you study the doings and experiences of those people who employ themselves in imposing types of their own devising upon organic creatures, the less desire you will feel for imposing any type of your own devising upon human creatures. You will learn from Mr. Darwin's books to consider yourselves as not the owners of your children, but the servants of Some One who, being their owner, has the direction of their circumstances more absolutely and more continuously than yourselves. You will grow to understand that the best you can do is to study His plans, that you may learn how at least not to hinder them; and that the worst you can do for your children is to form any plans of your own at all with respect to creatures over whom your power is so imperfect and so short-lived. You will learn to feel that, as an under-gardener hired for a season should ask himself, not "What would *I like* to make of this tree?" but "What was my master's intention in propagating this variety?" So your first question should be, not "What would I like this child to become?" but "What is our race tending towards? and what place in the great series of development was this child intended to fill?" And if I dared hope that Mr. Darwin* would care for any thanks of mine, I would express to him my gratitude for making me feel, as no writings but his ever did, the infinite contrast between the size of God's thoughts and the size of mine; and for teaching me to realise, as I never did before, how much truer and more artistic work I should do by carving out faithfully one bit of a moulding or cornice in God's great temple, than by having the material of a thousand worlds in my hands to work out my own devices with.

What is our race tending towards?

If I point out to you one or two of the countless facts which seem to me to throw a light upon the question, you will not, I hope, suppose that I intend thereby to give a dogmatic solution of that which I feel to be the problem of the ages.

There are great complaints made nowadays of the increasing prevalence of nervous diseases. Their increase is attributed to tea, spice, alcohol, close air, over-study, æsthetic excitement, tight lacing, railway travelling, and fifty other causes. And there are plenty of people who think it wise to sigh over the use or abuse of the various luxuries introduced by civilisation, as if

*This was written many years ago. Let it stand. Who can tell but that he may care even more now than he would have done then to know that he has been of use to any one?

their disuse would be possible or advisable. But when every little shock that an object receives tends to make it move in one and the same direction, the natural scientific inference is that some unseen attraction is drawing it in that direction.

You may perhaps wonder at my speaking of tight lacing as one of the *luxuries* introduced by *civilisation*. You have heard the practice stigmatised by physiologists as being not only mischievous, but also barbarous. It is quite true that what is commonly called tight lacing is as barbarous as it is injurious to health ; but it is also true that it is the abuse of a true luxury. All barbarism is, I fully believe, civilisation which has ceased to progress towards its true end, and therefore is becoming perverted to a wrong purpose. There are cases in which artificial support afforded to some part of the body is an invaluable assistance.

I think we have often a very false idea of what the essential difference between civilisation and barbarism consists in. A man who simply does not know of the existence of any human invention, or who, knowing of it, will not use it in sheer fear of its "artificialness," is, in relation to that invention, a mere animal. He who, from ignorance or apathy, or because he is under the power of conventionalism, misuses, and is content to misuse, any of the results of civilisation, is in so far a *savage*. Only so far as a man believes that every product of the human intellect has its right use, and conscientiously strives to find out the right use of each, only so far is he civilised.

Suppose you have a varicose vein, and that you refuse to allow your doctor to bandage it, not because you have any scientific reason for believing that the bandage would do you more harm than good, but on account of a vague, loose theory that "bandaging is unnatural," then you are deliberately electing to be, in this matter, not a man at all, but a wild animal. But suppose you choose to wear tight boots or stays, simply because you are too lazy to give your spine and ankles the amount of exercise which would enable them to learn to do their own work, or because "a large foot looks vulgar," then you are indeed, as doctors very truly say, acting in the spirit of a savage. Savages always *mis*use whatever luxuries they can get.

Again, a man who would not give brandy to a traveller dying of cold, on account of some theory against "artificial stimulants," is, in so far, choosing the helplessness of a brute, and renouncing the privileges of humanity. A man who gets drunk because he likes it, or who takes every day more wine than he needs, because his neighbours do, is, in so far, a savage. The truly cultivated

man, knowing the power of alcohol for good, is quite sure that when not needed it must do harm.

The penalty of "nature-worship" is helplessness. If a man distrusts all artificial resources, he is left at the mercy of the forces of Nature ; and the process of natural selection goes on as severely in his case as in that of a brute ; more severely, perhaps, because he has the delicacy of fibre which a brute has not.

The penalty of barbarism is unnatural and premature corruption of body and mind.

The reward of true civilisation is—a life free from suffering ?

Ah ! no, my friends. It is the cross. It is that you are enabled to lay out your toil and pain for a purpose. It is that you shall *see* of the travail of your soul and shall be satisfied.

We shall go on to this point by and by. Only let me tell you, once for all, that if you fancy that any plan or "pathy," any fantastic scheme of adhering to "Nature," or any power of commanding the resources of art, will enable you to prevent yourself or your child from suffering, the sooner you get rid of the delusion the better for you and the better for him.

Now the Great Physician, who, whether doctors believe in Him or no, has certainly given much impulse and guidance to medical science, has declared that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. If that be true, it means that he is destined to learn all that God puts in his way in the shape of knowledge. Therefore he is destined to be an increasingly intellectual being. And as a *necessary*, thought not a *sufficient*, condition of that, he must become a nervous being. And as all his food and all his physic, and all his labour and all his recreation, and all his virtues and all his vices, and all his wisdom and all his folly, tend to make him one, it really seems to me as if he were destined to become a nervous being. That is to say, the stomach is to become less and less and the brain more and more the seat of vitality* in him and the source whence it is to be diffused over the whole system. And I believe you might as well go and bid the next gnat-grub you see breathing through his tail not to change to a grub which shall breathe through his head, when the appointed time for that change has arrived, as quarrel with the increasing nervousness of civilised man. I know that those of us have the most success on the whole who do not quarrel with it, who treat nervous constitutions as such, and acknowledge that they must neither be debarred from study, nor deprived of æsthetic pleasures, nor forced to violent exercise, nor exposed to too great cold, by way of making them

*Note 5.

less nervous. I know, too, that if we compel imaginative and intellectual girls to look for strength where robust countrywomen find it, in large quantities of coarse food, the result is, not less of physical weakness (except temporarily), but more of nervous disturbance, and a good deal of derangement of the stomach besides. So that, I repeat, it does really seem to me as if the Author of Nature were making our race more nervous and intellectual than it was, and did not intend that any attempts of ours to interfere with His plans in this respect should succeed.

And if the Son of Man of whom we read should really be the normal type of humanity, to whose image we are even physically to be conformed; if that highly organised and sensitive, but elastic frame, that perfection of all human instincts, that magnetic sympathy with all men, that power of seeing what, to the eye, is invisible; that keen, true imagination which clothed ideas spontaneously in the likeness of visible forms, but was too healthy to be carried away by its own visions; that capacity for enduring hunger and fatigue as long as any motive for endurance existed; that *in*capacity for lingering on in mere animal vitality when the motive for exertion was gone—if this should really be the type towards which our race is tending, what then are we doing when we mistake the seeing of visions for a symptom of insanity, or when we inflict a course of treatment founded upon the supposition that man ought to be a less nervous being than he actually is?

At any rate, it is certain that each individual child in infancy is, to all intents and purposes, a mere animal, and has, during the time of his education, to develop into a more intellectual creature. And the development should go on harmoniously; his mother's treatment should aim at the same ideal that Nature is aiming at, and not at any other.

Now it is possible that if we knew better than we do how to regulate the pace of the progress upwards towards spirituality, it might take place less by fits and starts than it does. It is certain that if we knew better how to remove sidelong obstacles to its steady course it would oscillate less. But, as things are, it does proceed by fits and starts and it does oscillate. Everything goes on by fits and starts and everything oscillates. There is no real harm in that, though it may appear at times puzzling and unpleasant to us. If we can once get into the true line of progress, oscillations matter comparatively little. But if the Creator is working for one end and we for another, what can come of that but increased suffering and waste of force?

Our progress oscillates, then, and is spasmodic. We have

"nervous attacks" ; and then we have fevers* more or less severe, in which the nervous action is suddenly exaggerated, and "nervous diseases" which are in some respects like chronic fevers. Our treatment, whatever "pathy" we adopt, is very much directed to soothing the nervous excitement. But we cannot do it—no "pathy" can do it always—as quickly as we should wish. And in the meantime, if the patient, while the attack is on, uses any intellectual faculty much, or thinks much of any desire or passion or grievance, he is likely to do himself great and perhaps permanent harm. What shall we do with him ? Is it true that there is a river of Water of Life ? Do you not feel when you read the words as if that river must have been set flowing on purpose for the use of fever patients ? Where is it ? How shall we get at it ? How bring them to it, or its waters to them ?

Possibly you may have been accustomed to think of that river as flowing through the "other world." But we must not forget that the Bible speaks of it in connection with a city descending to earth.

We all of us feel, when tired, a natural impulse to let our thoughts fly suddenly off to what we call "another world" ; by which we too often mean a state of things in which we shall have the delight of doing what is worth doing without the exertion and self-control which here we find needful for the doing of it. And we are inclined sometimes to mistake for piety this dreamy kind of "other worldliness" which is the expression of fatigue. That when we need rest and have time to take it, it is a perfectly legitimate mode of getting it to dream of an ideally perfect state of things, I do not doubt. But I never met with a woman who could stand by a child tossing in fever and honestly say that she extracted much consolation from the thought of fountains of life and leaves that are for healing in another world where there is neither sickness nor thirst. While we are speculating about an interminable future, God is living in an Eternal Now, and His laws are governing this world and all worlds. And one great use of such books as Mr. Darwin's is that they bring us back to the consciousness of the eternal fixedness of law and the incessant flow of life and growth and change, the endless unity in variety which Nature is throughout.

Begin by cultivating the habit of always thinking of human beings as growing creatures ; of each patient as a creature struggling in a crisis of development ; of humanity altogether as an imperfect and progressing race. This is, I assure you, no metaphysical quibble ; it makes the very greatest difference, practically, in our mode of dealing with disease and with everything

*Note 6.

else. We do not get frightened when a child's teeth appear; nor do we want to pull them out to-day because he had not any yesterday. And yet that would be no more purposeless or foolish than much of what we think and do. The fact that a symptom which is present to-day was never present before, does not constitute it a *morbid* symptom. The fact that your child says to-day what you know he would not have said last week does not prove him to be delirious or capricious; nor does it prove that any one has suggested the new thought to him from the outside. And, again, the fact that our children want, think, feel, inquire into things which we never heard of, should excite neither admiration nor distress. You do not expect a breeder's shepherd to sigh over the "degeneracy of the times" because the sheep have longer wool or the cattle shorter horns than they used. Nor does he, on the other hand, go off into foolish ecstasies about the "cleverness" of the animals. His master is working towards a somewhat different type from the former one; and his business is to make such slight variation in his treatment as, by reason of the "correlation of parts," the new breed requires. If we would take any difference we may notice between the new generation and the old in the same spirit, it would help us to avoid many and sad blunders.

When you go to a patient, say to yourself, "This person's organisation is undergoing a crisis; I must watch that it be not disturbed." When an epidemic breaks out in the house, say, "Our family life is undergoing a crisis; our home organisation becoming richer and fuller; our ties to each other more multifarious. The family is cutting some fresh teeth, and will be able, if wisely managed now, to assimilate more food." Think of your family life always as part of an organic life, as a growing, developing thing. And if you have two children who "don't agree," who "can't get on," who jar and wrangle and worry each other, just quietly try the experiment of making them dependent on each other in illness; or, if possible, employ them together in nursing you, or a favourite elder brother or sister. If you have a child whom you cannot manage, make it wait on you when you are not well enough to be safely argued with and worried.

"But" (I have heard it said in answer to such advice as this) "it would give me a headache if I had an ill-conditioned child messing about when I felt ill."

We can hardly expect to save a sinner without trouble. A mother should think of herself always as the *corpus vile* on which her children may experiment. If a child is selfish and ill-conditioned, it is usually for want of having had the needs of others brought near enough home to his consciousness. Nothing could

be more likely to awaken his consciousness than the fact that he has made more ill a mother who was trusting to him for care.

"God's thoughts are not as our thoughts," we say: "He can bring good out of evil." Most of us profess to believe this, to be shocked at any one who doubts it. Many of us really do believe it, in this sense: that we are able to console and calm our minds by thinking of it when troubles would otherwise reduce us to despair. But if a principle is true as a whole, it is true in detail. If it be *true* that God is working out an ideal, known to Him, unseen by us, then it follows that every new circumstance, illness, change of every kind, is a fresh opportunity given for those who are ready to ride along on His chariot, and a fresh chance of being crushed for those who are not ready.

Such books as Mr. Darwin's do not seem at first sight favourable to any religious faith. But do not skim them hastily; read them carefully and often, till your soul becomes steeped in their patient faith, in their absolute reliance on the fixedness of eternal truths; and then, perhaps, you will feel less inclined to talk of a "headache" as if that were necessarily a misfortune.

Whatever happens to you, try to remember that God has some object in His mind too great for us to measure. What He has in His mind it is not for us to say; but I am quite sure that if you will just *act on the supposition* that what He has in hand is making everybody more like, physically, intellectually, and spiritually, to the Carpenter of Nazareth, you will find it to be at least a very good "working hypothesis," and save yourselves the trouble of doing a great many foolish things. No symptom is in itself morbid which tends in that direction. This is the result of all my practical experience, and has nothing to do with any theological theory whatever.

Try now to realise what is implied in the statement, which has become so much a commonplace of the art of nursing that it seems like a truism, and we hardly attach to it any meaning at all: that whenever you have the charge of a nervous patient, your aim should be to "take him as much as possible out of himself." Does it not imply this, as a result of the empirical observation of all intelligent doctors and nurses: that in proportion as a human being is more sensitive, more capable of receiving intellectual, emotional, and æsthetic impressions, it is more necessary that he should fix his thoughts on something besides the gratification of his own immediate impulses? The nervously organised, as long as they are healthy, find this out for themselves; they throw themselves into philanthropy, or religion, or art, or some "cause"; some generous unselfish passion or folly is the condition

of their existence. They take themselves out of themselves as birds take themselves off the ground, without help. They need rather check and guidance than encouragement. But when they are ill, and science has to come in to supplement the dormant or distorted instinct, the first prescription science gives is : "Take the nervous out of themselves."

Health, we said, consists not in any particular degree of physical force, nor in the activity of an especial set of fuuctions, but in the normal balance being preserved between all the functions and faculties, and on their working in due subordination the one to the other. Suppose, then, that there should exist in Nature such a law as this : that physical powers may be used for purely selfish ends ; but that an intellectual being must be devoted—in some shape or form devoted—to something besides his own immediate gratification. There is much to suggest the existence of such a law ; nothing, so far as I know, disproves it. The highest intellectual attainments of wild creatures, so far as we know, are connected with the devotion of the individual either to its own progeny or to the community of which it is a member. For human beings, in any ordinary function or profession requiring the exercise of intellectual powers, it is recognised that a hope, an ambition, a purpose in the future, is a better stimulus than immediate gratification ; the intellectual creature needs to be taken perpetually out of its immediate self.

And here, it seems to me, lies the solution of the question at issue between "Altruism" and "Egoism." "Man is meant to live for the good of mankind," say the Altruists. "He needs, on the contrary, a good foundation of healthy animal egoism," say their opponents. The truth seems to be this ; that starting from a life of purely material egoism, the race which inhabits this planet is slowly progressing towards one of pure devotion ; and that we, who are half-way between the two states, must aim alternately at the good of the individual and that of the race ; subject to this, as the condition for health, that intellectual effort should be stimulated by some not absolutely selfish aims, and that the higher the condition of intellectual or æsthetic progress, the more essential to health is pure devotion to some object unconnected with the gratification of the individual.

Mothers are often puzzled to account for those mysterious sicknesses of little children which are called, according to the particular constitution of the child, either "bilious" or "feverish" attacks. Their nature being unknown, they often cause a painful degree of unnecessary fear, and give rise to a mischievous amount of unnecessary dosing. If I might be allowed to judge from observa-

tion of the source of these attacks, I should be half inclined to say they were angels' visits to the house, for the double purpose of getting rid of the effect of slight imprudences in diet, etc., and of loosening the child's heart-strings from its stomach, which is in infancy their natural and proper point of attachment, and putting them into its mother's hands, before the time arrives when the world, or the flesh, or the devil, would otherwise get possession of them.

The treatment I have invariably found successful is this: Quiet, little or no light, no intellectual excitement; no solid food until the child is really eager for it; good beef-tea or milk, and plenty of cold water (unless you are sure that he much prefers the addition of a little fruit juice or barley. I believe that to healthily trained children cold water, quite pure, is the most palatable drink during this kind of illness). As long as the little creature is pretty comfortable, let it lie alone, and be made as little conscious as possible of the presence of any outside object. But if it appears in any way uneasy, someone whom the child loves—the mother, as much as can be conveniently managed—should sit or lie down beside it.

During the time that the mother is the child's companion, she must also wait on it herself, should it require attendance. The sudden change of contact from one person to another causes a slight nervous jar, which, though usually imperceptible in a healthy state, is sometimes painful to one whose nerves are, from any cause, in a state of tension. And it is cruel to give this nervous shock during, or just before, any physical movement of a feverish patient.

But what is a mother to do if she happens to be particularly fastidious and refined, and finds the actual work of a sick-room not to her taste? Well, I should say, chiefly, she is to thank God for giving her a special means of gaining power over her child's heart. Refinement makes her presence doubly grateful in a sick-room. And a mother who goes away from her sick child, because it wants some assistance which she thinks it more fit for a servant to give, is not *only* injuring the child's health and temper; she is walking down from the pedestal where God has placed her, and ought not to complain if she finds it hard to get up again.

One hears fine-lady mothers talk a great deal about the ingratitude of those about whom they have *felt so anxious* and for whom they have *done so much*. What do they mean by that? What is it that they have done? Given up time and money perhaps! Are human hearts to be bought with perishable things like time and money? Felt anxious! Is a child likely to be grateful to

the mother who creates around him an atmosphere of anxious sensations, while she leaves the numberless details of kindly help by which his suffering is actually diminished to be carried out by strangers ?

It cannot be too often repeated that the gratitude of a human being is won, not by acts, nor by sentiments, but by *sacrifice.* Not the sacrifice of time and money to put him into the state in which you happen to like that he should be, but the entering into his actual condition ; the learning to judge of his needs, and of the possibilities of good which are open to him ; the serving him and training him to serve others ; the ministering to him, to his true normal development, at the sacrifice, if need be, of your whims, tastes, theories, nerves, prejudices, and sentiments—of your whole self, in fact.

Gratitude, like everything else, follows laws. The habit of throwing yourself into other people's needs of body or mind makes you magnetic and compels affection. As for acts, when done for any purpose of one's own, deserving gratitude, one might as well suppose that an iron bar, which has never touched a loadstone, "deserves" to have steel-filings cling to it, only because it has got itself, somehow, twisted into the shape of a horse-shoe magnet.

If we will have courage to grasp the true clue through the facts of life, we may hope, while performing the most menial tasks, to gain a comprehension of the laws by which our nurseries and the universe are guided. But if we shrink from Nature's fundamental axioms, all that we can ever learn of science will be like rules for scanning poetry in a glorious unknown tongue. With intellect and leisure we may pass examinations or become brilliant talkers or wonderful theorists ; but we shall never be able to translate one line of Nature's sacred scripture.

It is a fact, well enough known, but not sufficiently considered, that the services of a nurse or personal attendant,* when caressingly rendered, have some strange subtle power of their own, quite inexplicable by any theory of their merely "proving affection." The Teacher, who washed the feet of those over whom He wished to gain permanent influence, understood human nature wonderfully well. Of course, we all—pastors and parents and Sunday school teachers—are very anxious that our respective flocks should feel no doubt about the truth of that same Book in which the story of the washing of the disciples' feet occurs.

*Michelet recommends a man who wants to keep influence over his wife's heart not to let her have a lady's-maid.

And how edifying the commentary which we sometimes append to the text must be to the said flocks!

Well, but to return to our little bilious or feverish patient. If he wants any medical treatment at all (which he ought not to do unless he has been injured by previous over-dosing or serious mismanagement), send for the doctor. I cannot say I ever saw much good come, in the long run, from non-professional people playing at doctoring of any "pathy."

If the child becomes very restless or cross, let the mother or friend lay her hand on the top of his head, and beg him, for her sake (not his own), to be quiet and lie still; and let her speak to him of God as a Father, or of some friend whom he truly respects, and who will be glad if he is good and gets well. And above all, never let her fancy that because the child is ill she must relax discipline *lest she should excite him.* It would be the same sort of mistake as bleeding for a pulse quickened by exhaustion. One of the sweetest rewards which a mother receives for the exertion of keeping up her authority while her children are in health, is the ease with which she can continue to do so when they are ill, and the consequent saving of suffering to them. And the improvement in health, docility, and brain power, which is often observable immediately after a feverish attack judiciously treated is quite pretty to see.

I have said that I advise the mother to preserve quietness in a sick child's room. I mean only so far as she can procure it without allowing him to think that she is very anxious about it. Quiet is good; and the feeling that those about him care to minister to his comfort in the matter is also good. But the notion, either that his personal comfort is worth disturbing the comfort of a family for, or that his health depends much upon trifling outward circumstances, is in a far higher degree bad. Besides, it is well to accustom children early to take interruptions and disagreeables in illness as a matter of course, with a view to preparing them for the chance of being ill in later life, when quietness and good nursing may be unattainable.

And as soon as a child is old enough to take in the idea (which with many children is very early indeed), I would, without much talk on the subject, take some opportunity of making him understand that it is less for fear of increasing his bodily suffering than because God is visiting his soul that I desire to avoid distracting his attention with noise and light; and that his duty in the matter is not to allow himself to be upset more than he can help by anything that may be going on.

If the patient is disturbed by ugly visions, I do not think it

advisable to insist that *there is nothing there.* I would say that, whether there is anything there or no, God can take care of him. And if he speaks of sparks in the air, or pretty flames, or visions of angels, I would tell him that, if they are there, it is because God put them there, in order that he might look at them and learn from them. How can you be sure they are not there ?

Doctors talk sometimes as if the burning bush which Moses saw was the mere "fancy" of an "over-excited" brain. But I do not understand what they can mean by that. Good, true work, such as he did, does not surely begin in *fancies.* And there is a good deal of difference, at all events, between him and our "over-excited" patients when they take similar "fancies" ; for he saved a nation, whereas they commonly lose their wits. There must be some reason for this difference. One reason is that we treat them with physic and fuss, whereas he got fresh air and quietness. But a far more important reason I suspect to be, that our treatment, both before and during the attack, tends to turn their minds in on themselves ; whereas he was thinking of his brethren and his God.

CHAPTER III

ON MENTAL HYGIENE IN SICKNESS

"If I make my bed in hell, Thou art there."

MUCH has been done of late years with a view both to establish the art of nursing on a scientific basis and to make such knowledge as exists on the subject accessible to all whom it may concern. Professional nurses, and women who wish to fit themselves for the work of waiting on sick friends at home, have now many opportunities of learning to do the physical, material part of their work efficiently and well. But as yet hardly anything is generally known about one very important part of a nurse's work, viz., the mental management of a hysterical person, or one in danger of becoming delirious, or over whose mind some morbid idea is gaining hold.

I do not, of course, profess to teach a business of which everyone is as yet so ignorant. But I may perhaps give you a few hints which will enable you to learn something of it by practice.

All rules for mental treatment may be summed up in one sentence : Take the patient as much as possible *out of himself.* Everybody is agreed that that is the desirable thing to do. Your

study should be to devise means for doing this *continuously*, *quietly*, and *steadily*.

I give in an Appendix a phrenological analysis of the reasons for the directions here following, which may be interesting to those who are inclined to believe in phrenology.

1. The first practical hint that I have to give you is, Do not tell your patient a falsehood. People, otherwise very good and pious, will tell you that there is no sin in deceiving a sick man for his good. Now I do not want to assail that dogma in the abstract, only I do not think it could be good for a sick man to be deceived. Deception is often a ready means of producing temporarily an effect which is good; but it does so at the cost of much greater good, and at the risk of most terrible evil. And the cases are, I believe, much fewer than is commonly supposed, when the same good effect might not have been produced, more slowly perhaps, but as surely, without the deception. How to do this is just what you have to discover by observation.

If I heard a fever-patient crying out in terror of an attendant to whom he had had no previous dislike, I should at once suspect, from all I know of such cases, that, just when his mind was beginning to wander, she had told him a falsehood with a view to calming him. It would not be necessary that he should have consciously detected the falsehood. If she was conscious of having told it, then the more he liked her, and the greater her previous influence over him, the more likely she would be to infect him with the sense of it; and perhaps especially so if she felt half-uneasy in her conscience about having told it.

There is something significant as well as most touching in the longing which a half-delirious patient sometimes shows for the presence and caresses of some particular person; one, perhaps, for whom he never before felt any very great affection; one, it may be, his previous intercourse with whom has been none of the pleasantest; but one, I think you will always find, between whom and himself he is sure that there are, and need be, no concealments or equivocations.

It is commonly remarked that mad people often take a violent dislike to those whom in health they most loved. I should like to know if this is ever the case except where the friend had previously been deceiving the patient, or the patient the friend.

In the complicated relations of society, we are all liable to get into more or less false positions with respect to others; and these false positions nearly always entangle us in more or less of dissimulation, if not of actual simulation. But if we only knew how

much mischief such dissimulation does to our own minds, and how it weakens the ties which bind us to those whom we are deceiving, we should, I think, try to weed as much of it as possible out of our lives ; we should try to be as nearly as we can like to that which we feel it necessary to pretend to be.

A man supposes his wife to be much fonder of him than she really is. She will not—I suppose she ought not to—try to undeceive him. She will, passively at least, make up by feigning for the want of the reality. For her own sake, let her pray and strive that the reality may come, and come soon, so that there need be no longer any occasion for feigning.

You have, perhaps, a relative whose manners or peculiarities are disagreeable to you. You desire not to allow yourself to be uncharitable in your behaviour towards him. You are constantly, I fear, suppressing the outward manifestation of irritation faster than you subdue the feeling of irritation itself. But do not imagine that you can do this at no risk to yourself. If you value your mental health, do not allow yourself to dwell in his absence on thoughts which you would not allow him to read in your face if he were present. The double action of your brain is beating it to pieces.

A woman has overtaxed a particular set of mental faculties by too eager study in some favourite pursuit. She is beginning to lose both her grasp of the subject and her interest in it. Her right course would be to confess to herself her failing powers, to choose some less fatiguing occupation for her leisure hours, and to make a religious duty of steadily fixing her mind upon it. Instead of this, she clings in idea to the ghost of what she once loved ; she will not believe that the science or art of her choice is henceforth a sealed book to her ; she is determined *not to be beaten* (which is a dangerous determination always, and especially so for a woman, except where some duty or principle is involved upon which she may fall back when her resolution fails to give her strength). In spite of her determination, she is beaten, of course. The hours during which her once-loved books are before her are spent between listless half-study and morbid dreaming. So the difficulty of controlling her thoughts increases instead of being conquered. But there is one friend, perhaps, whose admiration and intellectual sympathy have been very precious to her. For fear of losing them, and still more (to do her justice) for fear of his misunderstanding her and thinking her fickle or idle, she struggles hard while he is with her, not only to attend to what he is teaching her, but to *show* more interest in it than she feels, and to preserve the *appearance* of attention when, in spite of her

efforts, her mind is in reality wandering. Deceit in this case, too, you see—pardonable, justifiable, we think; but none the less very mischievous. The action of the brain which is set up while you are thinking of one thing and pretending to think of another, is of the most wearing and exhausting kind.

It is needless to go on multiplying instances.

Somehow or other, it comes to pass that almost everyone has some friend—often our nearest—perhaps, alas! our dearest, too—whose presence is the cause of a constant struggle to appear to be what we are not. A fit of illness will often be preceded by some days or weeks of irritability, combined with an intense longing to give vent to some feeling which has been for years, perhaps, concealed, and which the patient struggles painfully to hide. When the self-control at last gives way, the entrance of the friend who was the cause of this struggle will be the signal for a fit of violent excitement, which is attributed to dislike, but which is, I believe, in the early stages of illness, rather a symptom of terror. And now the patient is supposed to be seized with a monomania, which causes him to think and feel in a manner quite contrary to what he thought and felt before; whereas the fact perhaps is, that he is now, for the first time, *speaking* as he has thought and felt, at least occasionally, for years.

The plan I should try in such a case, if the friend were one whose kindness and wisdom I could trust, would be to let him go alone to the patient and say, "You may say anything you like to me; I know more of your feeling than you suppose. Nothing you can say will hurt me or make me angry. All I beg of you is to speak quietly and steadily, and not to say more than you are sure is true." I believe the result of such a course, if taken early enough, would often be, as I know it has sometimes been, that the apparent dislike would change to an intense affection, and that the impending fit of delirium would lose much of its painful character, even if it were not warded off altogether.

If the experiment succeeded, it would be necessary that the friend should, after the first interview, gently but steadily discourage all recurrence to the painful topic; all confessions of wrong feelings formerly indulged, all dwelling on anything peculiar in the relations of the patient to himself, all morbid self-analysis and sentimentality of every kind; and that he should try to awaken the patient's interest in other things. His influence in this respect would probably be greater than that of any other person.

If the first interview failed of producing any good effect, I would not repeat the experiment without medical sanction. A

great deal would depend, for the success of it, on its being tried early enough, before delirium actually set in, so that the *idea* of hating or dreading the friend should not have time to fix itself in the insane mind. A good deal also would depend on the previous character of the patient, and still more on the character and intelligence of the friend.

The next best plan to this would certainly be to keep the friend away altogether, and never to allow his name to be mentioned in her presence. But it is bad to yield thus to an insane fancy. It is always good to conquer it if you can.

The cunning of mad people may at first appear a contradiction to what I have said of their longing to speak the truth. There are various forms of mania. And besides, a half-delirious person may be very cunning on many points, and yet at the same time possessed with an uncontrollable longing to tell some truth which he has long hidden.

When the patient takes a dislike to someone who has been deceiving her, it is simply cruel to allow them to remain together for one hour. The dislike is in this case not a delusion at all ; it is the result of the uncontrolled action of a perfectly natural and healthy instinct of dislike to and fear of being deceived.

It often happens that a nervous woman will, in illness, feign a desire to get rid of some person whom she dearly loves ; and will use every artifice, even that of pretending to dislike him, to induce him to leave her, although perfectly conscious that his doing so would cause her the greatest possible pain and would diminish her chance of recovery. A morbid sense of not deserving affection, a suicidal desire to inflict suffering on herself, and some perverted notion about the selfishness of allowing a friend to tie himself to a sick-room, are usually the chief causes of this sad and often dangerous mental phenomenon. There is, humanly speaking, no remedy for it but to smother it out of existence—to drown it in love. "I can't help your not wanting me ; I want you, and I can't do without you ; so I mean to stay in spite of all you can say," is the proper tone to take with such a patient. It has not unfrequently happened to me to see a fit of what would have seemed, to a casual observer, to be violent anger and dislike suddenly cut short by such a speech. I have seen the twitching features relax, and the patient nestle down on the arm of a friend whom she had been professing to want to send away, and settle, with a soft sigh, into a sleep worth all the medicine in the world. I am persuaded that many a fit of real suicidal mania might be nipped in the bud if the patient were told earnestly enough, lovingly enough, and *soon* enough, that her life was of

value to someone whom she loved; aye, I fear I might have said, if she could have been persuaded that her life was of value to any human being. Women who are a little over-tired (just because their lives are a little over-full of unselfish cares and duties, and because too many others depend upon them) are very likely to fancy, in the reaction of fatigue, that their lives are of no value, and that they are not wanted by anyone on earth. The divine and truest remedy is, of course, a firm faith in the wisdom of Him who appoints our length of days. But failing that, or as a supplement to that, the human remedy is to tell the patient that, there as she lies, weak, tired, prostrate, and useless, someone wants her for very love of her, and cannot live without her.

On the other hand, there are women who, though incapable of any deep feeling, are gifted (or cursed) with that sort of emotional temperament which is popularly supposed to indicate an affectionate disposition. Such women, when suffering from hysteria, often pretend a dislike to those—I will not say whom they *love* best, but to those whose society is most agreeable to them, and whose caresses and kind words they most crave for. They do so partly for the pleasure of testing the strength of their friends' affection, partly for the amusement of inflicting pain, partly for the excitement of a scene. They do it for the sake of flirting, in fact; for the same reasons which make a heartless girl coquet with her lover. The proper treatment is to take the patient at her word; to leave her when she bids you, and be always chary of your caresses and reserved in your conversation with her. But you must be prepared for a grand explosion of temper and an aggravation of all the symptoms, physical and moral, when first she finds herself taken at her word.

Now, in neither of these two last-mentioned cases can it be fairly said that the patient has "taken a dislike to those whom, in health, she most loved."

I have said that you should never deceive a sick person. It by no means follows from this that you are to let him know all that you think about his state of health, or all you may learn of his affairs. You should try to accustom him to see that you do not feel called upon to answer all his questions; that you do not think it wise to talk to him about his state of health or his chances of recovery, or about worrying business; and that your refusing to do so on any particular occasion does not necessarily imply that you have bad news to give him. Try to get him to feel that he may, and that he ought, to trust in God to take care of him and his affairs, and in you to tell him whatever it is expedient for him to be told. Use your discretion, according to circumstances,

as to how much you will tell him. If he has not the habit of resting quietly on God, you will often find it necessary to speak when it would otherwise be far better to be silent. But never deceive him ; and, above all, never do anything to induce him to deceive you.

And remember that a calm demeanour, when you know there is news to tell which would make the patient uneasy if he heard it, is, if you have faith enough not to *feel* uneasy, something very different from deceit. Conquering your dislike of a person, learning to see what is good in him and to forget what is unpleasant, is not bad for you, but very good. It is the pretending to like a man whom you know you dislike, the hiding angry feelings which you are secretly cherishing, which, as I have said already, makes such havoc of your brain and disturbs the nerves of all who are under your personal influence. It is indeed *duplicity*, a double state, a state of thinking two sets of thoughts together. And so it is with your uneasiness about your patient. Do not hide fears which you allow yourself to feel, but "put on" the quiet faith which will cause you not to feel them. The simple truth is, that as long as you feel uneasy about a sick man's body, soul, or estate, you have no business near him. If you show it outwardly, you infect him with your fear, If you hide it, you give him a vague sense of duplicity and unrest.

Before we quit this part of our subject, let me say one word on behalf of your children. Every child needs a confidant ; every child, at least, who is old enough to think at all, should have some adult friend who is not too much engaged in the mechanical routine of his education to be free to disentangle his mind for him ; some person whose business with him is not so much to make him what he ought to be by direct instruction as to find out what he is ; some wise and trustworthy woman to whom he may occasionally, in the freedom of a *tête-à-tête*, say anything that comes into his head without fear of being thought strange or irreverent or saucy, and whose presence offers him no inducement, except such as springs from pure affection, to repress the exhibition of any evil temper.

Who is this confessor to be ?

"Why, who should it be but his mother ? Who so fit as she ? How could she resign the first place in her child's heart to another ?" That is the way in which one takes such questions in one's romantic youth. Having been all in all to one's eldest darling when he was three months old, and being proud to feel that one is still so when he is three years old, one would naturally like the idea of being so still when he is thirteen years old, or

thirty even. But alas! Nature gives many plain warnings that no one creature was ever meant to be all in all to any other creature, when once that other has risen high enough in the scale of being to deserve the name of a thinking creature. Disregard of these warnings leads, usually, not to the intensifying of one particular affection, but to the lowering of the whole physical and moral tone. As a matter of fact, no mothers are so sure of their children's affection, in spite of all difficulties, as those who have the courage to crush out of themselves all maternal jealousy, and to sanction their children's natural craving for confidences and friendships outside of the family circle; who, themselves, take pains to provide for the safe gratification of that craving; who treat the objects of their children's preference, as far as possible, with cordiality; and who at least are guiltless of showing irreverence, indifference, or jealousy with regard to any feeling of a child's heart.

I do not say that you may not gain, and long retain, that much-coveted "first place" in your child's affection, and most especially if you have acquired enough of self-control to be content to fill the second. But if you do gain it, if you do become in very deed your child's chosen confessor and the object of his hero-worship, you had better renounce the idea of being also his governess. And you will even need to exercise great self-denial in restricting the frequency of your private intercourse, with him; for, as I said, too much of one person's influence is not good for a thinking creature; and, besides, nothing is more enervating than perpetual *épanchement.*

And if it should appear that you are not likely either to gain your child's fullest confidence or to know what to do with it if you had it, then do not behave like the dog in the manger. Let no jealousy of yours interfere between him and any person whom Providence may put in his way who is even moderately fitted to receive it. And whenever the child seems for a few days unusually cross, or low-spirited, or obstinate, or sullen, I should like this person to be made aware of the fact, and, if possible, to spend a few hours alone with him, or, at any rate, to write to him. The crossness may be caused by an incipient attack of illness; and some of its most distressing symptoms may be averted if, while the child is still strong enough to make the exertion, he is encouraged to unburden his mind of whatever may be weighing on it.

When influenza or fever is about, one naturally gives special care to the skin of all the children; one takes pains to ascertain that no accidental neglect has caused the pores to be clogged. At

such times, and for a similar reason, I would take care to ascertain that no secrets were weighing on their minds.

2. Never try to amuse a nervous patient with any conversation which tends to encourage him in hard, uncharitable, mocking, or disparaging thoughts of others. Make it your business, so far as your influence extends, to discourage such thoughts. How to check them, either in one's self or in another is, alas ! a problem not always easy to solve. There are cases in which it seems almost impossible to keep them at bay. Indeed, there are cases in which it would appear almost wrong not to be angry. But you ought to get it clearly into your mind, that, however circumstances may seem to justify either anger, ridicule, or contempt, yet, as long as your patient is indulging in them, his mental disease, be the nature of it what it may, is gaining strength, though it may be without his or your perceiving it.

I hardly know anything that I so much dread as to hear a nervous patient laughing at anyone. I would rather see him in the worst low spirits than too merry, unless I can feel sure that he is laughing at some mere piece of childish fun, and not at the weakness or folly of any other person.

Some philosopher has made the remark that laughter is the result of a sudden emotion of pleasure caused by discovering the inferiority to one's self, in some particular, of another person. This remark sounds at first like the outcome of a morose and unnecessarily cynical view of life. But there is wonderful depth and wisdom in it, and you will be the more likely to get at its true meaning if you will remember that Satan, in the act of falling from heaven, looks like a flash of light.

"Ce qui est au-dessous de moi me fatigue; ce qui est à mon niveau m'ennuie ; ce qui est au-dessus de moi me repose." This rule is as true in the spiritual order of things as its converse is in the physical. Therefore, keep your patient's thoughts as much as possible fixed on those points in the characters of his friends in which they are superior to himself. If he cannot and ought not to help being angry at certain things when he thinks of them, he can, and while he is ill he should, try to avoid thinking at all of those things which make him angry.

For a similar reason I would say (though in this I know that many nurses would not agree with me), do not try to raise your patient's spirits by exciting in him a good opinion of himself, his capabilities or his doings. Even when the main feature of the disease consists in a morbid tendency to self-depreciation, this is, as it seems to me, quite the wrong sort of remedy. There is always

a good share of conceit mixed up with this overconscious humility. The true cure for it consists, I feel certain, in keeping before the mind a standard of excellence so high that any difference in the amount of goodness between one's self and one's neighbours, or any discrepancy between what one actually is and what one's best friends or one's worst enemies think of one, must, by comparison, vanish to a point and disappear. Try to put such a standard before your patient. Try gently, very gently, to make him ashamed of thinking and talking so much about himself in any way. And then, for the rest, just flood the disease with love and sympathy. Nothing has so great a tendency to produce true, and therefore to correct false humility.

I am supposing that the inclination to self-dispraise is genuine. But nearly every real symptom has a counterfeit, which requires to be treated in a different, if not a totally opposite manner. Self-depreciation is sometimes affected, either for the purpose of what is called "fishing for compliments," or to excuse one's self for the neglect of known duties. The less notice you take in any way of tricks of this sort, beyond just letting the patient perceive that you see through them, the better.

I find, indeed, both with children and with patients, that, upon a great variety of mental symptoms, the simple question, "Are you quite sure you mean what you are saying?" acts like a spell.

3. Do not argue with a sick person about his delusions. Do not try to persuade him that he is mistaken. If his monomania has reference to outward matters of fact not directly concerning himself, quietly admit that it is possible he may be right in his opinion. Tell him that the excitement which the subject causes him is a token that it is not his business to decide upon it, and that no mistake you are likely to be led into will be as serious an evil as the continuance of that excitement. Bid him trust you to God to enlighten you without his help; and ask him to endeavour, as an act of faith in God, to fix his mind upon some other subject. If, indeed, you should happen to be able to assert, from later evidence than he is possessed of, that he is mistaken, it may be well to do so. The effort on his part to trust your *word* will be good for him. But beware of helping to fix his mind on his monomania; and especially beware of saying anything which seems to imply that you consider your judgment sounder than his. Nothing is so likely as that to confirm him in the notion that his judgment is sounder than yours. And besides that, he may really be right after all as to the matter of fact.

I wish nurses knew how much more seldom than they imagine a nervous patient is entirely wrong as to any simple matter of fact. Monomania is oftener a mistake as to proportion than as to simple fact. Delirium and hysterical attacks are often accompanied and preceded by a wonderful sharpening of some of the senses and mental faculties, at the expense of the rest, by an exaltation of one set of powers and deadening of the others, which throws the mind off its balance and makes particular objects and ideas acquire a disproportionate value, just because they are, for the time, seen alone, all others being forgotten. A patient is often thought to be mad only because he insists on asserting something which is true, but which the nurse does not see to be so, and of which she only knows that in his ordinary health he could have no more knowledge than herself, and of which she therefore supposes that he can have no knowledge in his sickness. The patient often knows, and is sure that he knows, something of which you are quite ignorant. The thing may be of no consequence whatsoever in itself. His delusion may consist in the very importance which he attaches to it. If you contradict him when he knows he is in the right, you only make him fancy that it is of immense importance that he should convince you. In fact, there is hardly any mistake so cruel as that of treating as insane one who is only in a state of intense vision. You run thereby the very greatest risk of permanently disordering the intellect. Say, "You may be right. I cannot tell. I cannot make myself see the thing as you do. If what you say be true, and if God cares about my knowing it. He will presently enable me to see it. But the subject quickens your pulse and flushes you. That is certainly a token from God to me that you are not to talk of the subject at all while you are ill, but to trust it to Him. I will try to find out whether the thing be as you say. But I will not, I dare not, talk to you about what excites you."

Never laugh at any assertion of a patient about outside matters of fact. Never treat what he says about them with indifference or disrespect. For the abnormal quickening of particular faculties of which I have spoken is often accompanied by an intense realisation of an Unseen Presence. The man, perhaps, never before really knew, or at least, never felt, that whatever truth he perceives is taught to him by that Unseen Teacher. Suddenly he discovers that *Some One* is telling him *this* particular truth, is showing him *this* particular fact. No wonder that he feels himself then inspired with the particular truth or fact. Any appearance of irreverence on the part of those to whom he speaks is torture to him. And, of course, the more you cannot see the thing he is telling you, the

more he takes it to be a special revelation granted to him, and which he is bound to communicate to others. Take his inspiration quietly for granted; only tell him that you are inspired too. Your special business being to take care of his health, *your* inspirations refer to that subject and not to his subject. If you believe this, you will feel no difficulty in saying it kindly and seriously. If you do not believe it, find some other scope for your talents than trying to nurse delirious patients.

Of course, I do not mean that a nervous patient never is wrong as to matters of fact. What I mean is, that it happens more seldom than we fancy. And if the patient is right, contradiction may do him serious harm; whereas, even if he is wrong, it can do him no harm to drop the subject and trust in God. In fact, the more wrong he is, the more necessary it is that he should drop the subject.

If the patient's delusions have reference to his own state of body or mind, or to outward events as influenced by his own acts, or even, perhaps, as affecting specially his own happiness—as, for instance, if he supposes himself to be dying, or going mad, or fancies that everyone dislikes him, or that he is under an evil star, or that he brings ill-luck on those who love him, or that he has sinned past redemption, or that he is not "elect," or that he has ruined himself and his family, etc., etc.,—the treatment must be somewhat different from that recommended above. Listen, for once, quite quietly to all that he has to say. Then say calmly, "It is quite natural that you should feel as you do. It is a symptom of your physical condition. But you know it is a mere symptom. No one could brood much over his own state without falling into some delusion. The precise nature of the delusion depends on the nature of the disease; but if I sat thinking about myself for a day or two, I should be sure to be haunted by some absurd fancy or other. There is nothing disgraceful or sinful in your imagining what you do. Only it will really be very wrong if you go on brooding over a subject which makes you so morbid. Try to think of something else." After saying this, or something like it, once, show a good deal of indifference to the whole subject. Treat it openly as a monomania. A little kindly banter even may not be amiss. There is no harm in showing want of respect for this sort of selfish and introspective fancies. Thinking of one's self in any way is not a thing that claims respect. There is no harm in letting your patient see that you think your judgment sounder than his about his own state, because the fact is that no one's judgment is of any value about his own state, either of body or soul; and there is no fact which it is more necessary

for sick people to know, or the knowledge of which is more restful to them.

I am aware that a patient sometimes pronounces himself to be dying when the doctor thinks there is no danger (or *vice versa*) ; and turns out in the end to have been right. He has seen the end, as it were, of his disease by some kind of instinct or inspiration, without effort or excitement, and by the help of no process of reasoning. But I think you will find that this sort of prophetic instinct about one's self is almost always accompanied by a strange calm which subdues all desire to convince others against their will. If your patient tries to worry you into the belief that he is dying, when the doctor says he is not, you may usually treat it as a delusion born of restless and selfish anxiety.

Never forget the wide difference between being led to make an effort of self-control by the desire not to *be* selfish or obstinate, and being driven to make it by the fear of being *thought* so. I do not say that the driving process may not be necessary sometimes, in the case of a patient who cannot be led, and over whom no high motives have any power. But driving is a very bad substitute for leading. And there is as much difference between the fear of being thought selfish and the desire not to be so, as there is between the fear of a flogging and the desire to please one's parents. And nurses too often do not consider this. And there are great numbers of sick people over whom it is both needless and hurtful to hold any sort of rod—numbers who, poor things ! are only too anxious to go the right way, and whose one desire it is to get anyone to guide and sustain them along the rough road by which they must travel.

4. A great deal of mischief is often done by the thoughtless way in which nurses and friends try to carry out the doctor's injunction to *discourage the patient from dwelling on* this or that morbid idea or distressing recollection. What the doctor means is that you are never to bring the subject before the patient's mind when he is not thinking of it ; and that, when he is, you are to encourage and assist him to think of something else. It is bad for him to talk much of the painful subject, because it helps to fix it on his mind. But it may be a great relief to him to say out all he has to say occasionally. It may be the greatest possible help to him to throw it off his mind. The mere negative preventing of a sick man from speaking of a subject that haunts him is often very cruel if you cannot, at the same time, help him to turn his thoughts to something else. And if you say anything which induces him to pretend not to be thinking of a thing which he

cannot forget, you run the risk of doing serious mischief. Face the morbid subject boldly until you have made the patient recognise some definite and effectual mode of banishing it from his recollection, and show him that it is his duty to banish it whenever it arises. After that, you may avoid entering into the subject. When he speaks of it, you need only remind him that it is his duty and yours to think of something else.

How to bring the moral sense to bear on any particular topic must depend on the temperament and previous habits of mind of the patient, and on the amount of his intimacy with, and affection for, yourself. You may tell him, if you think it will influence him, that his talking about a certain subject *pains you :* but take care that he is not induced, by the mere fear of your jarring on him by want of sympathy, to be silent about it when it would be a relief to him to speak.

Make it your study to supply your patient with healthy thoughts of such a nature as to prove the natural corrective of his unhealthy ones. It is often a good plan to select a few words from a poem, or from some religious or philosophical work with which the patient is acquainted, repeat them slowly, make him say them after you, and then bid him have recourse to those words again whenever he feels tempted to dwell on the particular thought against which you have warned him.

I may as well say here that your business in a sick-room is to promote the health and comfort of the sick. Such a remark may seem to be a truism ; but it is not as needless as it seems, for many people allow themselves to be sadly confused on the point by vague talk about the "more important concerns of eternity." They forget that nothing can be more important for us than the doing well that which has been given to us, or which we have undertaken, to do ; and that, if we have any power to further concerns in themselves more important (which I should be sorry to deny), the way to make the most of that power is by attending faithfully to our own proper business. If you have any religious theories or prejudices opposed to those of the patient, or any notions of securing the salvation of people by making them believe what you believe, you must leave them all behind you at the door of the sick-room ; and be guided in your choice of reading, etc., first by what is best for the sick man's health, and next by what you find gives him most pleasure. The remarks I have made on a previous page will suffice to show that I do not think everything which gives him pleasure is necessarily good for him.

It is often noticed that religious insanity and monomania

is more hopeless than any other. It does not follow that the sole reason for this lies in the nature of the disease itself. Religious insanity is seldom treated as rationally as any other kind of mental disease, especially in the beginning. In ordinary cases of mental illness the friends think of the case as one of disease, and deal with it on its own merits. They do so, at least, as soon as they have found out that disease exists. They make blunders enough often ; but at any rate they have nothing to think of except doing the best for the patient's brain as far as they can find out how. But if any form of religion mixes up with his excitement, then there is not only his brain to cure, but his soul to save, and a party to serve as well ; and the friends become as mad as the patient. No one can do simply and quietly what the doctor orders (even if the doctor is not too much afraid of coming into collision with prejudices of all sorts to say what he thinks). No one, usually not even those who profess, like Gallio, to care for none of these things ; for their judgment is often warped by a foregone conclusion that *all* religious intensity must be illusion more or less.

In a case of religious monomania the patient should be left very much in the charge of someone who entirely sympathises with his especial form of belief and modes of expression. Orders to avoid talking of the morbid subject should come, as far as possible, through some channel which will convey no impression of irreverence or unbelief. The patient should be encouraged to be silent (or keep whatever rules may be made for him), distinctly on the ground that by so doing he will best recover power truly to serve whatever cause is sacred to him. That he is to be ultimately hindered from serving that cause, should never be suggested for a moment. So treated, I do not see why religious mania need be so very unmanageable.

An earnest man once said, "The last enemy that man has to conquer is his belief in his own immortality" ; and, though I do not think that the belief in immortality will ever be destroyed, or wish that it should, I understand the feeling which prompted his words, and have often been tempted to re-echo them. The belief that our fate in a future world depends directly on the opinions we hold in this world, is dragged into all kinds of irrelevant conflict with common sense, and comes in at every turn to interfere with right action. Surely we ought to do the business of this world as well as we can ; and leave the concerns of the next, in faith, to Him who has filled this so full of difficulties, and told us only just enough about any other to make us feel how important may be the results of carelessness in things which seem to us trifles.

The fact of the existence of such a thing as religious insanity at

all, was for years, I must confess, a great puzzle and stumbling-block to me. We were told to "pray without ceasing," to "do *all* to the glory of God" ; then how was it possible to be *too religious*, to think too constantly of God ?

The most obvious answer to the question is this : A good deal of what is called religion consists, not in devotion, but in the use of the intellectual faculties on theological subjects. This intellectual exercise is often premature ; and almost always unhealthy in kind, because carried on under the pressure of a supposed duty to arrive at a certain conclusion, and to stifle all thoughts which do not seem to point towards that conclusion. This is one partial solution. Another is this : music, dancing, art, and social intercourse do, in various ways, lead us to control momentary impulses. They, as is commonly and very justly said, "take us out of ourselves." We will go into this subject more in detail in a future chapter, but it is evident that amusements of all sorts do take us out of ourselves, though very insufficiently. Any real work, in the long run, takes us more out of ourselves than any form of amusement. But if you cut yourself off from social enjoyments in the name of religion, and substitute no real work, or enthusiasm, or generous pleasure, or true worship in their place, you lower the vital powers, and leave body and mind an easier prey to any form of disease than they otherwise would have been.

Neither of these causes, however, appears to account for the most startling facts connected with this subject ; such, for instance, as those epidemics of insanity and crime which often follow in the track of a revival movement. I do not say that I can exactly account for those facts ; I do not know enough of the structure of the brain. But I feel sure that the more we inquire into them the more light we shall get on the whole subject of education and mental treatment.

Any strong excitement of devotional feeling introduces into the brain a large charge of vitality. It is there ready to go wherever it is carried. Its direction will depend on what part of the frame is excited at the time, or immediately afterwards.

Now think of a revival scene. By appeals to the really religious sentiments, by the stimulus of music, and by the magnetic action of a crowd on one another, a high degree both of nervous power and of nervous excitement is produced. But the preacher mixes up with what is really good in his address such pictures of the future judgment as appeal violently both to the fears and to the self-love of his audience. Nay, in some cases, his language tends directly to excite destructiveness in his hearers, as when he gives them vivid descriptions of the saints in glory, watching the punishment of

sinners. An organ once violently excited has a tendency to act of its own accord for some time afterwards, especially if it be naturally large or habitually active. In many of the audience, therefore, after the unwonted religious excitement has gone down, the mere animal faculties and passions will continue to vibrate in an irregular and uncontrolled manner.

False gods are often spoken of as devils or *evil demons*. If that means that the "devil" is a product of the unnatural union between true Divine inspiration or afflatus, and selfishness, which is the opposite of God, then I do not think it wonderful that some revivals exhibit so many "manifestations" of Satan as they do ; to wit, hysteria, insanity, and crimes. Love should be allowed to *cast out* fear and self love. That is God's law. Woe betide those who violate it ! A man who has entered into conscious communion with his Maker should be encouraged to be willing "to be accursed," if he could do his brethren any good by it ; not to seek for shelter from his Father's loving discipline. We were told all that eighteen centuries before phrenology was ever thought of. But I fear that about the last, as it will be one of the most valuable, of all the achievements of science will consist in persuading religious teachers to believe in the Bible.

Of course, I do not mean that a man whose mind is habitually under healthy influences is likely to be the worse for occasional religious excitement, no matter how injudicious the mode in which it is produced. Such a one has his mind under control. It is the spasmodic action of a moral sense, habitually too inactive, which does harm, if thoughts of a wrong kind are presented to the mind at the time, or arise immediately afterwards. *Fits of what is called "realising the presence of God," appear to be a very dangerous form of enjoyment, except for those who have already acquired a habit so ingrained as to have become almost mechanical, of acting as if they believed themselves to be in the presence of God.*

I have observed that doctors, though they seldom refuse a patient leave to see a clergyman if he wishes it, yet would sometimes rather not be asked leave. I suppose they have observed that what is called "religious talk" often does a patient more harm than good.

The instincts of self-preservation and self-love seem intended, from all we can observe, not only to control the animal passions, but to excite to muscular action. Running races or boxing for a prize seems a natural sort of proceeding enough ; only that, as even the most uncultivated man is not a mere brute, he should not spend too much of his life after the fashion of brutes, or make the objects of brutes his primary aim. But when a man is

laid on a sick bed, we do not want him to make any muscular exertion whatever. Even if he is only suffering from a local injury he cannot safely do so ; and in many cases he is, besides, too weak to bear it. A great part of the physical treatment, therefore, is often directed to calm that desire for movement which produces "restlessness." I do not, therefore, wonder that a doctor should be unwilling to accept as an assistant a man who would unnecessarily appeal to those motives of *fear* and *personal acquisitiveness* which set beasts running !

5. Miss Nightingale complains of the injustice often done to a sick person by unsympathising people who do not know how much disease and confinement are affecting his mental health, and how much difficulty he has in behaving even decently well to his attendants. There is often much cause for her complaint, up to a certain point.

It is on many accounts much to be desired that the idea of brain disturbance should be more generally admitted than it is, as an element in the solution of problems both medical and social. Nearly everyone has the material machinery, by the help of which he thinks, more or less out of order all his life ; and some sort of extra derangement of the functions of that machinery forms a symptom of nearly every disease. We have all heard this stated as an abstract dogma ; and in some sort of sense we believe it. But our judgments would be more charitable and just, our general conduct more patient and wise, and our treatment of the sick more consistent and successful, if we recognised it more constantly than we do. We are too prone to draw in our minds an artificial line of demarcation between the sane and the insane, which has no existence in fact. Cases are constantly occurring in which a long course of unkind or wicked or capricious behaviour suddenly culminates in some act so outrageous that the doer of it is at once placed under restraint. When this happens, it is admitted on all hands that the patient was all along mad ; and that, for want of knowing him to be so, the world has been judging him unjustly. But the world judges quite as unjustly, in the same way, thousands of people who never break out into acts of violence at all. The breaking out is very much a matter of accident.

And this unjust judgment of those whose mental malady is not very openly acknowledged, is by no means the worst consequence of the artificial distinction which we so lazily and clumsily make between the absolutely sane and the absolutely insane. At a certain stage of disease, everybody suddenly discovers that "the poor thing's *mind* is affected," and that, "he is therefore not

responsible for what he says and does." Thereupon begins a course of half-pitying, half-contemptuous indulgence, alternating with neglect (neglect of courtesy and observant respect, I mean, not of physical care), which is even more cruel and far more mischievous than the previous injustice.

The whole subject of the responsibility of human creatures is a very solemn and a very difficult one; and I have no wish to intrude into it any theories of mine. It is enough for me to say that your patient is always responsible for doing his best; and that it is your business to prevent any of those who have access to him from treating him as if he were, or ever could be, flung outside of the pale of responsible humanity and abandoned to the powers of darkness.

Try in every way to prevent a nervous patient from drifting into a feeling of being cut off from his past life. There may, of course, be some special reason for wishing him to avoid dwelling on the past, or on a particular part of it. But, as a general rule, anything that keeps up the sense of connection with the past and the future, and with the human world outside, is a valuable corrective, both to restless impulses and to morbid melancholy. Encourage him to keep up old habits (except, of course, such as are positively injurious). It is a bad sign when an orderly woman begins to be indifferent to her personal appearance and to the order of her room. And it is often something more than a mere sign or symptom. Such tokens come to partake, after a while, of the nature of sacraments; that is to say, they are not only outward signs of an inward state; they are also means whereby we get into that state. If I had charge of a woman who had been a notable orderly housewife, and began to find her take less notice than usual of a littered room or of untidily served meals, I should make no remark on the subject at first, but be very orderly myself, without disturbing her at all about it (to give a perhaps over-tired part of her brain complete repose). But after a time I would quietly endeavour to interest her in helping me to preserve order for the sake of my comfort, not of her own. Keep up more especially the habit of whatever religious observances the patient has been accustomed to consider necessary or to find soothing. Make Sunday as different as you can from other days if he has been used to keep it sacred. Make the distinction, whether he cares for it now or not, in a quiet, cheerful, matter-of-course fashion, so as to let him feel as much as possible that his old life is still going on of its own accord. Even if he is too restless or too weak to bear the reading of more than one verse of the Bible at a time, still do not unnecessarily omit that one verse at about

his usual hour for such reading. It may happen that a patient professes to have, and fancies that he has, grown utterly indifferent to such observances ; and yet, if you omit them, will feel bitterly that he is lost and forsaken and given over to disease and loneliness and to his own fancies. The thing to do, if you can, is to make him feel that, sick or well, he is a member of the Church and of the family, and a citizen of the State ; and that you have not the remotest notion of treating him as if he were not so ; that he has his definite place in the world ; a place to which definite duties belong ; a place which indeed his circumstances (including his mental constitution and the fact of his illness) help to mark out for him, but which no fancies need prevent him from filling usefully, and the duties of which, such as they are, no morbidness should prevent him from discharging with all the strength he has. A hospital has many disadvantages over a private house ; but it has great compensating advantages, especially for nervous patients ; not the least of which is that each must know that he has, at least, negative duties to the others ; each must feel that his illness is part of a great scheme of things, which was going on before he became ill, and will go on still when he has recovered or died. And this feeling is, in a sense which I will explain on a future occasion, "*Homœopathic*" to most kinds of nervous suffering ; *i.e.*, it is the natural remedy ; it cures by counteracting the original cause, though it appears at first to aggravate the symptoms.

If you happen to be blest with a clergyman of any denomination who is fit to be let into a sick-room, by which I mean one who believes that God is, and that he himself is not, the Saviour of men, and if your patient is content to see him, get as much of his help as you can. Such an one will probably have sense enough not to overtire a sick man ; and he will, at least, have humility enough to take a hint from you or the doctor as to how much the patient is likely to be able to bear. His reading of prayers, etc., will be more refreshing than yours, because of the change of voice. And, somehow, what an earnest clergyman says impresses one more than the same words from anyone else. I have no opinion to offer as to why this should be ; but I know the fact is so with many people, and with none more than with some of those who pride themselves on hating priests and on disbelieving their dogmas. And the pastor will be your best ally in the difficult task of which I spoke just now, of preventing the patient from feeling as if he were cut off from his past life and from the great human world outside, as if his life were bound up in his medicine bottles and his nurse.

6. I need hardly caution you against indulging any feeling of jealousy about your patient's interest in things and persons unconnected with yourself, or his enjoyment of pleasures which you were not the means of procuring for him. And yet when the nurse is very tired, she is sometimes almost as morbid as the sick man himself, and needs as much knowledge and caution to take care of her own mind as of his. At such times try to remember that the business in hand is curing your patient, not settling the amount of your claims on his gratitude; and that, however quiet he may need to be kept, yet, whenever, and in so far as, he is allowed to be roused or interested in anything, the greater variety, and the more complete change of interests he has, the better.

7. While engaged in the care of nervous patients or sensitive children, there is almost as much need for exercising control over one's thoughts as one's words; and that, not only while they are present. Indeed I suspect that if we knew more than we do of the secret relations between human beings, we should feel our unspoken thoughts to be at all times important to others. But a state of impending delirium is one in which some instincts become quickened and certain sensibilities may be intensified. An excitable child, a hysterical girl, or a fever patient, is more likely than a quite healthy person to be affected by your unspoken thoughts.

8. An important part of the doctor's business consists, we are told, in distinguishing between organic disease and that which is merely nervous or functional. This is a medical question; and you can give no help in solving it except by faithfully reporting such observations as you have been able to make. But a very important part of yours will sometimes consist in detecting how far nervous symptoms themselves (whether physical or mental) are real, and how far they are hypochondriacal, or even wilful; in distinguishing when the patient is yielding to what he might conquer better if his will could be aroused, and when he is engaged in a brave but, perhaps, blind struggle, in which he only needs to be helped and guided. The symptoms of the two forms of "nervousness" are often strangely mingled together, and tend to produce each other; but they are in themselves distinct. To discriminate between them requires neither medical knowledge nor much sick-room practice; but it does require great attention to the case, and a habit of observation, and, above all, a habit of looking at human nature from a right point of view, and of judging it by an adequate standard. A life hitherto blameless—even a life, so far as men have seen of it, calm, devoted, and holy—

affords no absolute security against any description of folly or crime ; though, of course, a habit of conscientious self-control gives the best chance of recovery, and makes remedial measures effectual, which, in the case of an ill-governed mind, would be useless and unsafe.

The difference to be made in the treatment, according as the patient is yielding to his disease or struggling against it, is easily learned by practice. I will only say further on this point, that little permanent good seems ever to be done by appealing, in sickness, to a much higher class of motives than the highest of those which the patient is accustomed to act on. Try to keep the best side of his mind uppermost ; appeal to the best among those motives which habitually influence him ; draw out his best self and enlist it to fight on your side against his worst self. This, I think, you will find more practically useful than the attempt to import into his mind, while he is ill, thoughts and feelings higher than he was capable of understanding when in health. And if the moral tone is very low it may be necessary at times to make him afraid or ashamed of indulging his waywardness.

It sometimes happens that one whose life and aspirations have been of a higher kind than those of ordinary mortals, allows himself to become morbid on some subject, literary, political, or social, etc., which he fancies he has a moral or religious reason for getting excited about. The real reason for excitement is, of course, some sort of brain disturbance, just as much as in the case of one who goes mad from indulged passions. Unfortunately, friends often do not fully realise this fact until too late. The utmost which they venture on, at first, is a timid reverential mixture of coaxing, concession, and argument. I suppose it is natural to shrink from taking a tone of superiority with one to whom we have been accustomed to look up. But were a man as wise as Solomon and as holy as an apostle, still, when once he is ill enough to be, as to his health, in the care of any other person, he ought to be made to feel, as gently as possible, but very emphatically, that that person is, for the time, one of the appointed "powers that be," and intends to be obeyed accordingly.

We are apt at times to confuse the true reverence which comes of a loyal recognition of relationships with "respect of persons." It is just as true that a patient should, within certain limits, obey his nurse, as that a child should, within certain other limits, obey its parents. The sense of moral order which the recognition of this duty gives is soothing to an over-tired brain. It is not enough that you succeed, somehow, in preventing your patient from doing, or thinking of, the particular thing which is bad for

him. It is often of even more importance that you should procure for him that mental repose which comes of voluntary submission to direction. And a very good and wise man may need that repose quite as much as a bad and foolish one.

Nothing more tends to make a family of children manageable than letting them see that the parents know how to obey in their turn and at due season; that, throughout the household, obedience is taken as an expression, not of opinion about the wisdom of the person issuing a command, but of loyalty to his office, and of sympathy with his responsibility. A little child should occasionally be left to watch by a sick bed, with instructions: "Do not let father get up, or read, till I return"; "see that the food is taken at such an hour," etc. If nurse and patient will let the little deputy see that its responsibilities are recognised as constituting a claim to unquestioning obedience and to respectful sympathy, it will have learned—not, as some people fancy, a licence for self-assertion and self-will, but a good lesson in true obedience, which will be specially useful when its own turn comes to be ill.

9. I assume that you have read what Miss Nightingale and other practical nurses say about the mode of administering food. Indeed, I have taken for granted throughout that you have learned, and that you will continue to learn, as much as possible about sanitary laws and practical hygenic rules of all kinds. If you feel that reverence for the Creator of all, in which, as I have tried to show you, our intellectual and moral life consists, it will make you not the less, but the more desirous to study and obey His physical laws. I would only suggest to you how, when the observance of a physical law is, from circumstances, impossible, you may make the breach of it as little injurious as may be, and lead you to a clue by which, when the physical laws themselves so cross and check each other that you cannot obey one without violating another, you may learn to guide yourselves in choosing between them the one which it is most important under the circumstances to observe.

Apparent want of appetite may proceed either from actual disease of the stomach, from nervous dyspepsia (*i.e.*, want of digestive power owing to *functional* disturbance), from mere nervous dislike to the act of eating, from some morbid fancy, or from sheer temper.

In case of organic disease of the stomach, you have nothing to do except gently, but firmly, to carry out the doctor's directions, observe the results, and report them faithfully to him (but not

in the patient's hearing. It ought to be so much a matter of course that the nurse shall escort the doctor out of hearing of the sick-room, that her doing so on any particular occasion shall attract no attention). You may be tempted to think that he is mistaken as to the kind and quantity of the food which he prescribes. It is possible that he may be so, but you are more likely to be wrong than he, and the more exactly you obey orders and observe results, the better on the whole for all parties.

Supposing the stomach not to be actually diseased, then, if the doctor understands his business, and if he has reason to think that you understand yours, he will be the first to tell you that you must, in a great measure, judge for yourself what food the patient can best take. He will give you some general directions, and leave you to carry them out according to your own discretion. But under no circumstances should you give, without permission (while the patient is still under the doctor's care), anything which has been forbidden. If you have any reason which the doctor does not know of for thinking it would do good, you ought to tell him of it. But he may have reasons, which he could not explain to you, for thinking it would do harm.

Cases have occasionally occurred in which a man's life has been saved by a friend indulging his craving for some article of diet which his doctor had persistently denied him, even after having been made aware of his longing for it ; and wonder-mongers have made the most of such cases. They have kept no record of all the lives that have been lost in the same manner. Doctors are generally very good to us unprofessional nurses ; they do not tell the world all they know about our mistakes and their consequences, or I fear some of us would run great risk of being put on trial for manslaughter.

If you really think that your doctor misunderstands the case and will do more harm than good, why let him continue to prescribe at all ?

I fear our mode of thinking of and acting towards a doctor who does his best, and who shares our responsibility, and silently covers, where he cannot repair, our blunders, is sometimes very ungrateful and unjust. That loyalty to relationships, of which we spoke just now, is at all times of more consequence *on the whole* than correctness of opinions. In fact, we cannot always be sure whose opinion is right ; whereas we always can know to whom obedience is due ; and this distinction is nowhere of more importance than in the relation between doctor and nurse.

We confuse our lives by trying to settle whose opinion is right, as if this world were one in which no mistakes should be made.

Whereas the world in which we are placed is a world in which mistakes are made, are an integral and necessary part of the life of each man; a world in which, when two people disagree in opinion, neither of them can be sure that he is free of error. And of this world—this world to which mistakes belong—we make the best, on the whole, by giving obedience where it is due.

Believe me, any nurse who knows her work at all will find doctors, on the whole, willing to leave quite *enough* of responsibility on her shoulders; will find quite enough to think about without contradicting or deceiving them; and ought to be, and will be, thankful for any definite instructions and prohibitions. Women who boast of the (apparent and temporary) good results which they have obtained by disobeying orders, are usually too ignorant of physiology to know when they are doing harm. A woman who, *knowing what she was about*, had taken upon herself to dismiss the doctor because she felt he was doing harm, and had saved the patient's life by disobeying the doctor's orders, would, I think, have gone through too much of suffering from the sense of her own responsibility to be in any humour for boasting of the fact.

10. Numbers of people in the middle classes, though fewer, I hope, than was formerly the case, die not of disease but of starvation. This happens often because the nurse neglects the physical material part of her work. She brings up sour milk or spoiled food; or she has never taken the trouble to find out what the patient can best digest. But it happens, perhaps, still more often because she does not understand his mental condition, and does not know how far to believe his statements about himself and his wants.

It is not always easy to find out why a patient refuses to eat. Often he does not know himself; and will give you, in perfect good faith, a reason as far as possible from the true one. You must learn to distinguish, just because he cannot, between real want of appetite (either for food generally, or for some particular kind of food) and a morbid fancy which you might help him to conquer, or a wilful whim which he ought to be shamed into conquering himself. I have known a child *fancy* she had an emotional reason for not eating a particular kind of food, which was, in reality, unsuitable for her. (Delicate girls, for instance, often have theories about the "cruelty" of killing sheep and oxen, which they forget when they are offered fowl or fish). And, on the other hand, a patient will often tell you that he does not like, or cannot digest, food when his dislike is due to some association of ideas.

It is not as well known as it ought to be that the sensation of hunger is, under certain circumstances, positively delightful. It produces, or at least, permits, in some frames, a sense of spiritual exaltation like that which results from opium, but of a purer kind. A patient will sometimes tell you, and quite truly, that he "feels less comfortable" after eating what you and the doctor consider to be the proper amount and kind of food ; and this by no means always means that the food has given him any symptom of indigestion ; it may mean that it has put an end to an abnormal condition in which mental exaltation was making him insensible to physical discomfort. And if it means that, then, unfortunately, the more he shrinks from his food the more need there is that he should take plenty of it.

If you have to do with that morbid shyness about giving trouble, of which Miss Nightingale speaks, which mixes with so many strange fancies and evil tempers, and which helps to shorten so many valuable lives, you must make your patient feel, by every means in your power, that it gives you pleasure to be asked to do anything for him ; and you must also make it clear to him that his neglecting to tell you what he wants only entails on you the additional trouble of finding it out for yourself. And you must be on your guard against an infinite number of cunning tricks to prevent your finding it out. There are certain subjects, and this is one of them, on which the more saintly a man's character is, the less you can trust to anything he says ; unless, indeed, when you actually appeal to his honour not to deceive you ; and even then he may do it unconsciously from habit.

A professional nurse meets with comparatively little of the difficulty of which I am now speaking. The sense of routine, which she introduces into the arrangements of the sick-room, naturally puts an end to many vagaries on the part of the patient. But I am writing mainly, not for professional nurses, but for sick people's relatives and friends. The history of many and many a sad bereavement might be told briefly in this wise : The female head of a family is taken ill. She needs no surgical treatment, no scientific nursing, nothing (the doctor says) but ordinary care, such as any commonly intelligent woman is qualified to give—nothing, in fact, except quietness and *plenty of light nourishing food*. A hired nurse would be a needless expense, and the patient would rather not have a stranger about her. Her daughters and friends could have no greater pleasure than to wait on one so good, so unselfish, so beloved ; and so the matter is settled ; and a very right and wise settlement it would be in many (though not in all) cases, if only the friends knew how to accomplish that which they have

undertaken. But the very essence of all goodness and piety is a certain tendency to devotion and self-denial, which, when good and pious people are cut off by illness from their ordinary ways of exercising it, often manifests itself in the most unexpected and unaccountable ways. The patient, accustomed to minister to others and to spend her time in planning to spare them trouble, now employs her faculties in inventing ingenious devices for preventing her attendants from "having the trouble" of carrying out the doctor's instructions; the unsuspicious friends fall into the trap; and the patient dies of starvation in consequence. One of the best and truest women I ever knew, deceived her daughters for weeks, by protesting that she could not bear beef-tea (which the doctor had prescribed for her), and that it was of no use to make it, for she couldn't and wouldn't touch it. At last she was surprised into tasting it; and pronounced it delicious. And then she confessed that she had never tasted it before, and had only professed to dislike it because she supposed that it was a "troublesome thing to make." Another, a pious Christian and most affectionate mother, was reported on several successive mornings by the friend who had charge of her during the night, to have been "free from pain, and quietly asleep for many hours." It seemed strange that if she did sleep so quietly, she should look most tired in the morning. With some difficulty I got her to confess that she feigned sleep, although suffering great pain, to save her attendant the trouble of warming her food in the night. Both these ladies died; and, in each case, the doctor protested to the last that there was no real disease, and that the patient was sinking from pure exhaustion.

I know that what I am now saying sounds almost incredible. But the whole of the relation of religious and benevolent and humanitarian emotion, to the question of food, forms one of the most startling chapters in the history of human folly. And those make a great mistake who imagine they have got rid of the difficulty by eliminating "fasting" out of the category of professedly religious observances. On the contrary, Catholic priests complain that their penitents thwart all their well-meant endeavours to regulate fasting, by insisting on mistaking for piety a pleasant quiver of certain nerves caused by exhaustion.

All girls ought to be taught that careless, useless, wilful fasting is one of the "sinful lusts of the flesh," one of the ways in which we waste, for the sake of a momentary pleasure, the strength which was given to us to use for an abiding purpose. Boys are, as a rule, much less liable to fall into this form of self-indulgence. But you should always be on the watch for it when you have to

do with either a man or a woman given to religious emotionality, or to an absorbing devotion to humanity.

Miss Nightingale, and others who profess to teach the art of nursing, insist strongly on a variety of rules, having for their object to correct certain habits which careless nurses fall into, and which tend to give sick persons a distaste for their food. Don't wait till the patient asks for his meals, but bring them at regular hours. Find out by observation rather than by questioning, what he likes best. Let anything which you think he will specially fancy be produced unexpectedly; and let it come as the gift of a friend rather than as part of the routine of his treatment. Don't take your own meals, or cook, or talk about food, in the sick-room; don't leave food in the room between meal-times, etc. A professional nurse ought, no doubt, to observe strictly all these and many such rules. Her patient is usually a stranger; she does not know his whims and fancies; she may be giving him great annoyance without being in the least aware of it; and, as she has nothing but her patient to attend to, she ought to take care to be on the safe side. But if you have to nurse a friend and to attend to any of your ordinary business at the same time, I would not advise you to hamper yourself with unnecessary and artificial routine. Read all Miss Nightingale's rules; they will be valuable as suggestions; but watch your patient to see which of them you need to carry out. You must have very little tact if you cannot find out by a friend's face when you are jarring or annoying him.

The real principle which underlies all the rules which I have been speaking of is this: don't cause the patient to think more than you can help about food merely as food, or about the effect of it on himself. The more you can associate ideas of love and care and kindness, and of other people's enjoyment, with the nervous patient's meals, the more he will eat and the better he will digest it.

"Don't leave food about the sick-room, and don't expect the patient to ask for it when he wants it." But you may, as I said, have business to attend to elsewhere. At any rate, you ought, for the patient's sake as well as your own, to get change of air and scene every day. And if you have no reliable substitute to leave in charge during your absence, it will be far better that he should ask for his food and medicine, or even that they should be left within his reach, than that he should go without them. Make him feel that his neglecting to take them at the proper time will entail upon you additional confinement and anxiety in future; and do not say too much about the harm his neglect

does to himself. If he perceives that any failures of yours, or any burdens which you lay upon him, are due to unavoidable circumstances, or to a conscientious desire not to interfere too much with the comfort of the rest of the household or unnecessarily to injure your own health, and never to carelessness or want of observation, he will be the more likely not to let them do him more harm than he can help.

And all these little kindly cautions about coming to a right understanding with the patient are of far more importance than they seem. "Fanciful nonsense" and "absurd sentimental stuff," strong minded people call them ; and so they dismiss the matter. But people whose lives were valuable have died of such fancies, very, very often ; that is what I want to make you see. They died of starvation, because no one understood how fanciful and sentimental and absurd a good and wise man or woman can become when he or she is cut off from that healthy work for others which is the natural antidote to "nonsense." Of course, I am not suggesting that you can cure real want of digestive power by imaginary means. Disease of the stomach is the doctor's business. But if the patient has—and many patients have—fanciful reasons for not eating, or sentimental emotions which disturb his digestion, what can you do better than find out some sentimental or fanciful reason why he should eat his food and enjoy it ? Strong minded women are very much to be envied in many ways ; but for a large class of cases they are utterly useless as nurses, just because they do not understand how weak minded other people can be.

11. Do not neglect to begin the mental treatment in good time. Too few people think seriously of it until delirium is actually threatening. From the time that a person is put as patient into your charge, you should watch his symptoms, mental as well as physical. You do not wait till the stomach is on the verge of inflammation before you begin to pay attention to the food. Why should you take less care for the mental food ? Words act by laws, just as much as food and medicine do ; and you are answerable for the effects of yours on your patient, whether he is delirious or no. When first a morbid fancy begins to take possession of the mind, the sufferer is not delirious, for he is half-conscious that his fancy is a delusion, or at least an exaggeration. Then is the time to bring his moral sense and his better judgment to your aid, and to show him that he ought not to let his mind rest on a subject which makes him false.

You will, perhaps, reply to this, that, as long as a man is sane, he has a power of control over the effect of words on his mind ;

and that there is therefore no need for you to be so particular till he is delirious. But he has also a power of control over the effect of food on his body. An unwholesome meal does him less harm if he keeps quiet after it, than if he wilfully disturbs and excites himself immediately. That is no excuse for your giving him the wrong sort of food. The patient's duty is to resist so far as he can whatever evil influences, physical or mental, he may be subjected to ; and your duty is to prevent his having any avoidable evil influences to resist, so that the vital power may be left free to grapple with the disease and with the unavoidable causes of evil which are sure to be present even when you have done your best to eliminate them.

12. In all cases where the moral health is affected, make your treatment as regular and as little spasmodic as you can, so as not to let the patient lose ground between whiles. Look out for motives which will influence him steadily and continuously, and be cumulative in their effect ; and avoid, as much as you can, appealing to motives which tend to wear out and grow weak by use. Try to make the patient feel that every single effort on his part is so much gained, whether he be visibly successful or not. Get him, if you can, to be content to make unsuccessful efforts. Teach him to feel that the effort to control himself is worth making in itself, for your sake, or for the sake of whatever he cares most about. And make him feel, too, that, apart from all question of success, two efforts are worth more than one ; and trying for an hour to be good and to do right, is worth more than six times as much as trying for ten minutes. He may, or may not, succeed in doing exactly the thing you have asked him to do ; but in any case the steady fixing of his mind on some one purpose, the continuous effort to do or avoid doing something, for the sake of right, or for love or gratitude to anyone, can hardly fail to brace and invigorate the nerves.

Something of the idea which prevails in the playground of a public school might be introduced with advantage into many sick-rooms. Nobody really imagines that the object for which so much time is expended is the winning of a few matches. Everybody is the better for doing his best at cricket ; a boy is none the less a gainer because he never wins his way into the glorious "eleven" ; but those who do not play their best fail to get the good which they might gain by the exercise.

The advice to keep the moral discipline steady applies especially to what is commonly called "hysterics." An hysterical patient should never be scolded or startled into repressing her cries and

struggles. Hysteria suddenly suppressed usually either returns with a violent reaction or changes itself into some form of neuralgia or brain affection. The aim of everyone about an hysterical girl should be to make her feel that hysterics are at a discount in the house ; that no one is particularly alarmed by or interested in individual attacks, but that, on the whole, she rather loses caste by being known to be subject to them. Some friend—someone whom the girl likes and respects—should take opportunities occasionally, when alone with her, of explaining to her that she can, if not control, at least prevent such attacks by care, and that it is her duty to avoid all such excitement and fatigue as increase the liability to them. She should never be irritated by any harshness or by any show of contempt or want of sympathy while the fit is on her ; but she should be made to feel steadily and always, what is true whether she feels it or not, that her disease is a misfortune and somewhat of a disgrace, that it imposes unpleasant restraints upon her and deprives her of many pleasures.

13. And now I have come to a difficulty. I have something to say which I dare not attempt to explain, for as yet we know too little ; and I must not dogmatise, and say, *ex cathedrâ*, "Do this, it is right," giving you no reason. I will take my privilege as a woman, and ask those of you who think I have taught you anything worth knowing, to do something in return for me.

Whenever you see a dying person either clutching at the bed clothes, or moving his hands vaguely in what is called the mere restlessness of death, send out of the room everybody who will not be quiet ; and let someone who is fairly sensible and has a good firm will, slip his hands into those of the patient, and fix his eyes steadily on the dying face, and his mind on the hope of soothing the last struggle and understanding the last wishes. He may ask, from time to time, "Do you wish to tell me anything? " or some such question. More than this I dare not say. You may see little result the first time it is tried ; the patient may be really unconscious ; or the friend may not be sufficiently *en rapport* with him to elicit anything. But it can hardly do the patient any harm, and may spare him some suffering. And you are not unlikely to be rewarded some day for your charity. In saying this I am not speaking from my own experience alone.

The doctor and professional nurse may perhaps tell you that the speechless dying patient is *unconscious* ; and you will wonder that I, who have inculcated unquestioning respect for the doctor's orders, should now advise you not to believe his assertions. But doctors as a rule do not carefully study the phenomena of

the death crisis ; and some of them, therefore, do not know that when a patient is unconscious of ordinary sights and sounds, he is often more conscious than ever before in his life of the thoughts of certain persons, and more keen-sighted than ever as to the best ways of accomplishing certain ends.

I must warn you that a patient sometimes communicates to his mesmeriser not only his thoughts, but, with them, some portion of the suffering which is being spared to himself. Do not, therefore, be alarmed at any symptoms which may occur to you after the death of a patient ; keep quiet, get fresh air and light food ; and you will soon be none the worse. Should children live in the same house as the friend who gives the assistance of which I spoke, they may exhibit strange phenomena during the next few weeks. If so, take no notice. If that kind of thing does harm, it is because there is tension and fuss about it.

Spiritualist friends often ask me why I never attend "Séances," and whether I do not care to know more about the wonders there witnessed. I have, in the natural course of my business, seen as much as I wish to see ; and do not think that anything I could witness at a séance would add to my conviction of the existence of a spirit-world.

CHAPTER IV

ON THE RESPECTIVE CLAIMS OF SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY

"Il est temps que la science s'habitue à prendre son bien partout où elle le trouve."—*Renan.*

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of glory shall come in."—*Ps.* xxiv, 7.

"The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling."

AT the conclusion of one of our former lessons some of you suggested to me a difficulty to which I should now like to give a few moments' consideration. Is it right, you asked, to treat theological and moral questions as if they were only a matter of nerves and brain and forces ? Do not the doctors who so treat them drift into a shocking habit of laughing at theology altogether, as if it were all the invention of brain-sick devotees ? Is it right even to read books written by such men, whatever be the practical benefit to be gained from them ? In reply, I must beg to remind you of the principle which we laid down from the first, viz., that, whether it be wrong or no, it is at least very unscientific to

treat anything whatever as if it were "only" any other thing. I think it is right to treat religious and moral questions as if they depended on forces, simply because the fact is that they do depend on forces. I do not think it right so to treat theological questions. But that is another matter altogether. So far as I know, I have, in speaking to you, hardly touched on any theological question at all.

Theology means the knowledge of God. The knowledge of the works of God (of which man is one) is not theology, it is science. The character of our Inspirer Himself is a theological question. It is for science to show us how we may become most receptive of His inspiration, and the conditions, physical, mental, and moral, upon which that inspiration is most health-giving and least disturbing, both to our bodies and our minds.

I will illustrate what I mean by an example or two.

That God is a Being whom it is safe to trust, is a truth of theology. But that man is a creature intended to trust in God, and that the more men trust in God the more their intellect will expand and their aspirations be realised, are truths of science. (By science I mean all knowledge derived from experience, and from the observation and classification of facts or phenomena, whether physical or mental). Again : That God is a Benevolent Being is a theological proposition. But it is science, *i.e.*, observation, which teaches us that it is good for us to have our kindly feelings called out ; and that the exercise of such feelings is more healthy when they are stimulated by the desire to imitate some benevolent object of worship than by mere impersonal love for goodness as such.

One constantly hears from the pulpit a sweeping assertion that "the heart of man naturally craves for some Mediator between man and God." Now, even supposing this to be true, it would be a psychological truth, and have about as much to do with theology as has the tendency of vine-tendrils to seek for support. But, as it happens, it is no truth at all, but a psychological blunder. It is true that a *large proportion* of mankind can in no way so well realise either the holiness or the love of God, as by thinking of Him under a human likeness. It may be also true, that God has chosen to reveal Himself under a human likeness ; and that He intends and wills that all men should know it. But our belief in this theological truth does not alter psychological facts. It is a fact that in a certain small, but, I believe, an increasing, number of human minds, the especially human affections are extremely weak, and, owing to unfortunate circumstances, have been allowed to remain comparatively inactive. To such minds,

thinking of God under a human likeness feels very like losing sight of God altogether. It is probable, nay, I suppose certain, that if such persons had seen Christ in the flesh, His overpowering magnetism would have awakened their dormant human sentiments. But to assert that the hearts of such persons crave for a human Mediator to worship, in the face of their own passionate protest that they feel no such craving, that they cannot even conceive what those mean who profess to feel it, that all the love they ever felt for anything in human shape is as nothing compared to their love for their unseen Teacher (or for the Author of Nature, as the bent of their minds may be), that their hearts recoil from the idea of admitting any Mediator between Him and themselves, and that they feel less fear of any hell which He could make, than of being taken out of His hands, is as cruel as it is absurd.

If preachers want to teach their congregations psychology they have a right to do so, and, indeed, could hardly be more usefully employed. But psychology being a science, those who are to teach it should study it scientifically, *i.e.*, by examining *facts in detail*, and by the light of known scientific laws. To jump from a theological proposition to a psychological one is simply silly; and I am certain that the main reason why scientific men so often reject what is called theology is, that the people who profess to teach it begin by some utterly false statement about psychology or some other science. Scientific men simply do not believe in the honesty or earnestness of anyone who makes false statements about matters of fact, as to which he need not have spoken at all if he did not like the trouble of ascertaining the truth.

And remember, the more sure we are that the results of two departments of study must ultimately approach and throw light on each other, the more imperatively necessary it becomes that we should exercise great caution in keeping distinct the processes by which those results are arrived at. We gain a better idea of an object by comparing pictures, taken from different points of view, than either picture alone would have given us. But if each artist claimed the right to dictate that the canvases of the others should be modified because of what he saw, what a jumble they would make! Just such a jumble do students make when they try to meddle prematurely in each other's work, instead of agreeing to work independently for a common end. When logicians have grappled with the question of the existence of a Deity, they have evaporated Him into an idea while proving His personality. When doctors have presumed to try to investigate His nature, they have resolved Him into a force, just when they had conclusively demonstrated that the thing man most needs on earth

is to trust in a living, loving Deliverer. And when theologians have attempted to dogmatise about the ways in which men can, or the conditions on which they may, approach God, they have always represented Him as (more or less)* like a capricious fiend, even though they made the first condition of His favour to consist in a belief in His perfect justice and mercy.

But does not the Bible treat of all three questions together, and almost as if they were one and the same? Undoubtedly it does. And if the Bible says: "By the Word of the Lord the heavens were made," is that any reason why Newton should not study the laws of gravitation? If St. Paul says that men are members of a body, do you infer from that that Harvey had no right to discover the circulation of the blood by purely scientific investigation? And if Newton and Harvey were right, why should we not try to find out all we can about the action of men's minds on each other, or about the inter-action of body and brain, by observation and experiment? Do you think the Bible was put into the world for the purpose of supplying a text-book for one profession only? It is every man's text-book and birthright; and every man has a right to approach it from his own standing point and get what help he can from it for his own work; or it can be no gift from the Lord of men.

If science proves, as I think it does, that man is meant to be the same sort of being (just, true, loving), which theology proclaims that God is, so much the better for the credit of the Book which declares that man was made in the Image of God. If science shows, as I think it does, that there can be no lasting bonds between men except such as are cemented by mutual self-sacrifice, so much the better for the credit of the other Book which gives the name of "Communion" to the commemoration of a great sacrifice. But I warn you, once for all, that if you mean to bring your children up rationally, you will find something to think about besides taking care of the credit of any book. If young mothers have any business at all with books, it is to get help from them in taking care of babies.

Do you remember that sweet story of an intellectual Princess and a romantic warrior, who came to a stop in the middle of a discussion about whether, and how, and for what motives, it is lawful for women to seek for *knowledge*? And then:

> "A bird,
> That early woke to feed her little ones,
> Sent from a dewy breast a cry for *Light!*"

*There is a great deal of difference between the "more" and the "less."

And she got it, did she not ? Not very much at first ; but so much at least as enabled her to begin her work. It would have been a good while before any light at all came to her, if she had let anyone persuade her to shut her eyes in terror of the darkness. Poor little birdie ! such a tiny creature in this big world ! I often wonder what she thought about the talk of those two clever people. Someone had put four hungry birdlings into her nest ; Someone had made the sun begin to shine just when they began to wake ; Someone she hoped, would send food for them ; and she must go and hunt for it ; that was her philosophy of life. If men would dig out what she wanted, so that it should be ready for her, well and good, she would thank them heartily. But as to which kind of food it was safe for her to pick up, on that point she intended to trust to her instincts and her experience. If she let people bewilder her poor little brain with contradictory *a priori* theories about it, what would become of the birdlings ? She was not going to give them what she had not first tasted herself. If she got hold of the wrong kind of material and made herself sick, why, perhaps, someone would cure her. And if not, the birdie knew (as each in its own way, every creature under heaven does know, unless its instincts have been utterly deadened by false theories), that it is better to enter, maimed and blinded, into the life that is prepared for those who try to do their appointed work at all risks to themselves, than with the outward semblance of health to be cast into the hell which is reserved for those who shrink from it.

If you and I were nuns, it might be a legitimate form of recreation for us to sit listening to priests denouncing "carnal wisdom" in our convent chapels. If we were flippant idle girls, there might be a great risk of our being led astray by associating with scientific men who laugh at "superstition" across their dinner tables. But life is, I hope, a more serious business for mothers. Our children are realities ; and their fevers and their fancies, their hearts and their nerves, their tempers and their digestions, are for us realities too. Very stern and dreadful ones we sometimes think them ; very blessed ones we may hereafter find them out to have been. And He who made them put them into our charge. That is a truth of which no one can rob us, unless we choose to let it go, though I have sometimes felt as if everything else that I knew about Him had been swept away from me in the tempest of discussion. And how shall we answer to Him at the last if we let the help which He is sending us by one man be robbed from us by another man ?

Many very good people, I know, attribute the cures effected

by mesmerism to satanic agency. The same explanation has been offered (also by good people) of the printing press and the Reformation, of the steam engine and the telegraph, of extra large steamboats, and of particularly accurate books ; also of the eloquence, the intellectual power and the moral earnestness of many pious but heterodox preachers ; and of a few other things besides. If people suppose that an evil tree can bring forth good fruits, there is no use in arguing the point ; the only rational answer that can be given to them was given long ago : If Satan really has taken a fancy to help man to do good, he ought to be allowed to undermine his own power as fast as he likes ; but if it should after all be God Himself who is teaching us, then no doubt, the Kingdom of God is come unto us.

The truth is, believe me, that very few things go on upon this planet in which Ormuzd and Ahriman do not each have some share. There are plenty of mesmeric proceedings which are unquestionably satanic enough.

Whenever you hear any person assert that his neighbour's love for any particular line of inquiry "springs from unbelief in God and must lead to immorality," or that it "springs from ignorance of science, and must lead to superstition," you may take it for granted that he is exceeding his commission. No form of mental activity can spring from either ignorance or unbelief. Nothing but selfishness and conceit can lead to either superstition or immorality. If any study leads, or seems to lead, a man astray, be sure that it is not the study itself which is so leading him, but the self-love which mingles with his desire to know the truth. The wisest Teacher that ever lived has taught us to compare the Spirit, by which God teaches men, to the wind which (as we now know) advances, very often, not in one straight line, but by blowing round and round in all directions at once. Trust Him, and do not let yourselves be frightened by people who tell you that other people *are going the wrong way. Every way is the right way for somebody or other.* The direction in which you ought to travel must depend on the point at which you have arrived. The wrong way at any point is to be too sure that you are going quite right, and to allow yourself to fly off at a tangent in the direction towards which you feel yourself specially impelled ; that way is always wrong, because it takes you further and further from the calm centre of progress which it ought to be the aim of everyone to reach.

How are we to find out whereabouts that calm centre is ? Suppose such a thing were possible as that a whole fleet of ships were scattered over the sea in a hurricane, and all drifting different

ways. Then the still centre would be just between any two which were drifting *in exactly opposite directions*. If you felt the wind coming on you from the north, your way to reach the calm centre would be to steer as straight as you could towards somebody who felt the wind coming upon him from the south. I do not say that you ought to turn round and try to go in the direction *towards which he felt impelled to go*. By no means ; you ought to try and steer *towards the man himself*. Not in the direction of his wind, nor of your own, but in the line (at right angles to both winds) which joins you and him.

The Jews of old time were looking out eagerly for a Messiah. They wanted some one who should settle for them their disputed points of law, who should tell them exactly how much they ought to yield to one another, and who, above all, should give them an entire victory over, and utterly rid them of, their great enemies, the Romans. When Jesus came, His solution of all their questions was, Resist not evil; if any man will take away thy coat let him have thy cloak also ; do good to them that hate you." And the Jews and the Romans stopped quarrelling for once, and agreed to get rid of that unsatisfactory and troublesome teacher. Nowadays we should like someone to tell us exactly how far we are bound to practise toleration towards those who differ from us on points of theological belief or of scientific opinion ; and especially we wish someone would rid the world of all those who insist on looking at life from an entirely opposite point of view to our own. And if Jesus came back on the earth now, I cannot help thinking that His solution would be, "Study those who misunderstand you ; learn from those who despise you ; and give all the help you can to those who are trying to hinder you." I wonder what sort of a reception He would get ! We hardly ever try to heartily understand each other ; and, what is far, far worse, we do not heartily try to make others understand us. At least, if we occasionally try to do so, we do not steadily and patiently endeavour to avoid saying what will cause others to misunderstand us. I have heard thoughtful and good men sneer, before their religious acquaintance, aye, and before their own wives and children, at all religion and all theology ; and talk by the hour together as if no one could know anything about the great Creator ; as if the attempt to learn anything about Him were absurd ; as if our human love and sense of right were only transitory and phenomenal ; the consequences, not the causes, of the laws of our being. And I know that in so doing they were belying the convictions of their hearts. As long as they are discussing other people's theories, such men can sneer as if nothing

in heaven or earth were sacred to them. But when those very same men begin to talk quietly about their own favourite study (whatever it may happen to be), and about sacred Nature, the Author and Teacher of it, they cannot help showing that they feel (though perhaps without definitely saying so to themselves) as though Nature were a person, infinitely loving and true, who personally loves them. For their instinct recognises, in spite of them, the grand old doctrine, which is essential to all healthy theology and which underlies all true science: that the things on earth are shadows of things in the unseen heavens; that physical facts and human relationships are projections upon matter of eternal verities.

I do not wonder that you were startled at first by the suggestion that moral truths are not, like mathematical ones, abstract truths; but depend, for their application to us, at least, upon the structure of our heads. No matter how a set of creatures might be constituted, twice two of them must make four of them, under all conceivable circumstances.* Whereas the world might have been so constituted, apparently, as to give to selfish cleverness or brute force the upper hand in the long run. Might have been; only as it "happens" it was not so constituted. And why not? Oh! never doubt that there are "Laws in Hades" who will own as their "brothers" the laws of earth.†

People often warn us that we ought not to venture into certain regions of interesting investigation, because, if we do, we shall meet with the devil! Now can you believe that Satan, that any evil thing, has been gifted by God with enough of His own majesty and might to stop the progress of scientific inquiry? Who is Satan, that we should be scared at every turn by the sound of his name? He goes about, we are told, as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; which is a reason why we are to be *sober* and *vigilant*, but not a reason for letting him hinder us from going where there is any good to be got. On the contrary, we are told to "resist him." And I want you to notice that analogies, when true at all, are true in a higher and deeper sense than could be realised when they were first perceived. I have given you one instance above: "The wind bloweth where it listeth." This one, of the devil as a *roaring lion*, is another. The lion, two thousands year ago, was a formidable foe to man; a

*"Under all conceivable circumstances" means under all circumstances conceivable by man as he now is. The *creatures* might be higher dimensional entities, and to them it might be by no means apparent that twice two make four. But, whoever they are or whatever they are, twice two of them make four of them in the apprehension of three-dimensional creatures.

†Crito.

real obstruction to exploration and cultivation. At the present day he cannot be said to constitute a serious danger to any except savages; a few rash people who go off alone hunting for the sake of excitement fall victims now and then; but, as a general proposition, we may say that civilised man is the lion's master. No enterprise, worth undertaking in itself, is desisted from, nowadays, on the ground that the "district is infested with lions." If the lion stands in the way of progress, *so much the worse for the lion*. We have rifles with which we can take a sure aim at him; we know the exact size of the bullet which will bring him down; we dissect him in the interests of science; we put sections of him under our microscopes and his skeleton in a museum; his skin forms an ornamental hearthrug; and the rest of him, no doubt, makes excellent manure. And if St. Peter's analogy be a truly inspired, not a forced and manufactured one, it must hold good to the end. Along the same road which the type has gone, must the antitype go also; it is only a question of time; as it has been with the lion, so must it be with the devil.

We shall never get God under our microscopes; never, never, never; nor fix His place, nor measure His dimensions; but all that is evil (or I would rather say, everything in the universe which affects us evilly) is, I devoutly believe, the heritage of science, her legitimate prize; the stimulus to her best energies; the food which she will gradually consume, and turn into blossom and fruit.

CHAPTER V

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE

"Whoever shall cause to stumble one of these little ones, it were better for him that he were cast into the depths of the sea."

"Study—to do your own business."

"It is in nurseries and sick-rooms, and by death-beds that women should learn theology." GEORGE BOOLE.

MOST persons are now familiar with the idea that some children, and even a few adults, are gifted with the power of voluntarily seeing into the thoughts of those around them, and especially of the persons with whom they are in certain close relations. There is another phase of the same phenomenon, about which much less has been written—a tendency to involuntary, and often unconscious, thought-reading. With the help of a small circle

of friends, I have endeavoured to study this singular abnormality. I cannot pretend that we have arrived at any very definite results. The subject is, for many reasons, of serious importance, and will repay the attention of anyone who has opportunities for observation such as every school affords. I will state as briefly as I can the conclusions to which we have been led, only premising that I do not give them as final, nor do I wish to impose my opinions on any one. I offer them rather as affording a clue to beginners as to the direction in which it may be most useful to observe. For the sake of brevity and convenience, I will not too often repeat such phrases as "I think," "I believe," or "so far as I have been able to observe," but beg you to accept once for all the assurance that I speak in no spirit of dogmatism, but simply say what I have seen, in the earnest hope that others may see further and more clearly.

Thought-reading would appear to be, in a certain sense, the normal condition of infancy; nature's provision for helping us over the first difficulty of entering into communication with our species. It seems to me highly probable that every child of a year old, not an absolute idiot, is in a certain vague, elementary way, a thought-reader, or rather an impression-reader. The impressions on the minds of the adults around him are shadowed in some way on his brain. Just as, a few weeks after birth, the sutures of a child's skull should close, so, at some age under six years, some closure or hardening process should go on in his mind. He is learning to receive impressions through his outer senses, and the more direct mode of reception normal in infancy is becoming closed for him. But it not unfrequently happens that this mental closure is delayed to twelve or fourteen years, sometimes till eighteen or twenty; occasionally it never takes place at all. The causes of this retardation of mental closure are, I believe, unknown. I have observed it where there has been any great discrepancy between the parents, whether in age, in culture, or in moral earnestness. I do not remember ever to have seen it in children whose parents were pretty equally matched in all these respects.

The infant, as I said, seems to be an impression- or sensation-reader. If the faculty is retained after the child is capable of thought, he becomes a thought-reader.

If the thought-reading child is intellectually of low type, he can be made what some common exhibitors of mesmeric tricks call a "clairvoyant." (Many clairvoyants are, I know, of high type; but they do not easily lend themselves to purposes of vulgar exhibition.) If he does not fall into the hands of an exhibi-

tor he drifts into growing like the persons who happen to gain most influence over him. He is sure to become the slave and tool of somebody or other; and the best we can hope for him is that he may find a sensible and virtuous master.

But the retardation of mental closure is often accompanied by intellectual and moral qualities of no mean order; in which case something very different from anything commonly known as clairvoyance is the result. The phenomenon seems to have been common among the early Hebrews, and was more studied among them than it has been of late by western nations.

This retardation of mental closure of which I am speaking is often accompanied by the prolongation into mature years of a peculiar kind of sensitiveness to association, such as ordinary people possess only in early childhood. At any time in the life of such a sensitive subject, a mere accidental association of ideas or emotions may be sufficient to create, or at least develop, a faculty which he was not previously known to possess.

The child affected by involuntary thought-reading is usually in a special relation of sympathy with one or more adults, whose thoughts affect him more than do those of other people. He by no means always reproduces the thought of the adult in the same form in which it existed in the mind of the latter. Often some concrete and picturesque version of it is reflected on to his brain, without his thinking the thought itself at all. Absence from the person with whom he is in this peculiar relation does not immediately cause the thought-transference to cease. If two or three people, under whose influence he is, hold a very earnest conversation together, the tendency is temporarily heightened; especially, I believe, if the conversation is held after the child is asleep.

A child who has this faculty is always what is called a "peculiar" child. Though usually tenacious in his affections, he is almost always capricious in the expression of affection. He is often conscious of something in the mind of a person who wishes to caress him, or of some one else who may be present, which makes caresses, as he feels, a desecration. He is apt to think people untrue, being vaguely conscious of some discrepancy between their thoughts and their words. He takes strong likes and dislikes. He has usually a lack of what the Greeks called "storge," *i.e.*, mere clinging to one's own family as such. He cares for individuals or dislikes them personally; the fact that they are related to him by ties of blood affects him little in any way; unless, indeed, too much is expected of him in the way of recognition of such ties, in which case they may become a cause of intense dislike. Some careful training is needed to make him understand the use and

sacredness of family ties ; though, when once he has been made to understand, he is usually exceptionally loyal to them. As he grows older he often develops strong instincts of purity, which, unfortunately, too often run counter to established conventions. He will, perhaps, loathe the touch of some highly respected individuals, asserting that they are impure ; occasionally he alarms his family by making himself the champion of some lawless outcast, in whom he can detect no impurity.

Great cruelty is often practised towards such children by compelling them to kiss and allow themselves to be caressed by persons from whom they shrink. They, more emphatically than other children, need steady discipline to prevent them from drifting into caprice and irregularity in the discharge of their duties ; but it seems to me that such discipline should, as much as possible, be confined to things that can fairly be considered in the light of actual duty or of mere formal courtesy ; personal contact should never be enforced, nor should any pressure be put on the use of endearing expressions ; and the child's recreation time should be as little as possible interfered with ; for what is recreation to others may be the severest labour to him.

As a compensation for the difficulties indicated above, and for the life of suffering which the involuntary thought-reader usually leads till what I have called the "mental closure" has taken place, he has one great advantage over others. If his health resists the mental suffering to which he is exposed, and he lives to grow up, he begins his adult existence endowed with a knowledge of human nature, acquired during his years of abnormal lucidity, which corrects many prejudices and makes it specially easy for him to acquire comprehensive and philosophic views of life.

He is exposed to two great dangers in the course of his early education ; the first arising from lack of confidence between his father and mother ; the second from the ambition of his teachers. I will say a few words about each of these sources of danger ; and first the latter.

A child such as I am describing often gets into sympathy with one or more of his teachers ; and when that is the case he appears a prodigy of intellectual power. One teacher after another informs the parents that the child has a special aptitude for his or her particular subject. If he is placed under a tutor or "coach" who happens to possess (as many successful teachers do) a high degree of mesmeric power, the child accomplishes marvels. Inasmuch, however, as the work which he is doing so rapidly and successfully is probably essentially unsuited to him, it tells on his vital energies, though sometimes in a way which only a skilled

medical eye is able to detect as long as the stimulus of contact with the teacher is constantly present. As soon as the contact comes to an end, if not before, the results become obvious; the prodigy loses his wonderful mental power. Perhaps he suddenly bursts a blood vessel, goes into rapid decline, becomes insane, or takes to drinking; or in some way or other fails utterly. Whereupon the disaster is attributed to "over-work"; it being in truth, rather the the result of *unsuitable work made possible by over-magnetisation from one person.*

And this brings me to the point about which I feel most sure in connection with this class of children. And as the caution which I am going to give on their behalf is, in a minor degree, needful to be observed for all children, there is all the less danger of my doing harm by insisting on it. As soon as a child, and especially a thought-reading child, has succumbed thoroughly to the magnetism or influence of any one person, it is right to secure for him counter-influence, equally strong, from some person of widely-different temperament. A parent should not (except in rare cases of immoral or highly injudicious use of influence) attempt any direct interference with a child being "too fond" of any teacher; but the child should, as soon as the over-fondness is observed, be exposed to powerful counter-influence from some person of opposite tastes, temperament, and mental habits.

I was endeavouring the other day to explain to a professional exhibitor of clairvoyants the need of this rule, on grounds of physical and moral hygiene. He naïvely replied that he did not know anything about that; but he had observed that "it spoils them for purposes of exhibition." It struck me that the gentleman had enunciated a wider truth than he was perhaps himself aware of. Many a Senior Wrangler without any great original mathematical power, many a winner of musical scholarships without true musical genius, would have been "spoiled for purposes of exhibition." and also saved from premature destruction, had the parents of the prodigy known the need and value of well-arranged *counter-magnetisation* or balance of influence.

But here we are met by a serious difficulty. *Harmonious* counter-magnetism is life to such children, and in a measure, to all children. But *antagonistic* magnetism is poison to them. To find two teachers whose ideas, tastes, feelings, and natural tendencies are as different as possible, who are equal in the power of gaining affection, and who will cordially agree not to disturb each other's influence over a pupil—such is the problem which Nature is setting before the mother of every thought-reading child.

Those who despair of the future of our race, because of the complications due to heredity and to the increasing nervousness of civilised man, have, I think, little idea of the stores of recuperative power which lie hidden away and almost inaccessible, waiting till a well-established system of harmonious, counter-magnetisation shall prevail over the whole domain of education.

Of the evils of unharmonised and antagonistic counter-magnetism I have next to speak. Many years ago I wrote a tale, founded on fact, to illustrate these evils. Perhaps I can hardly do better than to relate a part of it here. The peculiar form of religious belief to which my story alludes has gone out of fashion; it will, therefore, be evident that my intention is not to attack an almost obsolete superstition, but to point out how, without the least quarrelling, ill-temper, or unkindness, parents may injure a child by the mere fact of omitting to come to an understanding on serious subjects. It is, alas! no fiction, but an o'er true tale. I do not pretend that the circumstances which I am going to relate occurred exactly as I shall relate them; but in all its essential features my picture is, I assure you, under—not over—drawn; and it is drawn from an original not very uncommon. The tragic facts which continually come before one surpass all my powers of invention.

A mother has taken a little girl to consult a physician, and this is her account of the case. The child has been always rather fragile and delicate, but until lately has appeared on the whole healthy. For some weeks past, however, her appetite has been failing, and she has been languid, and at last a local eruption, hereditary in the family, has appeared, and makes her restless. She is usually a good child on the whole, and a great chatterer, though given to fits of dogged obstinacy. Of late she has been silent and ill-tempered, and goes into a corner alone to cry. "What do you give her to eat?" asks the doctor. "Oh! plain food," replies the mother. "We never allow our children's appetites to be pampered; and *this* little one is very good in that respect, she never seems to care what she eats"; (which, being interpreted, means that, the parents having got hold of a silly theory that greediness is a thing to be checked in all children, this poor little creature, who could not have been made greedy by any pampering, and to whom the act of eating ought to have been made pleasant in every possible way, has been systematically wrongly fed, till at last her digestion has been impaired). "I hope you don't make her study much," says the doctor. "No; she has plenty of time for play. But she is so fond of her books we can scarcely coax her away from them." "Does she sleep well?" "Yes, very well. I send her

to bed early, and nurse finds her *always fast asleep when she fetches the candle.*" "You don't let her read much at night the last thing before she goes to bed?" "Oh, no, we always have the children in *to talk to us* for the last hour before bedtime." "Can you find no sort of play that would amuse her?" "She cares for nothing very much but books, except her pet animals. She is never tired of tending them." "Well, that's a good occupation for her," says the doctor (who, however, does not quite know what an exciting subject "pet animals" really is to a certain class of children; or perhaps he would not speak so positively). The doctor is puzzled. He looks steadily at his patient. There is a strange light in those sad, weary eyes, a dogged resolution on that puckered brow, which would tell a fearful tale if she were thirty. But what can such an infant have upon her mind? "I wonder what she thinks about when she goes off to cry?" he says to himself. But a true instinct warns him that some evil genius has got into that house; and that he might as well ask the mother to translate the Vedas, as to find out what a child is crying about. He gives a prescription for the rash, and orders the child to be kept warm and have light nourishing food. "Don't let her read melancholy books or be much alone," is his parting advice.

Now let us see if we can find out what the little creature cries about.

Her father, who grew up in the habit of going to church like other people, without any particular reason for doing so, except that other people do, has been thinking intently for some time past of some of the problems which are stirring the mind of the age. He has been wondering whether He whom science reveals as the author of law, and the Bible speaks of as a God of mercy, can possibly mean to do all the lawless and merciless things which it seems to be the fashion to take it for granted that He will do. He has one or two friends with whom he sometimes speaks on the subject, when his wife is not by. For his wife is a very religious woman, and she would be greatly shocked to hear of his doubts. She would never really understand him. And she might bring him into trouble with the clergyman, who is a good man in his way and very useful among the poor; it would be a pity to quarrel with him. And besides, one of his friends is a young and handsome woman who is considered a "strange girl" in many ways; whom gentlemen called "Hypatia," and whom most ladies rather dislike. Hypatia is not considered "religious"; but how her soul flashes into her great black eyes sometimes, when they are talking of the great All-Father of men and beasts! One night our little girl's father and his friends had an animated discussion about

Plato, in which Hypatia had taken part with a kitten on her lap, while the wife sat sewing in silence. After the departure of the guests the wife remarked that Hypatia "appeared to be very fond of profane learning, and of masculine studies" ; that she "seemed to court the notice of gentlemen," and was "reported to be unsound in her theological opinions."

No ; on the whole, he does not think it would ever do to let his wife know that he shares Hypatia's "unsoundness."

He would like to tell the little girl, his favourite (the most like him of all his children), in a simple form suited to a child's capacity, something of that wonderful and holy hope which has dawned like the day-spring from on high over his heart. But how can he interfere with what is especially a mother's province, the religious instruction given in the nursery ? Besides, if he wished to do it, he would not know exactly what to tell the child. So he dwells lovingly and reverently, when talking to her, on the beauty and order of Nature ; and hopes that the seed thus sown may spring up and grow in her heart at some future time. As to anything doctrinal—why, he will *keep his thoughts to himself.*

As if any of us could do that !

Our poor little girl's brain has become magnetised with both her father's intellectual doubts and *her mother's suspiciousness* ; and as the parents will not, and the child dares not, take the natural heaven-sent remedy of family confidence, thoughts of doubt and distrust, which at another time might have flitted across her mind without resting on it a moment, have found there a congenial home. And the consequence to her bodily health we have seen.

What has it been to her mind ? When the nurse fetches the candle she finds the child asleep, she tells the mother. Now, a few weeks ago, the poor little creature committed the mighty crime of bursting into a flood of tears because her brother snatched her doll away suddenly. Some time afterwards her parents came into the room and found her crying still, and asked what was the matter ? Feeling ill and wretched, and having a vague consciousness that her brother's rudeness was not the real cause of her little outbreak of temper, she replied, "nothing." Whereupon her father, who had not heard about the doll, told her that it was silly to cry for nothing ; and her mother, who had, said that it was naughty to be so cross. If that sad "nothing" could have been interpreted by the instincts of a devoted mother or the wisdom of a nurse trained to observe, this illness might have been prevented. But highly sensitive children of this kind have naturally some amount of dramatic talent ; and, when they are misunder-

stood and roughly handled, they learn the use of it for self-protection. Ever since that day the child has repressed her tears as much as possible during the daytime, unless some lucky chance affords her a quiet corner where she can be alone. The moment she hears her nurse coming for the candle at night, she turns her head to the wall and pretends to be asleep, till the door is closed and she is once more alone ; and then she bursts into a passionate fit of weeping.

"How hot I feel," she sobs out at length, under her breath ; "mamma said I was feverish. People die in fever sometimes. I wonder whether I am going to die. I shouldn't be sorry, as far as dying goes. Only, suppose I am not saved. Suppose I have to go to hell; that would be for ever and ever. I wonder whether I am good enough for God to take me to heaven. I don't think so. I do try very hard ; but I feel so angry sometimes, and they say I am obstinate. Perhaps God would forgive me though, and take me to heaven. But that would be nearly as bad. The music would make me cry so, and the light would make my head ache ; and I shouldn't like to see all those strange people, and have no dog, nor cat, nor books. There would be nothing but praying and singing ; and I should have to make believe to like it.

"I wonder whether there mightn't be someone to teach me there, even without books. I do like lessons so. You can go on finding out what is true about them ; and it always comes right if you go on long enough ; and it is never saucy to want to know all about them. I should like to go into some cool dark place, and have some good spirit near me who would teach me for ever, and never let me see anybody ever again. Only, I should like God to take care of my poor little cat and make her happy. She was in such pain before she died. But mamma says God doesn't do anything to repay cats for what they suffer.

"What's that in the room? It looks all light. Is anyone calling me ? Oh ! it was only my fancy. Papa told me never to mind fancies that came in the dark. How hot my head is ! I wish I could go to sleep. Oh ! I wish there was no hell, and no heaven, and no God, and that I might die and sleep always."

One evening the father said to his friends that if the Maker of the universe really required men to stifle their convictions, as religious books assert, He should rather be called the Father of Lies than a God of Truth. What awful dreams haunted the child that night we need not ask. But if you could have followed her unseen when she went off alone with her dog next day (to sulk, as her brothers said), you might have heard her talking to it in something like this way : "I didn't hurt you, did I, Carlo ?

I was only in fun when I said you were saucy to tell me I was in the wrong. I was only pretending to punish you. You know I love you dearly, Carlo; I would not hurt you for the world. I slap my dolly hard; but then, you know, she can't feel. I would not do so to you; it would be cruel. For I am a real girl and I love you, Carlo. Mamma and nurse punish me; but I wonder what mamma and nurse really are. There is a bad fairy in my story-book who made herself look like a nice pretty lady. I wonder——" At this point the poor child's imagination becomes delirious for a time, and runs riot in the wildest horrors.

What proportion of the children who have such thoughts live to grow up I have no idea. A medical friend tells me that he believes the large majority of those who are born with any great power of moral insight, and who might have become reformers, are driven by the unreality of our systems of moral culture into mad-houses or early graves. Another, who had paid special attention to the subject of thought-reading and unconscious mesmerism, said to me, "Crucifying and burning were merciful inventions compared to laying the foundation of nervous affections in the constitutions of young children, and worrying thinking men into insanity and heart disease; and that is what people are doing nowadays in the name of religion and morals." But I do not want to scare you with sensational horrors, or to write a new martyrology; I pass over the most ghastly features of my subject; I only want to direct your attention to facts which are going on in nurseries around us; in yours and mine, for all we know. Aye, when you were confiding to a friend in your drawing-room that Emma "was growing perverse from her papa's petting," or that Tommy wanted "a dose of castor oil, for he wouldn't be so cross if his stomach wasn't out of order," Emma or Tommy may have been carrying on such a fight with horror in the dark as you read of in the "Pilgrim's Progress," but never thought of as reality in your lives.

Those who live through such experience usually grow up somewhat reserved and odd. They do not give their confidence unless it is sought. People do not know much about them. Some are pious and fond of going to church; but are felt by their religious acquaintance to be somehow unsatisfactory. They do not seem to mean quite the same thing as ordinary people, even when they use the same words. Others are "Infidels," and shudder when they hear the Bible spoken of. The horror of association overpowers their reason when the Book is named.

The particular child of whom we are speaking is one of those who recover. The love of Nature is, in one sense, a great healer.

The child's illness comes one night to a crisis, in which she catches, as in a vision, a glimpse of something gloriously lovely in the wonders of creation; and at that time her health begins to improve. Now let us see the effect of the attack on her future development. The physician whom her mother consulted has rather hindered than helped her moral recovery; for his orders have caused her mother to take her favourite story-books away. Now, though play, if she could be got to care for it, would be better for her than melancholy tales, yet even sad story-books would have taken her out of herself for a time; and aroused within her some natural human sympathy, to do which, in a child of her temperament, is one of the most important and one of the most difficult problems which an educator has to solve. When she grows up, she, in her turn, is considered a "strange girl." She is a favourite with clever men, worshipped by children and the poor, followed about by dogs and tame birds; but, as a rule, not much liked by the ladies of her family and the neighbourhood; not satisfactory or easy to get on with; and subject to rare but violent paroxysms of temper on apparently trifling provocation; usually about the supposed wrongs or grievances of some helpless person or dumb animal.

At nineteen she has an attack of some kind of blood poisoning or low fever. She shows no fear of dying, and no wish to get better. So far as she takes any interest in anything, it is in resisting food or medicine on one pretence or another. She says that she does not like the food, and that she does not believe the medicine will do her any good; and yet you may possibly discover, if you can surprise her when her consciousness is, so to speak, off its guard, that she has a physical longing for one or the other, or both. She has never been delirious, or shown any symptom of her mind being much affected, except a curious distrust of everyone, especially the doctor. But at last she seems to become torpid. Her little nephew, a great pet of hers, escaped from his nurse to-day, and slipped into aunty's room, but aunty did not even smile at him. She has been told that her favourite brother is coming home after his three years' absence, and that she must make haste and get well to receive him; but she took no notice of the news. And, hark! there is her lover's voice in the hall. Does she hear it? "No; she is quite unconscious," the nurse says. Begging the nurse's pardon, she is nothing of the sort. If you could listen to her unspoken thoughts you might hear something like this: "Little Willie must be very dull without me, and yet I couldn't speak to him. I daresay I could if I tried, but I couldn't try, somehow. I'm sure if Tom were drowning instead of coming

home, I wouldn't lift my hand to save him. And there's Harry's voice, I know. How odd it seems to hear his voice and not want to go to him! I don't care if I never see him again. What makes me so indifferent to everything, I wonder? Am I dying? I don't care. But am I prepared to die? I don't care. People are not saved, they say, if they die unprepared. I ought to care. But I can't. It seems very wicked. I ought to say some prayers. But I don't know what to ask for. Let me see. What prayers used I to say before I was ill? Ah! there was the Lord's Prayer, I know. I'll say that. 'Our Father which art'—what's the rest, I wonder? I forget. 'Our Father.' I can't remember any more. Will God be angry with me for not caring about my prayers? He used to help me to say them, I remember, when I was cross and unhappy and didn't know what to ask for. Now He has made me so that I can't say them. It is His business, not mine; I don't care."

There is one thing, however, that she does care for still. She is sinking into a half-comatose sleep, and a coldness, like that of death, is creeping slowly up her limbs. But she tosses out her arms at last in a sudden fit of energy, and cries out, "Leave me now, go away and leave me, I want to sleep." "We will be very quiet, my darling, we will not disturb you, but we must stay. You may want something," say the trembling friends, who suppose, of course, that the idea of the sleep she is expecting being very possibly her last on earth, has never crossed *her* mind. "Leave me, leave me," she persists. "I can't sleep while you are there. I should sleep so sound if you were gone. That's all right, now," she thinks, as they retire behind a curtain, "I can die in peace, now that I am alone. How cold I am! How nice it is to feel so still! Soon I shall be down in a cool dark grave, under that pretty old tree, and have nice green grass growing over me, and never see any one again."

For it is quite true that in fever-crisis and other conditions of extreme exhaustion—and, especially, I have every reason to believe, at the point of death—after a man has become indifferent to present suffering and future danger, to everything that has been to him through life most dreadful or most dear; after he has quite lost the power of conceiving the idea or of feeling the presence of a spiritual Deity, there often remains to him, as the one thing to cling to, a vision of that material object which has been most associated in his mind with the feelings of duty* and

*When I say "duty," I mean voluntary and systematic sacrifice of one's immediate inclination, whether to a worthy or unworthy object. I mean that that which we have in any sense worshipped remains with us, when all which

of trust; of the garment, that is to say, which God has worn before his eyes. "Hold Thou Thy cross before my dying eyes," is therefore, thank God, no vain prayer for anyone to whom Christianity has been a faith and a passion. But this poor child has never associated the name of Christ with anything but a set of doctrines for the sake of which her childhood was darkened and her youth perplexed; and she thinks of Him now as little as of last year's storms. Her faith and her obedience have been given to someone Who revealed Himself to her in the solitude of night and the beauty of nature; and therefore, as she passes off into unconsciousness, she thinks of being *freed from the presence of human beings*, and of the grass and the trees and the darkness. She learned distrust of mankind early; and consequently the first symptom of her disease was distrust of her doctor. She longed to die in her nursery; therefore, whenever she feels out of sorts and ill, she does not wish to recover. And now she has fallen asleep thinking of the blessing of escaping from mankind, just as she thought ten years ago. Should she ever wake on earth, it will be with a pang of disappointment, perhaps of terror, at finding herself once more among human friends, which will communicate a tone of depression to her mind, and make her convalescence both painful and slow. Its effect will remain long after her late-awakened human sympathies have begun once more to assert their claims. If she had fallen asleep looking lovingly at the vision of a human figure, the sight of human figures around her when she woke would have given her new life.

She may recover from the fever, though very slowly. She may also, in the course of years, "grow out of" her childish moroseness and her girlish peculiarities and fits of passion and love of solitude, and become a happy and useful woman. There is one thing, however, which she will find a greater difficulty, and which, unless she learns secrets of self-discipline known to but few, she will hardly outgrow. Whenever she is very weak and depressed, comfort and rest will present themselves to her mind in connection with the thought of *darkness*, and in some way or other of *Nature*, in special contradistinction to human nature. Her reason may be convinced of her friends' goodwill; but whenever she is too much exhausted and over-tired for reason, her instinct prompts her to trust no one except the God of Nature, who is everywhere—in the grave (she feels) as much as anywhere else.

we have merely enjoyed has left us. If Pope's fine lady, for instance, had never attended to her toilet, except when it gave her present pleasure to do so, she would not have had strength to ask for rouge at the last. The "ruling passion strong in death" is a vitality lingering in the nerve which has been touched by the spirit of self-sacrifice after all the rest of the brain has become torpid.

She distrusts, instinctively, those persons especially who are endeavouring to do her good.

You see, of course, what spectre haunts her life. She may become a pessimist writer or a pantheist poet, or distinguish herself in many ways; but at the background of her consciousness is always some form of anti-human, and I would almost call it suicidal, mania; not, indeed, the physical craving for the act of self-murder (which is said to be the result of inheritance from insane or drunken or epileptic parents), but that longing to escape from human society, that feeling that good is to be sought in darkness and solitude, which produces many anomalies of character and absurdities of belief; and which has been known to drive the sufferer to actual self-destruction, in spite of the most pious faith and of the greatest horror of the act itself.

This strange disease, one phase of which I have been trying to picture, is as Protean in its forms as scrofula; and, in fact, often blends with and complicates physical taints of the blood, and is complicated by them.

At one time I thought that it was the product of certain specially horrible forms of religious belief; but further study has led me to see that this was a mistake. No form of belief, so far as I can see, produces it; and no form of either faith or disbelief is a protection from it. All my experience leads me to believe that it is the result of lack of mutual confidence between those who have charge of a child. The more two people differ, if they can honestly and cordially agree to differ, the higher becomes, as I suggested above, their combined power of healthily and permanently vitalising the brain of a third. But concealed differences and unexpressed discontent between the parents or teachers almost invariably have the effect of more or less demagnetising the thought-reading child's brain, and putting it out of full sympathy with humanity.

Perhaps someone may be disposed to ask how she can judge whether a child who seems "clever" has real intellectual power, the exercise of which will be beneficial to his health, or only a power of thought-reading which makes him appear clever because he reflects his teacher's knowledge, and which causes very special study of any one subject to be a danger. The following is a simple test. Let the teacher for whose subject the child is supposed to have a special aptitude select some point on which the child is likely to be interested. Let her "get herself up" on that point; *i.e.*, prepare both her material and herself as if she were going to lecture to a class; and let her then invite the child to a private conversation on that point. The object of this is to get the teacher

into a state of magnetic tension ; while at the same time it gives the best chance of fixing the pupil's attention. At the end of from half an hour to an hour, let her feel the child's hand, look carefully at his face, and ask whether he wishes the lesson to be prolonged. If the hands are either burning or clammily cold ; if the eyes are filmy or unnaturally bright ; if the lips are twitching ; if the child either is very eager to go on, or is dazed and tired and complains of headache, the teacher has grounds for suspecting that any brilliancy which he may have shown is not his own, but a reflection of her greater knowledge. She will be confirmed in this opinion if she has observed that the child's remarks are in any special relation, either of agreement or of antagonism, to her own unspoken thoughts. For it should be observed that thought-reading often produces, if the teacher is not exactly in harmony with the child, a revulsion of antagonistic thought.

If the child's physical condition is normal, if he is only normally interested in his lesson and quite willing to exchange it for play, and if his answers have run in a line independent of the teacher's thoughts, she may feel fairly satisfied that the answers which he may have given are a true measure of his own intellectual power. Then, by comparing them with the performances, not of the "clever" children of her acquaintance, many of whom are probably thought-readers, but of other children whom she has tested in a similar way and found not to be specially gifted with thought-reading power, she may form a judgment whereabouts in the scale of real intellectual capacity he should be placed.

I incline to think that a moderate amount of practice in the art of positive and voluntary thought-reading, such as may be got at playing the now fashionable "Willing Game," would perhaps be a preservative from the suffering caused by passive and involuntary thought-reception. But we know so little as yet of the whole subject that I fear to give advice. I can say positively little more than this : that, in our ignorance of the laws which govern the action of minds on each other, we are inflicting suffering compared to which all that we are told about the horrors of vivisection sinks into insignificance. Believe me, no form of science is ever as cruel and wilful as self-satisfied ignorance.

And now that serious attempts are being made to throw light upon this obscure subject of the unconscious influence of one human being on another, I hope that all who have opportunities for observation will endeavour to assist the progress of investigation.

CHAPTER VI

ON HOMŒOPATHY

"Peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth give I unto you."
"The kingdom of heaven is as leaven, hid till the whole was leavened."
"Whither we know, and whence, and dare not care where through."

THE title of our lesson may perhaps suggest to your minds the recollection of some benevolent lady whom you have met in society, who tried to persuade you that she can, without study or reflection, cure all the ills which flesh and spirit are heirs to, by means of a little book, and a little box full of little bottles. In order, therefore, that we may start with a clear understanding of what the thing is that we are talking about, I may as well assure you at once that Homœopathy does not mean the use of little white pillules instead of big brown pills. Its essential feature consists in the treatment of disease by means of remedies which are homœopathic, in contradistinction to such as are antipathic or allopathic, to the symptoms. The medicine which will produce any symptom in a healthy man, or temporarily aggravate it in one who is already suffering from it, is homœopathic to that symptom. An antipathic remedy is a direct and immediate palliative. An allopathic remedy is one which mitigates one morbid symptom by provoking another in some other part of the frame. A blister applied behind the ears to relieve sore eyes is an allopathic remedy. Lancing a carbuncle is antipathic. Putting cold limbs near the fire is antipathic; plunging the same cold limbs in cold water is a homœopathic remedy. The term "hydropathy" is an absurd compound, and has no meaning whatever. Water, hot or cold air, steam, drugs in any form, may all be administered either homœopathically, antipathically, or allopathically. It ought not to be forgotten that Hahnemann practised successfully for some years as a true homœopath before the idea of infinitesimal doses occurred to him.

Homœopathic remedies tend to the eradication of particular morbid affections. The object of antipathic treatment is to concentrate the reactive power, or to increase it by diminishing the waste. Hahnemann's great homœopathic law or principle, "Like should be treated by like," is now in some measure admitted by all really scientific practitioners, however they may choose to deride the word "Homœopathy". There are chronic affections for which no physician worthy of the name gives palliatives as long as he has any hope of effecting a cure. According to homœopaths,

where the constitution is strong and some well-marked chronic disease has to be grappled with, the doctor should prescribe a remedy homœopathic to the morbid symptoms ; and the patient may be allowed to pursue his ordinary mode of life (provided that it be tolerably conformed to general hygienic rules) ; avoiding only such articles of diet, etc., as have a special tendency to interfere with the action of the remedies or to increase the disease.

In ordinary eruptive* fevers, etc., the chief danger consists in the possibility of the attack not running its course, of its being interfered with by some constitutional defect or by injudicious treatment. The chief remedies, therefore, are often antipathic, not indeed to the essential characteristic symptoms of the disease, but to others. For instance, if the patient is thirsty let him drink freely, if excited darken the room. In depressed conditions give abundance of light (of course avoiding glare) and let the patient have something bright-coloured to look at. If the feet are cold apply heat. But if the illness has a characteristic eruption, of course you would never think of trying to check that. On the contrary, if sluggishness of the skin prevents the scarlatina-rash from coming out freely, you do something to stimulate perspiration. A "pack" is in such case said by many people to answer better than any medicinal sudorific, just because it is more directly and purely antipathic to the dry state of the skin, and interferes less with any other organ. Neither pack nor sudorifics have anything to do with scarlatina. They would not bring out scarlatina on a healthy person. They simply correct temporarily the state of the skin which was interfering with the rash.

There may have been, I think there must have been, far back in the history of medicine, an epoch when everybody supposed that the thing to do for a scarlatina patient was to rub in, or somehow check, the rash. Try to imagine yourselves living at such a time; and then think what you would have said to the first doctor who started the theory that the way to cure the patient was to leave the rash unchecked ; nay, even to encourage it ! Just so do we in our ignorance speak of the first discoverers of many deep and vital truths.

In all the ordinary cases of chronic or semi-chronic illness, as also in malignant fevers, severe cases of smallpox, cholera, etc., where the disease is of too serious a nature to be allowed to run its course, the doctor's business is to prescribe remedies which he thinks will attack the important symptoms, and which are often truly homœopathic ; and the nurse's business is, under his direction, to administer treatment antipathic to accidental symptoms.

*Note 7.

I say *under the doctor's direction.* The nurse ought to know pretty well, in ordinary cases, what treatment is antipathic to what symptom; and, from constantly watching the patient, she may often find out how to relieve a symptom more quickly and pleasantly than a doctor could. But she may not know what are the characteristic symptoms of the disease, those which it is essential either to treat "homœopathically" or to let alone. They may or may not be the most obvious or most painful symptoms. Moreover, dangerous symptoms may be present unknown to her which her treatment might increase or complicate by causing the symptom she is trying to cure to fly elsewhere. And therefore, in any serious illness, she ought to submit entirely to the doctor's opinion as to how much of the disease she may venture to take into her own hands at all. There is absolutely no limit to the amount of mischief which may result from neglect of this caution.

Uneasiness arising from natural wants is treated of course antipathically. You do not desire to cure a man of the tendency to become hungry or sleepy at proper intervals, you only want to relieve his hunger or sleepiness for the time. Homœopathic treatment would, therefore, be out of place; unless indeed he should be disposed to grow hungry or sleepy oftener than is compatible with a healthy state of body or mind. In the latter case the treatment must be homœopathic. That is to say, you will desire him to go without food or sleep (as the case may be), a little longer each day than is quite pleasant to him. This will have the effect of increasing the *sensation* of sleepiness or the craving for food.

You will understand that I have made, and shall make, no attempt to teach you anything of medical practice. If you want to learn that you must study it elsewhere. Whether a homœopathic, antipathic, or allopathic remedy is the best to use under any given circumstances, must depend on a variety of considerations which only a scientific medical training and long practice can enable any one to weigh fairly.

It is theoretically wrong to sleep with a hot bottle in the bed except during acute illness. It tends to increase the liability to chilliness in future. The treatment for chronic coldness of the feet may consist, if the patient is strong, in making him walk for a few minutes daily on rough gravel in a brook; if he is delicate and weakly, you should at bed-time first get the feet thoroughly warm by some antipathic means, and then give a shock of cold water followed by rubbing. This is homœopathy. But if the shock of cold water and the rubbing fail to keep the feet warm through

the night, the patient had better by far have a hot bottle than lie awake on account of, or even sleep in spite of, cold feet.

If a dangerous or very painful symptom is present, which no known or no procurable remedy will directly attack, it may be quite right to produce a change by allopathic means, *i.e.*, by a blister, etc.

As we said at starting, our best plans are crossed and checked in countless ways. And of course the circumstances which cross them are often much more complicated than in the simple instance just mentioned, are much too complicated for any non-professional to understand or measure. The cases are not few in which a medical man has to steer without a chart between the Scylla and Charybdis of conflicting difficulties, and in which, if he does any good at all, or even avoids doing harm, it will be rather by virtue of some heaven-sent instinct quickened by long observation than because of his adherence to any known rule. It has been said, and very wisely, that he is no true physician who does not often prescribe some remedy for which he could at the moment give no reason in words, even to himself. And the more intelligently and faithfully you perform your own work, the less inclined you will be to suppose that you are competent to criticise the doctor's. I, at least, have no desire to make you suppose it. My object in entering upon the question of the different "pathies" has been to show you how certain known scientific principles, which doctors of all pathies actually recognise, and upon which they do in various ways at least endeavour to work, bear upon the routine of our business as nurses and teachers.

Antipathic treatment, when once you have decided that the circumstances are such as to justify its adoption at all, is a very simple affair. You have a certain effect to produce, and you go on gently applying the treatment till it is produced. You need, of course, a certain amount of caution, lest the remedy be taken too eagerly or too fast; and you should also watch lest what was meant for the relief of an uneasy sensation should be continued after the uneasiness is relieved for the mere pleasure of stimulating an agreeable sensation. But, as the amount of effect to be produced is the direct measure of the amount of means to be used before pausing, a very little judgment and practice are required in order to know how best to adapt the means to the end. You ought not to put a hot bottle into a sick child's bed merely to amuse him with the sensation of tingling warmth. But you know when his feet are cold ; and you know that if the bottle you have applied fails to warm them it is quite safe and right to apply a hotter one. Even supposing that a generous diet is recommended

as part of the antipathic treatment of a disease, although you do not, it is true, feed the patient *incessantly till the disease is cured*, yet you feed him at any one meal *till his hunger is fully satisfied*. There is a tangible effect which you are to aim at producing ; and you go on pouring in the remedy, gently, but without pause, till the effect is produced. All this is simple enough. So long as all you have to do is to put an end to symptoms by antipathic treatment, you can hardly go far wrong except from sheer carelessness or want of observation.

But homœopathic treatment for the eradication of abnormal tendencies is a much more serious business. The medical treatment of disease should be left as much as possible in the hands of skilful physicians. But we mothers have to do with the eradication of abnormal tendencies by means of other than medicinal agents ; and such as we do use must be used in accordance with the laws of Nature, or they will fail. All our cowardly concessions to our own and our children's evil habits come from want of faith in the Divine law of *similia similibus*. All the violent and brutal theories of education, by which children's energies are over-taxed and the moral spring of their lives broken, have been set afloat by persons who have arrived empirically at a perception of the truth of that law without understanding the conditions and mode of its operation.

In learning the use of homœopathic remedies, it is before all things necessary that you should have patience to walk by faith and not by sight. They must be administered in small doses, with at least a sufficient interval between the doses to allow time for a full reaction to take place. Unless the vital power is naturally very great, it should be carefully kept at its maximum during the time of their operation ; and ocasionally a longer interval should be allowed. Thus, you have a child whose circulation is defective, and who is constantly chilly. How will you correct this evil state of things ? Plunge him roughly into ice-cold water regardless of his screams? send him out fasting after his morning bath to creep along for an hour as best he may, with benumbed limbs and a more benumbed heart, through snow and wind and early fog ? keep him half the day in a fireless room insufficiently clad, by way of hardening him ? and punish him for temper when he cries in sullen misery ? That would be homœopathic treatment, certainly, after a fashion ; and a good deal of such was practised in the early days of homœopathy and the water-cure ; and even under the eyes of the founders of both systems. They could not escape the general fate of human teachers. They, as well as others, could at times be inconsistent. They, as well as the

drugging apothecaries whom they held in such horror, have left their mark upon the earth in the shape of tiny graves. But if we follow the true homœopathic principles laid down by Hahnemann in the "Organon of Medicine," our practice in the case supposed will be rather more like this: We shall make the little patient understand that he can gain strength only on condition of bearing cold; and that his bearing it with the best grace possible will be right in itself, and also will give pleasure to mother, who does not like to make her darling submit to anything unpleasant, and who never would think of doing so were it not that she is forced to do it by the arrangements of some one who loves him even better than she does, besides being very much wiser and more far-seeing. We shall take him out of bed directly he wakes (just when he is most warm), handing him tenderly and speaking kindly and cheerily (to bring the reactive power to the highest possible pitch). The bath should be just cold enough to give him a slight shock, but not a very painful one. If possible "mother" herself should put him into it for the first few times, trying to amuse him meanwhile in whatever way she thinks most effectual. Every effort on his part to repress his tears should be rewarded by caresses. He should be well rubbed after his bath, sitting the while on mother's lap in a warm room. After breakfast (not before it in winter), at the brightest part of the day, his feet and hands having been got thoroughly warm, he should be well wrapped up and sent out with some pleasant companion for just so long a time as he can walk without becoming chilly from fatigue, and no longer. In wet, or snowy, or very cold weather, a romp in a fireless room which has been previously well dried and aired should be substituted for the walk. In winter this kind of patient may as well get no bath on Sunday, and no walk unless he really likes to go out.

As soon as it has become manifest to the child that to bear cold without tears or resistance is a thing within the compass of possibility, "mother" may leave him to the nurse for his morning bath (provided, of course, that the latter be a tolerably kind and intelligent person). It is good to teach him, in all possible ways, to find the same stimulus in the idea of doing his duty to an absent person that he does in the caresses of one who is actually present. Unless you do this, even caresses will lose their power. But if on a particular day he should happen to be unwell or fretted, mother may as well give him his splash herself for a treat, and (the re-active power being weakened by indisposition) no harm will be done if, without saying anything about it, she makes the water a little warmer than usual. In proportion as the

child gains in power of resistance, the water may be made colder, and the walk longer, and less care be exercised in keeping him at home in bad weather.

I have gone in detail through this very simple case, not because I had any new or valuable information to impart to you about it, but because it affords as good an illustration as I could find of the philosophy and morale of homœpathy. I will now take one of a different and more complicated kind. Let us reflect what is implied in the relief afforded by dancing to nervous patients. In health we are, or ought to be, during a great part of our waking hours, sacrificing the temporary benefit which would accrue to us from following every impulse as it arises, for the sake of some object out of ourselves. We thereby gain a reactive power which more than compensates for the temporary injury. We call this process broadly "Work." The vital force flows to whatever part of the body or brain is thus "worked." In sickness there is this difference : that, as we need to apply as much vital force as possible to the cure of the disease, we should follow every instinct as far as we can (except those the gratification of which would directly tend to increase the disease). Now, suppose a man's instinct prompts him to constant movement. To sit still long would be bad for him ; to move according to his own restless impulses, which is the antipathic remedy pointed out by Nature, would be, in the long run, even worse. We take possession of him and cause him to move constantly in obedience to a regular law imposed from without. So he gets the physical exertion which a true instinct warns him that he needs, without the nervous exhaustion caused by following one's mere impulses.

Marching or drilling would be better than mere unregulated movements ; but dancing (or calisthenics to the sound of music) is better still, because the music makes the dancer feel a greater willingness to adapt his steps to its pace. Next to voluntary self-surrender to a person whom he worships, or voluntary self-denial for the sake of creatures which he pities, there is nothing so good for a human being as voluntary submission to a law of which he feels the beauty.

The sense of beauty is aroused in the dancer, not by individual steps which he executes because he sees their beauty, but by the harmony of the whole. Even when performing a solitary hornpipe, still more when joining in a figure, he is constantly sacrificing both his impulses to move, and his notions of what movement would in itself be graceful, to the carrying out of an idea. He executes at each moment not the movement which exercises the limb which happens for the moment to be most restless, nor that which strikes

him as most graceful, but the prescribed movement as gracefully as possible. In this consists the peculiar healthfulness of the exercise.

It may be said that, according to this, any real *work* which caused the required amount of physical exertion, and which the patient engaged in for the sake of another person, would be better for him than dancing. So it would, if he were well enough to keep his thoughts fixed on one purpose without external aid. No one ever recommended an adult in tolerable health to spend much time in dancing. Its chief value is found in the case of insane persons who have lost the power of keeping a motive of action steadily before them. The music and the laws of the figure supply (with reverence be it spoken) the same kind of external aids to memory which sacred pictures, etc., do. They give a constant stimulus to the too inactive sense of submission. They excite a willingness to act by rule, and to do or bear whatever is imposed by authority.

It might seem at first sight as if the very perfection of treatment for a patient of diseased or weakened mind would consist in his having about him constantly some person for whose sake he would be willing to exert himself, and who would dictate to him at each moment what to do. I believe that in reality no treatment would be so likely to render a cure hopeless.

You cannot directly and by word of mouth issue a command to, or make a request of, a person who loves you, without exerting over him more or less of brain-wave influence ; without conveying to him, that is to say, a certain portion of vitality from yourself over and above that which would naturally come to him from the act of trying to obey you. Now human magnetism, that is to say, vitality which has passed through and been concentrated in a human body, though the most valuable and perfect of all artificial stimulants, should only be used as such, and with the caution and moderation which the use of any stimulant requires. Even the constant close presence with you of a person whom you love may become enervating, in the same way as constantly breathing artificially oxygenated air would be. And if he adds to the effect by too frequent words or caresses, it becomes still worse. Practically therefore, dancing, if carried on in pure air, is found to be one of the best employments for a very weak-minded, restless patient, and one of the best forms of recreation for one whose powers of attention and self-guidance are becoming wearied. It does in two ways a certain amount of good ; and it does no harm at all (I except, of course, cases where the patient, from some association of ideas, is over-sensitive to the effect of music).

But here the question naturally arises: Would it be possible to make the dance itself call into exercise the higher emotions by some means which would not involve the over-use of any artificial stimulant to them?

When the question is thus stated, the answer is obvious. The physician of the asylum ought himself to be present and to show an interest in the proceedings. It ought to be generally understood that it gives him pleasure to witness correct and graceful dancing; but he should not take too much notice of any one patient in particular, unless that patient happens to be particularly timid or depressed. I am assuming that the physician possesses the power of calling out the respect and affection of those under his charge. If he does not possess that power, whatever intellectual capacity he may have, he is unfit for his post.

The heathens of old had discovered, you know, that dancing made people more receptive of divine influence; only their knowledge was so empirical and partial that they could make little practical use of it; and sometimes, indeed, like all empirical knowledge, it was misused. Our modern heathenism has improved upon the old; some people have found out nowadays that the way to make hysterical and ill-conditioned girls more receptive of divine grace is to prevent them from dancing.

Dancing is good, not only for restless, but also for sluggish people, and for a different reason. The sluggish circulation needs to be quickened. The torpor shows some want of nervous power which makes exercise painful, and therefore, for the moment, injurious. The antipathic remedy for the pain which movement causes would be to sit still. But this pain (or uneasiness), on moving, is an essential part of the disease which we want to cure. It must, therefore, be attacked directly and homœopathically. We make the patient do the very thing which causes him pain; but at the same time, by means of music and the rhythm of the motion, we put his mind into such a state that he does not feel the pain. It is just the same sort of process as putting the chilly child into cold water, while fondling and amusing him that he may feel it as little as possible.

It may be said that the longing for constant movement also is a part of the very disease which we want to cure in the restless patient. True, but it is not a primary or dangerous part. We cannot afford to meddle with it yet. When the patient is much better we will encourage him to sit still, but not now. We must treat it antipathically for the present, and let him dance whenever he likes.

In the same way, if a man is ill from the effects of excessive

drinking, we give him what he likes best to eat, although his capricious tastes are the result of disease, and although, if he could fancy plain food, it would do him more good than the spiced dishes which he prefers. When he is better we will prescribe plainer food, but at present we reserve the whole power of resistance for a fight with the craving for alcohol which is the essential feature of the disease. This craving, remember, is not a mere fancy. Alcohol is a real palliative to the symptoms from which he is suffering. The instinct which tells him so is a true instinct. But the disease consists in his being constantly in a state for which alcohol is the only palliative. The true homœopathic remedy is to withdraw the alcohol, and so increase temporarily the suffering.

Work, properly understood, means doing that which is, for the moment, not good or pleasant, for the sake of an object out of ourselves. Rest, so far as it is really rest, means doing that which is good and pleasant; that to which our instinct prompts us, but for the sake of an object out of ourselves. Doing what we like, simply because we like it, and with no added motive to give it zest, that is good for neither week-day nor Sabbath. The dancing, therefore, of a sluggish patient is the type of all healthy labour and of all true homœopathy; the dancing of a restless one is the type of all wholesome recreation, and a clue to the best kind of sick nursing.

As long as a man is in tolerable health, both his labour and his recreation are marked out for him by circumstances. But when you get him into your hands as a patient, your business is to select for him such kinds of each as shall most tend, not only to keep up a steady supply of reactive power, but to direct it towards the cure of the disease.

Perhaps you may be saying to yourselves just at this moment, "If nothing is to come out of this long rigmarole about dancing, except the two facts that it is good for mad people to dance, and that it is even more good for them to have a kind and sensible doctor, we have been going through a great deal to learn very little; for we knew that much before we ever heard of homœopathy or thought of meddling with science of any kind." But you must not forget that the comprehension of scientific laws is best arrived at, in the first instance, by the serious contemplation and investigation of facts already well known and often apparently trifling; and that the best of all practice in scientific analysis, for beginners, consists in thoroughly examining, with the aid of scientific formulæ, questions the answers to which have already been arrived at empirically and tested by long experience. And the more you advance in your studies, the stronger, I believe, will the conviction

grow in you, that nothing is useless or unworthy of attention which helps to cultivate in us scientific habits of mind, or to strengthen our faith in the divine principle that "Man shall not live by bread alone," or by the gratification of his immediate wants and longings, but by reverence for every fact of Nature and of human experience, because every such fact is a word that "proceedeth out of the mouth of God." If we have learned within the last half-hour nothing more than we already knew about the effect of dancing on the insane, we have, I hope, gained a little fresh insight into, or at least a little practical skill in tracing in detail, the effect of employment in general on people in all states of health. And I hope presently to convince you that the possession of this skill is a matter of by no means slight importance to those who have in their hands the charge of young people or of the sick.

Let us reflect a little on two curious and well-known facts. When you want a plant, such as celery for instance, for food, you give it rich soil and all the means and appliances of rapid development ; and you shelter it from the decomposing and hardening influence of light. If you want the poisonous extract of a plant for medicinal purposes, you should select a wild specimen ; and the poorer and harder the soil in which it grew the better. The garden plant is tender, digestible, large, and rapid in growth, mild in flavour, deficient in medicinal virtue, and safe to eat. The stunted wildling is indigestible, medicinal, and poisonous. The one easily acted upon by other organisms ; the other gifted with the power of acting for good or evil upon other organisms.

Now you have, in education, to take at each step a choice of evils. (No ; stay. Do you perceive how readily and naturally we drift into pessimistic and hopeless views ? I said "a choice of evils," when I was actually thinking of a choice between two modes of doing good, each of which would have some destructive influence.) You have at each step to take your choice between two forms of good : Shall I now feed my plant to give it extension, growth ; or shall I starve it to give it intensity ? Shall I shelter it to give it repose ; or let in light to brace and harden at the cost of rapid waste of tissue?

Our work is to strike a balance and give the right amount and best kind of each form of good ; as much of each as we can ; by such methods as will involve no needless destruction. To waste no force, but at every step to "forge and transform *passion* into *power*."

Everybody has observed the mischief which is sometimes done to body, mind, and soul when a young person is over-persuaded to adopt a profession for which he is by nature unsuited. The

inference not infrequently drawn is that the larger an organ the more healthy its action ; and that children should be taught only what they have most taste for. I do not see the soundness of this reasoning, nor do I believe the conclusion to be warranted by facts.

The truth is, I believe, that a medium-sized faculty, after it has been thoroughly trained into activity, works more normally, and bears continuous work with less injury to the health than a very large one. In the extreme case of a man having inherited a strong taste for a pursuit from a father who was very eminent in it, the son, it is said, had better not attempt to follow it at all, except as an occasional amusement. But, to be healthy, the training must be voluntarily submitted to for the sake of something out of one's self. Now, what is called "complying with the wishes of one's friends" in the choice of a profession, often means, in reality, allowing one's self to be tempted by the hope of wealth, or persuaded by the fear of worry, or of poverty, or of being thought obstinate or selfish, to sacrifice one's favourite art to one's own ease : a proceeding neither moral nor of course healthy. Whereas when a man goes into a profession for which he has a strong taste, he is drawn, by his very liking for it, to give himself up to his art or science, or rather to that divine ideal which shines through every art and science, but which he can see best through that one. Now of course it is better to worship an art than nothing. But how often has it happened that a man, from a genuine desire to please his parents or to support his family, has gone into a profession for which he had at first no taste, shown a real genius for it, learned to like it, made discoveries in connection with it, and practised it till old age, free from the danger of monomania, which often attends the constant indulgence of a very strong taste.

Besides, it is not true that the profession of one's choice always exercises exclusively or chiefly one's strongest faculties, especially during the years of preparation. There is an enormous amount of mechanical drudgery to be gone through in the process of learning any art or science, which is often at first as distasteful to its votary as any occupation which could be devised. But he soon learns not to dislike it, because he is working for the Rachel of his love. And it does him therefore no harm, but good. The same drudgery for the sake of anything else which he loved as much, would have done him just as little harm and as much good.

If you want to realise a little what is involved in learning an art, conceive a child, fond of music, forced to divide her time between listening to fine orchestral performances and playing on a dumb piano. How do you think she would feel during her hours

of practice ? Would it not fret her far more than a dull inartistic-natured child ? But the sound of the piano puts together the act so distasteful and the object of delight, and leaves them to train the child gradually into enjoyment of a naturally unpleasant duty.

Try to do that always ; to fuse into one, duties in themselves disagreeable and some object for the sake of which they will be willingly done. And do not ask your son to take up, for your sake, a profession to which he is not inclined, till you are sure that "for your sake" constitutes a motive sufficient. "But a son ought to be willing to please his parents." Then give him, or find him, some motive for the sake of which he will be willing to do what he ought.

If a very small faculty which has been hitherto left dormant is suddenly called into work, its action is usually both abnormal and unhealthy. But this is a reason not against, but for the habitual exercise of the faculties which are weakest, during the process of education.

What we have been saying may seem to point to the conclusion that the best profession for a man is the one for which he has the least taste. But it is not so. A man will find the greatest amount of heathy stimulus to work in the place where he can be most useful to society. And that I suspect will be, unless some other is clearly marked out by special circumstances, one in which the chief part of the daily routine is performed by organs neither very large nor very small, while the large ones have opportunities of coming in, as it were, to make suggestions. Thus, a man of poetic temperament, if he takes up any branch of exact science, is not unlikely to make discoveries in it ; because his poetic faculty suggests to him analogies, which one whose natural taste was for mere scientific investigation would never have thought of. He will thus be less morbid than if he had devoted himself to poetry as a profession, and more useful to the world, and therefore much happier and healthier, than if his occupation had afforded no scope to his ideality.

It is true that the most perfectly-balanced brain would be one in which the amount of exercise given, through life, to each organ should be in inverse ratio to its size. It is also true that most of us would be the better for having our brains more evenly balanced than they are. But I am not sure that *perfectly*-balanced brains would do as good service in the world as those which work with a certain amount of one-sidedness and passion. The Maker of the world seems at least to have intended that men shall so work. But our business as educators is to counteract beforehand, as sick

nurses to correct afterwards, the evil effects of this one-sided work. We ought not to prevent its being accomplished. And I only wished to point out to you that it is a mistake to imagine that the use of a large organ is in itself and necessarily more healthy than that of a small one.

The smaller a faculty the more slowly it will work at first, until it has become active by exercise ; and I think also the greater the expenditure of vitality caused by using it. Irksome tasks, therefore, should be short until the pupil has gained power by practice ; just as a feeble limb should be exercised a little at first, and the strain on it gently and gradually increased. But this again is a reason, not against but for the exercise of the weaker mental faculties at that period of life when the vitality is naturally abundant and the amount of work got through is a matter of no consequence.

The mistake made by too many educators who believe, on religious grounds, or from empirical observation, in the homœopathic doctrine that *vitality is given by resistance to adverse circumstances*, is that they allow themselves to be confused by a vague idea about the infinite life-giving power of God ; and forget to ascertain how much of this life-power the pupil has received, or is likely in the actual state of his body and mind to be capable of receiving. I do not wish to deny that God may at times have given to a man exceptional strength for special reasons of His own. But we have no right to reckon on His doing so only because we are too lazy to ascertain what we ought to expect our pupils to be able to do and to bear. Of course, the more strain we put on the reactive force, up to a certain limit, the more the receptivity of stomach, lungs, and brain will increase. But there always is a limit, which varies according to the general constitution of the individual and to his actual state of body and mind ; and this limit should never be overstepped, nor even quite reached. Moreover, if you use a part of the supply for one purpose, you must not reckon upon having the whole at command for any other purpose. And the more truly "homœopathic" to the disease a remedy is, or the more repugnant to the taste the labour is, the more reactive force it needs and uses, and the less it leaves to be expended in other ways. There is no good, therefore, in subjecting a delicate girl who eats little and thinks much to the action of violent cold-water treatment or of large doses of drugs, or in forcing a child to eat what it dislikes just when it is overtired or unhappy, or in persuading a studious man to take violent muscular exercise instead of gentle walks by way of recreation, or in advising over-worked labourers to study Euclid instead of singing or chatting in the evening;

nor is it considered good medical practice to give a medicine which is homœopathic to the state of one part of the constitution while much reactive force is being used in resisting the aggravation caused by a medicine previously administered which was homœopathic to some other part. If the vital energy has been by any chance overtaxed, the patient should be treated, for a time, not with homœopathic but with antipathic remedies. Thus, rubbing with snow is sufficient treatment for a frozen limb ; but a man who is suffering from general exposure to cold, or chilly from over-fatigue and hunger, needs warmth. So, whenever a child is overtired, or ill, or suffering from a shock of grief, it should get as much physical comfort and general indulgence as can be given. So, although a little study, to preserve the balance between body and mind, would be good for the health of a field labourer whose hours of labour are not too long (much better for him than athletic sports), yet merry, unintellectual chat, or sauntering about with his children, or contemplating the proportions of his fatting pig with a pipe in his mouth, is a much fitter form of recreation for one who is overworked. The greatest boon to the latter would be to provide him with some form of amusement which would call out the moral without taxing the intellectual faculties.

And there is another mistake which those who have arrived at the great homœopathic law from the theological or moral side too frequently make. They think a great deal of their children acquiring that vital energy which comes from self-renunciation ; but they forget that it is their business to direct it where it is most needed for the harmonious development of body and mind. You should try so to arrange and administer discipline as to balance the whole constitution, instead of strengthening one part at the expense of the rest.

I have occasionally known parents who, starting from Hahnemann's principle that the healthy life for man is not one of intellectual luxury but of devotion to the good of mankind, have kept their daughters from regular school work, with a view to employing them in the household or among the poor. The experiment usually proves on the whole, I believe, a failure. If a mother needs her daughter's assistance and can make her give it regularly, the education which she thus receives may, as many instances prove, develop not only her moral but her intellectual faculties better than any other which could be devised. But if a girl is kept from school with a view to her working for others for her own benefit, the result commonly is that she spends her time between paroxysms of passionate devotion to somebody or some-

thing chosen by herself at random, self-willed schemes for doing good in her own way, and idle dreaming ; and I need not tell you how much better it would be for her to be compelled regularly to give up her own will, if only in obedience to a mechanical school-room routine. And then, again, in many families all the work which really ministers to health is done by servants, and a girl is expected to make herself *useful,* by giving up her studies for the sake of doing things which, so far as she knows, are quite *useless.* "But she ought to trust her mother's judgment in the matter." No one ever ought to trust any one. Her mother ought to have made it impossible for the girl to do anything but trust her, I suppose you mean. Theoretically she ought. But then some of us do not do all we ought. Some of us cannot make our children trust us ; and I am trying not to amuse perfect people with speculations about a perfect state of things, but to show weak, fallible, erring parents, like myself, how it is sometimes possible to make errors and difficulties and evils mutually destructive, instead of allowing them to cumulate and ferment together till they get beyond all mastery. If your daughter quite trusts you, so much the better ; but if she does not, then the best you can do is to own that she does not, and the worst you can do is to blind yourself to the fact that you have failed in making her trust you.

Some portion of a school-girl's holidays ought, of course, if possible, to be spent in ministering to the comfort of her family. Many parents omit this altogether ; and that even in a rank in life in which the elder members of the family do a considerable share of the work of the house. They wish, they say, to make the holidays as happy as possible. It is mistaken kindness, and usually fails even of attaining the immediate effect aimed at.

Reaction.

Few people think enough of the difference between nervous power and nervous excitement. The latter is so apt to produce temporarily some of the symptoms of the former that a careless observer may easily mistake the one for the other.

Other things being equal, the more rapid and full the pulse, the greater the receptivity for vitality through the brain ; but then the greater also the waste throughout the whole system, and the greater the need of a constant fresh supply to control the brain; and the worse the effect of any deficiency in that supply. The quicker, therefore, a patient's pulse is, the more watchful

you must be, first, that he does not fly off at a tangent into some actively morbid vagary ; and secondly, that he is not on the whole exhausted instead of strengthened by the stimulus which quickened it.

Let us suppose, for instance, that a sick person is, on a particular day, dull, languid, and low-spirited. You bring in a friend to talk to him. The friend's talk takes him out of himself, and the nerve force begins to flow in rapidly.

Kindly thoughts, if they could have been aroused in silence, would have made it flow in too ; but they do so all the more rapidly, because the excitement and exertion of talking have raised the pulse. For the time, he seems better. But how will he be an hour after the friend has left ? That will depend upon whether the additional supply caused by the change of thoughts, or the additional waste caused by the quickening of the pulse, is the greater. And that again will depend upon the state of the patient, and on the nature of the conversation, etc. Some nurses do their patients great harm by their constant desire to rouse them. Others keep them weak by depriving them of all excitement, for fear of a bug-bear which they call "re-bear," the nature of which they understand very vaguely.

The word reaction is used for three different things, which ignorant people constantly confuse together.

1*st*. There is the local response to a shock ; the warmth of skin after a cold douche, etc.

2*nd*. When the overplus energy given by a temporary fit of earnestness about something out of one's self is not all used for the object which gave it, it will, if the mind is under thorough control, remain in the nervous system in the shape of available, healing, life-giving power. But if the mind is not controlled, it may fly off to somewhere where it is not wanted and produce a reaction of ill-temper, destructiveness, or restlessness, etc. So the wickednesses that result from revivals are attributed to "re-action" after religious excitement.

3*rd*. When the earnestness causes a greater waste of power than it supplies, a reaction of exhaustion and low spirits ensues.

You must learn to distinguish these two latter kinds of reaction, and think in each particular case which is most to be dreaded, and which you have to guard against. Elijah's desire to die (1 Kings xix, 4) was caused by reaction of exhaustion after the great strain on his nerves at the killing of the priests of Baal. Jonah's indignation that the Ninevites were not destroyed was a clear case of the other form of reaction.

For Elijah food, for Jonah silence and cool green shade, is very good treatment. If a patient of mine got into Elijah's state of mind, I would not let him lie on the bare earth until he had taken plenty of food. And I would surround him with cheerful friends, and perhaps venture on a little kindly fun. And when he was alone I would not leave laudanum in his way ; not for fear he should take it, but because he would be very likely to *fancy* he was tempted to take it ; and then to fancy that feeling this temptation was sinful. I would spare him every kind of moral struggle, and allow him to have no painful duties ; I would, till the vitality was restored, fill up his time as much as possible with duties the doing of which was in itself easy and pleasant. I would put Jonah, on the contrary, somewhere where he could be alone with "the Lord," and with professional attendants, or with friends who would treat anything he might say as coolly as professional attendants do, and forget it as soon as said ; for he would be sure to say something selfish and wrong. And as soon as he began to recover, I would try to provide him with some monotonous task rather distasteful to himself than otherwise, but the moral obligation of which was quite obvious, and which afforded no opportunity for excitement, notoriety, or self-glorification. The two histories of Elijah and Jonah well repay careful study for any one who is interested in mental hygiene. They are quite wonderful as specimens of minute and accurate psychological analysis.

What are called "exceptional" people and exceptional cases never are really exceptions ; they are typical cases which test and prove principles. Study the question of reaction, whenever you have the opportunity, in typical cases, and in each individual at typical times ; by sickbeds, or when any one about you has a fit of exceptional excitement or depression. Everything that takes place then is worthy of note. Watch, store up what you see. So learn the principles which govern reactions, and then apply them to the treatment of your children in their ordinary health. Learn to judge by your child's face and voice whether you are putting more strain on his self-control than the motive you are supplying will safely bear ; or whether you are rousing more energy and passion than the work you are providing will safely carry off. It will not be easy. You must find it out for yourselves, for no one can teach you. You must learn by long practice, by patient thought and careful study, by repeated failures and by bitter experience, at your own cost, and at the cost of those who are dearest to you. I will give you, if you like, one or two practical hints which occur to me, but I do so almost reluctantly, as I dread

above all things leading you to imagine that I have any patent plan for escaping from paying the price of one's own experience.

Most people seem to think that children can hardly spend too much time among flowers and animals, provided that they are not allowed to be guilty of actual cruelty. I speak with diffidence against so general an opinion ; but I must say that my experience does not confirm it. Gardening is a good occupation for a child ; so no doubt is tending animals, when such arrangements can be made as impose on him any real work or restraint in connection with them. But it is found in many cases practically difficult to accomplish this. A child plays with a caged pet, in reality for his own amusement, but believing, and finding it pleasant to believe, that the enjoyment is mutual, and that he is relieving the tedium of the animal's solitude. But he will scarcely give up a game which happens to take his fancy next day, lest his pet should be dull without him. A little girl goes into ecstasies over the beauty of a flower which she has gathered. Not only are her artistic perceptions awakened ; she personifies and almost fondles the "little darling," as she calls it. And not only so, she shelters it from the sun and gives it water, *lest it should be unhappy ;* playing at believing, and indeed half believing in reality, that it is capable of feeling. By and by, her "darling" begins to fade, or she wants its place for some newer treasure. So it is flung out into the dust to wither. Her intercourse with it has consisted entirely in its being made to minister to her pleasure ; and it has done so, in some measure at least, by calling out emotions which ought to have led to her sacrificing her pleasure to it. I can hardly believe that unlimited indulgence in this kind of sentimentality is good. Anything which calls out kindly feelings gives, it is true, vitality for the time being. But the normal way of arousing them consists in presenting to the mind objects which require some form of serious self-sacrifice. Continual excitement by any other means tends, I think, to deaden the activity of the moral sense. It is something like increasing the digestive powers by means of stimulating food instead of exercise. Tennyson ("Palace of Art") has painted a life of intellectual and æsthetic sensuality, with its awful consequences. Such a thing is possible as a life of emotional and spiritual sensuality ; and I believe it is more fatal to everything good than the other. A very large number of vices and follies, if phrenologically analysed, would be found to resolve themselves, either partially or wholly, into devices for procuring the sensuous pleasure derived from self-surrender, without the real sacrifice of one's own inclination which is the legitimate source of that pleasure ; into attempts—

and for a time at least successful attempts—to obtain the tokens of God's favour, as it were, on false pretences. This is surely a fearful idea; fearful enough, in all conscience, if we think of Him only as the true, pure, holy God of nature; but appalling beyond all expression if——. Well, we will leave that subject; we are talking of science now. Think of all you have ever learned about the danger of habitually applying to any important organ of the body, the stomach for instance, a false stimulus which excites it without giving it its natural work to do; and then reflect what those are doing to children's brains who encourage them to excite in themselves what are called "amiable sentiments" in ways which cost them nothing. I am inclined to think that some of the worst examples of a refined and deliberate cruelty, for the mere pleasure of being cruel, might be found among persons who, being too sensitively organised not to feel keenly the physical pleasure of benevolence, have sought among brute friends and pets a refuge from the necessity for self-sacrifice which any scheme for showing benevolence to human creatures would more or less have imposed upon them. The organ of benevolence has become deadened like the stomach of a drunkard, and refuses at last to act at all; thus leaving those evil passions which are common to us all to rage unchecked by any pity or mercy.

Do I then object altogether to letting children have live pets? Certainly not. Just as I do not object to giving them strong soups, or custard, or sponge cake, or any light food, occasionally as a change from other food, even when they are in health. And in sickness, when the stomach can digest nothing else, we find such delicacies an invaluable assistance. But I object exceedingly to its being supposed either that a capacity for drinking unlimited beef-tea affords of itself any evidence of present or pledge of future healthiness; or that any amount or kind of nourishment conveyed in a liquid or very light form can suffice to keep a child in health without solid food. It is just the same sort of mistake as thinking a child is amiable, because he is fond of pets.

Physically and morally the whole "essence of beef" theory is bad, except during actual illness or as an occasional luxury. The essence of beef theory is the antipathic theory, the theory that, when a child or patient is in a wrong or uncomfortable state, the thing that is wanted is to get him into a right and pleasant state as quickly as possible, and to keep constantly putting him back into it as fast as he gets out of it, and, so far as you can, to avoid causes which disturb the right and pleasant state.

It includes any theory which confuses between keeping down

the *symptoms* of evil (bodily or mental), and curing the *tendency* to evil; and which fails to take into account the need for calling out and directing the power of resistance to adverse circumstances.

I have known wealthy and would-be scientific ladies who seemed to think that the whole welfare, present and future, of their children depended on procuring for them the lightest, tenderest, and most nourishing kinds of food. I wish the same people would take half as much pains to teach the little ones to masticate plain food properly. We read, in some physiological work perhaps, that hard lumps, if swallowed, injure the stomach; so we think that all that is wanted is that no unchewed lumps shall get into a child's stomach; and that the more impossible we make it for him to have any to swallow, the better. We *think*! Half the mischief in the world is done by thinking upon isolated facts, instead of trying to see their rélation to other facts. Nature has decreed that the saliva which is needed to ensure perfect digestion shall be generated by our undergoing the labour of mastication. Why should nature have made this decree? She had some reason for it, be sure. Do not interpose to prevent your little ones from learning the great lesson which their true mother is so bent on teaching them: that the good gifts of God were never meant for idle, luxurious, impatient people. Ah! perhaps we ourselves need her lesson as much as they do. Let us remember that the ultimate aim of all nature's education is, and the great object of ours therefore should be, to produce a constant, all-pervading, willing, and almost unconscious self-renunciation; and to put every moment of our time and every action of our lives under the dominion and guardianship of thoughts of reverence and devotion. Meditate over this great principle sometimes while you are taking your own meals; and then I think you cannot fail to see that if you will make your child grind up a fair portion of bread, plain-boiled vegetables, solid meat and ripe raw apples, slowly, conscientiously, and reverently, letting him see (without much lecturing or talk) that, because they are God's gifts, you dare not allow him to waste them by eating them in the wrong way, it will, in the long run, be better for his body than all our over-refined cookery of minced-meat and potato-snow, and custards and fruit creams; and much better for his soul than sermons about how to save one's self from suffering in some "other world." We will recur presently to this important subject of eating slowly; and then I hope to show you more clearly what it has to do with the Homœopathic Law.

But first, I must make a little digression by way of introducing

the remainder of what I have to say about it. Every thoughtful student of Combe's Physiology must have admired his exquisite delineation of the way in which Nature takes care to educate her children gradually in self-control, by placing the physical functions under the charge of the conscious brain, just so far as it could be done with safety to life, and no further. Nature wants to educate her child into a reasonable being—lord of himself, lord of the visible earth, lord of the senses five—and, as fast as she dares, she will do it ; but she gives him blunt knives, and teaches him to fence with foils, before she trusts him with edged tools ; and she puts a guard round his nursery fire lest he should fall into it by accident.

Now another equally striking proof of the determination of nature to give a moral education to her intellectual children is afforded by the singular law which she has laid down : that every mistaken attempt at civilisation shall tend to deaden and pervert the instincts. A plant selects the right kind of food, if within reach, by some apparently quite involuntary principle of affinity. The instincts of a wild beast, of a red Indian, of a healthy infant, though more conscious than those of a plant, still act (in many directions) with something almost approaching to certainty. Or, to return to the instance which started us off on our present track of thought, observe the quiet enjoyment of a cow in the act of slowly grinding up her food, or of a baby in leisurely sucking. The muscular exercise, which promotes digestion, is in itself a delight, because the instinct is in a normal condition. The instincts of a perfectly normally-educated man would be as true and keen as those of a wild beast ; and would take cognisance of higher laws and a wider range of facts, and would, therefore, be a much more constant and certain perservative from danger. But every violation of either a physical or a moral instinct, tends more or less to deaden both itself and other instincts—to deaden them, and also to distort their action for the future ; so that at last, by dint of close air, a sedentary, ambitious, restless life, the indulgence in luxury and vice (*i.e.*, deliberate doing for pleasure of such acts as wild beasts perform only when and so far as instinct prompts), civilised man has reached a pitch at which his instincts no longer suffice to warn him from the grossest errors ; and almost his whole life must be one of voluntary and regularised submissions to hygienic laws, or he will be constantly injuring and in danger of destroying himself. But if he will patiently submit to hygienic and moral laws, he may gradually recover the lost instincts in the course of generations ; and, as experience shows, to a great degree even within the life of one individual. But they can never

be recovered except by submitting to what constitutes in itself a severe moral discipline. If the restless, impatient child, whom delicacy of the stomach makes nervous and irritable, will submit to the necessity for eating slowly, he may bring his stomach and nerves back into a condition in which it comes almost as natural to him to eat slowly as to a cow. But the process of eating slowly before he has returned to that condition constitutes a discipline in perseverance and submission—a discipline more or less high and valuable in proportion as his mother deals with the subject more or less wisely ; but still always a discipline. Now, the process of chewing is not education at all (in that sense at least) to a cow or a healthy savage.

You will observe that the fact of eating slowly (which is as truly homœopathic to a state of restless irritability as cold water is to a state of cold), though it momentarily increases the *symptom*, the mere *sensation* of restlessness, has no tendency whatever to increase either the wrong state of brain which causes the restlessness or the stomach-disturbance which probably accompanies, and perhaps causes, the wrong state of brain. It does not increase them in the child who is already ill ; and if a healthy child is taught from babyhood to eat slowly, his doing so will in no way tend, directly or indirectly, to produce a chronic state of restlessness, but rather to prevent it. This is a point on which Hahnemann insists strongly. The homœopathic aggravation (so-called) is not an aggravation of the disease from which the patient is already suffering. It is, he considers, an artificially induced attack of a different disease, characterised by many of the same symptoms. I want you to notice this ; because it is often said, by way of an explanation of the word "homœopathy" : "The homœopathic system is founded on a belief or theory that the medicine which will give you a disease, if you are free from it, will cure you if you have it" ; and many people have been repelled by the seeming absurdity of the idea. Now I do not wish to interfere about what doctor you should consult, or whether you should give your child pillules or pills ; but I do wish to encourage you to pick up hints wherever you can ; and I assure you that good homœopathic doctors and Hahnemann's book will make many things clear to you about which it is just as well that you should be clear. The common contemptuous definition of homœopathy, quoted above, is very far from being a correct statement of either the theory of Hahnemann or the practice of his followers. It is, I think, more true to say that the homœopathic remedy is the natural remedy ; and, if taken in time, might have prevented the disease from appearing. Belladonna, for instance, is considered the homœopathic specific for

scarlatina. In other words, belladonna usually at first aggravates, and then relieves, the symptoms of scarlatina. Now belladonna, when taken by a healthy man, often causes temporarily symptoms resembling some symptoms of scarlatina; but it has no tendency to give scarlatina itself, or to increase the liability to catch it. On the contrary, doctors of all pathies occasionally give it as a preservative to those who are in danger from the scarlatina miasma. It is like a sort of "vaccination" with another illness, just enough like the one you fear to keep that one off.

The homœopathic, or natural remedy, then, is a remedy which has the power of producing temporarily symptoms resembling those of the disease. So said Hahnemann. But in some cases it seems to me that the homœopathicness of the remedy to the symptoms of a chronic disease is due to a turn in the tide of the symptoms themselves, which turn constitutes the disease. A child is in an unhealthily hot room. He feels an unpleasant sensation of heat. His feeling this is no symptom of disease. We do not want to cure him of the instinct to feel uncomfortable in too high a temperature. We ought to treat the symptom antipathically, *i.e.*, by (slowly) cooling the room. But suppose the room is not cooled; suppose the child goes on living in hot rooms until his health becomes seriously affected; then, whatever be the form of his disease (which will depend upon his constitution and other circumstances), one of its chief characteristic symptoms will be a tendency to *chilliness*. He will suffer from the least exposure to cold. An important part of the treatment will consist in judicious applications of cold. The same remedy, essentially, is needed now which was needed before; only that, whereas it was at first antipathic, it has now become homœopathic to the symptoms; or rather, *the symptoms have become homœopathic to the remedy*. If applied at first, the remedy need only have been given slowly but steadily till the child was cool. Now it must be applied with scientific precautions, in slight, short, repeated shocks, with sufficient intervals between for full reaction. Homœopathy would seem, in this and many similar instances, to be, not science prescribing a new remedy rendered necessary by a state of disease, a remedy which was not wanted till the disease set in, but rather science supplying the place of a lost instinct; and prescribing and directing a regularised use of the remedy which the instinct called for, till it was tired of calling in vain. The physical constitution itself knew what it wanted, and called for it; until at last, finding that no answer came to its appeals, it decided to rebel no longer, but adapt itself to, and make itself as comfortable as it could under, unnatural and uncongenial circumstances. And now, when the

very remedy which it needs, and for which it used to crave, is brought, the perverted instinct shrinks and protests, and must be controlled by the orders of a scientific healer.

A child is hot. You oblige him by cooling the room. No harm is done if you manage wisely ; possibly some trifling good in the shape of a lesson to him in courtesy and obligingness. But what I have seen gained by the need there has been to restore, by long and patient control and care, the power of enduring cold which had been lost (owing to adverse circumstances), no words could describe. Do not fancy you need plan your children's education ; "accident" will provide you with abundant opportunities, if you will only take advantage of them, for doing everything that needs to be done. Learn to make "Satan cast out Satan," to take advantage of one evil to cure another along with itself ; that, and that alone, is true homœopathy.

And here we see, I think, the great homœopathic law at its origin ; we catch a glimpse of its moral cause, its *raison d'être.* We begin to get an idea—the faintest possible idea perhaps, but still true so far as it goes—of what it has to say to us from God. As long as, and in so far as, your condition is a healthy one, the way to keep it so is to follow your instincts. Do, as soon and as far as you conveniently can, just what is pleasant to you. Do nothing—or very rarely do anything—deliberately and consciously for the sake of pleasure ; but eat when you are hungry, drink when you are thirsty, lie down when you are tired, put an end to unpleasant sensations of all kinds by antipathic, that is by direct and obvious means. And when circumstances make it, as they constantly will make it, necessary for you to delay this antipathic treatment (either for the sake of work in which you are interested, or for some other motive for which you are willing to sacrifice your comfort), you will be repaid by a heightening of the instinct, by increased pleasure in gratifying it, and, above all, by the increased strength and energy which will be the reward of a moderate amount of disturbance of the equilibrium ; and by the consequently increased amount of disturbance against which you will be able to react. But when once the equilibrium has been disturbed beyond the point which, at the time, the constitution is able to bear, disease (more or less) sets in ; the instinct becomes perverted ; the natural powers of restoration and self-guidance are disturbed or extinguished ; and the treatment must now be homœopathic. You must do, not what gratifies the now perverted instinct, but what by chafing against it momentarily adds to the suffering. Nothing could be more fretting to an irritable child who had been allowed to acquire the habit of

gobbling down his food than his first attempts to eat slowly. But his mother's business is to see that he does eat slowly, and also to arouse some emotion or thought the while, which will, as far as possible, prevent his feeling the irritation. Nothing could be more depressing to a chilly child than a cold bath. But his mother's business is to see that he gets his cold bath—as cold, that is, as the doctor wishes—and also to put him into a mental state in which he will not be really depressed by it.

As to how this is to be done in detail, you must find out for yourself. A medical friend of mine had a little patient whose nurse declared that it was impossible to put him into water at the temperature ordered, without a fit of crying and a good deal of consequent depression and chilliness. It seemed impossible to obtain a healthy reaction. The doctor at last went into the child's bedroom one morning, taking with him, as a present, a bird in a cage. He put a pan of water into the cage ; and, to the child's delight, the bird began to splash. "Now, my dear," said the doctor, "let me see you do the same." The child sprang into his bath, and splashed himself over, and came out happy and warm. Of course the desire to imitate his new pet and to please his kind friend would soon wear out. It would be the mother's business to produce permanently an effect similar to that which the doctor had temporarily set up. When I have to make a chilly child take a bath, I sometimes arrange to let the nurse give it in the mother's room ; and then have the child put into the mother's arms in bed, for one of those private talks which children so delight in, immediately after it. The prospect of it gives him something to think of during the bath ; the warmth prevents a chill ; and the mother's magnetism restores the vitality.

But, as I have said before, I want to teach you not plans, but principles which will enable you to form plans for yourselves and to take advantage of any opportunities which come in your way.

And now that we have caught a glimpse (as I said) of homœopathy at its source, we begin to see clearly that it does not mean, as so many people used to fancy, the substitution of little pillules of sugar or starch for discipline, and self-restraint, and moral effort. On the contrary, Hahnemann's perpetual warning (to those few of his pupils or patients who cared to understand his principles and were not merely bent on learning his plans) was : It is not given to me to create reactive healing power within you. My province is to direct it for you towards the expulsion of that particular taint in your blood which (among other effects) causes you to feel the unnatural impulse to do what is bad for you. But

the healing power itself is from God ; and you can never obtain a full supply of it except on condition of struggling, against your unnatural impulses, to keep the laws of God and live for the good of mankind.

Neither did Hahnemann ever imagine that when the disease was cured and the instincts restored to a healthy state the struggle of life was to be at an end. His whole life proves it. (His own meals have been described as being almost like religious services.) No men who ever lived have been more misunderstood than he and the Combes have been in this respect. Neither of them ever believed—no earnest man ever believed—what many people suppose to be the sum and substance of their whole teaching : that a man's life consists in his being placed under suitable sanitary conditions and getting the right treatment from the outside. On the contrary, they emphatically inculcated the observance of sanitary laws as voluntary homage and obedience to the Author of them. And their constant warning is : "Struggle you must against something, or you will sink, in spite of the finest original constitution, in spite of all that doctors can do for you. When you are cured, your natural instinct will lead you to do what is good for your health. Then you shall struggle against the evils of the world around you, struggle to save your brethren, struggle to do the work of your heavenly Father. But do not fancy that, because you are now too ill for this, you are therefore to lie passive in our hands till we cure you. Do not fancy you can be exempted for a day from the need for taking your part in the great battle of life against death, of voluntary obedience to God against the tendency to drift towards corruption. At your weakest, at your maddest, at your worst, fight against the evil that is in you ; for on that condition only, if at all, will God allow us fully to restore to you the power of fighting for Him against the evil which is around you."

No ; I am wrong ; I should not have said their *constant* warning. For they, like others, had their hours of faithlessness, of confusion, of weakness. They said things and wrote things which any disciple at all capable of understanding them must see to be contradictions of their own principles. They did things which, no doubt, they remembered with great sorrow. They gave advice which you and I would know better than to follow. We see things in bright light over which they had to fumble in darkness ; and greater works than theirs, no doubt, some of us, in this wise age, will be able to do. But do not let us fancy therefore that we are better or wiser than they, or walking closer with God, or with Nature. Not so. It is in answer to their prayers that God is letting us do

just the very things which they so longed to get done ; in answer to their prayers ; and because they tried to live unselfish, holy lives ; because they suffered reproach and possessed their souls in patience ; because they forgave as they hoped to be forgiven ; and because they have gone to the Father, to do Whose will and to accomplish Whose work they knew was food for both body and brain.

Instead of going further into the theory of homœopathy, I will give you the finest instance of it in practice that ever came under my personal notice. I had broken down in health under long-continued pressure of grief, anxiety, and worry ; and an accidental shock precipitated a serious attack of illness. Of course, all the doctors who were consulted said that I was to be spared all pain and worry, and to have my strength kept up by every possible means. All but one, I make no doubt, would have tried to carry out their own prescription by sparing me any contact with persons and things whom I disliked to see. One, however, had deeply studied the theory of homœopathy, though, not believing in infinitesimal doses, he had never chosen to call himself a homœopathist. This doctor took the kindest pains to spare me all *real* worry and anxiety ; but early in my illness he informed me that it was his intention to bring into my bedroom a friend whom I much dreaded seeing, because of his being *accidentally* connected with the cause of the shock I had received. I begged to be spared this trial till I was stronger ; but the doctor said that yielding to these fancies, born of mere association, was cowardly, and tended to fix them in one's mind ; that the true cure was to face them boldly during the illness itself ; and that I should be better if I would see my friend immediately. As soon as I began to recover I was advised to employ my convalescence in trying to conquer various nervous dislikes to certain articles of diet, and other things ; and found the occupation more restful and strengthening just then than any other which could have been chosen for me. I had had for years a great dislike to the sight of waves, owing to having been once washed off from a rock and stunned by the force with which I was flung up again. As soon, therefore, as I was able to travel, I went to the seaside with no companion but a little child, and spent at first a few moments each day, which gradually increased to hours, in watching both the inrolling tide and the little one's delight at the sight. I think nothing could have restored appetite and strength so much as this mental homœopathy.

I spoke just now of certain would-be scientific ladies who fancy that the welfare of their children depends on their being fed with the most nourishing and digestible food. The same mistake

is current in another form, more refined and spiritual-seeming, but I think deadlier. Many mothers advocate the doctrine that the main secret of education consists in surrounding children from infancy with all such advantages as may favour their physical, intellectual, æsthetic, and moral development. So far as I have have seen of the results of this plan, it ends in failure ; and no wonder, for it begins in blasphemy. If that were the way to make people good, the Creator of this world has taken a great deal of pains to keep it bad. Surely it is enough for us to be "co-workers in His high design ; " we need not try to improve upon it. Our business, let us understand it clearly, is not to prevent our children from ever experiencing a want, or making a mistake, or doing a wrong thing ; either now while they are under our care, or by-and-by when they have left us, or we them. God forbid that it should be so. I say it seriously, and thinking of my baby's sunny curls. God forbid that we should be allowed to save our children from Nature's universal regimen. We have nobler work than that appointed for us if we will only do it. Our business is to *economise* their suffering, to see that it be not wasted. "Economy" means, not shrinking, by mere impulse and habit, from all presently-avoidable expenditure ; but such a "law or order in the house" as shall cause each item of expenditure to bring an adequate return of some kind. Our business is to educate children so that every pang which they endure and every need which they feel shall make them grow stronger to bear and do the will of God, more and not less like what He means them to be ; and to prepare them for carrying on the same education for themselves and others when we are in our graves. That is our work in life ; we shall do little enough of it, at best ; let us at least not allow ourselves to be diverted from it by aiming at something which is quite inconsistent with it, and which moreover God, the God of Nature and of facts, has decreed that we shall not accomplish. *Good* to surround your child with luxury? Think what that implies. How many mothers in a million could surround their children with luxury, even if all the resources of our planet were well applied and carefully directed to that one end ? Of course I do not mean that all children should have the same education or the same rough fare, or be subjected to equal exposure to cold. The normal and true condition of a child depends much on the amount of refinement and culture of his parents ; what is luxury to one child is privation to another. But the law is the same for all, though its applications are various. In an ideally well-regulated State, the resources, physical and intellectual, would be distributed, not equally, but in fair proportion to the

needs of different constitutions. But that it could be really good for any individual to have provided for him, in fullest perfection, all that variety of educational appliances any one of which would be good in itself, I cannot believe ; and, as a matter of fact, do we find that it is so ? What children are physically so weakly as those who are over-fed with too easily digestible food ? What men are so mentally weak as those who have been taught great varieties of subjects in a way which spares them all the exertion of finding out anything for themselves ?

If ever you should be tempted to imagine that you could do your children any good by exempting them from the wholesome discipline which nature intended for humanity, you could hardly study anything more instructive than the following account of what happens to any cell or atom of an organic body when once the controlling force has become so weak as to leave it free from the attrition which Nature intended for it. It occurs in a lecture by Professor Owen on Entozoa (or internal parasitic animals) :

"The primitive forms of all tissues are free cells which grow by imbibition. . . . The tissues result from transformations of these cells. . . . They are microscopical indeed, and, under natural and healthy conditions, are metamorphosed into cartilage, bone, nerve, muscular fibre, etc. When, instead of such change, the organic cells grow to dimensions which make them recognisable to the naked eye, such development of acephalocysts, as they are then called, is commonly connected with a lowering of the controlling vital energies, which, at some of the weaker points of the frame, seem unable to direct the metamorphosis of the cells along the right road to the tissues they were destined to form, but permits them to retain, as it were, their embryo condition, and to grow, by the imbibition of the surrounding fluid, and thus become the means of injuriously affecting or destroying the tissues which they should have supported or repaired." The lecturer then goes on to describe how certain Entozoa are often found to develop within these overgrown cells.

The atom tends, of course, by the very law of its being, not to remain an atom. And if, instead of being compressed and repressed, and forced to submit to the social law of sacrifice, it is allowed to go its own way (that way, remember, being one which appears particularly favourable to its own healthy development), then it will not submit to become a mere particle of bone, or muscle, or cartilage, or whatever may happen to be wanted ; but sets up an independent existence of its own, and grows and thrives at the expense of the community. And therefore it remains

embryonic and unformed ; and, therefore, very often, it is taken possession of, and inhabited, and devoured, by a parasite !

The story teaches its own lesson, and needs no comment of mine. And that lesson has seldom received a more striking confirmation than the history of "homœopathy" itself affords. The mistake of all the early homœopathists was that they thought their science could stand alone. In their eyes all treatment by means of common drugs was clumsy ; all allopathy was an atrocity ; all palliation of suffering was cowardice ; the study of physiology was useless ; anatomy was a relic of barbarism ; the pursuit of art was waste of time ; poetry was all delusion ; theology was an irreverent farce. Man was put into this world to study homœopathy and administer medicines on homœopathic principles, and for no other purpose whatever. So they seemed to think. Homœopathy was the truth, and the whole truth ; and if people cared for any other form of truth, it must be because their brains were in a morbid condition, and for want of having swallowed pillules enough to restore them to a state of sanity, and read homœopathic books enough to give them a healthy interest in life. They did not exactly say so, but it was the impression which one gathered from their conversation. And yet how humble and unselfish these very same men could be where only their own interest were concerned ! How willingly, how joyfully some of them sacrificed worldly prospects and fame, and risked their health for the sake of doing good to the lowest of mankind ! How tenderly, and with what genial grace of manner, I have seen some of them perform the most menial offices for their patients, and especially for the suffering poor ; all glowing, the while, with delight and pride at being privileged to help in the work of *Mon Bon Dieu.*

But they could not be humble for the science which they loved. Homœopathy was *true* ; and God had committed it into their hands to teach and to cherish. It was to deliver the world ; they could not trust the God whom it shadowed forth to take care of it, and of the world as well. It had saved them, and thousands of others by their means ; surely no salvation was possible without its help. Its revelations to them were infinite ; it *could* not be, after all, a mere fragment of truth. They were willing to serve the lowest, but then It must be Lord of all. It could not, must not, should not take its place as a mere atom in the great body of truth ; it must set up an independent existence of its own ; and destroy, and swallow, and starve out that which God had meant it to support and supplement.

And alas ! what is it now ? A weak, anomalous, amorphous nondescript, half-devoured by the parasite of quackery, which

is growing and thriving at its expense. Would to God that the great body of human knowledge were suffering at no other point from that disease! It is infested with acephalocysts in all its limbs and organs, because the "controlling vital energy" is lowered.

I have often heard the advice given, "Make children's work light, and make them get through a good deal of it. Make their lessons easy and clear, and take care to smooth away all avoidable difficulties; then they can learn so many more subjects. Let them feel the stimulus of success. Never give them anything to do which they will not be able thoroughly to master. Nothing is so depressing as failure."

There is an element of truth in this, but I think it contains also an error of the same sort as the one I pointed out just now. Failure is depressing to the weak (and are any of us strong?). Failure is depressing; and so was our chilly child's cold bath. The question is: Shall we shield the child from the depressing influence? or shall we gradually and gently accustom him to it while we are there to kiss away his tears; and teach him to find motives which will enable him to bear it unaided when we are no longer there? Miss Martineau observes that the business of a maid-of-all-work in a lodging-house is one of the most unhealthy possible. She attributes this, not only, nor I believe chiefly, to the amount of work done; but to the fact that the girl never can do her work thoroughly, and therefore can have no ideal before her which she can aim at realising. Miss Martineau is quite right, so far as she goes; but she has only got hold of half a truth. Maids-of-all work, just like every one else, ought to be taught from their infancy to accept failure beforehand as a part of God's wise ordinances, and to keep an ideal before them still, no matter how often or how grievously they may fail. Try to keep before your own mind and your children's an ideal so far ahead that you will never exactly expect to succeed, and will never be disappointed when you do not succeed. This saves many evils; the dislocation which comes from unsettled aims; the Chinese stuntedness which comes of too settled plans; and worst of all, that hideous acephalocyst-like failure which to the individual himself and his neighbours looks like continued success. Also it seems to eliminate the need for, the sense of, fault-finding. It ought to be understood that we are not supposed to be aiming at any approachable standard, but to be trying to copy an unattainable ideal. A sense of guilt is one of the things that Christ is always said to save us from. This ideal far ahead is the condition for "growing in grace," of form, of intellect, of soul. Aiming at

results immediately realisable, with a view of being satisfied with them when attained, is destructive to grace of all kinds.

There is an old music-book for beginners, "Chaulieu's Méthode de Piano," in which occurs a passage which seems to me very significant. He gives a page or two of mechanical exercises, which may be practised day after day for an indefinite length of time. But at the head of the first page of tunes he places these words: "Aussitôt que l'élève joue couramment un numéro, il faut passer au suivant, sans retour; ce moyen empêche l'élève de routiner."* The man who wrote this was no preacher of doctrines, religious or otherwise. He had no theory to support and no party to serve. He was evidently a close and loving observer of children, and desirous of making their path as easy to themselves as possible. He set himself to solve the problem of the art of training, and this is his solution: *constant failure* is the condition of education. Not failure acquiesced in passively; not the idle "I know I shall not succeed, and therefore I will not heartily try"; nor the proudly ascetic, "I am not intended to succeed, therefore it would be more pious not to try at all"; no, but the straining of every nerve after an object which you know you will never—or only momentarily at best—attain fully. Play this one tune as well as you can, because it is the one given to you; put your heart and mind into it, as if the learning to play it perfectly were the sole object of your existence; but be sure that, as soon as you can play it perfectly, your All-wise Teacher will put you to some other task, "pour vous empêcher de routiner." You may go on repeating humdrum exercises from one year's end to the other; the drudgery is of itself one kind of discipline. But anything which seems to you worth doing you will never be allowed to do long; "pour vous empêcher de routiner." Has not our Father been training us so? Are not those very failures of ours with our duties which we so deplore an instance of it?

"What a terribly sad view of life!" do I hear some of you exclaim? Terrible, is it? Into what then were we baptised? Terrible? There was once a man called Abraham, through whose seed all the nations were to be blessed, because he had faith, and followed into unknown regions the leading of the same Spirit whom he had found near to him in the country with which he was acquainted; and especially because he was willing to sacrifice his son, if, and in so far as, God chose. "Yes," you say, "we must accept it, sad as it seems, for ourselves; for it is the truth, no

*"As soon as the pupil can play a tune quite easily, let him leave it and learn the next; this method will prevent his growing mechanical and stupid." "Routiner" is the French equivalent for what in English we call "Red-tapeism."

doubt ; and we will try to remember it, and guide our own thoughts and actions by it. But you surely do not mean that we should put all these melancholy ideas into children's minds." I would suffer the little ones to come to the truth as fast as it attracts or circumstances seem to lead them towards it ; and when they do come in contact with it, I would encourage them to look it straight in the face.

"But if we let them hear all these stern truths, it would quench all love for God in their hearts, and teach them to think of Him only as a dread power, or perhaps to hate Him." Would it indeed ? We are women, and some of us wives and mothers ; and don't know yet on what food love thrives best ?

> "The love that grows up like a flower, by sunshine fed,
> May wither when cold winter comes, till it is dead ;
> But mine grew up 'mid gloom and woe ; and storms have been
> Its only nourishment ; and lo ! 'tis evergreen."

Ah ! you do not need to be told all this for yourselves. You know it well enough ; only . . .

Only you feel so much more tender pity for Tommy than our Father does for you, that you cannot accept our Father's teaching for him, though you have no objection to submit to it for yourselves. Is that it ?

I often think it would do some of us good to stand up, of a Sunday morning, in church, and say, "I *don't* believe in God." If we begin in that straightforward, wholesome fashion, perhaps by the time our hair was grey we might begin truly to *believe* a little. If ever you discover that your child hates God, lay the blame on our own (or some one's) capricious and false, and therefore cruel, theories ; and not on God's training, however stern, or Nature's laws, however inflexible.

Failure, as I said before, must not be accepted passively, but taken as a part in God's education of us. We should always endeavour to see why we failed.

It is commonly remarked that the children of very good, and especially of pious, people often turn out rather exceptionally wicked ; whereas "worldly " people's children, even if not visibly religious, not unfrequently become, as life advances, large-hearted, generous, and devoted. Let us see if we can find any cause for this ; and first let us read an extract from Combe's "Physiology" about the effect of repeated action in forming habits of brain as well as of limb : "The moral sentiments," he says, "in common with the intellect, are dependent on the organism for their means

of activity during life, and hence are more successfully cultivated by being habitually employed in regulating the everyday affairs of life than by waiting for great occasions on which they may be exercised with unusual vigour. The faculties necessary for the practice of drawing or music . . . . by incessant exercise are brought into such a state of activity as ever after to enable their possessors to derive delight from their exercise where the talents are possessed in any considerable degree. And what might we not expect from the systematic training of the higher sentiments on a similar plan ? "

"Where the talents are possessed in any considerable degree": there hardly ever existed a creature wearing the human form that did not possess some one or more of the "religious and moral" faculties in a considerable degree ; that is to say, who had not a strong instinct to sacrifice his own immediate impulses to something or other. Therefore, never take the trouble to sigh over the fact that your child is badly organised, for few children are altogether badly organised ; but find out by which of his faculties you can get hold of him to save him from himself.

Combe also shows that you need not only to train separate organs into activity, but to train to act together in childhood those which it is requisite should act together in later life.

Now you would never train a child to write well by starting with a superstitious terror of bad writing. What you do, what you must do, is to start on the assumption that the child will write badly at first. You expect, you allow, not only that he should fill his first copybook with pot-hooks and hangers, but that he should make a certain quantity of bad, crooked, distorted pot-hooks. If you hold his hand so that he shall always write well, or terrify him so that he dares not write at all except over a tracing, he will never learn to write. And I think this points out the cause, or rather the principle underlying all the causes, which are no doubt many, why religious education is on the whole so palpable a failure. Religious and good people have a horror of sin, by which they of course mean rebellion against the will of God ; therefore they get a dread, a sheer superstitious, nonsensical terror often, of such acts as in them would be "sinful" acts (*i.e.*, acts of rebellion), and a mania for seeing their children do acts which in themselves would be "good" (*i.e.*, acts of submission and devotion) ; so they devise all sorts of plans for keeping their children from "sin" and making them "good," quite omitting to notice whether such plans constitute anything like training. Many people suppose that the fact of a child being "good" is in itself a proof of his being in a right moral state. It seems to me that

you might as well suppose the fact of his being up a tree to be a proof that he is in a strong physical state ; the question is, How did he get there ? You do not educate a child physically by putting him every day at the top of a pole, but by causing him to go through the process of putting himself there, or as near there as he can get. If he is young and weak, it may be right to give him some assistance; but the training consists essentially, not in the fact that he arrives at the top, but in the process which he goes through. And he gets more training by every day climbing a foot unaided, or insufficiently aided, or even by making every day an unsuccessful attempt to climb a foot, than by being carried or dragged to the top. Failure is the condition of education, remember. Fail we shall and must somehow, for God knows His business as a teacher, whether we know ours or not. Fail we must. The only choice that is allowed us is : Shall we accept beforehand visible failure, apparent aggravation of the evil we are trying to cure ; or shall we insist on getting at once some visibly satisfactory results, and so secure for ourselves that worst of all failures which shows itself as immediate success ?

There was nothing that Hahnemann more earnestly endeavoured to impress on his friends than that the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, the healing force of nature, is at each moment a fresh gift from a living personal Deity, and that every true thought is a fresh inspiration from Him. This pecularity of his seems the more remarkable inasmuch as his belief in, and insistence on, the absolute lawfulness of Nature, the utter fatal mechanicalness of the action of all her forces, have led some people to accuse him of materialism. It seems almost like a contradiction that the same man should have preached both doctrines. But if you will try to put his scientific principles into practice, you will soon begin to understand why the grand old sage so constantly kept those who would listen to him in mind of their Unseen Helper. A mere atheistic belief in the laws of cause and effect is a sufficient foundation for a system of attempts to stop back the symptoms of evil, or to divert it, by counter-attraction or by force, into new channels. But the courageous patience which is needed, to do a little, and to do it resolutely and with all your might, even when it irritates and pains and seems to aggravate the very evil you are trying to cure, and then to wait while you see much needing to be done, can hardly spring from anything except faith in a God who is Himself the Healer and whose fixed purpose is to heal.

I have heard mothers give, as the only one and sufficient reason for taking to homœopathy, that it "saves trouble," because "it is so much easier to make children take the so-called homœopathic

preparations of medicine"! Some people add that "if you get hold of the wrong one, it can do no harm"!

Homœopathy saves trouble! Does it so? If our lesson to-day has taught us nothing else, it has, I hope, convinced us at least that homœopathy is no holiday fancy-work for idle fine ladies to play at, no unscientific piece of quackery to be taken up by men whose intellect is below the level of the ordinary medical routine. It and brain-pathology constitute, together, the most difficult of all sciences, the science of the Gospel. It is a science which perhaps no man will ever master entirely, but it is one which, thank God, every human being who is in earnest in his or her own work can more or less help forward.

One of Hahnemann's most intimate friends was a German prince whom people who considered themselves Christians thought it pious to call an "Infidel." The old doctor once reproached this friend for not more actively supporting the cause of medical reform. "My dear doctor," said the prince, "I believe in *you*; but you will be the last true homœopath, as Jesus was the last true Christian."

I have often been tempted, when looking round at the existing state of things in the Church and the medical profession, to fear that the prince may have been right. But no; God is true, in spite of all our cowardice and follies. And, somehow, people who keep aloof from the battle of life, and will do nothing till they find a perfect set of conditions to work in and feel secure from the chance of making mistakes, may be clear-sighted about things close at hand; but they are seldom allowed to project their vision very far into the future. Hahnemann himself, who suffered poverty, and reproach, and bodily pain, and mental anxiety, for the sake of what he believed to be the truth, and who laboured manfully with such means as he possessed till he had succeeded in altering his circumstances, is more likely to have been a prophet. And he thought that true homœopathy might begin to be practised in three hundred years, and not before.

But may the Lord shorten those days for His elect's sake!

CHAPTER VII

CONCLUSION

"May I die if I do not revenge myself on you," said Euclid's brother to him.

"May I die if I do not force you to love me again," said Euclid.

I HAVE intimated on a former occasion that I desire to confine our conversations to questions which belong properly to the domain of science. You will not suppose from this that I think the theological teaching which a child receives, or the sort of Deity in whom a sick man believes, a matter of no practical importance. On the contrary, if you have followed me thus far, you must, I think, see that, if psychic science proves anything, it proves clearly these three things. *Firstly*, That the normal law of man's being is one, not of acts, or of words, or of sentiments, but of daily, hourly, life-long and complete self-surrender to the law that is above him and to the good of mankind. *Secondly*, That the very idea of trying to keep that law "in our own strength" involves an absurdity; and, *Thirdly*, That it is not enough for us to be taught the law of our life and the consequences of departing from it, for we need above all other things to believe in some righteous Being, whom we may worship continually and serve regardless of all consequences, and whom we may trust to make us righteous. My reason for avoiding thus far the subject of theology has been that I wished to preserve myself from even the appearance of interfering with the special form in which you may think fit to convey religious instruction to your children. But there are one or two points connected with the subject on which I must say just a few words.

Whatever may be the theological opinions which you yourselves hold, I would say, avoid conveying religious instruction to children in the shape of controvertible propositions; and that more especially in this age of widespread controversy. Give them, in the way of direct dogmatic teaching, nothing more than their own experience may suffice absolutely to prove. For all else trust to the influence of your example and the contagion of your faith.

Never require from young people an acquiescence in any particular scheme of doctrine. If you heartily believe in the creed which you profess, your little pupils' minds are almost sure to become more or less impregnated with it; and all the more so if they

do not suppose that you think yourselves infallible. And if you do not heartily believe it, if you only yield to it an intellectual assent, if you only believe that you *ought* to believe it, then the more earnestly you try to impress it upon them, the more likely you are to magnetise them with a sense of the contrast between your feelings and your words.

A great many people seem to be haunted by a vague idea of some mysterious necessity for imbuing children's minds with what they call "the truths of the Bible." There is some strange confusion about this. Of course it is necessary to imbue children's minds with truth ; and of course the most important of all truths known to man are contained in the Bible. But the fact of a set of truths being written down in the Bible possesses of itself no magic power to prevent their being injurious to children's minds if presented to them in the wrong order or the wrong way. The Bible is the very best book for teachers ; but it seems to me to be by no means throughout or inevitably a good text-book for pupils. On the whole, I would say, gather from the Bible rather the spirit than the actual matter of your instructions. Nature, after all, is, and must be, the children's Bible. Trust to the Author of nature to write His own name in it for them ; and do you learn from your book how to guide your pupils in learning to read theirs.

Whatever your creed may be, you do at least believe this much, viz., that when your children represent God to themselves in any definite shape at all, they should think of Him no otherwise than as a good, kind, earnest Man, who desires to cure their diseases, to improve their morals, and to impart to them instruction. And yet it is possible so to bring up a child, that it shall throughout life, and especially during illness, shrink in mere nervous dislike, born of association, from the notion of trusting to any human being, and most especially to one who is morally earnest. Therefore, if any part of your plans of education has the effect of causing them to feel, either that a total escape from human influence would be a relief and a deliverance, or that religious and moral earnestness, and anxiety for the welfare of others, make people less sympathising than they otherwise would be, be sure that your plans are somehow wrong; and let no conceit about your own theories induce you to delay making some alteration. Any evil you can fall into is less evil than that. And if you suspect that the fault lies not in your plan but in yourself, if you really cannot make your children love and trust you, and are content to remain in a state in which you cannot, then for Heaven's sake give up the charge of their minds to some one who can. So much at least

the most sceptical may concede to the instinct which has prompted Christendom to cling so passionately to the doctrine of the divinity of Christ.

And now may I beg those of you who are Trinitarians to look boldly in the face with me for a moment the spectre which I know has been haunting you ever since we began to study together. How is that belief which has been precious to you from your childhood affected (you long but scarcely dare to ask yourselves) by the revelations of psychic science ? Did Christ come to claim a kingdom, or did He "only" mean to teach a science ? For it seems as if those passages, in which He prophesied that His voluntary death should give Him power to draw men to Himself for their own salvation, were after all "only" enunciations of a law of nature true for all men, and in some measure for animals, and even for impersonal entities, such as sciences, theories, and particular aspects of truth.

Well, be it so. Would you expect an Incarnation of the "I am" not to enunciate general laws ? Would He have more fully proved His claim to be called the First-begotten of the Father, "who abideth in the House continually," if, instead of understanding and acquiescing in, and interpreting for us, the harsh-seeming deeds of our dear mother Nature, He had disowned her authority and violated her laws ? Any mad fanatic can *say*, "I am the Son of God." But the proof would consist in proving himself to be the true child of faithful Nature. God and Nature are not at strife, as we quarrelsome children too often take for granted. I cannot help thinking sometimes that, when we fancy so, they are mourning together over our perverse misunderstanding of them both.

But then if it be true that every human brain receives the power to influence other human brains for good on condition of voluntary self-renunciation, what will become of the doctrine of a special Atonement ?

I really do not exactly know what will become of it. As I told you before, I consider it my business to take care of babies ; doctrines are no nurslings of mine. But if you want to know what I think will become of it, I will tell you. Inasmuch as the self-elected protectors of the doctrine of Atonement have not succeeded yet in smothering it with all the thick foul smoke which they have blown round it by way of a defence, I rather think that it must be possessed of a strong principle of vitality of its own, and that it would be very well able to take care of itself if people would only let it alone. I have a notion that when it gets a little more fresh air it will thrive faster than ever. But that is no affair of

yours or mine that I know of. We have our own nursery-windows to keep open.

In the meantime, if you are afraid of your own personal feeling of allegiance to Christ being weakened by the discovery that His teaching is truer than you supposed, and that even those who do not believe in His divinity must, if they study nature and history honestly, come to believe in His wisdom, will you sometimes put to yourself this question :

Which would be the truest Redeemer of the world and deserve the most gratitude from men ? A Being endowed with supernatural qualities, who should come down to earth to do a few irregular miraculous acts, and utter certain maxims of transcendental morality which need to be modified in practice by our worldly wisdom ? or one who should show men the true use and power of the faculties which they themselves possess and were misusing, and fling through time a line of golden grains for science in after ages to gather as she passes, as a witness to the Church that she is in the right track ?

You thought you had got hold of a special gospel for men, perhaps for men of your own particular creed. But for aught that we can see to the contrary, all men alike may be related to monkeys. Well, He bade you trust for salvation, not to your faith, or your intellect, or your place in the scale of creation, but to the goodness of the Father who cares for the sparrows.

You thought that the truth of the Gospel was to be proved by miracles ; and now it seems as though many of the miracles were mesmeric phenomena, and could be imitated by all sorts of impostors.

Well, He warned you that the people who trusted to "signs and wonders" were an "evil and adulterous generation."

You fancied that faith and morals were sacred subjects, not regulated by the laws of Nature and too far apart from all common studies for any but divines to teach you anything about ; and now doctors say that they are evolved according to natural processes by the action of the same cosmical forces which produce living forms and glowing colours. Well, He said that when we doubt about our Father's care, we should settle our doubts by "considering the lilies."

You thought that there was one absolutely right faith, and that all other religions were absolutely wrong ones. And now it seems as though the truth were pretty equally shared between people of all shades of opinion.

Well, He never gave you leave to treat any man as a *heathen* until he obstinately refused to listen to what his neighbours had to say.

You knew you were "miserable sinners" of course; but still you have always been considered careful sick-nurses and exemplary mothers. You knew that clearer information on medical subjects would enable you to do more good to your charges; but you never supposed that you were doing much harm in the world. And now it turns out that you have been doing fearful mischief, not only from ignorance, but often from mere self-indulgence in things which you fancied were of no consequence. Well, He warned you that you would have to "give account of every idle word"; and that the harlots were nearer to the kingdom of heaven than the people who thought they were going on all right.

Aye, and let us face boldly the last, most startling suggestion of modern science. What is going to become of our moral laws—those laws for which it used to be considered so needful to keep up religious sanctions? We used to think that it was right to obey the commandments and keep the Sabbath and pray and go to church, because of the "honour due to God's Holy Name"; and now here come hygienists coolly claiming the Sabbath as a day of recreation for man; and phrenologists who tell us that praying is not asking God to alter His plans to please us, but exercising certain organs under the sutures of our skulls; and mesmerists whose notions of a Church is an institution for keeping up a healthy kind of magnetic action among people of different temperaments. What next? Are all man's morals and duties to be defined for him by doctors, who are so far like God that they "know his frame and remember that he is but dust," but who otherwise seem to have very little notion of divinity of any kind? We have not arrived at anything very wicked yet, it is true; but what is to be the end of it all? Where shall we stop?

Well, perhaps we shall not stop anywhere, ever, till the tide stops heaving and there is no more sea. Perhaps we shall find that we do not know quite all there is to know, even then. But why need we disturb our minds about that now? Did God put His laws into our charge? Were we commissioned to draw a line in the sky and hold the planets up to prevent them from falling over it? Heaven and earth shall pass away before one jot or tittle of any law that God made shall fail; but whether God made the law that anything shall stand permanently still is another question, and one to which you and I need not find an answer. We agreed before that our business with books was to get help from them in taking care of babies; and surely our concern with laws is not to protect them, but to study them that we may know how to take care of babies.

But what do you think of the man who nearly two thousand

years ago affronted the fanaticism of the pious Jews for their sacred laws, and scared them into crucifying Him by telling them that even God's Holy Sabbath was made for the use of man, and that man was not made for the Sabbath ?

The long and short of the matter is just this: If you want to be kept in good conceit with yourselves, or with any leader whom you ever worshipped, or with any plan you ever followed, or with any theory you ever believed, take care what new study you plunge into, for cool investigation has a strange trick of knocking over all sorts of idols. But if you would like to be made to feel, through every fibre of your being, that He knew more about you than your nearest friends, that He is the best teacher that ever lived, and that the world owed more to Him than to all its priests and doctors, then my advice to you is, in God's name study away. You will study long enough, I promise you, before you come to the end of your astonishment at His wisdom.

For my own part, I think I may say that I hardly remember ever feeling what could properly be called awe of anything in human shape until it was shown me how that Hebrew Carpenter, whose Name had been made a scarecrow of, by people who wanted to frighten me from inquiring into facts and from trusting in the Author of facts, must have quietly solved beforehand some of the deepest problems of modern science.

I am well aware that in making this confession I am running the risk of giving you no exalted opinion of my own character. A higher type of mind than mine would have been overawed by the moral beauty of the character of Christ. But my object in speaking to you is not, I hope, to give you an exalted opinion of my own phrenological development. I want to prove to you that your child, be the shape of his head what it may, has something within it by which Christ may lay hold of him ; and that it is your business not to let your theories stand in the way of your Master, and your fault if your child is not saved from a listless and useless life.

Our fault if our children are not saved ! There are hours, believe me, in a mother's life, when, be the shape of her head what it may, she needs no theory to make her remember with thankfulness that, supposing an atonement should be necessary, she and her babes will not be required to offer it.

Whether we believe or not that the Unseen Lord of Life once manifested Himself in a visible form, it seems to be evident at least that our relationship to Him, however spiritual, is no mystical or imaginary one. It is as real an attachment as that between an unborn infant and its mother ; and phrenologists say that it has,

like the latter, a physical local symbol. Will you remember this when any one professes to inform you on what occasion you began to be children of the God who is your life, or by what means you may persuade Him not to hate you for ever ?

Religious writers are very fond of asserting that, until you have felt the burden of your sins, you cannot come to Christ to be freed from them. This sounds very humble and pious, but I fear it too often covers great ignorance and want of faith. Did Christ come to save mankind, or only such men as have a certain type of mind ? Will the great Physician cure me of the disease from which I happen to be suffering ? or does He expect me to drive it out myself by inoculating my soul with a disease of which He has already cured some other person ? Paul and Bunyan may have had, no doubt, a sense of their own sinfulness very real and terrible, and they were quite right to flee to Christ to be freed from it. But if a child is born with a flat back to his skull, deficient instincts of self-preservation, great self-esteem, a great capacity for ideality, trust and benevolence, and little veneration, he is by nature almost incapable of understanding what sin means, and he must come to Christ before he can be made to understand it. If you try to frighten him into a sense of his guilt, the only result will be that you teach him to distrust God and hate you ; that you excite his worst passions and undermine his health.

Even among infants you can see that some are naturally much more sensitive to reproof than others. Many a child will be quite overpowered with shame and grief, if you say, when it is naughty, "I do not like you now." But I had one who, when I said so, used quietly to turn round, put her arms confidingly round my neck, and say, with some perplexity but no distress in her face, "Don't you like me, mother ? Well *I* like *you* then." Suppose I had rejected the babe's caress until I had worried her into appearing frightened and unhappy, how God-like that would have proved me to be ! and how much the better moral state the little one would have been in ! And this same constitutional difference of which we are speaking manifests itself in later life in a markedly different feeling towards the unknown Author of Nature. There are people who have so strong a physical sense of their relationship to Him that it revolts them to hear that relationship even spoken of. They trust Him so absolutely that they would almost rather not be told anything about Him, about His character or His plans for them. They are conscious of doing many things contrary to the code of right which has been taught them, and productive of consequences seemingly evil. But they instinctively take it for granted that He who made them knew what He was about and

had His own reasons for making them as they are ; that He never would let them really cross His will ; and that, in His own time and way, He will educate them into whatever He wants them to be. They can perhaps say with all their hearts : "Thy will be done" ; but they do not thereby mean, "Let holiness prevail at any cost to me" ; for they have often the mistiest ideas as to what holiness consists in, and do not particularly care whether it prevails or not. They rather mean, "Never spare me a sorrow which will fit me to take my proper part in the harmony of creation" ; or perhaps they simply mean that out of instinctive unreasoning affection for God they are willing to bear pain if it will give Him pleasure, and do not much care whether the effect of it on themselves is good or bad—educational or destructive. When sorrow comes, they need no preacher to explain to them that it has a message to their souls ; they are often, in youth at least, physically conscious that Some one is caressing them into shape. Intense suffering only gives them an intense longing to turn round and kiss a Hand which they feel to be near them. Unless, indeed, the suffering should happen to come through the intervention of a human hand, in which case they are apt (in their uneducated state) to struggle desperately. They need Christ for a mediator between them and mankind, not between them and God.

Such persons are often neither attracted by good actions nor repelled by great crimes ; they worship *genius* and *power* ; but they are physically sensitive to magnetic influence, and therefore they shrink, though perhaps without knowing why, from habitually selfish or low-minded people. Their moral perceptions are very blunt ; but their æsthetic sensibilities are very keen ; and they cannot conceive of any one caring so much for any earthly object as to please the Creator of beauty. I once heard a little girl say : "I never could really give my heart to any one, even if he were perfectly good, unless he were a great musician." A friend who was present remarked afterwards that such a child's religious education must consist in her learning how great a musician He was who resolved the discords of human life. There was much kindly wisdom in the remark. If Christ were presented to such persons as the Teacher who would show them how to take their fit part in the harmony of Creation, they would at first try to obey Him as they would any clever teacher ; and then there would grow up in their hearts (I have watched the process often) a feeling towards Himself personally, compounded of gratitude for His teaching, marvel at His genius, and æsthetic admiration for the harmony of His character. But as for teaching them doctrines about atonement

for their sins, and mediation between themselves and the Author of the beauty for which they feel so intense a sympathy, you might as well pull a baby away from its mother's breast and begin to talk metaphysics to it about why she condescended to let it rest there. The baby would only scream and struggle ; and, if it could, it would scratch and bite you; not on account of any logical objection to what you were saying, but simply because it felt that you had no business there at all.

Now, whatever form of religion you profess, your creed contains no article about the divinity of Bunyan, or of Luther, or of any particular religious book or magazine, or of any special minister of religion. And I venture to hope that in all matters connected with the education of your children you will "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ made you free," and decline to be judged, and refrain from judging others, by any standard except His words. When I first began the work of educating my children, I believed in a vague spiritualism, and could not see the use of being bound by any creed at all. But some bitter experience has taught me, as it may perhaps teach you, that the strictest of creeds and the most inflexible of liturgies may be no bondage at all, but a most blessed deliverance ; first and most obviously from the desire which seems to possess all my friends, to impose their phrenological developments and their morbid fancies upon me ; and next, and this is of far more consequence to me, from the temptation which I find perpetually besetting me to endeavour to impose mine upon my children.

If the back of your child's head is small, his brow full, and his organ of veneration very large, the dominant idea in his mind will be that of the constant presence with him of a Holy Spirit, his Teacher, Reprover, and Guide ; fear will in him be, not lost in a vague instinct of trust, but absorbed into awe. The less you interfere with his religion in any way the better. If you train him well in other respects, he will be more fit to be your religious teacher than you to be his.

As a general rule, when the projection of the head backwards from the line of the spine is small, there is little need for stimulating the tendency to what are called "religious ideas" or "disinterested sentiments." The danger is, not of the more commonplace and animal forms of selfishness, but, according to the rest of the development, of insanity, fanaticism, sudden passions, or unnatural crimes, or of fantastic devotion to unworthy objects. The smaller, therefore, the back of your child's head (or, in other words, the more he is remarked as being "a rare specimen of humanity," "an interesting little thing," "a spiritual creature," "a child

marked out for great things," etc., etc.), the more need there is that you should make for him a warm, cheery, magnetic home ; that you should endeavour to interest him in all common human concerns ; that you should surround him with people whom he may heartily admire ; that you should teach him to see the faults of those whom he loves, but in such a way as not to undermine his reverence for what is good in them ; that you should make him feel how much injury is done, both to the comfort of others and to his own spiritual state, by the neglect of small duties and of routine acts of courtesy, and by the habit of indulging every passing temper and emotion ; and, above all, that you should carefully avoid putting a premium upon religious sentiments, or upon great and sudden efforts either of self-denial or of self-control.

Perhaps this may be the fittest place in which to say a few words about a question which has been often asked by theologians who are arguing for the necessity of an authoritative standard in religious matters, but which has never, so far as I am aware, been answered in a manner likely to be satisfactory or intelligible to those who are not themselves students of scientific psychology.

The objects, it is said, for which a man will feel most reverence and most affection, will depend on the nature of his own tastes and habits. Does it follow that I am in a truly religious frame of mind because my organ of veneration or benevolence is in an active condition ? Are not all heathenism and all maudlin sentimentality caused by the excitement of religious and amiable, and even *moral*, sentiments in connection with unworthy objects ?

The answer usually given by phrenologists is, in substance, this :

"Man possesses an organ of veneration. He worships by means of it. If it is educated, he worships the right thing. But the organ requires to be educated ; or else, if it is large he will worship the wrong thing, and if it is small he will worship nothing at all."

"But" (I can well imagine an uninitiated inquirer to ask) "in what does this education which you advise consist ? Who shall decide whether it is being carried on aright ? What shall be the standard of it ? How will you recognise the right object of worship ? "

I answer : False religious teaching may indeed stimulate any one or more of the religious and moral sentiments. And in the course of a child's education, every portion of its moral nature may be stimulated in turn, by the presentation of a variety of objects, none of which is nevertheless the true and ultimate object of worship.

But a healthy mental education must consist in training the whole of the religious and moral feelings into *consentaneous* and harmonious action, and in subjecting all the rest of the mind to their control.

The Deity, then, for whom the science of psychology cries out, is one for whom every human being, be the quality of his mind and the nature of his tastes what they may, can feel the utmost degree of reverence of which his nature is capable. And the true Deity must not only *be* but *do*. He must do acts such as men can try to imitate, and the imitation of which will train men in truthfulness and kindness. He must be one to whom every human being can *trust*, trust fully and entirely, for now and for ever ; for daily bread and for eternal salvation ; for himself and for every creature that is dear to him, and for every cause which is sacred to him ; the mother for her reprobate son, and the child for its dying canary ; the Jew for his nation and the Catholic for his Church ; the politician for the interests which he represents, and the student for the advancement of science. Trust, not with the passive mystic self-abnegation of a Brahmin ; but with a confidence which encourages every aspiration of the heart and quickens it into a hope, and which steadies vague impulses into persevering exertion.

Every sick nurse ought to know that there are great numbers of people in the world who, without saying much about it, cherish secretly for the pursuit to which they have devoted their lives, a feeling which is a sort of compound of the feeling of St. Paul for Christ, of the psalmists for Zion, and of a tigress for her cubs. I do not pretend to say how far it is wholesome or right that this should be the case. I only say it is so. Our business is to treat rightly the facts which we find ; and this class of facts we often treat very wrongly. When an enthusiast such as I have been speaking of becomes ill in body and prostrate in mind, and yet, as often happens, clings only more feverishly than ever to his beloved idea, when he is depressed by his own inability to serve any longer the cause to which he has dedicated his life, and made still more wretched perhaps by the reflection that the interests of that cause are suffering, as he supposes, in inefficient hands ; if then the theologian can tell the patient that He who made the beauty and truth which he sees must know best how and when to manifest them to the world, that He who inspired his own passionate love must himself care too much for the sacred cause to allow it to be compromised by any one's follies ; and that God is sending him an interval of sickness as a rest or as a discipline for himself, in order to fit him to serve that cause better, in this world or some

other, than he has ever yet been able to do, the theologian will indeed have brought a gospel to the man, and I am sure that, even if the doctor does not himself share the clergyman's faith, he will welcome him as his best ally. But if the clergyman can tell the patient no better news than that God counts science foolishness and art vanity, and that He expects people on their sick-beds to leave off caring for earthly concerns and to twist themselves into a state of fuss about their own souls, then really I do not think the good man ought to wonder if science, in the person of the doctor, should, without entering into metaphysical discussions, order him and his theology off the premises.

A man who is passionately devoted to any cause cannot begin suddenly to care about his own safety. He could not do it if he were well and strong ; still less can he do it when he is restless and weak. And if he could, it is the very last thing he should be encouraged to do, for the sake of his health both of body and mind.

You see that medical science, though it can teach no true theology, is yet possessed of a rigid test for the detection of false *religions*. Any religion, wherever it may profess to come from, which causes a man to feel that the common business of life is unworthy of his most hearty and persevering attention, which diminishes his respect for law and order, or his desire to copy any form of natural or ideal beauty, which discourages him in any hope, which weakens his trust in God or his love for any living creature, above all which lessens his reverence for any truth or goodness, is in so far, and to that man, a *false religion* —that is to say, it is no true revelation to him of his Maker, Redeemer, and Teacher.

This is the message of Science to the religious world ; and this, it seems to me, she should have cried aloud till every pulpit in Christendom shook with the sound. She should have long ago flung down the gauntlet and announced herself as divinely commissioned to put the false gods to flight, leaving the clergy to find the true God where they can. But no, Science (God bless her!) has one great fault: a certain assumed and Quaker-like impassiveness, which is misleading to those who do not know what lies hidden underneath. If she is not exactly a coward (and she has shown herself brave enough at times), she has at least that quietness of nature which is akin to, and which looks like, cowardice. She has no particular dislikes or prejudices. She would live in peace with any neighbour who would consent to let her and hers alone. "The only form of fighting which interest me," she says, "is man's fight with the forces of Nature." She will bear any amount of insult and slander without a word of retort or

even of explanation. Only, when she perceives that anybody is going to do harm to those to whom she has undertaken to do good, she is apt sometimes to say in a certain significant and deadly fashion of her own, "Friend, thee isn't wanted *here*."* Whether the wholesome indignation which found intelligible expression in the shape of a "whip of small cords" may not have been on the whole more divine and more merciful than this sort of superhuman calmness is a question which I do not feel called on to discuss. All I want to do is to make you understand, as far as I can, the facts of the world in which we are living, and the motives which are swaying the minds of those men whose orders, as doctors, we have to carry out, whose nerves, as patients, we have to soothe, and whose children and successors we have to train to take their part in the struggle which is coming.

People who are beginning to see the cruelty and folly of the system of mutual interference which is being carried on between philosophers and theologians and the students of physical science often ask, as if in a sort of despair : "Why is the truth so difficult to arrive at ? Why are people so differently constituted ? Why are good and earnest men allowed to misunderstand and torture each other as they do ? " It is never worth while to dogmatise about why God does things. But the fact that good people are so made as to be hardly capable of understanding each other or of seeing things in the same light, seems to me to be the crowning proof of the great laws which we have been tracing all along, viz., that the truth shall never be arrived at by any form of *merely intellectual* exertion ; and that every step we take in intellectual and spiritual progress shall throw a fresh strain upon, and necessitate a more constant activity of, the moral faculties—shall involve, that is to say, a more complete and absolute self-surrender.

An agricultural labourer, for instance, or an uneducated mechanic, is seldom required† to make any higher moral effort than is involved in curbing his temper and appetites for the comfort of his family, or at the most in sacrificing the material welfare of those dear to him for the sake of honesty and truth. God forbid that I should suggest that the struggle may not sometimes be a severe one, but it is not at least a very complicated one. The thing he has to do is a simple thing enough. He knows exactly what he has to do, and why ; and the cases will be comparatively rare in which he can be troubled by any doubt that, if he can only manage to do it at all, he will be thereby serving God, drawing closer the bond between himself and all that is good, and growing

*See the story of the Quaker in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
†All this was written many years ago. Things have changed.

in favour with most of those whose good opinion is of any real importance to him. If he feels combatively inclined, he must indeed keep his instincts so far in check as to avoid quarrelling with the people in his own immediate neighbourhood ; but he can harmlessly exercise them by indulging in virtuous indignation against those of whom he really knows nothing ; such as the Pope, for instance, who lives a long way off ; or that indefinite personality, "the Infidel." His prejudices do little harm either to himself or to any one else. In fact, the Infidel and the Pope are for him quite mythical personages, and serve the purpose of a safety-valve for surplus animal antagonism, just as the "devil" does at a revival meeting. But the case is different when a man has once been called to the life of a leader in the world of thought. Then this awful choice is put before him : either he must leave half his work undone ; or else he must bear to hear all that is dearest and most sacred to him, all on which he founds his trust for the present and his hopes for the future, denied, mocked at, and blasphemed ; and he must keep his temper still, and be "all things to all men," and acknowledge that the blasphemers are as good men as himself, and quite as much in earnest, and just as much as himself taught of God, and commissioned moreover by God to teach him. I have spoken of the respective moral effects of food which is, and of that which is not, over-tender and too easy of digestion. Well, picture to yourselves an eager nervous child made to sit still and grind up slowly a plate full of roast-beef, while he is longing to be allowed to swallow down a bit of minced meat, and have done with it, and rush off after some project which appears most important to his excited imagination ; magnify the picture a million times ; and then you will get some idea of what is going on in the studies of great authors all around you.

But a suggestion of another answer to the question why thinking men are allowed to misunderstand and worry one another has sometimes presented itself to me.

The wars of men, and the extraordinary state of confusion into which the cleverest of them sometimes get their affairs, have often turned out to be heaven-sent opportunities for women to rise out of their dollish idleness, their moral cowardice, and their slavery to fashion. I feel, I confess, not so sanguine as some people do as to the results of what is called the "Rights of Women Movement." But I am very glad that it occurred to Florence Nightingale, when the masculine authorities had got things in general into a muddle in the Crimea, to go and nurse the sick ; even though her doing so involved her overstepping the limits which the prejudices of her time imposed on the activity of ladies. And I think that

the position of women has been wonderfully improved ever since she did so. And when you read what that arch-heretic Ernest Renan says of isolation, and of lonely labours, and of the misrepresentation and persecution which a thinker suffers, for the sake of that portion of truth which God has committed into his hands, do you not feel as if God had made you women, and prevented you from being preachers or bishops, just on purpose that you might be able to sympathise with the man in his sorrow, and (should opportunity offer) to comfort and help him, without being obliged to express any opinions about miracles ?

Therefore, if any of you should happen to have a husband, a brother, a physician, a friend, for whose character you cannot help feeling reverence, while yet his unbelief for what you have been taught to consider fundamental truths shocks you, may I hope that you will let nobody's prejudices induce you to deal with him otherwise than very gently. Few things in history are sadder or more sublime than the lives of some of those great men, who, having met the Holy Lord of Nature in a mountain alone, and caught a glimpse of His awful glory, have trodden under foot what none could have made better use of than they, in their wrath against some false likeness of Him which they have found set up on the altar under the name of "Saviour" !

Only fancy letting one's self be "saved" by the Christ of certain religious sects out of the hands of the "Unseen Lord of Life" of Hahnemann's "Organon of Medicine!"

If you ever have to do with such a man as I have been describing, let him see by all means that you think him in the wrong. Use your influence to induce him to listen to what true and right-minded Christians say. Help him to find out how he may demolish the idol without destroying the gold. But do not condemn him to loneliness of heart in this world, or threaten him with everlasting destruction in the next. Remember our Teuton ancestresses, those grand women in the German forests. It was to interpose their loving hearts between the combatants that they rushed on to the field of battle, not to stir up strife. It was to heal the wounds that the heroes inflicted on each other, not to drop in poison. Or, at the worst, if they felt that there was a needs-be for the conflict, they went to give courage to the husbands and fathers who were fighting for their freedom, not to frighten and perplex them with tales about the terrors of a future life. And remember that the man Jesus whom priests could never have invented, and who, as they profess to think, still keeps the keys of that unknown future about which they talk so glibly, He has promised that every manner of sin shall be forgiven unto men

except blasphemy against the inspirations of the Father who is Love.

How, while so much about which we are all agreed is waiting to be done, any one who really cares either for Christ in heaven, or for anything worth caring about on earth, can keep aloof from his neighbours and refuse their help for the sake of any, even the most important, difference of opinion, puzzled me, I confess, a good deal at one time. Politics, education, literature, science, and art, seem to me like the dumb creatures in the Northern Saga, "looking out for the Redeemer"—looking for a leader, a purpose, and a common tie. But they will never be brought to acknowledge that the highest purpose of man upon earth is to persuade his Creator to alter His mind. They are willing, I am sure, to own as their leader and teacher Him (call Him by what name you may) who came to do God's will, the whole of it, with all His body and soul, by caring for the bodies and souls of others at all costs to His own. But they never will consent to accept as His representative any Church which teaches that some of God's laws are holy and the rest profane; which neglects men's bodies while it cramps their souls.

We trusted that it was He who should have redeemed them.

Yes, and He will redeem them yet from all their evils.

"In God's Own time, but yet awhile
Our bark at sea must ride;
Cast after cast, by force or guile
All waters must be tried.
And if, for our unworthiness,
Toil, prayer, and watching fail,
In disappointment He can bless
So love at heart prevail."

Only do not fail till you are sure you must. Do not import into your creed any sort of article about "believing in" the devil. Remember that "of all ways of breaking the third commandment, the most blasphemous is, when you have lost a child because there was a dunghill at your door, to sit down and talk of resigning yourself to the will of Providence, instead of clearing away the dunghill before you lose another."

Do not be discouraged because things refuse to go the way that you expect or want them to go. What we call a disappointment often means that the finest seed of our harvest has fallen and sown itself before we were aware that it had ripened. None are so likely to reap in joy as those whose seed is thus sown for them without their knowledge while they are weeping at its loss. "Never be afraid to give up your best, and God will give you His better."

Do not be more angry than you can help with those whom God uses as instruments by means of which to give you "His better" ; remember Renan's summing up of history : that when we all meet in the eternal city, the persecuted will thank the persecutor for helping him to his crown.

Do not be forgetful—and especially do not fear—to entertain in your minds and homes those whose modes of speech are strange to you ; "for by so doing some have entertained messengers unawares"—messengers from God to themselves ; or perchance messengers from themselves to those for whose welfare they are anxious, but whose hearts they know not how to reach.

Do not be deterred from anything you want to do by sneers about being Quixotic and wanting the millennium. There is nothing disgraceful in wanting the millennium, provided that you are modest enough to own that you have not got it. And if a thing wants doing, it is a strange reason to give for not doing it, that the doing of it would make the world more like the millennium !

Do not—until the millennium has arrived, and there are no more sick or cross babies—think you cannot help in the progress of humanity because you are not allowed to do things that men can do ; or because, when you have obtained the right, you find you lack the power. The woman who is said to be blessed among all women was no political agitator or heroine of competitive examinations ; but a working-man's wife with just enough of learning to know how not to talk when things were going on that she did not understand. And those who honour her most represent her with no crown but the stars ; with a baby in her arms, and the world with all its glories under her feet.

And don't be *afraid*. Men are always telling us, in all sorts of different ways, what Manoah told his wife, that we shall *die* if we *see*. But she knew better* than to believe that God would grant knowledge to, or accept sacrifices from, creatures whom He was minded to destroy.

"Serve God and fear no man" ; and "don't believe in anything worse than your*self*" ; not in anything, whether visible or invisible, whether walking on two legs or on six. "I know worse of myself than I do of any other animal," I heard a learned divine say in answer to a child's question about the future fate of her pets. And I know worse of myself, and, to judge from your own confessions, I should say some of you know worse of yourselves than any of us do of Lucifer. It is possible, of course, that Lucifer may, like ourselves, have got into mischief from vanity and self-will when some one was giving his life to keep him out ; indeed

*Judges xiii, 22, 23.

Nature is so alike all through that I think it is highly likely ; but then you see we can't *know* that of him ; and we often learn that it is true of ourselves by sad experience, and quite apart from any doctrinal teaching.

Never fancy you believe anything merely on the ground that it is logically proved. For the upshot of all sound logic is to prove that nothing can be proved ; that every valid conclusion is a re-statement of the premisses in another form ; and that any conclusion which goes beyond that is unwarranted. And if I were asked to point out the two greatest benefactors to humanity that this century has produced, I think I should be inclined to mention Mr. Babbage, who made a machine for working out series ; and Mr. Jevons, who made a machine for stringing together syllogisms. Between them they have conclusively proved, by the unanswerable logic of facts, that calculation and reasoning, like weaving and ploughing, are work, not for human souls, but for clever combinations of iron and wood. If you spend time in doing work that a machine could do faster than yourselves, it should only be for exercise, as you swing dumb-bells ; or for amusement, as you dig in your garden ; or to soothe your nerves by its mechanicalness, as you take up your knitting ; not in any hope of so working your way to the truth. You can get anything you please by artificial arrangements, whether of matter or of ideas ; any *thing*, that is, any inorganic transformation of already existing materials ; any thing you please, except *growth*. To develop that, you must sacrifice *things* ; to develop it in perfection, you must be prepared to sacrifice, if need be, all sorts of things, physical and intellectual ; and even sometimes some things which seem like moral and religious good.

Nothing is easier than to build up by logic a consistent-looking scheme of religion and morals, which will seem perfect till some one happens to change your premisses, and then will crumble. Life, the life which uses all material, and repairs waste, and re-forms all that has decayed, consists in forces that work invisibly and bring about perpetual change. And when the strain of all this change comes on you, you will need, not beliefs accepted in lazy dependence on other people's reasoning, but the faith which is the answer to sacrifice and prayer. How sorely you may need that faith, how sorely or how soon, God only knows. The life of a woman who dares to study freely will be for many generations to come, I fear (as I am sure you have already found out that it is in this generation), a stormy one. What matter, so the storm bring us at last to the haven where we would be.

At last ? No, but at once. For the wildest hurricane has a still

centre of calm progress which those may find who have courage to steer straight through across the wind. And this *is* Eternal Life ; to know the "I am," the only true God, the God who reveals Himself in the forces of Nature to those who are studying how to benefit mankind ; and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

APPENDIX

On Phrenology

The principles which seem to lie beneath all practical rules for mental treatment might be expressed in phrenological language thus :

First.—Any mental act of self-renunciation is performed by means of, and puts into a state of activity some portion of the so-called "religious and moral" region of the brain.

The religious and moral region is thus divided by phrenologists. Benevolence, imitation, and trust in front ; hope, conscientiousness, and firmness or perseverance behind, and veneration in the middle. In any state except that of perfect health, that is to say, in any state of which we have practical experience, some of these organs are too inactive. A great part of our business, either as educators or as sick nurses, consists in finding out which of them are so, and devising means of arousing them.

The classification above given is of course a rough and imperfect one. The different faculties shade gradually into one another, and embrace within the sphere of their action every form of self-renunciation. Some part, for instance, of the faculty called conscientiousness is at work when you act in obedience to the routine of a household, or to the conventionalities of society ; unless, indeed, submission to them has become so thoroughly habitual and unreasoning as to be entirely the gratification and in no sense the sacrifice of the impulse of the moment.

Second.—A moral and non-moral organ may be excited by the same objects ; and the outward manifestation of the action of the two is often so similar that it is difficult to distinguish between them, even in one's self, and still more in another person. Both may concur to induce a particular line of conduct. Who can tell, for instance, how much of his own or another's fearlessness of action is due to trust in God, and how much to self-confidence ? This same sort of alliance often takes place between conscientiousness and order, between firmness and combativeness, between hope and acquisitiveness, between veneration and the instinctive love of parents, between benevolence and philoprogenitiveness, etc.

It is difficult, as I said, to distinguish between the action of a moral and of a non-moral organ. But there is always this radical difference, viz., that, whereas the action of a non-moral organ merely implies the yielding to an impulse or the exercise of a faculty, the action of a moral one always supposes a willingness to sacrifice something to an object of some sort.

Thus, order is the organ by which you perceive the beauty of regularity. If your organ of order is large, you naturally like to do things in an orderly manner, and feel uncomfortable when they are not so done. But conscientiousness is always more or less at work when you give up an employment which, for the moment, you would prefer to continue, or make an exertion, in itself disagreeable to you, for the sake of regularity.

The impulse to caress a child for the mere pleasure of doing it, and apart from the thought of its pleasure, is philoprogenitiveness. But the desire to comfort it, to see it happy, is benevolence.

If you have certain organs at the back of your head large, you will by instinct cling to the opinions of the teachers to whom you are accustomed, and dislike to hear the contrary ones expressed. But if you check a thought which arises in your mind, or reject an opinion which you yourself would otherwise be inclined to adopt, by the reflection that your parents are more likely to be right than yourself, your veneration is more or less at work.

Combativeness is the impulse to resist outside influences merely as such. Firmness is the resolution to resist both impulses from within and influence from without for the sake of a purpose (of any purpose whatever, good or bad).

Ideality is the power so to group together in one's mind isolated points (either of form or of character) as to bring out of them a mental image of a harmonious whole. Imitation is the organ by which we select from the resources (material or spiritual) at our command precisely those elements, not which seem to us to possess any intrinsic superiority or attractiveness, but which will best serve for the purpose of copying a pattern, whether it exist as a material entity or only as an ideal in our own imagination. Its exercise, therefore, often necessarily involves somewhat of sacrifice, and always a great deal of surrender of immediate impulses.

Phrenologists usually have not included *imitation* in the list of religious organs ; I am unable to conjecture why. In point of position, it lies between benevolence and trust ; and it is, like them, in actual contact with veneration. In fact, in order to exclude it, the makers of busts have been obliged to turn in the imaginary line which bounds the so-called "religious group" at a sharp angle. The Christian Scripture recognises the effort to grow like God, to acquire certain qualities because they are His, as being worship ; quite as clearly so, I think, as it does prayer or faith or charity. And no one, who has studied the effect of example on children, can doubt that this organ possesses a very high degree of vitalising power.

It is obvious that no one can possibly live a life much higher than that of a sea anemone without exercising in some measure the "moral" part of his brain ; without, that is to say, receiving some sort of moral culture. No matter how selfish may have been your motive for originally choosing a certain plan of life for yourself, the fact of sacrificing your subsequent impulses for the sake of the rule which you have laid down, calls into action your perseverance and conscientiousness. No matter how purely intellectual may have been the process by which you arrived at a belief in any law of nature, the act of sacrificing an immediate and obvious benefit for the sake of the greater benefit which you expect to receive through obeying the law, is an act of hope. No

matter how instinctive and animal may have been at first the nature of your clinging to your child ; you can hardly try to keep it alive, even for the mere gratification of that clinging instinct, without some desire being awakened in you to make it happy, or at least comfortable. And that desire is benevolence.

We hear it said sometimes that such a man is "utterly atheistic," or that such a woman is "utterly selfish." Both are simply impossible phrenologically. No man or woman can live without doing a variety of acts, the original motive for which may indeed be purely selfish and godless, but the performing of which necessitates putting the brain into a state which is for the moment a state of devotion, and therefore bringing the nervous system under the action of some feeling of a moral and religious nature. The individual may not know that this is so. But the thing actually is, whether we know it or not.

And even the apparent anomalies of a character must often conduce more or less to its education in a moral direction. Suppose a child to have both combativeness and the organs of family affection large ; cases will constantly arise in which his two strong impulses will come into collision. At last one or other of them will be more or less deliberately and consciously sacrificed to the other. Therefore, either his firmness or his veneration will be brought into play.

Third.—Other things being equal, the nearer an organ lies to the central organ (veneration) the greater its power of attracting vitality directly from the outside ; and the less therefore its action needs, or uses, of vitality supplied from the other parts of the brain or frame.

I say *other things being equal.* For the natural size of an organ, its healthiness, and the regularity with which it has been exercised, all tend to affect what we may call its "magnetising power" (its power, that is, of attracting vitality from the outside). A great difference in size, healthiness, etc., may suffice to more than counterbalance a difference of position. A man may be in such a state of mind that the enjoyment of music is more essential to his health and more soothing to his nerves, and even gives him a more vivid sense of the Presence of God than any exercise of kindly feelings *of which he is at the time capable.* His organ of tune is large, active, and healthy ; his benevolence is small and inactive, or perhaps has been made morbid by some injudicious management in childhood, or by the indulgence of abnormal and unwholesome sentimentality in youth. Perhaps, too, he has been so accustomed to think of music as connected with worship that the exercise of tune naturally excites veneration itself more than does benevolence, which he has only used spasmodically and not in any religious connection. Music may be to him really a more religious exercise than benevolence, for the time being. Are we to suppose, therefore, that listening to music will do for him what an opportunity for showing kindness would do for a man whose life had hitherto been spent in the exercise of active charity ? By no means. It is impossible that the organ of tune can ever possess as high a magnetising power as benevolence would do if it were in anything approaching to a healthy condition. The main business of an educator is, in all cases, to get into good working order those organs most especially which are, from their position, most capable of being made to exercise a good influence on the health. But when delirium is threatening a patient, or when his life is in immediate danger, the peculiarities of the actual case must

often outweigh for the time all general principles. You must then do, for the moment, whatever is likely to prove most immediately beneficial; and put off till he is stronger any consideration about the course which is most useful in the long run. You must excite whatever organ you find has at the moment most power to steady his brain or to revive his strength.

Fourth.—The organs which lie towards the front magnetise in a different manner from those behind. In fact, each organ seems to attract its own special kind of magnetism. Each does something for the general health which no other could do; and the exercise of each in turn and under proper conditions is beneficial. But the organs in front give a higher kind of energy than those behind, and, in a highly civilised man, magnetise faster. But the exercise of some portion or other of the back of the head is essential to even a moderate degree of health. No amount of benevolence, veneration, or trust will keep steady a character in which conscientiousness, firmness, self-esteem, love of approbation, caution, etc., have all been allowed to remain inactive. Whereas conscientiousness, if in a state of healthy activity, may be made to supply in some degree the place of all the rest. And this I mean not only in guiding the actions, but also in bracing the nerves.

Fifth.—Other things being equal, the sensibility of a patient to human *physical* magnetism is in inverse ratio to the amount of vital force supplied by means of the stomach and lungs. That is to say, the more delicately you are framed, and the less you eat and walk and live in fresh air, the more power a mesmeriser will have to produce or change physical symptoms in you; and the more sensitive also you will be to the effect (pleasant or the reverse) of the touch of particular persons. This is only an approximation to a law. Habit and many other things increase or diminish the sensitiveness to magnetism; and therefore I say *other things being equal.*

Sixth.—Other things being equal, the susceptibility to human *mental* influence, or "biology" (as it is technically called), is in inverse ratio to the average amount of vital force supplied through the brain.

Children are more subject to what is called "thought-reading," *i.e.*, to reproducing unconsciously the unspoken thoughts of those about them, than adults. Stupid, idle, vacant-minded men or frivolous or self-indulgent women are the readiest victims of the biologiser. People who abstain from worldly occupations and interests in the name of religion, but without being filled by any strong faith or purpose, commonly find that their "spiritual state" (as they call it) depends on the "spiritual state" of their pastor, and on the frequency and intimacy of their relations with him. Any faith or purpose repels biologic influence. The less earnest are led away by the more earnest. Men of weak faith and idle minds make popes of men of resolution and courage, and still more readily of men of strong faith and great devotion; whereas the latter are seldom given to the setting up of human idols. Devout and studious Catholics do, it is true, maintain as a dogma the infallibility of the far-off Pope who does not interfere with them except on rare occasions. But devout and earnest men, whether Catholic or Protestant, very commonly differ in opinion from the ecclesiastical superior with whom they come into most immediate contact; and even from the saint whose character they most reverence. Whereas weak and idle people, with a physical craving for something to worship, but without any

great faith in God, fight in defence of the infallibility of their own particular confessor or preacher. Devotion and moral earnestness not only give you biologic power over others, but they tend also to enable you to resist the mental influence of others over yourself. It is often observed that "anybody can wind an obstinate man round his finger." The reason is, I suppose, that obstinacy is compounded of much combativeness and little firmness; it gives therefore comparatively little brain power, and leaves the man an easy subject of biologic influence.

Seventh.—the vitality imparted by a regular exercise of the brain is, of course, more directly adapted to produce intellectual, that supplied by the stomach to produce physical, vigour. Some kinds of morbific influence are more repelled by the one, and some by the other. But as all the nerve centres are in direct communication, any steady increase of power in either of them is a gain to the whole system. No one who is afraid of infection should go into a fever-room; and no one at all should go in while he is fasting or over-tired. The depression of fear, and that caused by want of food, alike increase the chance of taking the fever, or rather diminish the resisting power, fear being not an over-exercise of caution, but the impulsive and unregulated action of caution unbalanced by trust, hope, etc. On the other hand, a hungry child, and one who has just been in a very naughty temper, are equally unfit for study, and equally likely to be over-tired and injured by it.

Eighth.—*Other things being equal,* the quicker and fuller the pulse the greater is the power of the brain for receiving and imparting vitality; but the greater also is the waste going on through the whole system, and the greater the need of a steady supply. Semi-intoxication, therefore, is often apparently a source of, in reality a condition favourable to, poetic inspiration. Therefore, also, a fever is often a season of wonderful intellectual and moral progress. But whenever a patient's pulse is quicker and stronger than usual, you need to be especially careful to keep up a constant sense of submission and trust; first, lest he should fly off at a tangent into some actively mischievous vagary; and, secondly, in order to prevent him from wasting his strength, and being left in an exhausted condition when the excitement is over.

Ninth.—Strong excitement of any organ of the brain tends to stimulate to action those nearest to it.

Tenth.—Picture a set of telegraphic wires proceeding from a common battery, and then imagine the electric spark jumping backwards and forwards from one wire to another. I do not know whether this is a scientifically correct analogy of what I want to point out, but I think it will at least help to make clear something which I can neither describe nor explain, but which any one who is at all nervous or overworked must often have experienced—a sensation as if thoughts were jumping about in one's head, or as if two unconnected parts of the brain were trying to work simultaneously or alternately, and each interrupting the action of the other. Many people imagine this painful and most injurious double action of the brain to be due entirely to physical causes. This is a mistake. Physical weakness fosters it indeed; but its causes are moral, or rather immoral. The habits of mind which chiefly tend to produce it are, I think, these: Duplicity; intellectual exertion under the pressure of fear; a specially *high order* of intellectual exertion stimulated by ambition; allowing the mind to wander purposelessly from one subject to another without a settled plan or object; indecision; trying

to do two things at once ; allowing an idea to haunt one during work.

A little reflection is sufficient to show that a habitual sense of reverence for one's duty and of trust in God would suffice to eliminate almost entirely out of one's life these causes of mischief.

There is another fruitful cause of the same evil, *i.e.*, interruptions from without of a train of thought. But even this is less injurious if one steadily remembers that it is one's duty not to let it distract one. As a matter of fact, many of the most clear-headed men live a life of incessant interruption from business callers.

Any one tolerably familiar with both phrenological analysis and the details of Darwin's theory, would find it an interesting task to try to trace out some of the steps by which the peculiar circumstances of women, and the physical infirmities and faults of character which result from those circumstances, have led to their becoming more "religious" (or, as I would prefer to say, more emotionally and consciously religious) than men usually are.

Such an inquiry would be too long and intricate to enter on here. It is sufficient to say, that when phrenologists assert that one cannot use the moral and religious organs too constantly, they do not mean that it is not possible to be too religious in a conscious way. One's ideas on the subject become clearer if one thinks of the moral organs as forming a sort of magnetic lungs, standing in something like the same relation to the brain and nervous system as the air-lungs do to the vascular system.

It is possible, of course, to excite the lungs themselves, by the direct application of stimulus, to irregular, spasmodic, or over-violent action. Sometimes the congestion or torpidity of one portion of the lungs throws too much work on the rest, and makes them gasp restlessly and obtrusively. Moreover, we cannot increase the real power of the lungs except by slow degrees, by means of regular exercise persevered in steadily. It sometimes happens that a person of delicate constitution, having been ordered muscular exercise and bracing treatment with a view to increase the receptive power of the lungs and stomach, fancies that he can hasten this increase by subjecting himself to an amount of exertion and of cold for which he is, as yet, unfit. By so doing he temporarily excites the lungs ; but the ultimate result is that he weakens the whole frame, lungs included ; and thus, in the long run, diminishing instead of increasing their power. He may even inflame and permanently injure the lungs. The most healthy condition is one in which the whole lungs are at every moment in a state of calm activity ; and in which the effect of every muscular exertion is to produce a corresponding increase in the depth of the respirations. This normal action of the lungs is spontaneous, and accompanied by no consciousness of their action except on occasion of unusually severe exertion. One great test of a healthy régime is that it shall favour this normal action of the lungs. A test of healthy treatment for an invalid is that it shall steadily increase the capacity of the lungs and cause them to take in more and more air per hour (see "Combe's Physiology"). One great object of voluntary exercise of the limbs is to increase the power of involuntary and unconscious action of the lungs.

Which things are a parable. Man being, however, as to his moral development, in a transition state, we should compare our nerve lungs not to our own air lungs or stomach, but to those of some lower animal.

A few minutes of mere impulse and self-will do not perceptibly harm us ; neither do a few hours' smothering hurt a toad, or a few days' starvation a tiger. A man possessed of strong animal vitality may drag on a half-torpid existence for years, in a condition approaching to, though never quite reaching, utter selfishness; but no child can grow up healthy who is not kept occupied about something out of himself.

A Christian poet has very truly told us that communion with God is our "vital breath" and our "native air." I cannot help feeling tempted sometimes to ask certain preachers what they would think of a teacher of hygiene, who, not content with impressing on his hearers the importance of keeping the lungs active, insisted on putting children through a regimen devised for the express purpose of making them immediately *conscious* of the action of the lungs !

NOTES

Note 1

RESPIRATION, though not in the strictest sense a voluntary movement, is, to a certain extent, controlled directly by the will.

Note 2

It does not follow that fishes are wholly incapable of feeling. Nature accomplishes the same end by different instruments in different classes of beings.

Note 3

The automatic convulsive movement produced by tickling is one of the most exhausting forms of all physical exertion ; and it is so, I suppose, for this reason, that the will or mind not being aroused (that is to say, the outer brain not being excited), the motive power has to be entirely generated out of the resources of the automatic brain.

Note 4

In the bust published by Dr. L. Fowler, the organs immediately round Veneration are thus named :—Benevolence, Imitation, Faith or Trust, Hope, Conscientiousness, and Firmness or Perseverance. The organ of Imitation is not usually included in the *lists* of "moral organs" ; but the important point to consider is, of course, the natural position of the organs, not any artificial classification. The subject is more fully discussed in the Appendix on Phrenology.

Note 5

After explaining that mental activity and increased circulation through the brain are found to accompany each other, Combe goes on to remark : "The well-known impulse given to thought and feeling by wine and other stimulants, which act chiefly by increasing the flow of blood to the brain, is but another example of the operation of the same general law ; and goes far to justify the opinion of Dr. Caldwell, that if it were possible, without doing an injury to other parts, to

augment the constant afflux of healthy arterial blood to the brain, the mental operations would be invigorated by it."—A. Combe's "Physiology," ch. xiii.

Note 6

Contagious fevers are the result of "specific germs." And no doubt it will be a good thing to get rid of these germs as soon as we have found out how to do so. But in the meantime they may have their uses. No one who knows Darwin's works needs to be told that great results for human progress are brought about by the production of enormous numbers of creatures of low type. And, moreover, it is not yet proved that when we have obtained a complete mastery over contagious fevers, we shall therefore have rid the world of the condition called "fever"; nor that we should be any gainers if we did get altogether rid of it.

Note 7

On strictly Hahnemannian principles, smallpox and scarlatina should be treated, not as evils, but as heaven-sent opportunities for the elimination of chronic taints in the blood; and are dangerous chiefly because not so treated. According to this view, the specific virus or ferment of each zymotic disease is the true homœopathic antidote to some kind of inherited taint; when medical science is more advanced and knows how to use its weapons, no one will be the worse for an attack of any eruptive fever; and so far from outbreaks of epidemic being considered as misfortunes, they will then be hailed as occasions for ridding the community of ill-effects left by the vices and errors of former generations. I had the honour of being the patient by whose bed-side, and for whose benefit, this startling application of the homœopathic law was worked out. Whether it was then really original, or whether the idea had all along been in Hahnemann's mind, I do not know; but I have often heard my father relate that when he suggested it in Hahnemann's presence, the old man sprang from his chair, caught the speaker in his arms, and exclaimed, "Vous êtes mon vrai, mon cher disciple." It is certain that, *under favourable circumstances and skilful treatment*, eruptive fevers are often more than merely harmless; they produce a marked improvement in health. But, with all due respect to the illustrious leader and his enthusiastic disciple, it would seem to me rather wild, at our present stage of progress, to set up an anti-prophylactic or anti-vaccination propaganda, on the strength of isolated instances of success in turning into good apparent evil. A later student of homœopathy suggested to me an idea about fever which, if less thorough than the one sanctioned by Hahnemann, appears, for the present, safer to act on, viz., that fever itself is not a disease, but a crisis of development which may be converted into an illness by any accident, such as over-fatigue, a latent tendency to chronic disease, bad hygienic conditions, *or the presence of some specific contagion*. Gastric fever, for instance, he considered, to be a crisis of development in the individual complicated by indigestion; an epidemic he thought a sort of crisis of development in the community, which has become complicated by the presence of contagion, and which makes a favourable opportunity for the spread of contagion. He told me that many people have genuine fever pure and simple, without any of these complications;

the attack being sometimes accompanied by the same kind of general languor and cessation of certain physical functions as accompanies the change of skin in a caterpillar; but often occasioning so little disturbance that the individual is not aware of being ill. He thought it important that the symptoms of development-crisis should be distinguished from those of disease, and that the former should be as little as possible interfered with. So far from agreeing with the optimistic view of infection favoured by Hahnemann, he, I believe, considered that the presence of any specific contagious poison in the system, even under the most favourable circumstances, rather diminishes than increases the good done by the pure fever crisis. For myself I cannot pretend to have an opinion which theory of fever may be true. But as affording a parallel to certain differences in the attitude of moralists towards infanticide and other social evils, it is interesting to notice the divergences among physical reformers. There are those who propose to "stamp out" zymotic diseases by precautions directed against *those diseases themselves*. There are others, the "dreamers," the "derided" (are they indeed the "mad blind men that *see*" ?) who think that lower forms of life have no power over the higher if the latter be in a thoroughly healthy condition; that the germs of zymotic disease would not develop in an absolutely pure constitution; that infection is only possible because of some deep latent, inherited, perhaps unknown and unsuspected, taint in the blood; and that eruptive fevers are blessings in disguise, because the process of throwing off scarlatina or smallpox gives the doctor, if he knows his business, a chance of helping the patient to throw off the inherited taint as well. It is strange to see how completely the stampers-out of either physical or moral infection ignore the force of opposition which is generated against them by the presence in the minds of some of their antagonists of this belief, that visible infection is the heaven-ordained remedy for invisible evil; and that if we could stamp out one sort of infection, we should only impose on Providence the necessity (so to speak) of inflicting on us a severer remedy. (See "Life and Letters of James Hinton," pp. 352-356.)

SYMBOLICAL METHODS OF STUDY

This book was first printed in 1884 *and republished in* 1909

DEDICATION

TO SOME FORMER PUPILS OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

In days when the Universities were not open to women, Queen's College, under the presidency of Dr. Trench, was considered the pioneer of female education. By the time I made the acquaintance of "dear old Queen's" it was beginning to seem somewhat behind the age. Our doors had not yet been opened to the Examiner. We learned contentedly whatever our own professors saw fit to put before us, and never thought of going up for matriculation or degrees. Yet our teachers, the list of whom still contained such names as F. D. Maurice and Stopford Brooke, did somehow contrive to keep your young minds very full of not altogether uninteresting or profitless thought. The questions which you brought to me would have puzzled a wiser head than mine; and when I could not find answers for you, either in published books, in the suggestive sermons on National Religion preached at the West London Synagogue, or in the buried stores of the writings of members of my own family, I was obliged to apply for help either to the professors, or to my friend James Hinton. This little volume will, I hope, remind some of you of our happy Sunday evenings.

Yours affectionately,

MARY BOOLE.

PREFACE

THIS little volume is a humble attempt to reproduce in a form intelligible to young people the thoughts of some teachers of Symbolic Method of our time, as expressed in their conversation and letters.

Mr. Betts' theory of counterpart-forms, alluded to on p. 266, connects itself naturally with G. Boole's idea that the perfect friendship is that which exists between two persons of exactly opposite tastes, opinions, and habits of thought *harmonized by similar aims and views of life.* In Boole's logical equation, the $1-x$ (or *not-x*, or *polar-opposite of x*) must belong to, and be included in, the same "Universe of Thought," as the x itself. The pair of friends* who "stood back to back," stood, of course, on the same level and were in danger from the same foes. Mr. Betts seems to

*See p. 249.

recognize that the highest union of opposites possible at our present stage of development may be but a partial one; a fuller union than any we can conceive of now is to be entered into with the "counterpart hereafter": with the person who seems the incarnation of all that now we most hate, the thought which seems the denial of all that we believe.

Many philosophers have arrived, in different ways, at a perception of the truth that zero may have two totally different meanings; it may mean either negation or completion. Stillness may result either from the absence of force, or from a balance of compensating vibrations. Peace may come either from not being stimulated to think and feel at all, or from being stimulated to the intensest mental and moral activity by the presence of one's counterpart. Quiescence may be either death or a blissful Nirvana of activity in rest. The equation $0 = x\ (1 - x)$, or *zero equals anything fused with its polar-opposite*, might be called the equation of Nirvana, as opposed to *zero equals no specialization, no idiosyncrasy, no "wrongness,"* which is the equation of death.

The former is essentially equivalent to Oken's formula, that "the Eternal is the No thing of Nature . . . is one and the same with the zero of mathematics." And this zero of completed or compensated activity is to be always the starting-point of a new partial-activity, which must be again unified with its new polar-opposite.

One-sided activity, if at all intense, is felt by us as "evil." As the pessimists say, any form of activity or life is necessarily "evil"; any *one* form of activity must be so. Then comes the question—How shall we destroy "evilness"? By the destruction of that which is evil, so substituting for activity negation and death? Or by completing it with its polar-opposite "evil"? Is our fight with evilness to be carried on by the destruction of individual evils, or by finding the true counterpart of each and placing that counterpart in suitable juxtaposition with it? Is the result of our efforts after goodness to be the diminution of life, or development to a higher life; death, or a Nirvana of intenser activity? This appears to be the great question of Religion, of Medicine, of Education, of Government, of Art.

It seems to me advisable that those who will have to fight their way through the difficulties which beset the application of the scientific solution in particular cases should early learn to understand the general solution, as theoretically expressed, and to see how the great Masters of the Art of Thinking applied it in detail.

Lest it should be supposed that my own beloved teachers have led me to take too mystical a view of Science, I select the following

passages out of many which might be quoted, to prove that they were not singular in their opinion of the relation between mathematics and spiritual truth :

"Everything that is human is possessed of an infinite charm for the heart of man. We all belong to one another. In a certain point of view a hive of bees is only one multitudinous individual, and so is the family of Adam. Each of us is but a member, or a fibril, or a particle, infused with the common life of all. . . . We cannot a moment escape from the feeling of this pervading and inclusive existence. Even hatred and contempt cannot divorce us from the swarming individuality of human life. . . .

"Facts are the body of Science, and the idea of those facts is its spirit . . . It is not the mathematics, but a mathematical way of thinking ; not natural history, but a classified way of thinking ; not natural philosophy, but an inductive way of thinking, that are to be shed into the mind of the general student."—Samuel Brown, "Essay on the History of Science."

"Philosophy, as the science which embraces the principles of the Universe or world, is only a logical, which may perhaps conduct us to the real, conception.

"The Universe or world is the reality of mathematical ideas, or in simpler language, of mathematics.

"Philosophy is the recognition of mathematical ideas as constituting the world, or the repetition of the origin of the world in consciousness.

"Spirit is the motion of mathematical ideas ; Nature their manifestation.

"The philosophy of Spirit is the representation of the movements of ideas in consciousness.

"The philosophy of Nature (is) that of the phenomena or manifestations of ideas in consciousness.

"The whole of philosophy depends upon the demonstration of the parallelism that exists between the activities of Nature and of Spirit.

"Science is a series of necessarily interdependent and consecutive propositions, which rest upon a certain fundamental proposition.

"The mathematical is certain ; and by virtue of this character it stands also alone. Mathematics is the only true science . . . The fundamental propositions of mathematics must, therefore, be fundamental propositions for all other sciences also.

"Mathematics is, however, a science of mere forms without substance. Physio-philosophy" (*i.e.*, what we should call the

philosophy of physical Nature) "is, therefore, mathematics endowed with substance.

"The certainty of mathematical propositions depends upon no proposition being essentially different from another. Though there may be much that is diversified or heterogeneous, there is nothing new in mathematics.

"For to prove a mathematical proposition is to show (or demonstrate) that it is equivalent, *i.e.* of the same kind with another proposition. All mathematical propositions must consequently resemble a first proposition.

"Physio-philosophy must also show that all its propositions, or that all things, resemble each other, and, finally, some first proposition or thing.

"These natural propositions, or natural things, must, however, resemble also mathematical propositions, and depend, after all, upon fundamental mathematical propositions.

"Now, then, comes the question—What is the first principle of mathematics ?

"The highest mathematical idea, or the fundamental principle of all mathematics, is the zero=o.

"Mathematics is thus in possession of an eternal principle.

"Since all the sciences are equivalent to mathematics, Nature must also possess an eternal principle.

"The principle of Nature, or of the Universe, must be of one and the same kind with the principle of mathematics. For there cannot be two kinds . . . of eternities, nor of certainties. The highest unity of the universe is thus the Eternal. The Eternal is one and the same with the zero of mathematics. The Eternal and zero are only* denominations differing in accordance with their respective sciences, but which are essentially one.

"The Eternal is the *nothing* of Nature.

"As the whole of mathematics emerges out of zero, so must everything which is a Singular have emerged from the Eternal or nothing of Nature.

"The origin of the Singular is nothing else than a manifestation of the Eternal. Thereby unity, brightness, homogeneity, are lost, and converted into multiplicity, obscurity, diversity.

"The Eternal becomes real by binary self-division. When the Eternal is Manifested, it is either a positive or negative. The whole of arithmetic is nothing else than a ceaseless act of positing and negating, of affirming and denying.

"All realization is nothing else than the act of positing and

*I have elsewhere expressed my belief that when a thinker states that any thing is "only" any other thing, he is usually on the brink of a blunder.

negating. The act of positing and negating of the Eternal is called realization."—Oken, "Physio-philosophy," sections 1–48.

Interesting applications of a theory somewhat similar to Oken's may be found in various articles by Dr. Keningale Cook, published in the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1877 and the *University Magazine* for 1878. One is called "The Other Half"; another discusses the question, "Does God Grow?"

In the following pages an extract is marked by the name of the writer in Capitals. When a thought or image has been only suggested to me, the name of the person who suggested it sometimes stands at the left hand in Italics. For the general tone of feeling of the Chapters on Religious Teaching, on the Quality of Mercy, and on A National Church, my father, the Rev. Thomas Everest, must be held mainly responsible.

MARY BOOLE.

103 SEYMOUR PLACE,
BRYANSTON SQUARE,
January, 1884.

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CHAPTER I

LOVE

THREE ASPECTS OF NATURE

"Thy outward shape is still the same,
Thy hues as vivid as of yore,
Thy skies as bright, thy fields as green,
Thy waves as sparkling on the shore.

"But not to me, O Nature, smiles
With equal joy thy varied face;
A darkness o'er the scene has come,
And dimmed its glory and its grace.

"In vain I seek in sunny skies
The brighter sunshine of the breast;
In vain I ask the peaceful stars
Where Peace hath built her halcyon nest.

"To me their lustre only brings
A vision of those vanished days
When the pure flame that burned within
Robed all without in purple rays.

"Oh, golden promise of life's morn!
Oh, happy days of hope and youth
When Virtue first her shape revealed,
And first I sought the face of truth!"

Ten Years Later.

"The woods and fields did once alone suffice
To fill the heart with joy. I was not nice
To question Heaven's good gifts, but took the blessing
Just as it came, without or care or guessing.
But with departed youth the splendour fell,
The meads were daisies and not asphodel.
But now the common earth again is bright,
Sweet peace is on the grass and on the flower;
The rainbow spans the fields and gilds the shower,
And sunset glows once more with golden light.
Who hath restored the bright and fairy time?
Who hath lit up the world with morning prime?
Mighty enchanter, Love! the change was thine;
Thou camest, and the world again did bloom;
A light renewed and glory half divine
Showed even beyond the confines of the tomb."

GEORGE BOOLE.

MR. HINTON said that every great truth is first seen in an imperfect form; then obscured by the perception of its polar-opposite; then seen once more in co-ordination with that opposite. These three stages he called respectively, "Anticipation," "Suppression," and "Perfecting."

RAINBOWS: ARE THEY "REAL" OR "IMAGINARY"?

Gen. ix. 12, 17.

Nature has been described by Mr. Hinton as "an Infinite Mystery, with nothing in it." And perhaps the best illustration, the most perfect specimen of nature in that aspect, is the rainbow. That may be one reason why it was chosen as the earliest, and as it were typical, instance of God speaking to man by means of natural images. It stands as a constant protest, on the one hand, against that tendency to invest with a permanent and inherent sacredness the objects through which God reveals Himself, which lies at the root of most forms of idolatry; and, on the other hand, against the contempt which we are too prone to feel for objects of adoration now outgrown. For the rainbow, though not more essentially phenomenal than other parts of nature, is far more *evidently* so. People might suppose there was some mystical sacredness inherent in the material substance of a particular animal, or rock, or plant, and wanting in others; they hardly could make such a mistake about the drops which form the material of a rainbow;

for as soon as it became to them anything but a mere manifestation of the divine Will, as soon as they found out anything whatever about the process by which it came into being, they must have seen at once that those drops of water are not more sacred than any others ; and that any drops will constitute a rainbow as well as any others, provided that the conditions are fulfilled. Those conditions are : that the sun shall shine on the drops ; and that the observer shall look at them from such a point of view as to catch the reflection from the sun. It was of a glory and loveliness visible only on those conditions, and, on those conditions, visible equally to all people—it was of *this* that the Lord said, "I do set My bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between Me and the earth . . . the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." There comes an epoch in the life of each science when a fatal materialism seems to settle down on nature ; perhaps almost every student of natural science passes through such a phase, each for himself ; a materialism, not of the sensuous and pantheistic sort, but dreary and sceptical. The colours on the flowers are "only" the effect of vibrations on our eyes ; the bloom on the plum is an " excretion" ; the love (of birds and men) for their offspring is "a mere physical excitement of the nervous system." What has become of the glory and beauty which we, in our ignorant days, saw in all around us ? "It never was there," we are tempted to think ; "we only imagined it ; we are wiser now ; all the glory has resolved itself into a cloud of vapour." Nay ; stop ! "I had set My bow in the cloud," says the Lord.

It is as if the first man who discovered what physical fact causes a rainbow to appear had turned away disappointed, saying, "Then this beautiful object is not real ; there is *nothing there* ; I only imagined it." Nothing there ? There was indeed no-*thing* there. The rainbow is not a *thing* ; it is a revelation of the very nature of the light by which all things are seen. He had imagined it, of course. For the conceit of man does constantly lead him to this very curious conclusion, viz. that, if a beautiful phenomenon turns out to be made of no tangible material, to exist without anything that appears to our intellect a sufficient cause, then *man* must have imagined that phenomenon ; man, that is, must have made the beauty out of nothing, because God could not do it ; is that what we mean ?

It seems to me that if we would only consider seriously the lesson taught by the rainbow, we should be led to handle many subjects more wisely and more reverently than we usually do ; and amongst them the subject of the enthusiasm of young people

for their favourite heroes and friends, our own enthusiasms as well as those of others. One sees a person from a particular point of view, and gets a vision of goodness and grace which is *ideal*, and yet seems most intensely *real*, more real by far than any*thing*, any material fact, in the world. And yet other people, who stand in a different relation to our idol, who are nearer, perhaps, and therefore in some respects in a better position to judge, cannot see what we see—cannot see anything, in fact, but a very commonplace specimen of humanity. We are angry at first, and think those others stupid and blind. By-and-by our own position with respect to the object of our adoration shifts ; we come nearer, and seem to lose sight of all the special goodness, of all that seemed so divine. What has become of it ? "It never was," we are tempted to fancy ; "we have grown wiser with age ; we had 'imagined' the heroic 'ideal' ; now we see what it is."

Ah ! rather was not what we saw the Lord's bow set in a cloud ?

SELFISHNESS

"Menca la cola el can,
No por ti sino por el pan."
("The dog wags his tail, not for you but for the bread.")

Selfish doggie ! Human beings have decided that it is selfish to wag one's tail for bread or money, for favours or legacies ; but not selfish to be grateful for the pleasure given by beauty, or talents, or grace, or genius, or courage, or by what we mistake for them. I wonder whether the tamed bird, who puts his bill between his mistress's lips for sugar, ever tells his companions, when he flies back to the woods, about the selfish gentleman who comes to the house, and is so fond of her because she plays pretty tunes to him. "And indeed she is just as bad ; he tells her things she wants to know, and writes books she likes to read ; and she smiles and pretends to love him. How selfish human love is ! "

HERO-WORSHIP

Do not be contemptuous when any one praises more highly than you can see to be just a teacher from whom he first learned any great truth. The pupil may seem to you superior to the teacher ; but there is in all true affection something of the feeling of the writer who describes the use of wealth as "pouvoir donner une

parure à qui vous donne le bonheur," something of the absurdity expressed by Tegner's pair of lovers, of whom one said that if he had the moon he would make of it an ornament for Ingeborg, and the other, that if she had the sun she would give it to Frithiof for a shield. Hero-worship, if pure in quality, is not a great danger, even when exaggerated in intensity. Ruin begins when any selfishness on either side mingles with so intense a passion; when, on one side, a claim is set up to that which is not freely given; or when, on the other side, the sense of adoration is consciously self-excited for the pleasure of feeling the sensation of it.

THE SLEEP OF FRIENDSHIP

"I BELIEVE in the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting."

Our friendships (as well as our selves and our friends) have souls and also bodies, or rather are spiritual facts expressing themselves in outward forms. The devotion is the soul of a friendship; the intercourse, the opportunity for manifesting affection, is its body. The love itself will never die. We may forget and think we love no longer; but the love is not dead; it has a life eternal, and cannot die; it is somewhere in God, though perhaps asleep.

The less you believe that a person is going to die, the less frightened you will be if you see him dropping off to sleep. I think that explains this apparent anomaly: that those whose devotions are most constant often seem the most fickle and capricious in their friendships. They are not afraid to let a feeling go to sleep; they do not trouble themselves to galvanize it into a constant and unnatural wakefulness; they let it sleep in peace, because they know it will wake in due time. They believe in its immortality, and therefore do not make haste to rouse it lest its sleep should be fatal. They know the old friendship is there, ready to wake if called on; and meantime they dare to throw themselves into all new pleasures and affections and interests, using the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free.

But, alas! it is also true that the body of a friendship, the power of mutual help and comfort and counsel, may become distorted and diseased so as to be no longer a true manifestation of the soul within; or it may be cut off and die and be utterly destroyed and buried out of sight. But the love will manifest itself again in a new and glorified body.

And supposing that this death, the torpor of affection and the

cessation of intercourse, be traceable to wrong-doing, then how the forgiveness of sin connects itself with the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting !

WEARINESS

We say we are weary in body because we are sick, or weak, or overworked. But these are in reality not positive causes of weariness ; they are rather circumstances which diminish our power of resistance to (and therefore increase our consciousness of) the gravitation of our bodies towards the earth, the magnetic attraction exercised upon them by that out of which they were made. And is not weariness of soul—however various may be the causes which appear to produce it—in reality the longing of the spirit to return to that from whence it came ?

A PERFECT FRIENDSHIP

Tegner describes as the condition of a perfect friendship, that the two friends should look towards exactly opposite points of the horizon, yet be constantly faithful to each other. "We stood back to back throughout our lives ; so that whencesoever came the blows of fate, they fell always on a shield."

MASTER OR SERVANT ?

"MIGHTY is the power of the human will ; that which, to him whose will is not developed, is fate, is, to him who has a well-developed will, power ; so much has been conquered from necessity, so much has been taken from the devil's territory. The savage prostrates himself, powerless, prayerful, and pitiable before the flashing lightning ; but the developed mortal lays hold of the lightning and makes of it a very useful servant. To the former lightning is a fate against which will is helpless ; to the latter will is a fate against which lightning is helpless. What limit, then, to the power of will when so much of fate is ignorance ? "—MAUDSLEY.

Franklin and Faraday made of the lightning a useful servant to the will which had hitherto succumbed to it as to a fate. We need to study, as methodically as they studied electricity, that mysterious factor in human life which we call affection, emotion, or passion. This suggestion seems to some people like a proposition to weigh and measure love, or to put God under a microscope. But emotion is not love ; emotions are phenomena by means of

which we are made conscious of one of the forces in which Love reveals Himself. The confusion between love, and emotion or affection, is one of the most noxious of errors. It is identical with the delusion of the savage who mistakes meteors for gods. It prevents us from perceiving that affection, uncontrolled or misdirected, may disturb the balance of our faculties, and, for this life at least, destroy our power of ever knowing Truth and Love, exactly as lightning or hot iron applied to the brain might do. And the same confusion lies at the root of all the supposed antagonism between religion and science, and is equally fatal to both. Were it cleared away, it would be seen that science puts no other difficulty in the way of faith than this : Science proves Love, if Love is, so stupendous, and Truth, if Love is, so wondrous, that to think of it fatigues the imagination, and it seems easier to say, "Love is not, and we are left at the mercy of our own emotions and affections." But when the progress of science has made our will master of our affections, then indeed shall Love be Lord of all.

CHAPTER II

THE FAIRYLAND OF MATHEMATICS

TO THE NUMBER THREE

"When the great Maker, on creation bent,
Thee from thy brethren chose, and framed by thee
The world to sense revealed, yet left it free
To those whose intellectual gaze intent
Behind the veil phenomenal is sent,
Space diverse, systems manifold to see,
Revealed by thought alone ; was it that we,
In whose mysterious spirits thus are blent
Finite of sense and Infinite of thought,
Should feel how vast, how little is our store ;
As yon excelling arch with orbs deep fraught
To the light wave that dies along the shore ;
That from our weakness and our strength may rise
One worship unto Him the Only Wise?"

GEORGE BOOLE.

TWO WAYS OF DRAWING AN ELLIPSE

WHEN a schoolboy wants to draw a circle, he ties a bit of thread into a loop, sticks a pin into his paper, and draws a line round the

pin as far out as the loop will stretch. If nature ever made a circle (which we have no reason to know that she ever does), she would put a sun where the boy puts his pin, take for her thread the force of gravity, and, for the pencil moved by the boy's hand, a planet moving along with a momentum exactly proportioned to the force of gravity.

If the schoolboy wants to draw an ellipse instead of a circle, he does just the same thing as before ; only that, instead of one pin, he sticks in two, at a short distance apart. The points marked by these two pins we call the "foci" of the ellipse. When Nature wanted to draw the ellipse of the earth's orbit, she put the sun in one focus and nothing at all in the other. The same effect which the boy produces by his second pin, she brings about by making the momentum slightly overbalance the force of gravity, and by making the gravity not uniform like a thread, but able to act at varying distances.

Mathematical teachers cause some confusion by not pointing out to children that the second focus is, in one sense, a fiction, which in nature has no real, tangible existence.

We are obliged to speak of every ellipse as having two foci ; and for the following reasons :

In the first place, to describe an ellipse, *conceived of as the path of a planet moving round one sun under the action of two forces*, requires considerable mathematical knowledge ; whereas any child can understand the statement that the thread which goes from his pencil to one pin, added to the thread which goes from his pencil to the other pin, is to be always of the same length. Any one not accquainted with high mathematics, who attempted to state the mathematical law of an ellipse without reference to the second focus, would make a complete and hopeless jumble.

Another reason is this : Although in the case of the earth's orbit there is No-Thing in the second focus of the ellipse, the focus-*point* has a curious relation to the ellipse itself. If the attracting body in one focus is luminous, and the body in the orbit reflects light, then, wherever in the orbit the planet may be, the reflected ray passes through the vacant focus. Consequently, if several planets had the same orbit, and if any bit of non-luminous matter happened to stray into the second focus, it would appear lighted up with a false, second-hand light.

And this seems to me to suggest a thought about the duality of most religious beliefs. Possibly the reason why alongside of Ormuzd there has always been an Ahriman, alongside of God a devil, is that we have not sufficient command of language, nor sufficiently high powers of conception, to speak truly of the com-

plicated problems of life without supposing an Evil Spirit. And moreover, "Evil Spirits" may have a certain kind of objective reality. Some foolish spirit may happen to wander into such a position that the eccentricity of three or four people's orbits may combine and cause them to reflect on it a glare which makes it seem for a time a source of light and a focus of real attraction.

When I hear people trying to account for the facts of our lives without any reference to the existence of Satan, I cannot help remembering that, though a teacher would do well to tell his class that the second pin is a convenient fiction, needed because of their ignorance, yet no statement of the path of a planet would be more false than one which attempted to describe the ellipse *in any mathematical language intelligible to beginners* without reference to the second focus.

"What evil may be in the eyes of Infinite Wisdom and Purity we can at the best but dimly conjecture ; but to us in all its forms, whether of pain or defect, or moral transgression, or retributory woe, it can wear but one aspect—that of a sad and stern reality against which, upon somewhat more than the highest order of prudential considerations, the whole preventive force of our nature may be exerted."—G. BOOLE, "Laws of Thought."

SINGULAR SOLUTIONS OF DIFFERENTIAL EQUATIONS

"I HAVE made out what puts the whole subject of Singular Solutions into a state of Unity."—G. BOOLE.

Draw a circle with a radius of an inch, and then ink it over so as to distinguish it from all the others which you are going to draw. Then close your compasses to a quarter of an inch. Put the point anywhere on our ink line, and draw a circle in pencil. Put your point down anywhere else on the ink line, and draw another circle. Repeat again and again, till you have a dozen circles, or a hundred, or indeed any number that you like. Any point in the ink line is the centre of one such possible circle ; and, as the number of points in the circumference is infinite, there is no limit to the number of such circles, except what may be imposed by the limitations of your patience or your eyesight.

Well, all these little pencil circles, actual or possible, belong to what is called a "family." Any "family" of curves has certain laws to which all the members are subject, and which are the laws of their being. What are the laws of this family's being ? "Every member of it has its centre on the ink line, and is exactly half an inch across," you say. No, you are wrong. All the members

that ever you saw yet are indeed subject to those conditions which you mention ; and if you thought of them as isolated individuals you might never find out that there was anything more to say about them. But when a mathematician expresses in strict mathematical language the law which binds those circles into a family, and states their connection with each other, he finds (to his great surprise, if it is his first experience of the kind) indications of the existence, somewhere or other in space, of two other curves belonging to the family, which have a larger radius and whose centres are not situated on the ink line. On inquiring further, he finds out whereabouts in space these larger circles are.

Draw two circles, whose centre coincides with that of the ink circle, and whose radius is in the one case three quarters, in the other five quarters, of an inch ; these two circles belong to the same family as the small ones. (The ink circle does not.) These larger circles are instances of what mathematicians call "Singular Solutions." Ordinary people call them "exceptions." Philosophers call them "typical cases." Impatient people call them "anomalies," and do their best to weed them out, so as to reduce everything to the domain of what they please to call "law"—by which they mean such law as they can understand.

A Singular Solution may be located anywhere in space ; often it is a long way off from its family, and of very different shape. In this particular case, and many others, it is of the same shape as the more commonplace members, and in contact with every one of them. Sometimes the law of a family has one Singular Solution ; sometimes more than one.

MATTER AND SPIRIT

In the year 1837, Murray brought out a book called "The Ninth Bridgewater Treatise." It did not form part of the collection of works on Natural Religion published according to the terms of the Bridgewater bequest, but was printed at the expense of the author, Charles Babbage. Its history is as follows.

Mr. Babbage had conceived the idea that a machine might be so made as to calculate series mechanically. Suppose I say to a boy, "Make out the series of square numbers." The boys says to himself, "Once one is *one* ; twice two are four ; three times three are *nine* ; " and so on, till he has squared as many numbers as I wish ; then he brings me the figures—1, 4, 9, 16, 25, etc., all arranged in a row. If I say, "Give me the series of cubes," he works out by himself, "Once the square of one is *one* ; twice the square

of two are *eight* ; three times the square of three are *twenty-seven*," etc., and brings me the figures—1, 8, 27, 64, etc.

Now an enormous quantity of series calculation has to be done for what we call "practical purposes" connected with surveying, navigation, astronomy, etc. ; and Mr. Babbage thought that he could save time and expense by making a machine which, being "set" to any particular series, would show in succession the series-numbers for so many terms as might be required, without any human brain being exercised on the calculation. He made his machine, and it answered perfectly. It has never yet been much used, I believe, but nobody doubts that it does what Mr. Babbage said it could do.

But that was not all. As soon as this machine was fairly started, its inventor began to perceive that it had powers which he had no previous expectations of its having. It could do things that he had never anticipated ; it could teach him truths such as he had never divined. Most of its series had exceptional terms !—not errors, not omissions, but veritable Singular Solutions.

Now, Mr. Babbage did not say, as some parents do, "I made you ; do you dare to teach me ?" or, "What right have you to any faculties but those which I had planned that you should use ? " Being a philosopher, he did as all true philosophers do—he studied carefully this extraordinary iron child of his own fashioning. His attitude towards it reminds one of the face of the Madonna in some old pictures, gazing at the halo round her baby's head. (I hope this does not sound irreverent ; I did not make Mr. Babbage's mind, and am not responsible for the fact that he felt things in a different way from other people.) He perceived that the utterances of his wonderful infant were a foreshadowing of some mighty apocalypse awaiting its time to be revealed ; and his "Bridgewater Treatise" is a note of solemn prophecy.

It fell on the world's ear almost unheeded—unheeded of the religious, because he did not quote Scripture ; of the romantic, because they were sure that nothing in the way of machinery could appeal to the imagination or the heart ; of practical people, because, "What use was it going to be to study unusual and exceptional facts?" of the "healthy-minded," because "paying attention to exceptional cases is morbid, and leads to fanaticism" ; of the impatient, because its moral was "Wait" ; of the conceited, because it said, "You don't know"; of the lethargic, because, if Mr. Babbage meant anything, he meant so much that it was less trouble to suppose he meant nothing than to rouse one's self to take in his meaning ; of showy teachers, because, if what he said was true, all that they had to show was going to fade and be

quenched in a brighter glory, like planets at sunrise ; of the world in general, for the very reason which ought to have secured their attention—that Mr. Babbage was a man without a "bias" ; he did not care whether this or that religion was or was not true ; he cared for what his machine told him. The scientific did not dispute the accuracy of his main statements, but, as a rule, they took little interest in them. They fancied that they knew all that there was to know about the nature of Law ; they had no ears for any but those who could tell them how *the sort of laws with which they were already acquainted* worked in special directions.

But the few who gave heed to Mr. Babbage's words found out the meaning of the saying that, when arrogance has silenced the voices of children of flesh and blood, inorganic matter shall begin to cry out of some one who is coming in the name of the Lord.

THE REIGN OF LAW

"MIRACLES are not deviations from the laws assigned by the Almighty for the government of matter and of mind ; but . . . the exact fulfilment of much more extensive laws than those we suppose to exist. In fact, if we were endued with acuter senses and higher reasoning faculties, they are the very points we should seek to observe, as the test of any hypothesis we had been led to frame concerning the nature of those laws. Even with our present imperfect faculties, we frequently arrive at the highest confirmation of our views of the laws of nature, by tracing their actions under *singular* circumstances.

"The mode by which I propose to arrive at these conclusions is by appealing to the judgment which each individual will himself form, when examining that piece of mere human mechanism," the series engine.

Mr. Babbage then describes how he could set the engine so as to register the series of square numbers, for, say, a million terms ; to make at the 1,000,001st term an apparent exception, giving the cube instead of the square ; and then to go on registering squares for a further indefinite period. The engine "may be set so as to obey by any given law ; and, at any periods however remote, to make one or more *seeming* exceptions to that law." The visitor watching the machine, seeing that the person in charge did not interfere with its action when once it was set, and observing a certain sequence to continue unbroken for a hundred, or a thousand, or a million terms, imagines, of course, that he knows the law to which the machine has been "set" ; and when the "exceptional" case occurs of its own accord, he is mightily puzzled.

"It is, however, to be observed, that the *apparent* law which the spectator arrived at by an almost unlimited induction, is not the full

expression of the law by which the machine acts ; and that the excepted case is as absolutely and irresistibly the necessary consequence of its primitive adjustment as is any individual calculation amongst the countless multitude."

"Now, as all laws which appear to us regular and uniform in their course, and to be subject to no exception, can be calculated by the engine ; and as each of these laws may also be calculated by the same machine, subject to any assigned interruption, at distinct and definite periods ; each simple law may be interrupted at any point by a portion of any one of all the other simple laws ; it follows that *the class of laws subject to interruption is far more extensive than that of laws which are uninterrupted.* It is, in fact, infinitely more numerous. Therefore, the probability of any law with which we have become acquainted by observation being part of a much more extensive law, and having, to use mathematical language, singular points or discontinuous functions contained within it, is very large."

"It is a condition of our race that we must ever wade through error in our advance towards truth ; and it may even be said that in many cases we exhaust almost every variety of error before we attain the desired goal. But truths once reached by such a course are always most highly valued ; and when, in addition to this, they have been exposed to every variety of attack which splendid talents quickened into energy by the keen perception of personal interests can suggest ; when they have revived undying from unmerited neglect ; when the anathema of spiritual, and the arm of secular, power have been found as impotent in suppressing as their arguments were in refuting them—then they are indeed irresistible. Thus tried and thus triumphant in the fiercest warfare of intellectual strife, even the temporary interests and furious passions which urged on the contest have contributed in no small measure to establish their value, and thus to render these truths the permanent heritage of our race."—From BABBAGE'S "Bridgewater Treatise."

INTEGRATING TO INFINITY

If you see a portion of a curve visibly drawn on paper before you, and wish to know what form its continuation would take—what its further development would be—there would be no use in investigating the whole piece before you ; no knowledge of any portion of the curve would answer the purpose ; you must discover its law of progress. To do this you must investigate, not the form of any large portion, but the successive changes of direction through which a point passes in moving along a minute arc of the curve. When you have discovered the law which governs these successive changes, you can then easily trace the form of the whole curve, if it be a finite one ; or, if of infinite length, you can trace any required portion. This we express in mathematical language by saying that the needful preparation for integrating to Infinity consists in thoroughly understanding the successive changes of an

infinitesimal. Or it may be stated thus: Before knowledge can become spiritual, it must cease to be static and become dynamic.

Tom Davis, the Irish poet, expresses the same idea in this way:

"The flower is small that decks the field,
The bee is small that bends the flower;
But flower and bee alike may yield
Food for a thoughtful hour.

"Essence and attributes of each
For ends profound combine;
And all they are, and all they teach,
Spring from the Mind Divine.

"Is there who scorneth little things?
As wisely might he scorn to eat
The food that bounteous Autumn brings
In little grains of wheat.

"Methinks, indeed, that such an one
Few pleasures upon earth will find,
Where well-nigh every good is won
From little things combined.

"The lark that in the morning air
Amid the sunbeams mounts and sings;
What lifted her so lightly there?
Small feathers in her wings.

"What form, too, then, the beauteous dyes
With which all nature oft is bright,
Meadows and streams, woods, hills, and skies?
Minutest waves of light.

"And when the earth is sere and sad
From summer's over-fervid rain,
Whence is she in fresh beauty clad?
By little drops of rain.

"Yea, and the robe that Nature weaves,
Whence does it every robe surpass?
From little flowers, and little leaves,
And little blades of grass.

"Oh! sure who scorneth little things,
If he were not a thoughtless elf,
Far above all that round him springs
Would scorn his little self."

Charles Darwin, and his less known uncle, Thomas Wedwood, showed forth the same idea in their whole career; and the greatest

Naturalist whom the world ever saw said that, except we turn round and become as little children, we shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

MACHINERY

The invention of machines to do physical work was no isolated fact; it was partly cause, partly effect, and at any rate wholly a sign, an essential part of the great change which is best summed up by saying that, whereas the king, in former ages, was chosen for his height or strength, for his general physical pre-eminence, we now choose our rulers, so far as they are in any true sense "chosen" at all, according to their intellectual power. We do not care to exalt a man on to a throne because he can do better than most men that which a steam-engine can do better than any man.

Within the last generation we have gained a "Calculating-Engine," a "Calculus of Logic" (with many and widespread applications), and a "Logical Abacus"; and we are fast discovering means of making the generation of the most complicated and beautiful curves as mechanical a process as Logic has become. Of what are these inventions a sign? The reasoning-machines of Babbage and Jevons, and the sympalmograph, and other inventions for illustrating the mathematical genesis of beauty, seem to me to have brought to a *reductio ad absurdum* the worship of intellectual power and artistic genius.

The Church passed through the Petrine age, the age of authority.

Then came the Pauline age, the age of reason.

It has been prophesied that there is coming the Johannine age, the age of love.

THE GENESIS OF NATURAL FORM

A young man of the name of Benjamin Betts was, some years ago, engaged in learning the principles of conventionalization of natural forms according to the ordinary methods. The real flowers and leaves, he says, looked up at him and seemed to reproach him for misrepresenting them. He left his employment, and betook himself, amid many privations and difficulties, to the study of Mental Philosophy, under the guidance chiefly of Fichte. He soon arrived at a perception of the truth worked out by James Hinton, in "Life in Nature," viz. that development is the result of *growth-*

force checked. He then endeavoured to give symbolic expression to the laws of mental development. His attempt seems to have taken a similar direction to that of George Boole in logic, with the difference that, whereas Boole's expression of the Laws of Thought is algebraic Betts expresses mind-growth geometrically ; that is to say, his growth-formulæ are expressed in numerical series, of which each can be pictured to the eye in a corresponding curve. When the series are thus represented, they are found to resemble the forms of leaves and flowers. His philosophy is somewhat difficult to understand ; but several artists to whom I have shown his designs say that Mr. Betts has caught some true secret of the growth of vegetable form ; that his outlines (which are intended not for flowers, but for geometric representations of the process of mental development) are truer to Nature than the ordinary so-called "conventionalized" flower-forms. His main difficulty in making his philosophy clear seems to me to proceed from the fact that he does not know enough of mathematics to be able to make the right use of discontinuous series ; uniform series give simple forms ; but notches or serratures would represent points of reflection, while the junction of leaflets would be a multiple point ; and these Mr. Betts has, so far, introduced arbitrarily as to the mathematical symbols, though (as I understand him to say) in accordance with truth as to the philosophy.

Mr. Betts's work, not having yet been published, must not be taken as accepted Science ; but his suggestions are so beautiful that I cannot refrain from quoting, as he kindly permits me to do, a few extracts from his letters to me. I also wish to be the first to record my conviction that Betts's conception is wider than Boole's, and will ultimately be found to include it. It rests on the same principle of "duality," "contradiction," or polardichotomy, which is expressed in the logical equation $x\ (1 - x) = 0$. Mr. Betts expresses it less clearly and tersely ; he has, in truth, seen too much to describe what he sees with absolute exactness ; and besides this, he lives too isolated from other students* to realize how difficult others find it to understand the metaphysical language which he has coined for his new science.

Boole's formula for the fundamental Law of Thought is still the accepted one. That it will remain as the ultimate form of that Law is rendered probable by the fact that, in the History of Science, a somewhat similar mode of expression has presented itself to several thinkers independently. I may mention, as a very pleasant reminiscence, the childlike delight of the later logician on its being pointed out to him that Leibnitz had virtually

*Mr. Betts is employed in the Government Survey Office, Auckland.

anticipated his logical equation ;* he seemed to feel as though Leibnitz had sent him sanction and greeting across the intervening years.

Mr. Betts considers that, whereas Darwin's studies show how certain variations rather than others were preserved and caused to develop, his own tend rather to throw light on the genesis of the original variations themselves. It has occurred to me that a comparison of Betts's "Science of Representation" with the mathematical laws of Singular Solutions, Cusps, and Multiple Points, and with Babbage's doctrine of Miracle, might be found suggestive as to the genesis of "typical organizations" ; "men of genius," in whom a certain hereditary quality comes to its culmination, in whom the ascending series either terminates abruptly or becomes a retrograde one ; and "Singular Solutions of Humanity, anomalous-seeming Beings who appear to be in one sense exceptions to all ordinary rules, and yet seem to be in contact with every man's life-experience.

The work sent to England in manuscript by Mr. Betts has been in many ways most helpful to me ; and I have long wished that some competent mathematician could assist him in completing it. Of his own boundless generosity to other students it would be impertinent to say much. In fact, absolute disinterestedness seems to be really the "Hall-mark" which distinguishes Seerhood of a very high order from that which is second-rate.

"As children, we have often performed a very pretty scientific experiment which I will ask you to do again in imagination. I mean the putting the end of a stick into the fire, and, when burned, whirling it round and round with sufficient rapidity to produce fiery circles and all manner of pretty curves. If, instead of doing this at random, you perform the experiment with a degree of care, and produce a gradually diminishing or increasing spiral of light, and if you alternately approach and recede the point of the stick to and from you with sufficient speed (in imagination), you will produce a fiery corolla.

"Now suppose yourself placed at an almost infinite distance on the planetary axis of our solar system, and, focussing (in imagination) æons of time into a few seconds and millions of miles into the optical angle, view the condition of our solar system in its passage in the direction of Hercules, what would be visible ? A polypetallous corolla about the path of the sun (polypetallous, because the intersection of elliptical orbits produces that arrangement) ; and to your concentrated vision a glowing corolla in living activity would be as distinctly portrayed as the condensed actions of solar laws are revealed in every pretty corolla of our flora ; which have thus, you can now understand, every reason for being such forms as they are, when they only reflect the everlasting laws

*Erdmann's edition of Leibnitz, p. 103. I am indebted to Mr. Harley for the information that "others besides Leibnitz anticipated Dr. Boole" ; for confirmation of which he refers me to Venn's "Symbolic Logic."

of Being which act upon them through the centre of our system. For, through the one centre, all the laws revealed, not only in our solar system, but through it as a harmonious conductor of the infinite undulatory process of the universe, all the forms (or all such as are possible to our terrestrial condition) which are symbols of* infinite solar systems throughout the universe, are telegraphed to us by these flowers at our feet.

"Does this effort of imagination appear to you very difficult or very far-fetched ? . . . These laws of the corolla-form we have educed as Laws of Thought, of self-consciousness as revealed in the act of thinking, of existing as a conscious human being ; therefore also must these laws of the solar corolla be laws of a self-conscious thinking; not a Thought (which would make it† an objective thing), but a Thinking ; Some one is thinking there ! Thinking in potential activity, as you and I are thinking this moment ! In the beginning of History man was defined as made in the image of God ; and now we have to feel after Him and find Him by the similitude of the Laws of His Thinking to our human thinking ! Next time you look up into the starry vault, try if you can bring this truth home to you in that visible Thinking before you—'*in* Him we live and move.' Now it becomes simple to understand where Thought comes from—thoughts of darkness and thoughts of light. If this visible thinking should become an audible thinking ; if He should utter His voice and roar from His habitation ; if He should descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, perhaps we shall not be quite unprepared for it now. . . . Human Thought and human ambition, what are they now ? The former is but a reflection, a reproduction of the Eternal Thought ; the latter a hideous discord destroying Eternal Harmony. Let us learn, if we can, to sing in harmony together, dreading the prominence of a single ambitious voice that renders itself an object of pity to the compassionating circle that will educate us by example and forbearance.

"Astrology has long been a defunct science ; perhaps it will revive again now ; for if a mere flower has a relation by reflection with a distant star-system, a human thinking corolla may be affected by the star of whose individual laws it is a counterpart.

"But another fact forces itself upon our notice ; the destiny of our planetary corolla. What shall we term continuity, when we daily see petals falling off, while still retaining their beauty, though presently to consume away in decay ? Continuity refers to the law of progression of the form ; and, if we got to understand this, the sudden falling of the host of heaven would no longer be a breach of continuity, but an instance of it. The Thinking One is still there to meet us with all His saints."

BENJAMIN BETTS.

*Mr. Betts probably meant to write "symbolized by."
†"It," *i.e.* "thought," probably.

CHAPTER III

THE BODY OF HUMANITY

THE WIZARD'S MIRROR

"I have seen a wondrous mirror, that, wherever you might place,
To the North, or South, or East, or West, by turns its glassy face,
You saw therein reflected forms of mountains and of woods,
And weather-beaten moss-grown rocks, and ever-changing floods.
In so far it did not differ from an ordinary glass,
O'er which the landscape outlines flit, and vanish as they pass ;
But in this they did not vanish ; for a wonder-working spell
From the hand of an enchanter fixed the outlines as they fell.
And I marvelled as I saw it ; for if the human Will
Can thus catch and bind the shadows, and bid the clouds be still,
Can arrest the flying bird, and command the mountain brook
To halt in its down-tumbling and stand fast as th' eternal rock,
So that not within the forest leaves a breath of summer air,
Not a ripple on the waters but may leave its trace somewhere—
How much more shall th' Almighty One, Who sees unseen, and hears
Things never kenned by mortal eyes or heard by human ears,
Preserve undimmed through Time and Space the phantoms of the past,
Though o'er our misty eyes they flit unconsciously and fast !
There is no secret word or thought, no unrecorded deed
Done in silence and in solitude, no help in time of need,
No suffering for another's sake, no humbly breathed prayer,
No self denied for love of man, but leaves its trace somewhere.
The widow's mite cast in unseen, the cup of water given,
And childhood's hymn of innocence, are photographed in Heaven."

ROBERT EVEREST.

ZOOPHYTES

ON the border-land between the vegetable and animal kingdoms we find isolated individuals partaking of the nature of both. A little higher up in the scale we find creatures remarkable for this peculiar property, viz., that they live in groups, each individual of which has apparently its own sensations and its own will, and, to a certain extent, can move of its own independent choice ; yet all the individuals of the group are bound to each other, and have a common circulation. Some functions are localized and can be performed only in portions of the group specially differentiated ; others are performed by each individual for itself. Higher up, again, such groups themselves have each become a creature whose parts are thoroughly differentiated : one part is a stomach, and

digests for all the rest ; another is an eye, and gives the whole body light.

On the border-land between the animal and spiritual kingdoms we find horses and dogs ; a little higher up we find ourselves. And we are too much inclined, I think, to expect every human being to have all moral qualities. We do not sufficiently recognize that local deficiency of power to fulfil some functions of the moral life is part of the very condition of differentiation.

The two great laws of development might, perhaps, be expressed thus :

1. Differentiation is the necessary condition for possible development.

2. Circulation is the necessary condition for safe and healthy differentiation.

Now, humanity, as a body, is getting its differentiation effected rather faster than the circulation ; this makes us sickly and, therefore, restless. No specialist of any sort is morally safe who does not cultivate a healthy sympathy with the desires and aspirations of persons whose objects are in themselves uninteresting to him, and, while his faculties retain their earthly limitations, must remain so.

SKELETONS

"BONE is formed in living structures by a precipitation of solid matter, which is virtually a process like that of excretion or the casting off of waste materials. . . . The production of bony matter is a result of the loss and failure of vitality ; excess of bone is called degeneration . . . the elasticity and pliancy of life are lost, and the power of fulfilling its functions by just so much impaired. . . . Bone is a step downwards from the living towards the inorganic state."*

Bone, in fact, resembles an excretion in being material which, having once been more highly vitalized, has yielded up some of its life to feed that of the surrounding tissues. The naturalist determines the type of an animal, its place in the scale of Creation, from the inspection of its skeleton. Is this the case morally ? Will posterity judge, and rightly judge, of our civilisation, of our degree of progress, by what it learns of the condition of the "degenerated particles" of our society ?

EPIDEMICS

Epidemic disease appears at first sight a dividing power, a source of selfishness ; and, in detail, so it practically is. We do, we must,

*James Hinton, "Thoughts on Health."

keep ourselves and our children out of the way of needless infection. Yet Mr. Maurice has remarked that pestilence is a witness to and revealer of the Unity of Humanity ; for infection, bred among the neglected, ill-housed poor, invades the homes of the rich and forces them to remember the bond that binds all classes together, and to own that the truest safety lies not in selfish self-protection from infection.

What we call "sin" appears as the great dividing power ; and, in detail, it is so : wars and fightings come from our lusts. But does anything so force us to recognise a common Humanity as the knowledge, gained from experience, that we are not better than the people among whom we live ?

Is our intense feeling of the evilness of certain phenomena and certain outward acts in reality a false feeling put into us in order to force us to learn that the Unity of Humanity is deeper than any of our feelings ? We do find out sometimes that it is deeper, truer, more vital, even than the distinction between something which we thought "right" and something which we thought "wrong" ; and, as the distinction between right and wrong seems to our feeling the foundation of all morals, must not the Unity of Humanity be something truer and more vital than anything which we can conceive ?

"IF CHRIST BE NOT RISEN . . . WE ARE OF ALL MEN MOST MISERABLE."

Why so ? If Christ be not risen, then at all events there was this difference between such men as Paul and the rest of the world : that Paul had a purer Ideal of human life and a truer feeling about his Father in Heaven. If Christ be not risen, "then we are still at least better off than the heathen," one expects him to say.

"Paul had given up worldly pleasures for a heaven, of which, if Christ had not risen in the flesh, he could have no assurance," some people suppose him to have meant. But one can hardly fancy a man like him lamenting in this piteous fashion the fact that he had abstracted himself from coarse sensual pleasures without the certainty of adequate return. Philosophy and virtue are their own reward, and worth all they can cost, even if there be no hereafter : so much even Socrates knew ; and one cannot exactly imagine Paul less disinterested than Socrates. Paul had despised wealth and position : so had Socrates. The Christians were persecuted : Socrates had a pretty clear idea that his death would not be a natural one. The Christians were cruelly used and

tortured : but that was no uncommon fate in those evil times. "Of all men most miserable ? " Because he had given up what heathen philosophers did not value, and because he endured what thousands were enduring, consoled by a vision of God which they could not share ? Aye ; may not that have been the very reason of his being (if Christ were not risen) more miserable than other suffering "seekers after God" ? For they (Socrates and such as he) were content to worship a supremely Good God of whom the rabble knew nothing, and to cultivate in themselves an ideal of wisdom and virtue of which common mortals had no conception. This supremely Good God would, they hoped, take those who sought to know Him to dwell with Him hereafter ; and, if not, they were still the better, while they lived, for seeking Him.

But Paul had no notion of a Good God who did not care for bad and low people; nor did he care for a vision or Ideal inaccessible to the masses. Paul had given up, not only worldly pleasures for religion and philosophy, but also his very religion and philosophy, for the hope of bringing salvation to the world. If Christ be not risen, Paul and Socrates could both have good hope, and believe in the pure and true God ; but if they had not some objective fact to tell the masses about, the masses would not listen and would not have any hope. And Paul, who cared more for mankind than for his own soul in this world or the next, would be then "more miserable" than any man ever could be who, like Socrates, could thank God that he was not even as commonplace publicans and sinners.

POLITICAL ECONOMY

The question is often asked : Is there any real good in help given to the poor and fallen ? Do we not injure the race physically by keeping alive the sick ; mentally, by enabling idle or helpless parents to bring up families ; morally, by preventing people from feeling the full consequences of their own wrong-doing ? The question is a grave one ; and, so far as I see, no one has as yet really answered it.

But one thing is perfectly clear. We should, most of us, wish to help a son or daughter who had fallen into poverty or crime ; and no theory as to the harm which we might thereby be doing on the whole, would prevent us from wishing to help them. And as long as that is the case, no theory can make it right to leave others to their fate. We do the poor cruel injustice, and ourselves and the world great injury, when we apply to those to whom we are indifferent maxims of political economy which we have not

tested and filtered and purified by daring to put them in practice in our behaviour to those whom we love.

COUNTERPARTS

Mr. Betts has discovered that each leaf or flower form has a counterpart, usually so unlike itself in appearance that no resemblance can be detected by the eye ; but governed by the same mathematical formula applied inversely. In allusion to this he says :

> "What a relief to think that this vile hull will be changed ! It is a terribly mournful thought to think of the possibility of my meeting my true counterpart, that is to be my counterpart hereafter, in some den of infamy perhaps, or in such woeful condition of circumstance as might strike me dumb for my selfishness to my fellow-creatures. You may be sure I look with quite other view on my fellow-creatures than what is prompted by the teaching of the day. Consider that what are called outcasts are part owners of the same Spirit, trembling with sympathy if but an ear could hear them or heart respond."

BIRDS' NESTS

A young man said to me impatiently, "Old people try to hedge round and direct young ones, as a means of letting their own steam off." He was quite right. So old birds build nests as a means of "letting their own steam off," *i.e.* of gratifying an instinct. But does it follow that the young birds are not the better for the nests ?

In human life the problem of the true relation between the young and the "nests" which their parents instinctively desire to make for them is more complicated than that which birds have to solve. To each generation of birds is revealed at the fitting time the same destiny. But to each generation of human beings is revealed some new truth specially needed for it, and which it is especially adapted to work out. And though, in early youth docility is on the whole the least painful way of acquiring that discipline which every one must have in some form or other, without which no good is ever done, still it does not follow, I allow, that the wisest thing a young person can do on any given occasion is always and necessarily to follow an older person's advice. The older person is probably wiser in the abstract, seeing that he has had his own share of truth given to him, and also experience of the working of it ; but that particular truth which

the young person sees and the older does not may be just *the* truth towards which the age is going and is meant to go—the truth which whoever turns his back on is fighting against the stream and sure to be beaten back. Besides which, one's vision of a truth which one apprehends spontaneously is usually clearer than that of a truth learned at second-hand. What a parent thinks may be truer than what his children think ; what he says is most likely far more reasonable than what they say (for he has more experience of how to fence round his statements from apparent consequences, extraneous and wild) ; but it by no means follows that what the children see in their minds may not be truer than any perception which they can get at second-hand of what he means. It may be that it would be safer for them to act on their own inspirations than on his advice, *supposing that their only choice lay between those two alternatives.*

But progress consists, not in jumping from the partial truth of one age to the different, but equally partial, truth of another ; but in fusing each truth with its *apparent* contrary, in repeated "union of opposites." The great good of honouring persons who belong to a different order of thought from one's own consists in this : that it forces one to endeavour to see their truth as well as one's own, to look at things from their point of view as well as one's own ; and so leads one, as it were, to see two halves of a truth at once.

Slavery to the old leads to long days in the land ; but days not much worth prolonging ; as is seen in China.

Disrespect to the old leads to incessant and wasteful change.

True honour of the old, combined with reverence for the Spirit which is guiding ourselves, leads to true progress.

Young girls in our day think that they are being much better educated than we were before them, that some new and almost miraculous advantages are being poured out on them. Oh ! children, I do not say it is not so. But remember that the command to gather up the fragments, and let *nothing* be lost, was given to men who were dazzled by the revelation of miraculous supplies of food ; and who probably were thinking that they need now no longer plod on wearily at the plough, as their forefathers had done.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS

The idea of testing women's fitness for a true womanly life by competitive examination is not quite a modern one. King Lear tried it.

GRATITUDE

It is often observed that our gratitude is out of proportion to the visible good done to us; still more out of proportion to the amount of effort and self-sacrifice involved in the doing of it. We are often grateful to people rather for being than for doing. A person does us good, not of a material kind, but such as we feel will last and be part of our soul for ever, not by any effort of self-sacrifice, but by being, by the mere effortless expression of his thought and feeling; by an act, perhaps, as natural to him in his actual condition as breathing. We are grateful to him for doing what, at the time of doing, was simply pleasant to him; what was done, perhaps, without thought of us or our needs; for a sermon, for instance, which the preacher really enjoyed preaching, and while preaching which he may have been ignorant of our very existence.

We are often far more grateful for that kind of aid than for a serious effort on our behalf. And the reason is partly this: the thing done by an effort is an expression and result of the one effort of the moment, or of the effort continued through the time of doing. The fact of being in a state in which the effortless expression of the man's own nature does good or gives pleasure is in itself the result of some continued self-culture, of some discipline undergone. The unconscious playing of a good performer is the summing up of all the pains he has taken to learn to play. When I hear him I get the benefit of those previous pains; should I not be more grateful for that than for the single clumsy attempt to play with effort for my special benefit? Our very gratitude would be a self-thing, if we, with our forced rules, could make it so. We would, if we could, be more grateful for one effort made *for our individual sake*, than for all the good work done for the work's own sake, and by which we benefit. We would if we could; we say we ought; only happily nature is too strong for us and will not have it so.

And the same thing holds good in another aspect. A friend's voice, touch, movements, give me an indefinable sense of rest and peace. She has done nothing for me except be there, and enjoy herself like moss or violets; she has made no effort for me. Perhaps she has done or said nothing out of the common; but things so commonplace that it had never occured to me before that they had any meaning at all, I have tried for the first time to understand and sympathize with, because she said them. And if a flood of grateful affection rushes over my heart, I check myself and ask:

What has she done, after all, to be grateful for? Done? Why, just what the violets have done: left undone what others have been doing to make themselves large and conspicuous; remained still while others have been enjoying and learning and living fast; stayed in the shade and distilled her life and powers into sweetness and calm. If a clever man had spent an hour in trying very hard to make me understand something difficult, that would have been something to thank him for. She has spent her life in growing into what makes me care to understand rightly the easy things; and is that nothing? If she had gone round the world collecting strange specimens for me to study, she would have earned my thanks; she has only not gone round the world, only stayed still, and let God fashion her into a glass through which I see a new world of beauty in the common human creatures round me; and shall I not thank her? Ah! we cannot make feeling grow into the shape we would have it, by putting it into stays; we only cramp and distort it, and run the risk of killing it altogether.

And there is yet another way in which our selfness cramps our gratitude. We want gratitude to mean: my being willing to do something for those who have done something for me; often the very people, of all others, who are least likely to want anything I can do. Gratitude should be a free expansion of unselfish willingness to help, overflowing in any and every direction where it finds scope for itself. He who has helped me shows, in the very act, a desire to see people helped. Then, if I can help some one else it is fair to assume that I am, in so far, assisting my benefactor's projects and furthering his desires. What more can I want? If a friend has pulled me out of the fire, and I have the opportunity of saving his foot from being crushed, shall I neglect the doing of it, and then sit down and lament that I have no means of showing my gratitude to the hand that saved me? Are not those who help us and those whom we can help members of one body? The first cross child, or weary sinner, or helpless outcast that I meet is the natural recipient of my gratitude for the last act of grace that was done to me by a genius or a saint.

CHAPTER IV

RELIGIOUS TEACHING

"I AM HE THAT LIVETH, AND WAS DEAD, AND . . .
I AM ALIVE FOR EVERMORE."

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

"Ho, my comrades! see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

" 'Hold the fort, for I am coming,'
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven,
'By Thy grace we will!' "

THE SECRET OF INFLUENCE

WHEN you have to deal with a restive horse, do not tug at the bridle by way of holding yourself in the saddle; but make the creature understand that you know how to keep your seat. But suppose you do not know how? Dismount, and let some one ride him who does.

THE FUNCTION OF THE POET

True Art, in Painting, consists, we are told, not in accurately representing an object, but in producing on the eye, as far as possible, the same effect which the object produces. A painting should suggest, not the thought of an accurate copy of a natural object, but the same thought or feeling which the object suggests. And this, I think, answers the question why a certain class of ideas are best expressed with the help of Rhythm and Rhyme. The true poet, when contemplating human life, perceives a certain order, sequence, repetition, rhythm; he hears in it a certain musical beat, as it were. He reproduces this impression by the beat or repetition, the rhythm and rhyme of the words.

The painter should suggest, not only what every eye can see;

his mission is to make the uninstructed see Nature as he sees her. So, the rhythm of History being audible to the poet or prophet, he, writing in verse, suggests to the general reader the impression which history in prose conveys to him alone.

THE FUNCTION OF THE PROPHET

The people of Nineveh believed God. We are not told that they believed Jonah. They believed so much of what he said as wakened the voice of conscience, the Word of God, in their own hearts; they took leave to doubt the rest, though at first timidly; and Jonah became angry when he saw that events justified their faith in God.

LEAVEN

The kingdom of Heaven is like leaven, which works slowly. If your dough changed its character the moment you put the barm in, would you not be uneasy? Would you not suspect that the very rapidity of the change was proof of something having got in besides good, honest, wholesome leaven?

REVIVALS AND VISIONS

If a man taken up in a balloon should chance to fall out, he would not only hurt himself in falling, but would have to fall into any sort of danger or filth that happened to lie immediately under him. He would have lost such power of choice and self-direction as he possessed while he remained on the ground. But is there nothing to be seen in the sky, nothing to be gained by looking down at the earth from the upper air, worth the risk of a fall into the mud?

The answer is that we need to study the Science of Aerial Navigation.

A LIGHT-BEARER

In comparing the sacred writings of different religions, one comes upon traces of a great legend which seems to have been widely spread over the East. According to this legend, it appears that in the early days of our planet's history, the court of Heaven was ruled over by a functionary whose official title was Lucifer ("The

Light-Bearer"). Soon after the creation of Adam, an angel, who at that time was distinguished from His brethren* only by the name of "The Gentle One," perceived that the earth-creatures seemed to have some points in common with the sons of God. On hearing of this discovery, Lucifer rebuked the Gentle One, and said—whatever was proper for a light-bearer to say when he felt the Majesty of Heaven in danger of being compromised. Then the Eternal appears on the scene, and rebukes Lucifer for his lack of sympathy with the divine instinct of sympathy. Jehovah then promised the Gentle One that, as soon as the earth-creatures should be sufficiently developed to bear the news without injury to themselves, He should go to the planet and take up His abode for a time among His newly discovered kindred.

But Lucifer wished that every new truth should come first from himself or his especial agents; he therefore commissioned his friend Satan (a spirit of no great insight, but possessed of a certain kind of shrewd subtlety) to be beforehand with the Gentle One in taking to earth the good news. Satan was a little afraid of the rough common sense of the man; he got hold of the woman; and, by flattery and bribes, persuaded her to listen to his teaching. He addressed to her intellect truths which should have been revealed to her heart; and delayed for thousands of years any possibility of her rightly understanding the Truth, by premature verbal statements of that which should have been shown by example and symbol. For this crime Lucifer and his accomplice were banished from Heaven.

When the fulness of time had come, the Gentle One came to His kindred; and, it being impossible fitly to impart in any direct way such instruction as he Had to give, He had recourse to symbolical methods of teaching, He began by detecting differences among the earth-men, which seemed to themselves full of importance; and explained to them that the lowest as well as the highest were children of One Father in Heaven, who cared, He said, also even for sparrows. Most men did not understand His parable; but to as many as received it, He gave power to become actually what He had seen them to be potentially, peers of the Sons of God; to acquire by slow culture and development the faculty which Satan had told Eve she might obtain at once by the mere exercise of a little self-will: that of knowing good from evil. The light-bearers of earth for the most part received the doctrine of kinship

*The Korân says that Eblis was turned out of Heaven for refusing to acknowledge man as related to the angels.

Origen supposed that Christ appeared in Heaven only as one among the angels, until He took pity on men; and that, for doing so, He was placed upon the throne of Heaven.

in the same spirit as the original Lucifer had done. And, as coming to earth was His own choice, as it is always wisest to let an honest thinker try out an experiment to the end at all costs to himself, the Eternal did not this time interfere to protect Him; He was crucified, and went back to His Father. But He had shown His symbol and sown his seed. His brothers in Heaven received Him with acclamations, and offered Him Lucifer's vacant throne. Many have said that He accepted it willingly, feeling it to be His just due; but those whose vision seems clearest say that He answered in Heaven as He had done on earth: "Why call ye Me good? there is none good but One, that is God"; and that He would have preferred to go at once to seek out Lucifer and Satan, and tell them of the good time to come for them when they should have learned their lesson and been forgiven had not the Father told Him that no good could be done to the rebels in their present mood, and that He could be of more use by occupying for a time the throne of Heaven, and the hearts of angels and men, till they learned to appreciate for themselves the Love that is manifested in creation.

Here ends the ancient legend. There are among us at the present day seers who believe that He has now gone to the spirits in prison, and that He will never return to Heaven till He can take Satan and Lucifer with Him. And that is the reason, they say, why mere prayers addressed Heavenwards seem to reach Him only in faint echoes, if at all; why those who spend their lives in seeking the outcast and forlorn show most evident signs of having been with Jesus.

THREE WAYS OF SELLING A SACRAMENT

The baker and wine-merchant sell the bare material, leaving all thought of consecration to others.

The low, stupid priest sells the ceremony. He knows that others find in the rite some mysterious help, or they would not pay him for his office. He sells the conditions which facilitate for others a communion with Heaven in which he personally takes no share (except, we will hope, vicariously).

The devout priest has felt the passion of love, the sorrow of penitence, the rapture of revelation; and, sometimes, trades on the fact that he has done so, to procure for himself honour, promotion, or wealth; or for his special section of the Church a pre-eminence over other sections.

NOTE.—I once put the following question to a surgeon: one who, as such,

does not belong to what may be called the mystical school of medicine, but founds his professional opinions on a strictly physical and rational basis:

Supposing that, in a race of creatures already possessed of a certain amount of culture and development, a new sense were in process of developing; supposing, for instance, that the faculty of vision were still a rare and at best but imperfect gift; is there any reason why its exercise should be more disinterested than that of a well-developed and universally used sense-organ?

His answer was explicit and emphatic: A well-developed and generally recognized faculty may safely be used in furtherance of the objects of legitimate ambition; but any such exercise of a faculty possessed as yet only by certain individuals, and in them still imperfectly developed, would be dangerous to health and sanity.

PIOUS PRURIENCE

God has encased the human heart in a thick coat of less important muscle; and placed outside of all a sensitive skin. We easily enough perceive the movements of the flesh; the beating of the heart must be listened for in silence. But we cruel prurient children are not satisfied with that arrangement; we want to see the heart of humanity beating visibly outside; and to such sensual curiosity we give the name of religious earnestness; and we are surprised when the heart-beats become irregular, languid, and slow.

THE POINT AT WHICH WISE RETICENCE BECOMES COWARDICE

Two friends may share the knowledge of a truth; and both may feel that the time has not yet come when good can be done by revealing it to the world. In such case both may legitimately keep silence about it. But if it happens that one of the two is led by his knowledge of it into any course of action which exposes him to animosity, the other, if he be a true man, can keep silence no longer; he must express it, either in words or in some such way as must necessarily bring odium on himself if it fails to justify his friend. So it is with the friendship of God. A student may perceive a new truth, and think it best to be silent about it; but if God is revealing it, is suggesting it to men's minds in some way which rouses antagonism to His mode of governing the world, then the friend of God who thinks he perceives what is the principle on which God is acting, feels that he must confess it before men in some form which will bring hostility on himself if it fails to justify the ways of God in the minds of men.

MODERATION

Parents want religious teachers to be "moderate" and not "fanatical." The words have never been very strictly defined; but sometimes when one finds out what it is that they do want, it seems to come to this: that the pupils shall be made Christian enough to secure their safety in the next world, but not Christian enough to injure their prospects in this world.

SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS

"There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." Very true; and the absurdity comes, often, not of a step too far, but of a step backwards or of one not taken. Stop short, and you will be ridiculous; go on boldly to the very end, and you will be sublime.

CHAPTER V

THE TRIAL OF FAITH

"THE LORD SITTETH ABOVE THE WATER-FLOOD; AND THE LORD REMAINETH A KING FOR EVER."

"O'er this fair and blooming earth
When the rushing storm has birth,
And the wingèd lightning flies,
And the tempest rends the skies,
And the sea with deaf'ning roar
Rolls its strength upon the shore;
Yet within its limits bound
Raves that storm its little round.
O'er the flood Jehovah reigns,
Ever He a King remains.

"From the sphere of human things,
When Peace waves her parting wings,
Bidding mighty nations quail
At the Future's opening veil;
Famine lift her withered hand;
Battle waste a sinking land;
Social warfare, civil strife,
Wither all the flowers of life;
Yet within its bounds assigned

Is that tempest's wrath confined ;
And in limits sealed and set
Human passions roll and fret.
O'er the water-flood Who reigns
Evermore a King remains.

"When above my fainting head
Gathering clouds of ill are spread,
Wild and dark the heavens around,
Rough my path on alien ground,
Still, O Lord of Hosts, in Thee
Shall my trust unwavering be ;
For the dwelling of Thy Throne
Is where tempests are unknown ;
And Thy sceptre and Thy sway
All life's waves and storms obey.
O'er the water-flood Who reigns
Evermore a King remains."

GEORGE BOOLE.

A DEATH-BED SCENE

The life of the gnat is a wonderful poem. Though a true insect, it is at no time of its life confined within a chrysalis; and it can, therefore, be watched more closely than a butterfly. It is hatched from an egg, which floats, in company with many more, in some quiet pool or water-barrel. It makes its escape head foremost, and plunges down into the water. Its breathing apparatus is connected, not with its mouth, but with a hollow bristle which projects from the posterior end of its body. When it wants air it brings the tip of this bristle up to the surface. It is a queer little being at this period of its existence, blest with most exuberant animal spirits, which it gets rid of in all sorts of graceful but unaccountable evolutions. In fact, the whole of its ways remind one strangely of those of a healthy baby. By and by a change comes over the creature. Its breathing apparatus gets itself connected (I do not know how) with two bristles on the top of its head. When it wants air now, it comes to the surface of the water, head, instead of tail, uppermost. And it is henceforth a soberer creature, though still possessed of plenty of vital energy. After the lapse of another week or two, it will occasionally come to the surface *sideways*, and appear to find some little difficulty in righting itself so as to get its bristles in contact with the atmosphere. This is always a warning of its approaching end, though the grub may perhaps appear, for another hour or more, to be in tolerably good health. You may now observe that it floats for a good while together at the surface,

as if it felt less need than usual of going down to look for food, or perhaps more constant need than usual of oxygen. Gradually it becomes evident that some kind of paralysis is creeping over all its powers. At last—quietly sometimes, sometimes with a sort of convulsive shiver—the poor little creature lays itself out at full length on the top of the water, turns a dull, earthy-looking whitish colour, and—dies, I suppose. I don't know what other word to use. The first time, indeed, that I watched the process, I said to a child who was with me, "We shall not see this one change, I fear ; we must wait for another. Something has gone wrong with this one ; it seems to be dead." And, almost while I was speaking, a tiny suture, which had hitherto been invisible, opened just under the little bristles, and two antennæ appeared. Slowly, without a struggle, almost without an effort, as if magnetized forth by an Invisible Hand, the winged thing emerged, then freed its delicate limbs from the shell which clung to them, stood poised for a minute or two upon the empty shell, and floated away into space.

Well, what could I say to the awestruck child beside me, as she stood watching alternately the living creature above and the still perfect-looking corpse below? "It is sown in failure ; it is raised in new powers."

Phrenologists say that the sutures of the human skull are situated just over the organ of Veneration. Compare that statement with the following passages from Darwin :

"A trailing palm in the Malay Archipelago climbs the loftiest trees by the aid of exquisitely constructed hooks clustered around the ends of the branches ; and this contrivance, no doubt, is of the highest service to the plant ; but as we see nearly similar hooks on many trees which are not climbers, the hooks on the palm may have arisen from unknown laws of growth, and have been subsequently taken advantage of by the plant undergoing further modification and becoming a climber. The sutures in the skulls of young mammals have been advanced as a beautiful adaptation for aiding parturition, and no doubt they facilitate or may be indispensable for this act ; but as sutures occur in the skulls of young birds and reptiles, which have only to escape from a broken egg, we may infer that this structure has arisen from the laws of growth, and has been taken advantage of in the parturition of the higher species."

". . . How cautious we should be in concluding that the most different habits of life could not graduate into each other ! "

SOWING IN TEARS

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." But then it has to be remembered also that "this year's harvest is next year's seed."

The best part—not usually the largest part, but the best—of the harvest has to be sown again, in tears once more. The larger part is made of practical use, goes to feed us, or other people, or to starch our clothes perhaps. But the best grain must be used for seed. On this condition only—that the *choicest* part of the harvest is not all reserved for use, or enjoyment, or vanity, but buried out of our sight—can the wheat improve, or even avoid deteriorating.

At last the repeated experience of sowing in tears and reaping in joy begets a habit of faith ; we leave off thinking it necessary to weep when we see the corn disappear in the furrows ; we also learn not to think of what we have reaped as entirely a present possession to be immediately used as we please.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE

"Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken ; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." That is to say, if you either deliberately attack, or run up in the dark against, anything truly good, anything which should not have been attacked, you do yourself little harm as long as you do not succeed ; you will give yourself superficial injuries, but fatigue or the instinct of self-preservation will make you stop short some time or other. But if God allows you to succeed and pull the thing down on your head, woe betide you !

A SEA OF GLASS

What was that "sea of glass mingled with fire" which St. John saw ? The Everlasting Truths of Nature, perhaps, and the instinctive faiths of man, fused into cohesion and transparency by a spark from the Shining Eyes of the Light. Yes ; but Science must grind Knowledge into a detritus of hard facts, and burn up Religion in her crucible till nothing is left but bitter ashes, before they can be made to fuse.

WHAT IS ORDER ?

Having things right too often means having them in a condition in which they will no longer serve in the education of human spirits ; one's own education or that of one's children, etc. Often the fact that we have to get them right, the need there is for the

process, constitutes their chief value. Food, ready digested, is poison. Things, relationships, business, family life, already right without need of our righting, are, in a sense, mental poison. The mother half digests food for her baby ; we still further digest even the milk for some invalids ; but in all cases the wise plan is to adjust the circumstances so that as much as the stomach can well do is left for it to do. Is that partly the reason why the moral world has been left "in disorder," as we call it : to give us the discipline of putting it to rights ?

NEHUSHTAN

"He brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made : for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it ; and he called it 'a piece of brass.' He trusted in the Lord God . . . for he clave to the Lord, and . . . kept His commandments, which the Lord commanded Moses."—2 Kings xviii. 4-6.

Had we lived in those days, we should have been divided in opinion about this act of Hezekiah. The brazen serpent was sacramental ; it was originally an outward and visible sign of spiritual grace. To many it was so still, no doubt, in Hezekiah's days. Many a sad despondent man, too sick for conscious thought, too weary to listen to words, would no doubt come and kneel before this old familiar visible symbol of God's protection ; and, kneeling there, find rest and peace, and even hope. The idle unthinking masses burned idle incense, as a matter of form ; and thought they thus earned and secured some favour from Heaven. But then, as now, there were, no doubt, many individuals for whom the sign was truly sacramental ; not mere machinery for earning God's favour without change of heart, but a means whereby they received that favour in the change which its associations actually effected in their heart and mind ; and to whom the loss of it was a real injury and spiritual privation. These latter, even more than the unthinking and superstitious, would have been disposed to cry out at Hezekiah's desecration. Yet the inspired writer, looking back with calm impartiality upon a reformation in which he had no personal share, pronounces that Hezekiah's act was "right in the sight of the Lord," though, of course, in that of many really devout worshippers it must have seemed very wrong.

Now, on what principle was this act "right in the sight of the Lord" ? And more particularly, how does it happen that this destruction and desecration of a thing which was sacred for Moses' sake, and one of the great witnesses or evidences of Moses'

commission, is commended as an instance of how the king "kept the commandments given by Moses" ?

The main object of all Moses' institutions was, not to gratify the religious emotions of particular people, but to make a fairly God-fearing, honest family life possible for everybody. The brazen serpent in Hezekiah's time was, no doubt, a great boon to many religious people ; but for the masses it was bad on the whole ; bad, because it helped to make them fancy they were serving God when they were not. As long as they had it to burn incense before, they could fancy they had not forsaken the religion of Moses. "For, see," they would say, "do we not burn incense before his work ? " When they lost that, it would be more easy to make them ask themselves, "Are we doing anything that Moses bade us ? or have we forgotten him entirely ? "

The breaking of the serpent, then, was an insult and jar to the religious emotions of pious people ; but, as it happened that it was needed for the religious life of the masses, the former consideration must give way to the latter.

What ails our religious life now is that our religion itself is selfish. Listen to any discussion about Church matters, from the question of disendowment down to the question in what shape we shall arrange our Christmas decorations, and we shall find too often (not always, but very often) that all the arguments on both sides are vitiated by the same error. A little extra good done to people already religious is made of more consequence than the possibility of introducing the godless to any share in the spiritual benefits which we imagine ourselves to possess. I do not want now to attack anything, or advocate any measure, or discuss any question ; only to put religious discussion in general on to its right footing. There is a suppressed, taken-for-granted, first premiss—a premiss so taken for granted that it is hardly ever stated—which might be expressed thus : "My feelings, as a Protestant, or as a Churchman, or as a Dissenter—as a religious man somehow or other—are of enormous importance." If we are intolerant we do not, if tolerant we do, acknowledge that they are no more to be regarded than the feelings of our religious-minded antagonists ; but we always make religious people's feelings matter of great consequence.

Whereas, in truth, we should rather reflect that, if we have any real feelings in the matter, anything which deserves to be called religious feeling about any symbol, and is not mere idle prejudice, we have already very much to be thankful for. If the Church as an institution, or the Sacrament, or the music and the flowers, are in reality any source of pure and true emotion to us ; if we are so

near to God that they are able to cause us any properly religious emotion at all, then we are just those least to be considered in any Church matter. The question is not : How shall those who care so much for God that they are capable of being deeply pained by what seems to them irreverent, avoid any jar to their religious emotion ? but : How shall we make the Church and its institutions a cause of any properly *religious* emotion or thought to the mass of people?

There is no occasion for any Pharisaic judgment as to what we or others, as individuals, feel. No man need decide whether his own feeling is mostly religious or mostly superstitious. What I want to point out is this : The argument commonly used is, "My feeling is religious, therefore it is worthy of reverence." Whereas each man should rather say : "If, or in so far as, my feeling is superstitious, the indulgence of it is doing me harm, not good ; and if my feeling is indeed mainly true and pure, then I have so much to be thankful for already that I ought to be willing to have my feelings jarred upon, if need be, for the purpose of rousing any religious life in those less favoured."

As a rule, in ordinary times, the best way of accomplishing this is by a tender reverence for all sacred symbolism ; our own, or those of other Churches ; by being slow to move, patient and gentle in discussion ; and avoiding sudden and startling changes. But there do come times when nothing can awaken the religious life of the people so well as taking whatever seemed to be, for its own sake, venerable, breaking this in pieces before the eyes of the worshippers, and calling it by some plain and contemptuous name ; when the best way of keeping the commandments of the founder of a religion is by demolishing the work of his hands.

If any such change should be proposed in our own day, it would tend to calm our feeling and steady our action, if we would remember this. The fact that a Ceremony or Institution is sacred to me for the holiest causes, and arouses in me the purest emotions, does not in itself make the destruction of that Ceremony or Institution displeasing to God ; on the contrary, it may happen that the most acceptable sacrifice we can make to God is to sacrifice the purity of our religious feeling and the sacredness of our religious associations, for the sake of making possible some sort of religious life to those who can share in neither.

"THE OUTWARD AND VISIBLE SIGN."

Things become sacred when they have been used as signs of something which is sacred. By-and-by the outward sign becomes

"Fetich." The progress of superstition is twofold ; the process of erecting a sign into an idol involves two distinct steps.

First, we attach a special sacredness to the special sign chosen, as if it were by nature and essentially more closely connected with the thing signified than other things are. The sign is specially sacred, of course ; the fact that human hearts have clustered round it and fastened their roots into it makes it so. But we grow to forget that other things are equally symbolic (all Nature being One), and therefore, by nature, equally sacred. We forget that the special sacredness of the particular symbol is human, derived, due to association. We fancy that the particular phenomenon is more holy than others, by virtue of something in its own nature, which is not in the nature of other phenomena. In time we grow to care more for, think more of, the sign than the thing signified.

The second mistake we make is worse still. We confuse between reverence for a person or thing and tenderness for our own feelings about the person or thing ; between the intensity of our reverence and the intensity of our selfish desire not to let our feeling of reverence be jarred upon. (It is like confusing between the degree of pain and the degree of desire to avoid pain.) The two are connected, of course, but are no true measure of each other.

I have often observed that when once an outward sign has been made "Fetich," has been set up as an idol, the sacrifice which it is sure to exact is the sacrifice of that spiritual good of which it was a sign.

Certain technical conventionalities of appearance have grown to have a value ; originally because they were signs of general cleanliness. There is nothing to which cleanliness (in any wide and true sense) is more sacrificed than to the keeping up of these appearances. People will not air their rooms lest they should look dirty ; they will not let the sun in to purify the air lest the carpets should fade ; because bright, unfaded carpets, etc., *look* fresh and clean !

The sacrament of the Eucharist means at least this much : that Christ's Church is as wide as the need of food and drink. Therefore, and quite naturally, religious exclusiveness centred round the Eucharist, and made its stronghold there.

Certain kinds of knowledge became valuable in former times, because, there being then no way of acquiring them except by reading a variety of books, or going through courses of study of a nature to expand the mind, the possession of them was supposed to prove a true liberal culture. Much of this knowledge has now been condensed into "Text-books" ; and the possession of it proves hardly anything. And culture, in any deep or true sense,

is fast being sacrificed to the possession of these scraps of information. A parent will sometimes say, "I cannot let my daughter waste her time in going through such and such processes (which might be good for her mental training), because there are so many things nowadays which every lady must know, without which she is not considered educated, that she must get them up in the readiest way." Then the very existence of the "royal-road-to-learning" methods makes "knowledge" easier to get, and therefore increases the quantity which "every lady must know"; and so the mischief increases from generation to generation. True culture, the harmonious development of body, mind and heart, is being more and more sacrificed to a desire for the mere *signs* of education.

INVISIBLE

There is no less sugar in a tumbler of water after it has melted and become invisible, than when it was all in streaks and making the water muddy.

SUCHE TREU, SO FINDEST DU

We are told that the progress of Science threatens destruction to Art. Is this so? Adelaide Proctor, who apparently knew nothing of the Science of Music, wrote a pretty poem about a Lost Chord, which a melancholy Organist struck once, accidentally, and spent the rest of his life in a vain attempt to recover. Any one possessing a little knowledge of Harmony, and a little of the kind of resolute patience which is given by a scientific training, could recover any conceivable Lost Chord. Would Art be much the worse for having the Chord instead of the Poem? We cannot answer that question; nor, indeed, need we ask it; for God has given us both; the Chord by means of Science; the Poem through the sadness caused by temporary ignorance and delay.

"A GULF FIXED"

In almost all forms of serious literature, and especially in that which is called religious, we hear of gulfs, or impassable dividing lines. In the words of Jesus, we hear of only one such gulf. On one side of it there stands a careless, selfish, luxurious man who thinks of no one but himself as long as all goes well with his comfort; who, as soon as God gives him his share of evil things,

betakes himself to prayer in the hope of immediate release; and, when he finds that that is unattainable, forthwith craves for the luxury of "doing good" and the occupation of directing the action of his betters. On the other side is an old sage who knows, by the experience of his own life, the value of endurance and trial; knows it so well, indeed, that he receives a beggar, at death, into his bosom, apparently without question as to his qualifications, knowing that when he has once shuffled off the actual physical brain which may have been injured by the accidents of his earth-life, he, the man himself, must be worth having as a friend, by sheer force of the fact of having gone through much. The patriarch is perfectly aware that what ails Dives is too much ease; and tells him so. Yet his logic would only half convince himself, he would be half tempted to give way, but that God has, besides teaching abstract wisdom to those who will learn, enforced the lesson by fixing a great gulf between impatient men and the too hasty gratification of their selfish desires, between kind-hearted men and the premature indulgence of their tenderness.

Does not this suggest that the only gulf recognised by Jesus is that re-al, not eternal or actual, gulf which we call Time? Between any desire and its satisfaction there is, perhaps, no other gulf than that.

Dives wished to serve his brethren; he must wait, with a gulf between, till that unsatisfied wish becomes heart-hunger; for the longing of the heart is often as great a stimulus to the moral faculties of men as physical hunger is to the intellectual faculties of beasts.

And so it may be also on a higher plane. Man wishes to believe that God is good; but Science makes him doubt it. Blessed are, not they who have hastily snatched at satisfactions of any kind before they are given in God's appointed way, but they who have hungered and thirsted after a Righteousness which they could not find, and dared not pretend to have found; for they shall at last be filled.

CHAPTER VI

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE

" 'Eleison,* O Eleison, Kyrie!'
Soft, mournful, pleading, seemed the notes to be.
'Eleison Christe; we are vile, weak, dull;

*"Mercy, O Lord, mercy!"

But Thou art strong, but Thou art pitiful!'
Then, as the Host was raised, with deaf'ning sound
Rang fretted roof and pillared arches round,
And, to the sense o'erborne with awe and wonder,
Seemed as if shaken by a storm of thunder.
'Gloria in excelsis, Gloria!
Hear Thou Thy Church its adoration pay;
And, as the heavenly choir proclaimed Thy birth
With "Glory in the Highest; Peace on earth,"
So be Thou still on earth, in Heaven adored,
For only Thou art Holy, Thou the Lord.'

"These words they sang in Constance, on the day
When Huss of Prague was called by fire away.
Lo in the church were gathered old and young;
And solemn prayers were said and Mass was sung.
But he, without, stood excommunicate,
Bereft of human trust, and desolate;
And felt his chain, and knew himself betrayed—
Knew it unmoved, nor idle comment made;
Armed in the strength which outward ill controls,
Th' impregnable defence of steadfast souls.

* * * *

Then, by the pyre on which his books were piled
Blazing, he passed to his own pyre, and smiled.

* * * *

Then from the agony and final strife
Of the dissolving flesh and parting life,
Above the war of the dread element
A supplication and a song were sent;
The burden of an ancient hymn they bore:
'Oh, take me to Thy rest for evermore.'

"He who the terrors of that scene of blood
Thus in the might of conscious truth withstood,
Was one whose frame long vigils had made weak,
And toil of thought was in his faded cheek;
His limbs had worn a felon's weight of chains;
Fever had dried the current of his veins;
Yet still the noble courage of his heart
O'erbore the weakness of its mortal part;
And he was strong, and built a name sublime,
Above the ruins and the dust of time."

GEORGE BOOLE.

A LADY OF WONDROUS VIRTUES*

Some passages in the letters of James Hinton, to the effect that the sacrifice of human lives to self-righteous prejudices, or to

*In the *University Magazine* of 1880 this article appeared under the title, The Quality of Mercy."

imaginary ideas of duty to one's family, may be essentially as cruel as sacrificing them to what are called evil passions or vicious pleasures, have suggested to me a parallel between Shylock and Portia.

It will, of course, seem to many a matter of doubt whether Shakespeare had any such parallel in his mind. But the point to which I have to call attention is that a certain correspondence does, at least in part, exist ; whether this idea is essentially a modern one, or whether it had occurred to Shakespeare's mind, is a question on which I do not wish to enter.

It is often said that commentators find lessons in old writers which would have greatly surprised the writers themselves. But this must necessarily be the case when we are commenting on the works of any author who is rather an artist than a didactic teacher.

The highest mission of a moralist is rather to show the inadequacy and imperfection of the ideal of rightness accepted by his age and country than to declaim against acknowledged vices and foibles. And the former object is often better accomplished by giving a purely artistic representation of that ideal than by any direct attempt at inculcating moral truths. What is the meaning of the word "inspiration" as applied to works of art, if the poet can never teach truths of which he is himself unconscious ? If Shakespeare can make us see a fact, we have, I think, a right to examine it, even if we are not able to ascertain that he himself saw it. An artist (Shakespeare or some one before him) found somewhere the two stories of the pound of flesh and of the caskets ; whether it was mere artistic inspiration which induced him to put them side by side, or whether he was conscious of any definite moral purpose in their juxtaposition, we need not attempt to decide. Let us simply look at Shylock and Portia as if they were living persons—children of Shakespeare, owing to him their existence, their vitality, their form, but in whom strangers can, perhaps, discover characteristics, likenesses, differences, which their own father may never have consciously observed.

In the character of Portia, Shakespeare has painted a wonderful picture of a certain popular type of goodness ; she is a pious, dutiful, well-educated young woman, intelligent, graceful, and gracious. He suggests no imperfections in her, he leaves her to make her own impression on his readers ; she is allowed to affect us now as she would have affected her circle of friends. Every one likes Portia ; we are evidently meant to like her. Any parent to whom had been given such a daughter would feel proud and thankful. If she is rather freer in her language than well-brought-

up girls of our own day, we make allowances for her, because such licence was in fashion in her time. Our impression of her personally is extremely pleasant ; yet, when we come to analyse her deeds and motives, we see that it would be possible to represent her, on one side of her character, as a very fiend. Beside her stands an ugly reflection of herself, in which we can see what she might look like to the angels. No caricature of her ; but a sort of grim and ghastly likeness of her, with, as it were, her outer skin off. Shylock has much of Portia's virtue, but without her graces ; and the crime which she prevents him from committing seems like a sort of fantastic shadow projected by the crime committed by her father and herself.

But he is a Jew ; one of a persecuted and abhorred race ; lacking, therefore, in that superficial kindliness—that amiable unconsciousness of ill will against anybody in particular—which is so easy and cheap to those accustomed from infancy to be happy and admired, so impossible to those who have been perpetually stung by a sense of injustice ; and which, where it exists, is not incompatible with much selfishness and lack of true sympathy.

And not only has the general course of Shylock's life been such as to bring his worst qualities to the surface, but the circumstances in which we see him are such as to exhibit them at their worst. He is, during the action of the play, shown almost entirely in intercourse with his enemies ; Portia is, throughout, surrounded by her servants and friends.

And, lastly, we are made to look at Shylock from Portia's point of view ; we are allowed to see Portia from her own ; we hear all that Portia has to say about Shylock ; we are not told what Shylock thinks of her—probably he knew nothing of her history.

The essential characteristic of Jews, as such, the virtue on which narrow-minded Jews mainly pride themselves, is their reverence for their national traditions, for the laws and customs handed down from their ancestors, for those laws especially which separate them from other nations. A good Jew sacrifices himself to keep intact these traditions ; if he cannot do this without sacrificing others as well as himself, the motive is held to exonerate him from blame. We Gentiles see only the evil side of such a sacrifice of the living in reverence for a far-off past ; we call it "superstition" and "barbarism." In Portia what is essentially the same feeling takes the shape, to us more attractive, of unreasoning and measureless devotion on the part of a daughter to the mere will of her father. Portia is quite sure that it is right for her to cultivate the

religion of family at the cost of her own inclinations ; if other people suffer also for her obedience, she is not to blame.

Shylock's national feeling, his reverence for the traditions according to which Jews were bound not to be too familiar with Gentiles, is only once expressed in words ; but it is evidently the key-note of his whole life. His detestation of Antonio, though complicated and intensified by personal considerations, is to a large extent an outcome of his patriotism. Antonio, it is true, had injured Shylock's trade ; but if a brother Jew had done so, Shylock would not have wanted to cut his heart out ; revenge and greed would have been kept in check by conscience. But Antonio had not only injured him personally, he had insulted him as a Jew. In the person of Shylock he had insulted the Hebrew nation.

One property of superstition, as distinguished from true human religion, is that, by localising and restricting the action of the moral sense, it leaves the passions to act unbalanced in certain directions. The effect of Shylock's exaggerated nationality was that he felt it quite a virtuous deed to treat a Gentile enemy as his worst self would, perhaps, have been disposed to treat any enemy.

We notice the same tendency in Portia. The natural vanity, which tempts a woman to let men for whom she does not care make reckless sacrifices for her sake, exists to some extent in nearly all girls ; but under ordinary circumstances it is kept in check, in all but the worst, by pity and compunction. In Portia's case the father's command neutralises the pity and the sense of responsibility.

So, perhaps, with the father ; he has an exaggerated idea of the duty which he supposes laid on him to protect his daughter from all possibility of being a prey to mercenary speculators ; and this prevents his feeling constrained, as he otherwise would, to ask himself at what probable cost he is indulging in the pleasure of thinking that, after his death, men whom he never saw will be made aware of, and forced to submit to, his eccentric commands.

Portia is so absorbed in the mere question of obedience to her father, that she does not seem to see that anything but disobedience can be wrong. It may seem absurd to regard her rejected suitors (that fiery Prince of Morocco especially) as feeling bound by a vow never to marry. But how recklessly have promises never to marry been imposed, almost within the recollection of persons now living, as a serious business transaction, and from motives of family interest ! That men have thought themselves bound to keep such promises is also a fact. In what manner they are kept, and with what results, we need not inquire.

Portia saves herself the pain which thinking seriously might have cost her; she has evidently never considered the matter at all. She has counted the cost—to herself—of obedience; a something which is half heroism to face an evil fate, half faith that in some mysterious manner her heroism will be rewarded by escaping that fate, sustains her through her own share of the trial. If she had ever attempted to realise the consequences of her virtue to other people, she would either have disobeyed her father, or, more likely, have escaped by suicide the responsibility of needing to disobey. But she lacks what has been called "that power of imagination which forms so large a part of the divine charity"; and as long as she is conforming to the law—the special law which she thinks binding on herself—she feels that all is right. If her lovers choose voluntarily to make rash vows, they, not she, are responsible for the consequences.

Shylock also keeps strictly to the letter of the law, even of the Gentile law; and very surprised he seems to be to find that good Christians do not consider that amount of virtue all that could be required of him. Antonio voluntarily promised a pound of flesh; it does not occur to Shylock that any one has a right to require at his hands the blood which may have to flow in the cutting of it. Surely the author, whoever he was, to whom it first occurred to present in sharp contrast the exact pound of flesh, which could be bargained for and weighed, and to which the man had, by the confession of the judge, an indisputable right—and the hot life-blood, to which no one had any claim, which would flow incidentally of which no account had been taken, which no one could measure, and which nothing could staunch, must have been one of the sublimest artists of all time.

Besides being hardened by superstitious reverence for some special form of duty, Shylock is perhaps, like Portia, still further deadened by reaction after an effort of self-sacrifice. For it needed an effort for a man like him to break through his habits so far as to lend money to a Gentile, with no hope of interest, without security even for the principal, and with the doubt, which must have been all along on his mind, whether, in any case, the Gentile authorities would let him have his pound of flesh. And we much mistake the Jews if we think that their love of accumulating money is only the same thing as the mere sordid avarice of a Gentile miser. To the Jews of old time, forbidden as they were to purchase land, or to distinguish themselves in political life, the accumulation of wealth was the only road to power or distinction; and money thus came to have for them, as it indeed still has for some foreign Jews, a sort of emotional value, such as has for the aristocrat

his ancestral estate. This subject is too wide a one to enter upon here ; but it may be suggested that if we could truly realise what money had become to the Jews, and what associations it had for them, we should feel that Shylock's "Oh ! my ducats, oh ! my daughter," which, as reported by Salanio, seems so grotesque a medley, was as truly human and pathetic as would be the lament of an officer in an army of patriots, whose child, in deserting him, had carried over to the camp of the oppressors, along with a store of ammunition, the standard of his regiment and the sword handed down to him from his ancestors.

But, though money was thus dear and sacred in Shylock's eyes, he is willing to sacrifice it for the smallest chance of destroying the man whom he hates, and who hates "our sacred nation." Charming gentleman as Antonio seems to his Gentile friends, there were many reasons why a Jew of his city should, when attacking him, have much of the same feeling as David when he went forth alone to fight the giant ; and we may be sure that when the agent of Bellario pronounced at first in Shylock's favour, he sent up a silent thanksgiving to the God of his fathers for delivering into his hands the enemy of his race. Need we doubt that, in that moment of triumph, Shylock was as naïvely unconscious of any reason for being morally dissatisfied with himself as ever Portia was in her life ?

On this narrow self-righteousness Portia looks, and leads us to look, from the point of view of a true and divine humanity. It is easy for her to do so. Everything tends, just at the time of the trial, to put her into a generous frame of mind. She is happy in her love ; she has an opportunity of earning the gratitude of her husband and his friends ; and, as far as the trial itself is concerned, she feels herself, beforehand, to be completely master of the situation. Her religious faith, such as it is, has been, so far, justified by the course of events. Moreover, she can think of Shylock—and, what is even more to the purpose, she knows that all around her think of him—as an inferior being, a poor, untaught miscreant, who has everything to gain by being made in any respect more like herself. Her little sermon is evidently the expression of the genuine feeling of the moment ; and it is so beautiful and true in itself that we forget, almost as completely as she did, how impertinent is any attempt on the part of a young girl to give religious instruction to a man old enough, even in years, to be her father, older in suffering and experience than she will probably ever be in her life. "Mercy droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven." "We do pray for mercy, and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy," sweetly remarks

this amiable young lady, who had cut the heart out of more than one man, making flippant jests about them with her maid the while. They were guilty of the crime, not of hating her nation, but of liking her better than she liked them ; and, provided her own father's commands are obeyed, she can leave them, bleeding morally, without remorse.

Mercy ! A girl of Portia's type would have offered human sacrifices with the greatest cheerfulness if she had been brought up where Moloch-worship was in fashion ; and we, if we had lived in the same age and country, should have felt no more horror of her for doing so than we do of any woman of our own day, who is content with accurately performing whatever duties happen to have been brought under her notice by the persons who have had charge of her in childhood, and does not think it necessary to ask herself unpleasant questions about the cost to others at which her "blameless" existence is being carried on.

The careless spoiled-children of fortune do sometimes succeed in inducing bitter eager outcasts from superficial pleasantness and grace to adopt their own fluent phraseology and the outside customs of their own decorous and seemingly Christian life. They little guess how much of the willingness to consent to the change may be due to a perception that such apparent concession is likely to turn out in the end a better means than continuous antagonism of "wresting Christ's Name from the devil's crew."*

NOTE.—Since the above was written, Mr. Irving has made Shylock a living person to thousands. We may be grateful to the great actor for bringing out with such vividness Shylock's patient submission to everything which he understands to be law, and the absence in him of anything like miserliness or greed.

In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper at a literary society, it was treated as an attack on Portia. But it cannot have been intended as an attack upon the popular heroine, seeing that what is said of her is true of a very large proportion of persons in every class. If it appears severe on anything, it is not on Portia, but on a state of society in which a woman whose moral qualities are but of average order, and who is exceptional only in intelligence and grace, can find herself raised to the rank of an ideal of womanhood. But, in reality, I had no thought of attacking anybody, even society at large ; the sole object being to suggest a meaning for the grotesque old tale of the pound of flesh, which Shakespere, and perhaps more than one writer before him, connected with the story of the caskets.

I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of recording a comment made by a friend on the "Lady of Wondrous Virtues." She agreed in the main in my idea of the character, but objected that I had treated it statically, not dynamically ; I had failed to perceive that Portia's new-born love was a turning-point, that she had been stirred to a new impulse of generosity. While thankfully acknowledging the helpful wisdom of the criticism on myself, I cannot but add that it suggests to me one terrible thought, which my friend's own great charity caused her to overlook : Bassanio was not the sort of man to aid in rendering Portia's conversion permanent. She would probably settle down, after her

*Browning, "Holy-Cross Day."

outbreak of enthusiastic "mercy," to a life of "dual selfishness"; and, in that case, her last state would be more hopeless than the first. I should look forward to the results of even Shylock's conversion as containing more promising elements than Portia's; for he was at least capable of being in grim earnest. We know, too, that "Le Bon Dieu est toujours du côté des persécutés"; and Shylock had been faithful to his persecuted brethren, and to as much as he understood of his own religion, at considerable cost to himself. Blessed are, not those who know the right forms of words to use about righteousness, but they who are persecuted for the sake of such righteousness as they do know; for to them comes the Kingdom of Heaven.

This hopeful feeling about Shylock was suggested to me by two persons, neither of whom had the least pretension to be literary critics. An old German Jewess, whom I visited in a hospital in Ireland, told me that she was ill-used by the nurses and patients on account of her religion. She added, "My child, there is a Messiah. Whether He has already appeared, or whether He is still to come, we know not; but one thing I know: all men who treat each other as brothers are His." When I took leave of this dear friend, who for many months had prayed for me, given me wise advice for this world and the next, consoled me in sorrow, and encouraged me to keep up faith in a Messiah while all my Gentile teachers were so acting as to induce me to think this faith a delusion and an evil, I spoke of the hope of meeting her hearefter. She said sorrowfully, "In the future life we go with our own people, not with strangers." Wonderful logic of superstition! For this life I was her "child," for the next a "stranger." And yet we were both to trust in the same Messiah!

Some years afterwards a little girl in Mr. Maurice's Industrial School (the Girls' Home) told me, as a joke, that the Jews pray still for the Messiah to come; "blinded, ignorant creatures, praying for Him to come, and not knowing He's come long ago." Another child looked up puzzled, and said, "But, ma'am, I don't understand. Aren't we told to ask and we shall have? Well, if a lot of people shut themselves up every Saturday to pray for the Messiah to come to them—please, ma'am, ain't He *bound* to come?"

CHAPTER VII

INFIDELITY

"TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?"

"Whither, whither shall I flee
Far from look and thought of Thee?
By what spell persuade my heart
From its baffled love to part?

"Like the dove that, round the ark
O'er those waters lone and dark
Urging far her weary race,
Flew, but found no resting-place;

"So to Thee my heart, in vain
Driven abroad, returns again.
Spite of scorn and broken vow,
All without is cheerless now.

"Yet perchance, as sages say,
Time may bring a brighter day,
Years may dim love's fairest wreath,
Absence do the work of death.

"Vain, 'tis vain ! The heart, bereaved
Of all its fondest hopes conceived,
Where a stamp like Thine is set,
Pines or breaks, can ne'er forget."

NOTE.—This poem was taught me in my childhood by my father, Thomas Everest, who told me that it was given to his family in his youth by a friend who was an astronomer. Whether it was meant for a love-song or a hymn, I never knew. I have never met with it in print ; and it seems too beautiful to be lost. If I knew who is the present proprietor of the verses, I would ask his permission to quote them ; as I do not, I can only apologize for the omission ; I should be grateful to any one who could tell me the name of my unknown benefactor.

A RENEGADE*

"ONE half of the world does not know how the other half lives," says the proverb. And it is at least equally true that half the world does not know why the other half sins. The thought-life of the world in which you will have to live is in a wildly chaotic condition ; this even you have begun to find out, as you prove by the questions which you sometimes ask me. Some people would say that I ought to discourage such questions. But it seems to me wiser to try to teach you, while you are under the shelter of your homes and college, a little about the difficulties through which, and the principles by which, you will have to guide yourselves when you are exposed to the brunt of the storm.

I have, sometimes, when conversing with the more earnest members of that section of the scientific world which is popularly designated as infidels, or Pantheists, endeavoured to convince them that, all theological theories apart, they, as individuals, were not doing what appeared to me to be their plain duty to the society in which it had pleased their Maker to place them. I have represented to them that they could have no proof of Christ not being an Incarnation of the Deity ; that they had no right to break the unity of the Church by withdrawing from Communion on account of any mere vague and negative difficulty ; that if they would throw themselves heartily into the National Church, and assert their right to teach there, as their contribution to the general intellectual funds of the Church, those things which they actually know, or about which they feel themselves to be

*Lecture to some College pupils on the "Vie de Jésus."

more qualified to speak than any mere theologians possibly can be, they would find that the Church would practically impose on them no other restraint than that they should not talk before young and ignorant persons of things which they do not, after all, even profess to understand; and that, if they would only submit themselves to this very mild and reasonable discipline, they would find their reward in the increased knowledge which would be sent to them through the Church, and possibly also in increased opportunities of usefulness. The answer which I have received has commonly been, in substance, this: "If Christian ministers would be content to speak to us of God as one child may to another of their common Father, we would sacrifice anything for the sake of union. But as long as they insist on putting between us and the Author of Science the words of a book; as long as they get up dogmas and discussions about the nature, the conditions, the duration, and even the very existence, of a relationship, our perception of which is clearer than of any outward fact whatever, and which we feel to be almost too sacred to be even alluded to at all—so long we have no choice but to regard the Church as a mischievous institution. We have no right to try to understand her doctrines; we must resist all temptations to be drawn into any concessions to her, or we shall be guilty of faithlessness to the Unseen, Who (or Which) has called us out and taught us. We know our ignorance, and our need of help from our brethren; but it has been the appointed trial of the people of God in all ages to have to live alone, and be persecuted by the multitude."

Well, "the wind bloweth where it listeth," says Some One, Whom we, within the pale of Christianity, suppose to have understood the laws of nature, at a time when men in general were still more ignorant of them than we are now, and Whose words we are accustomed to accept as oracles. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." And, as a matter of fact, it listeth, very often, to blow round and round, in all directions at once, so that "we cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." Accordingly, although we may feel quite convinced that it is the wind, and nothing else, which is causing our own movement, that does not, in itself, give us any right to deny that the same wind may be carrying somebody else in a very different direction; or to dogmatise about the precise point of the compass towards which the whole storm is advancing. The only way, therefore, to make sure of avoiding being blown off into isolation ourselves, and of helping instead of hindering the cause of progress, is to battle through the storm, and get as near as we can to the calm centre of progress.

How are we to learn whereabouts this calm centre is ? We must look out for the man who is rushing in the direction most opposite to our own, *whatever that may be* ; the centre of progress lies in the road which leads to him. Not in the direction in which he is going, but in the straight line towards *himself*. The path from us to the still centre is neither his path nor our own, but the line, at right angles to both, which joins him and ourselves.

Acting upon the hint thus thrown out for us by Him whom we call the "Lord of Nature," let us endeavour to find our way to meet that strange man, Ernest Renan, who has lately* seemed to be going in what seems to us so entirely the wrong direction ; and who has nevertheless given not a few proofs of having felt the breath of the Spirit. It is said that, when he was still a young man, the oldest doctors of the Sorbonne used to speak of him with respect. The first thing which strikes us when examining Renan's two most characteristic works, the "Études d'Histoire Religieuse," and the "Essais de Morale et de Critique," is the total absence of that tone of virtuous indignation which so many men of his way of thinking assume when speaking of their opponents. He has pondered over the words of Christ, till they have inspired him with a charity which seems boundless, and a patience which has proved almost inexhaustible. Would only that he could have learned from the life of Christ a more generous confidence in the possibilities of human nature ! Nothing is more instructive than to watch the contrast between his instinctive and passionate faith in God, and his deep-rooted distrust of humanity. I say deep-*rooted*, advisedly. This distrust is not conspicuous on the surface of his writings. He knows full well that it is there, and that it is always tending to take possession of the soil ; and he is always on the watch lest it should grow up and overshadow his soul.

Renan has learned from practical experience that a certain class of minds are so created as to be scarcely capable of coming to the knowledge of God, and quite incapable of coming to any deep trust in, or love for, God, along any other path than that of scientific culture. Another and larger class of minds (many of them, Renan is sure, among the highest and purest in the world, but very differently constituted) feel the nearer to God for thinking of Him as Incarnate in a human shape, and as revealing Himself by means of miracles. (Such persons commonly find it difficult to realise or appropriate to themselves any promise of Divine forgiveness except such as is made to them through some form of Atonement. But this last is my remark, not Renan's.) With the latter class of persons Renan professes to have nothing whatever to do.

*1866.

He knows very little about them ; he confesses that he is not qualified to enter into their difficulties ; he does not understand exactly what they need in the way of spiritual sustenance or why they should need it ; and has neither leisure nor opportunity for investigating the matter. He is sure that a God of perfect wisdom and goodness made both them and himself, and that both he and they must have their appointed work to do on earth. *His* work is to comfort and help people of his own kind, whose needs he knows, and whose difficulties he understands. He believes the barrier between himself and the Christian world to be impassable. He accepts it as "une loi fatale de l'état que nous traversons," that Christians should misunderstand and insult him. He does not resent their enmity ; far from it. He loves them the better for the religious earnestness which inspires it. He believes that in the Eternal world the persecuted will thank the persecutors for having educated them, through suffering, to a higher excellence. But he is quite resolved that on this earth he will notice no criticism that may be addressed to him, he will answer no calumnies which may be set afloat against him by theologians. He thinks that no scientific philosopher can even try to come to an understanding with religious people without moral injury ; as witness the greatest Philosopher of all, Who, because He made the attempt, found himself entangled in an unholy trick of pretending to be possessed of supernatural power. This *parti-pris* of denying all exceptional *seeming* powers ; all "Singular Solutions" (so to speak) of such problems as those of mesmerism and clairvoyance, has cut Renan off from the possibility of exploring a wonder-world which has been of late years opened up to students.

It does not occur to him that any outward circumstance could affect the relationship between himself and his God. Whether, for instance, Lazarus was really dead when he was put into the cave, or whether he only pretended to be so, whether he was comatose, or whether the whole story is a myth, is to him a question of purely historical interest. No answer that could be given to it could alter the two facts : that History reveals a moral order in the world ; and that he, Renan, has lived, for years, safe under the guidance of that great Friend, for Whose service he exists ; for Whose truth he has accepted a loneliness more bitter, one would fancy, than any death ; at Whose bidding he would be quite willing to accept annihilation ; but Who, as he in his innermost heart half-shyly feels, cares too much for him ever to let him be annihilated.

There seems to be a great objection in the minds of many Christians to the habit of a certain class of philosophers, of speak-

ing of Christ simply as a Teacher and Example, and ignoring altogether the question of miracles, and the idea of any atoning virtue in His death. *Why* they should object to it I cannot conceive. All views of such a subject must be partial and incomplete ; why should not one man's view be as good as any other man's ?

Do not the most orthodox Christians tell us that every one should go to Christ now for *just what he feels the need of*, as he would have done had he lived with Him in Jerusalem ? If our Lord were to appear to-morrow in the streets of Paris, I do not think Mons. Renan would ask Him to raise the dead. He would *like*, no doubt, to have some of his friends back on earth ; but I do not think it would ever occur to him to ask to have a miracle performed. Nature's way (which is God's way) out of troubles, is the right and normal and wholesome way ; that one idea is the key-note of Renan's mind. And God's way, so far as he has observed, is to let dead bodies lie quietly in their graves. I believe such a man as he is hardly capable of *wishing* that they should do otherwise. His sister, to whom he dedicates his "Vie de Jésus," is in "the bosom of God." She got there, quite naturally, Mons. Rénan seems to suppose, in the ordinary course of events. Where else should she be ? All people who have been privileged to labour and suffer and struggle for the truth's sake, bear within their hearts a witness that their home is there. Mons. Renan does not think any other witness would be worth having. But it is quite certain that if our Lord appeared in Paris, Mons. Renan would ask Him to raise Science. And he has gone to Christ, to His teaching, to His example, for help in raising Science. Had he not a right ? Orthodox Christians go to Christ to make their peace with God. Mons. Renan does not want to make peace with God ; he feels that God had already made peace with him, when He commissioned him to teach and suffer for His Scientific truth. "An all-righteous Being could not have made peace with sinners without some Atonement," we say. Very good. But does it follow that Mons. Renan need necessarily be aware of the fact ? We may wish that he were aware of it. But he cannot know it till it pleases God to reveal it to him. And in the meantime he knows a great many things that we do not know. Some people breathe and thrive and are very healthy and useful members of society, who never were made aware of the existence of such a thing as oxygen. They never speculated about how or why they breathe. They do breathe ; and that is all about it. Just so, Mons. Renan never speculated about how he came to be at peace with God. He knows the fact well enough. He could not be the man he is if he did not know it. And he knows, besides, that his scientific insight into history, and the

courage which has been given him to witness for the truth, are a sacrament and seal of the love of God to him. But though Mons. Renan knows quite as much as he desires to know, or feels entitled to ask, about his relations to God, he must, one would think, have been often sorely perplexed about his relations with men. He wants exceedingly to know how God wills that a philosopher should live in this confused world. He has gone to Christ, "the greatest of philosophers"; and Christ has taught him. Have you any objection?

My quarrel with Mons. Renan is not that he has stuck too close to the text he has chosen, about Christ being "a great Philosopher and Teacher," but that he has not stuck close enough to it. But more of this presently. One remark, however, I may make *en passant*; I cannot believe that any man ever adhered too closely to the text he has chosen. In fact, I cannot believe that any earnest man ever chose a text for himself at all. It seems to me that, when an earnest man makes a mistake, he does so for want of adhering closely enough to the text which has been chosen for him.

It would be almost amusing, if it were not so touching, to watch Mons. Renan's own mode of dealing with that class of students, who, while seriously desirous of discovering the truth and doing the right, are yet unable to perceive that all the truth, and right, and love, and beauty which surrounds them are One, and that One a living personal Deity. Mons. Renan approaches such persons very cautiously; as a kind and skilful physician might a patient suffering from some unknown and incomprehensible disease. He does not quite know what to say to them; and he seems determined at least to say rather too little than too much. They must be wanting, he rather thinks, in one of the most essential characteristics of humanity. One only piece of advice he gives them. He implores them to not allow themselves to confound an incapacity for positive *belief* with *doubt* or *dis-belief*, not to suppose that, because they are unable to grasp a particular idea in a particular way, therefore they are guilty of materialistic infidelity or revolt against the moral government of God. "The enormous misapprehension," he says, "which so often transforms into blasphemers of the Deity His most pious and most sincere worshippers, is rather a linguistic blunder than anything else." "What saint's life presents a more perfect picture of ascetic devotion and of moral perfection than do the lives of certain thinkers of our own day, with whom I have only one fault to find, and that is that they fancy they are Atheists?"

Of the common notion that Renan, or any true follower of his,

or any person in the least like him, would presume or wish to deny the immortality of the soul, and the personal love and care of God for the individual man, I have nothing to say, except that it is false. Scientific men often shrink from *expressing*, or from *hearing expressed*, positive convictions about things which are not capable of scientific proof. And—what is far more to the purpose—they feel, with an intensity of feeling too deep for any words, that the clearest certainty of future happiness would be but a very sorry substitute for the rapturous love which floods the soul of a student of Scientific Laws, when he throws himself at the feet of the Author of Science, crying, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit ; and though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee ; for Thou *hast* redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth."

"Cette delicieuse théologie d'amour," Renan feels that he is commissioned to preach to those outcasts from the Churches (God knows there are enough of them to make it well that somebody should try to help them), whose minds are not so constituted as to be capable of extracting either edification or comfort from any story, however true, about the bodily resurrection of a dead and buried man. He has no desire to shake the faith or the superstitions of any man. God forbid. He would tremble to preach his doctrines to those who have any others to hold by. He wishes, and less for his own sake than for theirs, that Christians would be wise enough to let him and his books alone. But if they *will* insist on meddling with what does not concern them, why, they do so, of course, at their own risk and peril. He forces his doctrines on no one ; and people who choose to open a professedly infidel book, thereby give the author a right to assume that Christianity has failed to satisfy the needs of their souls. Renan knows he is liable to make mistakes ; but the way out of all difficulties is to do the duty which seems to lie before you, and trust in God to guide you. Duty is the resolution of all perplexities ; by its means God is guiding the world, even when it seems to be walking in darkness. For his own part, he would sacrifice anything else but duty for the sake of the social love and sympathy which fall to the lot of common men. Only the work which he feels that God has given him to do, *that* he cannot sacrifice. He consoles himself in his sorrowful isolation by reflecting that those who are anathematizing him often meet him, without knowing it, in the spirit-world ; in "the Ideal City," which the Seer of the Apocalypse beheld, where thronged a crowd that no man could number, of all kindreds and nations and tongues, proclaiming with one voice the creed in which all are agreed, "Holy, Holy, Holy, is He who was and is and is to be ! "

He has evidently no hope of meeting them any otherwise than in the spirit ; at least, as long as this life lasts. He has no idea that it is any part of his business to endeavour to realise upon earth some copy, however imperfect, of the Apocalyptic Ideal. It never occurs to him to go to those who have misrepresented him, and say, "You have wronged me, but it was half my fault for not taking the trouble to make myself intelligible to you ; and now let us forgive each other and be friends." He cannot believe that the surest way to gain a brother is to go straight to the man who has most "offended" you, and insist on being heard. His notion seems to be that if a philosopher will only treat a priest as he does a woman, with "an exquisite politeness," he has completely fulfilled his duty, so far as *that* relation of life is concerned.

One can hardly help asking one's self as one reads the words : Did Mons. Renan always really treat women—all women—those women from whom he learned such a touching reverence for womankind—in quite the same fashion as he does his clerical opponents ? That sister of his, for instance—wise, gentle, pious, as she must have been (brave, too, to bear the strain of such an exceptional life as hers, and not go mad)—I suppose she must have made mistakes sometimes. Was her brother really too "polite" to her to care to set her right ?

The great error in Renan's attitude towards truth seems to be that he takes what may be called a static instead of a dynamic view of rightness. He knows that Nature and Providence mark out for each man the path in which he is to go ; but he imagines that, when a man has once found out his appointed road, he is to travel on in the *same direction* to the end. He has seen the abstract meaning of the Parable of the Thought-hurricane, but missed its practical application to conduct ; he admires at a distance the thought counterpart who is seeking truth in the direction polar-opposite to his own ; but it does not occur to him that a command is laid on him to go and seek out that brother, and talk over their causes of divergence between their two selves alone. He thinks that, if he can discover what sort of truth he can best investigate, that of itself constitutes a sufficient clue for his guidance through life ; it does not occur to him to ask whether the safety of others requires that he should make himself practically acquainted with some other kind of truth. He has for his own part counted the cost ; he has faced all the personal suffering, the loneliness, the struggle, and the doubt, which come to a thinker in the search after Truth ; he has bravely taken up the cross which was laid before him. But he never knew what he was costing to others ; such men never do know. He rather too lightly dismisses that question from his

conscience, giving the caution that those who are satisfied with the popular religion had better not open his books. It is impossible that he can have really believed they would so abstain; his pretence of supposing that they could do so is neither serious nor honest. It is, in fact, always the case that at the point where any *doctrinaire* positivism comes in, any self-conscious assertion of the legitimacy of the line chosen, at that point honesty becomes more or less wavering. A true man may be willing to suffer for what he believes to be the truth; and to involve in suffering those who care so much for the truth which he has to tell that they are willing to join in paying its price; but he will take care not to throw suffering off from himself on to the helpless and ignorant; it is Herod, not Jesus, who massacres innocents in defence of his own ideas of right. Departure from entire honesty is sure to deflect the price-paying into the wrong lines; to cause it to fall on the wrong victims; or, if on the right persons primarily, to fall on them in such ways as make them, to some extent and in some manner, not merely sufferers, but destroyers. Renan says, "On a les défauts de ses qualités," and generally gives one to understand that, if one bears peaches, one must not expect to bear grapes. Which, of course, is true; and one would be quite content to bear the peaches and let others bear the grapes; and not even to ask which are best worth bearing; but if one's peaches deprive others of the power of bearing grapes, or spoil the grapes before they are ripe, is that legitimate? That is all in the order of Nature, we are told. Yes; it is in the order of Nature. DoesRenan profess to belong quite to the order of Nature? It is at this point that the question meets us: What is Grace? Does Salvation mean anything? If so, what does it mean? Scientific Agnostics have no fear of God; they do not "believe in" the devil; and they dread no hell of which priests tell them. Of any terror which can be made for them of brimstone or fire, of suffering or of wrath, their God Science says to them, "Fear not; for I am with thee." But what of that scientific hell described by Babbage, which is to be made of the ringing in our ears of the cries of those whom we have injured? Our God Science meets us there indeed! But is there a man on earth who dares to say that he can calmly face the prospect of that hell? Is there no possible escape from it? At this point Renan is not clear; I think because he is not quite honest or brave. He says that he will make no protest against being misrepresented and reviled; it is the common fate of true philosophers—of all men, in fact, who have been "touched by the finger of God," and called out to do any exceptional work. Persecution is the badge of his order. The greatest Philosopher of all was misunderstood and deserted by His

own friends, and crucified by people to whom, and to whose Church or nation, He meant no harm; and Renan is one who evidently has no idea of desiring any better fate than his Master's. But he has, as it seems to me, quite missed the point of the story which tells how the greatest Philosopher of all, even after He was sure what His own fate must be, yet would not consent to resign Himself to it, till He had placed Himself once more at the feet of people who could not understand Him, and forced them to let Him serve them on His knees, in order that they might learn to understand.

Renan is wrong, of course; we are all agreed about that. I should find it difficult to express in words how wrong I think him. But the idea which has come to me most strongly from the study of his works is this: the wrong does not consist in his not seeing, what it was next to an impossibility, under all the circumstances, that he should be able to see, *i.e.* how the real faith of a thinking man could be affected by any opinion he might happen to hold on the subject of miracles; nor even in his attributing the miracles of Christ to the momentary weakness of a philosopher condescending to a mob. All such imaginations, shocking as we think them, are outward signs of an evil which lies deeper and is far more widely spread, though in Renan it has, as it were, become incarnate. From the time that a man allows himself to believe in "fatal laws" of division and distrust; to suppose that anything which is interesting to one man can be unworthy the attention of any other man, or that there can be any human being on earth whom it would not be good for every other human being to try to understand; to imagine that any doctrine can be thoroughly *true*, which a true man's instinct would warn him not to preach before Pharisees, and fishermen and publicans, and priests; to nurse himself in the fancy that there can be any other test of the pure milk of Truth than its capacity for nourishing babes—from that moment he is going astray. The particular direction in which he will happen to wander will depend partly on the construction of his mind, and very much on the accidents of his position. One heretic may preach the "Love of God for the Elect," and another may write a "Vie de Jésus" for philosophers, and a third may go and nurse his selfishness in La Trappe. But heresy consists not in any particular form of idiosyncrasy, but in "the I, and me, and mine"; in irreverence for the convictions of other men; in unbelief in the "Light that lighteth every man." And let him among us who is guiltless of that sin throw a stone at Ernest Renan.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT

It would be a strange test of a medical man's skill, to help yourself at random to the contents of any bottle which you found in his house, and neglect to take the medicine which he prescribed for you. The question whether Christ is in truth the Physician of Humanity is being investigated in that manner by thousands at the present day.

For example ; a man is idealistic or dreamy, and does not make money fast ; or, being nominally wealthy, he perceives that his wealth is not in reality his to give, that his treating it as if it were his would do more harm than good. He assumes that the command to give freely what you have freely received can apply to nothing but money, which he has not received "freely" ; and which, if he had, it would cost him nothing to part with ; for it is powerless to procure him anything he much cares for, except the pleasure of giving pleasure. He is too proud to be vain, too arrogant to be ambitious, too fastidious to like elbowing his way in a crowd ; for some of the pursuits for the sake of which money is most valued, he is too cultured ; for others, too dreamy or too indolent. He has a few "talents," intellectual gifts, or natural Christian graces, which he keeps locked up at home, because he does not like contact with the vulgar people among whom they might be made of use. A large farm has been entrusted to him, one corner only of which has been sown for him with good grain ; and when the crop has ripened, he lets it lie in his own garner till it rots ; and leaves the rest of his land barren, from dread of the possible small real loss, and the certainty of temporary apparent loss, which would be the result of using as fresh seed-corn that which he has once reaped. Then he says that surely God is not so hard a Master as to expect to reap from any part of a mind except that portion which He Himself has sown with good seed. He fears to put his candle on a candlestick, so that it may give light to his household, lest it should attract the inquisitive eyes of meddlesome neighbours ; therefore he carefully hides it "under a bed" till it sets the house on fire. When this catastrophe occurs, his friends say that "Christian humility" is a virtue out of place in our day, and that it is much better to be commonplace, and put one's candle on a candlestick like everybody else, than to try to be Christ's servant ; and he himself says that Christ has failed to heal him, and does not know what is in man. And this, with slight variations, is the history of many of those who assert that they have given up Christianity because they have tried it and proved it not true. The

form of the logic depends on the characteristics of the individual; its quality is essentially the same.

THE TRAINING OF GENIUS*

When Mr. Hinton said suddenly the other night, "Christ is commonly spoken of as the type of all human goodness; but He is even more emphatically the typical Man of Genius," it was easy to see that one or two of the ladies present were startled and a little shocked. His abrupt manner naturally takes one by surprise sometimes; and perhaps the particular statement in question may need a little explanation. But I agree with Mr. Hinton; I think that perhaps the most perfect illustration that I know, of the life of Genius in its relations to the world, to mankind, is to be found in the story of the Baptism of Christ.

John had come preaching Baptism *for the Remission of Sins.* "Comest Thou to me?" he said, when the Sinless One asked to be baptized. Naturally enough. He whose instincts were so true to nature, whose mind was so at one with the Mind of God that His very departures from the letter of the Law were more in conformity with the will of the Lawgiver than other people's most scrupulous adherence to it, what had He to do with the remission of Sins? Could He not keep Himself pure without such cleansing as John could give? "I, who am trying to reform the grossest violators of all law and to bring them under obedience, I have need to be corrected by Thy higher, keener sense of what is truly good; and comest Thou to me? Is that becoming or fit?" Yes; it becometh Christ to fulfil whatever is righteous for other people.

If Christ had been intended to live on a desert island, alone in Communion with God and Nature, Baptism, it is true, would have had for Him no meaning. But He was to live among men and for them; to act with them and on them; therefore, as a preliminary, He must submit to whatever processes of discipline and training, make use of whatever means of Grace, were useful for them; so Christ proclaimed once and for all.

And then, when He had decided that it became Him to do a thing which for Him personally seemed to have no meaning or use, a thing which the most ignorant and vicious could do, and which half the rabble of Jerusalem perhaps had already done—then, of all the times in that marvellous Life, there came a Voice

*Lecture to some College pupils.

from Heaven, saying, "This is My Beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased."

The notion of a Deity in human shape was no new one. Almost all religions and all ages had had their "Incarnations" and "Sons of God"; exceptional beings, who walked about the earth in human shape, but endowed with superhuman powers. These Divine persons varied in many ways; but they all agreed in one respect: they had an exceptional early history. They were born full-grown, sprang ready-armed from Jove's head, or rose in perfect beauty from the sea; or they possessed knowledge without the trouble of learning; or else, weapons that killed other people were powerless to harm them.* The "divinity" was in all cases shown by being somehow or other exempted from going through processes which common mortals found imposed on them. Was Christ only another Apollo or Baldur? or was He in very truth "the Desire of all nations"? "It becomes Me to do whatever the publicans and harlots do": in this wise it is that Christ makes His claim upon mankind. This—the Man whose claim is to be on a level with the lowest—"*this* is My beloved Son," says, out of the clouds, the All-Father.

I believe true Genius has always this instinct to think: Whatever preparation is needful for others is right for me. But alas! young Genius has nearly always at its side some admiring relative or friend, or perhaps teacher, ready to suggest, as John did, "This humility and patience are for common mortals, not for thee." And Genius is not always so wise as to reply firmly enough, "Suffer me, now, to do what others have to do." The strongest and most intense minds, of course, as they force their way through all obstacles, so they also repel many evil influences; they follow out their true instincts to the end. But the energy to do this is rare; whereas genius, in some degree, greater or less, is very common, and ought to be used; and most of it gets wasted; chiefly, I think for this reason, that the training of it is not understood. People suppose, either that genius is synonymous with eccentricity and ought to be crushed, or that it is a rare and strange gift which requires a peculiar training unsuitable to ordinary mortals. But it seems to me that all teaching ought to be conducted on the supposition that the pupil has "genius," more or less, and that it is the teacher's business to elicit it. Any process of training which is proved to be good for ordinary mortals may, I think, be assumed to be good for the child of "genius"; and

*It is curious to notice how the writers of the Apocryphal Gospels endeavour to bestow on Christ the exceptional childhood so conspicuously absent from the New Testament history.

anything which really tends—not which is loosely supposed to be likely to tend, but which really does tend—to repress genius, is bad, I think, for everybody.

Among a young artist's admiring friends are usually to be found some who not only think mechanical discipline needless in his case, but fear that it would be bad for him, that it would make his mind, his Art, mechanical. "Is not true Art," they say, "above rules?" Discipline, rules, they seem to think, are for those whose instincts are not true, who have (as to their artistic faculties) some inborn vice from which they need to be purified. "Mere imitators, copyists" (they think), "must, of course, do as they are bidden; but would you make Art itself a matter of mechanical and conventional rules?" I would no more make Art mechanical or conventional than Christ made morals. The Mission of Genius, be it little or much, in all spheres, on all levels and degrees of greatness, in so far as it is really genius, is always to bring freedom; to disregard in its own person, and set others the example of disregarding, customs which, having lost the meaning which gave them value, have become false and harmful; to break, for itself and all people, the fetters of mere mechanical conventionality. But, as a means to that end, it must accept, fully and to the uttermost, all the laws which it recognizes as binding on others. The true Artist will himself go through every part of any discipline which he imposes on his stupidest pupil (though he may, perhaps, go through it more rapidly and less often). If he will not do so, he remains a mere "medium" or visionary, not a prophet; a feeble improviser, not an Artist; a speaker of unknown tongues, not a teacher. He gets flashes of mysterious self-edification, but fails to gain the power of communicating to others what he knows; and at last loses the faculty of receiving from them such correction and aid as is needful to keep his own vision clear. The sons in whom God is well pleased are those who submit to the routine of the school to which He has sent them.

NOTE.—When Mr. Hinton read the foregoing, he suggested the following addition:

"I believe that usually, I suppose always, the pupil should be allowed to see from the beginning that the rules to which he is subjected are in a sense artificial, and that the strict keeping of them is meant for discipline; *e.g.* I would first let a child hear good playing—truly good—with rallentandos and accents. When he finds that he cannot copy such playing for want of control over his fingers, then I would tell him that he must learn to play mechanically first, as a means to acquire that control."

CHAPTER VIII

SOME DEEP PROBLEMS

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

"When the light of day declineth,
And the fields in shadow lie,
And the dewy Hesper shineth
Fairest in the western sky,
Visions in the twilight rise,
Night unseals the spirit's eyes.

"Then the dead, in thought arriving,
From the far-off regions bright,
Seem to aid our earnest striving
For the holy and the right;
Even they who sailed before
O'er this ocean to that shore.

"Yes, the dead of all the nations
Who, in patient hope and sure,
Laboured in their generations
For the Lovely and the Pure;
Heavenly sympathizing yield
To their followers in the field.

"Seeker after Truth's deep fountain,
Delver in the soul's deep mine,
Toiler up the rugged mountain
To the upper Light Divine,
Think, beyond the stars there be
Who have toiled and wrought like thee.

"Good is even as its Giver,
As the Universal light,
And its time is the For-Ever,
And its space the Infinite;
As a linkèd chain of gold
All the world it shall enfold."

GEORGE BOOLE.

MYSTERY

"Mystery is not that which cannot be understood, but emphatically that which man can grow to understand. A mystery is something which cannot be made intelligible by mere verbal definition alone, which can only be perceived by experience, by a process of initiation." No one, I think, can object to mystery of

this sort; in this sense nearly every study is a mystery to those who have not yet entered on it; in this sense mathematics is one endless mystery. I should be sorry to undertake to make algebra intelligible, by verbal explanations, to any pupil who either would not take the trouble to go through, or had not the necessary faculties for going through, that "process of initiation" which is commonly called "working easy examples first" and it would scarcely be fair of us mathematical teachers to refuse to others the right which we claim for ourselves, of insisting that our pupils shall work easy examples under favourable conditions before they expect us to make them understand complicated ones.

"NEITHER CONFOUNDING THE PERSONS NOR DIVIDING THE SUBSTANCE"

The organ-blower makes all the music; yet its quality is determined by the player, *i.e.* by the momentary condition of the apparatus which receives the wind.

The air blown into the organ may be ever so good, as air. But its "goodness" does not make "good" or "bad" sound. Air simply makes the possibility of any sound at all. It is the condition of the organ's existence as a musical instrument; but the "goodness" or "badness" of the music depends on something else; not on something essentially other or different, of course, for all Nature is one; but on something related to the organ in a different manner.

There are conditions in which a mouthful of wholesomest food, a drop of purest water, may produce convulsions.

There are conditions in which the presence of one loving and beloved may bring on an attack of increased insanity.

Does not that make a little clearer that old puzzle why there is, for us, no "God" but Christ; no "God"; *i.e.* no "Good"? God, the Creator, is for us simply existence; His breath is the possibility of our existence as animals; His inspiration the condition of our intellectual life. Our "goodness" and "badness" alike flow from Him, as concord and discord alike flow from the "good" air pumped into the organ. The question of our "goodness" or "badness" depends, not on our inspiration or the want of it (that only affects the intensity of our action, whatever its nature); but on our relation to Some One else. Unless Christ uses the instrument for His purposes, unless we are adjusted as He would have us adjusted to Divine Inspiration, we make of that inspiration itself, not music, but hideous discord. And perhaps it was the perception of

this which caused sages of old to attribute the results of Divine action on man to Satanic agency (2 Sam. xxiv. ; 1 Chron. xxi.).

THE NEED OF A MEDIATOR

What do we want with a Mediator between us and our Father? Would Infinite Love hurt us under any conditions ?

Just now I was basking in the sun, feeling that it gave me life. Presently I felt that I must get shade. I would not, for some time, do so ; it seemed a pity to put anything between me and the sun. But at last I was obliged to seek some shade. Yet the sun had not changed ; only I could not bear more than a certain amount of the direct inpouring of his vitality. I wished I were stronger and healthier, that I might bear more of it.

Now my head is swimming and all my veins tingling from the exposure. It is, oh ! how delicious. Yet just this, only more of it, is sunstroke and the most horrible fever.

UTTERLY BLACK

"Will it be a miracle when we discover that there is no such thing as absolute blackness in existence ; that it is our deficiency that sees the blackness ? I find my own view of our developing sense of colour corroborated by modern observers, who state that our eye is still learning to discriminate new colours. After my continued experiments in colour-generating, I found my sense of sight was become so acute, my discrimination of colour so keen, that even the blackest painting I could make glittered as a blue. Likely enough my vision was abnormally developed for the time ; but I believe the general sense of colour in Humanity will at length be so developed; no black, only an infinite depth of blue."—BENJAMIN BETTS.

A LAKE OF FIRE

Throw potassium into water, and it makes a lake of fire for itself. —*J. Hinton.*

ETERNAL FIRE

All people agree that the punishment of sinners is intended to serve some purpose of God's. Now, this strikes me as strange in the

talk of religious people (about future punishment, etc.). They seem to suppose that God uses the wicked, His enemies, for His purposes, irrespective of their good ; they speak as if to have one's salvation looked after were the privilege of His saints ! As if God said, "I will confine My dealings with My good, My favourite, child, to caring for him, for his health and education ; I will pay the bad one, with whom I am utterly at war, the exquisite compliment of making use of him, for My purposes, at his cost ! " As if God were like the rather exceptionally fallible human mother, who cares for the interests of her favourite child and makes use of the one she likes less. Manoah's wife knew that if God were at enmity with a man He would not accept sacrifice at his hands.

When Christ spoke of Eternal Fire, He was threatening usually, not people of the criminal classes, not careless or godless livers, not people who made light of sin ; but those who thought that, by keeping clear of particular forms of sin, they could escape from the penalties of human frailty, from the appointed consequences of all breach of God's laws. This seems to me one reason for supposing that "eternal" refers rather to the nature, the fixity of the laws governing God's punishment, than to the duration of punishment in any one case. If Christ had been speaking to the vicious rabble or to careless dissipated lovers of pleasure, if His threats had been principally directed against *them*, as those of ordinary moralists are, it would have been to the purpose to say, "You know you are not preparing for Heaven, not living for God ; and I tell you that, for all who do not, Hell is everlasting." But what fitness or purpose is there in preaching the *Everlasting*ness of Hell to people who think they are safe for Heaven ? It was not of its Everlastingness but of its Universality that they needed to be told. "You think you have been very loyal to God, the God of the Hebrews ; to God so far as you know of Him. You never refused to do anything which He commanded ; you think you are not as these people who know not the Law of Moses, who break God's Sabbath, and do not pay tithes. I tell you the fire is Eternal ; until or unless you are perfect in all respects, perfect as human beings, you cannot conjure yourselves out of your share of fire by being perfect as religious Jews, perfect according to a partial and temporal artificial standard. If you ever did an unkind action, you, the pious Jew, will go to hell for that much ; because the fire is eternal ; and you cannot be saved from it by any such distinctions as that between Gentile and Jew, Pharisee and Publican, which are temporal. One law is not more sacred than another ; the laws which bind Humanity together are all sacred ; and the fire which was made for those who break them is older than Moses, is Eternal."

THE IRRECOVERABLE PAST

We talk of the "irrecoverable past," as if it were, in the nature of things, impossible that the Past should return. Whereas all we know is that in this life the Past does not return. When time is for us no longer, and we are in the Eternal World, why should we not then gain possession of the Past as well as the Future, and be able to go back on our old work and do it over again ?

Does our punishment for what we have done wrong consist in having to watch for a time the affairs of this world, with clearer light to see the mischief we have done in the flesh ? to stay, invisible, in the atmosphere of the planet, till all the harm that our influence has left behind is undone ?—*Babbage.*

"TILL ALL BE FULFILLED"

Audacious people sometimes say that "Laws were made to be broken." The words have a meaning which is not as immoral as they sound. How much of all our work, even the work of our lawgivers, is being done for the purpose of being undone! Before the invention of the steam pile-driver, a curious little engine was often to be seen on quays and banks of rivers, consisting of a crane and pulley, to which hung a heavy weight, which was pulled up by hand and then detached and let fall from a height on the head of the pile, so acting as a hammer. It was a fascinating thing to watch. How much of our work resembles the pulling up of that weight ! The men use all their force to do something that in itself does not in the least need doing ; the use of it is in the undoing. And yet the men must work at raising the weight against gravity, at forcing the thing to go contrary to its nature, knowing all the while that all the good of what they are doing will come, all the virtue of their energy be manifested, in that moment when, they having done their uttermost, gravity reasserts its sway, and the work they have been doing is undone.

What difference would it make (except to the men's consciousness) if they did not know this ?

The force spent in keeping up an old custom contrary to nature and inclination, is being stored up ; the use of the force is in the moment at which, the law having been kept to the uttermost, the time has come for freedom.

Of course there is "use," in a certain secondary sense, in the mere customs themselves, in the mere keeping of them. That is to say,

Providence has attached certain advantages, personal or social, to the keeping of them, just as the workmen were paid certain wages for pulling up the weight. None the less it is the real intention of the planner of the whole that the weight should fall, that the good old customs, so useful, so productive of good (that is, for the keeping of which humanity has been paid such wages), should be swept away and undone. That is no reason why the weight should be lazily let fall before it has been raised as high as it can go.

Picture the state of mind of any unfortunate workman, whose heart had been really in his work, and who imagined that the object of his labours actually was what it seemed to him to be, viz., the raising of the weight ! What pain and grief to see it fall back after all his toil ! What faith he would need in the master who could calmly look on and let it fall !

Suppose it should be explained to him that the object was, not to keep the weight up, but to drive the pile by its fall. Then there comes that terrible interval when the weight, having ceased to rise, is falling, and the pile has not yet been touched. What faith the poor workman must need then, not to be plunged into despair !

In this parable we may, perhaps, find an indication of the true place and meaning of the "doctrine of detachment." Preached at random, as it often is, and enforced *ab extra* on persons in all stages of spiritual development, it is false and dangerous. As long as a man is in a state to need preaching to, he rather needs to be taught the doctrine of attachment, of fidelity in friendship and in love, of a settled method both in his outward actions and in his inner life. There comes at last a time (at the point of death, but sometimes sooner) when the doctrine of detachment reveals itself by force of the fact that it must do so. Then, and not before, does it become safe. Then, and not before, does the possibility come of remaining faithful to the friend while seeming faithless to the friendship ; of receiving the Sacrament equally well with or without the rite ; of preserving mental discipline in an unorganized life.

If it be objected that this seems to advocate the division of Christian doctrine into exoteric and esoteric, avowed and occult, I would reply that it is not proposed to keep the doctrine of detachment a secret among initiates. On the contrary, the workman should be told, from the first, that the weight is to fall ; but he should also be told that he is to have no part in deciding when it shall fall : the moment of fall reveals itself to him by an actual impossibility of raising any longer ; some other hand than his, or some self-acting mechanism, will set the weight free at the appointed moment ; but, as long as he can raise it higher, his one duty is to pull as hard as he can.

There is abundant evidence that Jesus was preaching a double set of doctrines, which may be divided into rules for those engaged in raising the weight ; and cautions addressed to those whose weight has been set free : rules for those still in bondage to rule ; and cautions addressed to those to whom ordinary rules no longer apply. The latter too often mistake the freedom which has come to them, for licence ; the falling of the weight for an excuse to stand about idle, or to pull lazily at a vacant rope. The Lord instructs them that, on the contrary, the falling of one weight is a signal for them to begin pulling up another.

"POWERS OF DARKNESS"

"I know what 'powers of darkness' are," said a child, who had been repeating the Evening Hymn. "They are the wolves that I can't help fancying are under my bed, when all the while I know they are not there. They *must* be the powers of darkness, because they go away when the light comes."

THE VOICE OF THE LORD

I look forward to a time when a change will take place in our view of the things which we now call sorrows—interruptions to friendship, for instance, or the death of friends—similar to that which has taken place in our feeling about thunder. To the savage thunder seems an alarming interruption of the harmony of Nature, though his religious faith may instruct him to believe that it is not, as he would naturally suppose, the roar of a fiend, but the voice of a Good Manitou ; to a child who has inherited a highly developed musical feeling, it reveals itself naturally as a grand play of forces subservient to purposes of Art. The time may come when every child shall instinctively feel that the Lord is to be listened for in no form of thunder, but rather in the still small Voice.

CHAPTER IX

A NATIONAL CHURCH

LIBERTY AND LAW

"O Law, fair form of Liberty, God's Light is on thy brow !
O Liberty, the soul of Law, God's very self art thou !
One the clear river's sparkling flood that clothes the bank with green.
And one the line of stubborn rock that holds the waters in ;
Friends whom we cannot think apart, seeming each other's foe ;
Twin flowers upon a single stalk with equal grace that grow.
O fair ideas, we write your names across our banner's fold ;
For you the sluggard's brain is fire, for you the coward bold !
O daughter of the bleeding past ! O hope the prophets saw !
God, give us Law in Liberty, and Liberty in Law ! "

E. J. CUTLER.

"WORLDS UNBORN SHALL SING HIS GLORY"

A choir was singing a hymn which ended in a long-sustained chord of the tonic. Another choir, at the other end of the cathedral, sent forth a faint note, the discord note of the minor seventh, which converts the common tonic chord into the governing chord of a new key. This note swelled and grew in volume till it became as loud as the original notes ; then both choirs burst into a new strain in the higher key. And this process, we know, might be repeated *ad infinitum* in an ever-ascending spiral of modulation.

A CONDITION OF GROWTH

A true Church must be a growth, not a manufacture; a living root which puts forth blossoms in the natural course of progress towards the bearing of fruit, not an erection to which flowers and fruit are artificially attached. Now, the first principle of spiritual gardening is, that if you want your plant to be long-lived and long beautiful and fruitful, you must not force it into premature bloom by the application of stimulating ingredients, but bury plenty of effete prejudices at its root.

A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED

When a young person, or a young school of thought, starts into life and becomes earnest, we are apt to look for some immediately visible good result—for some result, both large enough to be easily seen, and like enough to the cause to be recognized as its consequence. If no such result follows at once, we are apt to suspect insincerity, and perhaps to sneer. Yet we are warned that the Kingdom of Heaven is like a grain of seed. Now, when a seed is sown, three facts are to be noticed. First, there is for some time no visible result at all. The mere process of sowing may make a scratching up and disturbance on the surface of the soil; but of the seed itself there is no trace whatever, and nothing to show whether it is alive or dead.

Secondly, when first the seedling comes up, it is very small, and not visible except on the closest inspection.

And thirdly, when first it comes up its leaves are often as unlike as possible to those of the tree the seed came from. No one would suspect any connection between the two, unless he had been in the habit of carefully studying seedlings, or had been instructed by some one who had so studied.

Besides which, we are told by our Lord that a tree is known by its fruits. How long it is before a young tree bears any fruit! If we condemned and cast away all young trees that do not bear fruit, how many would live to bear any? Is not that the meaning of "Let wheat and tares grow together until harvest"? It is not obvious to uninstructed eyes which is which.

I wonder how many promising seedlings of religious enthusiasm, of devotion to Human good, we pull up in their cotyledonous stage, thinking them weeds, because they do not yet bear fruit, and because, forsooth, such manifestations of vitality as they do exhibit are not of the same shape as we are accustomed to see in adult religions and in grown-up "good people." Some of us, indeed, are willing to wait a long time, in hope, if we see nothing; but when that appears which seems to us the wrong thing, we want to root it out at once.

RUINED? OR SAVED?

A wrecked man held on by his hands to a ledge of rock. As he became exhausted, the instinct of self-preservation caused the vitality to retire gradually from the conscious brain into the

fingers, till at last he was holding on by a mere automatic clutch, without being really aware of any reason for clinging. When his friends came in a boat to rescue him, his fingers refused to relax their hold, and actual violence was needed to force him to let himself be released—*J. Hinton.*

A CHRYSALIS

The "dark ages" of the intellectual life, and our time, which is the morally dark age, are like the chrysalis, which seems nearly dead. It lies smothered in a tomb made of stuff spun out of its own entrails and hardened into a concrete with rubbish gathered from the outside. But it is preparing to rise to a higher life—*J. Hinton.*

LOVE ;—IN A MIST*

There is an old-fashioned flower, little cultivated now, because gardeners call it indistinct and insignificant. It shines like a pale blue star through such a tangled web of twisted calyx-fibres that some country people call it "Devil-in-a-bush," and others "Love-in-a-mist." What is it that makes the same phenomenon suggest such different ideas to different minds ?

COBWEBS

There is no more impassable barrier than a curtain of cobwebs grown thick with the dust of ages, as long as the world can be persuaded to believe the cobwebs sacred and formidable. But as soon as one single man decides to ignore them and go on as if they had no existence, their power to stop any one comes to an end—*J. Hinton.*

QUIXOTRY

Don Quixote is not the only man whose imagination betrays him into the error of mistaking for a giant some whirling machinery which is harmlessly grinding corn, but which, for want of oiling, makes a terrible noise. But some people, in such case, are so afraid, either of the supposed giant, or of being thought "quixotic," that they run away instead of giving themselves a chance of finding out their mistake.

*See page 71.

BARBAROI

The words in use in most nations to designate foreigners come from some root signifying "stammering" or "dumb," *e.g. barbaros.* Elementary man thinks savages and heathens those whom he does not understand; Christ's definition of a heathen is one who does not try to understand others.

The care which Christ took to prevent any sort of mere misunderstanding from growing into a quarrel, and the conceit of individuals from disturbing the unity of the Church, is one of the most remarkable things, I think, in the whole of the New Testament, especially considering how averse He generally was from going into details, or laying down minute rules of conduct.

You must be very careful to avoid making a *public* attack on a neighbour against whom you have any ground of complaint. You ought to go and speak to him alone, so as to give him an opportunity of explaining his meaning and the motives from which he acted, of making reparation where you can show him that he has been wrong, and of pointing out to you where you may be mistaken; for if, without previous consultation with him, you publish your version of the question at issue between you, you seem to imply that you consider yourself competent to fathom the depths of another man's mind and to unravel the entanglements of his circumstances, and that his corrections and suggestions could be of no value to you. In this case it is you that are a heathen, and not he.

When you go to speak to him, he may refuse to listen to you. You are not to conclude at once that he has a bad motive for doing so; that he wishes to screen himself from being told of his faults or convinced of his mistakes. He may not at first see what right you have to interfere with him; and he may think you a foolish, unreasonable person, not qualified by age or character to form an opinion. He is in one sense wrong, of course. If he thoroughly believed in the Universal Light, it would instantly occur to him that even such a one as yourself might have a message from God to him. But who does ever thoroughly believe? You may have given him reason to think disparagingly of your truth or earnestness. You are not to take offence at his judgment of you. You are to go and look out for one or two others, who view the question at issue in the same light as yourself, and take them to talk to him, in order that he may see that you were not actuated by some mere idle caprice of your own. And not until he has refused to hear two or three, is anything to be said to the Church at all about the matter.

If at last he refuses to listen to the whole Church, why, then, of course, there is nothing for it but to let him go his own way, till he is tired of it. He has made profession of complete heathenism; of utter disbelief that any one, except himself, is taught by the Spirit of God; and there is no choice left you but to let him drift as far as his own conceit will carry him.

To any Church* which adopts these maxims, it is promised that what its members decree on earth shall be ratified in heaven; and that when even two or three of them agree to ask for a thing, God will do it. It is easy to say that Christ's promise to His Church has failed; but will any one dare to assert that it has failed any Church which adopts His rules for the conduct of criticism and controversy, and His test for the exclusion of heathens? Has any Church tried the systematic application of them?

The refusing to listen to a man who comes and tells one that he has something to say, is, in fact, the very best possible evidence that could be given of heathenism; *i.e.* of unbelief in the "Light that lighteth every man." When your neighbour pertinaciously refuses to listen to you, he implies, either that he thinks God is teaching him and not you (or the party to which he belongs, and not the party to which you belong); or else that he does not believe God is teaching man at all, and that he fancies he has a right to judge of things by the light of his own private understanding.

SUBSCRIPTION NO BONDAGE†

THE question is often asked: What is the use of keeping up the old rule of subscription to Creeds, now that knowledge is so developed and so organized? But may that not be a little like asking: What is the use of a skeleton, now that our senses are so fine and our body so well developed?

"GOD SET THEM IN THE FIRMAMENT . . . TO DIVIDE THE LIGHT FROM THE DARKNESS"‡

SOME of you have suggested that I ought to give you some kind of idea what my own opinions are on theology; which, as you justly remark, you have never been able to discover. My mind is not adapted to the forming of opinions; I have only one—a quite

*Matt. xviii, 15-20.
†See page 61.
‡A Lecture to some College pupils.

personal and peculiar one—which I have no wish to induce any one to share. It is that when people begin to use certain sorts of words, ending in "arian" or "ity," it is impossible to find out what they are talking about; for me, I mean. It is a misfortune, or rather defect of mine, like colour-blindness—I mean it seriously. Such language as I refer to gives me no sense of anything which I could describe as belief, or disbelief, or doubt; only an impression of *fog*. The whole subject about which people use such words is blank to me.

But do not be too frightened about me on that account. God makes His sun to shine even on people who cannot understand words with Latin endings. Aye, and *even* on people who object to holding opinions about things which no effort will enable them to understand; and, as Mr. Maurice said, "We have been telling people that God is their Father; do not let us forget that a father has a right to speak to his children without our permission, and is likely to do so in ways which we cannot comprehend." That gospel, I am sure, is intelligible to us all; and I wish, for more reasons than one, that mothers would lay it to heart. It would save much discomfort and jealousy in families; and it would simplify the whole question of Religious Education. "You can always do what you ought," we sometimes tell children; and I believe it is truer than most of us think. But whether understanding particular classes of words, or being swayed by the same motives of action as are found to influence people of a different temperament, is included among the things that any particular person "ought" to do, is not so clear. Mr. Maurice said to me once, "What I do has been fed upon what I might have done and could not; it marks out one's vocation." And I think he had there found the true *mot de l'énigme*. The way to make a defect feed one's work, to prevent its being a misfortune, is to accept the fact that it marks out one's vocation. Colour-blind people should leave the settlement about whether green or scarlet is the fittest colour to use in any special picture to those who are so organized as to be able to see the difference. If I held any opinions on doctrines at all, I must pick them up at random; so, according to the doctrine of Probabilities, they would be nearly sure to be wrong ones.

But, if I do not understand doctrines, I think I can see a little what a National Church means. It would mean, if we had one, a Holy City, come down out of Heaven, whose gates shall not be shut at all, in order that we may all "bring our glory and honour into it."

It is said that our so-called National Church is likely to be disestablished before long.

If that means only that she is going to lose her revenues, why, I think we shall manage, amongst us, to find bread and wine for her altar ; and also to educate men nearly as fit to consecrate them as some of those to whom the charge is entrusted now. But if it means that she is to be made into a sect, and given over to "religious people" to manage——

The *National* Church ! Our common inheritance and the birthright of our children ! The glorious, fearless, motherly Queen, who receives all our children into her arms, asking no questions about our opinions or their characteristics, and promises them *all* a share in the fight against the world, the flesh and the devil ;

Who teaches that the way to make them children of God and heirs of Heaven is simply to treat them as if they were so already without any need for being made so, before they are old enough to have an opinion on the matter at all ;

Who declares that a child *is* regenerate, without any more ado, *from the day that his parents consent to give up their private right in him and enlist him under Christ's banner :* leaving children whose parents will not so yield them up, to hap-hazard and "uncovenanted mercies" ;

Who protests against our vain conceit of wanting each to bring up her children for fancy purposes of her own, by insisting on our providing them (unless they are likely to die early) with the counteracting influence of teachers responsible to her ;

Who makes us all confess in general that we are miserable sinners ; and affords none of us any opportunity for intimating that we are nevertheless saints in certain particulars ;

Who makes her highest rite to consist in a distribution of food and wine ; thus inviting to it all whose stomachs are empty and whose nerves are faint ;

Who is so sure that the discipline of life is intended for our salvation, that she proclaims a present life and Resurrection for all who have endured it to the end ; and, by consecrating grave-yards, shows that she knows their dust is the material out of which is made the Nation's Holy Ground ; while she sends those who have wilfully cut short their own education, in reverent silence, back to be re-formed by the unuttered and unutterable Grace of Nature ;

Who believes in the Communion of Saints ; and therefore can afford to give thanks for God's servants departed this life, though their minds may have been charged with holy thoughts and useful knowledge which they had not known how to impart through fleshly lips to those who should take up their work after them—

Our Church ! To be made into a sect for people organized nearly

alike! Our Church! To be delivered over to the tender mercies of Pharisees and fanatics!

Many people tell us that the existence of any truly National Church is impossible. There are "fatal laws," they say, against it. What those fatal laws are, or who made them, nobody seems to know exactly; everybody expresses them differently. No priest, it is said, can, may, dare, give the Sacrament to any one who does not know what meaning attaches to certain words. Or, "Those who are seeking truth cannot worship with those who think they have found it," (or *vice versa*); or, "People who believe in Creeds *must* ill-use people who have faith in God"; or, "Those who indulge a vague Pantheistic faith in the All-Father, never *can* be just to those who want to define in what manner of Being they are trusting." People who enjoy working at Babbage's series-engine, in fact, cannot honestly commemorate the death of the truest lover of Nature who ever breathed the air of this planet under the same roof with people who believe Babbage's own assertions about the recondite and rarely-manifested powers of the machine (for really that is just about what the supposed irreconcilableness of Science and Theology, of Law and Miracle, seems to come to). "Worldly people must manage the world as they can; and leave religious people to mismanage the Church as they choose," you will be told. "The Ideal City which the Seer of the Apocalypse beheld, where thronged a crowd whom no man could number, proclaiming with one voice the Creed in which we are all agreed, 'Holy is the Eternal,'" is very pleasant to think about, it is said, "in our Imagination," or "in Heaven," or anywhere out of reach; but all the facts of History prove the impossibility of bringing, and the unadvisability of trying to bring it down here, where we want its clean river to bathe in and its fruits to eat.

But does any one know *all* the facts of History? Is not the first man who does a thing a fact in History, as much as all the men before him who could not do it?

Besides, I am always distrustful of things which are "proved." Proving a thing means concluding it by a chain of reasoning from certain premises. If we do not think the conclusion of a chain of reasoning satisfactory, we should look to see where the premises are wrong, and begin over again; that is what Euclid usually does, as soon as he comes to the word "impossible." A very simple plan for the organizing of a National Church has been proposed; it is that the laity should assert their right to Communion in spite of all that the clergy can say. But for my own part I cannot believe in the soundness of any religious teaching which does not inculcate, or the stability of any Church which does not encourage, a clear,

honest, practical settlement of the relations between individual lay people and the clergyman with whom each has to do. It is easy to engage in controversy about what doctrines ought to be held in the abstract ; but parents and teachers have to bring up children, meanwhile, among the facts that are. And one great use of a National Church should be this : That children's minds should not be perplexed by differences among their elders. To ensure this it is needful that each part of the work of teaching should be subjected to the pressure of the nation's actual conditions ; and harmonized, even while it is being done, with the work of other teachers.

But if parents and teachers and the clergy will not take the trouble to come to a settlement together—I do not say to believe, or pretend to believe, alike ; but to find out how far they do agree, and how much of the apparent disagreement is due to ignorance of facts on either side, or to mere differences in modes of expression and habits of association—then what do the words "National Church" mean ? And what is the use of a Church at all ? To save ourselves the pain of a little inquiry, we lay on our children burdens which we will not touch with one of our fingers ; and then, if the strong ones grow up to sneer at all authority, and the weak go mad or take refuge in Popery, we sigh over the evilness of the times, and "resign ourselves to the Will of Providence," (as if Providence ever asked parents or religious teachers to be cowards), and talk of "mysterious dispensations."

No differences are irreconcilable for those who have courage to face them. There is an irreconcilable difference, I suppose, between a Christian and a heathen ; but that (according to Christ's definition) is the difference between a man who is in sympathy with other people's needs, and a man who obstinately refuses to listen to what other people have to say. That, indeed, is an irreconcilable difference ; hopeless, fatal, deadly. Any other difference than that you will find of very little practical importance in a nursery, or hospital ward ; or even in a Sunday school.

But there is one thing which I am sure you will find of practical importance, there and everywhere, always ; and which is being sadly forgotten among all our grand schemes for Education.

I knew a man once whom those who lived under his rule thought an angel of gentleness and patience, while those who looked on from the outside often spoke of him as a tyrant. He would sometimes apologize for his sternness, by explaining that he had the highest idea of the value of female influence ; and therefore wished me to learn to store up force by gaining the habit of unquestioning instant obedience to any lawful authority. He

would say, "Always do exactly as you are bid, in order that you may always get your own way." And if I shrank from doing anything he wished because I did not like it, he would say, " 'I like' and 'I dislike' are the curse of the world."

And I think that when we have come to the bottom of the conflict between Religion and Science, it will be found that not the differences which it has pleased Providence to create in our organizations, but our persistent slavery to our likes and dislikes, have in very truth been all along, not only the curse of the world, but also the bane of the Church.

The question has often been put, "If all persons are to be allowed to become Communicants without question as to their beliefs, and all Communicants may teach each his own subject in distinct connection with the Church, then what is the use of making a wicket-gate of Church membership ? Why not say simply that any man may teach what he thinks true ?" The question sounds very like : "What was the use of concentrating light in a sun ? why not have left us to get enlightenment from streaks of luminous nebula, varied by occasional flashes of lightning ? " The nebula would produce whatever in the physical world would be analogous to the state of things described in the following passage :

"Ce qui m'a bouleversé, epouvanté, c'est l'indifférence de cette immense population, s'agitant sans but, se parlant sans s'écouter ; ayant des croyances sans ferveur, des opinions sans dévouement ; vivant sans qu'on le sache, mourant sans qu'on daigne s'en apercevoir. . . . Ils ont des églises ruisselantes d'or mais vides de Chrétiens ; quand ils ne les transforment pas en boudoirs ils les changent en passages. De monuments ? Paris en fourmille. . . . Mais comme Paris n'a ni Dieux ni heros ni grands hommes, quand ces monuments sont finis il les demolit, faute de locataires."

The sun gives steady light by day ; and, by night, the possibility of repose.

CHAPTER X

O MON ROI

ODE TO TRUTH

"Dweller with God before man was, before
Created thing arose, and destined still
Expression of th' Eternal Mind and Will
To be for evermore,
Surviving in the freshness and the prime
Of undecaying youth,

Amid the shock of years, the sweep of Time ;
Imperishable truth !
To thee what solemn offering shall we bring ?
To thee what holy celebration pay ?—
The frail, the fleeting creatures of a day,
Whose generations, as the flowers of spring,
Or withered leaves upon the tempest's wing,
Are borne away.
For thou wast with the Eternal when he dwelt
In self-sufficiency of lonely power,
Nor dreary want nor isolation felt,
Nor needed for Himself Creation's hour.
And thou wast present when His quickening breath
Proclaimed the words divine, 'Let there be light !'
And the world woke, as from the mist of death,
And stood dismantled of the shades of night.
Thou, too, wast there what time the first-formed sphere
Was launched into the silent depths of Space,
And taught'st the solitary voyager
Each maze of his appointed path to trace.
And thou wast present when the finished plan
Revealed its meaning in the birth of man ;
When from the bursting of the prison bars
The great procession of the ages trod,
With holy hymning of the morning stars,
And shouting triumph of the Sons of God.
Thou, too, the shock of ages hast withstood,
Amid a changing world sole changeless thing,
Unmoved by persecution's raging flood,
And strong by nature, strong by suffering.
The Inquisition fires for thee were lit ;
For thee were raised the scaffold and the wheel ;
For thee was mixed the deadly aconite,
And subtler venom of the poisoned steel.
Upon thy brow the brazen crown was bound,
And thou wast sent to islands in the sea,
Or sunk in subterranean glooms profound
Of deep-arched dungeon's rugged masonry.
But from th' innocuous conflict thou didst rise,
Illustrious to the nations from afar,
As when the riven cloud in wintry skies
Reveals the shining of the northern star ;
And from the rack, the scaffold, and the flame
A more exceeding glory crown'd thy name.
Wherefore the thoughts of poets and of seers
In every age hath imaged forth in thee
A splendour and divine reality
Above the shadows of the vale of tears ;
Albeit through human weakness oft deceived
With vain imaginings of what thou art ;
Caught in the subtle web by Error weaved
To shroud her form and imitate thy part.
Nor seldom on the exile's rugged way,

Or on the dying student's lonely bed,
Have thoughts of thy eternal triumphs shed
The beams prelusive of a brighter day;
And oft through faith in thee the couch of pain
Has heard the cheering words, 'I have not lived in vain.' "

G. BOOLE.

A FUNERAL IN THE ABBEY*

Now that our first grief at the loss of Charles Darwin has subsided, and the first glow of exultation at the honour done by the religious world to the typical man of Science has also cooled down, one cannot help one's mind reverting to that sorrowful triumph with a feeling of half incredulous wonder. One reflects on the state of thought and feeling which prevailed in the Church of England twenty years ago, and asks one's self, "Is it true? Charles Darwin buried in the Abbey, and no protest raised by the religious world? can it really be so; or have we only dreamed it?" What can have brought about so great a change in public feeling?

Only those ignorant of the History of Science suppose that Mr. Darwin was the first person to think of Evolution, or the sole discoverer of the Law of Natural Selection. In fact, no man who is very far ahead of his generation is widely recognized in his own lifetime. *Intellectually* he was rather the exponent of the more advanced views of his own time than a Seer of truths ahead of the age. The connection between "Struggle for existence" and "Rise in type" was vaguely seen by many before he spoke of it; the very nature of that connection was all but seen; and some one must have seen and expressed it before long. Whoever expressed it first, into his hands would, for a time, come the "Sceptre of Science" and no one was better aware than Mr. Darwin himself how many hands were ready to wield that sceptre had his failed. All our delight in those green volumes (which to the present writer personally are inexpressibly dear) should not blind us to the fact that the discovery of Natural Selection was virtually a *fait accompli* had Mr. Darwin not lived to write the "Origin of Species."

And even if he had been the exceptional thinker which only superficial students suppose him to have been, what had the Church to do with him? He never flattered the prejudices of religious people, or made any sort of concessions to their claims to criticize scientific work. What had he done to earn their gratitude and respect? How had he overcome their prejudices? By a clear-

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ness of moral vision far more exceptional and wonderful than his scientific insight.

The following reflections are offered rather as a psychological than as an historical analysis of the state of things into which the "Origin of Species" was, so to speak, born; and as aiming to suggest an explanation of certain elements of public feeling, rather than to give an account of any particular facts.

There are two methods of investigating intellectual problems: the direct and the symbolic. When we have to do with mere number we call the former "Arithmetic" and the latter "Algebra." But, as was shown by Professor De Morgan and George Boole, the two methods are each of wider application. In one sense, indeed, all thought is carried on by means of symbols; words are symbols, and so are the common numerals. But the symbolic *method* of investigation implies something more than the mere use of symbolic notation; its essence consists in the fact that the student is not, throughout his investigation, conscious of the meaning of his symbols. Both in Algebra and in the logical Calculus, the operator, when he has once started on his work, loses sight of their meaning. He combines and rearranges them according to the *laws of the symbols themselves*, without distracting his mind by asking himself what he means by them; and often, indeed, forms them into groups which have no meaning intelligible to the human mind. He knows—if he cares to think about it—that, when he has accomplished his task, the result will translate itself naturally and easily back into something intelligible. Meanwhile he fixes his mind on the laws of the symbols, knowing that the more he concentrates his attention on those laws alone, the less likely he is to be led into error.

In the conscious or direct method, the thinker keeps a firm foothold on the essentials of his subject; in the symbolic, he, as it were, casts himself afloat on a sea of symbolism, and trusts to the laws of the symbols themselves, and his own knowledge of those laws, to bring him safe to shore some time or other.

What an individual can do on a small scale, the race does as a whole, taking generations, instead of minutes or hours, for its units of time. Or perhaps we may say that some Larger Man does it through our race, using men, or groups of men, as his tools. Some one expressed long ago the wish to be to the Eternal Goodness what to a man is his hand, *i.e.* an unconscious though living instrument.

The human race, then, investigates great problems by both methods: the direct and the symbolic. What we call Natural Science is, in a sense, the application of the symbolic method on a

large scale. Nature is the outward symbolism of the Laws of Creative Force; the race, or rather that part of it which is specialized for the scientific work, loses consciousness of the spiritual meaning of Nature; loses *direct* consciousness. The subject of unconscious cerebration is a wide one, and need not be entered on here; nor need we ask why earnest men, such as our scientific leaders, suggest to thoughtful readers much which they are hardly known, even by their most intimate friends, to have consciously intended, much of which the works of their imitators often fail to show a trace. As James Hinton remarked, and as Seely has lately shown, some men of Science, are, in respect of spiritual truths, ascetic; they will not say, they will hardly allow themselves to think, certain things which, in spite of themselves, they at times feel to be the very truth of their own natures. And sometimes they grow unreasonably angry with those who indulge freely in spiritual luxuries of which they have too rigidly deprived themselves.

Some people dislike the symbolic method of study. They think it cold and dull, and unworthy the dignity of the human intellect. To which one can only reply that some people (chiefly those who have not early learned to swim) dislike the water, and think it the proper element for fish rather than for men; but this opinion of theirs does not prevent those who do like swimming from preferring it to any form of exercise that can be taken on dry land. In serious controversy, personal tastes should not be allowed to interfere with the recognition of facts. An experienced swimmer would feel dreadfully worried by any well-meaning but timid friend who should endeavour to secure his safety by insisting on his touching land at every stroke. Just so must a scientific investigator feel when any one wants to call him back to the *consciousness* of the spirituality of Nature. The thing of which he is most conscious is that, *if* there is really any God, and *if* He has anything to say to us, He must be able to say it in the language of physical Science as well as in any other. To expect a man engaged in the investigation of some question of natural Science, to trouble himself prematurely about any spiritual meaning which may reveal itself centuries hence, is a piece of dogmatism which only ignorance of the mental process going on within him can excuse.

Between feelings so essentially unlike as are the theologic and the scientific instincts, no agreement is possible (except, indeed, that they might agree to differ). No argument or effort will make a creature happy long in one atmosphere, if it has been adapted by Nature, through the instrumentality of heredity and of what Thomas Wedgwood called "the casualties of association," to breathe another.

The advantages of the symbolic, or "unconscious," or mechanical method over the direct are many. It gives enormously greater power, rapidity, and flexibility; and especially it gives greater certainty and accuracy, by eliminating the unreliable element of human conscious intelligence. But its dangers are great also; and of this no one can be more aware than were some of those who have most aided in its development. In the last chapter of his "Laws of Thought" George Boole speaks of the "kindly influence of human affection . . . which forms so large a part of the true, because intended, discipline of our nature"; and of the error of those who "regard the study of Mathematics and of their applications as a sufficient basis either of knowledge or of discipline." The last sentences of the work deserve as much attention as the author's system of symbolic Logic, and, alas! have received much less. "If the constitution of the material frame is mathematical, it is not merely so. If the mind, in its capacity of formal reasoning, obeys, whether consciously or unconsciously, mathematical laws, it claims, through its other capacities of sentiment and action, through its perceptions of beauty and of moral fitness, through its deep springs of emotion and affection, to hold relation to a different order of things. There is, moreover, a breadth of intellectual vision, a power of sympathy with truth in all its forms and manifestations, which is not measured by the force and subtlety of the dialectic faculty. Even the revelation of the material universe, in its boundless magnitude and pervading order and constancy of law, is not necessarily the most fully apprehended by him who has traced with minutest accuracy the steps of the great demonstration. And if we embrace in our survey the interests and duties of life, how little do any processes of mere ratiocination enable us to comprehend the weightier questions which they present! As truly, therefore, as the cultivation of the . . . deductive faculty is a part of intellectual discipline, so truly it is only a part. The prejudice which would either banish or make supreme any one department of knowledge or faculty of mind betrays, not only error of judgment, but a defect of that intellectual modesty which is inseparable from a pure devotion to truth. It assumes the office of criticizing a constitution of things which no human appointment has established or can annul. It sets aside the ancient and just conception of truth as one, though manifold. Much of this error, as actually existent among us, seems due to the special and isolated character of scientific teaching, which character it, in its turn, tends to foster. The study of philosophy, notwithstanding a few marked instances of exception, has failed to keep pace with the advance of the several departments of knowledge, whose mutual

relations it is its province to determine. It is impossible, however, not to contemplate the particular evil in question as part of a larger system, and connect it with the too prevalent view of knowledge as a merely secular thing, and with the undue prominence of those motives, legitimate within their proper limits, which are founded upon a regard to its secular advantages. In the extreme case it is not difficult to see that the continued operation of such motives, uncontrolled by any higher principles of action, uncorrected by the personal influence of superior minds, must tend to lower the standard of thought in reference to the objects of knowledge, and to render void and ineffectual whatever elements of a nobler faith may still survive."

Such thoughts as these are very beautiful and true; the misfortune is that they impose on individuals more than any individual worker is found practically able to bear. *On a les défauts de ses qualités.* We are children, and must be educated gradually, and not confused with too many difficult subjects at once. We have our bread to earn and our families to maintain, or in some way we have a definite post to fill; we cannot live on abstract Ideals; we must give our attention to something which there is a fair chance of our being able to do well. In fact, we are members of a body; and each must fulfil some function for which he is adapted, and can fitly fulfil no other. But we might recognize each other's usefulness and supplement each other's incapacities. The solidarity of humanity is a great practical truth. No effort will enable an eye to digest or a stomach to see; and, as long as a healthy circulation is kept up, they are more useful to each other in their diversity than if made alike. But the cultivation of personal sympathy is, alas! found practically difficult to accomplish. The causes of misunderstanding and bitterness are so many and so great that one writer has even ventured to call it "une loi fatale de l'êtat que nous traversons" that we shall misrepresent people unlike ourselves.

A party which included two little girls was once travelling up the Rhine. The elder child was eagerly looking out for the fine scenery which she had been led to expect. Just as the steamer reached the point from which the Sieben-Gebirge becomes visible, a man crossed the deck carrying a bucket of dirty water. "Oh! look at the mountain," exclaimed the elder girl. "Bother the mountain," cried the younger, with equal earnestness; "I want to see what that man is going to do with the bucket." As her elders appeared satirical, the poor child afterwards tried to explain that the man was going to empty the bucket over the side of the vessel, and that she did "*so* want to see what a great lot of water would look like

falling all together into water" ; but she failed of eliciting much sympathy till the party was joined by an old schoolmaster, who had acquired that wide knowledge of human nature which is the result of an affectionate disposition and long experience. The story of *bucket* versus *mountain* was related to him as evidence of the child's lack of appreciation of the sublime and beautiful. "We'll go round by Schaffhausen, and show her the falls," was his quiet comment, which some of the party felt to be none the less stinging because not uttered as a direct reproof.

The schoolmaster was right. If Nature made a child so that falling water had more to say to her than rising ground, no ridicule or lecturing would prevent that child from turning away from all the mountains in Creation to see a man empty a pail. To say that three gallons of water are little compared to the Everlasting Hills, is cheap and easy criticism ; whoever really wished to prevent her special taste from narrowing and degrading her, was bound to make of that taste itself an education in the perception of the sublime by showing her on a grand scale whatever she most wished to see.

During the last century an immense revival of religious and moral earnestness has stirred a large portion of the world. The words "Salvation," "Sanctification," "Righteousness," and "Eternal Life" have come to have a new meaning and an overwhelming interest for people of all classes. During the same time a curious counter-movement has also set in. Numbers of scientific men seem to the religious to be saying something which sounds very like—which to the speakers themselves perhaps really sometimes appears to mean—"Bother Righteousness and Eternal Life ! we want to know how a tadpole grows into a frog."

It is very contemptible, of course ; it is very profane ; it is very absurd ; it is very shocking. Only, somehow, the Being who is educating the human race does not seem to take quite that view of our foolish longing ; for He has shown us a large and beautiful development of Science, which, compared to anything that we could have dreamed of a hundred years ago, is as the Rhine-fall compared to a bucket of dirty water. Is it not possible that He may have seen in our eagerness about apparently worthless trifles a premonition of a new Ideal of Righteousness not yet revealed ?

The religious world was startled by the favour shown by the Invisible powers to our childish fancy. Their God seemed to have sided with the grovelling creatures who take more interest in tadpoles than in the Kingdom of Heaven. Smarting under the silent rebuke which they had received, they did not dare to tell themselves that they were hurt at God's desertion of their cause ;

they became very angry with Science instead; and talked nonsense, as angry people will. We retaliated by talking nonsense about Religion.

Then another element of irritation and pain came in to add fuel to the fire. For about eighteen centuries the religious world had been allowed to squabble and wrangle around the Name of Jesus, without its exactly occurring to most people that He was not theirs to quarrel over. At last it dawned on the perception of philosophers and psychologists that the Nazarene Carpenter, whatever else He may have been, was *at least* a man of Genius; and, as such, the property of the whole world. A man of *Genius* emphatically, endowed in exceptional manner with that transparent kind of physical organization which is the vehicle of Genius rather than of learning or talent, because intuition flows through it as light does through crystal. Even those who could not see that the intellectual conclusions of such a man were always accurate, began to perceive that his utterances have a value for all mankind. A systematizer or organizer may indeed have nothing to teach except to those who accept his system and obey his rule; but a man of Genius belongs to Humanity. The non-religious began to ask themselves what they would think of themselves if they allowed a particular section of the community to *accaparer* Socrates and quarrel among themselves as to which of *them* had the best right to expound him, as if no one else had any rights in him at all. The world was set ringing with the echoes of non-theological and even anti-theological attempts to interpret Jesus. We need say nothing here of the value of any of these attempts in particular. The non-religious world was at once dazzled by the splendour of its new treasure-trove, and shocked at finding out what it had missed by leaving a Greater than Socrates in the hands of his self-elected proprietors; and, in fighting to recover their rights, they may sometimes have been hasty and inconsiderate; but the effect was to restore Jesus to Literature, to Science, to Humanity. That the more bigoted portion of the religious world should fulminate anathemas at the philosophers was only to be expected. Curses hurt no one except the utterers, and no one, perhaps, very much cared. But the attitude of the liberal and enlightened clergy was significant, and prophetic of tempestuous weather. Hardly a conception seemed to cross the minds of most of them that one man has as much, or as little, right as another to father his own partial views and narrow judgments on Jesus; they endeavoured to show what Christ really meant and was by mere condescending tolerance towards writers who had restored to the thought-world the gem which the religious had so long kept secreted among themselves, and to whom

the hearts of thousands were turning in passionate gratitude and love.

The elements of hatred and strife were thus rife. Into whose hands would Destiny put the Sceptre of Science ? One feels that the "chance" which, at such a crisis, called Charles Darwin to the throne, was indeed a fortunate one for the world ! The situation was a difficult one, and he fulfilled its duties admirably ; so perfectly, indeed, that one is tempted to suspect that he was never quite aware of the dangers through which he had to guide us—that he rather felt and avoided them by that kind of instinct or "sixth sense" which comes to the pure in heart, than saw their magnitude and form. Whether consciously or unconsciously, he has at least pointed out the dangers by his own avoidance of them. The books which introduced the idea of Evolution to the general public might have been so ugly, and are so beautiful ; they might have been so coarse, and are so refined ; they might have been so aggressive, and are so gentle and courteous ; they might have reopened and envenomed old sores, and their touch is so delicate and light ; they might have been hideously pessimistic, and are so hopeful ; they might have been cumbered with irrelevant and mistaken statements about things which the writer had not thoroughly studied, and of which he had no right to speak, and they are so purely true to the main truth they had to tell. By his persistent silence under all vituperation, and by the glorious comment of his literary career on the promise that the meek shall inherit the earth, the author took a large share in the work of recovering the teaching of Jesus for the affairs of this secular world ; yet he avoided all such use of consecrated words and names as might offend even the most sensitive.

If he had made any mistake such as has been so often made by leaders on all sides, if he had mixed up his Divine message with personal hobbies and crotchets of his own, his followers would then have magnified those crotchets into the war-cry of a special faction ; and the essential truth he had to tell would thereby have been obscured, as has so often been the case before. He gave that truth to the world, utterly pure of his own personality ; and thus did incalculable service in shortening the misunderstanding between different kinds of minds. We are grateful to him less for the work which he did than for the example he set of the tone and spirit in which original work should be done. A king who fights against other nations in defence of his own is king of his own country alone ; but a king who, coming to the throne in exceptionally troublous times, does the best that can be done for his own people, and dies without having, by deed or word, by any care for

his own interests, or assertion of his own dignity, or indulgence of his own vanity, helped to involve them in war with other nations, has a claim to the homage of the whole world. On that sorrowful day, a year ago, England buried, in her holiest ground, not the man who first discovered the fact of Evolution, but him whose Science showed the world the Divine uses of strife, and whose example taught the Church the true secret of Peace. When our king had been called away to cast his crown of Science before the Throne of the Unknown Truth, some Power mightier than our passions, some instinct wiser than our knowledge, some Guiding Light diviner than our faith, drew together, around his unconscious form, men for whom Religion has no meaning, and men for whom Science has no charm ; and symbolized the prophecy of a time when such vital knowledge of Humanity shall overspread the whole earth that no man shall wish to impose on another his own finite conceptions of the Infinite ; and when all shall have sufficient belief in Divinity to call Peacemakers Children of God.

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Fragment. (*The Occident, Chicago. Written Nov. 15th,* 1886.)
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Fragment. (*The American Israelite, Cincinnati,* 1888.)
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CHASTITY IN KNOWLEDGE

"Journal of Education," Dec. 1883

WE are sometimes told by psychologists that a finer type of character can be developed in the absence of religious teaching than under any hitherto known system of religion. Some have been led to suppose that such statements are meant to discourage a belief in the goodness of the Creator. No serious student could make such a mistake; but, as not all young teachers have time to make a thorough study of difficult works on psychology, it has seemed to me that it might be useful to put before the younger readers of the *Journal of Education,* in plain terms, what, so far as I have been able to make out, is the practical outcome of the lessons of advanced medical science on the subject of religious teaching.

Three types of students seem to have, in modern times, arrived at a clear perception of a truth which has been dimly perceived in all ages. This truth is, that sexual instincts, and those faculties commonly called religious, emotional, and intuitional, stand to each other in some special relation of polarity and mutual interaction.

Materialists have perceived it; and carelessly jumped to the conclusion that all religious emotion and inspiration are "only" sexual excitement diverted from its proper function.

The religious have perceived it, and seen that it is possible in certain cases to draw the vitality away from the lower pole by stimulating the upper. This unbalancement they have supposed to constitute true purity. A modern religious writer, for instance, speaking of a widow who spent her time in what I should call irreverent and sensual religious vagaries, says, in a triumphant manner, that some writers did worse, evidently meaning that, though this lady's ideas might in some points be less logical than our own, yet *of course,* any sort of religious life is more truly moral than a so-called profligate one. And I think that (with the exception of pure materialists) few would see room for a doubt of the truth of this position.

There are, however, a few who look at the whole matter from the point of view of unbiassed science. And their position, so far as I understand it, is this: "It is of importance that the two poles should act healthily and chastely when they act at all, but, of the two, the upper is of by far the greater consequence, and its aberrations are the greater evil. Not only do certain

kinds of excitement of the upper tend to excite the lower; apart altogether from that consideration, unchastity of the upper pole is in itself more sinful, impure, and injurious to physical, mental, and moral health, than unchastity of the lower. The action of the upper is difficult to follow and trace to its consequences; but we believe that we are provided with a clue in certain facts known to us about the action of the lower. We do not jump to the conclusion that their action runs in parallel lines;[1] but we find that the hypothesis that it does so explains many of the phenomena of insanity and hysteria otherwise inexplicable; we therefore think that it must have at least some foundation in truth; and we take it for the present as our working hypothesis, keeping ourselves prepared to abandon it as soon as any one can prove to us that some other theory more exactly corresponds to facts."

Now, it is universally admitted that, though a perfectly normal action of the lower pole is advantageous to health, yet haste and greed are in every way injurious; premature exercise before the proper age exhausts vitality; excess at any age weakens the whole nervous system; and, above all, the habit of dwelling in thought on pleasure before it comes is ruinous.

Two methods of acquiring truth are possible to man; and these are, I think, fitly typified (as the instinct of poets in all ages has been led to typify them) by the two ways in which a man can expend his physical force. One sort of knowledge is technical, and can be acquired *à froid* from the outside, by deliberate study; the other is intuitional or actual, and should be gained only under certain conditons of pleasurable excitement. The former may safely be acquired at any convenient time, in any quantity, and in any accessible way, unless special circumstances seem to point to the contrary (short of such over-absorption as leaves insufficient time for rest and exercise). The latter kind of knowledge is, in itself and always, evil and impure, except at times when it is exceptionally right and sacred; such times being marked by the coincidence of three factors: maturity of the individual as to age; preparedness as to feeling; and suitability of circumstances.

It seems, indeed, that purity is in one sense the equivalent of patience; *i.e.*, a willingness neither to precipitate in act, nor to suggest in words, nor to anticipate in thought, that for which the full time has not come. All haste is essentially unchaste. We need to make parents and teachers pure before they can make children so. We must introduce into the popular mind the idea of chastity in education, in knowledge, in friendship, in hero-

worship, in family ties, especially in religion. Many of the elements of our school and home life tend to destroy purity : the methods of teaching rendered necessary by the prevalent system of competition ; the ambition of parents ; "odours, lights, wine, society, coffee, rivalry." Many things tend to teach children that love and knowledge (I do not here mean the mere technical knowledge, but that which I have called the Actual or Intuitional) are things to be greedily sought rather than earned by patient waiting and long labour. The wife goes into hysterics if her husband is not in the humour to attend to her ; the parents are aggrieved if the child is not "fond" of them ; each relative is offended if he or she is not a favourite. True knowledge is spoiled for the child by premature verbal statements of things which should dawn on his soul like a revelation ; even the mighty mystery of contact with the Unseen is deflowered by what is called religious teaching. Surely all this tends to make the very idea of checking premature curiosity and greed about that which is to make children parents in their turn, an illogical one.

My own opinion, formed from observation of the development of young people, is, that the difficulty of keeping up faith in God, of which so many complain at the present day, is not, as is often supposed, a consequence of the progress of Science, but, in part at least, a recoil from what is commonly, but most erroneously, called "Theology" ; it is, in fact, another form of that incapacity for the enjoyment of love which follows on a sensual and prurient early youth. Scientific Agnosticism seems to me to be a retirement into a condition of cool and busy chastity, pointed out by the instinct of humanity as the true correction of its early errors.

The value of what I have ventured to call the chaste method of teaching has been found out by many teachers of elementary mathematics, so far as their own subject is concerned. Not a few, I find, prefer that no child should see a multiplication table till he has created one for himself by addition. One of the most delightful experiences of my life was being taught the Rule of Three on this method by a village schoolmaster in France. The late James Hinton, a few years before his death, asked me to give him some lessons in mathematics. He had learned at school up to Quadratic Equations ; I therefore began by setting him a simple quadratic ; and, when he had puzzled sufficiently over it, and given it up as unsolvable, I set him to find the squares of some selected simple expressions, and thus led him in the dark up to the point at which the method of solution dawned on him. The delight which he poured forth on first perceiving the possibility of attacking by the reverse or reflex method a problem in itself unsolvable by

the human intellect, quite startled me. For some weeks afterwards, whenever he met any who was in trouble or depressed, the remedy he suggested was : "Learn Quadratic Equations." At last it occurred to him that a good many people are able to solve quadratics without being apparently much the happier or better for it, and he began to investigate the anomaly. "Do you mean to tell me," he said to me one day, "that there are people in the world wicked enough to tell a boy *how to do* a quadratic equation ?"

Whether the chaste method of teaching mathematics be considered good or bad, its importance for good or evil is obvious enough, from the intense antagonism expressed to it by leading Positivists. As I have great respect for the practical sagacity of these gentlemen, I have given my best attention to the objections made by them. Our method tends, they say, to demoralise the pupil for all his after-life ; to make him "rebellious," "indocile" —incapable, in fact, of ever becoming a good Positivist. It was long before the meaning of this dawned on me. I do not find my pupils, as a rule, rebellious or indocile. What I have discovered seems almost too wonderful to be true ; but this is indeed what is being said by those who should know best : As long as we elementary mathematical teachers insist on doing our own humble work in the way which seems to ourselves most scientific, so long no one will succeed in persuading society to accept a doctrinaire system instead of a faith in a Person, or to believe that Paul was a higher type of man than Jesus, and Comte a truer Seer than Paul. Few of us, I think, would venture so to magnify our own office ! Some of us would be well satisfied with our share in life, if we could be assured that we had so taught the multiplication table to our pupils in their infancy as to put it for ever out of the power of doctrinaires to convince them that any one is a better teacher than Christ.

My father, Thomas Everest, was, so far as I know, the first English preacher of modern times who systematically advocated the application of the "chaste" method to the imparting of religious instruction. He never very fully expressed his views except orally ; but, in a sermon published in 1851, he speaks strongly of the incapacity of theologians to judge of Divine Truth, owing to the diseased and abnormal working of their own brains ; and pointed out that, when Jesus sent his disciples to preach the Gospel and cast out the devil, He commissioned them, as the means to that end, not to impose on others their ideals of theology, but to heal the sick ; so that each man shall become competent to see the truth for himself, so far as the work appointed for him to do renders it desirable that he should see it.

The medical men of the day considered Mr. Everest mad and theologians said that he was teaching Atheism. But much of what he said in the sermon above alluded to, about the intimate interaction of body and mind, the insanity of most criminals, and the injurious quality of most of what is called Theology, is being said far more forcibly at the present day by Dr. Maudsley, who should at least know what order of thought is sane. As for the other portion of the accusation, my father's pupils have their faults ; but their characteristic, so far as I know of them, is certainly not Atheism.

When any girl, intelligent enough to understand me, consults me as to something said by her pastor, in what I consider too personal a manner, about eternal punishment, falling away from Grace, Regeneration, etc., my answer is something to this effect : "Where was your modesty, and where was your womanhood, when any man ventured to speak to you on such a subject ? If your pastor offered your mother a practical suggestion of some better method than she is acquainted with of carrying out your father's wishes, no doubt she would listen with due attention ; but what do you think she would say if he began to discuss with her the nature and probable duration of the tie between them ? Many men, unfortunately, very much like discussing personal relationships as long as they can get women to listen to them ; it is women's function to keep such conversation in check. What you have to learn is, not to distinguish accurately how much you ought to believe of such statements as you tell me were made by your clergyman ; but so to look men in the face that they never dare speak of such things when you are present. A girl who does not early learn the art of thus protecting her own purity and faith, is likely to get, not only her religious opinions, but also her whole mind and life into confusion." This kind of esoteric doctrine I have been in the habit of teaching to my own pupils for a quarter of a century ; but I should not have ventured to intrude my views on the readers of the *Journal of Education*, especially as Dr. Maudsley is (if I may venture to claim thought-kinship with so great a man) teaching essentially the same doctrine with far greater clearness and power than my father or I could boast, had it not seemed to me desirable to give to inexperienced teachers a hint as to a method by which it is found practically possible to carry out the instructions of such men as Dr. Maudsley, without seeming to imply by one's reticence that one has no belief in the Fatherhood of God, or in His power to give to those who trust in Him help towards doing the duties which He has imposed on them. No portion of my experience as a teacher has been more

terrible than witnessing the suffering, the moral injury, the despair, the ruined health, caused by misapprehension of the true meaning of Dr. Maudsley and other writers on the same side.

A friend to whom I submitted this paper suggests that I am laying myself open to a similar misconception. He says: "Your parallel between physical chastity and the inductive method of learning seems a very helpful analogy; but, in learning, the pupil must constantly look forward to the goal; and the most stimulating teacher is he who paints the future in the brightest colours, not only points the way." A wise father, I reply, will take opportunities in conversation with his son, to point out the contrast between a happy marriage, and a loveless old age, or a married life full of bickering, disunion, and scandal; and will hint to the boy that good and evil come not out of the ground; that early mental discipline and habits of self-restraint prepare a youth to choose a suitable wife, and to behave wisely to the woman whom he has chosen; that every evil habit or temper in which he indulges is helping to diminish his chance of being sometime a happy husband and father. Let a teacher compare in her mind such a conversation, and that which is sometimes carried on between an ill-conditioned school-boy and a younger companion on the subject of marriage, and she will thus gain a clue which will enable her to find out for herself what is—and also what is not—fit to be said by one human being to another about the future fruit of study, and the bliss of union with God.

There would be no use in trying to explain or prove to a new-born baby that "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other." The only remedy for its ignorance is to let it grow old enough to see the fact for itself when stated axiomatically, and so to train it meantime, by the presentation of practical technical truths, that it shall, at the fitting age, see the abstract truth as an axiom as soon as stated.

This George Boole saw fully. What he failed to see was this: We have to do with a world which is "wrong," in which people have been badly, unchastely taught, and in which perception of axiomatic truth is therefore blunted. The remedy should have been to meet that "wrong" with another "wrong"—to consent to teach unchastely again. He chose to ignore the wrongness, to go on as if it did not exist; he could not meet it by doing wrong. Therefore he was not the one who could cure the wrong.

Nor was Maurice; for he did not see the "wrongness" of verbal statements about certain relations.

The person to cure it should be one who, seeing the wrong and

hating it, would yet consent to share it; would do a further "wrong" of the same kind. God help me and give me courage!

NOTE.—It has been suggested to me that I might, with advantage, have changed the word used to describe the virtue which I desire to inculcate, and call my paper "Temperance in Knowledge." But it seems to me that Temperance and Chastity are essentially different ideas, and that each applies to the affairs of life. Temperance has relation to quantity, Chastity to suitability of time and circumstances. A man who takes too much alcohol is intemperate. But he who yields to the pernicious habit of taking alcohol between meals, in however small doses, for no better reason than that he happens to feel depressed just at the moment, can hardly be said to be therefore intemperate; but he is guilty of something which the word Unchastity, in its largest sense, seems to me to express exactly.—M.B.

PLANS OF EDUCATION AS AFFECTED BY RELIGION AND BY SCIENCE*

The subject announced for discussion to-night is "Plans of Education as affected by Religion and by Science." But any suggestions which it is in my power to contribute towards a comprehension of it might be summed up under some such heading as, "How Plans of Education are vitiated by the supposition that Religion and Science can be opposed to each other."

For the last thirty years much discussion has been going on about the relations between Science and Religion, and the respective claims of each. There are many points of view from which the subject can be treated; and perhaps the more ways in which we look at it, the fuller does our comprehension become. But, if it can be proved that any one mode of dealing with a question has the peculiar property of storing up force and preventing waste of vital energy, it is obvious that teachers, as such, should make the study of that method their especial concern. And, as I have not the presumption to suppose that I can tell the members of the Education Society anything new about their own business, I propose to respond to the kind invitation of your Council by grouping together a few reflections, which, though obvious and commonplace in themselves, may when put together form a suitable framework, and help to confine our discussion of a very large question to those limits within which it mainly concerns us as teachers.

The exceptional vitality of the Hebrew race is a subject of frequent remark; and no one, I think, can have given much attention to the matter without discovering that one main cause of that vitality consists in the Jewish habit of unifying and turning

*Read at a Meeting of the Education Society.

into available sources of power certain elements which among Gentiles tend to dichotomise into pairs of evils, into polar-opposite causes of weakness.

The difference is obvious from the outset of History. If we compare the Hebrew account of Creation with that given by the sages of the other great religion which prevailed in the neighbourhood of Palestine, the worship of the heavenly firmament—which was purified and organised by Zoroaster, but must have been much older than his time—the contrast makes itself felt at once. "Light is a good thing," the Persian religion seems to say; "therefore it is the gift of a God." "But if the God made light, who made darkness, the opposite of light? Some being, the opposite of God the good. An evil being, then?" But it must have been evident that too much sunshine may do harm to man; and also that night has its uses. "Are there two rival Gods? Which are we serving? Which is the more powerful?" Around these questions gathered a wonderful amount of ingenious speculation and some really valuable knowledge; but the knowledge is confused, unsettled, and distracting. The Hebrew writers, as it were, pass a clean sponge over the whole discussion. The same God who made day, made night also. The race which shall endure is to consist of persons brought up from infancy to believe that whoever uses either aright serves the Maker of both. The seed destined to prosper are children of men who work by day and rest by night, thanking the same God for both gifts; and who never allow their homes to be profaned by the suggestion that one sort of good can be the rival of another. The good which comes in the form of apparent evil is a gift from the Being Who sends gladness and sunshine. (Genesis i., Isaiah xlv. 5–7.)

The same thing strikes us with equal force when we turn to the teaching of the present day. Learned Jews have, of late years, taken much pains to free their national religion from Talmudic and other accidental accretions, and to bring out clearly that which is essential to it as Judaism, that which constitutes the peculiar distinction between Hebrew and Gentile ideas of spiritual truth; and, the more simple and truly national they succeed in making their worship, the more evident does that distinction become. Our Gentile literature, the sermons of our most enlightened divines, ring with the echoes of some supposed rivalry between Religion and Science. At one time Religion denounces Science as infidel; at another time Science despises Religion as superstitious; or, again, elaborate attempts are made to settle the rival claims of the two, or to reconciliate supposed discrepancies. Go to hear a Jewish preacher (of course, I mean such a man as is intellectually

on the level of our own best-known divines), and you find yourself in a different atmosphere. The air you breathe seems never to have been disturbed by the sound of conflict. Good is One. Religion includes reverence for all the Creator's gifts ; and, among the foremost of them, for His great gift of knowledge. The race that shall prosper is the race which brings up its children pure from the contamination of contact with the idea that one sort of good can be the rival of another. The grand old Jewish creed "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is One," is not only a dogma of religion ; it is the key-note of all thought and the very well-spring of life. The difference between us and the Jews is not, like that between Trinitarians and Unitarians, one of belief or opinion ; it lies outside the region of belief or opinion.

The Jews from whom I have learned most have expressly told me that they do not wish to make converts from the Christian faith ; what they have to teach us can be learned while we remain in our own faith. But there is something almost like a tone of playful and affectionate pity for our whole attitude towards all religious belief. One feels that the people around one at synagogue have been taught from infancy to turn from much which we consider legitimate controversy, as we train our children to turn from thoughts of revenge and from temptations to vice. Good is One; a Jew who speaks as if there could be rival forms of good, is not so much propounding a heresy in doctrine, as disgracing himself by behaving like a mere Gentile, like one of a transitory race which exhausts itself in follies, and may some day, in case of severe war or pestilence, be swept away ; not like one of the seed which, in spite of all difficulties and all persecution, must live on and ultimately possess the earth.

Whether the intellectual and spiritual life of our adult Hebrew brethren is at all narrowed by their indifference to many of the subjects which interest us, is a question not necessary to enter upon here ; in later life our disagreements may be a useful stimulus. But the Jewish method has incontestably a wonderful influence for good on the young, in storing up force, in harmonising thought, and in facilitating elementary study. There is an intelligent and wide-awake reposedness about Jewish girls, and I believe the same remark applies to boys also, which makes them usually very unlike their class-fellows. A German lady, a thorough Judophobe, said to me that any number of married brothers and sisters of a Hebrew family can occupy the different floors of a house without quarrelling ; "we cannot do so," she added enviously. When a Gentile schoolgirl takes a teacher into confidence about her difficulties, it often comes out in the course of conversation, either

that she differs from her relatives in her religious opinions, or else that they "don't understand" her. Jewish girls seldom seem to have any such cause of trouble weighing on their young minds. The possibility of saying that one's mother does not understand one, seems to me to lie outside the consciousness of most Jewesses of my acquaintance. Now I would appeal to any lady who is engaged in teaching girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen to tell us what she knows about the effect of religious and emotional friction in wasting working-power; and what she would give to be able to obliterate from the minds of her pupils, during their growing years, all that range of feeling and thought which is connected with the words, "My relations don't understand me"? Among us, parental influence is often wasted in attempts to make the children think like the parents on subjects which cannot be talked of without stirring conflicting emotions; and, where the parents are wise enough not to wish to impose on the children any special views of burning questions, young people can hardly associate with even their own relatives without discovering that others consider their parents in the wrong. On the other hand, numbers of children who are receiving the best instruction that Board or Church schools have to give, are made rebellious, rude, and disrespectful to all forms of culture, by discussion carried on by their parents in their hearing as to how much religion ought to be taught them, and what sort of religion. Numbers of young people in all ranks of life are living in defiance of all rules of moderation and health, because they have heard and read so much controversy as to whether Scripture or medical science is the right foundation for a system of ethics, that they end by believing in nothing, except, as they say, "making oneself jolly." In a Hebrew family there is little temptation to talk of burning questions at all; Judaism gives the freedom and peace of agnosticism without its dreariness and chill; the orderliness of positivism without its rigidity. Pious Jews do not agitate their souls over such questions as whether religion or science is the fittest basis of life; they familiarise themselves with that aspect of each in which it is indistinguishable from the other; their minds are steeped in a religion that inculcates reverent gratitude for the glorious revelation of our Creator's methods of working which we call science, and in a science which includes a knowledge of the effects on human life of habits of submission, devotion, and trust.

We have been often told of late, and even from the pulpit, that Revelation means new truth; that Science therefore is the modern form of Revelation; and that Religion was the enemy of Revelation

in the past, as it is the enemy of Science now. Of course, persons like myself, all whose affections and prejudices are enlisted on the side of Science and against whatever impedes its progress, are much gratified and touched by this candour on the part of clergymen ; and it would ill become me to say anything ungrateful or disrespectful about those who show so noble a desire to atone for the sins of their cloth against us in former times. But the *amende honourable* has been very sufficiently made now ; and it seems to me time that we teachers should return to calm common-sense, and devote ourselves to the task of creating a healthy atmosphere for young minds to grow up in. We all, I am sure, do our best to create such an atmosphere in the schoolroom ; but, if we were thoroughly impressed with the immense importance to juvenile health and brain-power of a general, national, and family recognition of the Unity of all Truth, we might, I think, without stepping out of our proper sphere, find ourselves able to do something towards bringing about such recognition ; especially so far as we have any influence on that general literature which the parents of our pupils read, and to which, whether we wish it or not, the pupils themselves have access in their vacations.

If Revelation is, as we are now told, new truth, then Religion —in any sense in which it can be put in opposition to Revelation —must imply a tendency to cling to truths discovered long ago. Would it not be more exact to say that intellectual laziness—the disposition to be content with knowing less than the whole of all that we can learn about the best way of doing our work—is the enemy of all truth, than to use words which suggest that one sort of truth can be opposed to another ? As for falsehood, it is not made religious by being old, nor scientific by being new. Religion and Science, like many another pair of good things, might be described in the words of an American poet as "Friends seeming each other's foe"; but the business of teachers, of course, is to get below seeming, and to learn, and cause others to learn, what is.

When nothing was known about alcohol except its immediately pleasant effects, some vague blind instinct of pious gratitude led men to see that it was the gift of a god. They therefore invented a special wine-god, who was honoured by men drinking ; and this false religion put a premium upon taking much wine. Presently Science made the discovery that the immoderate use of alcohol has permanently bad effects. The worshippers of the special god Dionysus, no doubt, for a time, thought science profane. Then perhaps arose some other special sect, worshippers of some god of abstinence, like the "wineless Erinnyes" of Sophocles ; and

very probably they proclaimed the doctrine that fermentation was the work of a devil who deceived men into mistaking him for a god. If any doctor maintained that alcohol probably had some use in medicine, and that its properties ought to be carefully investigated, the sectaries of the religion of total abstinence no doubt pronounced this doctor's experiment "irreligious" and diabolic. Religion, of course, in each of the two cases would be found in antagonism with Science ; precisely because it is bad religion ; heathenish ; that is to say, partial. The true Religion says: "The God Who created the vine, and Who made the laws of fermentation, is the same Who made the law that men shall suffer for intemperance. We serve Him always by finding out all we can about the right way to adapt His gifts to the constitutions which He has made for us." True Religion thus sets inquiry free from the shackles imposed by false religions ; it interferes in no way with Science ; but it provides a motive, more powerful with noble minds than any merely selfish one, for developing Science to the uttermost. We not only do good to ourselves, but we please the great Maker of the vine, by finding out all we can about the exact effect of its juice in every condition. True Religion, then, is the enemy, not of Science, but of that peculiar notion about Science which consists in fancying that the facts which tell in favour of a preconceived idea are alone worthy of attention, and in refusing to listen to facts which point to a different conclusion. Nor does any true religion deny the rightness of the instinct which prompted pious-minded men to feel that the Giver of the vine ought to be thanked and honoured for His gift ; but the Jewish religion passes the severest moral censure on the attempt to hamper moral and intellectual progress by erecting into a definite theology the instinctive pious sentiments of particular sets of individuals. Whoever is blessed with devout emotions should store them up and use them as working-power, thanking the Giver of all good. To expend them in trying to induce others to adopt one's own special form of finite perceptions of the Infinite is not merely useless : it is positive vice ; and, like every other vice, it is punished in the ordinary course of nature by the progeny of the man who indulges in it being less vigorous than they otherwise would be.

The manner in which a great vital national religion tends both to secure the utmost freedom for true science, and also (pending the uttering of the ultimate verdict of science on any point) to protect the young brain from being made a mere shuttlecock between the two battledores, of old prejudice on the one hand, and new fashion on the other, is well illustrated by some great diffi-

culties with which we teachers have to contend, and which Jewish training seems in great measure to eliminate.

I will begin with an instance which appeals painfully to the experience of many lady-teachers. In some English families, in those ranks of life especially where there is no reason of pecuniary necessity to compel women to earn their own living, there is a tendency to a deliberate over-cultivation of affectionateness of manner and of what may be called the domestic and social virtues. In these families sweetness and graciousness are not (as they should be) encouraged as the blossoming-out of a well-balanced and gracious mind, but taught as an art and imposed as a law. That no friend, however unreasonable, should be offended, and especially that the feelings of no relative should be hurt, is, in some families, treated as the first necessity of life; everything is sacrificed to that object, which, harmless and good in itself, becomes a very Moloch whenever it is erected into a deity, as it often is in reality if not exactly in express words. It not unfrequently happens that a girl is supposed to be breaking-down from overwork, when any experienced teacher or physician could see that she is fading away and losing power under the pressure of the attempts of her family to impose on her a false, because partial, ideal of character; to insist on its being her duty to have exactly those feelings and qualities which happen to be pleasing to themselves. Parents will sometimes consult us as to "what can be the matter" with such a girl; but, if we were to venture to say what we know, we should be given to understand that we are attacking the religion of family, and in fact that we are very wicked altogether. Our science in such cases finds itself in conflict with a sentimental and false moral system; and the parents find it easier to denounce the teacher who ventures to suggest that their cherished ideal of goodness and piety is mischievous because partial, than to suppose that they themselves have anything to learn. Teachers and medical men were so well aware of the harm which is being done by the prevalence of a religious and moral code which makes it possible to set up mere unthinking and not always sincere kindness and graciousness as an ideal of character, that our perception of it was one main element of the impetus given to the higher education of women. Many of us felt the need of creating for sensitive, conscientious, and thoughtful girls a shelter from the cruelty which was being exercised over them, by all steady purposeful activity and all personal honesty being incessantly interfered with for the sake of a senseless and frivolous kind of cultivation of the domestic and social graces: we were anxious to provide them with some reason (external to, and in support of, their own healthy

instinct of dislike) for resisting the horrible pressure; and we exerted such influence as we possessed in favour of a movement which promised to regularise the lives of girls by opening public examinations to them.

But this movement has its dangers and its evils; it too often happens that the girl's individual life, the true culture of her thinking powers, the wholesome enjoyment of family ties and of true friendships, and sometimes even physical health, are sacrificed to a mere craze for the passing of examinations. We cultivate in innocent children a false and feverish ambition, which serves no purpose except that of procuring for them and their teachers the gratification of showy triumph. The examiner is in fact becoming a new Moloch; not quite as hateful, and I think hardly as harmful, as the monster of false sentiment whom we had hoped that he would help us to dethrone; but still ugly and dangerous enough. Now it would be easy to show that those elements of the Higher Education of Women movement which have on trial proved most fatal, were propagated in ignorance of knowledge already existing in the world and quite accessible to all who chose to seek for it; and even in defiance of cautions uttered by those whose experience gave them a right to be listened to with respect. It would be easy to show that many valuable young lives have been sacrificed to neglect of those cautions; my only motive for not being more explicit on this point is that, while I wish to urge the duty of learning all we can about our work, I desire to avoid raising a party-cry against individuals.

Of course, we hope that the progress of science will ultimately give us a perfect knowledge of the mutual interaction of body and mind, and of the influence of the thoughts and affections on bodily and mental health. But, failing that (not yet existent) science, the Jewish organisation of family life acts as an imperfect, but, on the whole, fairly efficacious barrier against both the opposite evils of which I have been speaking: against, on one side, the cultivation of insincere sweetness and the indulgence of an unwholesome craving on the part of parents for emotional gratifications; on the other side, against the sacrifice of true good feeling and of physical and moral health to intellectual vanity and ambition. The Jewish religion asserts the claims of parents in a way which takes from them all need, and therefore much of the temptation, to assert themselves; homage to family ties is made rather a sort of sacramental observance than a concession to personal claims; ties of blood are not, as with us, left for certain families to erect into their sole religion, while other families neglect them; the religion of family is treated as part of the great united

national Hebrew religion ; and thus becomes wholesome and safe, while creating an atmosphere of affection in which study is not very likely to degenerate into mere "cram."

Let us take, now, another instance. From the earliest dawn of History, certain individuals have had a special tendency to inspirations of sudden perception of new truth. Many such persons have believed themselves to be cognizant of the presence of unseen beings, who made direct communications to them. But, whatever be the explanation or origin of this power, of its existence there seems to me no doubt. It is variously called Intuition, Genius, or Seerhood ; and the most highly developed and best-trained form of it has been called the "Scientific Imagination." The untrained and unbridled exercise of this faculty has led to so much insanity, folly, and crime, and is such a temptation to quackery and false pretentions, that some persons have even gone the length of attempting to deny its existence, and have tried to set up a theory that true genius is "only" an exceptional amount of the power of plodding, that all the other supposed elements of genius are pure delusion ; but I think that very few are able to hide from themselves that intuition, whether we like it or not, does actually exist.

In many private families the sensitiveness to direct spiritual impressions is cultivated in various abnormal and dangerous ways ; whereas our school routine, while intended to guard over-sensitive children from the ill-effects of unregulated yielding to spontaneous intuitions, has too often the effect of destroying the capacity for receiving such impressions. The true cure for both these evils would consist in a perfect Science of Intuition ; but such science is as yet in its merely tentative stage ; and meantime the Jewish religion forms the best practical safeguard hitherto known against the worst effects of both ; and when the Jews had a complete national organisation of their own, their Schools of the Prophets taught all that was then known about the cautions necessary to be observed by those who possess in any exceptional degree the power of Seerhood. The Jewish method of training the spiritual intuition was no doubt imperfect ; but that it was the best that the world has yet seen will easily be perceived by anyone who compares it with either the oracles of ancient classic times, the mysticism of mediæval monks and nuns, or the proceedings of mediums at the present day. And it has this great advantage : that, while it opposes itself to unwholesome and dangerous juggling for mercenary purposes, it offers no opposition to, but on the contrary gives every facility for, the serious scientific investigation of the phenomena of Seerhood.

And this is a point which concerns us teachers nearly. An eminent surgeon, who was also a well-known writer on ethical questions, used often to say that much of the material which ought to turn out best, fullest of true genius and power, finds its way into madhouses and early graves, owing to the inefficiency of our systems of training. This subject is connected with so many burning questions that I prefer not going much into it here; but, when such an authority as James Hinton passes such a judgment as that on our educational methods, it behoves us to consider whether we have not something to learn from that wonderful nation who, in quite barbarous times, succeeded in developing into true prophetic seerhood certain abnormal peculiarities of organisation now recognised by the best psychologists as identical with those which easily turn into special forms of insanity; and who in all ages have known how to train into practical business shrewdness that lower sort of insight which we too often allow to degenerate into various kinds of hysterical absurdity, and often, also, into witchcraft or fortune-telling.

Scientific men often say that our *religious instincts* make us cruel. A medical man, who had made a special study of the causes of nervous disease, once said to me: "Crucifying and burning were merciful inventions compared to laying the foundation of nervous affections in the constitutions of young children and worrying thinking men into insanity and heart disease; and that is what people are doing nowadays in the name of religion and morals." On the other hand, I know of an experienced old schoolmaster who says that crucifying and burning were merciful inventions compared to uprooting faith and morals for the sake of the doctrine of evolution; and I must say I quite agree with him. But the point to which one would like to call the attention of teachers is, that no attacks on religion and morals in the name of evolution were made by Darwin or Wallace, who really understood the subject, and had worked it out by their own honest labour. People who had, so to speak, "cribbed" their knowledge of Natural History at second-hand, picked up the word "evolution" and threw it at other people's religious feelings, just as an idle schoolboy picks up anything he finds handy and flings it at a neighbour's favourite dove. They were actuated by much the same motives as the boy—vacancy of mind, cruelty, love of mischief, love of exercising power, and a desire to show skill in taking aim. To call that sort of stupid and cruel meddlesomeness "devotion to science," seems to me as great a mistake as calling the other sort "religious instincts." The remedy for both —for the cruelty of Pharisees who attack a good teacher because

he knows things which are beyond their comprehension, and for the cruelty of would-be scientists who trample on religious hopes which are beyond their comprehension—consists not in talking about the antagonism between Religion and Science, but in endeavouring to awaken in both sets of culprits a more conscientious, more thorough, more orderly, and more vital kind of mental activity ; in discouraging by every means in our power the habit of thinking that the side of a subject which lies nearest to one's own perceptions includes all of it that is worthy of study. It is not science which opposes religion, but ignorant and slipshod thought ; just as it is not religion, but ignorant and careless belief which impedes the progress of science. Whenever religion and science come into conflict, one or other must be bad of its kind ; and plans of Education which rest on false science are as likely to be unscientific as those which rest on false religion.

In fact, it seems obvious that the most important element in any sound plan of education must be a plan for storing up vitality in the pupils, for increasing working-power and the capacity of resistance. The Hebrew race has shown that it knows how to do this on the whole better than we do ; and the secret of their method is accessible to us all. When we have learned to substitute for all our dissensions the grand old Jewish doctrine that Good is One ; when we have realised the practical importance of the philosophic axiom that "division is the property of the transitory, unity of the Eternal" ; when we all thoroughly understand that the whole antagonism and discrepancy between religion and science belongs to the same moral—or rather immoral—region as do all those actions for which children are not argued with, but summarily punished—then, and not till then, will our young people grow up with sufficient re-active power to bear being rationally educated.

Of course, our divergencies have their uses. The religious aspect of a question is different from the scientific ; and probably most subjects gain in clearness by being looked at from different points of view. But to suppose that the two ways of investigating any practical question can ultimately lead to conflicting practical results is absurd ; and, when the question under consideration is one concerning the education of the young, it is not only absurd, but mischievous as well.

The last time that I had the pleasure of being present at a meeting of your Society, a good deal was said as to how far the schoolmaster, as such, ought to endeavour to impart instruction in religion and morals. The discussion was most interesting in itself, but it was consoling to reflect that no very vital issues depend

on any verbal settlement of that question ; for, as your Secretary then showed us, a schoolmaster who teaches any subject really well must impart religious and moral instruction, whether he consciously intends to do so or not. Bad, scrambling, superficial, intellectual work can manage to be non-religious, just as bad, cruel, heathenish religion can manage to be unintellectual ; but, whenever intellectual work becomes thorough, it becomes the best ally of true moral law in its conflict with selfish prejudices, of true religion in its conflict both with materialism and with heathenish superstitions. Whoever by the exercise of his authority or influence causes any one younger or more ignorant than himself to do anything bad for the normal development of the latter—whoever does this for lack of any sort of knowledge already existing in the world, and of which he keeps himself ignorant to save himself trouble—is flying in the face of all principles of religion and of science alike. Whoever discourages carelessness, inaccuracy, showy pretence of knowledge, and the habit of being content with partial views of things founded on ready-to-hand scraps of information—whoever encourages thorough study, conscientious work, and a habit of suspending decision on each point till all that it is possible to know about it has been ascertained —is doing the best that mortal man can do to further the interests of national health, of useful science, of sound philosophy, of good morals, and of true religion.

NOTE.—In the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, several questions were raised which I was then unable to answer : as to whether the religion of the ancient Hebrews did in reality differ as much as is supposed from some forms of heathen worship ; whether the "angels" of the Jewish Scriptures did not stand in the same relation to "Jehovah" as did the minor gods of Greece to Zeus ; whether Bacchus was not originally a Hebrew deity, and Baal a Hebrew word meaning only "the God" ; and whether the "Jehovah," for whose sake the Baal-worshippers were exterminated by Hebrew prophets, was not, on the contrary, originally a mere local deity. Professor Marks has been good enough to give me interesting information concerning some of these questions. But it seems to me that the essential point on which the Hebrew prophets insisted lay outside the region of exegesis and etymology. When a Gentile philosopher finds his national religion in need of reform, because the gods who are worshipped put a premium upon certain sides of life which acts as an encouragement to vice, he invents or imports a *compensating* deity, *e.g.*, an Athene to counterbalance the Gods of War, Love, and Wine ; and, in order to give to Wisdom a pre-eminence over the animal appetites, he asserts that she sprang from the head of Zeus. The method adopted by the Hebrew prophets, at each period of reform, for the purification of their worship, was to *banish* whatever sacred names or symbols were associated in the minds of the people with finite ideas of Deity. The etymology of the name signified nothing to them ; the essential point was that the *dichotomy* or *principle of compensation* which underlies all visible life must not be imported into man's ideas of the Eternal and Absolute. The "angels" of Scripture, whether material or supernatural, were merely servants of, or messengers from, the Supreme : no idea of rivalry of power or antagonism of will would have been tolerated.

The Eternal was at one time called "Baal," which simply means "the God" ;

but, as the name came to have associations with a finite conception of Deity, its use was afterwards forbidden. The permitted word "Jehovah" may indeed have been originally the name of some local or tribal deity; the essential thing insisted on was that some name should be used *not associated in the minds of the people with finite ideas of Godhead which would need to be supplemented by other finite ideas.* In the days of Hezekiah, no question seems to have been raised as to the origin of the brazen serpent; it does not appear that any one expressed a doubt of its having come from the very hands of Moses himself. But it had acquired in the course of ages a sacredness of its own; it tended to become a *serpent-god,* embodying certain special qualities, and, wherever it came from, it must be stamped out. If Bacchus was originally a Semitic deity, this fact would perhaps account for the frequent allusions in the Bible to wine as a Divine gift; but the Hebrew prophets early exiled the special personal Bacchus from the territory where they had influence. On the other hand, they discouraged a fanatical *parti pris* of total abstinence. Professor Marks tells me that the sixth chapter of Numbers implies a disapproving tolerance of Nazarite vows; whoever chose to make or thought he had sufficient reason for making such vows, must keep them; but he must bring a sin-offering in acknowledgment of guilt in making vows against the use of any gift of God.

Every nation, of course, departs at times from its normal type. Many Jews, in all ages, have acted in a manner unworthy of their special calling; but the Hebrew *ideal* is well expressed in the single statement that the Gentile taunts the Jew by asking, "Where is now thy God?"

SCOTCH BOARD SCHOOLS

"Journal of Education," Feb. 1885

A correspondent in Glasgow informs me that in Scotch Board Schools no pupil, however distinguished, is allowed to become pupil-teacher or teacher, unless he or she will consent to teach the "Shorter Catechism." He tells me of a young Jewess who, after passing all the Examinations of the Government Inspector, first-class, left Scotland, to seek a livelihood elsewhere, because her conscience forbade her complying with the required condition.

Denominational schools are found practically inconvenient, and are fast being superseded. But the denominational school is not an immoral institution; for the pupils belong to the same denomination as the teachers. But a school which affects liberality in the admission of pupils, yet imposes religious tests on the election of teachers, is an excellent engine of general demoralisation. Hardly any act of which a young person can be guilty leaves a more subtle taint of corruption in character than does the act of deserting one's ancestral faith for worldly advantage. To admit as teachers those who yield to this temptation, and exclude those who resist it, is, for any school, morally suicidal.

Every Christian knows—or might know by taking the trouble to reflect—that the world's best teachers have been Jews, who,

while too enlightened to rest their personal hopes of salvation on any special observance, still made it a matter of conscience and religion to remain faithful, on the whole, to the laws of the Hebrew community. And everyone who is entrusted with the charge of a school ought to know that a Jew who has once sold his birthright for a mess of pottage may, and very probably will, become an influence dangerous to all around him, in proportion to his native shrewdness and intellectual power.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION—OLD AND NEW

PART I

"Journal of Education," April, 1885

A charming little book, entitled "The School System of the Talmud,"* has been sent to me by Rev. B. Spiers, to which I should like to call the attention of teachers. It is short and pleasantly written ; and it introduces the reader to such a quaint old world that it might be taken up for refreshment, like an amusing book of travels. Yet every page is full of instruction. The key-note of the book is its concluding sentence, in which it is stated that the principles of compulsory education were recognised by the Jews eighteen centuries ago : "principles that kept alight the lamp of knowledge in Israel's darkest days ; and which have aided their national development and formed the very ground-work of their national life." This sentence alone suggests many reflections, the truth of which is illustrated by the facts told in the body of the work.

Any system of education which is fairly good when voluntary, requires modification before being made compulsory. On the other hand, it is probable that if an education can be devised *which could with safety be made compulsory,* it will turn out in the end to be better in itself for everybody than are any of those systems which seemed sufficiently good when only a portion of the population was subjected to them. Almost any sort of empiric regulation will find individuals whom it fairly suits, and to whom it does, on the whole, more good than harm ; but a rule which suits a whole nation must be founded on true knowledge.

Any error which has a slightly injurious effect, has a power of *differentiating* enormously greater than its power to harm. Let us suppose, for instance, that in a village school a system

*Trübner.

is adopted which is in most respects excellent, but which differs from what is abstractly wisest as national education, by being more stimulating to the mind. Say that a quarter of the village children attend this school. Of these, a very few will be injured in health. There will be some whom mental work suits, and who will grow up stronger than they would have done if left idle or sent to a humdrum school of the old type. The majority will be neither injured nor benefited in health, but simply differentiated. Their brains will be more restless and eager and keen than those of their fellow-villagers who have not attended school; they will be fitter for occupations which require intelligence, less fitted for monotonous occupations. Very many will find their way into responsible posts; the boys will obtain situations as clerks, etc., in the neighbouring town; the girls will be sought by the gentry to be trained for nurses or confidential maids. Some of them will be taught dairy-work in the farms, and gradually rise to be farm-house-keepers. The monotonous portions of the agricultural labour will be performed by persons who have not had the "schooling." A few, however, of the educated young people will, by some mistake of fate, be taken on to farms to dig and weed; they will become unhappy and will probably turn out badly from sheer restlessness. Hence a double current of opinion will be generated: the parents and employers of the misplaced lads and girls will discover that "education is the curse of the country"; whereas others will scoff at this idea as benighted prejudice, and, pointing to the prosperous and well-conducted persons whom education has enabled to rise in the world, will declare that education is the greatest of blessings. On the whole, the school will be doing much more good than harm. But its power to do so, notwithstanding its deviation from the absolutely normal type of national education, depends entirely on the fact that it is exercising a selective power, a doubly selective power indeed. Those children are sent to it who are born of parents intelligent enough to be keen for education; and the children of such parents will be fitted by it to fill situations in which keenness of intelligence finds scope. But, if the proportion of the pupils to the whole population is largely increased artificially, the proportion of good done by the school to the harm done by it diminishes. Children come to it who are less fitted to be benefited in health by intellectual exertion. The weeding and digging must be done by somebody; and henceforth it will be done by persons who have been subjected to a mode of training, the especial virtue of which was that it fitted people for *non-monotonous* occupations. Brains which have been stimulated in childhood find work for themselves in later years, if none be provided for

them. Perhaps the greatest boon that a teacher can confer on a pupil is to teach him the art of occupying his thoughts pleasantly and profitably while his hands are engaged in mechanical work; but I know of no person who imagines that any such art is taught to our poor. What lads and girls think about at eighteen while hoeing turnips or working in a factory, after having passed high standards at fourteen, is a question on which few people reflect much, chiefly because all who investigate it turn back sickened and appalled at the facts which confront them, and utterly powerless to suggest a remedy. When our Government decided (very rightly) to make some sort of education compulsory, they forced on the nation a system about which the most that anyone could even profess to know was that it had proved, on the whole, a boon to those who were taught under it, when the very fact of being taught at all was a selective agency. Any such system would, of course, need great modifications before it could with safety be made compulsory. It was found not satisfactory, and has accordingly been modified—in the direction of being made more stimulating! It has been made also to absorb more entirely the time of both teachers and pupils, so as to make it more impossible than ever that the art of occupying one's own thoughts wholesomely while one's hands are mechanically occupied, should be cultivated by anybody.

The moral is twofold. First, every prejudice, however stupid, even the prejudice against education, is founded on some observed fact; and those who are organising national education cannot safely neglect the consideration of any order of facts which it may please Providence to put in their way.

Secondly, any knowledge of principles of national education which can be deduced from the mere observation of children *while at school*, is necessarily very partial and misleading. A system can be tested only by observing its effects on the afterlife of the pupils, and especially by observing whether it puts them into a condition to become the parents of healthy-minded offspring.

Now, the peculiarity of the Jewish rules of life is that they were all founded on the Science of Heredity, of which Hebrews seem to have known something from the beginning of their history; and, on the principle of selection, in which they believed thousands of years before Darwin was born, as is proved by the fact that their legislators acted on it with an uncompromising decision worthy of Herbert Spencer. And, as education of some sort or other has been practically universal among them for eighteen centuries, they have had time to study how to avoid the worst dangers of general education. Their method of teaching may be still very

imperfect, but they improve rapidly because they are always as willing to learn from all around them as they are generous in aiding those who wish to learn from them. And all who know anything of Jewish life know that, while the system of their Free School enables the sharpest of the children to rise out of poverty and become teachers or clergymen, and to take University degrees, it does not, to anything like the same extent as ours, unfit the majority for monotonous labour, or induce restlessness of brain in either section. Dr. Davis's report, published in the *Sanitary Record* of December 15th, proves that Jewish children pass higher standards than ours at an earlier age, and with less injury to health. Of the causes of their success I hope to say a few words in a future paper. All which have come under my notice may be summed up under two heads. One is the fact to which I invited the attention of the readers of this Journal some months ago, viz. : That the Jewish people know the Art of unifying and turning into available sources of strength, certain elements which among us are allowed to dichotomise into pairs of polar-opposite sources of weakness. The other is, that Nature is trying to differentiate Humanity ; and, therefore, no system of education can be truly healthy which does not leave plenty of room for differentiation. Our legislators long neglected many things which they ought to have attended to ; and then imposed an unselective hard-and-fast law. Jewish regulations seem to be based on the idea that that is the best law which does not express any theorist's ideal of what man ought to be, but which, of its own mechanical action, tends to cause each individual to find his way into the place which he is fitted to fill in a manner useful to Society.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION—OLD AND NEW

PART II

"Journal of Education," Sept., 1885

The theses which I am endeavouring to maintain are these ; First : Very few persons are really injured by *over-work* ; "it is not the work we do that kills, but the work we do not do" ; the work we think we ought to do, but fail in doing ; or the work we think we are doing, but are in reality only spoiling. Secondly : Hardly anything which deserves the name of compulsory or systematic *education* exists as yet in this country, except among a certain portion of the Jewish community (consisting of the poorer

classes, and the more old-fashioned families of a higher class). Among "advanced" Jews, as well as all Gentiles, there is enough, and, perhaps, sometimes more than enough, of *instruction*; but everything which deserves the name of " Education" is left to the caprice of individual teachers and relatives, who, when they are not as uneducated as the children, owe the fact to haphazard and "uncovenanted mercies" rather than to any systematic arrangement that has been made to prevent them from being so. Thirdly : Our lack of power to educate is due to our lack of knowing how so to unify the moral faculties as to give to them the steady control of the intellectual faculties.

First, as to the Jewish agency for compulsion. It is delightfully simple. Every Jew is born a priest ; and, as such, has certain duties and privileges. If a man disgraces the community by any flagrant crime, he is punished by not being allowed to "make act" in public of his priestly function. If he grows up too ignorant to perform that function, he thereby disgraces and excommunicates himself. So far from there being any difficulty in persuading the pupils of the Jewish Free-School to attend regularly, the difficulty is to prevent the poor little under-fed creatures from going at six in the morning, or after school hours, to some small ill-ventilated room, to be taught more Hebrew than the allowance permitted by the authorities of the school ; and also a certain German *patois* called Jüdisch-teutsch, dear to the hearts of Jews of continental extraction. Yet the children pass the standards in the ordinary subjects at a younger age than ours ; and *break down less in health.*

This result is all the more astonishing, because, besides belonging to the very poorest class, many of the children, on entering the school, are ignorant of English, in which language, of course, all the instruction is conveyed. The explanation given by Mr. Angel, the principal of the Free-School, of this and similar facts, is : "We work with spirit and heart, not with mere intellect ; we do not make difficulties ; we take things as we find them, and make the best of them." This is in reality a summary of Jewish history for the last eighteen centuries ; Jews have had so many difficulties made for them by others, that they have learned to make none for themselves.

A young Jewish teacher, who had been educated partly at a Jewish, partly at a Christian, school, was asked what constitutes the essential difference between the Jewish and Gentile methods of teaching. He replied that the difference cannot be expressed in words, for it depends on a totally different idea of the relation between teacher and pupil. Desire for secular knowledge is an

essential feature in Jewish religion,* as Mr. Spiers' book makes abundantly evident; and as is also shown by the conversation of all pious Jews. Hence a high respect for the office of the teacher, which is closely connected with the Jewish method of teaching. The extracts from the Talmud quoted by Mr. Spiers give the reader a glimpse as into a soft cosy nest, skilfully prepared for the young brain to develop in.

Oriental life differs from ours by being steeped in a curious patient *waitingness*, which tends towards fatalism and indolence. But when the Eastern patience is sharpened by contact with Western bustle, it translates itself into an exquisite chasteness, compared to which our methods seem coarse and, one might almost say, brutal. The Oriental teacher keeps his theories, his system, his classification, his knowledge, in the background, till the normal development of the pupil's mind requires that they should be brought into use. For instance, an English pupil learning a language from a moonshie in India is made to read an easy book; and to learn the declensions, conjugations, and irregularities only as fast as they occur in reading. A method, *apparently* the same as this, is adopted by many European teachers, and has been made the basis of certain systems, especially the so-called "Mastery" system. But in these systems the systematiser, or teacher, decides beforehand at what point the pupil shall be told of an inflection; whereas the very essence of the Oriental method is, that the teacher waits till the pupil's attention is attracted to the inflection by a difference in the look or sound of the word from its look or sound in a previous sentence.

Now, this chaste or reserved method is shown in action in the teaching of Hebrew at such an institution as the Jewish Free-School. The children in the first and second standards learn by heart a grace, a short creed, and certain other sentences. The authority is not a school board, or a parliament, whose actions the children hear discussed and ridiculed at home; but the God of Israel, of Whose Love and Wisdom there never has been a doubt, and Who orders that Jewish children shall know certain sentences, and shall know them, too, in an ancient and classic tongue. The Objective embodiment of rule is not an examiner, but Moses, about whom all Jewish children know this much at least —that no Czar, or Pope, will ever be able to exterminate the Jewish people while they obey him faithfully. Though the teacher or pupil-teacher has no more choice than is left him by our School Boards as to what shall be taught, he is not tempted (so far as the Hebrew is concerned) to wish, in the hearing of the children, that

*"The School System of the Talmud." (Trübner.)

"Mr. Mundella was further"; and to the children he stands as the person who can save them from future disgrace, and from whatever other ills await all Jews who disobey Moses. The notion of the clashing of wills is not suggested. The sentences are repeated very slowly and reverently; and, after each, its translation in English. During the first year or two the little ones learn, at leisure, to read the Hebrew character. In the third, fourth, and fifth standards, the pupils read the liturgies, which, in after-years, they must be able to recite. The teacher reads aloud a phrase; the class read it after him; he then tells them the English of that phrase, which they likewise repeat; then the next phrase and so on. In the sixth and seventh standards the language is learned in the ordinary manner by lessons prepared with a grammar and a dictionary. The grammarian, the lexicologist, and the visible human teacher do not thrust themselves at random on the unprepared consciousness; each comes in to supply a felt want. The Hebrew method thus differs throughout from ours, by its sobriety and continence, which impart to the intellect a wonderful vitality. It has another advantage. No one doubts that the faculty of imitation has a peculiar vivifying power, both intellectual and moral; but, as Combe has pointed out, we ought not only to exercise faculties which we wish to make active, but to train to act *together* in childhood those which we wish should act together in mature life.

Our modern modes of teaching tend more and more to separate the work of the teacher from that of the pupil, and both from association with anything higher. To train the faculty of *Imitation* to act synchronously with that of *Veneration* should surely be one main aim of those who have charge of the young. Yet much of the talk that one hears would suggest that teachers are aiming so to train these two faculties that each should be dormant whenever the other is active. Children are sent to school in order that they may learn *by imitating schoolfellows* who are not much, if at all their superiors; but there is much less than there used to be of the act of *imitating teachers*. Now the Jewish method of teaching Hebrew supplies a great field for the cultivating of the power of Imitation in the right direction; for several years the only access opened to the knowledge of Hebrew, so much desired, lies in repeating sentences after the teacher; and that, under circumstances which, without any undue stimulus to the religious emotion, call out all of Veneration which a Hebrew child has in him. This tends to unify the moral sentiments by concentrating their action.

In the matter of teaching History, Jews have an advantage

over us which is the accident of their position, and cannot be acquired by us; their religious festivals commemorate events in their national history. But, as it sometimes is good to study even an unattainable ideal, I will describe a small portion of a lesson which I happened to hear. I must premise that "Chanuka," the festival of the Macchabees, is the Jewish equivalent for our Christmas, the occasion for presents, etc. After some discussion of the annual domestic ceremonial of lighting the Chanuka candles, the teacher asked a question about a battle in which the Jews were worsted. "What happened to the Jews?" "They were all slain." "They were all slain, were they? Then where did we come from?" "Some of them were slain and the rest ran away," corrects another child. "Well, what happened next?" "They gathered together, and fought again." "Who won that battle?" "The *Jews*," scream a chorus of eager children, each one of whom is vividly conscious that the battles of two thousand years ago are her own personal and individual concern. Among the Jews of old it was made compulsory not only that the children should go to school, but that the parents should so conduct the family life as to give the children a living interest in what was taught there; and the poor and old-fashioned Jews do so still. This history-lesson painfully reminded me of an episode in my life at Queen's College. I had occasion to reprimand two of our elder pupils for speaking of some passing political event in as flippant and superficial a manner as if they were not enjoying the advantage of attending history lectures given by one of the most thoughtful men of our time. Next day the same girls came to me and said that they had been much struck by my speaking as if I expected their history lessons to be *real* to them. "What we think about the death of a king, for instance, is 'Did he leave any children? No. Oh! thank goodness! we have nothing more to remember about *him* for the examinations.'" Our Professor held the examination system in horror; and, when I narrated the above incident to him, he took occasion to remark on the harm done by it. But Jewish children pass examinations successfully and willingly, and yet do not lose the true sentiment of their lessons. Jews do not *make* difficulties. A few good teachers among us prevent examinations from destroying the reality of lessons; but it is a matter of individual skill.

A delicate, poor girl of twelve, came home from school while I was visiting her grandmother, who "had seen better days." The child, at her grandmother's bidding, repeated some hymns, etc., and then crossed herself. "You are obliged to go on with that mummery at school, but you need not bring it home," grumbled

the grandmother ; and proceeded to explain to me, in presence of the child, that she sent her to a school kept by "sisters," because it was the only free-school in the neighbourhood ; and she must own the teaching was excellent ; "but I don't like it ; I don't hold with all that High Church nonsense." We hear much of the ill results of work done on insufficient food ; has any one measured the waste of nerve-power caused to a sensitive girl by being made a religious shuttlecock of between a doting grandmother and lady-like, well-informed, enthusiastic nuns ? One day, at Queen's College, a girl of eighteen fell down unconscious during prayers. I had for some weeks past detected in her symptoms of mysterious terror ; I therefore, after the fainting-fit, encouraged her to unburden her mind to me. Some relatives had been assuring her that the Professor who officiated on the morning of her attack was going to eternal perdition ; and that, if she persisted in being so much attached to him, she would probably share his fate. The fact that he happened to be a prominent teacher in the school to which her mother saw fit to send her had not struck these ladies as a reason for abstaining from commenting on him in this style in his pupil's hearing. I have little doubt that the mother and aunts agreed, however, heartily in one point at least : they probably felt quite sure that the girl was ill of "over-work." Those who understand better the nature of such illnesses often think (with the Principal of Clifton College) that the "Religious Instincts" are in fault. But comparatively few persons nowadays talk to young people of religious doctrines ; whereas there is nothing (except the accident of native good sense) to prevent the most highly "educated" aunts from telling a child that the teachers selected by its parents are "vulgar" and generally contemptible. Quite as much torture may be inflicted in that way as by religious talk ; and a great deal more ultimate moral harm, since it lowers respect for earnestness. The old Jewish system reduces to a minimum the chance of relatives speaking of a teacher either as heterodox or as vulgar.

A correspondence has been going on lately in the *Record* as to how far it is wise to attack ideas dear to masses of intelligent persons with whose modes of thought and feeling the teacher is unacquainted, for the sake of thrusting on them scraps of a phraseology which conveys no ideas to their minds. One point, at least, has been made perfectly clear by this correspondence : the words "spiritual continence" have no recognised meaning among teachers as a body ; nor is it settled what constitutes a violation of it. Some people say that "Education is the curse of the country," and others that "religious instinct" is the bane of humanity. And

I ask, how can we know anything truly of either, while our State-appointed teachers, secular and religious, do not know what spiritual continence means ? I recommend anyone who is labouring under either of the polar-opposite and equally mischievous delusions, a prejudice against "Education," or a belief that Religion hinders progress, to spend a Sunday morning (it is then that most of the Hebrew and Scripture-History lessons are given) at the Jewish Free-School, Bell Lane, Spitalfields. The Principal, Mr. Angel ; the Vice-Principal, Mr. Abrahams ; and the Mistress, Miss Lipman, though they do not thrust their theories on us uninvited, are most kindly willing to assist those who desire to investigate Jewish compulsory Education.

MARY BOOLE.

LITERARY HONESTY

Printed for Private circulation, 1886

MY DEAR MR. JACOBS,

Several of my friends have been asking me lately why I am sending my work out of England. Will you allow me to tell you why ?

First let me say, at once, that I never in my life experienced from anybody anything like ill-usage or unkind neglect. Quite the contrary.. My difficulties are of a very different order from that. When a man finds that he has made a mistake, he likes to get out of the matter without being obliged to own that he made it. The logicians who have talked and published so much nonsense about the meaning of my husband's work, the Christians who formerly committed themselves to the ridiculous assertion that Dr. Maudsley is an Atheist, whose aim is to destroy faith and morals, the discerning persons who have lived beside Professor Marks without knowing that he is anything out of the common, would like that somebody should now re-state the discoveries of these gentlemen in fresh words and without mentioning their names, so as to give blunderers an opportunity of accepting truths without acknowledging their obligation to the real truth-seers.

That indeed is the manner in which the world has been enabled so long to avoid doing justice to Judaism as a whole ; an Editor will tell one, in the coolest manner, that one's ideas "are highly original, interesting and valuable" ; but one must manage to express them *without showing that one heard them in a Synagogue,* or readers will take offence. And this same edifying system is carried on, in

detail, at the expense of whatever individual discoverers, ancient or modern, happen to be out of favour with the special clique for whom one is writing.

Women who have, as you so well expressed it, cultivated the art of "*making lenses of themselves*," (*i.e.*, bringing to a common focus thought-rays of different orders), are always made tools of in this way, unless they are very careful to prevent it. I should be a specially valuable acquisition to charlatans, for two reasons: my husband's discovery of the equation of brain-rhythm, which has been as yet so little understood, takes the art of thought-focussing out of the domain of arbitrary fumbling, and places it on a basis of exact science. It is as if he had substituted for empirical skill in grinding lenses a knowledge of the mathematical formula according to which they should be ground; and this enables me to do with facility a large quantity of work. And then I have also taught the art to several intelligent pupils, so that a great deal of focussing work is being done for me, which I have, so to speak, only to revise and sign. If I had acceded to all the various propositions that have been made to me since my husband's death by persons professionally connected with education, religion and literature, this is the position which I should now be occupying. I should be dishonestly claiming credit for having discovered by the exercise of my own unassisted faculties more about logic than Aristotle and Boole; more about the laws of vital recoil than my father and J. Hinton; more about nervous disease and mental hygiene than Drs. Barter and Maudsley; more about evolution than Darwin and Herbert Spencer; more about the effects of association than Thomas Wedgwood; more about the genesis of the ideas of Trinity and Logos than his niece Julia; more about the distinction between true and false prophetic inspiration than Jesus and F. D. Maurice; more about mental discipline than the whole Gèsu since the time of Loyola; more about the proper conduct of the Church of Israel than the Chief Rabbi; more about the interpretation of scripture than Mr. Löwy; more about the safest way of introducing children to the knowledge of The Unseen than Dr. Edwin Abbot; and more about the effect in curing chronic evils, physical, moral, and social, of *a rhythmic treatment suspended at regular intervals*, than all those who have spoken and written on the subject; including, among others, Drs. Hahnemann, Chartron and Wiltshire, the great French logician Gratry, the delicate and accurate observer Michelet, and the original Moses Ben Amram himself, the founder of the Jewish *régime* of Sabbath and New Moon ritual. Aye, and *especially* more about the conditions of union with the Divine than all the martyrs

of Israel ! In fact there is nothing one may not pretend ; provided one abstains from telling the plain truth.

Many women, under inducements similar to those which have been brought to bear on me, succumb morally, and allow themselves to be set up as *illuminate*, and traded on for dishonestly-pious purposes. And many a woman who would *not* consent to be false to her own instincts of fidelity has gone mad under the horrible pressure. The difficulty is made all the greater for human "lenses" by the fact that medical men sometimes inadvertently play into the hands of dishonest persons, by preaching the doctrine that the disgust and horror which a faithful truth-seer feels for all those who (under the guise of kindness and affection) try to divert him from the path of honesty, constitutes in itself an evidence of insanity !

Fortunately, however, for everybody concerned, the atmosphere of the Berkeley Street Synagogue is as unfavourable to the development of feverish weakness as it is to the growth of either ignorance or sham omniscience. No one knows better than Mr. Marks how to "forge and transform passion into power" ; and a woman who gives heed to the precepts of a teacher like him generally finds herself able to cope with the difficulties of any situation which may be created for her by the folly or knavery of others. The devoted loyalty of intelligent women to good teachers, living or dead, is a factor which charlatans often use to further their ends, but which quite as often disturbs their best calculated schemes !

But I have had about enough of Gentile ideas of literary honesty. Dr. Maudsley considers that the present condition of the atmosphere of religious and educational circles in England is bad for the health of patients who have any hereditary tendency to delicacy of conscience. Maurice tried to reform England ; he attempted to check the dangers attendant on lawless sentimentality, and to dignify human life and ties, by consecrating all the emotions to Christ. Hinton began his reform by the attempt to check pessimism ; showing that all suffering and failure, even among animals, confer the privilege of sharing in the experience of Jesus. "Birth is sacred, since that Child was born ; death is blessed, since He has died ; love is safe because He loves ; failure is joy, for the Conqueror failed." This is the key-note of the teaching of Maurice and Hinton ; but the large humanity which they preached has degenerated into vicious tension on particular ideas ; and English thought is now so rotten that it gives way under any firm grasp.

It lacks cohesion because the members of one group are afraid to own their obligations to some other group. I have no doubt

that both Bacchus-worship, and Phallus-worship began in honest attempts to check debauchery by some special sanctification of physical pleasures. "No," says Moses; "that is unsafe, such movements begin well, but they are sure to decompose society in the third or fourth generation, by creating vicious and idolatrous excitements. Birth and death and love are sacred, because they express the Will of the Holy One of Nature. *That* Conqueror never fails; nor need those fail who trust in Him. Take not in vain the name of Adonai by giving it to any special manifestation of the Divine. When you find yourselves living in a society which has been organised on the plan of trusting to fantastic quack remedies for the cure of special evils, come out of it with your wives and children and all that you have."

My experience is that Jews, whatever their faults may be, have at least some perception of the meaning of *fidelity to ancestry*, (racial and intellectual); and they never attempt to make one disloyal, in the way that Gentiles do. Therefore Jewish thought is more vitalised and pure than ours.

But the editors of English Jewish Journals are in a very difficult position for dealing with certain topics. A writer might find it necessary, for instance, to allude to such obvious facts as these: That the English Church is, for the most part, properly an idolatrous institution; that the education given at Cambridge and Oxford is in many respects very bad; and, so far from developing the finest intellectual powers, rather hinders their growth; that the Government was guilty of a gross act of tyranny in forcing on Mr. Angel a scheme of instruction both inferior in itself to that which he had evolved and peculiarly unsuited to the Jewish mind; and that since this new *régime* came into action the pupils of the free school, though not less intelligent than formerly, are less likely either to show themselves in a favourable light to Gentiles or to exert a healthy influence among them. But every Jew in London would resent the insertion of such statements in an English Jewish paper, and would severely blame an editor who allowed his Journal to be used for the purpose of making atacks on the authorities of "this dear country" (as Mr. Harris calls England). Alas! science can have no country! Her native air is the air of *Liberty*; her home is wherever she may do justice and tell truth. The editor of the *Chicago Occident* has invited me to state facts as they are; and to me, therefore, as my husband's executor, America is far more like a home than is any place this side of the Atlantic, except Berkeley Street. There seems not unlikely to arise among American Jews a school of thought-focussing (or, as it used to be called, "Prophecy"), differing from those in

old Palestine only by the possession of a wider knowledge of nature, and a more complete system of logical tests; a school which may some day force educational authorities in Europe to realise the meaning of fidelity to Truth, as the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers forced our Government to recognise the existence of political Freedom.

The new school of American Judaism is accused of indifference to customs consecrated by old tradition; but this, though, as a matter of sentiment, distressing to pious Jews, is less dangerous to the community than it used to be, now that science is so fast revealing the essential principles on which the special rules of the Jewish Church were founded. Their religion seems to many, and at first seemed to me, I confess, to be of dangerously simple construction. I have learned to realise that it contains a very large amount of vitality in proportion to the bulk of its framework. Their whole attitude is like that of a teacher about whom personally little is known, though he left the stamp of his influence on many reform movements in England and elsewhere; and whose religion was expressed in the simple words—"Serve God and fear no man; thus we reach to the stars." English teachers, religious and secular, are struggling hard to prevent the public from coming to a knowledge of certain ascertained Laws, concerning the relation of *high vitalization* to *free inquiry* and *fearless candour*. If I can help the Leaders of Reform Judaism, by bringing those Laws before the notice of any section of American Jews, I shall ask for nothing that England has to give.

Believe me, dear Mr. Jacobs,
Yours truly,
MARY BOOLE.

103, Seymour Place,
Bryanston Square, W.,
June 2nd, 1886.

FRAGMENTS

From "The Jewish Chronicle," Feb. 20th, 1885

Daniel lived on less sustaining fare than the Babylonians, yet kept very good health; some thought that if Jews would only conform to Babylonian modes of conducting life they would become still stronger, and would be more esteemed and more illustrious. The Prophets saw the matter in a different light. These Prophets were in one respect very like our great scientific

leaders; while impatient people were jumping to hasty conclusions, *they* patiently collected large quantities of observations on human life, undeterred by the difficulty caused by those observations seeming sometimes contradictory and irreconcilable; and then they waited till a flash of light from some Unknown Source reconciled the seeming contradictions and interpreted the whole series of observations. They did not, it is true, use the phraseology of our text books about brain and muscle; those words were not then invented; but they studied life so far as was then possible, by the same method as do great men such as Dr. Maudsley, Dr. Crichton Browne, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, whom impatient people so much dislike. And the theory of the Prophets, put into modern language, is this: Man is a creature whose destiny is to conquer circumstances, to make mind superior to matter (or as some people nowadays say, to make brain superior to other forms of matter). The brain is an organ which has the power to become charged with spiritual forces, just as truly as an electric battery can be charged with another sort of force. The power of the battery depends on its being at the moment fully charged. But if the machine is out of order, it cannot be fully charged nor safely discharged.

The human body is a thing over which circumstances have control; the human brain is a thing which ought to have an enormous amount of control over circumstances; but it does not usually have as much as it ought, for want of being in the best order. What we know as "results," such as astonishing kings as Joseph and Daniel did, or astonishing examiners as some children now do, are the discharging of the battery. Ignorant people, when they see a fine discharge, think that all is of course right. But the Prophets constantly repeated this warning: Results are very nice; it is gratifying to have a good large charge at command, and to know that you can discharge it in a form which will astonish kings (or examiners), and accomplish useful work; but it is far more important in the long run that you should know how to keep your machine in order, and how to preserve a healthy communication with the Sources of Force. You are producing results now by discharging stores of vitality laid up for you by God-earing ancestors, who had courage and patience to live by right rules; if you abandon those rules, and take to neglecting the care of your minds and snatching at every seeming gain, your superiority over Gentiles will soon disappear. That is what the Prophets said. Will Dr. Davis tell us whether it is, as far as it goes, good sound modern science? The writers of the Scriptures did not know all the facts that we know; but they did stand life right end uppermost. They

used such knowledge as they had for the purpose of settling Education on a right basis. They did not say, as Gentiles do: "Let us get splendid results first, at all costs; and then, if we have any time left, we will learn up some Physiology and Mental Science, and get additional splendid results by passing examinations in those subjects." They said: "Whatever else we let any Hebrew child ignore, let us teach him how to keep his mind in right relations towards the Unknown Sources of Force. If we cannot tell him all useful truths, let us at least show him how to seek truth and how to distinguish it from error."

The original Rulers of Israel had endless difficulties to contend with. They had to legislate for a tribe devoid, it would seem, of the most elementary ideas of civilisation; people accustomed to witness with indifference every form of cruelty and vice, and who could not be induced even to wash themselves without a threat of Divine wrath. Any Gentile would have said: "Let us get these people's outer lives decent first; and leave till afterwards abstruse questions of Mental Hygiene and the relations between the seen and The Unseen." Then everyone would have had his own infallible nostrum for putting down wrong-seeming symptoms.

But with the splendid audacity of absolute Faith, Moses said: First let us all, from the Leader to the lowest of the people, get our minds into right relations with the Unknown Source of Force; and then we shall see how to control circumstances and regulate physical hygiene.

From "The Occident," Chicago, Written Nov. 15th, 1886

Before 1760, Boulanger had predicted that the truth about *religion* and *government* would become manifest, whenever Judaism should be frankly compared with the traditions of American Indians. Both, he said, were founded on, and were corruptions of, a common revelation. The prediction was an enigma, and obtained little attention.

A lady in London astonished me by her knowledge of the Art of what she called "Sheathing the mind to prevent the shedding of force." Her mother had been an American Indian; and (she said) all Indian children used to be taught that Art; in fact, they were almost "born knowing it." This then was the meaning of Boulanger's curious prediction: the traditional knowledge of America contains a degraded remains of that science of *Psychic conservation of energy* which the Thorah attempted to preserve in writing.

Looking at American history in the light of this fact, one sees how the whole civilisation of Western America has been electrized by wafts of air laden with Indian traditions. Among idolatrous Gentiles, this electric influence of the forest traditions has given rise to such monstrous developments as "Mormonism," and "Spiritualism." But when the same vitalizing influence fell upon its natural recipient, Judaism, it produced that phenomenon known as "American Reform Judaism." The child of such a parentage cannot fail to be grand, God bless it! Its "lawlessness," of which we hear so much in England, is that of an infant giant innocent of evil intent ; it is very different from the license of some European schools of Thought, which exhibit the character of a depraved adult. Experience will come to it in good time ; but for the present it has qualities much needed over here. It jumps upon conventional humbug with the spring of a forest creature on its natural prey ; yet it bears down on its aim with the scientific directness of a railway-train. And what we most want in our effete and sickly civilisation is American Judaism turned loose among us to explode shams, and make fun of conventional humbug, and introduce the practice of saying what we mean, instead of beating about the bush for ever, pretending to mean the opposite of what we know to be true.

From "The American Israelite," Cincinnati, March 25th, 1887

The life of any organism consists of two parts, *function* and *recuperation.* Function is the giving off of latent force in the shape of active energy ; recuperation is the renewing of the store of latent force.

Now when the Jewish religion is examined by the light of the Science of Psychic Conservation of Energy, the fact which chiefly attracts one's attention is the great weight attached in the Thorah to elements which are virtually processes of recuperation—*i.e.*, rules for making force become latent and permanent, for preventing its being shed wastefully. And Judaism is saturated with latent energy. This is no place for a psychological analysis ; but the whole history of Judaism (including the very faults of Jews, and even the peculiarities of nervous diseases among Jews) is a history of an organisation over-saturated with *latent* force.

As might be expected this latent force throws itself out, occasionally, in explosions of active energy ; an outburst of *reforming* energy seizes on some sections of the Hebrew people. Christianity began in such a stir among Jews. The Pittsburg Convention, Lewis

Jackson, Hu. Manu and the newspaper called the *Occident*, are warning drops that show some approaching storm ; an indication that some tremendous explosion of reforming energy is impending, which will set free the pent-up energies of Judaism and restore the equilibrium.

Orthodox Jews dread such movements, and desire to arrest them ; fearing lest Judaism should be swept away. This fear is in a sense *natural* ; but it is not the expression of any lofty faith in the *supernatural* truth of science. The beast *fears* the lightning ; the savage prays his Manitou not to send storms ; but the civilised man puts up a conductor to his house, and aspires to *guide* the mighty force. And he who knows how to do this knows also how to use the very electricity itself for the further advance of civilisation. The sons of the Thunderer should not *fear* the play of nature's forces ; they are the heirs of His power. What does a race mean by calling itself the "Church of Moses" and the "Children of Israel," if it can not find something better to do with its own splendid energies than to knock Judaism to pieces and split it into hostile camps ? Wise men learn by the experience of the past. Christianity began in an attempt to reform *Judaism* ; we may all be thankful that it failed in doing so, and became *a mission to Gentiles*.

Much light is thrown on the history of Jewish reforms in general and Christianity in particular, by the attempt at reforming Judaism that was made in London nearly half a century ago. The two things which seem to puzzle Mr. Marks most are his failure to convince Jews and his unexpected influence over Christians. No synagogue has followed the example set by Mr. Marks and his colleagues ; but the good he has done at University College, as a living witness that a man may be fervently devout without attaching superstitious ideas to any special object or ceremony, is incalculable. The very mathematics of University College is vitalised by the reflection of the old Hebrew attitude toward Nature as *a Unity* ; and is quite different in quality from that of our other universities ; and I know many facts which go to show how much of this has been due to the mere presence in the university of a typical reform Jew (though Mr. Marks himself teaches only Hebrew). He wonders that his classes are attended by many Christian divines and very few Jews ! The moral is that he has a great deal to say that we care to hear, and very little to say that Jews care to hear ; as has been the case with Jewish reformers in all ages. It is childish to quarrel with Nature's arrangements. A typical Reform-Jew is Judaism incarnate, revealing itself to the Gentiles. We care for it more than Jews do, just as the storm-tossed

mariner gives a more eager welcome to the light-house lamp than do the men on shore who feed the flame. The poetic lament that a prophet hath no honour among his own people, resolves itself into the prosaic fact that he is the outcome of his people's life, and has a message from God to other races ; *i.e.*, to make them understand what orthodox Jews fail to make intelligible to Gentiles.

If only one could divert some of the splendid energy which is awaking in America, away from the task of reforming the Jewish ritual to that of strangling the foul dragon of specialism, whose breath is poisoning religion, art and science alike ; if Jews would awake to perceive that their true function is to make the world know *The Unity*, then surely the Jewish ritual would reform itself as it originally formed itself, *i.e.*, by the help of God, time, and natural evolution.

From "The American Israelite," 1888

For the last half century, and probably much longer, Ireland has been appealing to America : for maize-meal ; for a home of refuge ; for money ; for dynamite ; for sympathy ; for political leaders, and for other necessaries of life, real or supposed. The logical corollary would seem to be that Ireland knows she is in sore need of something ; and has a strong instinct to turn to America for the supply of her need ; but has not, as yet, discovered exactly what it is that she wants. May I venture to suggest that the great boon which America is destined to give Ireland perhaps will consist in sending to her the initiators of a great religious Reform in the person of some *American Jews*.

. . . . .

When a situation has become complicated it needs a wave of some foreign influence to wash off the accumulated cobwebs ; a current of new force to restore the equilibrium. A few clever American Jews might work wonders in Ireland by attracting the attention of English and Irish away from each other, and introducing a new intellectual element. I am not proposing any special solution of the political problems connected with Ireland ; it seems to me that the political situation *can* have no sane solution, while the population is virtually crazy with inherited perplexity, wounded feeling and mutual misunderstanding. In such a case, it is especially and emphatically true that the legislator is of less importance than the song-maker ; Bret Harte might do more for

Ireland than any statesman could effect. But more useful still would be the personal touch of a few brilliant and logical teachers ; neither English nor Irish ; neither Catholic nor Protestant, neutral in religion as in nationality, and able to sympathise in all idealisms without being entangled in any.

And now, may I venture to ask the readers of the AMERICAN ISRAELITE the question I have so often asked before : *What was Judaism instituted for ?* Too many European Jews seem to imagine that their mission is to remain forever locked up in a nursery, playing at a doll's-house imitation of Freedom and Unity, too timid and proper-behaved to dare reach a helping hand to those who are struggling desperately for the reality. Surely American Jews have outgrown this delusion ! It is to them that the world must look to open the Ark of the Shemang Israel, and reveal to all the world the living Shekinah, which confers on a nation, not license, but the boon of *Liberty in Law.*

From "The Jewish Standard," Oct. 19th, 1888

I hope to give my American friends at least a chance of repairing the mistake of your ancestors by reviving the ideas of "Feu Boulanger." His thesis is that Judaism is the greatest boon to civilisation, because it shows all mankind *what to avoid.* He says it is the typical idolatry of the world. He says the original Hebrew theocracy was the sublimest ideal ever conceived, and that to see what has been made of it is "a caution" to idealists. He was a worshipper of the God of reason, and says that Mosaism is only fit for heaven, and that idealists (such as Moses) shouldn't expect people to live on earth as if they were fit for heaven. His books are full of delicious satire ; and full, too, of a loving reverence for Judaism. He had studied Hebrew on purpose to get at the meaning of the old customs. What possessed your people to miss the chance he was giving them of quietly coming to the front and taking the helm in French literature, and preventing the social catastrophe of 1790, perhaps you can tell us. I don't know, but I think that there is just one fact that Boulanger knew which no Jew I ever saw seemed to have the faintest inkling of, viz., that *Judaism* is neither a soap-bubble, which bursts when it is touched, nor a bogie that vanishes when it is looked at ; but a good solid reality.

SUPPOSE !

From "The Banner of Israel."

Suppose that the religion of Moses consisted originally, as Reform Jews now say, of a kernel of ethical righteousness protected by a shell of ceremonial, and, itself, enfolding the germ of a belief in inspiration and spiritual guidance intended to grow ultimately into the great tree of a people who should know the laws of safe mental guidance, who should be a law unto themselves, and whose sons and daughters should be priests and prophets unto the Lord, the unity. Suppose that the "schools of the prophets" established in Samuel's time, and existing still in that of Jeremiah, were an outgrowth of that idea ; suppose that in Palestine of old, as everywhere else in every age, the priests who wished to codify life (whether on ethical or on idolatrous lines) found that those who possessed a belief in personal inspiration and a knowledge of the laws of thought were inconvenient ; suppose that in Palestine of old (as in modern Israel) there arose occasionally would-be reformers of the essentially bourgeois type, who, because they valued the kernel, would kill the germ in order to prevent the absorption of the ethical in the inspirational (not having faith in the power of the living germ to produce fresh kernels and shells and germs if left to grow unchecked). Suppose that there were prophets who knew what must inevitably come of this deadening of inspiration on behalf of mere formal ethics, who foresaw the fatal consequence, the gradual dwindling away of the kernel itself, till nothing should be left but such a dry and empty shell as we now call Talmudism ; suppose that, on some such occasion as Ezra's forcible imposing of wholesale divorce, or of some similar violence done to the instinct of rightness on behalf of mere codification, the genuine prophets retired from Israel, and led a band north-westward, carrying with them the essentials of Mosaism and the poetic legends of Palestine, but flinging off in disgust all rules and codes ; suppose that the legends related by Inorro Sturlêson of Odin entering Europe at the south-east corner and travelling up to Scandinavia refers to some imigration of inspired and righteous but decodified Hebrew protestors against Pharisaism. Would these superstitions at all account for the fact that certain obscure Hebrew and Greek legends become living and intelligible when put side by side with certain elements of the Scandinavian religion, and *vice versâ* ?—*e.g.*, the legend of the ravens who "fed" Elijah becomes, in Scandinavia, a myth that two ravens converge

by the head of the leader to feed his mind with wisdom ; and their names are Thinne and Saga (Thought and Tradition). The three "fates" of Greece become, in Scandinavia, "Urda, Verdendi, and Skulda" (Was, Is, and Shall-be) ; the Hebrew "Was, Is, and Shall-be, the Eternal." The ash-tree, Ygdrasil, whose root-stock is the earth and its boughs the heaven, may be the tree of knowledge, whose root-stock is the knowledge of earth and its crown the knowledge of heaven ; and the parable may well refer to the stern Hebrew objection to all spiritual or transcendental studies not firmly rooted in human learning. The legend may read : "Sever not the crown from the root, lest the root lose its glory and the crown wither away."

In the Odin religion some mysterious power resided in the mistletoe (for even the sun would turn down in his path if touched by the mistletoe). Now the mistletoe is of all European plants the one which possesses most fully the clean, straight branching which characterises the olive, the sacred tree of Palestine. But it bears this legend besides : "We find the germ of the future when we go back to where, in the past, a branch divided into two twin-twigs." Surely, wherever the mistletoe is sacred, the religion must have been founded by an exile whose heart was turning back to the faith of his own people, and who hoped that his descendants would seek to perfect their religion by communion with the parent stock.

In Greece, the rainbow was a messenger from heaven. Those who stayed in Palestine spoke of the rainbow as the token of a covenant with people who were to stay still in the ark till freed by a message from God. In the Odin religion the rainbow is a bridge by which the brave soul can reach the home of God on its own feet. I am not learned in Anglo-Israel controversy, but to me the religion of Odin (leader, healer, and teacher) is an unintelligible chaos, unless it began in the protest of a living and inspired faith, against some such distortion as we call Pharisaism of some such religion as Reform Jews call Mosaism.

THE VITALITY OF ISRAEL

This appeared in "The Jewish World" and "The Jewish Messenger"

The fact that Judaism has survived an amount of antagonism and persecution sufficient to crush out any other race or religion, needs little comment. The reason of the phenomonon has often been asked, and many partial explanations, more or less satisfactory, have been given. It is alleged that Judaism teaches

certain truths, and that "truth is stronger than error." But (not to mention other heathen writers) Plato saw many of the truths which are commonly called Scriptural as clearly as did the writers of Scripture, and expressed them in more logical form. Why do we all feel the lack of power, of vital authority, in his manner of stating them ? His attempt to embody them in the organisation of a community was a miserable fiasco, though the ruler of the country was his willing pupil, and every aid was afforded to him. Why was Moses successful in spite of the opposition of Pharaoh ? And why does the community which he founded survive still, in spite of so much enmity and persecution ? Those who believe in miraculous intervention on behalf of the chosen people should remember that it accounts only for their initial success ; no arbitrary interference with the laws of nature kept the Jewish community from destruction during the dreadful persecutions of the Middle Ages. On the other hand, those who disbelieve in all miracles do not dispose of the difficulty ; they only leave the more to be accounted for by the action of natural causes.

In scientific matters it is never considered sufficient to ask a question in any one way ; we ask it backwards and forwards and sideways ; we turn it upside down and inside out before we allow ourselves to be satisfied that we have found the true answer. Let us look at the question of the vitality of Judaism sideways. Why has Judaism been the object of so much antipathy ? Schopenhauer, for instance, dislikes it intensely. Now he may be called the very apostle of deliquescence, the enemy of hope, the preacher of death. Why does he approve of Christianity *except in so far as Christianity has inherited the characteristics of Judaism ?* Neither the piety of Israel nor its unselfish morality accounts for Schopenhauer's attitude, for to him all modes of religious faith seemed equally false ; and, on the other hand, no code of morals is more utterly altruistic than his. He objects to the hopeful faith imported into Christianity from Judaism. The instinct of the great pessimist points to Judaism as the worst foe of his doctrine. He is only more candid and logical than other anti-Semites ; all anti-Semitism which is genuine (all which is not either mere trade jealousy or the illogical recoil from contact with vulgarised and gentilised Jews) is essentially pessimism more or less disguised.

It is said in Exodus that Moses, the founder of Judaism, *saw God.* Foolish Christians, who want to "convert" Jews, imagine that this refers to some appearance or vision. It is possible that Moses may have had visions ; persons engaged in intent thought on serious subjects are liable to some temporary action of the

optic nerve, which produces a sensation not unlike that caused by the picture of outer objects on the retina. But no reasonable person who studies the Pentateuch impartially can suppose that Moses believed the Deity to be fitly represented by any *form*. When he said that he saw God, he was speaking not of a form, but of an action ; he was not speaking of any sort of impression made on his optic nerve, either by the reflection of material objects outside his brain or by the action of spiritual forces within it. When he *saw God*, he saw *The Creator at His work* ; he saw through *things* to the *process* by which things come into being ; he saw the eternal "process of becoming." He saw what it is that happens when the Spirit of God comes down upon a chaos of inorganic material and quickens it into living forms. He caught the great secret on the brink of which physical science is hovering now, the secret of vitalisation. He saw, in fact, the secret process of vitalisation going on uniformly throughout Nature. And, having seen it, he could repeat it.

It is not for man to create matter : that has been done once for all, and man need never know how it was done ; indeed, it is implied that such knowledge would be fatal to him. But man may copy the after-process of organising matter in a vital way. Therefore God showed Moses how that is done, as we hope that science will ultimately show to us all. There was in Egypt, ready to the hand of Moses, a chaos of unorganised elements of thought, of science, of religion, of moral and social ideas. Moses saw God taking dust and breathing into it the breath of life, so that it became a living soul ; he took the thought-dust of Egypt and breathed into it the breath of life, so that it became a living religion gifted with the power of self-perpetuation. That was his first attempt at imitating the work of Creation ; it was effected within his own mind. And then (no wonder he quailed when first the task was set before him) he took a mixed multitude of slaves and idolators, chosen for no special qualities which might make a selected race, bound together by no such common enthusiasm as sometimes lifts a vulgar rabble into heroism—a mere chaotic mass, ignorant, brutal, stupid, and slavish ; and he breathed into it the breath of life, and it became an indestructible nation, this living Israel which we see among us now. He saw that though men are as subject as beasts to the principle of heredity, the children suffering for all physical and moral accidents which befall the parents, yet God uses heredity, on the whole, as a means to secure progress ; and seeing it so used by God, he saw that he, too, could use it so. He taught the Hebrews so to adjust life, on the whole, to natural law that the results of evil should wear out after the third and

fourth generation ; while good results should continue to accumulate through thousands of generations.

Israel has brought down to us from that interview of Moses with the living God the secret of true life. When science has given back to us the knowledge which Moses had, when we know how to take up a heterogeneous mass of barbarous customs and mystical speculations, and organise it into a religion gifted with the power of self-perpetuation and perpetual self-purification ; when there is any man on earth who can say to a rabble of slaves and barbarians "By virtue of the commission conferred on me when I saw the Creator at His work, I command you to become an indestructible people," then it will be time enough to discuss whether the special rules laid down by Moses are antiquated and out of date. But for the present, let us understand it clearly, Israel is the custodian, on behalf of the world, of the science of vitalisation.

From "Light"

A SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS

The proposal to found a school for the children of Spiritualists is a hopeful sign. Even if it is never carried out, the mere proposal will, one may hope, constitute a crystallising point round which a great deal of truth may reveal itself which is held in solution in the minds of those who have studied the tendencies of modern education. The great difficulty of education now consists in a growing perception of the fact that certain children (psychics), if allowed to develop healthily, show a remarkable faculty for seizing essential principles and applying them to detect shams. These children, it is felt, must be prevented from developing, or the others would have no chance in the race for life. Gratry, the great Catholic logician, proposed a method of study by inspirational writing ; and pointed out the enormous advantage which such a method gives, to truly inspired students, in classifying and combining the knowledge got out of text-books. I have spoken of Gratry's method to many teachers in England ; and the answers I have received, though varying in form, all mean this : "If we allowed such a method to be introduced, certain children would carry everything before them. We are paid to make life possible for the average and common-place ; and we stick to plans which trample transcendent genius out of school and into the mad-house." The mistresses don't say those words ; but they say what means the same.

One lady (who is often spoken of as the best and most honest of English head-mistresses) learned that I am trying to help in educating, by correspondence, teachers in Western America. This roused her to ask what it is that I am trying to teach. I replied that I am trying to put into the hands of young girls a principle of *test* (Gratry's), by means of which they can judge for themselves when they are getting out of a text-book the *best* it has to give, and when they are only learning by rote incidental and unconnected fragments. She explained that she could not allow any such test to be taught in her school; because, if girls knew when they are using a book rightly themselves, they would know when their teachers use it wrongly. "Of course," she added, "*I* know that half of what my staff teach is rubbish, and I could not have pupils put in a position to find it out, or I should have my school knocked to pieces." (This time I am, as nearly as possible, quoting the lady's very words.) The candour of the confession disarms criticism. The unfortunate lady is the hireling of King Mob; and, if she takes his wages, she must, of course, do his work. That it happens to be (to her) intensely distasteful by no means exempts her from the necessity for doing thoroughly what she is paid for. But we Spiritualists are not the servants of King Mob. If God has given us, here and there, a child so organised that truth is the breath of its life, so organised that if left to itself it arranges facts in accordance with the essential principle which underlies them, and if forced to learn masses of heterogeneous and ill-assorted nonsense it dies or goes mad, why should we sacrifice such children on King Mob's altar?

Spiritualists generally seem to labour under the amiable delusion that King Mob does not *believe* in the existence of Psychic power! King Mob knows perfectly well not only that such a power exists, but that, if he allows it to manifest itself, his reign will be over.

Gratry's pious utterances have long been in high favour among both Catholics and Protestants. His logical ability is one of the great *illustrations* of modern Catholicism. An ominous silence has been preserved about the fact that the great logician (not in his dotage or his half-poetic dreams, but in his book on Logic) advocates a method of study by inspirational writing. This very silence is sufficient to show the true *animus* of both theologians and logicians towards Spiritualism. Who can blame schoolmasters for not daring to be more honest than their religious and intellectual leaders? If a School of the Prophets is ever founded in England, one may venture to hope that Gratry's method will have a chance of being fairly tried at last. If King Mob does not wish to be converted to Spiritualism, let us at least give to our own children such

advantages in the Struggle for existence as were long ago promised to the seed of the faithful believers in the Unseen.

PSYCHICAL INFECTION OF EVIL—ITS POSSIBLE USE

May 5th, 1888

A great deal of insanity is evidently due to arrestation of mediumship. There are kinds of mediumship which are perfectly safe for some persons ; dangerous and wrong for others ; yet the arrestation of the attack is even more dangerous than its continuance. My controls tell me that men who have in the earth-life been earnest, but self-willed, are subject, after death, to fits of monomania. The ghost roams about the earth trying to undo the harm he did through self-will ; his disease consists in an incapacity (during the maniacal fit) for judging how, and through whom, he can best fulfil his mission of reparation. The attempts at reparation are of two kinds ; sometimes the unhappy medium is prompted to err in the opposite direction to the ghost's past error ; sometimes to say, or act, a grotesque caricature of the error, a caricature so gross that its erroneous tendency makes itself felt by the medium and his neighbours. Now to be haunted by maniac ghosts, crazy with longing to repair past errors, is a very endurable experience for a well-developed medium ; but no one can doubt that we ought to relieve the young, the ignorant, the timid, and the busy, who are so haunted, whenever we possibly can. Could we not perform our exorcism, and set our patients free, to more purpose, if we offered ourselves in their place as instruments for working out the reparation desired ? Maniacal ghosts, are, in many respects, very like flesh-and-blood lunatics ; and in no respect more so than in the fact that they are far more amenable to reason when argued with by some one who has voluntarily offered himself as their instrument than when they are merely tormenting some victim whom they have pounced down upon at random. I suspect, indeed, that a dim perception of this truth underlies many ancient beliefs about vicarious suffering and the expiation of guilt by a self-offered victim.

Well, then, does not the true cure of many forms of lunacy consist in some healthy-minded medium, who has leisure to go through illnesses vicariously, exorcising the maniac ghost ; not, as in ordinary exorcism, merely *out*, into loneliness, but *away* from the patient to herself ?

One instance of the kind of mediumship which is safe and lawful

for an experienced medium, but bad for a young, unformed brain, will show more than pages of mere description. I will, therefore, narrate an incident of no interest except as showing how a communication may be legitimate in itself, and yet alarming and unpleasant.

I found myself haunted (at the beginning of a week) lately, by the words "glitter and glow"; I could form no conception what they were going to mean; but I had a distinct intimation that the last word was meant to rhyme with "rainbow." For about three days, no words came except those quoted above. On the fourth I was moved to say a verse; six lines of nonsense (not gibberish exactly, but like a bit of a silly old nursery song). On the fifth day, six more lines; this time rather ghastly nonsense. On the sixth day, a verse of sheer blasphemy. The verses formed a conglomeration of sea-storm, war, witches, vultures, thunder, judgment, and the God of Sinai; in fact, the whole paraphernalia of a prophet in a rage; the word "glow" came in at intervals, rhyming to various words; *but no rainbow*. On Sabbath I went to my usual place of worship. I ought to explain that I attend this place chiefly because I have reason to believe that two of the clergymen who officiate there, though not consciously mediums, are really under the same controls as myself; for I constantly find that, without any personal intercourse between us, the sermon refers to the subject of the communications I have had in the week; and, in fact, forms the completion of my own work. Well, on this occasion the sermon was about the permanence of the moral law. Ritual and theological opinion (the preacher said) are subject to changes of fashion and the struggle for life; but no change makes it right to bear false witness. The sermon was very impressive, and evidently "inspired"; but it did not seem to help me; so, next morning, I wrote my lines out to send to a mediumistic friend, to ask her if she could help me to complete them, as I was growing tired and worried. As soon as I had finished writing them out, my hand went on writing: "Child! I was dreaming and drunken with sound." Then followed a confession from some seer, that he had formerly let himself be dazzled by the *glitter and glow* of prophetic imagery; and had puzzled people by giving as "The Word of the Lord" what was in reality only the vehicle of his own vision-power. The lines end thus:

"Trust no visions that come amid glitter and glow.
See! the Lord, on the storm-cloud, is painting His bow!
No 'struggle for life' ever alters its shades;
No fashion dictates when it brightens or fades;
No Force has distorted its magical form;

Noah saw it as we see it—ending the storm
Glitter and glow ! Flitter and flow !
All shall pass, like those wavelets, beneath the Lord's bow."*

Now the point to which I wish to call attention is this. If, during the days when I was haunted to absolute sickness by jingling, meaningless rhymes and wicked, senseless threats, I had consulted any doctor or clergyman, he would have advised me to "divert my mind." Many would have suspected I was "crazy." *If I had been as ignorant as most professional men are of psychic conditions*, I should have tried to drive away the "evil" inspiration. Having had experience before, I kept my own counsel, and let the ghost have his way.

I sat, for as many hours in the day as I could spare, doing some art-needle-work, which occupied my mind without absorbing it ; and said, or sang, the ghost's nonsense, whenever he seemed to wish it. Such a mode of spending time is, indeed, *maddening*, if pursued vaguely and in ignorance ; but if the medium keeps proper control of her own personality, and is deliberately trying to help a ghost to repair an error, it never becomes worse than unpleasant and fatiguing. A medium who is either ignorant or fully occupied cannot be expected to give up whole days or weeks to the business of letting a ghost talk blasphemous nonsense through her ; and yet I am sure if I had tried to *stop* my ghost's jingle of rhymes, he would have made me very ill. I think, therefore, that well-developed mediums who are at leisure, might spend some time in drawing off, from weaker or busier victims, ghosts who have something important to say, but are too restless and unhappy to say it easily and pleasantly.

The medium may then talk to the ghost as if he were capable of gratitude, and might be expected to repay her services, by taking the trouble to express, sanely, what it is that he wants. It is a style of argument which has a wonderful tendency to restore sanity in the case of lunatics in the flesh ; and, so far as my own experience goes, it is not less potent with invisible lunatics.

PSYCHICAL INFECTION OF EVIL—THE SCHOOL-GIRL MEDIUM

In "LIGHT," January 21st, it was suggested that we want all the information we can get about the danger of contact between psychics and vicious or lunatic persons.

In this matter it is impossible to narrate actual experiences without violating confidences which should be sacred. One can

*See "The Rainbow at Sea".

only speak in general terms. But in case any reader wishes to know how I came by such little knowledge as I profess to have, let me say that I acquired it by years of hard drudgery in nursing and teaching invalid and hysterical girls ; the work having been undertaken for the express purpose of studying psychical science.

No doctor doubts the existence of neuro-mimesis (or magnetic imitation) of physical disease. A psychic can, for instance, catch by mesmeric contagion, enough of the symptoms of bronchitis or phthisis to deceive any doctor till his stethoscope undeceives him. Neuro-mimesis of imbecility, mania, or vice is quite as common ; but in such cases the doctor has no stethoscope. The schoolmistress, as I shall presently explain, has an excellent one, if she chooses to learn to use it ; but this few mistresses take the pains to do.

Mental or moral neuro-mimesis sometimes arises in this way : A mediumistic girl discovers, by thought-reading, that her parents, teachers, or clerical advisers do not really feel the sentiments which they express. Puzzled and angry, she decides to shelter herself from their influence by becoming as unlike as she can to whatever they wish her to be. At home, this would probably lead to nothing much worse than disorderliness in trifles and rudeness of manner. At school, however, she finds certain girls who are considered "black sheep." Without a thought of evil, without a conception of the fate that awaits her, she attaches herself to these strangers, and throws herself into their grievances. She now enters a stage at which her time is divided between two or more personalities. She is sometimes herself ; and at other times she (almost) is the companion whose Don Quixote she has become. In a very real and terrible sense, she bears the sins and sorrows of her inferiors.

She is tempted to utilise her new sensations, her momentary fits of tolerance of evil, for the purpose of disgracing her parents by disgracing herself. Sometimes she actually does the wrong ; sometimes she tells deliberate falsehoods, in order to make herself seem guilty of things which sheer disgust prevents her actually doing.

I spoke of the moral stethoscope. This is it : The really vicious girl tries to hide vice. Her object being to gratify her own tastes, she avoids the exposure which would interfere with her freedom. The neuro-mimetic flaunts openly her real or imaginary wrong-doings ; her object being not gratification but disgrace. Teachers, as a rule, do not understand this ; and treat the neuro-mimesis of evil as if it were a mere exaggeration of common-place depravity. There could not be a better way of making it become evil. It is,

essentially, moral suicidal mania ; it differs from ordinary badness as the desire to take a poisonous dose of laudanum differs from the craving for the enjoyment of opium. The neuro-mimetic is, in fact, not organically and personally vicious, but fascinated and possessed by the "controls" of evil companions.

Neuro-mimesis of vice or silliness is easily averted at an early stage. The cure consists in putting the patient *en rapport* with powerful controls of a frank and hearty nature. Nothing is more purifying and elevating than a short period of mimetic degradation may become ; and, if the motives for incurring infection be purely quixotic, the attack will be short ; for the sufferer soon discovers by instinct that she is growing too like her *protégées* to be of use to them, and shakes them off of her own accord. But the girl who is animated by any motive besides the purely generous one of aiding the depraved to bear their burdens, is tempted to go on till her personality becomes confused or lost.

While I am on this subject I wish to call the attention of the readers of "LIGHT," and especially of medical men and women, to one glaring abuse of mad-houses. Probably no really crazy or vicious girl is sent very young to such a place till the brain is diseased beyond recovery. (Yet the really diseased would be benefited by the discipline if it were imposed in good time.) But a neuro-mimetic so forces her symptoms on the notice of her family and teachers, that they find her unbearable ; especially if she amuses herself with taunting them about their own insincerity. She is declared outrageously mad and sent to an asylum ; where, however good the external discipline, however skilfully the treatment is arranged for the really mad, the psychic is in danger of contagion at every breath she draws ; and, in such cases as I am describing, an intellectual, merry, masterful child may become, in a very few weeks, or days, a caricature of the worst forms of vicious insanity. (Alas ! I am not painting from imagination.) If children are to be sent to mad-houses, as punishment for being unmanageable at school, surely teachers should at least learn to distinguish real depravity from mere psychical facility for receiving and reflecting in caricature the condition of others.

I think that a well-developed medium, of middle age, may, with much benefit to herself, attract to herself the temporary infection of insane ideas and even of evil tendencies ; it is well for us to realise what others are going through, spiritually as well as physically. Unfortunately, persons of mature age and pious habits are just those who shrink from this ghastly (but for them quite harmless) experience. The young, the giddy, the weak, the untrained or ill-trained, unprovided with chart or compass, with rudder or

stay, set sail on that awful ocean ; and drift, too often, beyond the reach of human help. Thank God, we can at least feel sure that they do not drift beyond His keeping.

NORMAL MEDIUMSHIP

Sept. 22nd, 1888

Among all the schemes suggested for the development of Spiritualism, no one seems to have proposed that we shall return to the ancient arrangement under which the Odin-religion took the pure and beautiful form which evidently characterised it at its best. That arrangement consisted in conforming to the *Natural order of sequence.* (My information comes from my father, who, for purposes of study, spent a year in Scandinavia in the early part of this century; when it was practically unknown to English people generally. He studied both the Odin-religion from original sources, and the Finn Magic in its then comparatively unadulterated condition.)

The Odin-magic rests on the perception of the fact that mediumship is the natural state of transition between the activities of the earth-life and the joys of Valhalla. The Odin mediums were elderly persons, especially old women.

My father believed (and so do I) that every woman becomes at fifty potentially a medium, more or less. The temporary illness from which so many women suffer at that age is the effort of mediumship to assert itself.

In civilised Europe now, this sacred crisis is treated as the mere result of the *loss* of certain powers. All the symptoms which indicate that certain other powers are developing are considered by the patient, her doctor, and her friends as "morbid" symptoms which ought to be arrested !

To form any notion of the absurdity of the whole treatment now in vogue, let us imagine a parallel case treated similarly. Infantile dentition is accompanied by a gradual absorption or loss of an organ in the throat, useful for sucking, but not wanted for mastication. Now let us suppose that all the medical men in the country agreed to consider the *loss* of the throat-gland as the whole of the normal crisis ; and the appearance of teeth as a diseased symptom caused by the disappearance of the gland. Or suppose they treated puberty as a mere diseased concomitant of *loss* of childish romping power ; and tried to arrest every symptom of the crisis except the merely negative one of a lessened physical

activity. Our spiritual puberty is accompanied and facilitated by the decline of certain activities no longer useful ; we irrationally treat the matter as if that *decline* were the essential fact of the crisis ; as if the new perceptions were disease !

I must honestly confess my opinion that, when Spiritualism has fulfilled its mission of restoring faith, it will be found out that the attempt to awaken mediumship before middle-life is productive, on the whole, of as much harm as good. What a young and active woman needs for her spiritual life is not the actual experience of intercourse with the spirit-world, but the conviction that such intercourse is her birthright (just as we all of us need, not to be in Heaven, but to know that we are going there). The most healthy school-girl life is not that which sets a girl consciously thinking about motherhood, but that which is based on the desire to make of her, ultimately, a good mother. And so it is with the further change. No one but those who have been so fortunate as to experience it, can know what a blessing it is to a young woman, while she is busy with her duties (either in her parents' house or afterwards in her own), to have the men around her quietly assuming that her active life is preparation and discipline for future seer-hood. Our modern female education is thin, feverish, shallow, because no one knows what is its aim. Restore to educationalists the conviction that whether a girl marries or not, her function is to be a prophetess or seer after fifty ; and educational psychology will have a centre-point.

Swedenborg, though a Christian in belief, was a fairly normal outcome of the ancient Scandinavian psychology. Up to late middle-life he studied external facts and the laws of physical nature. At the beginning of old age, seer-hood developed, strong, simple, and natural as in the glorious Seer-Queens of old Norway who, standing behind the sacred Baldur-fire, uttered such sermons as the Vala's Spadom of the Eddas.

MESMERIC FORCE

Sept. 27th, 1888

"H.L.'s" account of his experience gives me the feeling that he is acquiring the power of shedding force faster than that of preventing himself shedding it—a dangerous condition for both himself and his patients. Will he let an old woman (and an old medium) suggest that he had better not make any more passes, etc., till his power of continence of force is stronger, so as to restore

the equilibrium ? We have a right to ask this of him, for the sake of the cause as well as his own. Persons in his state sometimes, quite involuntarily, precipitate some physical or moral catastrophe, and bring scandal on mesmeric science.

A criticism of this advice produced the following reply :

Nov. 17th, 1888

The letter of "Anxious" points to a terrible feature in the present condition of psychic science. I am sure no reader will suspect I mean to attack him or her. We are all alike struggling in a gigantic cobweb, and anyone who can break a strand is doing service. Here are the facts of the present case.

A young man, "H.L.," hears of mesmerism as a cure for neuralgia ; tries it, and is successful. After a time he finds his patients exhibit unexpected symptoms ; one falls down unconscious at his mere approach. With a modesty which one could wish were universal, he writes to ask if any of his elders can tell him what to do next. I, happening to have had from eminent physicians tremendous warning about the rapid and fatal moral ruin which results from the breaking up of continence of magnetic force, pass on, in your columns, a modified version of this warning, requesting "H.L." not to magnetise again till he has learned how to secure continence. Another writer hastens to assure us that there is no need for such caution.

The reason adduced is significant ; *because the source of force is infinite :* and therefore the magnetiser can get more, after he has exhausted his own supply !

Now, sir, conceive the editor of a medical journal being asked to print a letter wherein young practitioners are advised to be perfectly reckless in the administration of opium, because the supply of poppies is practically limitless.

Moses gave as the reason for extreme caution, in dealing with psychic force, that we are drawing supplies from an infinite source, and, therefore, may do and incur infinite damage.

And again. No man is allowed to prescribe or dispense poisons unless he has learned to weigh, accurately, minims and drachms and other minutiæ of medical arithmetic. "General education" has no tendency to fit a man for dispensing ; but it *is* supposed to teach him the need of special preparation and the danger of dealing out drugs at random. But if one suggests, however politely, to an educated man that he had better learn at least the notation and terminology of psychic mathematics before he indulges in mes-

meric experiments, he usually replies to the effect that Cambridge authorities considered his mathematical knowledge pretty fair! A mathematical professor *knows that he doesn't know* the special arithmetic which every medical student must learn; every graduate imagines that he does know the language in which alone it is possible accurately to express psychic truth.

How much longer is this state of chaos to last? Are we all playing with forces that we don't really believe in? Or are we dealing scientifically with forces that we know to have infinite power for good and ill?

ALTRUISM

Oct. 20th, 1888

Mrs. Oliphant has mentioned me; but I am only one of a number of persons in whose name I wish to say a few words.

She says that, hereafter, our life will be one of entire altruism. I say, with Nicholas Boulanger, that it is "idolatry" to try to live here as if we were already in the hereafter. And that "idolatry" is "witchcraft," *i.e.*, wrong mesmeric relation.

According to Mrs. Oliphant's view (if I understand it), self-abnegation may be, not only *absolute and entire* (with which I agree) but *continuous*. She has a right to her opinion; but that is where I differ from her.

The magnetising organs (as I long ago pointed out in *The Message of Psychic Science*) are purely organs of self-sacrifice. Utter self-abnegation is the condition for receiving force from on high. Self-abnegation is the lungs and heart of the magnetic life. Now how do our lungs and heart act? By *rhythmic alternation of contrary motions*. The force given to us comes from the Eternal; but the recipient, man, is subject to time-al conditions; and the law of every time-al, or physical, organ is one of rhythmic sequence of opposite actions.

If Mrs. Oliphant will add to her studies a few months' experience in nursing the insane, she will know what I mean, perhaps. At present, I do not want to convince her; but only to make clear what our standpoint is. It is that utter self-abnegation is the expansion act of the moral lungs; and should be followed by a commensurate contraction act. Self-abnegation, not so compensated, has been described by Farrar (I think) as "Self-sacrifice gone mad in self-conceit." I understood him to allude specially to James Hinton; who, for years, preached exactly Mrs. Oliphant's

doctrine. I was his secretary ; and therefore know what can be said on his side. I know also that he lived to experience bitter self-condemnation for having led young people into the path of *continuous* altruism.

When *Sympneumata* first appeared I pointed out that this lack of the principle of steady rhythmic alternation is the lacuna which divides Mr. Oliphant from true Mosaism. Gratry lays great stress on it, as the condition for sound inspiration. All the great teaching of the Odin-myths is saturated with the perception that a steady *pumping* action, a crisp resolute reversal of mental action, is the mark of the true prophet.

I do not wish to suggest anything disrespectful to Mr. Oliphant. Personally I have immense respect for his heroism. But truth is truth ; and *if* it be true that God has made man a creature whose life-law is one of rhythmic reversal of action, those who have seen that truth will be guilty if they neglect to call attention to it.

"THE MORAL IDEAL"*

Nov. 10*th*, 1888

This charming little volume treats life entirely from the occultist point of view. Its title and terminology are not technically connected with Modern Spiritualism ; but it should interest Spiritualists on account not only of its contents, but also of its historic antecedents. A short summary of the latter will fitly preface our remarks on the actual work, in view of the recent discussion about Heredity in these columns.

The pottery of Etruria was, a hundred years ago, the centre of a movement of reform, unpretending in its methods, but as essentially revolutionary as anything that was going on at the time in Paris. Josiah Wedgwood familiarised the public with exquisitely delicate little cameos, not cut in any precious material, but moulded in potter's clay. Looking back from the point of view of our present knowledge, one cannot but feel that this was a prophetic symbol of the destinies of the family he was to found. His house was the meeting-ground of a brilliant array of genius of different orders : Erasmus Darwin (already studying the origin of species), Wordsworth, Flaxman, Mackintosh, Godwin, and many others.

The centre of the group was an invalid son of the potter, who seems to have been wonderfully in advance of his time. Amongst

**The Moral Ideal.* By Julia Wedgwood. Trübner and Co., Ludgate Hill.

other incidental achievements, Thomas Wedgwood made sun-pictures nearly half a century before Daguerre. He also invented, and communicated to Erasmus Darwin, the method now in use for curing conical cornea, thirty years before Von Græfe made himself world-famous by re-inventing it. But the study of his life was the development of what he called "Genius," by which he meant the faculty of *seeing new truth at first hand.* Unable from ill-health to devote himself to any special pursuit, he made it his mission to combine the observations of the thinkers around him, with a view to write a book on the best method of teaching children to substitute for costly sources of enjoyment the exquisite delight which common sights and sounds and flavours afford to him (and to him alone) who has learned to make of each trivial sensation a means of revelation.

Thomas Wedgwood died (1805) at the age of thirty-five, having made a widespread reputation as a thinker, and a profound moral impression on all around him. Why his MSS. were not published by his survivors has never been ascertained. It was long supposed that they were taken to India by the friend to whom Wedgwood confided them, and there lost or destroyed. But they were found in England in 1882 by a medium, who was led to the discovery by a singular series of communications. Historically and morally these documents retain a perennial value ; but many of the psychological observations recorded by Thomas Wedgwood have, since his time, been made over again by Hinton and others ; and are now common-places of literature. Wedgwood longed passionately to become instrumental in the organisation of rational education. On the same scrap of paper which contains his last directions about the arrangement of his chapters, is written this touching sentence : "How exhilarating is the thought that if, by the labour of my whole life, I can add one idea to the stock of those concerning education, my life has been well spent." The memorials of this sufferer, baffled throughout life by illness, and disappointed after death by the friends to whom he had entrusted his MSS., would be, for any but a Spiritualist, almost unbearably painful. Our faith, thank God, permits us to hope that he has been, and still may be, an inspiring influence over other writers ; perhaps over some who do not know themselves to be mediums, through whom the dead are speaking.

A sister of T. Wedgwood married a son of Erasmus Darwin, and became the mother of Charles Darwin, whose works present a singular combination of the hereditary Darwin ideas with the peculiar Wedgwood method of handling. Darwin's works seemed for a time to be giving a materialistic tendency to science ; because he studied

the laws of development (which are quite general), in relation, chiefly, to the physical and lower intellectual faculties. But if he too much neglected the application of his own principles to the higher faculties, his cousin has now made ample amends for his neglect, by applying the same hereditary method to an investigation of what may be called the *Origin of Species of Moral Ideas*. As he taught us to look on the strife between animals, in the light thrown on that long warfare by the conviction that it has been an essential agent in the development of the specially human powers, so the volume now before us will force every attentive reader to look on the most foolish and vulgar theological squabbles as preparation for that serene knowledge of the Unseen Unity which every religious difference among men has done something to deepen and enlarge. It shows us the whole machinery of evolution at work to prepare the successive groups of men which are the vehicles of Revelation for successive portions of religious truth.

For the book is, as we said, profoundly occultist. It represents each Church, State, and Race as a group of human particles, held together by the impulse to develop some special idea, to utter some special message; dissolving as soon as the revelation for which it was organised has been effected and the message with which it was charged has been registered for posterity. It is hardly too much to say that Miss Wedgwood presents human history as a series of séances, and the most typical men of each age as mediums, hypnotised and partially blinded to certain portions of moral truth by the overwhelming impulse to express the special truth with which each is charged.

The authoress does not condescend to controversy. She brings forward no arguments to *prove* the existence of a spiritual force controlling human destiny; but simply shows what light is thrown on admitted facts by assuming such control. She lays stress on no statements the accuracy of which has been, or seems likely to be, doubted by anybody; she concedes to opponents, whatever they may choose to claim; taking for the materials of her exquisite series of cameos the commonly accepted facts of history and literature; and utilising for her purpose whatever may be granted by common consent.

So Thomas Wedgwood left costly luxuries to those incapable of appreciating the luxury which common pleasures afford to him whose powers are fully developed. So Charles Darwin left "The Infinite," "The Absolute," and "The Eternal" to such philosophers as fancy that deep truths are necessarily expressed in solemn words; and quietly revolutionised philosophy by studying the predilections of earth-worms and the marks on a pheasant's wing.

The truest genius dares to leave rare jewels to be scrambled for by whoever is not artistic enough to make gems out of common clay; the truest faith dares to leave the miraculous elements in history to be contended for by those who cannot believe in the spiritual unless startled into belief by something exceptional.

Though the book is the outcome of a profound study of the classical literature of all ages, it contains little which the reader of average culture may not readily follow. But it must be read with care; those who attempt to skim it will waste their time. It is, as we suggested above, a genuine collection of Wedgwood cameos; a hasty glance will perceive nothing more interesting than a confusion of innocent white clouds against a background of uniform blue sky. He who will linger over the details will find a new meaning in the ancient saying that the Creative Artist breathed His Spirit into the dust of the earth, and made of it His own image. The method of the book is utterly Darwinian in its absolute reliance on the evidence of facts. And the moral deduced from facts by Charles Darwin's continuer is this:

"No ideal is possible, if that which is idealised knows no beyond. Man can strive towards no virtue in which he does not feel the sympathy of God. He must feel himself in some sense a fragment, if he is ever to discover his true oneness. Virtue must be a refracted ray from something above virtue; duty must be the aspect, visible in our dense atmosphere, of a higher excellence extending far beyond it. . . . Man, if we judge him by history, knows himself only so far as he turn towards the Eternal Other of the human spirit; he finds his true unity only as he finds a larger Unity which makes him one with himself and with his brother man."

THE DIVINING-ROD

Nov. 17th, 1888

Far be it from me to throw doubt on the magical virtues of the divining-rod! Good reason have I to be grateful to the blessed little instrument of white magic; for well do I know its singular power to cut short illness caused by sorrow or worry, by inducing a short, pleasant fit of cheerful clairvoyance, which soon disappears, leaving no trace except better spirits and the solid possession of some sort of buried treasure *seen* during the seer-fit. (What I see when I hold the rod is not ore or water, but usually some secret of ancient mathematical conjuring.)

But when we pass from the simple narration of our experience

to an attempt to explain facts, we must take into account all the converging causes. The singular vitality of such trees as the hazel has an effect, not only on man after the rod is cut, but on the tree itself all through its growth. Nearly every tree has either some tendency to curvature in the branches, or thorns, or dead buds or zig-zag growth, or abortive and dead twigs ; all which things are due to not possessing quite vitality enough for the bulk. The hazel, the olive, the mistletoe, and other sacred trees, are (when growing wild) free from abortions ; being so full of vitality that they grow straight ahead, in clean, even forks. To show the significance of this fact, I must tell how I first came to use the dowsing-rod.

I was asked to translate the Life-Laws, or Laws of Thought (of Gratry and Boole), out of the language of the Modern Calculus into that of the simple geometry used of old. To exhibit the most important law I had to use a diagram in shape like a capital V. I had to draw the thing open end upwards, and afterwards shut end upwards. I noticed that my stupider pupils were sometimes confused by the first V remaining on the paper ; I wished I could pick it bodily up and reverse it, to show that the *same thing* was seen alternately in the two aspects. A pair of compasses, open at the Freemason's Angle, would have answered exactly, except that it did not show the *process of becoming*, as a drawing made before the pupil does. What was wanted was, a thing that would first suggest *growing from one into two*, and that I could then turn upside down. In fact, a natural forked stick. While thinking this over, I suddenly remembered seeing a miner doing something (in my childhood) with a stick the very shape I wanted. This excited my curiosity, and I went to a country parish where I had heard there was a lady dowser, and asked her to show me her magic.

The whole process is this. The dowser voluntarily goes through, in dumb show, half of a logic lesson on the first Law of Thought. While he is doing so, his arms begin to tingle ; and, as he passes over ore, or running water, his hands automatically complete the lesson by reversing the rod. The dowser, who knows no logic, does (one half by tradition and the other half automatically) what I do on purpose to teach the first Law of Thought.

To produce this effect we have a combination of three forces : (1) The over-flowing vitality of the hazel (or other sacred tree). (2) The magnetism that may reside in ore or springing water. (3) The unconscious effect of hereditary association in man. A tiger, brought up in a cage, will exhibit terror at sight of a boa, not because *he* has reason to know the boa is dangerous, but probably because of the sudden combination of serpent-magnetism with the

sight of an object that his ancestors had objective reasons for dreading (as well as magnetic ones). Instinct is usually, I think, the combined result of *magnetism* with *hereditary association*. A duck, at the first touch of water, is moved to exert its paddles in the manner suited to propel it. Just so, the muscles of the dowser tingle at the mere touch of the wand; partly from hazel-magnetism, partly from hereditary association with the logical science of his ancestors. Those two causes only succeed in making him *tingle*. When the magnetism of water or ore is added, the induction is complete, and his muscles go through the great old ceremony, without his knowledge or consent.

From my own experience I incline to think :

(1) That the fresher the stick, the greater its power.

(2) That its power is increased by the operator cutting it from the tree himself.

(3) That the power of the one in use is increased by having several others very near the operator.

(4) That the action is of the nature of a pure exhilarant ; it quickens the faculties for a time, but the effect soon wears off if frequent use is made of the stick. In very great weakness I have found it useful to have one continuously within reach of my hand; but its effect in inducing seerhood is greater when I have not touched one for some time. For which reason I now make a rule to use, in giving mere logic lessons, a fork too dry and too small to have any magnetic effect.

MATHEMATICS IN OCCULTISM

The danger of Occultism is that it may lead us to fancy we know more than we do about the unseen world. The function of mathematics in Occultism is to recall us to the consciousness that much of our supposed knowledge is illusion. But to fulfil this purpose, the laws of sequence must be observed as strictly and as carefully as we observe them in our monetary calculations. It is a grim study and leads the student by a stony, thorny, up-hill path; which has, however, one recommendation : there are no disappointments or disillusions at the end ; and the very few gems we gather are well worth selling all else on earth for.

MAGNETIC STORMS

It is perfectly well known that mobile or sensitive mediums involuntarily *focus* (as it were) any strong passion which agitates

any mass of the community. No one acquainted with the history of Occultism doubts that, in all times of public turmoil, there are women who know much more of what is passing than any person in the flesh told them. In such times a certain horrible kind of pseudo-mediumship is largely used to facilitate plots against the law. Signals of double meaning are made use of, and the evil meaning is emphasised by Thought-transference. Communications are thus conveyed from one disaffected group to another, in ways which give no handle to the police. And all this passing around us affects the nerves of certain sensitives in a very peculiar way. London has been for some time passing through one of these curious magnetic storms of pseudo-Occultism which are the prologue to political disaster ; and many well-intentioned mediums know it, but do not know what to do with the information which they thus acquire.

GRATRY'S METHODS

Gratry's method is, in all essentials, the same as my husband's. The mathematical part is less fully worked out ; and whereas my husband's is general, and can be applied by any student to such portions of time as he can command, Gratry's is (as he himself says) only suited to students whose whole time is at their own disposal. The point to which I immediately wish to call attention is this : My husband may have been to blame for being misunderstood ; *he* makes only slight and veiled allusions to the crises of Inspiration. But Gratry writes pages of description of the student *suspending thought* (at the critical point of the periodic cycle), and waiting, pen in hand, for what the Unseen may dictate ; pages which might have been written by "M.A. (Oxon.)," or any other good writing medium. This part of his work has been *ignored by the Church.* I invite the attention of Spiritualists to this fact, because it gives the key to an organised system, by means of which the resources of Spiritualism have been sapped and drained away. Many of the best trance-mediums are not known to be such ; they let themselves be deluded by theories about the duty of "helping the world in any way we can," under cover of which they publish inspirational writing *without saying that it is such,* and, by so doing, add enormously to the burdens of braver and honester people. I submit that we had better help the world to a little straightforward honesty first. Such refinements of method as Gratry's and my husband's are an agreeable addition to a life based on honesty of purpose ; but when dishonest people get hold of these refinements, they only use them to smother wickedness under an elaborate veil. The

foundation of every good logical method is a habit of "calling a spade a spade" (and a trance a trance). Let us found a school where *that* is done, and I venture to think that the questions at issue between rival systems will be very easily settled !

DEVELOPMENT OF MEDIUMSHIP

Nearly a quarter of a century ago well-known Spiritualists, whom I knew privately, asked me to allow them to introduce me into Spiritualist circles for the purpose of having my mediumship developed by the ordinary processes. I refused. I was engaged on getting my mediumship developed by a process of my own ; which is, of course, not better than the ordinary one, but it is different and the results are different.

I get myself magnetised, not by a *circle* sitting together ; but by a *series* of persons, chosen by me according to a mathematical formula based on my husband's mathematical laws of thought. The plan has some disadvantages, but one great advantage is that I have been able to put into the series many persons who could not be introduced into a circle. Such men, for instance, as Frederick Maurice (who was bitterly prejudiced against Spiritualism), and Henry Maudsley (who despises it), even if they could be induced to sit in a circle, would bring with them a disturbing influence, because they would be consciously thinking of a subject about which they know nothing and feel wrongly. Now my plan is to conduct the mesmeric operations myself, and say nothing about them to the person with whom I am sitting, but talk to him of something about which he knows a good deal and feels in sympathy with me. The subject of conversation matters little, provided I can rouse in the sitter a healthy desire to *enlighten me ;* he magnetises me in the right way.

PAID MEDIUMS

Among all the discussions on this subject, the medical view of it ought not to be ignored. An organ which is still in process of development should never be used at all, except just so much as is good for its own development. (That, by-the-bye, is the great objection made by such psychologists as Gratry and my husband to competition in schools ; the exercise of the still imperfectly-developed intellect for any purpose of gain, however legitimate in itself, ruins its chance of ultimately doing its best work.)

If anyone asserts that his faculty of mediumship is as really developed and certain as are, for instance, the eyes and ears and arithmetical faculties of a healthy adult, one can only congratulate that fortunate individual. But most of us are too sadly aware that our seerhood is, as yet, much in the condition of an infant's sight or touch. The question is, not whether we ought to be paid *if* we give up our time to mediumship, but whether we ought to expose ourselves to any inducement or temptation to exercise the faculty of mediumship long or frequently.

If the time has not yet come for the open vision promised of old, we cannot hasten it by bribing a set of professionals to violate the order of nature. (I only say, *if*.) Faith and patience will give us all we want, in God's good time. But the more we bribe people to anticipate the promised boon the longer God will punish us by withholding it, unless the Unchangeable has very much changed His ways since the time when the Scriptures and the Eddas were written!

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