MARY EVEREST BOOLE

Collected Works

Edited by

E. M. COBHAM

Preface by

ETHEL S. DUMMER



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A WOODWORKER AND A TENTMAKER

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TO H . . . AND M . . . . . .

Dear Children,

I send this tale to you in the hope that it may help you to teach to others what I know you yourselves have been taught: the reverence which we all owe to those who serve God by growing things, or making things, for the use of man.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE

THE foundation for this story is very slight. The Rev. David Marks said, in a sermon in the Berkeley Street Synagogue: "Paul says that he was at the school of Gamaliel; all one can say about that is that it is a pity he learned nothing there; if he had, he would never have persecuted the Christians." Mr. Marks explained that the Pharisees, as a sect, objected to capital punishment, and to all kinds of *physical* violence, especially for sins of heresy; that Gamaliel was noted as an Apostle of tolerance; and that Jesus, however the Pharisees might despise His supposed heresies, was in reality sacrificed by a Sadducee Sanhedrim to fear of the Romans and to political passion.

It seemed impossible to reconcile this with Paul's own account of himself. Yet one can no more doubt the scholarship of David Marks than the entire honesty of Paul. The clue came at last in the remark of Mr. Marks that, in the normal course of things, Gamaliel would have been present on the occasion when the child Jesus talked with teachers in the Temple. If he were so, the story re-constructs itself in almost inevitable sequence.

A WOODWORKER AND A TENTMAKER

A FAMILY of the most highly respectable lower middle class lived in a large London parish. They had a son named Saul. He was the pattern boy of the Sunday school, passed the diocesan examination with very special and uniform credit, had charge of the Sunday school Bibles and hymn-books, and was much in favour with all the teachers and clergy. The rector only, the Rev. Roland Gamaliel, always felt a slight lingering doubt whether the boy

was quite as satisfactory as he seemed. He said nothing about it; it was not this man's way to say things against people. But, at the back of his mind, he always had an uneasy feeling that a dangerous amount of spiritual pride was mixed with Saul's virtues.

Another member of his congregation, of somewhat humbler social rank than that of Saul's family, had a relative living in a village in the North, whose name was Mary MacDavid. Once Mary came to London for a holiday, bringing with her her boy of twelve, whose name was Joshua; and for two or three Sundays Joshua went to Bible-class with his London cousin. The country parish in which Joshua lived was very inadequately staffed and taught. It is doubtful whether he could have passed a formal examination with much comfort or credit. But he knew much of the Bible by heart; by *heart* in more senses than one. When he recited his favourite Psalms it almost seemed as if he were improvising. He had once confided to his mother that he could not understand why people called the Psalms inspired, because he was sure that he could have written most of them himself if only he had been clever and learned enough to find the words. Mr. Gamaliel took at once to the country boy's fresh, quaint way of putting things; and Saul very soon noticed that the rector smiled at this casual interloper as he had never done at the result of his (Saul's) most painstaking and praiseworthy study.

On the last Sunday of Mary's visit to London, she and her cousin met the boys, as they came out of Bible-class, to take them for a walk in one of the parks. A few moments later Joshua was missing. They supposed at first that he had missed them in the crowded street, and gone down a wrong turning; and they ran about looking for him. After a few minutes the boy cousin, remembering Joshua's delight in Mr. Gamaliel's teaching, suggested that he might have gone back to the school-room; so Mary went back there to see.

Meantime this was what had happened. Joshua had, in fact, gone back; and finding Mr. Gamaliel talking with some of the teachers, had stood quietly waiting. "Well, my boy," said the rector kindly, "is there anything I can do for you?"

"If you please, sir——"

"Yes; what is it?"

"If you please, sir, might I ask you something?"

"Certainly."

"Our minister at home talks a great deal about missions and the bad ways of people in India and savage countries; and I thought——"

"Yes; what did you think?"

"Well, sir, it is this way. A neighbour of ours was going away for a few weeks ; and my father borrowed his donkey the while, to fetch some wood. Father and the man who helps him said that it was an ill-trained and obstinate donkey, and that they had a great deal of trouble with it. I went to the shed and said to the donkey, 'What have you to tell me ? What is your message to me from God ?' You know, sir, Balaam got a message from God through an ass, so why should not I ? I often get answers to puzzles through birds and flowers, and such things. So I asked the donkey for his message. After a time I thought he said, 'I should like a carrot.' I went and fetched one and put it down in front of him. Then I thought he said, 'I could reach it more comfortably if you would give it to me in your hand, because this halter is short.' So I fed him from my hand. Then he said—at least I thought he said : 'While I am eating carrots from your hand you may stroke me.' So I fed and stroked him every day. And when the man wanted to harness him, and he got frightened and obstinate, he let me harness him quite quietly. So I thought —please, sir, don't be vexed, I don't mean any harm, but I thought —if, when missionaries go to convert the heathen, they would begin by asking the heathen : 'What message can you give me from God ? What does your religion teach you that would be of use to me ?' perhaps the heathen would understand better when the missionaries talk of our religion. I said so once to our minister, but he seemed quite vexed, so I did not say any more about it. But I wanted to ask you about it, sir, because I am sure the animals and plants talk and bring messages from God, just as they did in old Bible times ; so why should not heathens and savages ?"

"Why, indeed ?" exclaimed Mr. Gamaliel, with his strange inscrutable smile. "Beast and bird have seen and heard that which man knoweth not. And, as they do speak to you, I think perhaps you will find it wise, for the next twenty years or so, to listen to what they say, and not talk too much about God to other people. God is speaking to your minister ; but perhaps not through birds, and beasts, and flowers. Is that someone looking for you ? Well, I suppose you must go now. Write to me if ever I can help you or do anything for you" ; and the rector shook hands with the boy. Saul, who was putting away the books which had been used during class, heard the conversation ; he heard also what followed.

"What a strange child !" remarked one of the curates.

"He will go far—farther perhaps than any of us," said Mr. Gamaliel.

"Oh ! child !" said Mary afterwards ; "what a fright you gave me ! I thought you had got lost in the crowded streets."

"I am sorry, mother ; but I had to go back ; I thought that kind clergyman had a message for me from God. What do you think he says, mother ? He says I had better not tell people what messages God sends to me, for twenty years to come. He doesn't mean you, mother, does he ? He doesn't mean that I am not to tell you what God says ?"

"I don't suppose he does, my dear ; good clergymen are not fond of interfering between children and their mothers. At any rate, one thing is sure : God made you my son, and not other people's ; so I suppose God wishes you to tell me whatever you want to. But I think what the clergyman said is very wise : you had better not talk too much to other people about messages that God sends you. You are getting quite old enough now to learn what sort of a world this is, and that you cannot say everything to everybody."

Next day Mary and her boy went back to the North, and that was the last that was seen of them in London for many years.

Mary wished to keep her boy with her ; therefore he was apprenticed to her husband's trade, that of joiner and cabinet-maker.

Mr. Gamaliel, when he took a holiday in the North, sometimes went to see Mary and Joshua ; but on his return to London he said nothing about these visits, as he did not wish to draw unnecessary attention to the youth whom he dearly loved and for whom he foresaw some very unusual career.

Saul learned the tent-making trade, and early in life procured constant employment, working for a highly respectable firm. He earned good wages, for he was steady, conscientious, and industrious, and his work was uniformly good.

He was a leading member of a church guild, and devoted himself, at all spare times, to promoting its objects. He had no time for dissipation, but he had also no time for studying the history of his trade, or any special refinements connected with it ; he was not much interested in such things. Six days shalt thou labour, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord ; and, for Saul, the service of the Lord was entirely represented by religious worship, the study of Scripture, works of organised charity, and various kinds of directly religious and ethical propaganda. That God had anything to do* with minute differences in the texture of hemp fibre was an idea which would never present itself to his mind.

*Myers sums up Paul's attitude towards natural science thus : "Little I know it, and I little care."

One day, when he was in the office copying a drawing, two strangers came in. They were members of a geographical society, and came to give orders about tents for a scientific expedition that was being planned. They were shown samples of goods, including some of Saul's ; but none quite met the requirements of the case ; and the foreman left them sitting in the office while he went to fetch the manager.

During his absence, Saul heard one of the strangers speaking to the other about "a strange young fellow who came in to have a chat with my friend Gamaliel, at whose house I am staying. He is a queer chap ; makes violin-cases ; and talks of different wood grains as if they were his dearest friends. If he were a tent-maker, now, we should know how to get our work properly done !"

Then the manager and foreman came in, and no more was said of the young violin-maker. But Saul's jealous temperament had received a fresh jar, similar to that which he experienced fifteen years before, when he saw the rector smile at Joshua MacDavid.

Shortly afterwards Saul met the young violin-maker, when calling one evening at Mr. Gamaliel's. He learned that the rector was acquainted with the heads of a firm of musical instrument makers, and had induced them to employ his young friend from the North.

From the first, the young man had shown a kind of knowledge of the properties of different sorts of wood, which seemed to his fellow workmen mysterious and almost uncanny. But he roused few jealousies in the workshop, because he was so uniformly sweet, and sunny, and kind ; was always willing to help anyone who asked him for instruction ; but never thrust forward his special knowledge, or took on any airs of superiority.

Saul was by this time sufficiently advanced in the spiritual life to realise that personal jealousy is an unworthy and unholy passion. He resolved to conquer his nascent dislike to Mr. Gamaliel's *protegé*, and to cultivate the acquaintance of Joshua. But he soon became extremely uneasy about the spiritual condition of the latter, and eager to convert him to a better frame of mind. The more he saw of the violin-maker the more uneasy he became ; especially because he thought Mr. Gamaliel's liking for such a man would be a dangerous example for others and encourage them to lapse into similar unsatisfactory ways.

Mr. Gamaliel had joined a teetotal society, for the sake of example, and Saul began his remonstrances with an expression of regret that he had been unable to persuade Joshua to do the same.

"Did you ever hear of his being the worse for drink?" asked the rector.

"Oh, no, sir! He is almost a total abstainer. That is what makes it so sad that he will not make the very small sacrifice that it would be to him to abstain entirely. Once or twice a year, at a wedding or a party, he takes a single glass; but he drinks it with an air of enjoyment as though he would be very sorry to forego it. And then he says foolish, inconsiderate things: about how the grapes grow coloured when they are getting ripe, to show birds and men where to find them; and that the grapes give up their life for us; and so on."

"And is not all that true?"

"Well, yes; I suppose it is true in a way; but it misleads people."

"Have you heard that Joshua's associates have become the more prone to drink after coming under his influence?"

"N—n—no. I cannot remember that I have. In fact, there is one young fellow, Stephen Waley, who used to go 'on spree,' as he called it, every now and then; he told me last week that he is not tempted to do so now, because Joshua has made him feel that the sensations which he experiences as alcohol goes down his throat are too sacred and solemn to prostitute or play with. It is very discouraging for us."

"Well, perhaps it is not bad for us to meet with discouragement of that kind. At any rate, we know what the first Commandment is; let us beware of setting up as God anything except the *deliverer* from bondage. It would seem, on your own showing, that Joshua and his associates are not in bondage to the alcohol fiend. There is plenty for us to do in helping out of his toils those who are so. As we could not give them freedom, we have done the next best thing—persuaded them to put themselves under the protection of a more merciful master, the vow of total abstinence; and, as an encouragement to them, and in proof of our confidence in this new master, we ourselves have gone into voluntary service to him. But we must not try to make such men as Joshua unwilling slaves to the tyranny of our ideas and schemes, of our wills and wishes."

Saul's brow darkened. After a pause he went on: "It is hard on us when young men like him will not be tied down to anything. He has a beautiful voice; and has managed somehow to get himself taught singing and organ-playing. A mate of mine, who lives near him and attends the same church, tells me that it makes quite a difference to the service when he is not there. They get him to sing a solo in the anthem sometimes, and he often reads the

lessons. My mate says he reads the Prophecies of Isaiah as if he had written them himself. Is not that dangerous, sir ? Will it not make people doubt the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures if they get the idea that anyone now living could have written them ?"

"I suppose what your mate really means, Saul, is that Joshua reads the Prophecies as if they were *true* : whereas most people only read them as if they thought they ought to believe them. I am not sure that I see exactly what harm that is likely to do."

Saul continued : "Well, but what I was going to say, sir, is that they cannot get him to be a regular member of the choir, because he does not choose to be tied ; he says he is tied to his trade six days a week, and wishes to be free for Nature on Sabbath. That means that he will neither join a Bible Class nor teach Sunday school on Sunday afternoon. He goes loafing about in one of the parks. Sometimes he goes off quite early, and spends the whole day in the woods. He has been known to treat apprentices to a Sunday in the country. It is teaching them to break the Sabbath."

"But the Sabbath is the Lord's Day, Saul—not yours, or mine, or anyone else's. The Lord's—the Unity—the Maker of all things —the Deliverer from bondage."

Saul went on in a lower voice : "Yes, but it does not seem as if Joshua believed in God. He gets young fellows to his room on a Sunday evening, and shows them experiments in chemistry and physics ; and reads books of pure materialist science with them. According to all I can hear, he may be an atheist ; no one, so far as I have been able to learn, has ever heard him utter the name of God outside of reading and singing. He never mentions religion at all."

The rector started ; his lips quivered, and a look of trouble, almost of awe, came into his face. He knew that his young friend had taken to heart, far more seriously than he had expected or intended, his own advice to abstain, till his judgment should be mature, from exposing his intense religious feeling to the possible coarsening effect of contact with either mere mechanical belief or satirical disbelief ; but that the youth's sincerity and loyalty should lead him to expose himself to a serious charge of materialism, touched him profoundly.

Saul perceived that his host was in no mood for further conversation, and soon took his leave.

Mr. Gamaliel guessed what sort of "materialism" Joshua was spreading among his shop-mates and the apprentices. But even to him the modest young Prophet had not fully revealed the depth of his own spiritual insight. He did not realise it himself

at this period ; he was rapidly growing upward, but almost without perceiving it.

An apprentice once excused himself for some accident due to carelessness, by saying : "I couldn't help it, sir ; I did not know." Joshua replied very seriously : "Please never again give me such an excuse as that. You were put into this world on purpose to help it. Therefore make it your business to know beforehand all that you can about anything as to which you know that it is going to be your business to act."

One Sunday afternoon, while watching the fountains in Kew Gardens, he drew the attention of his companions to the exquisite curves made by the arching over of the water drops, previous to their fall. In the evening he produced a syringe and allowed them to try experiments in squirting water at various degrees of elevation. Then he took the instrument, and, squirting nearly perpendicularly upwards, said : "If I succeeded, if nothing thwarted my aim, the water would go on in one continuous, monotonous line, for ever and ever and ever. But the Law of Gravity prevents my success, and so makes—well, you see what it makes."

Joshua never, when he could avoid it, took very rapid or prolonged walks. He had, when a boy, rheumatic fever, owing to jumping into the water to rescue a child under whom the ice had cracked while he was sliding. The fever had left Joshua's heart weak, and, by medical advice, he avoided all violent muscular exercise. One Sunday he sent two apprentices, who had accompanied him to Richmond Park, for a longer walk than he cared to take. On their return they found him as they had left him, lying under a silver birch, watching the branches waving and tossing in the wind. As they rested beside him, he said to the lads : "You can never understand wood grain if you look at it only after it is cut and dried. To know it truly one must consider *how it grows*. Look how the wind is heaving and straining those twigs, making them do gymnastics as we do exercises to stretch and strain our chest muscles. Then there are weeks of plentiful moisture, and other weeks of drought ; and places where new twigs start off, and where knots come. Some insect bites a young shoot, which has to repair the damage ; and in the effort to do so, a mark comes in the wood. We have to consider all these things before we can understand our trade."

Another time, when out alone with his favourite apprentice, the one who most often accompanied him on his Sunday excursions, he said, after a long dreamy silence : "Look here, John ; I suppose most of the fibres in that tree would have got into the leading shoot if they could. The leading shoot goes always upwards, as we

call it. I don't suppose there is any real 'up' or 'down'; but the main shoot goes on in the direction of the general evolution of the tree as a whole; and I suppose all the particles wish at first to go in that direction. But somehow most of them do not seem to manage it; they get shunted out of the main line, and go off on side-long tracks. The side branches all turn downwards before long. All the branches turn downwards except the one. . . . *How* beautiful the turning down is! What we should miss, if they did not fail and go downward. . . . I wonder whether the leading shoot ever thinks that *it* has 'failed' of being beautiful? Yet how much less beautiful the tree becomes when the leading shoot is broken off. They are *all* wanted; all form part of the harmony. . . Look at those pink convolvuluses! A flower here and there along the trailers, where a bud could find room to open among the lush grass; and then, *look* at that richly massed group which the trailers lead one's eye up to! The loveliness of it all is enough to frighten one. And now look here. Every joint in this golden creeper would like to put out a root; and as long as the shoots can find moisture enough they do put out roots, and no blossoms. When a trailer comes to a large flat stone, or a patch of hard, dry earth, I suppose it feels very ill-used. But then it blossoms plentifully and bears the seed of new vigour and new life!"

Then, after another long silence: "John, I do believe all sorts of things are right in their place except people who think that no one else is right but themselves."

"But, dear master," said John, "how comes there to be any 'except' at all?"

Joshua whispered under his breath: "My God!" At least, John thought he heard the words; but they were so faintly spoken, if spoken at all, that John could not be sure, and the look on Joshua's face was not such as to encourage any attempt to renew the conversation.

So things went on, until Joshua's thirtieth birthday, which happened to be a Sunday, and which he spent alone, no one knew how or where.

Next morning, in the workshop, he took a slab of wood, and said to John, in a somewhat louder tone than that in which he usually spoke, as if he meant those near him to hear: "Our Father has worked on this wood, to make it responsive to the music of the spheres; now I am going to work on it, to make it respond to that simpler music which is audible to human ears. I can never work rightly and get the wood to go as I want it to go, unless I remember all the time that I am as a tool in the hands of

the Eternal ; that I and the Father are One, and that I am only an extension of His working power."

A startled hush fell on the workshop ; no one made any remark on Joshua's speech ; but there was little more talk in the shop for that morning.

Gradually it became evident that the conditions of life for Joshua were changing. The few pious men of his acquaintance, who had regretted his lack of religion and hoped to convert him to a better mind, were jarred and shocked at what seemed to them the profanity of a mere man—and he not even a strict member of any church—coolly talking of himself as one with the Father ; as if such a thing could come by Nature without need of any religious profession.

The ungodly majority, on the contrary, thought that things would be dull if that jolly good fellow MacDavid was going to turn pious and take to goody-goody talk, and preach in the workshop. As a matter of fact, he did not preach in the shop, though on rare occasions he did a little "preaching" elsewhere : in his own room sometimes ; and, once in a way, to small groups in the park. But his preaching was quite unlike most people's. Though he occasionally made very happy quotations from books both ancient and modern, he never appealed to any book as a necessary authority. Similarly, though he sometimes alluded to the ceremonies and formularies of the Church, he never spoke as if he needed the authority of a church.

On the other hand, he never argued to prove anything, or insisted on anything as a doctrine or dogma ; he said things as if he knew them to be true of his own personal knowledge. Yet there was nothing about him, at this stage of his life, which seemed as if he thought himself superior to other men. He spoke with the quiet assurance of one who has been to a foreign country, and comes home and tells his friends what he has seen there. Others have been to other countries, and can tell what they have seen ; when they do so he listens quietly and does not contradict. He once said : "Every man, woman, child, animal and plant has his, her, or its cell in the heart of the Father, into which it alone can enter and find out, on behalf of the rest of the world, what is there."

One of his friends said to him : "It is not fair, Joshua ; you talk as if we could all see as much as you can ; but you know we cannot ; you have some privilege, some special means of knowing, which the rest of us lack. Show us this Father in whose heart you say I have a cell of my own into which no one else can enter."

Joshua replied : "Have you been about so much with me, Philip, and you ask me to *show* you the Father ? You have seen

how I read off the trees and plants, and the things that happen. You surely do not expect me to show you God as if He were one thing or person, like a heathen image. He is the Unity of all things."

Just then two children, who knew him, caught sight of him as they were passing by, and tried to push their way into the group, to speak to their friend. Those around, eager to continue the conversation, tried to prevent the children from interrupting; but Joshua exclaimed: "No, no; let the little ones come to me; I shall be able to make them understand. Come here, my dear," he continued, lifting the youngest on to his knee. "Has your lily opened yet?"

"Not quite, but the first bud was nearly opening dis morning."

"Will you do something for me?"

"Course I will," said the child, flinging its arms round its friend's neck; "'cos you gived me the lily."

"Well, directly it is open, look inside, right in the middle; look at it three times every day, for a few minutes; you will see some yellow things inside. Watch and see what they do; watch every day as long as there are any flowers. Next year, and every year when you can, watch some big flower opening, and see what the things inside do. And when you are a big man, perhaps you will be able to tell your little children, or somebody else's little children, how they can learn to see God."

"Want you to tell me somefin. How long is God going to play dis game wid us?"

"What game?"

"Dis game, what the God inside is always playing wid all of us."* And the child gravely took the basque of his coat, put it before Joshua's face, and then put it down again.

"Ah! that game! For ever, and ever, I hope."

"But I'm tired of it," whimpered the child. "And besides, God made some glass run into my foot one day, and it *hurted* me. I like you better'n God, Joshua."

"Do you, my dear? Well, your liking me best is part of the game, perhaps. But tell me, do you like Dr. Shepherd?"

"*Love* him!" and the little face brightened up. "He took out the nasty piece of glass."

"Did he hurt you while he was taking it out?"

"Not much; and he gived me chocolates to 'muse me while he did it."

"When your father fell and twisted his ankle, Dr. Shepherd had

*Said by a child aged five and a half.

to hurt him to make him able to walk straight. And he did not give father chocolates."

The child's face clouded once more, but this time with perplexity.

"There, run away to mother; you are keeping her waiting. Run away now; to-morrow evening I will come and see you, and we will have a nice game of bo-peep all to our two selves—unless father, or mother, or God, say no."

The little one ran away; but the elder child begged to be allowed to stay, and remained leaning up against the back of Joshua's seat.

"You asked me to reveal God to you," said Joshua, when the mother had led the little one away. "The child has revealed to me what it is that you really mean and want. Ay, that is what ails the world; it is tired—tired of God! not wicked, nor unbelieving, but—tired."

"But is it not something worse than being only tired?" said one of the men. "They do say that people who go off alone to look for God in ways of their own, without the guidance of the Church, are led astray by some sort of powers of darkness, devils, or astrals, the theosophists call them."

"Oh! I reckon those theosophists were scared at their own shadows," said another of the group, laughing. "I do not believe any of them ever met with anything much worse than himself."

"I know what powers of darkness are," interposed the child; "they are the pretence tigers and 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."*

Joshua turned round, and, slipping his arm round the child, said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings."

"But, Mr. MacDavid," continued the child, "I want to know something. Why do those pretence tigers never come while mother is there? Sometimes she stays a long time after she has put out the candle, talking to me or singing. They never come as long as she stays. Why don't they?"

But John had become keen to detect a certain look of overstrain which sometimes came into the teacher's face. Anxious to relieve the tension, he said: "I'll tell you that, Dickie."

"Yes, you tell him that, John," said Joshua; "I cannot."

"Does John know more'n you, Mr. MacDavid?" queried the child, puzzled at this reversal of the usual relationship.

"Sometimes I do, Dickie," said John, laying his hand affec-

*Said by a child of eight or nine.

tionately on the teacher's shoulder. "Not very often, but sometimes. Joshua always tells Robert and Philip and me that he would rather we would be good to each other than spend too much of our time calling him 'Dear Master.' Well, suppose that God is like Joshua ; like a big, big Joshua. Perhaps He would rather you and mother learned to be good to each other than spend too much of your time praising Him. Perhaps He sends the pretence tigers so that mother may sit with you, and that you may learn to like having her by you."

John will carry in his memory, to his dying day, the teacher's look of gratitude for the sudden and unexpected solution. But Joshua had suddenly realised his own intense fatigue. He said "good-bye" to his friends, and taking Dickie by the hand, led him away.

It had, by this time, got about that Joshua MacDavid was propagandising certain ideas about brotherhood and equality, not altogether unlike those of the Socialists. True, he never used the exact phraseology and shibboleths of Socialism, or any other "ism" ; but, for that very reason, it occurred to some of the more intelligent members of the party that his original way of saying things, together with his extraordinary personal fascination, might bring new blood, new life to their cause. A deputation called on him, to ask whether they might propose him as candidate in the Labour interest at the next Parliamentary Election. He said that he would think it over and answer them in a few weeks' time.

Next morning he asked the manager of the firm for which he worked whether it would be convenient to his employers that he should take a longer holiday than usual, and take it immediately, as he had some business in the country. It was not a busy time, and Joshua was a workman whom his employers liked to oblige if possible. He left town in a day or two, and spent the next six weeks alone.

When he came back, it soon became obvious that some great change had come over him. What it was that had happened to him, he afterwards told, in his own quaint, vivid fashion, in a conversation to be recorded presently. In plain, prosaic English, this was what had happened : he had passed through what is perhaps the saddest experience that can come to such a man—the self-realisation of genius ; the sudden, vivid perception that what one had supposed to be a normal and ordinary possession of the human race, linking one to all mankind, is, in reality, exceptional, and seems to others anomalous ; that one must accept the position of a ruler where one had only longed to serve.

He refused the candidature, giving as his reason that he did not understand politics, and could not give enough time to the study of the subject to justify him in taking any definite stand on one side or the other. But the careless ease of his simple life had gone for ever ; and he knew that, for the rest of his time on earth, he must stand alone, a king among men. Once only did the bitterness of his soul exhale itself in a passionate cry to his friend John : "None of them come to God except through me !* Why do they call me good ? No partial being can be really good. Nothing is good except the Unity which is God." But after that one outburst he made up his mind, took his stand like a hero, and bent his back to the burden. Whatever he felt of disappointed isolation showed itself only in strange little fanciful touches of inversion of the ordinary relation between himself and his friends ; he would sometimes playfully insist on waiting on his companions at dinner, or go and fetch something wanted for work in the shop, instead of sending an apprentice. Once, a Dean, who had made his acquaintance at Mr. Gamaliel's, thought he was showing great condescension by walking down Regent Street in his company. They passed a girl from a laundry, carrying a basket too heavy for her strength. Without interrupting the conversation, Joshua quietly took one handle of the basket out of her hand so as to share her burden, and walked on beside her. Needless to say, the ecclesiastic very soon discovered that he had business elsewhere ; and disappeared down a side street.

These little touches of apparent eccentricity were not due to any mere desire to be peculiar. Joshua knew his own danger : a passion for intercourse with all sorts and conditions of men. He had hitherto kept it in check ; been chary of accepting advances from men, and especially from women, much above his social rank ; and cautious not to become familiar with persons, especially women, much below it. He was now beginning to indulge freely his taste for a wide variety of companionship ; but he knew how to take precautions to prevent this taste from leading him into dangerous or ambiguous positions. He was very glad to hear what ministers of any denomination had to say ; but he had not the slightest intention of allowing it to appear as if he were specially proud of being patronised by dignitaries of the Church.

One bright Saturday afternoon, Saul, walking in one of the parks, saw Joshua on a seat, sharing a basket of fruit with a young woman whose appearance was showy, and whose profession was very obvious. What she was actually saying, as Saul passed by, was this : "Oh ! Mr. MacDavid, if you only knew what it is to me

*J. Hinton's interpretation.

to share a meal once more with a man who does not think it necessary to remind me of my profession, either to use me or to convert me. It puts me back in the happy old time, when my brother Jim was alive ; and he and I used to take our lunch into the woods. I should never have come to where I am, if Jim had lived. You don't think I have lost Jim for ever, do you ? He seems so near me to-day." But Saul did not hear the words ; he only saw the girl's adoring look into Joshua's face ; and was considerably scandalised. He felt that something must be done to put a stop to such improper proceedings. His first step was to call on Mr. Gamaliel and report what he had seen. Finding, however, that even this was received with the incomprehensible denseness which seemed to possess the rector on the subject of Joshua, Saul next had recourse to Mr. Harrod, vicar of the church where Joshua still occasionally sang the tenor solo in the anthem. Mr. Harrod had long disliked some of Joshua's ways, but had never hitherto found occasion for an actual reprimand. Glad of an opportunity to bring things to a definite issue, he called at Joshua's lodging, and spoke of what he had heard. "I don't for a moment suspect you of anything wrong," said he, "but we have to think of the example. And the lusts of the flesh are insidious, my young friend."

"I suppose you never in your life spoke to one of those girls yourself," said Joshua. "Or is it perchance that your business, when you have spoken to them, has been of a kind that was better transacted behind closed shutters, in a quiet no-thoroughfare, after dark, than in broad daylight, in full view of the Broad Walk?"

The vicar turned scarlet, and did not immediately reply, wondering, for the moment, how much Joshua might know of a certain short episode in his past career. Joshua continued : "You were speaking of lusts of the flesh. The brain is flesh, neither more nor less so than any other part of the body. Its principal lust is the desire for cheap and insincere moral satisfactions, for fancying oneself right with God."

Mr. Harrod, now white with rage, took up his hat and walked out of the house without another word ; and from that time forward Joshua had an implacable enemy. Mr. Harrod's enmity would have been, if possible, even greater than it was, if he had guessed that Joshua had dreaded his friendship ; that the object of his apparent rudeness was to protect himself from the possibility of being drawn into apparent acquiescence in what he felt to be pious humbug.

A man was talking in the club-room one evening about the vicar's pomposity. "But he really means well," said another man ;

"it is only his manner. He is really very virtuous and good according to his lights."

Joshua interposed: "But what if the very light by which a man walks be darkness? It is bad to sacrifice other people to one's vices; but I am not sure it is not quite as bad to sacrifice them to one's virtues."*

One evening a stranger called on Joshua and gave the woman who opened the door his card. Joshua recognised the name: "Professor Glasse," one of the most learned of the new school of science at Oxford.

The Professor began: "I have heard of some strange things that you have found out, which show clearly that you know some secrets of Nature which we at Oxford have not yet discovered. Can you tell me your secret for getting at the bottom of things?"

Joshua replied: "Well, it depends on being born over again every now and then."

"But how can a man be born over again?"

Joshua replied: "An infant has all sorts of possibilities in front of him; he is like the water and the wind, that can take any shape. You cannot see into Nature except when you are fluent and flexible like a baby. You must become so every time, before you can look into the heart of Nature. You cannot do it with your body, of course; your body is solid, and your bones are stiff; but the mind can be fluent if it will. There is nothing at all wonderful in its being born over again.

"You are a stranger to me, and yet I feel that I could tell you, and should like to tell you, something that I have never told anyone yet. I think you would understand.

"The socialists asked me to stand for Parliament—me, who have taken no part in their movement and know nothing about their politics. It gave me the strangest sense of power. So I went off and took a lodging in a lonely cottage up in the Chilterns, to think it over, and try to find out what was happening in me. A series of great visions came sweeping over me—visions of things that I conceivably might have done, and, as to some of them, might yet do. What one does has been fed upon what one might have done and could not; it marks out one's vocation.† If my parents had been well off, I should not now be making violins: as it is, I do make violins; and, as you know, I make them well; that is to say, as human limitations go. I make them better than most people. With that same power I might have done other things. In my vision I saw myself in Parliament, leading the Labour

*J. Hinton.
†F. D. Maurice.

party, and compelling the great ones of the earth to listen to truths which they would not heed before ; gradually becoming a power with which potentates should have to reckon.

"Then the vision changed, and I saw myself a great engineer, defying difficulties, scorning dangers, sure that God would protect me ; making flying machines, finding out how to communicate with the intelligences in Mars.

"But I could never be satisfied unless I felt I was doing something for the poor. The vision changed again. I saw myself a sanitary engineer, solving the problem of sewage farming ; turning the refuse of our big towns on to sand hills and bare rocks, and growing food in abundance where now there is nothing but stone.

"This kind of dreaming sends some people drunk and mad ; it would drive me mad if I thought of it as an inspiration of something that I am to do. But to me it seems more like a revelation of something that is being done somewhere ; in another planet perhaps, or on earth in some future age—(what we call future ; I suppose there is really no such thing as time ; whatever has been, or will be, actually is, in the Eternal). Or perhaps some of it is actually being done, or preparing to be done, by some other man than me ; for we are all really one in the Father ; and perhaps these visions are really messages from someone else's consciousness, which reach one *via* the 'fourth dimension.' Anyway, they have an absolutely devilish effect on a man if he treats them wrongly, or lets them come while he is in a wrong condition for taking them aright. While they are on one, one must not make any decision, take any fresh action, nor even stiffen one's muscles, or take much food. I hardly ate anything for nearly six weeks ; I just sat about, or lay flat on the ground, like a limp rag ; or took very short strolls, and just enjoyed myself.

"I knew I must not do any of the things I saw myself doing. The question was : What was I going to do ? For after seeing all those things, I could never be the same man again. And then, one day, as I was lying among the juniper bushes on the edge of the common, a gust of wind came along, blowing the dust round and round. And then I *saw*. Try to fancy yourself one of a cloud of midges, caught in a whirl."

Joshua drew the diagram of a dust whirl, with its tangents and normals. "See here," said he, "each of these tangents is some man's inspiration, and each of them leads to the devil ; that is to say, to some form of isolation, and out of the main line of progress. Before you can get a revelation, you must be converted from your inspiration and towards the brother of an exactly contrary inspiration, who is inspired to go in the direction most exactly contrary to your

own. That is the one rule for all cases. That is the new birth : the turning of your heart towards the brother that you have been thinking most wrong. God's will is done on earth as it is in the heavens ; by incessant Revolution. There is always one hand that can save you from the devil, that of the brother who fancies he hates you, or whom you fancy you hate. As soon as I saw that clearly, I knew that the revelation had come through. And, oh ! was I not hungry ! I did hardly anything but eat and sleep for two or three days ; and then I was all right again, and fit to come back to work. The landlady, poor soul, had been quite frightened about me while I was in that half trance, and wanted to send for the doctor. She was a real ministering angel to me when I came back to this world again ; I shall never forget her kindness."

"Yours is a grand philosophy," said the Professor ; "simple enough for a child to understand, and sublime enough, one would have thought, to satisfy the heart and conscience of any man. I wonder why we never hear of it at Oxford ; and I wonder why the parsons are so afraid of it ? I suppose you know that you are getting talked of in certain quarters as a dangerous innovator. I wonder why ? It sounds to me as old as Elijah or Moses."

"It is older than the time of Moses. Before Abraham was born, the I AM worked just in the same way. Yes . . . the philosophy is simple enough—till one comes to put it into practice ; then one finds that one is tempted to pull tiny motes out of other people's eyes while there are such big splinters in one's own that one can hardly see one's way about one's own house. Besides, it is terribly hard to put new wine into old bottles ! My own 'polar opposite,' of course, is the narrow priest or parson who thinks his own religious ideas right, and everybody else's all wrong ; and of course I am bound to hold friendly intercourse with him sometimes, and study him, and try to enter into his meaning and motives. I make a point of trying to have a friendly chat with some bigot, whenever I am going to address any fresh set of young people, or poor people, over whom I may gain influence. That is my 'new birth' each time. But I do find it hard to keep my temper with the unco' guid sometimes ; and at times I lash out into saying things that had better not be said. Not that the things are not true enough : Heaven knows, it would be difficult to find words in any dictionary strong enough to express what I feel about the mischief those men are doing ; but they do not understand ; and it only puts their backs up, and shuts their hearts against the truth. For the truth to any man is that which *he* troweth ;* not what some other man says."

*G. Boole.

"They don't understand!" exclaimed Professor Glasse. "No, I should think they do not *understand* indeed! They could climb the hill on which you stand if only they would come down first off their own perch; but that is the one thing which they cannot and dare not do."

"Ah! that is it," replied Joshua. "No man can begin to go up until he has come down. I believe that accounts for all the nonsense that is being talked nowadays about the 'astral plane,' as they call it, and the 'fourth dimension.' The ancients knew that if a man will study flat outlines by a *drop*, by studying a solid figure and then dropping, as it were, to its shadow on a flat surface, he can then start fresh to go up from the flat to the solid. When once they could do *that*, really, truly, accurately, they had the key of the narrow gate at the entrance to the upward path; you can rise from three dimensions to four, from four to five, and on and on as far as you please. That is how Moses and Elijah studied electricity and astronomy, and did what seemed, to the ignorant people around them, like miracles. They *saw* God making the stars move. Now, people insist on studying fourth dimension as if it were a thing in itself; they study it without really understanding the relation between three dimensions and two. So they come upon what they call 'spooks,' and 'shells,' and 'elementals,' and 'astrals'; and are misled by them, of course. Then they think the 'astrals' are real beings! In plain English, they are scared at shadows in three dimensions of shadows in four dimensions of facts in n-dimensions: the shadows, on their own three-dimensional consciousness, of n-dimensional possibilities!"

The lamp was throwing into a corner of the room a distorted shadow of a vase which stood on the table: a vase of beautiful design though carried out in homely pottery. Joshua got up and fetched a sheet of white cardboard which he held in various positions till the outline of the shadow corresponded fairly well with the contour of the vase. "Yes," he said thoughtfully, "the shadows on their own consciousness of their own higher possibilities."

"I wonder," said the Professor, "why there is so much muddle made about all this subject. I believe it is because people insist on trying to make out that we are all creatures of one species.* Nature is differentiating out species just as fast since the fixing of a common muscular structure and common vocal organs as before. The problem is to arrange a symbiology, like that of cats with dogs in a

*The reader is requested to notice that the authoress is not propagandising any special doctrine, either in science or religion; but offering to him (or her) a picture of some problems which are actually rising on the horizon of scientific discussion, in the hope that, when these problems are brought before the public, readers may not be taken by surprise.

well ordered home. It would surely be quite possible to hit out some rational *modus vivendi* : the animals do it, why cannot we ? See how friendly a horse and dog can be in a stable. I have known a dog nurse and pet a kitten, let her warm herself in his shaggy hair and go to sleep in his arms. I have known a cat and a dog combine to bring up a motherless chicken. What is the matter with us that we cannot symbiologise ? I suppose the cessation of muscular differentiation creates a great difficulty. Fertile marriage across the species barrier is not physically impossible, though it is, in my opinion, a crime. There is enormous psychic attraction across the barrier ; and young people do not understand the meaning of it and think they are 'in love' as they call it. So children are born with a distracted nervous system and subjected to a distracting education."

"Yes," said Joshua, "and on top of that comes the lust of man for proselytising ; for imposing on other people, especially young people, as a model for them, his own spiritual experience. There can be no peace as long as any one presumes to impose on others any other ethical code than the *necessary rules for facilitating symbiology*. How could the creatures live at peace, if the dog told the cat it was wicked to climb a tree lest she should lead puppies to follow her bad example ? Or if a dog were made to believe it his duty to sleep standing on all fours because the horse does so ? They would get so nervously distracted that they would have to revert to the life of wild beasts, flying at each other's throats, in sheer absolute need of a relief to the pressure on their nerves of an abnormal life. Train up a child in the way *he* should go, and not in the way a creature of another species should go ; then, when he is old, he will not depart from it."*

"Is it true that you have had only a primary school education ? that you have never been to college ?" asked the Professor.

"No," replied Joshua, "that is not so. I have been attending Nature's own university extension lessons all my life. Knowledge develops like a tree ; that is not mere metaphor, it is essential, vital truth. To understand, one must study things with the idea always present at the back of one's mind that they are twigs of one tree. That tree is not a mere symbol ; it is natural notation.

"Then there is the serpent who coils in the tree and offers its fruit—to men, who dare not eat it because they go to college and are system-ridden ; and to women, who do dare. Even now, with all the apparatus at South Kensington at our service, there is nothing so useful to make one understand things as watching a snake passing from a flat coiled spiral to a three-dimensional one,

*J. Hinton.

and sinking back again. I have never seen one do so without trembling with awe at what he was revealing. I have a friend, a Fellow of the Zoological Society, who gives me Sunday tickets, and I stand in the snake-house, sometimes for hours, watching the serpents. Moses, the great Hebrew Liberator, in days when few could read, told people that the forked branch of the Tree of Knowledge was the way out of all difficulties, and the coiled serpent was the cure of all diseases. I do not wonder the stupid people made a god of the fixed snake which he had set up as a reminder of the living, moving one. *That* had to be smashed, of course. It is the living, palpitating snake that cures ! Those who compiled the Books of the Liberation did wisely to start with a good sample of the rubbish with which the Nineveh priests, in the pay of tyrants, deluded the people in order to prevent their daring to learn properly."

"Ah ! so *that* was the meaning of the serpent mystery ?"

"Not that alone. Many snakes can kill. Only think of the infernal cunning of those old priests ; they traded on the people's natural dread of poisonous snakes. Picture to yourself a woman whose child had been killed by a serpent, coming upon learned men lost in adoring contemplation of a great snake in the act of rising from his flat coils ! To her they would seem to be worshipping a cruel mysterious power. Ah ! when shall we restore to the masses the use of their faculties so long benumbed by fear !"

"Wiser than the teachers, because I have observed Thy testimonies ! Well, thank you, Mr. MacDavid ; you have given me something to think of. I wonder how long it will be before anyone at Cambridge or Oxford knows as much as you do ? May I come and see you again some day ?"

And the Professor took his leave.

On his next visit to his old *alma mater*, Mr. Harrod heard that Professor Glasse was talking of an artisan whom he had met in London, who had told him more about his own business than he had ever heard or dreamed of before.

"That infernal MacDavid again !" said Mr. Harrod to himself. What was the world coming to, if Oxford Dons were going to foregather with men like that—reprobate, upstart, revolutionary, infidel, materialist, blasphemer ? His hatred to Joshua, bitter enough before, became exasperated to frenzy.

There is little more to tell about the life of Joshua MacDavid. "Crucifying and burning were merciful inventions, compared to what is being done now in the name of religion and morals"—so said, in 1865, a medical man* who had had large experience of

*Dr. Barter, St. Ann's, Cork.

diseases brought on by worry. Joshua had a keen intelligence, a sensitive conscience, great insight, a passionately tender nature, the soul of an artist, and, as we have seen, a weak heart.

Not long before the end he invited to supper a few of his most intimate friends. As they were depressed by the last report of the medical man, he tried to cheer them. "Come, come," said he, "I do not like this. It will be better for you when I am gone ; then you will learn to see God for yourselves." Then he reverted once more to his old quaint fancy of the grapes and the corn, as they became ripe, taking on colour in order to attract eaters. "They love to be crushed in the service of the higher evolution," said he "Come, let me pour you out a glass of wine each" ; and he went round the table, imitating the action of a servant or waiter. "You will remember me sometimes when you have supper together. And trust me, I shall be there."

Just before the end Joshua asked to see Mr. Harrod. On receiving his message, the vicar went at once to Joshua's lodging, full of pious zeal and joy, thinking that he was to receive a penitent recantation of past errors. But the dying man had nothing of that sort to say ; he only wished to shake hands and say a friendly farewell. The poor vicar was horribly shocked. In an eloquent sermon preached on the Sunday after the funeral, he pointed out the awful dangers of infidel opinions and intellectual pride ; but charitably hoped that "our unhappy brother, now gone to give account of his words before the judgment seat of God, might, after all, have repented at the eleventh hour."

"What a grand sermon our dear vicar preached on Sunday !" said a young district-visitor to an old woman from the West Country, who had somehow drifted into an almshouse near the church.

"Yes, my dear," replied the old dame. "Master Harrod be a uncommon vine man to preach. He's preaching be vine talk. He'd be preaching a long while afore he'd run all down street arter I, to gie I his arm in the frost, or hold his umberellar over I in the rain, same as poor Mr. MacDavid did use to do. That ud do I a vine sight more good nor all he's talk, and *that* it ood,"* she concluded, with the emphatic West Country snap in her voice.

"But," . . . said the puzzled girl, in a low tone, "Mr. MacDavid was an infidel ; he did not believe in any religion."

"No, my dear," assented the old woman, "he didn't *believe* in religion, he *practised* it."

Before many months had passed, the poor vicar began to wonder what had come to that nice girl, Janet Evans. She still came to

*Said by an old woman at Wickwar, Gloucestershire.

church, and was always in her place in the choir ; she went regularly to the almshouses which constituted her "district." But she was, somehow, different. The vicar did not say to himself that she made her admiration of himself less evident ; but he wondered whether she had, by any chance, "got hold of any of that poisonous stuff they call science nowadays."

Mr. Gamaliel found, in Joshua's desk, a book of extracts from various authors, ancient and modern. The last but one was from Kirke White's "Ode to Disappointment" :

> "Come, disappointment, come !
> Not in thy terrors clad ;
> Come in thy sweetest, saddest guise ;
> Thy chastening rod but terrifies
> The restless and the bad.
> But I recline beneath thy shrine,
> And round my brow resigned,
> Thy peaceful cypress twine."

The last was a sentence which someone had quoted to him from the unpublished MSS. of T. Wedgwood ; the last perhaps that Wedgwood ever wrote :

"How animating is the thought that if, by the labour of my life, I can add one idea to the stock of those concerning education, my life has been well spent."

There was also in the desk a remarkable poem headed "Failure," by Joshua himself, the last verse of which Mr. Gamaliel ordered to be carved on a memorial tablet, which the workmen at the violin factory put up in his church :

> "What is in man and Nature,
> Failure alone can show :
> What men at least call failure ;
> What God calls it I do not know."*

But Joshua's friends knew very well that he did know. Agnosticism was an element in the shy, tender fun which formed the romance of Joshua's life ; it took the place in his life drama which love affairs do in an ordinary novel. He played bo-peep with the Father, as, thirty years before, he had played it with his mother, wrapping her apron round his head and pretending to himself that he could not find her, or that she could not find him. Ever since his first interview with Mr. Gamaliel, he had taken his relation with human beings far too seriously to be able to toy with them. Youth must play with something. To a young man in Joshua's

*From a poem by Katherine Collins, authoress of *A Modern Reading of St. Francis of Assisi.*

condition of mind, agnosticism* is a necessary relief to the nervous system too constantly overcharged with spiritual electricity, and to eyes dazzled with excess of light. He had that anointing from the Holy One which confers, on those who do not know, the potential knowledge of all things ; the power of finding out whatever, just at the moment, it concerns them to know ; the chrism which gives to blind eyes the power of seeing in the dark.

To his most familiar associates his death was a sorrow of the same kind as his fits of agnosticism had been to himself, *i.e.*, the funeral march in a great dramatic symphony.

But on many who knew him less well, the news of his death fell as an overwhelming grief. One such was Stephen Waley. He had seen comparatively little of Joshua, not being much in London ; but he had always retained a profound reverence and affection for the friend who had rescued him from the clutches of the alcohol fiend. He had become partner of an uncle who was head of a large engineering works in one of the midland towns ; and was much respected and beloved by the workpeople, and indeed by most other people in the town, except the other manufacturers, who thought his ways dangerous and subversive. One of them, for instance, had built a model village in one of the suburbs, which had its own school, church, dispensary, library, museum, and park. All the young employees of the firm were expected to live in the village, and conform to its admirable rules. The residents were very well cared for ; and the least they could do in return was to cultivate an *esprit de corps*, and (quite incidentally of course) help to advertise their master. If Stephen Waley wanted to be philanthropic, why could he not do something of the same kind, instead of setting the dangerous example of encouraging the men to live like free-thinkers and independent citizens ?

A year after Joshua's death, Stephen Waley was proposed to stand in a bye-election for the town in which he lived.

Mr. Harrod was, of course, righteously indignant. Waley was known to have imbibed the doctrines of the socialist blasphemer, MacDavid ; Mr. Harrod had connections in the town, and a certain amount of influence ; and if anything he could do could prevent Waley being elected, he should never forgive himself if he omitted to do it. Knowing that Saul had a good capacity for organisation, considerable eloquence, and indefatigable zeal, he invited the young man to accompany him on his political crusade in defence of Church, State, and the proprieties generally. Saul felt that he had no option but to go ; it was a matter of conscience. Saul never acted against his conscience. (This, let us say in paren-

*"Agnosticism is a form of Asceticism."—J. Hinton.

thesis, was magnanimous on his part; for his conscience often acted against him, against his true judgment, his heart, his better self, his health, his commonsense, and his spiritual wellbeing.)

There is no need to enter into the details of the election; Stephen Waley was defeated. Mr. Harrod was righteously triumphant, and Saul felt that he had earned the reward of a good conscience.

As he sat at breakfast on the morning after the election, Saul was surprised by a visit from Stephen Waley.

"I have come," said he, "to ask you a great favour; it is that you will be so good as to shake hands with me."

Seeing Saul's look of astonishment, Mr. Waley continued: "I had the honour of a personal acquaintance with Joshua MacDavid, of whom I suppose you have heard. He once said to me: 'Whatever you do before or during a fight, take care to shake hands with your enemy when the fight is over.' Now I cannot call my political opponents in this town enemies; they are only as it were, trade rivals; they had reasons for wishing to get their man in, as my supporters had reasons for wishing to get me in. But I could not help perceiving that the interest which Mr. Harrod and you took in the election was due to anxiety, not to get the other man in, but to keep me out. You two are really my enemies. Therefore I called on Mr. Harrod just now, but could not see him. So I have come to ask you to shake hands with me on his behalf and your own. It is a small matter to lose one's election; give and take, win and lose, each is right in its turn; they all form part of the great game of life; it really does not signify much which side wins, provided that we all play fair; and I know you feel as sure that your side is right as I do that my side is right. But it would be a serious matter to me if I had to carry about on my heart the thought that I had disregarded a request of Joshua MacDavid."

Too bewildered to speak, Saul held out his hand. Stephen took it, and, laying his left hand over it, said, "Thank you, and God bless you," and then went quietly away.

In the railway carriage on the way home Saul suddenly fainted; and, not having recovered consciousness by the time the train reached the next town, was lifted out and carried to a hospital.

Next day he told the doctors the story of his fainting fit, with his usual uncompromising directness. He had seen a blinding flash of light, and heard, as plainly as he had ever heard anything in his life, a man whom he had once known, and who had been dead a year, say, "Saul, Saul, why are you so jealous of me?" He remembered nothing that had happened after that, till he found himself in bed with the doctor standing over him.

"That is a clear case of hystero-epilepsy, I suppose, sir? and a

pretty bad one, isn't it ?" said the young resident to the physician, as they came out of the ward.

"Ye—es," replied the senior hesitatingly, "that is all right as diagnosis. Nomenclature, after all, is classification, but is not explanation. Perhaps our profession might get a little 'forrader' if we remember that hystero-epilepsy is—that."

As soon as he was allowed to travel to London Saul went to see Roland Gamaliel.

Rituals are object lessons, dramatic rehearsals ; they keep us reminded of great truths which we might otherwise forget or ignore. Confession and absolution form part of the great repertoire of the Catholic drama ; they took place in reality that day in Roland Gamaliel's study.

So Saul was converted. He became an extremely good man, and went about preaching Joshua's special sayings as if no other way than his of presenting truth could be true ; trying, in fact to enshrine Joshua on the altar of the As-Yet-Unknown, the last place in the world that Joshua would have wished to occupy. Saul would sometimes exclaim :

"There is only one name under heaven by which men can be saved, that of Joshua whom I have hated"—which, as far as he himself was concerned, was literally true, and a simple outcome of Joshua's teaching. But before one can generalise from the particular instance, one must make sure that the instance one takes as premiss expresses a general Law of Thought, not an accident of the nerves.

Saul's body lies in a nameless grave. By his own wish, expressed on the last day of his life to Roland Gamaliel, the only words carved on the stone which marks it are these :—"May the Misunderstood One forgive and bless."

PHILOSOPHY AND FUN OF ALGEBRA

These papers appeared in "The Crank" of 1907 *and "The Open Road" of* 1907 *and* 1908. *They were published as a book in* 1909.

ONE main object of this book is to protect future citizens from fraud by accustoming them early to detect the difference between :

(a) Commercial Algebra : The Calculus of Numbers, Quantities, and Token-Values ; which is useful in every honest business and can be audited by any chartered accountant.

(b) Communal or Electrician's Algebra : The Calculus of Motion, Tendency and Mental Operation ; which is useful to all who have to study the action of Living Forces, and which is automatically audited by the immediate response, or lack of response, of fact to human prediction.

(c) Swindler's Algebra : A subtle compound of the other two ; the use of which is to enable the student to pass examinations which ought to exclude him ; to thrust himself into educational systems which he is unfit to profit by ; to obtain posts the duties of which he cannot perform ; to cheat the public by getting up bubble companies ; and to live in luxury on the fruits of other people's suffering and toil. It escapes all auditing until it is audited by national disaster.

TO BASIL AND MARGARET

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

A young monkey named Genius picked a green walnut, and bit, through a bitter rind, down into a hard shell. He then threw the walnut away, saying : "How stupid people are ! They told me walnuts are good to eat."

His grandmother, whose name was Wisdom, picked up the walnut—peeled off the rind with her fingers, cracked the shell, and shared the kernel with her grandson, saying : "Those get on best in life who do not trust to first impressions."

In some old books the story is told differently ; the grandmother is called Mrs. Cunning-Greed, and she eats all the kernel herself. Fables about the Cunning-Greed family are written to make children laugh. It is good for you to laugh ; it makes you

grow strong, and gives you the habit of understanding jokes and not being made miserable by them. But take care not to believe such fables; because, if you believe them, they give you bad dreams.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

January 1909.

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CHAPTER I

FROM ARITHMETIC TO ALGEBRA

ARITHMETIC means dealing logically with facts which we know (about questions of number).

"Logically"; that is to say, in accordance with the "Logos" or hidden wisdom, *i.e.*, the laws of normal action of the human mind.

For instance, you are asked what will have to be paid for six pounds of sugar at 3d. a pound. You multiply the six by the three. That is not because of any property of sugar, or of the copper of which the pennies are made. You would have done the same if the thing bought had been starch or apples. You would have done just the same if the material had been tea at 3s. a pound. Moreover, you would have done just the same *kind* of action if you had been asked the price of seven pounds of tea at 2s. a pound. You do what you do under direction of the Logos or hidden wisdom. And this law of the Logos is made not by any King or Parliament, but by whoever or whatever created the human mind. Suppose that any Parliament passed an act that all the children in the kingdom were to divide the price by the number of pounds; the Parliament could not make the answer come right. The only

result of a foolish Act of Parliament like that would be that everybody's sums would go wrong, and everybody's accounts be in confusion, and everybody would wonder why the trade of the country was going to the bad.

In former times there were kings and emperors quite stupid enough to pass Acts like that, but governments have grown wiser by experience and found out that, as far as arithmetic goes, there is no use in ordering people to go contrary to the laws of the Logos, because the Logos has the whip hand, and knows its own business, and is master of the situation. Therefore children now are allowed to study the laws of the Logos, whenever the business on hand is finding out how much they are to pay in a shop.

Sometimes your teachers set you more complicated problems than :What is the price of six pounds of sugar ? For instance : In what proportion must one mix tea bought at 1s. 4d. a pound with tea bought at 1s. 10d. a pound so as to make 5 per cent. profit by selling the mixture at 1s. 9d. a pound ?

Arithmetic, then, means dealing logically with certain facts that we know, about number, with a view to arriving at knowledge which as yet we do not possess.

When people had only arithmetic and not algebra, they found out a surprising amount of things about numbers and quantities. But there remained problems which they very much needed to solve and could not. They had to guess the answer ; and, of course, they usually guessed wrong. And I am inclined to think they disagreed. Each person, of course, thought his own guess was nearest to the truth. Probably they quarrelled, and got nervous and overstrained and miserable, and said things which hurt the feelings of their friends, and which they saw afterwards they had better not have said—things which threw no light on the problem, and only upset everybody's mind more than ever. I was not there, so I cannot tell you exactly what happened ; but quarrelling and disagreeing and nerve-strain always do go on in such cases.

At last (at least I should suppose this is what happened) some man, or perhaps some woman, suddenly said : "How stupid we've all been ! We have been dealing logically with all the facts we knew about this problem, except the most important fact of all, the fact of our own ignorance. Let us include that among the facts we have to be logical about, and see where we get to then. In this problem, besides the numbers which we do know, there is one which we do not know, and which we want to know. Instead of guessing whether we are to call it nine, or seven, or a hundred and twenty, or a thousand and fifty, let us agree to call it x, and

let us always remember that x stands for the Unknown. Let us write x in among all our other numbers, and deal logically with it according to exactly the same laws as we deal with six, or nine, or a hundred, or a thousand."

As soon as this method was adopted, many difficulties which had been puzzling everybody fell to pieces like a Rupert's drop when you nip its tail, or disappeared like bats when the sun rises. Nobody knew where they had gone to, and I should think that nobody cared. The main fact was that they were no longer there to puzzle people.

A little girl was once saying the Evening Hymn to me, "May no ill dreams disturb my rest, No powers of darkness me molest." I asked if she knew what *Powers of Darkness* meant. She said, "The wolves which I cannot help fancying are under my bed when all the time I know they are not there. They must be the Powers of Darkness, because they go away when the light comes."

Now that is exactly what happened when people left off disputing about what they did not know, and began to deal logically with the fact of their own ignorance. This method of solving problems by honest confession of one's ignorance is called Algebra.*

The name Algebra is made up of two Arabic words.

The science of Algebra came into Europe through Arabs, and therefore is called by its Arabic name. But it is believed to have been known in India before the Arabs got hold of it.

Any fact which we know or have been told about our problem is called a datum. The number of pounds of sugar we are to buy is one datum ; the price per pound is another.

The plural of datum is data. It is a good plan to write all one's data on one column or page of the paper and work one's sum on the other. This leaves the first column clear for adding to one's data if one finds out any fresh one.

CHAPTER II

THE MAKING OF ALGEBRAS

THE Arabs had some cousins who lived not far off from Arabia and who called themselves Hebrews. A taste for Algebra seems to have run in the family. Three Algebras grew up among the Hebrews ; I should think they are the grandest and most useful that ever were heard of or dreamed of on earth.

One of them has been worked into the roots of all our science ;

* *See* Appendix.

the second is much discussed among persons who have leisure to be very learned. The third has hardly yet begun to be used or understood in Europe; learned men are only just beginning to think about what it really means. All children ought to know about at least the first of these.

But, before we begin to talk about the Hebrew Algebras, there are two or three things that we must be quite clear about.

Many people think that it is impossible to make Algebra about anything except number. This is a complete mistake. We make an Algebra whenever we arrange facts that we know round a centre which is a statement of what it is that we want to know and do not know; and then proceed to deal logically with all the statements, including the statement of our own ignorance.

Algebra can be made about anything which any human being wants to know about. Everybody ought to be able to make Algebras; and the sooner we begin the better. It is best to begin before we can talk; because, until we can talk, no one can get us into illogical habits; and it is advisable that good logic should get the start of bad.

If you have a baby brother, it would be a nice amusement for you to teach him to make Algebra when he is about ten months or a year old. And now I will tell you how to do it.

Sometimes a baby, when it sees a bright metal teapot, laughs and crows and wants to play with the baby reflected in the metal. It has learned, by what is called "empirical experience," that tea-pots are nice cool things to handle. Another baby, when it sees a bright tea-pot, turns its head away and screams, and will not be pacified while the tea-pot is near. It has learned, by empirical experience, that tea-pots are nasty boiling hot things which burn one's fingers.

Now you will observe that both these babies have learnt by experience. Some people say that experience is the mother of Wisdom; but you see that both babies cannot be right; and, as a matter of fact, both are wrong. If they could talk, they might argue and quarrel for years; and vote; and write in the newspapers; and waste their own time and other people's money; each trying to prove he was right. But there is no wisdom to be got in that way. What a wise baby knows is that he *cannot tell* by the mere look of a tea-pot, whether it is hot or cold. The fact that is most prominent in his mind when he sees a teapot is the fact that *he does not know* whether it is hot or cold. He puts that fact along with the other fact: that he would very much like to play with the picture in the tea-pot supposing it would not burn his fingers; and he deals logically with both these facts; and

comes to the wise conclusion that it would be best to go very cautiously and find out whether the tea-pot is hot, by putting his fingers near, but not too near. That baby has begun his mathematical studies ; and begun them at the right end. He has made an Algebra for himself. And the best wish one can make for his future is that he will go on doing the same for the rest of his life.

Perhaps the best way of teaching a baby Algebra would be to get him thoroughly accustomed to playing with a bright vessel of some kind when cold ; then put it and another just like it on the table in front of him, one being filled with hot water. Let him play with the cold one ; and show him that you do not wish him to play with the other. When he persists, as he probably will, let him find out for himself that the two things which look so alike have not exactly the same properties. Of course, you must take care that he does not hurt himself seriously.

CHAPTER III

SIMULTANEOUS PROBLEMS

It often happens that two or three problems are so entangled up together that it seems impossible to solve any one of them until the others have been solved. For instance, we might get out three answers of this kind :—

x equals half of y ;
y equals twice x ;
z equals x multiplied by y.

The value of each depends on the value of the others.

When we get into a predicament of this kind, three courses are open to us.

We can begin to make slap-dash guesses, and each argue to prove that his guess is the right one ; and go on quarrelling ; and so on ; as I described people doing about arithmetic before Algebra was invented.

Or we might write down something of this kind :

The values cannot be known. There is no answer to our problem.

We might write :

x is the unknowable ;
y is non-existent ;
z is imaginary.

and accept those as answers and give them forth to the world with all the authority which is given by big print, wide margins, a handsome binding, and a publisher in a large way of business; and so make a great many foolish people believe we are very wise.

Some people call this way of settling things Philosophy; others call it arrogant conceit. Whatever it is, it is not Algebra. The Algebra way of managing is this:

We say: Suppose that x were Unity (1); what would become of y and z? Then we write out our problem as before; only that, wherever there was x, we now write 1.

If the result of doing so is to bring out some such ridiculous answer as "2 and 3 make 7," we then know that x cannot be 1. We now add to our column of data, "x cannot be 1."

But if we come to a truism, such as "2 and 3 make 5," we add to our column of data, "x may be 1." Some people add to their column of data, "x *is* 1," but that again is not Algebra.

Next we try the experiment of supposing x to be equal to zero (0), and go over the ground again.

Then we go over the same ground, trying y as 1 and as 0.

And then we try the same with z.

Some people think that it is waste of time to go over all this ground so carefully, when all you get by it is either nonsense, such as "2 and 3 are 7"; or truisms, such as "2 and 3 are 5." But it is not waste of time. For, even if we never arrive at finding out the value of x, or y, or z, every conscientious attempt such as I have described adds to our knowledge of the structure of Algebra, and assists us in solving other problems.

Such suggestions as "suppose x were Unity" are called "working hypotheses," or "hypothetical data." In Algebra we are very careful to distinguish clearly between actual data and hypothetical data.

This is only part of the essence of Algebra, which, as I told you, consists in preserving a constant, reverent, and conscientious awareness of our own ignorance.

When we have exhausted all the possible hypotheses connected with Unity and Zero, we next begin to experiment with other values of x; *e.g.*—suppose x were 2, suppose x were 3, suppose it were 4. Then, suppose it were one half, or one and a half, and so on, registering among our data, each time, either "x may be so and so," or "x cannot be so and so."

The method of finding out what x cannot be, by showing that certain suppositions or hypotheses lead to a ridiculous statement, is called the method of *reductio ad absurdum*. It is largely used by Euclid.

CHAPTER IV

PARTIAL SOLUTIONS AND THE PROVISIONAL ELIMINATION OF ELEMENTS OF COMPLEXITY

SUPPOSE that we never find out for certain whether x is unity or zero or something else, we then begin to experiment in a different direction. We try to find out which of the hypothetical values of x throw some light on other questions, and if we find that some particular value of x—for instance, unity—makes it easier than does any other value to understand things about y and z, we have to be very careful not to slip into asserting that x *is* unity. But the teacher would be quite right in saying to the class, "For the present we will leave alone thinking about what would happen if x were something different from unity, and attend only to such questions as can be solved on the supposition that x is unity." This is what is called in Algebra "provisional elimination of some elements of complexity."

It might happen that one of the older pupils, specially clever at mathematics, but not very well disciplined, should start some point connected with the supposition that x is something different from unity. It would be the teacher's business to remind her: "At present we are dealing with the supposition that x *is* unity. When we have exhausted that subject we will investigate your question. But, till then, please do not distract the attention of the class by talking about what is not the business on hand at present."

If the girl forgot, the teacher might say: "I should very much like you to try your own suggestion in private, but please do not talk about it in class till I give you leave."

If she forgot again, the teacher might say—I think I should be inclined to say: "If you cannot remember not to distract the class by talking about what is irrelevant to the business on hand, I shall have to request you to keep outside my class-room till you can."

In an orderly school the teachers have time to be polite, and it is their business to set the example of being so. In history, especially such history as that of half-civilised countries 3,000 years ago, teachers were under too much strain to cultivate either a polite *manner* of saying things, or, what is of far more consequence, that genuine intellectual courtesy which is the absolutely necessary condition for the development of any really perfect mathematical system. The great Hebrew Algebra, therefore, never became quite perfect. It was only rough hewn, so to speak; and its manners

and customs were rough too. The teachers had ways of saying, "Hold your tongue, or else go out of my class-room," which perhaps we should now call bigoted and brutal. But what I want you to notice is that, "Hold your tongue, or get out of my class-room," is not the same thing as, "My hypothesis is right, and yours ought not to be tried anywhere."

This latter is contrary to the essential basis of Algebra, viz., a recognition of one's own ignorance.

The other, a rough way of saying, "Get out of my class-room," is only contrary to that fine intellectual courtesy which is essential to the *perfection* of mathematical method.

CHAPTER V

MATHEMATICAL CERTAINTY AND REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

It is very often said that we cannot have mathematical certainty about anything, except a few special subjects, such as number, or quantity, or dimensions.

Mathematical certainty depends, not on the subject matter of our investigation, but upon three conditions. The first is a constant recognition of the limits of our own knowledge and the fact of our own ignorance. The second is reverence for the As-Yet-Unknown. The third is absolute fearlessness in meeting the *reductio ad absurdum*. In mathematics we are always delighted when we come to any such conclusion as $2+3=7$. We feel that we have absolutely cleared out of the way one among the several possible hypotheses, and are ready to try another.

We may be still groping in the dark, but we know that one stumbling-block has been cleared out of our path, and that we are one step "forrader" on the right road. We wish to arrive at truth about the state of our balance sheet, the number of acres in our farm, the time it will take us to get from London to Liverpool, the height of Snowdon, the distance of the moon, and the weight of the sun. We have no desire to deceive ourselves upon any of these points, and therefore we have no superstitious shrinking from the rigid *reductio ad absurdum*. On some other subjects people do wish to be deceived. They dislike the operation of correcting the hypothetical data which they have taken as basis. Therefore, when they begin to see looming ahead some such ridiculous result as $2+3=7$, they shrink into themselves and try to find some process of twisting the logic, and tinkering the equation, which

will make the answer come out a truism instead of an absurdity ; and then they say, "Our hypothetical premiss is most likely true because the conclusion to which it brings us is obviously and indisputably true."

If anyone points out that there seems to be a flaw in the argument, they say, "You cannot expect to get mathematical certainty in this world," or, "You must not push logic too far," or, "Everything is more or less compromise," and so on.

Of course, there is no mathematical certainty to be had on those terms. You could have no mathematical certainty about the amount you owed your grocer if you tinkered the process of adding up his bill. I wish to call your attention to the fact that *even in this world* there is a good deal of mathematical certainty to be had by whosoever has endless patience, scrupulous accuracy in stating his own ignorance, reverence for the As-Yet-Unknown, and perfect fearlessness in meeting the *reductio ad absurdum.*

CHAPTER VI

THE FIRST HEBREW ALGEBRA

THE first Hebrew algebra is called Mosaism, from the name of Moses the Liberator, who was its great Incarnation, or Singular Solution. It ought hardly to be called *an* algebra : it is the master-key of all algebras, the great central director for all who wish to learn how to get into right relations to the unknown, so that they can make algebras for themselves. Its great keynotes are these :

When you do not know something, and wish to know it, state that you do not know it, and keep that fact well in front of you.

When you make a provisional hypothesis, state that it is so, and keep that fact well in front of you.

While you are trying out that provisional hypothesis, do not allow yourself to think, or other people to talk to you, about any other hypothesis.

Always remember that the use of algebra is to *free people from bondage.* For instance, in the case of number : Children do their numeration, their "carrying," in tens, because primitive man had nothing to do sums with but his ten fingers.

Many children grow superstitious, and think that you cannot carry except in tens ; or that it is wrong to carry in anything but tens. The use of algebra is to free them from bondage to all this

superstitious nonsense, and help them to see that the numbers would come just as right if we carried in eights or twelves or twenties. It is a little difficult to do this at first, because we are not accustomed to it ; but algebra helps to get over our stiffness and set habits and to do numeration on any basis that suits the matter we are dealing with.

Of course, we have to be careful not to mix two numerations. If we are working a sum in tens, we must go on working in tens to the end of that sum.

Never let yourself get fixed ideas that numbers (or anything else that you are working at) will not come right unless your sum is set or shaped in a particular way. Have a way in which you usually do a particular kind of sum, but do not let it haunt you.

You may some day become a teacher. If ever you are teaching a class how to set down a sum or an equation, say, "This is my way," or, "This is the way which I think you will find most convenient," or "This is the way in which the Government Inspector requires you to do the sums at present, and therefore you must learn it." But do not take in vain the names of great unseen powers to back up either your own limitations, or your own authority, or the Inspector's authority. Never say, or imply, "Arithmetic requires you to do this ; your sum will come wrong if you do it differently." Remember that arithmetic requires nothing from you except absolute honesty and patient work. You get no blessing from the Unseen Powers of Number by slipshod statements used to make your own path easy.

Be very accurate and plodding during your hours of work, but take care not to go on too long at a time doing mere drudgery. At certain times give yourself a full stretch of body and mind by going to the boundless fairyland of your subject. Think how the great mathematicians can weigh the earth and measure the stars, and reveal the laws of the universe ; and tell yourself that it is all one science, and that you are one of the servants of it, quite as much as ever Pythagoras or Newton was.

Never be satisfied with being up-to-date. Think, in your slack time, of how people before you did things. While you are at school my little book, *Logic of Arithmetic*, will help you to find out many things about your ancestors which may amuse and interest you ; but, as soon as you leave school and choose your own reading, take care to read up the histories of the struggles and difficulties of the people who formerly dealt with your own subject (whatever that may be).

If you find the whole of the data too complicated to deal with, and judge that it is necessary to eliminate one or more of them, in

order to reduce your material within the compass of your own power to manage, do it as a *provisional* necessity.

Take care to register the fact that you have done so, and to arrange your mind, from the first, on the understanding that the eliminated data will have to come back. Forget them during the working out of your experimental equation ; but never give way to the feeling that they are got rid of and done with.

Be very careful not to disturb other people's relationships to each other. For instance, if a teacher is explaining something to another pupil, never speak till she has done. Beware of the sentimental craving to be "in it." Any studying-group profits by right working relations being set up between any two members ; and ultimately each member profits. The whole group suffers from any distraction between any two. Therefore listen and learn what you can ; but never disturb or distract.*

Take care not to become a parasite ; do not lazily appropriate the results of other people's labour, but learn and labour truly to get your own living. Take care that everything you possess, whether physical, mental, or spiritual, shall be the result of your own toil as well as other people's ; and remember that you are bound to pay, in some shape or way, everyone who helps you.

Do not make things easy for yourself by speaking or thinking of data as if they were different from what they are ; and do not go off from facing data as they are, to amuse your imagination by wishing they were different from what they are. Such wishing is pure waste of nerve force, weakens your intellectual power, and gets you into habits of mental confusion.

When the time comes to stop grind-work, there is no better rest than amusing your imagination by thinking of non-existent possibilities ; but do it on a free, generous scale. Give yourself a perfectly free rein in the company of the Infinite. During such exercise of the imagination, remember that you are in the company of the Infinite, and are not dealing with, or tinkering at, the problem on your paper.

Keep always at hand, clearly written out, a good standard selection of the most important formulæ—Arithmetical, Algebraic, Geometric, and Trigonometrical, and accustom yourself to test your results by referring to it.

These are the main laws of mathematical self-guidance. Once upon a time "Moses" projected them on to the magic-lantern screen of legislation. In that form they are known as the Ten Commandments ; or, to change the metaphors, we might call

*D. Marks bases the Seventh Commandment on the desirability of not distracting existing relations.

the Ten Commandments the outer skin of the mathematical body.

A great many people seem to suppose that, though everyone ought to keep the Ten Commandments, it does not matter what happens to one's mind. Just so, there are people who live unhealthy lives, and think they can make all right by putting cosmetics on their skin. But I hope you have learned in the hygiene class how stupid and futile all that is. The way to have a healthy skin is to grow it, by leading a hygienic life on a moderate allowance of pure wholesome food, and taking a proper amount of exercise in pure fresh air. People who do that with their minds *grow* the Ten Commandments naturally, just as Moses grew them. The world has been trying the other plan—bad food and air inside, and cosmetics outside—for at least 4 000 years ; and not much seems to have come of it yet. The Ten Commandments have not yet succeeded in getting themselves kept. Perhaps that is why some schoolmasters and mistresses think they would like to try the other plan now. Still, it is very good to have a normal model of what a healthy human being ought to look like outside. It is good to have a standard for reference. Therefore do not get too much immersed in the mere details of your own problems. Learn the Ten Commandments and a few other old standard formularies by heart, and repeat them every now and then. And say to yourself, "If I really am doing my algebra quite rightly, *this* (the standard formularies) is how I shall think and feel and wish. I shall wish to behave thus, not because anybody ordered me to do so, but from sheer liking and sense of the general fitness of things."

CHAPTER VII

HOW TO CHOOSE OUR HYPOTHESIS

THE faculties by means of which we get our positive data are called the senses (sight, hearing, etc.).

The faculty by means of which we get our hypothetical data is called the Imagination.

Some persons are prone to warn young people against what they call an excessive exercise of the imagination. Of course, to say that "excessive" anything is too much is a mere truism, but nobody knows yet what is the proper amount of use for the imagination. What we do know is that there is a good deal of excessive mis-use of the imagination, by which I mean that there is a frightful amount of using it contrary to the laws of its normal action. A

kind of use of it, such as, when we find a child doing it with its eyes, we say, "Do not learn the habit of squinting" ; or if it does the analogous thing with its legs, we say, "Go and run about, or do some gymnastics ; do not stand there lolloping crooked against the wall."

Squinting and lolloping crooked are things that it is best to avoid doing much of with any part of one's self.

Moreover, it is bad to spend too many hours over either a microscope or a telescope, or in gazing fixedly at some one-distance range. The eyes need change of focus. So does the imagination.

There has been in modern Europe a shocking riot in mis-use of the imagination. The remedy is to learn to use it. But the same kind of people who would like to bandage a child's eyes lest it should learn to squint, like to bandage the imagination lest it should wear itself out by squinting.

In a school which professes to be conducted on hygienic principles, we have nothing to do with that sort of pessimistic quackery. We use the imagination as freely as the hands and eyes.

But when we come to the end of our arithmetic we do not content ourselves with guesses ; we proceed to algebra—that is to say, to dealing logically with the fact of our own ignorance.

One of the data that we do know is that all great nerve-centres affect each other. Mis-use of any one tends more or less to produce distorted action in the others. And, quite apart from that consideration, any energetic and continued action of one tends more or less to suppress the action of the others, for the time being, by drawing the blood from the organs which are the seat of them ; and then, when normal circulation is restored, to produce for a time an unusual sensitiveness in the others. There is nothing abnormal or wrong in this, provided that we recognise the fact, and, as I said, are careful to deal logically with the fact of our own ignorance whenever anything happens either to our eyes or to our imagination which we do not at the moment quite understand.

If you ever arrive at using your imagination strongly and rightly in the construction of any sort of algebra, you may find that it affects to some extent your sense-organs. It certainly will affect them more or less whether you know it or not. What I mean is that it may affect them in a way that forces you to be aware of the fact. If ever this should happen, take it quite naturally ; and as long as you are too young to understand how it happens, just say to yourself, "This is x, one of the things that I do not know, and perhaps shall know some day if I go on quietly acting in accordance with strict logic, and remembering my own ignorance."

The ancient Hebrews used their imaginations very freely, and sometimes really very logically. And sometimes the free use of the imagination produced sensations in the eyes and ears as if of seeing and hearing. They considered this quite natural, as it really was. Many great mathematicians in modern Europe have had these sensations.

The Hebrews called these sensations by a Hebrew word which is translated by the English word "angel," from the Greek "angelos," a messenger. The Hebrews were quite right. The sensations are messengers from the Great Unknown. They bring no information about outside facts. No angel tells you how many petals there are in a buttercup ; if you want to know that, you are supposed to ask the buttercup itself. No angel tells you the price of sugar ; you ought to ask your grocer. No angel tells you how to invest your money ; you ought to ask your banker or your lawyer. There are people foolish enough to ask angels about investments, or about which horse will win a race ; which is just as foolish as asking your banker in town how many blossoms there are on the rose tree in your country garden. It is not his business, and if he made a guess it would most likely turn out a wrong one. All that sort of thing is quackery and superstition.

But the angels do bring us very reliable information from a vast region of valuable truth about which most of us know very little as yet. They guide us how to frame our *next provisional working hypothesis*, how to choose the particular hypothesis which at our present stage of knowledge and development will be most illuminating for us. Some of the angels come during sleep ; we call them dreams. Dreams sometimes suggest the best working hypothesis to experiment on next. More often they warn us against thinking upon some hypothetical basis which for the present will not suit us.

And here comes in the value of such formulæ as the Ten Commandments. They are the laws of the *normal* working of the brain machinery.

The angel (or imaginary messenger) suggests to you the one among possible working hypotheses on which your brain will most readily work. Now the formularies of which I spoke give you the laws of healthy brain action. Therefore, if the angel suggests something contrary to the registered formulæ, he is suggesting the hypothesis which you ought carefully to avoid thinking of or using at that time. It is of all paths towards disease the one which will lead you, in your present condition, most rapidly towards disease. But if the imaginary angel suggests nothing contrary to the formularies, then the image or idea which he

suggests is likely to be one on which your mind for the time being can work safely, and *the* one along which it can work most easily and profitably.

When your imagination is acting strongly in providing you with working hypotheses, there are a few little precautions which you ought to observe.

Do not at such times take either very rapid or very much prolonged physical exercise.

Be rather particular not to eat anything either indigestible or highly flavoured.

Even if you were in the habit of taking any kind of alcoholic stimulant (which, while you are young, I hope you will not do), avoid it during the process of framing hypotheses. Be extra careful, at such times, to keep up any routine exercises of slack muscles and slow breathing which you find suit you.

Take a little extra care, at such times, not to catch cold. You are rather less liable than usual to take cold at such times ; but, on the other hand, you are less conscious than usual of ordinary physical sensations, and may be very cold without knowing it. A chill may settle locally, and produce permanent mischief.

Above all, be very careful, while the imaginative fit is on, to avoid letting the subject as to which your imagination is stirred become the object of either fun, vanity, or gossip. The vision which you see may quite harmlessly and legitimately become a source of fun to yourself and your friends at some future time, but take care never to gossip or joke about it until it has passed from the condition of imaginative vision to that of working hypothesis. But the most important precaution of all is incessant reverence for the Great Unknown, the sacred x : or, in other words, a constant awareness of your own ignorance.

Remember always that Genius means conscientious, careful work on suggestions of the imagination taken as provisional hypotheses.

To take suggestions of the Imagination as fact is Insanity. When you hear of a man that he has unquestionable genius but is a little mad, that means that he sometimes takes the products of his imagination as working hypotheses, but sometimes mistakes them for facts.

All the above precautions may be summed up in one sentence : Remember that the more active the imagination is, the less the physical and moral instincts are on the alert ; therefore, conscious precaution should supplement instinct at such times, until self-protection has become so fixed by habit as to become in its turn automatic and instinctive.

If you observe these precautions you need not fear using your imagination freely. When you hear of some brilliant imaginative writer who has come to grief physically, mentally, or morally, after a short and brilliant career, you will find it advantageous to try to find out which of the precautions he has been neglecting.

In future letters I hope to point out to your notice some famous cases of disaster due to such neglect.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LIMITS OF THE TEACHER'S FUNCTION

ONE of the greatest causes of mental and moral confusion, as well as of absolute insanity, in modern Europe, is the fact that numbers of people plunge into the second and third great Hebrew algebras before they rightly understand the first. Even if they are silent about their results, this distracts their own minds, and sows the seeds of bad habits and mental confusion in their own constitutions. Many of these people give to the world their own wild guesses about the second and third algebras, and that puts the rest of the world into confusion. We are, therefore, not going to enter on the question of the second algebra till I have provided you with the possibility of understanding and practising the first. In the next few chapters I hope to give you a series of stories of people who used, and sometimes mis-used, the algebra of Moses, in order that you may see how to work the rules strictly and how mistakes might creep in.

But, before we begin our stories, there is one principle to which I must call your attention : it is the business of your teachers at school to see that you acquire skill in using certain implements or tools ; it is not their business nor mine to decide what use you shall make, when you are grown up, of the skill which you have acquired. It is their business to see that you learn to read and to speak properly ; it is not their business to decide beforehand whether you shall recite in public or only read to your own family and your sick friends. It is their business to see that you know how to sew ; but not to settle whether you shall, in future, make your own clothes or work for the poor. So it is with the tools of the mind, such as algebra and logic. It is our business to see that you know how to use algebraic and logical method accurately and skilfully ; it is not our business to decide whether, in the future, you shall use your skill to deceive other people or to show them the truth. It *is* our business to see that you do not deceive

yourself, because deceiving *yourself* distorts your brain and ruins the possibility of using logical methods skilfully to arrive at the knowledge of truths.

When you have found out a truth, then the question whether you shall, or shall not, tell it to other people is a matter of conscience. You will have to settle it alone with the Great Power which no man knows. Self-deception, slipshod logic, and bad algebra are things which it is the business of your elders to protect you from while you are young, in order that you may not *lose the power* of being honest in case you wish to be so. My business is not to judge what is good or bad conduct, but to see that you learn how to be perfectly honest with yourself. I wish you to notice this, because in the books of the Hebrew algebra you will sometimes find good kind people spoken of very harshly; and some of the most dishonest and selfish people in the world praised and spoken of as blessed. This puzzles many good people, because they choose to fancy that the Hebrew books are sermons about right and wrong feelings; and do not like to recognise that they are really about the algebra of logic.

As I said before, people who really conduct their minds strictly according to the algebra of logic are very prone to grow kindness and honesty towards other people, without thinking about it, as a matter of taste, of choice. They *like* being kind and honest better than being selfish and dishonest, and they become kind and honest without thinking much about it. But honesty to other people and honesty to yourself *are* two different things, and must be kept apart in your mind, just as, in physiology class, you keep apart the flesh of an animal and its skin. You believe that if the flesh is thoroughly healthy it will grow a good skin; but, while you are studying, you do not mix up statements about the one with guesses about the other. If we find that a man's logic was good, and his conduct what we should call bad, we must do what a doctor would do if he found a spot on a patient's skin which he could not account for by anything wrong in his circulation or digestion. He ought not to say either, "That spot is not there," or, "I suppose it is right that spot should be there," nor, on the other hand, to jump to the conclusion that that patient had been eating some particularly unwholesome thing. He ought to register in his mind, as one of his data, the fact of his own ignorance of how that spot came there. I shall have to tell you in another chapter the story of one of the most selfish and deceitful persons that ever lived, as to his conduct towards other people, but who was said to be blessed, apparently for no reason except that he was absolutely straight with his logic and honest with himself.

Besides, no one who is consciously and deliberately dishonest to serve his own selfish purposes can ever do as much harm to other people as is done every day by men and women who have muddled their own brains with crooked logic.

CHAPTER IX

THE USE OF SEWING CARDS

WHEN you go for holidays perhaps your friends will ask you what is the use of sewing curves on cards. I should like you to know exactly what to say.

The use of the single sewing cards is to provide children in the kindergarten with the means of finding out the exact nature of the relation between one dimension and two.

There is another set of sewing cards which is made by laying two cards side by side on the table and pasting a tape over the crack between them. This tape forms a hinge. You can lay one card flat and stand the other edgeways upright, and lace patterns between them from one to the other.

The use of this part of the method is to provide girls in the higher forms with a means of learning the relation between two dimensions and three.

There is another set of models, the use of which is to provide people who have left school with a means of learning the relation between three dimensions and four.

The use of the books which are signed George Boole or Mary Everest Boole is to provide reasonable people, who have learned the logic of algebra conscientiously, with a means of teaching themselves the relations between n dimensions and $n+1$ dimensions, whatever number n may be.

The above is a quite accurate account of the real Boole Method; as much as there is any need for you to know while you are at school.

I should feel grateful to you if you will each copy it out in a clear handwriting, and keep it by you, and take it home whenever you go away from school for the holidays. It would be all the better if you learned it by heart.

And now I will tell you why I am so anxious about this.

The Boole method is a conveyance which will take you safely to wherever the Great Unknown directs you to go. Some people mistake it for the carpet in the *Arabian Nights*, which took whoever stepped on it wherever he or she *wished* to go—which is a

quite different thing. The true Boole method depends essentially on making a right use of imaginary hypotheses. The magic carpet depends for its efficacy on making a wrong use of imaginary hypotheses.

People get to very queer places on that carpet. I have been for several excursions on it, so I know.

One of the places it can take you to is a town where all the front doors open on to a street very like Regent Street ; with the most gorgeous millinery, jewellery, and fruits in shop windows ; and all the back doors open to wild country where blue roses, black tulips, and the fattest double carnations of all colours (including green ones) grow wild in the hedges and fields ; and where all the pigs have wings.

Another place that it can take you to is one where pigs can wallow in all the filth they like without soiling their wings ; and moths fly into candles without singeing theirs.

The carpet will take you straight *to* whatever place you wish to go to. It is by no means warranted to take you safely back.

The advantage of Boole's method is that it *is* warranted to bring you safe down somewhere on solid earth—not always the exact place you started from, but a safe and clean place of some kind—and to deposit you steady on your feet, with a compass in your pocket which will show you a straight way home.

CHAPTER X

THE STORY OF A WORKING HYPOTHESIS

In an old Hebrew book there is a story of a person named Jacob, which means the Supplanter. If you want to know why, you had better read the story for yourself some day. It is not entirely a pretty story, but it is very instructive. Jacob had a dream in which he saw "angels" coming down a ladder. It would be a very profitable exercise of your imagination to ask yourselves why this particular patriarch saw angels on a ladder, whereas so many other Hebrews saw them in clouds, or flying down on wings, or mixed up with flames and other romantic, pretty, moving things.

Jacob had another dream, and saw an angel who wrestled with him, and apparently left him with sciatica for life ; which is not surprising, for he had been sleeping out of doors on bare ground, just when *he* had been wrestling with very serious difficulties caused by his own dishonest tricks. At such times, as I told you before, people had better be a little extra careful not to catch cold ;

because colds caught under such conditions are rather prone to leave unpleasant traces, which last a long time, and sometimes all one's life.

Well, the angel who gave Jacob sciatica gave him something else : a new name. Why did he give him a new name ? Taking a new name was an ancient ceremony which meant entering a new service. Sixty years ago servants in Devonshire were called by their employer's name. A gardener would have two names—his own, which he got from his father, and his master's. I have even heard dogs called by their master's names, for instance, Toby Smith, or Ponto Jones.

You will often notice in old books that when people were converted, that is to say, when they either took up a new religion or turned from bad ways to good ones, the people who persuaded them to be converted gave them a new name, very often the teacher's own name. Well, the angel who wrestled with Jacob appears to have converted him. He seems to have persuaded Jacob that there are other ways of getting on in the world and promoting the fortunes of one's children and grandchildren besides cheating everybody, including one's own nearest relations.

Therefore Jacob was not to be called "the Supplanter" any more : his new name was to be Israël. Jacob's descendants are called Hebrews, and also "the people of Israël." Israël was the new name which Jacob got when he turned from cheating to a better way of getting on in life.

What was that better way ? That is our x, our first unknown. What does the word Israël mean ? That is our y, our second unknown. I may as well tell you at once that, so far as I am concerned, y remains unknown. I want you to take notice that *I* do not know what the word Israël means. But some twenty years ago my imagination supplied me with a working hypothesis : Suppose Israël meant rhythm.

Now if I had gone telling people that *Israël means rhythm*, I should have been contradicted and laughed at and told that I had no proof of what I said and was talking of what I knew nothing about ; and whoever said so would have been perfectly right. I should have been cheating myself and getting into bad slipshod habits. What I did was to post up inside my brain as a working hypothesis : "*Suppose* Israël means rhythm, what would be the consequence of that hypothesis ?" Then I read through old books of the Hebrews, putting in my mind the word "rhythm" wherever I found the word "Israël," and "the people of rhythm" instead of "the people of Israël."

In the stories that are told about Jacob and his grandfather Abraham, the angels are represented as telling the two men that if they would obey the angels, not only they themselves would be blessed, but all their descendants would be blessed too, and be made, at last, the means of conferring a great blessing on all the world; Moses warned them that, if they did not obey their own special angels, some special trouble would come to them.

My imagination suggested to me that perhaps getting into the swing of rhythmic beats is good for all people, but more good for the people of Israël than for anybody else; and that wandering off into irregular un-rhythmic freaks is more bad for the people of Israël than for anybody else.

This, again, you will observe, is purely imaginary hypothesis. I had not the faintest warrant for saying anything of the kind; therefore I did not say it; but I experimented at treating my Hebrew friends and acquaintance *as if* they were natural born ministers, or servants, of the principle of rhythmic beat; as if it was their business to introduce respect for rhythm and an orderly arrangement of time into the general morals of the world; and as if they would, of course, become degraded more than other people, if they allowed themselves to drift into being irregular and disorderly. Now you will observe that, though all this was purely imaginary hypothesis, it was of a harmless kind; there is nothing contrary to the ten commandments, or to any other register of safe rules, in treating one's Hebrew acquaintance as if one expected them to be more orderly as to time than other people.

The registered rules allowed me to consider this a safe road; and my imagination showed me that it was one along which I could travel quickly; therefore I started to go along it and waited to see where I got to. One consequence which came was that some of the people of Israël began telling me that I seemed to know things about their old books (even some old books that I had never read), which they themselves had never observed before; I had enabled them to get at real values for the x's and y's of some of their problems.

Please notice that all this is pure imaginary hypothesis. Ancient peoples made a hypothesis, for which they had no authority, about angels; and I made one, for which I had no authority, about some of those supposed angels. And, by dealing logically with these imaginations, we got to some very real knowledge.

CHAPTER XI

MACBETH'S MISTAKE

THE whole question of choosing one's next working hypothesis has been fogged, owing to people's neglect of a very simple principle. Suppose you are out bicycling in a strange place. You come to a bit of smooth, good road, which is either flat or goes very gently down hill ; and presently curves in a nice, big, easy sweep round a bit of wood or a cliff, so that you cannot see far along it. What you know at once is that you can, *if you choose*, get up great speed without overmuch exertion. That is obvious, and needs no discussion. The question you have to settle is : Shall you choose to do it ?

If you have heard the whole road spoken of, in general terms, as a nice safe one to go on, you probably do choose to make use of the specially easy bit of the road to get up a lively spin.

But supposing that, at the beginning of the gentle slope down, you come upon a notice board with an inscription "Go slowly," or "Dangerous to cyclists," I hope you would have sense enough not to think—"What do those old fogies know about the needs of the young generation ? I have a right to go fast if I choose, and I shall have my jolly spin in spite of them." Nor would you say : "I can take care of myself, and if I run into somebody else that is his look out." If you are an experienced cyclist you would keep on your seat, and go cautiously; if you are still a very inexperienced one, it would be wise to get off your cycle, and not mount again till you had come to the curve, and gone round it, and seen what is beyond.

The notice board is not an actual prohibition to go along the "King's highway" if you choose. The people who put up the board have no authority over you. But your own instincts of self-preservation, and I hope also your instinct of loyalty and good comradeship with the possible other cyclist who may be at the bottom of the hill, would suggest to you not to throw away the guardianship of a caution from those who know more than you do about the road.

Having given you this general indication of the principle which I am trying to explain, we will go back to the question of an imaginary working hypothesis.

My imagination, as I told you, showed me that my mind would travel quickly and easily along the road opened up by supposing that Israël means Rhythm. Looking back in my memory, I

could not find the smallest indication that anybody had either come to grief himself or offended any Hebrew person by behaving as if the people of Israël were the people of Rhythm ; and there is nothing in the Ten Commandments to suggest that there is any harm in doing so. So I started off on a glorious, easy, rapid spin ; and arrived, without any mishap, at several very interesting bits of scenery.

Now let us take the case of the old Scotch legend of Macbeth, as told by Shakespeare.

Macbeth and his wife appear to have been, at first, very well-intentioned, good people, as human beings go ; better than most people ; and enormously better than Jacob, or his mother, or his uncle, or most of the people belonging to him. Macbeth was a brilliant and successful soldier ; his imagination suggested to him that he had it in him to rise rapidly to fortune and power. He might become Thane of Cawdor, and some day even King of Scotland. His imagination was so vivid that he pictured three old women going through some heathen incantation and predicting to him that he would be Thane of Cawdor and King. Here was a road open, along which it was quite sure that his mind would travel easily if he would let it do so. The question was : Should he let it go along that road ? Now there were living at the time a Thane of Cawdor and a King of Scotland. While they lived, he could not be either. The commandments say: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods." Here was a danger signal. If Macbeth had known as much as Shakespeare knew about the art of sound thinking, he would immediately have said to himself, " 'Cawdor' and 'King' are the roads that I had better not travel along just now, for fear the wheels of my mind should get too much way on, and carry me into danger." But Macbeth had either not learnt algebra at school, or, if he had, he had only crammed it up for examination out of a text-book, and not learned it as the Science of the *Laws of Thought.*

Another day his imagination showed him a dagger. A dagger is a thing to kill people with. As a soldier, he had probably used a real one in war. But, if he had had any proper nerve training, he would have known that when his imagination was so vivid that he did not, for the moment, know an imaginary dagger from a real one, he ought immediately to "go slack" ; to lie down and think about the moors or the sky, or about anything or anybody that was not connected with doing anything in particular, with planning anything, with taking any resolution, and especially with breaking any of the Ten Commandments. He had already told his wife about the three old women. If she had been a sensible

woman, she would have told him that she wanted to go away from home ; and got him to take her right away for a few weeks ; and kept him busy and amused in thinking of other things ; till he left off seeing things that were not there. But neither Macbeth nor his wife knew as much as Shakespeare did about the value of danger signals and the conditions for making a safe working hypothesis.

You had better read the story of Macbeth and see for yourselves what they did do.

Next to the old Hebrew books, Shakespeare is the best road map that I know of for people who wish to travel safely about the country of the imagination.

CHAPTER XII

JACOB'S LADDER

In Chapter X I set you children a question : Why did Jacob's angels come down a ladder, whereas other Hebrews saw angels mixed up with romantic pretty things such as wings and clouds ?

I hope some of you have made a guess before now ; but some are not good at guessing. I will tell you what may help you to find out.

If a bird wants to go up and down from the roof to the garden, it trusts to its wings. A man has to use a ladder : step—step—step.

If a bird is not fully fledged or has a broken wing, it has to find something more or less like a ladder ; and go up and down bit by bit : hop—hop—hop.

If an artist wishes to draw a parabola, he does it freehand, that is to say, he just draws the curve. He does not take all the trouble which Mrs. Somervell's book makes little children take, of getting the curve step by step, by the method of Finite Differences.

Jacob wished to be rich. Some angel, but a very bad one, inspired him with an idea of getting rich in one big sweep, by cheating his father and brother. By wanting to do things in that sort of quick, easy way, when he did not yet know how to do things both quickly and rightly, he got into terrible trouble and had to leave his country.

Now I suppose that the angels who converted him meant to say something like this : "It is all very well for good, holy, God-fearing men like your father and grandfather to go where they are taken by angels who can move about on wings ; but you are at present a stupid, clumsy person ; your wings have not grown

yet, or you have broken them by being covetous. We are going to show you how *you* should go about: step—step—step. Have patience, and take pains; and don't go about on magic carpets."

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREAT X OF THE WORLD

A GREAT question which people like to quarrel about is: Who or What made things be as they are? As soon as people grew clever enough to think about anything except scrambling for food and taking care of their own babies, they began quarrelling about Who or What made things be. Nobody knew anything about it; and most people had a great deal to say about it. Moses saw that there was no hope of getting a country orderly while all this confusion was going on; so he said to the Hebrews: "I must not allow all this confusion to go on among a people that I am made responsible for. None of us have ever seen the Maker of things. We can see the things growing, but not the force that makes them. *That* is our X; our Unknown. We are going to begin by stating that we don't know. We are going to call the Maker of things 'I Am', or 'That which is, whatever it is'; and we are going to make two hypotheses to start with. We are going to try thinking of 'I Am' as Unity; one, and not several or a fraction. We will also try thinking of 'I Am' as No-Thing—we are not going to suppose at present that any particular kind of thing made the rest; we will suppose that 'I Am' is not a thing. When we find that any particular proceeding or behaviour destroys men, or makes them too sickly, or weak, or stupid, or quarrelsome, to manage other creatures and keep the upper hand of the world, we will say, for short, that 'I Am' does not like or does not intend the people of Israël to go on with that kind of proceeding or behaviour.

"Now these two hypotheses are as much as we can deal with for the present. Anybody who wants to think out other hypotheses than those will have to think to himself, or go out of the country that I am to manage.

"Now we will arrange all the facts that we know round the statement of our own ignorance; and then try our hypotheses on them.

"We know that eating the flesh of certain uncleanly animals gives people certain diseases; we will say, for short: 'I Am' does not intend the Hebrews to eat the flesh of those animals. We know that if people are dirty in their habits and careless in pre-

paring their food and in washing their hands before they touch food, they get fevers; we will suppose that 'I Am' does not intend the people of Israël to be dirty in their habits. We know that if people burn things the smoke of which makes them drunk and silly, they manage their affairs badly, and make mistakes, and do not grow their crops properly, and are not ready to fight when enemies attack them. The people in neighbouring countries say that the Maker of things likes or dislikes to smell the smoke of these drugs; they know no more than we do what He likes to smell, but we are going to suppose that 'I Am' does not like *us* to smell them."

The Hebrews never found out what "I Am" is; but those who stuck loyally by the hypotheses of Moses, and refused to be distracted from the matter in hand, or to talk about anything except the experiment which they were trying, found out several things that were very useful to them. For instance, about weather and the electricity of the atmosphere, and how to take care of their health, and how to use their imagination to supply them with working hypotheses for a variety of sciences, and how to use their dreams to show them where they had been making mistakes and spoiling their brains. Whereas the people who would insist on shouting and arguing and quarrelling about things which were only wild guesses got on very slowly with learning Science.

CHAPTER XIV

GO OUT OF MY CLASS-ROOM

A STORY is told of one of the orderly pupils of Mosaism who got to know a good deal about weather and electricity; and at last he got out of patience with the people who wanted to shout and argue. And he said to them: "What is the good of all this arguing backwards and forwards about things that we do not know and cannot settle? Let us try a fair experiment. You go on shouting and doing whatever *you* think the Unseen Powers like; and I will do what *I* think will get them to do what *I* like. And let us agree that whichever of us can draw a spark out of a thundercloud shall be considered to know most about how to come to an understanding with 'I Am."

So the other people shouted and jumped about, and cut themselves with knives; because they had taken it into their heads to imagine that the Maker of things liked to see that kind of behaviour.

Why they thought so I cannot conceive. But there's no end to the rubbish that people get to think when they argue about what X is, instead of trying hypotheses in an orderly manner.

The Unknown Powers let them shout all day long ; and then Elijah got a spark out of a thundercloud.

The same sort of thing happened again about a hundred and fifty years ago. Various sorts of priests were shouting and arguing about what "I Am" wished people to believe and to think ; and then Benjamin Franklin and his friends, who had not been mixing up with the argument or making wild guesses, but quietly experimenting and dealing logically with the fact of their own ignorance, sent up a kite into a thundercloud, and got a spark down ; and the consequence of that is that all kinds of people say : "What a wonderful man Benjamin Franklin was !" and all sorts of people are able to ride about in electric trams.

But the curious part of the matter is that many people use electric trams to go to meetings, on purpose to shout and argue and make wild guesses about things they know nothing about !

However, what they choose to do is not our business. You are living in an orderly school ; and of course you do not argue about things you know nothing about. Let us go back to our Hebrew electrician.

He had shown the people of Israël what comes of sticking peaceably to one's working hypothesis. If he had been thoroughly logical he would have gone on sticking to it. He would have said to the people of Israël, "Now you see that I can teach you electricity ; this land is going to be my class-room ; make those shouting people hold their tongues, or else go away ; so that we can go on with our lessons in peace. When they want to learn electricity properly, they can come back." But he was in too great a hurry to make a complete and final settlement. A good teacher sends a noisy, troublesome pupil out of his classroom for the time, but does not expel her from the school merely for being troublesome. The shouting people were among the facts which "I Am" put before Elijah to deal with. He found it necessary to eliminate them in order to reduce his data within the compass of his power to manage, but he should have done it as a provisional necessity. He should have arranged his mind on the understanding that the eliminated data would have to come back.

Instead of that he used his power and science to kill them ; and gave way to the feeling that they were got rid of and done with.

And then his mind began to go wrong. He lost his nerve. He began to talk nonsense about things *he* knew nothing about, and led a great many people into mistakes.

CHAPTER XV

$\sqrt{-1}$

WHEN you come to quadratic equations you will be confronted with an entity (or non-entity) whose name is written this way— $\sqrt{-1}$, and pronounced "square root of minus one." Many people let this nonentity persuade them to foolish courses. A story is told of a man at Cambridge who was expected to be Senior Wrangler; but he got thinking *about* the square root of minus one as if it were a reality, till he lost his sleep and dreamed that *he* was the square root of minus one and could not extract himself; and he became so ill that he could not go to his examination at all. Angels, and square roots of negative quantities, and the other things that have no existence in three dimensions, do not come to us to gossip about themselves; or the place they came from; or where they are going to; or where we are going to in the far future. They are messengers from the As-Yet-Unknown; and come to tell us where we are to go next; and the shortest road to get there; and where we ought not to go just at present. When square root of minus one comes to you, behave reasonably about him. Treat him logically, exactly as if he were six or nine; only always remember to keep well in front of you *the fact of your own ignorance.* You may never find out any more about him than you know now; but if you treat him sensibly he will tell you plenty of truths about your *x's* and *y's*, and other unknown things.

Please don't suppose that I have always behaved sensibly to angels. I have often made serious mistakes in dealing with them. I have acted in haste and have had plenty of reason to repent at leisure. But one thing they have taught me is that we need never be *afraid* of angels, whether white or black, as long as we keep the laws of logic. Another thing they have shown me is that angels never really gossip. They have often pretended to gossip to me; but I have found out afterwards that they have been talking clever nonsense in order to test me and prove me; so that I might see in what an illogical state of mind I have met them. Angels leave real gossip to old women who have done their life's work and have time to sit in the chimney corner and tell tales about their past experiences to their child friends.

CHAPTER XVI

INFINITY

You remember the angel who looks like this, $\sqrt{-1}$. Now I am going to introduce you to another angel. It is called "Infinity." When you come to it, remember what I told you before—Angels are messengers from the great world of the "As-Yet-Unknown." They never gossip about their private affairs, or those of other angels. They come to tell you either about what you are to do next, or about something you had better not do next; and if you ask them impertinent questions about things that do not concern you for the time being, they will give you headaches and make your head spin: just to teach you to mind your own business. This particular angel always comes with a message about a broken link or a loosened chain. It comes, when an hypothesis has been fully worked out, to tell you that you are now free from the bonds of that hypothesis and at liberty to start experimenting on a fresh one. But its message is never: "You have got out of that particular house of bondage and therefore you may, for all the rest of your life, run riot, and eat, and drink, and do whatever you please." Its message always is: "You have outgrown that master; now you may take a holiday and have a fling before you go into a higher class; but, just because you are set free, look out for danger traps; and mind your Ten Commandments."

You will understand Infinity's messages better if you will read carefully what is written about it in Chapter XV of "The Logic of Arithmetic." It brought the answer to the question: "How many children could pass through a school-room without the apples all being eaten up, supposing that none of the children ate any?"

Let us go over that ground again. Suppose there is a cake on the table. How many children can go through the room without the cake being all eaten up?

Well, that depends on two things: the size of the cake, and the share which each child eats. If the cake weighs two pounds, and each child eats two ounces, it will be all eaten up when sixteen children have gone through the room. If the cake weighs only one pound, it will be eaten up when eight children have gone through the room. But if each child eats only one ounce, then again sixteen children will have to go through the room before the cake is eaten up, and so on. Many questions could be asked, all depending on the size of the cake and the size of each child's share.

All this time you are tied to an hypothesis that the children eat cake (more or less).

But now suppose we are freed from that hypothesis. Suppose no cake is given to the children. How many can pass through the room before it is all eaten up ?

The answer to that is : "An infinite number." Infinity does not mean any particular number, or a very large number. It means a loosened chain, a discarded hypothesis, escape from the rule we were working under. Something else, not the size of the cake, determines the number of children. Infinity does not mean that there are enough children in the world now to go on passing through the room *for ever*, but that the number of children who pass through the room, now that the share of each child is 0 (zero), will have to be determined by the number of children that there are in the school, or the parish, or wherever it is that the children are supposed to come from ; *and not by the size of the cake.* The size of the cake has no longer anything to do with answering the question : "How many children can pass through the room before the cake is all eaten ?"

CHAPTER XVII

FROM BONDAGE TO FREEDOM

MOSES had said, from the first, that the people of Israel would have to think of "I Am" as the deliverer from bondage ; but they were not, at the time when he said it, advanced enough in their algebra to understand that idea properly. So he gave them, as an hypothesis to work on for the time being, that "I Am" did not like the *people of Israel* to eat and drink and smell unwholesome things. He wished to make them attend to their own affairs, and think as little as possible about what was done and thought outside of their own land.

But, after the time of Elijah, there came a change. A higher kind of algebra came into use. Its incarnation was called Isaiah.

The imagination of the Hebrews broke loose from the hypothesis that "I Am" had wishes and likes about the people of Israël different from what was right for all the rest of the world.

When that hypothesis was taken away, the imagination of such people as Isaiah took wings and flew to—well—we do not know where, but we call it Infinity. We know nothing about Infinity ; except that it comes when a chain is loosened.

If you want to understand what it was that happened to Isaiah, and what Infinity means in algebra, this is how you can find out.

Get a bowl and dip up some of the water out of a barrel in which a gnat has laid her eggs. Little wigglers are born from those eggs. If you watch them you will see that they swim in different positions, some with their tails uppermost, some with their heads uppermost. There may also be some worms, who do not swim much, but wriggle about at the bottom of the bowl. Perhaps if we could hear them talking we should hear them quarrelling about which was the right position. Some of them might be disputing about what would happen to them in the future. They might quarrel till the end of the world, and know no more about it at the end than at the beginning. They are all tied by the same hypothesis: that everybody lives under water. It is a very good working hypothesis for them; for if one of them got out of the water it would die. If they knew algebra properly, they would understand that water is only their present working hypothesis, and that it is quite possible there may be people who live out of it. But it is not sure that they do know enough algebra to be *aware of their own ignorance.*

If you watch them carefully, you will some day see a wiggler come out of the water. He has got wings. The water-hypothesis no longer concerns him. Some link in the chain that bound him down to water has opened; he is set free; Infinity has come to him.

That is what happened to Isaiah when he got out of the kind of Mosaism by which such people as Joshua and Samuel were tied down. That is what will happen to you (if you learn your algebra properly) when you are no longer tied down to a, b, c, and $\sqrt{-1}$, as the values of x; and learn to see that the answer to a problem may sometimes be

$$X = \text{Infinity}.$$

Please notice that if a winged gnat fell back into the water he would die. You will find this a good working rule: whenever anything comes near your imagination which calls itself either "Infinity" or "The Liberation from Bondage," go slack for a few minutes; say over the Ten Commandments; and make a mind-picture of the gnat-grub in the water. Tell yourself that his best chance of growing strong wings and being able to fly, when Infinity comes and calls him to go up higher, is to stay in the water till the wings have grown strong and work out the water-hypothesis to its logical conclusion.

Then make another mind-picture: the gnat who has got wings, and *therefore must not try to amuse himself in the water.*

Please observe: there is nothing in this rule contrary to any

commandment. Moreover, there is nothing slavish or degrading in it; nothing in the least like giving up your own liberty, or hampering your own initiative, or being a slave to past ages; nothing which prevents your being up-to-date and fit for the generation to which you belong.

You are not asked to have any opinions about it; or to think that it is a duty in itself; or to think that you are better than other people because you do it, or that every one is wrong who does not do it. If you do it, it will be for no reason that you know of, except that an old woman who has been trying to amuse you asks you to do it as a token of friendly feeling towards her.

APPENDIX

THE essential element of Algebra: the habitual registration of the exact limits of one's knowledge, the incessant calling into consciousness of the fact of one's own ignorance, is the element which Boole's would-be interpreters have left out of his method. It is also the element which modern Theosophy omits in its interpretation of ancient Oriental Mind Science.

Men who wish to exploit other men fear nothing in logic or science except this element. They fear nothing in earth, heaven, or hell, so much as a public accustomed to realise exactly *how much has been proved, and where its own ignorance begins*. Exploiters fear this about equally, whether they call themselves priests, schoolmasters, college dons, political leaders, or organisers of syndicates and trusts.

As long as general readers can be kept from the habit of registering at every step the fact of their own ignorance and the limits of their own knowledge, a clever charlatan can deceive them about anything he pleases: "from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter"; from Zero to Infinity; from the contents of a meat tin to the contents of an engineer's report; from the interpretation of a bill before Parliament to the interpretation of Isaiah.

Once get any fair proportion of the public into the steady habit of algebraising ignorance, and you will have done much towards reducing all kinds of parasitic creatures to the alternatives of starvation, suicide, or earning their own living by rendering some kind of real service to the organism which supports them.

THE OPEN ROAD

1907

AUG. THE FRIENDSHIP OF GOD. (VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.)
,, FROM A LETTER.
OCT. BACK TO THE LAND.

1908

MAR. MASTER AND SERVANT: A LETTER TO A TEETOTALER.
,, NOTATION OR LANGUAGE?
APRIL THE BREEDING OF TYRANTS. (VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.)
,, IF YOU WISH, TAKE CARE.
,, SINCERITY.
JULY, SEPT., OCT. SEX WARFARE IN ENGLAND. (VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.)
JULY UNCONVENTIONAL DEFINITIONS.
,, TAKE NOTHING FOR GRANTED.
SEPT. A LITANY OF PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY.
OCT. A LITANY FOR PILGRIMS ON THE OPEN ROAD.
,, BECAUSE HE IS A JEW.
,, MRS. BOOLE TO HER READERS.
,, HOW TO USE BOOLE'S METHOD IN EDUCATION.
(*This appeared also in "The Indian Spectator," 15th August*, 1908.)
,, ALONE.
,, UNITY, PIOUS PEOPLE AND GOD'S LAW.
,, AT A CRISIS IN REFORM. (ANON.)
,, WHAT IS AMUSEMENT? (ANON.)
NOV. THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM. (ANON.)
,, PRAYER FOR AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY OR NAVY.
DEC. THE USE OF THE BOOLE METHOD AT LAST.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF GOD

Dear Odd Man—

Many thanks for your frank answer to me in June *Crank*. You say that we "form conceptions" of God. Please speak of yourself—I don't do so. I don't think that when I was a week old I "formed conceptions" of my mother; still less was I tempted to do so when I was a minus week old.

I was then just as fit to do it as I am now to form conceptions of God; and I am quite as unwilling now as I was then to strain my brain by trying to conceive that which had conceived me.

May I venture to ask a further question ? Why are you trying to spoil the one perfect friendship possible to us on earth—the friendship of God—by dragging into it the irrelevant topic of moral judgment ?

The friendship of God has a profoundly moralising effect on man, precisely because it affords relief and shelter from the worrying topic of moral judgment, which we are bound to face in our relations with mankind, and which gets on our nerves, spoils our tempers, and disturbs our friendships. If we are to form judgments about whether God is good or not, we are landed at once in theology, of which it seems to me we have had enough in Europe during the last 2,000 years. I thought you were going for thearchy (*i.e.*, letting ourselves be *governed* by God.) Theology (the forming of conceptions about God), is, as the Encyclopædists pointed out, idolatrous ; it is the device of the priests for so stupefying men that they let themselves be governed by men, and kept in ignorance of the true nature of man. Under thearchy *anthropology* becomes possible ; men get to know too much about their true relations to each other to be tempted to tyrannise or submit to tyranny.

Yours truly,
VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.

FROM A LETTER

My main objection to the Catholic Church—if I did object to it—would be that it accustoms people to accept other people's views of the character of God and the nature of truth. But I believe that both theology and priestly statecraft have their use ; they act as "retarding forces" ; they keep us ill tempered and disunited ; and thus prevent our settling down prematurely into a convenient but deadening mechanical socialism, like that of the ants and bees. I hope that we shall go on believing rubbish, and quarrelling, and hating each other, till we have all learned the way into that kingdom of joy which is entered, not by believing this or that, but by personal and individual friendship with God. When that goal is reached, we shall perhaps be able to afford to be Christian and Socialist, and Tolstoyan and loving, and peaceful, and all kinds of nice things ; because we shall all be too busy and happy, listening to God's talk, to wish to interfere with each other.

There seems to be a presumption current that everybody must wish to be like somebody else—Jesus, or Buddha, or Tolstoy, or someone. I don't believe most people do wish it ; and I am sure

I do not. When God wanted *them* He made them ; but before He set to work to make me, He must have wanted some one quite different from any of them. I wish to find out what He wants of *me ;* and to be that.

BACK TO THE LAND

One great difficulty in bringing people back to the land lies in the fact that country life is felt to be dull. "There is nothing going on," say village folk ; they crowd to towns in the hope of finding excitement. Some people are trying to fill the blank by taking into the country the amusements and excitements of town life. Others, more wisely perhaps, are trying to revive customs which grew up in old days in agricultural districts.

If an amusement has died a natural death, if the people have really outgrown it, not much good is done by the attempt to galvanise it into sham life. But some of our national country tastes have not so died ; they have been trampled out of sight by the combination of Puritan bigotry and slavery to mere fashion, and are fermenting in the heart of the population, breeding restlessness, while waiting for an opportunity to revive.

Sixty years ago it was still the custom in France for villagers to dance in the market-place on Sunday evening. Young men would spend the afternoon in the fields, making wreaths of wild flowers which the girls wore at the dance. I have seen soldiers from the barracks thus engaged.

I have lately been staying in a house where a party was given, the guests being mostly artisans and tradesfolk from a neighbouring small town, with their families. One feature of the occasion was to be a hat-trimming competition.

The usual course of procedure on such occasions is to provide a supply of hats and cheap ribbon and artificial flowers (badly made, and badly dyed, as cheap goods are), for the women and girls ; and, for the men, newspapers, out of which they make "fools-caps" of various shapes.

Being anxious to try whether the taste for true colour and form as decoration is dead among our "working classes," or only asphyxiated by the pressure of artificial fashions, I asked the hostess to provide no decorations for the hats, except a few yards of plain soft muslin, and the produce of fields and garden.

Fearing lest our guests should be shy, if invited to start anything so unprecedented (in their experience) as this kind of use of natural flowers, we got our own hats, and those of the servants,

trimmed beforehand, so that the guests might feel they were not being either condescended to, or made fun of by persons of a different class ; but only invited as guests to fall in with the amusements of their hosts. The result was most satisfactory. All the party threw themselves heartily into the spirit of the scheme, the boys proving even more energetic and capable than the girls. One prize was adjudged to a boy about twelve years old whose work was a triumph of skilful millinery ; it was not only tasteful, but had also the touch of *finish* about it which would have done credit to a shop milliner.

This sounds trivial. Is it so ? Probably few of us realise what it will be to a lad's whole future to have been enabled and encouraged, once—if only once—before he has stiffened into convention, to express freely artistic freaks of momentary caprice, in materials plastic and easily manageable, and free from all suggestion of either artificiality, vulgarity, or fashion. He will never again be the *same* as he would have been without that experience. In his *flesh*, he has seen God. He knows—not in his conscious mind, but in his eyes and finger-tips—that he is the child of the living God, and heir of His power to create beauty by sheer unpremeditated inspiration, and apart from any human teaching.

And here we come to the core and centre of the confusion about "education."

Education means the educing of faculty. Children need many things besides education ; many things which can best be given—some of them can only be given—under a regime of orderly routine. Among those good things are discipline and training. But it would be well to remember that, during the time that these other good things are going on, *education* itself is *not* going on. Education proper is given by rare and episodical occurrences, which give to those dormant faculties *which disciplinary routine is holding down and keeping quiet* opportunity and stimulus to start into active life.

The hats given out to be trimmed were the remainder stock of a shop, bought on the last day of the sale. They represented, therefore, not positive selection, but negative ; they were the ultimate of the "despised and rejected." The competitors drew them by chance : this represented the tyranny of Fate, with its reckless lack of adjustment to human wishes and needs.

The elements most necessary to represent, in starting a human soul on the search for inspiration along any path, are : the redemption and utilisation of the rejected ; the tyranny of chance ; and the freedom of choice unguided at first by any human advice. For instance, when the path chosen is that of free-hand embroidery,

it is found best to give to the pupil some spare piece of soft dress material, and any remains of skeins of embroidery cotton, wools or silks that one can collect, and leave her to work for some time utterly unguided as to her choice of colour among those at hand.

We are not here discussing methods of training in Art; but only the conditions for starting Art feeling into fresh life, where it has been asphyxiated. The main conditions seem to be a temporary suspension of all considerations of other people's wishes, tastes, or ideas, and some easy means, ready to hand, of expressing freely one's own passing caprices in pure and simple material.

If the girls of a village could be induced, just once, to leave their Sunday hats for a few weeks unmillinered, and trim them each Sunday with real leaves or flowers, much would probably have been done to facilitate the subsequent Art culture of that village. The effect would be all the greater if the boys could be induced to make it their business to decorate hats for the girls.

If any lady were inclined to try the experiment, I would suggest that she should be careful to give no hint that she was trying one, or that she was bent on reforming anything. She need only appear, along with her family and servants, at some school treat or village festivity, to help in serving: all wearing different kinds of decoration, none of which have come from a shop.

It would be an important feature of the experiment that mistresses and servants, or workwomen, should *join* in setting the example of wearing natural decoration.

An appropriate present for a country girl who has received the primary initiation (still more appropriate for a town-bred girl who has a situation in the country) is an extra hat, straw, or chip, of strong make so as to bear repeated pinnings, of uniform and not bright colour, and of shape not too conspicuously that of any particular year, accompanied by a square or length of silk or muslin, and a dozen or two of pins. Cream or pale tussore muslin or silk harmonises with a greater variety of flower tints than coloured, dead white, or black. The silk or muslin should be soft in texture, so that its folds may easily be made to harmonise with the lines of twigs or tendrils. It should be of a kind which bears repeated washings. The pins should be about two inches long, and have small inconspicuous heads; two or three may with advantage be rather larger than the rest, and made of glass, to give the effect of dew drops.

The recipient of such a gift is provided, for two or three years, with the possibility of varying the monotony of wearing her "best hat"; and the donor may have the satisfaction of reflecting that the gift affords no encouragement to waste of time in following

the mere vagaries of fashion ; every moment that the girl spends in altering her trimmings is so much gained for the real education of her faculty for understanding the relation between Nature and Art.

This is the great compensation of the poor : many things are really educative for them, *because rare*, which have lost all educative effect on the rich by becoming matters of daily experience. The wearing of really artistic, natural, tasteful decoration is one of those things.

Serious reader, convinced Tolstoian, devout Christian, or ardent Socialist—all this seems to you very trivial ; you are impatient to get back to the more important business of getting Acts of Parliament passed, or of preaching about things that happened long ago in Judæa. But before you too hastily decide that men's laws and opinions are of more importance than ivy sprays on maidens' hats, watch the faces of girls excited over some shop millinery, and then give yourself the opportunity of watching the expression which passes over them as the idea of being "in the fashion" merges into the conception of *Art*, when the gulf between the two is bridged by the introduction of appliances, capable of being used artistically, while the manipulation of them is easy to unskilled fingers, stiffened by hard monotonous drudgery at hard and coarse work. To the poor is thus brought good news : not the news that they *might* have comfort if laws and conditions were altered ; but the news that, even under existing conditions, they *can* begin to share the artist's joy, that joy which, perhaps more than any other influence, tends to give to man the elasticity which throws off every kind of yoke.

I would specially call the attention of persons engaged in social, political, or religious reforms to this point. It is a matter of common observation that such persons are liable to have very great trouble in their families, owing to the children, at the age of adolescence, either taking up wild freaks of undesirable and perhaps vicious eccentricity, or else taking a violent recoil against the eccentricities of their parents ; or more commonly an alternation of both. This is largely due to the fact that matter-of-course convention has become a liability before the dawn of reason, and has therefore become a twitch of the nerves, which, later on, interferes with the normal action of will. Much of the trouble can be avoided by accustoming the children, from babyhood, to associate all *decoration* with the immediate caprice of Mother's, or Auntie's, or somebody's hand and eyes.

October is the best month to begin learning natural decoration. Grasses, rushes, sedges, cereals, berries, beech-leaves, ivy, and holly are easier for a novice to manipulate than summer flowers.

MASTER AND SERVANT

A LETTER TO A TEETOTALER

THERE exists a disastrous misunderstanding between what I may call, for shortness, the party which you represent, and the party which I represent. (It is not, in the ordinary sense, a party question).

Ever since 1750 there has been in existence a quiet, scientific movement of investigation of the *origin* and *growth* of *habit*. I was born into this movement, educated for its service, married into it, and have been in touch with many of the leaders. Our aim is to make man the master, not the slave, of habit; and habit the servant, not the master, of man.

In order to do our work thoroughly we find it necessary to keep ourselves clear of all movements for the propaganda of any special doctrine, the checking of any special evil, the rescue of any special class of victims, the promoting of any special good cause. Our business is to study all such, and be entangled with none. *E.g.*— It is no business of mine whether a man drinks gin, tea, or water. It is my business to help him to prevent his becoming a slave to either.

I say it is *my* business. I say nothing about what is yours.

But here comes in the misunderstanding.

It is the custom of all of us, as far as possible, to live retired, do our work without being paid, give our help to whoever asks, and make it available for all classes simultaneously and equally; and to spread all the results that we get at among school teachers of every grade.

We meet with opposition from propagandists of every kind: religious, political, ethical, and philanthropic.

We are constantly accused of caring "only for the intellectual aspect of things, not for the practical"; of caring "only for the cultured, and not for the poor and degraded."

We are also accused of being both *atheistic* and *mystical*.

All this absurd misunderstanding is doing endless harm and weakening the hands both of you who are trying to help the victims of special bad habits, and of us who are trying to teach children how to safeguard themselves from becoming the slaves of *any* undesirable habit.

We are wasting in mutual antagonism force that ought to be spent on mutual help; and it seems to me that the more the leaders on each side come into personal touch with each other, the better all round.

NOTATION OR LANGUAGE?

My answer to a reader's complaint that he does not understand me is that he seems to be mistaking me for a *florist*, whereas I am a *seedsman*. The former sells plants just ready for bedding out, to persons who lack either time or inclination or skill to grow their own ; or who live in atmospheric conditions which are unhealthy for seedlings. It is an honourable and useful trade, but it does not happen to be mine. I aim at providing teachers with seeds warranted to produce healthy plants if sown in suitable soil in healthy air and taken proper care of.

Moreover, persons who expect to understand at the time of reading use words as terms of *language :* I generally use them as the elements of a scientific *notation*.

The confusion between languages and notations meets us at every turn, and is blurring all kinds of issues. People talk as if a notation were only another kind of language ! A useful treatise might be written on the specific difference between notation and language. For the present I will only ask your correspondent to be so kind as to look at it in this way : a *notation* is like a loom on which a textile fabric is woven ; language is the waggon which conveys it after it has been woven to those who wish to make use of it.

The men who *really* manage all departments of human life converse together in a rapid and flexible notation which it is almost impossible to understand unless one is accustomed to it very young. The danger of this is evident. It is one main reason why there always exists a very small minority who can manage to outwit, cheat, and coerce any majority. My object is to train as many children as possible in the habit of talking to the cleverest men in the language which the cleverest men use among themselves. If the grown-ups of now do not understand the notation used by clever men when conversing with each other, more's the pity.

But I think grown-up "OPEN ROAD-ers" would do well to let their children be initiated early ; so that the present disastrous condition of misunderstanding and humbug should not last many more generations.

THE BREEDING OF TYRANTS

One of the most essential points for the formation of character is that the *habit* of helpfulness should be well established before

the pleasure of gaining influence or power comes into consciousness. The latter must come, and ought to come ; but not till the former has become automatic.

One good way of bringing about this automatism is to accustom quite young children to use their breath and the warmth of their body in reviving moths and butterflies which have been numbed with cold or blown into water. The patients are too small to exhaust the child's vitality. He learns both mental concentration and the management of his breath and of his magnetic currents. There can be no question of either influencing the minds of the subjects or bending their wills to his. Nor can he keep them, after recovery, as either pets or slaves.

Cats, dogs and caged birds are, it is to be feared, potent agents of political corruption ; they breed in children the instinct of tyranny by making even real affection a means of subordinating intelligent creatures to the caprices of a stronger will and by accustoming children to use the corrupt and corrupting mixture of love, bribery and fear—of good motives and bad—for the purpose of imposing their will on creatures less intellectually developed than themselves.

The dog and cat are good companions for good men or women in whom the habit of helpfulness has been developed. It does not follow that they are morally safe for young children in whom the habit of tyranny is in process of formation. It should always be remembered that the later a habit is started the less likely it is to gain control and become automatic. If we wish that helpfulness should be a matter of course in a human being's life, and the power and wish to dominate others should only be ready at hand when wanted, we should take care not to evoke the latter till the former is established.

VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.

IF YOU WISH, TAKE CARE

If you wish children to grow up conscientious, do not make pretence of believing that they ought to do anything which you know they cannot do.

If you wish the adolescent to make a particular kind of action a matter of personal duty and conscientiousness, be very careful not to establish in the mind of the child any connection between that action and anything either dramatic or imaginary, with play acting, dolls, or fairy tales.

If you wish the adult not to be obsessed with longing for any

particular kind of food or drug, take care not to call the child's attention in any marked way to the existence of that food or drug.

If you wish any subject to be honestly and properly taught in school, take care not to set the ignorant frivolous world gossiping about the importance of that subject.

SINCERITY

Sincere is *sine cera**; *i.e.*, without wax.

Honey-comb is food for bears and men.

Hydromel (Metheglin, pure honey wine) is for heroes and gods.

But, in the process of passing from one to the other, the partition walls have to be broken down. They get mixed with the honey, and the mixture becomes an unlovely mess; and remains so till all trace of partition walls has been cleared out and the honey wine is *sincere*.

N.B.—Pure wax is not without its uses.

SEX WARFARE IN ENGLAND

I

In an article under this title in *East and West* of last May, Constance Clyde assigns a reason for the reluctance of English men to grant the franchise to women. Human beings, she says, especially Anglo-Saxons, require Helots as well as heroes; something to despise as well as something to admire. In India and the colonies the Anglo-Saxon has "native races" whom he despises to his heart's content. In England there are no native races; but up to a comparatively late period gentlefolk despised "the working classes," or, as genteel ladies called them sixty years ago, "the low." But the working classes have now shown that they constitute a force to be reckoned with and cannot safely be despised. The Englishman, for lack of any other object of contempt, has taken to despise his womankind; and the woman, not unnaturally, often returns the compliment. Hence follows (Miss Clyde thinks) a condition of sex-antagonism unknown in any other country.

Let us suppose it to be true that the Anglo-Saxon has a contempt which has its rise in the economy of things and ought to be provided with its rightful object.

*Mrs. Boole afterwards thanked a reader for pointing out that Trench's derivation is no longer accepted.

It seems to me that Nature has kindly provided the Anglo-Saxon with suitable objects of contempt in the shape of human parasites, some wealthy, some poor, who feed on the resources of the community without contributing anything to those resources.

If a faculty is restless, and is doing mischief for lack of any harmless outlet, it is good policy to turn it, for a time, into some channel where, for the time, it meets a want outside. (Nothing so soon cures a boy of a mania for hacking trees as setting him to chop up fire-wood ; it cures his disease ; and meantime the household has the firewood to the good.)

Now the parasitic classes really need to be despised for their own good. Contempt is morally injurious to "native races," "working classes," and the female sex ; but it is a bracing tonic for the idle (whether rich or poor) ; for the attendants, retainers and flatterers of the idle rich. The greatest difficulty which these people experience in getting out of their own false position consists in the fact that real workers at useful occupations will persist in showing respect for them, which, strange to say, they really seem to *feel !* People pay respect to a man in proportion to the amount he consumes or wastes of the produce of other people's labour. It is useless for Tolstoyan and other reformers to preach against luxury from a high falutin' moral standpoint ; the real remedy for luxurious waste is—*contempt.* It really helps those entangled in a false social position to get out of it. I venture therefore to think it would be well if we tried to turn the stream of Anglo-Saxon contempt on to everyone who buys more of the produce of other people's labour than he uses in fitting himself and his family to be of personal use to the community by his own labour (either of hands or of head).

He who spends sixpence is a slave-owner to the extent of sixpence ; he directs other people's labour to the extent of sixpence. (*E.g.*, in deciding whether to eat meat or fruit, we exert some share of compulsory pressure on the question whether some other persons shall spend their lives as fruit growers or as cattle drivers and butchers.) By that definition we are all naturally slave-drivers. But not necessarily in a parasitic sense.

Suppose we define parasitism thus :

When an individual, having bought as much of other people's labour as is necessary to fit him for performing his own function for the benefit of the community, then buys more labour to help him fill up the void left in his mind and life by his neglect of that function, he thereby makes an act of parasitism.

Of course a definition of this kind is not a hard and fast standard by which we can judge our neighbour's action in detail. It

is rather an internal modulus which helps us to direct our own thinking and our own line of conduct and the general trend of our influence over others. We are not called upon, probably not qualified, to judge another as long as he is fully satisfied that he is not exceeding his right in the matter of buying other people's labour ; but if he tries to justify himself in our eyes by any such plea as that he has a right to buy labour because he is able to pay for it (in money), we have then, it seems to me, a right to feel for him all that contempt which Miss Clyde thinks it necessary for us Anglo-Saxons to feel for somebody or other ; and if we judge the occasion suitable, to make our feeling manifest.

Miss Clyde, watching English life with Colonial eyes, believes that English men refuse the franchise to women out of contempt for us *as women*. I much doubt it. The normal Englishman pays womanhood the high compliment of loathing feminine immorality and illogicality. As long as a woman is purely non-logical, asking for things because she wants them, and expressing ideas because they have occurred to her spontaneously, he is inclined both to humour and to admire her to a greater extent than is quite good for her. But if she uses any sort of logical argument to prove her point, he expects it to be first-rate. Not that the average Englishman objects to immorality and bad logic, especially in politics. Heaven knows, he indulges in plenty of both himself.

Here is a specimen of masculine logic of the most approved kind :—

"Women may not have the Franchise because no one has a right to make laws who is not prepared to enforce them." Do the Members of the two Houses of Parliament parade the streets in the capacity of Police ? Does the Bishop of London keep handcuffs in the pockets of his episcopal apron, ready to clap on to men who have married their deceased wife's sister and personally conduct them to gaol ?

But bad logic is a thing of which the English *man* prefers to keep a monopoly. When a woman reflects his own mental or spiritual vices he turns sick of disgust and simply refuses to hear any more.

The cry, "No Taxation without Representation," is not a properly female utterance ; it is, as I hope to show in my next article, an echo of the vicious logic with which men try to justify their own political and commercial dishonesties and cruelties. I devoutly hope that, as long as English women degrade themselves by such unworthy imitation of masculine bad reasoning, English men will continue to pay us the respect of refusing to take cognisance of claims made on that basis.

II

We are assuming that the Anglo-Saxon must have something to despise ; and that the proper objects for his (or her) contempt at the present time are the individuals who buy more of other people's labour than they use in fitting themselves or their families to do useful *personal* service to the community ; and especially to those who claim respect on the score, not of what they *do*, but of what they pay, or otherwise induce, others to do.

Let us now see how this principle, if accepted, would work out in regard to the suffrage question. Let us examine, in the light of it, the form in which women are making their claim for the franchise. "No Taxation without Representation." This motto does not directly state, but certainly suggests, that the paying of taxes confers a right to a share in the government of the country. Now paying taxes means, among other things, paying other people to defend our homes from foreign invaders and from home-made thieves. This paying of others to defend our homes may be a legitimate thing to do ; we may be relieving ourselves of the burden of personal military service in order to set ourselves free from some other useful function for which we are more fitted. But it should be observed that money taxation is the thing which makes parasitism *possible ;* the Standing Army and the Police Force protect idlers and their useless retainers at least as carefully as they do the useful workers ; and thus set the useless free from the stimulating necessity for protecting themselves and their children.

Now let us suppose that the women had worded their claim thus :

"No representation without personal service, either naval or military."

And had organised camps for the effective drilling of women for Home Defence. Let us see what classes would be disfranchised :

1. Those of either sex too feeble in body (either from illness or old age) to bear the annual period of drill.

2. Those too feeble in mind to understand drill.

3. Those too erratic in disposition or too contemplative by temperament to like to be drilled ; and too indifferent to the franchise to earn it by doing what they dislike.

4. Mothers of unborn or very young children.

Now the feeble in body have (as is pointed out in "Logic Taught by Love") their own peculiar function which the able-bodied

cannot fulfil ; but, *if they fulfil it,* they thereby obtain so much influence that the franchise would be, for them, a superfluity.

The feeble in mind and the erratic and those indifferent to politics may also have their individual possibilities of special usefulness ; but no one would wish to entrust to them any share in the government.

There remains only to be discussed the case of the young mothers. One's first impression would be that they are precisely those who should have a voice in the government. But, on reflection, one sees that no wrong would be done by depriving them of the suffrage : for no individual would be permanently disfranchised on the score of motherhood ; the mother would only go into political retreat during the very time when she is normally too much absorbed in the development and sensations of her own offspring to be a safe judge in the affairs of the community. She would be living retired, under shelter of laws sanctioned by women, many of whom had passed through her present experience ; and would meanwhile be acquiring influence of her own on which to form her judgment when her time of eclipse should have passed away.

The plan of making military service for Home Defence the sole condition of franchise, irrespective of property qualification and of sex, would have many advantages besides that of disfranchising the unfit. It would double the number of Home Defenders, thus diminishing the need for large standing armies liable to be sent out on aggressive warfare. It would put the government of the country into the hands of those willing to defend it at their own personal risk. It would deprive rich women of their most respectable excuse for a life idled away in games and sport : that open-air exercise is necessary for health. It would act as a gentle stimulus, to those of lethargic temperament and sedentary tastes, to take the bodily exercise which they need. It would tend to throw general discredit on the idea of paying others to cultivate virtues which one shrinks from practising ; and it would tend to bring about a real equality between the sexes without the need for those verbal assertions of equality which tend to foster rivalries and unamiable sentiments.

III

Some forty or fifty years ago an Austrian (?) General thrashed women who had rebelled. Afterwards he came to England, and was thrashed by English working men. Very little notice was taken of the affair. It is said that the Government of the foreign

country demanded of our Government to inflict signal punishment on the men ; but were informed that the feeling of England was so strong against a man who used force against women that they *could* not attempt to repress it.

Surely the present state of things is God's comment on England's past brag of better relations between the sexes than those of benighted foreigners. *Airs of superiority* are the sin that is never forgiven till the uttermost farthing has been paid.

And now, what ought to be done next ?

All Englishmen, from kings to crossing sweepers, must be taught that, if we are to work for them any more, they must begin to take us and our work seriously.

But before we begin to teach others, we must learn our own lessons. For instance :

That all kinds of men, from intellectual kings to intellectual paupers, occasionally drug themselves into lethargy with that powerful narcotic—the conceit of masculinity.

That when a man has so drugged himself, there is no use in talking reason to him ; for the voice of reason does not reach his brain. He must first be wakened.

That the best way of restoring animation to a drugged patient is a slap in the face.

That the slap should not be given with anything which can pierce the skin, bruise the flesh, or break the bones ; the best implement is one which combines the largest amount of momentary stimulus with the smallest risk of future injury : *e.g.*, a bunch of stinging nettles. Every woman who has to deal with men should keep some growing handy in case of need.

That stinging nettles have little effect on a constitution saturated with the poison.

The way, therefore, to deal with a victim of the conceit of masculinity is to be uniformly patient and helpful, lady-like and sweet till one sees that the time has come to be effective ; then, administer one good stinging slap ; then, when one sees the patient is well awake, say what one has to say in the fewest possible words ; and then relapse into cheerful, patient helpfulness.

If the man is in fair moral health, the treatment is unlikely to need being resorted to again for a very long time. If the symptoms recur soon, we may infer that the case is one, not of mere drugging, but of chronic failure of power ; the drugging is the consequence, not the real cause of the lethargy. The man should then be consistently treated as impotent and imbecile, and not allowed any voice in woman's conduct or affairs.

VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.

UNCONVENTIONAL DEFINITIONS

Consistency.—A course of thought normal to man, and disastrous to woman.

Lunacy.—A course of thought normal to woman, and incomprehensible to man.

Sanity.—A condition induced by the steady habit of thinking according to the laws of one's own physical thinking machinery.

Insanity.—A condition induced by the effort to think in a manner inconsistent with the laws of one's own physical thinking machinery.

TAKE NOTHING FOR GRANTED

Take nothing for granted as ultimate Truth ; because the Open Road towards ultimate Truth is to hold oneself always free to assume *anything* as a provisional working hypothesis. When one has assumed anything as working hypothesis, one should stick to it loyally till one has worked it out to its logical consequence, either by honest experiment or by accurate reasoning. When one has convinced oneself (as one always can if one is honest) that one's hypothesis is not ultimate Truth, then is the time to assume a fresh hypothesis and start with renewed energy on a fresh stage of the Ever-Open Road.

"Does the road wind uphill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end."

A LITANY OF PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY

In the old days of orthodox religion we used to be told to say, two or three times a day, to "God" : "Father, I am weak, but Thou art strong ; give me of Thy strength. I am impatient, but Thou art long-suffering ; give me of Thy patience," etc.

How do we improve on the old method by affirming, "*I* am strong ; *I* am patient ?" The older affirmations were obviously true. "God" is the Unity of all the Creative Forces ; obviously, then, He (or It) is the "Father" (*i.e.*, Beginner, Originator) of all creatures, the individual affirmer included. He has all Power ; and, as some Forces act slowly, He has all patience ; etc., etc.

The new affirmations : "I am strong : I am patient," not being literally true, seem to make a greater strain on the imagination, and are more difficult to feel sure of.

While on this subject I should like to suggest another affirmation, of the truth of which one cannot be sure *a* but which I find very efficacious. I should be glad if Mr. and any other readers of *The Open Road* who are study subject of Practical Psychology, would experiment with them; they are such as the following :

"Physical Suffering is one-half of Revelation ; Father, complete this pain of mine ; supply the lacking element which is necessary to convert this suffering into the Revelation of whatever Truth I am ready to receive. Anxiety is one-half of Revelation ; Father, supply the lacking element which is necessary to convert this distress of mine into perception of the wisest course to pursue. Friction is one-half of Revelation ; Father, supply the lacking element which is needful to convert my annoyance into perception of the wise thing to say next time I see the person who annoyed me."

"Difference of opinion means that the two persons who differ are being made the channel for Revelation to the world of some truth which neither sees. Father, supply the lacking element which is necessary to change my desire to contradict my opponent into perception of the Truth of which he and I each see one side."

"Resentment at injury done to me is the wild beast form of the perception that some thing is injurious. This resentment which I feel is the first impact of the Revelation that I may injure Humanity (including myself and my children) by a certain course of conduct. Father, supply the lacking knowledge how I may avoid inflicting this kind of injury on myself and those whom I love. I feel shame at my conduct on such and such occasions ; supply the element which will convert shame into power to profit by my experience and do, in future, all the better because of the bad in my past."

"I feel remorse at having injured, grieved, or neglected my parents, children, friends ; supply the elements which will enable me to make up to them for the injury and enable them to rejoice in its consequences."

"Father, harmonise into peaceful Revelation the tendency to incomplete syntheses which gives me bad dreams."

I find that these affirmations and prayers tend to convert restlessness and suffering into *sleep ;* and that I wake from such sleep seeing clearly something about which I had been puzzled. I find them particularly useful in counteracting distressing symptoms due to the weakness of old age. I commend them specially to the attention of persons too old for active employment of body and mind.

The habit of thinking of the Great All as containing (all possible emotions and therefore) personal love for me ; (all time and therefore) the Past as well as the Future ; (all sentient beings and therefore) those whom we call the dead, helps us to avoid both the depressing effect of shame, horror, regret and remorse, and the deadening chilling effect of habitually shaking off those feelings.

The general, or what may be called the abstract or algebraic, formula is : "Father, supply the lacking element which can transform this passion of mine into power." Individuals might study how to word the concrete utterance to suit the particular case, remembering always that "passion" means any kind of weakness, suffering, distress or restlessness of body, mind, heart or soul.

A LITANY FOR PILGRIMS ON THE OPEN ROAD

The Catholic system of hagiology and invocation of saints contains elements of great hygienic value. One great flaw in it is that, as taught by the Roman clergy, it involves some element of belief that the saints actually existed as human beings ; also that they were, on the whole, better than ourselves ; and even, sometimes, that they still exist as individually conscious and able to hear our prayers. All this may be true ; but it is all open to doubt ; and when once the element of doubt enters, the efficacy of prayer is much lessened. The system needs a slight modification to make it hygienic for Free-Thinkers :

"I feel weary, restless, in pain, tired of monotony, etc. ; convert this unpleasant experience into the sense of warm sacramental joy in sharing the cup of those who went through it before me and those who shall go through it after me."

"I am flippantly inquisitive ; grant me that reverent reserve in presence of the Unknown which is ascribed to Moses the Deliverer of Israel from bondage."

"I am obsessed by the value of my own Artistic Creations ; grant me Isaiah's scorn of being in bondage to work done by one's own hands."

"I am cowardly in the prospect of suffering and sacrifice ; grant me a share of the heroic courage of Jesus."

"I like to hide certain truths from myself ; grant me Socrates' conviction that a lie to one's own soul is detestable."

And so on ; through the whole range of History, Fiction and Literature. Nor need we stop at Characters and Ideals.

"When we are vexed because our brothers cannot follow us on

the path along which we feel we must go ; grant us to remember that the tree owes its beauty to the fact that its branches perpetually fork apart."

"If we are sad because our children desert us and seem ungrateful for our trying to feed their souls with Truth, preferring free expansion and worldly comforts ; grant us to remember that our gardens are beautiful because most of the plants spurn mother earth as long as they have any power to grow ; when tired, they all return to her bosom, and enrich her for the uses of the Future with what they have imbibed from the upper air."

"If we feel despair because the message delivered by some revered Teacher is being swept away and will be lost to the world ; grant us to remember that the rainbow perishes utterly off the face of the sky ; yet re-appears, in every successive age, bringing afresh the same message, always written on a storm cloud."

"If we are wretched because all which gave life its value has been swept away ; help us to remember that, when the Teacher wipes the blackboard, it is a signal to the class to sit quiet and watch to see what he is preparing to write next."

"If we are sick at heart because of the incessant struggle for life and the apparent wasted effort and useless suffering ; help us to remember that our own faculties were generated by the struggle among ancestors who could form little conception of the artistic possibilities which they were evolving ; help us to trust that the struggles of the present time are evolving, for future generations, possibilities of spiritual enjoyment in intercourse with the Eternal, the nature of which we can but dimly conceive."

"If we feel worried because people interpose their personal fads between mankind and the open sunlight of pure Truth, help us to remember that the beautiful chequered light and shade of the woodland is planned by no human artist ; but comes from each tree and shrub trying to live its own life according to its own instincts."

"If we are inclined to feel contempt for the eccentricities of mistaken enthusiasts ; help us to remember how grieved we feel when rude boys insult or pelt with mud the mentally afflicted."

"If we are losing sight of the beauty of some things which used to delight us ; help us to remember that as we rise the horizon expands though details become dimmer ; and that the Road 'goes uphill all the way.' "

"If it seems to us horrible when the descendants of a great seer lose virility, and degenerate from the direction of his aims and purposes ; help us to remember how beautiful it seems to us when

logical principles as positive facts. Algebra recognises nothing as *evil*, except "lies to one's own soul"; irreverence for The As-Yet-Unknown, the ignoring of one's own ignorance, and the desire to suppress truths revealed to oneself or to others in order to prevent one's own ignorance from making itself evident.

When you are opposed by persons who desire to ignore or to hide their own ignorance, leave them alone. If they hit you, do not hit back. Every time you hit, some of your force drains away into the opposite side. In quietness and confidence lies the strength of all that deserves to be called Algebra. Be sure that Time and Truth will prove more than a match for any amount of error and of false assumption.

For ever, O Lord, Thy Word is settled in heaven.

HOW TO USE BOOLE'S METHOD IN EDUCATION

That depends on the purpose for which it is to be used. If it is desired to lay the foundation of a future scientific and philosophic attitude towards nature and a power of original research, the parents should put into the hands of the children "Lectures on the Logic of Arithmetic" and "Mistletoe and Olive" without comment; and should encourage the children to learn the verses by heart, but gently discourage discussions. If the children ask questions they should be told to read the books occasionally at intervals of a year or so, and what they do not understand now they will by and by. Meantime parents and teachers should read "The Preparation of the Child for Science" and "Miss Education and Her Garden," but not let these get into the hands of the children.

An adult who wishes to understand the system for himself, so as to be able to teach it in his own way, should study "Logic Taught by Love," "The Message of Psychic Science to Mothers and Nurses," and "The Mathematical Psychology of Gratry and Boole."

If he wishes to know more about it than these books can tell him he must be prepared to go through a long course of study in the direction of Quaternions and the higher mathematical notations.

If the object is to produce demoralisation and intellectual degradation the course is very simple. Put the children into the hands of a teacher who has not actually used the method for his own private study, but has only read about it or got some one to tell him about it in order to teach it, because he thinks it would please the parents. Used in this way, Boole's method can safely

be warranted to produce as much moral deterioration and degradation of intellect as desired.

ALONE

Combine when the time comes for action ; but have the courage to do the preliminary thinking alone. All the real progress is made by those who are not afraid to be alone in the dark ; who, if wakeful in the night, lie still and gain power through repose ; not restlessly waking others merely to keep them company.

UNITY, PIOUS PEOPLE AND GOD'S LAW

What does the Unity of Humanity mean ? As many people use the phrase, they might as well talk of the Unity of Birdity. Unfeathered bipeds are no more one species than feathered bipeds. The Divine Unity is Unseen, and is not any one species of visible creatures. The true privilege and glory of man is that, as his differentiations into new species did not begin until after the establishment of common vocal organs and a flexible hand, the various species can hold converse together, and therefore can combine for purposes of artistic creation and to gain control of elemental and cosmic forces. But as long as they waste this blessed privilege of inter-communion of species, in trying to lay down rules for each other's diet, morals and family arrangements, what can they expect but chaos and confusion ? Only conceive eagles, canaries and barndoor fowl trying to come to an understanding on food and the sex question !

Pious people talk about its being the duty of everyone to keep *God's Law*. So it is. But what is the Law laid by God on His creatures ? We are all ignorant and short-sighted ; but surely, so far as we can see, God's commandment is : "Thou shall either differentiate or degenerate ;" and we all obey it. Man's law is : "Thou shalt either conform or starve ;" it has yet to be proved whether man can enforce it.

AT A CRISIS IN REFORM

If fog or darkness come on at sea when we are nearing a dangerous passage, certain precautions are clearly indicated. Slow down. Keep the best look out you can. Take frequent and careful soundings. Take care not to jostle each other so as to knock

ropes or spars out of each other's hands. And do not distract each other by crying out that you have found a mare's nest, when you catch a glimpse of a harmless shoal of porpoises tumbling about in their own element in the manner which is normal to their species.

WHAT IS AMUSEMENT?

The modern use of the word "amusement" is a degraded one; *i.e.*, it has *stepped down*. Originally it meant converse with the Muses, the inspiring forces; "musing" is probably from the same root. As so often happens, the two sister-words, sprung from the same stock, have parted company; each has slipped down hill for want of the supporting association with the other. "Musing" has lost its joyous connotation; "amusement" its ennobling one. Both originally meant escape from monotony and drudgery into "The kingdom of the Ideal;" into that world of abstract Perfection where all is Peace because there "men see things as they are." Now, amusement too often means: laughing at things that should be sacred; and "musing" becomes associated with an overloaded stomach and a disordered liver, and takes the direction of finding out that nothing is true except Pessimism.

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.—The tail of the kite seems like a hindrance to its upward flight, a useless weight dragging it down towards the earth. In reality it is the balance which prevents its pitching headlong downwards. Perhaps the prejudices of elders render a similar service to the younger generation.

PRAYER FOR AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY OR NAVY

Every now and then, when lying down, either in bed at night or on Sundays, make muscles quite slack; take a few long slow breaths; and then say this prayer:

"The soldier, more than most men, *belongs* to his profession during work hours; to his country, the army, and his regiment. The soldier, more than most men, should lose this feeling during hours of spiritual and mental recreation.

"We are breaking the Sabbath Law by allowing privates to hear military music on Sunday and to go to Church in uniform. No blessing ever attends the neglect of Sabbatical recreation.

"Lord, inspire us with a suggestion how we may restore to the

British Army that vitality which never comes except from respect for man's right to Sabbatical recreation."

I do not undertake to predict that the prayer would be "answered" in the sense that any given individual would see what could be done. *That* answer may not come to him or to anyone during his lifetime. But I am sure that the exercise I recommend would reach that region of the military imagination which is functioning wrongly and keeping the nerve-machinery of army men from acting as beneficially as it might do.

It would act all the more beneficially if the officer would get one or two friends with whom he is in close sympathy to go through the same exercise. *Not* necessarily in the room with him or at the same time.

THE USE OF BOOLE'S METHOD AT LAST

In common with I suppose every other woman in England, I have been urged and pressed to make some definite pronouncement of my sentiments on the Suffrage question, but have hitherto refrained from taking any side in the matter. I am also appealed to about abuses in primary schools: over-crowding, bad ventilation; children not allowed to "sit slack" at proper intervals; lessons taught by teachers who, on their own confession, do not understand what the lesson is about; modes of false reasoning forced on children, as proof, which can only prepare them to become either the victims or the authors of frauds; assistant mistresses taught by the headmistress, in presence of the children, how to cheat the Inspector; well-to-do ratepayers refusing to obey Inspectors' orders; competent managers rejected on frivolous excuses connected with sectarian religions; the mothers of the children all in a ferment, but unable to obtain any redress, etc., etc.

If I am to say what I see, here it is :—

Jesus preached *non-resistance* to oppression. But that was at a time when the kingdom of Palestine was crumbling and there remained no hope of saving the nation; when the one all-important consideration was to save a few disciples who should carry to all nations the seed of the good news that the despised and rejected are masters of the situation, and that killing people only lifts them beyond the possibility of being effectively contradicted.

But we have not come to that pass yet, in Western Europe.

The formulæ of French Revolution are :—"The world is watching our movements." "Come on, let us march in procession,

patriots ; the day of triumph has arrived." This method gave to France the Reign of Terror ; a military dictator ; the great Napoleonic wars, and a lowered standard of height and physical strength. The English formula is :—"I won't, I tell 'e I won't. I'll be *danged* if I do." It gave to England the Magna Charta ; the Habeas Corpus Act, and a big, strong, yeoman-farmer class. Had we not better stick to it ? The women had better stop at home ; defend their homes, and keep their children at home ; till the gentlefolk find out how to make proper conditions at school. When a School Board official calls to know why the children are not at school, the mother should reply that she will neither send the children into poisonous conditions nor allow them to be taught by people who don't know better than to try to induce her to do so. When she sees that the gentlefolk are really trying to give to the poor children whatever they (the gentry) agree in considering good for children, instead of squabbling among themselves about things as to which they disagree, it will be soon enough, then, to begin to think about sending children to school. Till then, she means to keep her children at home and teach them what she sees fit herself.

If the official talks about the Law, the answer is ready to her hand : Men claim the monopoly of the power to understand legislation ; she knows nothing about Law, and has no idea what he is talking about. Political parties are gambling for votes with children's lungs, stomachs, spines, eyes, hearts and brains, instead of cards ; she does not approve of that sort of amusement ; and will be no party to it.

If, after that, the official has anything more to say, she can take such practical measures as seem to her most suitable, to prove to him that an English mother's house is her castle. It is no part of the function of Boole's method to dictate any precise mode of action to persons in varied circumstances with which one is unacquainted ; its use is to break up systems of interlocked fraud, shake out the specious bunkum, and fix the attention of groups of honest people on the actual facts of the case and the main questions involved.

A teacher in a primary school in the country, who was helping to correct the proof sheets of a text book of arithmetic, remarked : "It will be nice to have something to tell the children that we can understand ourselves. We have to teach all these rules, but we do not know a bit what they mean." It is easy to say that the remark showed that someone was trying to improve things. There always are Quixotic individuals who "try to improve things" ; pulling at a thread here and a thread there in hopes of diminishing

the big general tangle. They no doubt get a good deal of satisfaction out of their own virtuous efforts. But surely the real question at issue is this: pending the "improvement," why were the country children wrenched out of the sun and fresh air, which did know how to oxygenate their blood, and out of the hands of parents who knew how to grow and cook plain food; and put into the hands of a teacher who, on her own showing, did *not* know how to teach what she professed to teach? I am not trying to throw blame on anyone in particular; but only inviting the serious attention of *Open Roaders* to the question: *What was the motive for doing it?* If we could get the answer to that question, would give us the clue to the cause of many of our national ubles—"unemployed," "short food supply" the inefficiency workpeople; and the wanton waste which goes on in so many directions.

OTHER PAPERS BETWEEN 1903 AND 1908

1905

The Nation

MAR. 3RD—THE SORROWS OF PHILOSOPHERS

1906

The Ethical Review

APRIL 7TH—THE ALGEBRA AND MATHEMATICS OF ETHICAL LAW

JUNE 9TH—FIVE EDUCATIONAL RECIPES

,, 16TH—REVERENCE FOR THE AS-YET-UNKNOWN

,, 30TH—A WARNING FROM THE PAST

OCT. 6TH—MAN'S FIRST DUTY TO SOCIETY: TO KEEP HIMSELF MORALLY SANE

(PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED.) THE DUTY OF MORAL SANITY

1908

The Seeker

MAY—A SHORT CATECHISM OF THE TERMINOLOGY OF JAMES HINTON

This appeared also in "The Indian Spectator" of May 2nd, 1908, and in "The Open Road" for June, 1908.

THE SORROWS OF PHILOSOPHERS

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Nation*:

Sir: Now that the subject of healing diseases by mental suggestion is being so much discussed, readers may be interested in a fragment of parallelism connected with the early history of the subject.

James Hinton's philosophy of the Art of Thinking was analogous to the special kind of mathematical philosophy of which a writer in *The Nation* (January 5th of this year) says that "English mathematicians generally" have shown "a marked aversion" to it, and that Babbage, Herschel, and Boole were "much addicted" to it. It consists, as the writer says, in treating mental "operations as if they were things." In the "fifties" of the last century, Hinton carried on a series of experiments suggested by Hahnemann, with a view to testing the truth of the homœopathic system of medicine. Results followed as predicted by Hahnemann. It occurred to Hinton to repeat the same series of experiments with plain sugar-of-milk; fixing his mind, when administering the pillules, on the symptoms which, according to Hahnemann, should have followed from the administration of a special drug.

The new set of experiments proved as successful as the old. Hinton came to the conclusion that the results were due to the imagination of the patient, acted upon by silent suggestion from the doctor. The story, so far, is told in his biography. The sequel, I believe, has never, till now, been alluded to in print.

If we examine the literature of Christian Science, or any other variety of "mental healing," we find the authors, for the most part, expending their energy on proving the one point, that disease is the product of false thinking, and can be cured by true thinking. They hardly touch on the inquiry: What is the normal order of the process of thinking? It is here that Hinton showed his peculiar genius for treating mental operations "as if they were things." Having come to the conclusion that the action of the doctor's mind on the patient's could affect the health and sensations of the latter as a drug does, he proceeded to deal with the newly discovered remedy, in all simplicity and good faith, on the same principles as an honorable physician deals with a new drug. A physician does not bind himself down beforehand to use one set of remedies exclusively and abjure others; he deals with each case as it arises, according to the best of his present judgment enlightened by past experience. James Hinton would never have consented to commit himself to use, in all cases, imagination and suggestion rather than iodine or sulphur.

He laid great stress on the principle that all remedial agents have reactions as well as direct actions. When a new drug is found capable of allaying unpleasant symptoms. the good physician does not therefore immediately feel himself justified in using it freely to get rid of those symptoms; he uses it with great reserve, in cases of illness, until every effort has been made to find out as much as possible about its nature and properties, and about its effects *and after-effects*, when taken by persons in ordinary health. Having discovered that the operation of framing mental postulates, hypotheses, opinions, imaginations, etc., can induce or can cure disease, Hinton devoted himself to the study of that operation as an entity in itself, on the same principles as he would have studied any anodyne or alterative drug.

The consequences much resembled those which followed my husband's mathematical analysis of the Laws of Thought. By the mere fact of analyzing the process of forming hypotheses, Hinton shed light on many departments of science of which he had only quite ordinary medical knowledge, such as morphology, embryology, physiology, and sociology; and even on mathematics, of which he knew hardly anything at all till he studied it as a branch of the Art of Thinking; much as George Boole, by his analysis

of the Laws of Thought, shed light on obscure questions of mathematics, probabilities, electricity, chemistry, and economics. In each case, some section of the public welcomed enthusiastically such results of the investigation as proved directly useful or attractive (Hinton's little object-lessons on Morphology, published under the title, "Life in Nature," are exquisitely graceful and fascinating). But, in each case, the readers missed the true purpose of the writer, which was to present the process of thinking and show its normal course.

As it was my father, Thomas Everest, who had induced Hinton to try Hahnemann's experiments, I was naturally interested in just that part of Hinton's work which to most of his friends seemed uninteresting and unimportant. I sometimes felt that his most fervent disciples hated his philosophy "with the hate of hell," though they "loved passing well" the "beauty" of its results! His fate, in this respect, resembled that of my husband. Both were at times crushed by their failure as regards the main object of their life-work. In my husband's case, the disappointment showed itself in fits of remorse about accepting medals and degrees granted for the external results of his thinking, by authorities who, he said, would shun him if they realized what his books were really about. In Hinton's case, the grief was more profound and continuous. It overshadowed all his later years and hastened his end. It made him, in a certain sense, *ashamed* of the artistic beauty and intellectual charm of his work, and at times, even of its very moral excellence, because all these things attracted attention away from the study of the Art of Thinking itself, which he, as well as George Boole, believed to be the true key to the physical and moral regeneration of mankind.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

London, March 3, 1905.

THE ALGEBRA AND MATHEMATICS OF ETHICAL LAW

The Ethical World, April 7th, 1906.

Whatever we may believe or disbelieve about theology, no one can disbelieve in the existence of certain forces, such as electricity, heat, etc.

Suppose that we call the amount of these forces that man has got hold of at any given time A, and the unknown remainder X. Then we might call the available controllable *electricity* in the

world at any given time A′, and the remainder X′ ; the controllable heat A″, and the remainder X″ ; and so on.

Then, a thunderstorm might be spoken of as a special manifestation of X′, a volcanic explosion as a special manifestation of X″, etc. (The religions of the world give to X such names as Elohim, God the Father, Bramah, and to X′, X″, etc., the names Jupiter, Thor, Vulcan, Baldur, etc. But with these names we need not concern ourselves.)

Nor does anyone doubt the existence of moral forces which mould human society. Certain kinds of conduct among the members of a tribe to each other conduce to prosperity, certain others to disaster.

Suppose we agree to call the portions that we understand and can calculate on of the moral forces which produce these results B, and the unknown portions Y. (Religious people call Y God the Son ; but that, again, need not concern us.)

Certain men have been born with a special genius for revealing laws of moral force. They seem to know Y, be at home in it, one with it, able to interpret it. Suppose we call them incarnations or embodiments of Y.

No one doubts that, under certain conditions, chiefly of sudden synthesis or contact of opposites, man becomes *creative*. There is a difference also between the products of men's mental action ; some are manufactured, some generated by synthetic contact of polars within a mind. (The ancients called the creative, generative mental force "The Muses" or "Adonai" ; Christian theology, in the attempt to make people sober and reverent in the invocation of the Inspirer-Force, calls it the *Holy* Spirit.) We can call so much as we know the laws of, and can induce at will and manage, C, and the rest Z.

The serious business of man on earth is to transfer as much as he can of X to A ; as much as he can of Y to B ; and as much as he can of Z to C.

"Persona" means *mask*, or *mode of manifestation*. "Holy" means "heilig," or wholesome.

The words "Holy Trinity" refer to the three kinds of investigation about which it behoves man to be specially and *equally* serious, for the sake of his mental balance and nerve health.

Here is the basis of an algebra by means of which Ethical Societies can utilise all the experience and knowledge stored up in religions and theologies, without committing themselves to any unproved theories about the Unseen, or beliefs about the Unknown.

FIVE EDUCATIONAL RECIPES

The Ethical Review, June 9th, 1906.

The following prescriptions can be confidently recommended to the attention of parents, teachers, school managers, editors, and other persons interested in education, being founded on principles of scientific psychology, and well tested by experience.

I

To encourage plutocrats in self-satisfaction.

Speak of mammon-worshippers as "brutes." This is a libel on brutes, and it encourages the men in salving their consciences with their favourite delusion—that their cruelties are, after all, only normal products of a natural and unavoidable evolution ; it helps them to hide from themselves the fact that they are the diseased products of vicious and dishonest cross-linking of nerve currents ; and that whereas the combative and competitive instincts of animals were evolved in a cleanly manner under pressure of honestly-felt needs, the lust of wealth has been fostered by a complicated system of self-deception and by the prostitution of spiritual and communal emotions to subserve personal ends. Probably this is what is implied in the title; "That Brute-God Mammon" ; but if so, the name conveys to the average man, and especially the money-grubbing man, a misleading impression.

II

To encourage mammon-worship and commercial unscrupulousness.

Give the experience of, and practice in, competition in connection with ideas of past and future communal beneficence. *E.g.*, teach children social ethics and Christian principles of action under conditions which involve a sense of competition among the members of the class about the most successful answers or the best papers. Keep the children so constantly occupied with these and other studies and school affairs that they have no time for active helpfulness in their home or personal good offices to the sick. Tell them that they must devote their whole time to their own improvement, in order that they may "get on" when they are grown up. Consecrate the "getting-on" idea by showing them that men who get on in business are able to subscribe largely to charities. Give

them pocket-money, and encourage them to make donations to missions and hospitals, thus magnetising, so to speak, the life of competition and money-grubbing with the emotions connected with philanthropy, and accustoming the children to think that they can be humanitarian by the exertions of other people.

(This is a mere variant, *mutatis mutandis*, of the old secret for getting up a spirit of militarism.)

III

To prepare an army of clerks who shall be the efficient tools of unscrupulous men, whether company-promoters, directors of syndicates, or private traders.

Teach arithmetic on such uninspired methods as alone are practically possible where the system of the school is competitive. This ensures the production of an army of lads who combine the two advantages of being clever at accounts on any system imposed by employers, and of having neither the instinct to recoil against dishonesty nor intellect enough to detect when the employers are cheating shareholders or customers.

IV

To prepare a breed of future scientific men, whose conduct throughout life shall be externally correct, but who will be the curse of future science and the cheerful, willing, and unconscious tools of tyrants, sweaters, and dishonest trade competition.

Give to children what is ordinarily known as a "scientific education." Make what are called "scientific subjects" (physics, chemistry, electricity, etc.) so interesting and absorbing that the child shall have no temptation to naughtiness, nor the adolescent to vice. Carefully exclude from the education everything that savours of awe-struck reverence for the mysterious and unknown. Fill the whole horizon of children's minds with the importance of things which the teacher knows, and which the pupil can immediately learn.

E.g., interest them in electrical experiments. Tell them that thunder is "only" an electrical discharge on a large scale. Show them phosphorescence, and tell them that, under certain conditions, a large mass of wood, or a wide range of ocean, emits phosphorescent light. Make them fancy that, because they know under what conditions these things happen, therefore they "understand" electricity and phosphorescence. Tell them that to know these

things is enlightenment, and that not to know them is pitiable ignorance. And carefully abstain from filling their imaginations with the ancient legend that a great prophet of unity, the typical emancipator of slaves, was a man who, coming upon unfamiliar phenomena, heard a voice which told him that the spot where a man meets with the great Unknown is Holy Ground. Concentrate the whole of the ethical instruction on directions as to how a man should act in given relations, in specified circumstances. Omit all suggestion that any ethical codes exist which have reference to man's relations with the Unknown. Omit to remind the children that they may set up bad habits in themselves and false relations with others by rash action in unforeseen circumstances. Avoid all reference to the existence of mysterious forces which lay hold on the nervous systems of the irreverent and careless, and lead them into unconscious dishonesty.

V

To induce that cross-vibration of thought-current, that shimmering condition of the moral atmosphere, which is specially favourable to all dishonesty and tyranny, because, though no one, while it exists, can see anything clearly, no one has a feeling of darkness, and therefore no one perceives that he needs more light.

Watch for any popular feeling generated by some great wrong done in ancient times, and, in order to prevent its directing itself against the present doers of similar wrongs, take care to divert it against parties bearing the same name as the ancient wrong-doers, but who are now powerless. *E.g.*, remind the English masses that "Romanists" lit the fires of Smithfield; and be careful *not* to remind them that Romanists, as such, have no temporal power now, and that the money interest, as such, does wield temporal power, and is using its influence over the masses of ignorant voters to force on children a system of ethical teaching which many who combine some knowledge of psychology with indifference to wealth and a desire for general health, of muscle, nerve, and brain, *do not believe in.*

REVERENCE FOR THE AS-YET-UNKNOWN

The Ethical Review, June 16th, 1906.

In my text-book, "Preparation of the Child for Science," I have spoken of the need of reverence for the "As-yet-Unknown." I

do not indulge in any theories about the *Unknowable*. The word "occult" means, I believe, hidden. Most things are hidden from man till he discovers (*i.e.*, uncovers) them. The occult of one age is the science of the next. We are now teaching in kindergartens some things which apparently were at some time communicated only to adult initiates of the male sex, and under solemn vows of secrecy.

It is the custom to-day to give the name "occult" to a certain class of nervous phenomena which accompany the very sudden apprehension of new truth. Some persons believe that these phenomena can never be "understood" (*i.e.*, reduced to the domain of law and correlated with other phenomena). Others, again, think that it is impious and dangerous to investigate them ; and others, again, think that the occurrence of these phenomena "proves" certain doctrines about a personal God or about the existence of angels or devils.

I hold none of these theories. I believe that we do not yet know everything about the action of the human brain and nerves; that the more we learn about them the better ; and that all phenomena which seem anomalous belong to the same category as singular points in geometry—*i.e.*, apparent exceptions to some law as yet imperfectly apprehended, by means of which exceptions the true law can be discovered. In mathematics, more perhaps than anywhere else, we learn that the occult (*i.e.*, the hidden) reveals itself on conditions which are not purely intellectual, but ethical and religious (in your sense of those words)—*i.e.*, that the revelation comes first, not to the flippant and conceited, but to the reverent and cautious ; not to the selfish, but to those who are willing to efface themselves and work in generous collaboration with others.

A WARNING FROM THE PAST

The Ethical Review, June 30th, 1906.

Long ago in Palestine certain authorities set up a sanitary code, good as far as it went, and in some respects quite admirable. As was the custom of the time, they dressed up the code in oriental imagery. They said that the tribal god of their country walked about watching to keep away the devils (microbes?) which breed fevers and other diseases. If he smelt bad smells or saw evidences of neglect, he would go away in disgust ; and then the fever-devils would have things all their own way. The tribal god disliked pigs and certain other unclean feeders (the flesh of which is not

wholesome in hot countries) ; his protégés must not eat these animals. He loved the smell of burning offal ; everything of the kind was to be destroyed by fire in his honour. He disliked animals to be killed in ways which were cruel or in ways which made their flesh unwholesome ; no one was to kill any animal for food who had not been taught how to do it properly. The killing was to be done publicly, under the eyes of the learned and pious of the community. The tribal god did not like too sharp a distinction of classes, and required all learned persons and teachers to camp out with their families for a week of the autumn holiday, in company with persons of the poorest class. And so on, and so on.

They so much did not mean the fairy-tale part of their code that they inserted in the statute-book an absolute prohibition against believing in any "god" except the Cosmic Unity.

Later rulers, possessed apparently of more industry than imagination, exerted themselves to construct a logically coherent whole by combining the fairy-tale of the sanitary authorities with the philosophic dogma. And the result was that they manufactured a highly illogical jumble.

Then came an upheaval. A band of young men of genius, of whom Jesus of Nazareth was the leader, denounced the absurdity of supposing that Cosmic Unity is the tribal god of a particular nation, and walks about a special area ; of supposing that the power which evolved all animals had a prejudice against any of them ; that Cosmic Unity liked the smell of burning offal or burning flesh.

The followers of Jesus, the Christian sect of Judaism, very properly took upon themselves to dispense with the superstitious elements in their ancestral religion. But alas ! in their eagerness to get rid of the fantastic embroidery in which sanitary science had been wrapped, they swept away the sanitary code itself.

Their Jewish co-religionists refused to have anything to do with them ; but some garbled version of their ideas gradually pervaded Europe, and involved it, for ten or fifteen centuries, in a grovelling cult of sordidness and dirt. We hardly realise at the present day to what an extent the Catholic religion was moulded by the prevailing impression that to select hygienic food and enforce cleanliness in the handling of it savoured of Hebrew superstition, and that the possession of a bath-room betokened pagan idolatry, licentiousness, and luxury.

Our Teutonic forefathers at last grew tired of a religion of laziness and dirt, and swept away what they called the "Romish superstition." But they swept away along with it some elements of considerable value to social well-being.

It is now proposed to clear away from rate-paid schools in England all religions. Let us beware that we do not clear away things of priceless value to secular education, merely because of their accidental association with religions.

It is right to object to having imposed upon us other people's superstitious beliefs; but it is well to remember that such a thing is possible as an attitude of over-hasty hostility to everything *associated* with other people's superstitions—an attitude which is in itself essentially superstitious, fanatical, anti-ethical, retrograde, and injurious to the best interests of society.

A French fable tells of a monkey who thought his elders stupid because they set a value on walnuts, he himself knowing nothing about walnuts beyond the fact that he had stuck his teeth into a stinging, unwholesome rind, and come down upon a hard shell, which he had not taken the trouble to crack. His grandmother, wise by experience, peeled off the skin, broke the shell, and profited by the kernel. What the younger animal in the fable knew about walnuts was as much as many people in England at the present day take the trouble to know about ancient ritual, myths, and formulas.

What is the remedy for this dangerous condition of ignorance? A principle, purely ethical and social, enunciated by Jesus of Nazareth—viz., If thy brother offend thee (cause thee to stumble, shock thee), talk it over personally between him and thee alone, before raising any protest against him in public; and, if thou bring to the national altar thy gift (of enlightenment, culture, advanced knowledge), and there rememberest that thy brother feels thee to be in the wrong, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go and come to an understanding with thy brother; *then* come and offer thy gift to the nation.

The disaster now threatening England may easily be averted if a hundred—nay, if a dozen—men of culture and influence will put in practice this ethical precept.

MAN'S FIRST DUTY TO SOCIETY:

TO KEEP HIMSELF MORALLY SANE

The Ethical Review, October 6th, 1906

In the *Ethical Review* of June 30th, I ventured to suggest that superstition may be shown as much by hasty sweeping away of

stored-up knowledge as by slavish preservation of superstitions. I there pointed out that, when St. Peter discovered the absurdity of believing in a "God" who first made pigs and then took a dislike to them for being pigs, that was not a sufficient reason for sweeping away sanitary codes and plunging into the cult of dirt and the propagation of trichinosis and other diseases due to unwholesome food. A further suggestion of the same kind applies more directly to the present day.

The Bible and other old eastern "sacred books" contain a large store of sound psychological information, clothed in language which is misleading to modern readers. That may be a good reason for not trusting ignorant and superstitious persons to read these books with other people's children ; but it can be no valid excuse for adults to neglect the psychologic cautions contained in the old records.

The word "angel," so often used in the Bible, does not necessarily imply a "being other than man" ; it simply means "a messenger of good." A learned Jew informs me that, supposing he fell into the fire and a friend pulled him out, if he wished to narrate the occurrence in pure Hebrew he would write something of which this is the literal translation : "Satan got hold of me, and the flames of hell encompassed me ; but the angel of the Lord came to help me, and delivered me out of his hands."

Anything which warns one against doing a foolish thing is, in Bible language, an angel ; especially that most useful and, in our day, least heeded of warnings—the fact of "seeing" imaginary objects or hearing imaginary sounds. When Macbeth saw a dagger in the air he might have known—an ancient prophet would have known—that his automatically acting nerve-centres were functioning wrongly in the direction of suggesting murder, and that he had better largely discount, on the score of nervous aberration, any judgment which he might arrive at.

A remarkable instance of the use of this kind of psychological religion is given in the book of *Numbers*. Balak, king of Moab, was about to fight a battle against Israel, and thought that he was more likely to win the battle if he could persuade a man named Balaam, who had a local reputation as a far-seer, to predict success for him. Balaam intensely desired to earn the large bribe offered to him ; but he had a conscience, and thought he ought to tell the truth. A severe mental struggle ensued, in the course of which his sleep became obstructed and his nervous equilibrium unsettled. At length he decided to go to a place where he could see the two armies, and judge of their relative strength and discipline. It is evident that he started on his journey in the mood of mind in

which a man readily falls into temptation—feverish, restless, over-eager, hasty.

But on the way an event occurred which brought him to his senses and revealed to him his danger. His perfectly-trained and always docile ass shied or jibbed for the first time in its life. Whether it was frightened by some unusual object in the road, or whether, as seems more probable, the poor beast was bewildered by its master's hasty, irregular movements and infected by his nervous trepidation, matters little ; the fact narrated is that the ass shied. It repeated the offence three times. Each time the rider, instead of trying to discover the cause of its departure from its normal custom, struck the animal hastily. And then (for he knew something about sane canons of self-discipline, self-guidance, and the laws of thought) he saw his danger. A man too pre-occupied and hasty to try to find out what made a donkey shy, before he beat it for shying, was in the humour to do anything else that was stupid and wrong, and had better pull himself together and mind what he was about.

As a practical consequence of this common-sense view of his relation to the ass, Balaam, seeing that the army of Israel was both larger and more disciplined than that of Moab, resisted the temptation to make himself rich by talking political bunkum at the bidding of a foolish king.

History contains no lesson more profoundly ethical in itself, or more needed at the present day, than the story of Balaam and the ass.

The Angel of Warning may have been some friend in the flesh come to remonstrate with Balaam, and whom he was too pre-occupied to see at first ; or it may have been some sensation or impression projected, like Macbeth's dagger, from the disorder of his automatic brain-machinery. Superstitious people have chosen to suppose that the angel was necessarily some "being other than man," dressed in an incongruous mixture of white drapery and goose-feathers. They have also seen fit to take with prosaic literal-ness the statement that "the Lord opened the mouth of the ass" and made it reproach the master. (It probably did reproach him with pleading, astonished eyes.)

After centuries of quarrelling, and the writing of reams of nonsense about "miracle," we have at last discovered that the whole drapery-and-feathers view of angels is absurd ! So much the better. But is that any reason for sweeping away a whole magnificent science of the precautions which man—especially political man—should take, for the preservation of his own sanity and honesty, and for the protection of himself from delusions, born

of auto-suggestion when he is nervously unhinged by the conflict between self-interest, conscience, and political passions ?

Or let us put this question in a different form, thus : Is the science of ethics to dwindle down into a tabulated code of rules which people who are in the humour to wish to do right will keep while that mood is on them ; or does man owe it as his first duty to society to learn, *while he is in that humour*, on what depends his possibility of remaining continuously able and willing to *desire* to do right ? Is it, or is it not, any part of man's duty to society to learn how to keep himself morally sane, and not be swept from his ethical moorings at the touch of sudden temptation, psychic contagion, nervous disorder, or political passion ?

THE DUTY OF MORAL SANITY

It is the fashion in England now, even among clergymen of the Anglican Church, to speak of the so-called Athanasian Creed as unintelligible and valueless. This bad fashion is mainly due to the decay among us of interest in the conception which is the underlying assumption of the old document : that man has duties in regard to certain Psychic Forces which act on the nerves and brain.

It is the fashion nowadays to be too philosophical to believe that man owes any duty to the Unseen God ; if there be a God, He needs nothing from us ; human society claims all our energy and efforts. God made us as we are, is responsible for us, and makes no claims on us ; our duty is to man. It is the duty of every man, woman and child, to be interested in politics and education ; as for religion, every one has the right to believe as he sees fit and conduct his religious life as he pleases.

In ancient times it was recognized, though often in a crude empirical way, that man owes it to society to keep himself sane ; or at least free from certain insanities which distort his apprehension of civil affairs. His first duty to man was to avoid putting himself under the continuous action of dangerous psychic entanglements. The legislators of Palestine therefore prefaced the five main laws of man's conduct to society by five others which relate to the preservation of personal and racial sanity : viz. :—

Synthesis is the Source of Sound Inspiration, the deliverer from bondage ; seek no other. Do not worship ' Gods," or any partial eidola of your own devising. Do not over-emphasize your own hobbies and fads by invoking the authority of God to endorse them, pretending to yourself or other people that He shares

your partial views of religion and ethics. Do not keep yourself on perpetual tension about one set of duties or affairs ; take a periodic bath of relaxation in the thought of the Unity of the whole world. Do not live continually in one thin stratum of up-to-date fashions and aspirations ; find time to pay homage to the past and to study your own and your children's ancestral history and atavistic proclivities, then you will understand better what they and you can do and are most fit to do ; and your own work will be more likely to be permanent.

If these rules of mental safety and hygiene are carefully observed, men are less likely to be seized with uncontrollable manias, to find anti-social passions and lusts unmanageably violent ; they will be better able to keep the laws of external conduct which society makes for its own protection.

The first five Commandments of the Jewish Law describe fairly enough the psychic duty, or main precautions of mental conduct, of the ordinary citizen. The Athanasian Creed goes deeper into the matter ; and refers more properly to the duty, not of the ordinary citizen, but of the student, teacher, writer or legislator ; and most especially the man or woman of exceptional genius.

A SHORT CATECHISM OF THE TERMINOLOGY OF JAMES HINTON

A writer named James Hinton, who died in 1875, left behind him some confusion owing to his use of a peculiar and very definite vocabulary. He had exerted great influence over a rather wide circle of intelligent readers and hearers, who to some extent continue the use of his vocabulary in a manner which somewhat dissociates them from ordinary teachers of religion, theosophy, and psychology. As a small contribution to general clearness of thought, I have drawn up the following catechism of Hinton's phraseology, and shall be grateful to any editor who will kindly give it a place in his columns.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

Q.—What is a ghost ?
A.—A spirit that appears.
Q.—What is a man ?
A.—A spirit that appears.
Q.—What is the phenomenal ?
A.—That which is cognised by the senses.
Q.—What is the re-al (or Thing-al) ?

A.—That which to our intellect appears as solid fact.
Q.—What is the Act-ual ?
A.—That which to our intellect appears to be dynamic or causal.
Q.—What is the I AM, the truly existing ?
A.—Love.
Q.—What makes the watch go ?
A.—The fact that the spring has been *wrung* (by winding) ; *i.e.*, put into a state of tension.
Q.—What is the meaning of the word "wrong" ?
A.—Wrung ; *i.e.*, in a state of tension.
Q.—Sin ?
A.—Action at the wrong time.
Q.—Pain ?
A.—Resistance under wrong conditions.
Q.—Evil ?
A.—Man's false perception of the fact that everything in Nature is wrung.
Q.—Redemption ?
A.—Getting to see truly the fact of Nature's universal tension.

SOME MASTER-KEYS OF THE SCIENCE OF NOTATION

A SEQUEL TO PHILOSOPHY AND FUN OF ALGEBRA

This appeared in book form in 1911, *but most of the material had been printed in "The Open Road,"* 1908 *and* 1909.

PART I: INTRODUCTION. MUSICAL AND ARITHMETICAL NOTATION. THE SPIRAL OF ASCENT. SERPENT-WORSHIP AND THE SERPENT HORROR. THE PATH OF A PLANET. THE TREE. THE COMPASS. THE MICROSCOPE. PARTIAL SOLUTIONS. THE ORIGIN OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION. THE SINS OF CŒRULEA. THE TASSEL. LAMPLIGHT OR SUNLIGHT. ADONAÏ MALACH. TRANSFORMED EQUATIONS. REFERENCES TO OTHER BOOKS.

PART II: INTRODUCTION. A VISION OF THE SCIENTIFIC CHRIST. THE ATHANASIAN CREED. A PARAPHRASE OF THE ATHANASIAN CREED. AFTER-WORD.

PART I

INTRODUCTION

A TEACHER took a class of little children into the wood, caught a toad and put him into the middle of the group, saying: "Our lesson to-day is to be about toads. But I know nothing about toads; someone else will give you the lesson."

One child said: "I suppose God will give us the lesson." Another interposed: "*I* think the toad will."

Both children were right. The second represented the Materialistic, the first the Spiritual, aspect of the same fact. The fact was that the teacher knew, and her class were fast learning, the Science of Notations. This Science cannot be taught in words. The possibility of learning it depends on a habit of seeing spiritual law revealed in physical fact.

The following series of papers is addressed to such readers as are taking seriously the duty of helping the rising generation to utilize the light thrown by Algebra on problems of mental guidance and to handle to good purpose the great historic master-keys of the science of notation by means of which the masters of the art of thinking speak to each other across time, space, and the barriers

to mutual understanding which are created by differences of heredity, environment and modes of life.

Those who expect to find here either ethical propaganda or spiritual consolation will, it is to be feared, be disappointed. The aim of the present writer is the humbler one of helping a few students to read between the lines of any sort of exhortation or consolation which may be addressed to them ; and to judge for themselves whether its tendency is genuinely what it purports to be.

Disappointment also awaits anyone who expects to learn from my mere words. The student must make clear mind-pictures of the objects themselves, let the impression of them soak through his conscious mind, down into his unconscious mind, and rest there till God sends the interpretation "while he sleeps" ; not all at once, but at successive stages of his mental development ; as much, each time, as he is fit at the time to receive.

For this reason the student *had better read only a small portion on any one day*, unless he already has some experience in translating the technical notation of one science or art into the terminology of other sciences and arts.

MUSICAL AND ARITHMETICAL NOTATION

Music is written on a stave of five lines. The stave, loaded with notes, gives an idea, true, though not complete or accurate, of the mutual relation of the notes ; but gives no indication of the actual pitch of the notes. The composer may have meant them to be taken in the treble, alto, or bass, for all that the score itself conveys. At the beginning of the song or piece, there is a sign called the Clef Signature, which determines the pitch of the notes, the part of the keyboard or register at which they are to be taken.

But some of the notes may be intended to be more sharp or more flat than is indicated on the stave. If so, notice is given by another sign at the beginning, called the Key Signature. If there is no key signature, it is customary to assume that the piece, if rendered on a piano or harmonium, is to be played entirely on the white (or so-called "natural") keys, except where otherwise specially indicated in the stave itself. Be it observed that the so-called "natural" notes are no more natural than the flats or sharps ; the general public think they are so because they are called so ; but the whole arrangement is a matter of pure convention and general taking for granted.

Well, now let us imagine the case of a beautiful tune written in

the key of E, which should have four sharps in its key signature. And suppose it were desired, for some reason, to make the public dislike that song. All that would be necessary would be to cause it to be printed without a key signature, or with an incomplete one which expressed one, two, or three sharps only.

The general reader would try over the tune, taking more of the notes natural than the composer intended (or, if there were no key signature, taking all the notes natural); would find the tune jarring and ugly; would throw it aside and think no more about it. A musical expert would see at once that something was wrong with the key signature; and would, in a very few minutes, be able to tell the true key note. But the general public, not being experts, would fail to do so.

In the case of a musical tune, it is most unlikely that any such trick should be played; there exists no adequate motive. In matters of legislation, politics and what is known as diplomacy, there is every motive for deception. Musical notation supplies us with a clear indication of how the thing is managed without anyone being convicted of having uttered or written a word that is not true. The public can always be trusted to gull and deceive itself by *taking for granted* things for which no evidence exists.

A lady once lost her character, for a time, owing to someone writing of her thus: "She drinks; she is no better than she should be; and she hadn't a rag to her back when she married."

Each of the statements was literally true; but the man who received the letter read into them more than was actually said. The writer had omitted to give the key signature; viz., an indication as to whether the words were to be taken in the literal or the slangy sense.

For the benefit of those who cannot read music, we will now take an instance from the domain of arithmetical notation.

The figures 725 express number only; they contain no indication of the value of the things numbered. But if we see the mark £ before the number, we know that the number has to do with money; and that some at least of the coins indicated are English sovereigns. The £ may be called the Clef Signature, which shows us vaguely our whereabouts.

The expression £725 may indicate either seven pounds, two shillings, and five pence, or seven hundred and twenty-five pounds, according to whether the letters *s* and *d* are, or are not, written over the 2 and 5 respectively. If they are present they constitute the special Key signatures of the figures over which they are written. If a clerk, in copying, should omit the *s* and *d*, he changes seven pounds two shillings and five pence into seven

hundred and twenty-five pounds. He makes his statement misleading, without making one stroke of the pen which was not in the original, by a simple omission. What is far more curious is this :—the omission changes the value of the 7, the key signature of which is truly inserted, to a greater extent than it changes the value of the 2 and the 5, whose key-signatures are omitted.

The laws of notation are in some respects best illustrated by a reference to music and to number ; because the subject matter is simple and the symbols compact and small, so that a great many can come at once under the eye. But the laws are universal ; they are laws, not of number or sound, but of the machinery by means of which Man thinks. Words may be used as notes ; so may plants or animals. So also may the facts of history, biology, electricity or political economy ; or any other science. So may any group of provisional working-hypotheses. In all departments alike, the most successfully enslaving diplomacy is carried on, the most cruel cheating done, not by stating what is false, but by stating truths or hypotheses, and leading the masses to take for granted things not stated and for which they have no warrant, led to captivity and destruction by their own folly and conceit.

THE SPIRAL OF ASCENT

The Spiral of Progress has been, in all ages, the sacred symbol of true Cranks, of the "mad blind men who *see*." It is the *bête noire* of Pharisees and dogged Conservatives ; and a butt for the ridicule of those who arrogate to themselves, for the time being, the claim to be the special Party of Progress. The verbal formula which corresponds to it is this : "O Eternal Unity, our Father, may Thy kingdom come ; may Thy will be done, on earth, as it is in the heavens, by incessant, orderly revolution."

Those who wish to learn how they may both remain free, escaping the conservatism which is born of fatigue and disappointment, and also remain sane, avoiding the maelström of useless fads, should study, early in life, the sacred symbol of their religion. The student should, in some leisure hour, make a set of "mind pictures," which will never forsake him throughout his earthly life, nor, I humbly hope, at the hour of death.

The Spiral has many forms. Perhaps the subtlest and most profoundly instructive is that traced by whirling wind in the dust of the road. Another is the path of a planet in space. One of the most important is the serpent ; the old symbol of wickedness and of wisdom, of disease and of its cure.

The modern student will better understand what the serpent meant to the ancients if he will first familiarize himself with other forms of spiral more accessible in civilized life. The simplest, the best to begin studying with, is the ordinary spiral wire. Let the student, when he has half-an-hour to spare, fetch the corkscrew.

If, having read so far, he smiles superior, imagining that no spiritual instruction can possibly be got out of so humble a domestic implement, he has still a good deal to learn before he can know the elements of the science of notation. The true student will think it well worth while to spend a dreamy half-hour in finding out whether there is or is not anything to be learned from a corkscrew.

Stand the corkscrew up on end on the table ; settle into a comfortable position ; take a few long easy breaths, and look at the screw, with the bodily eyes half-closed, and those of the imagination wide open.

Imagine the screw prolonged to reach the ceiling. Imagine a crowd of microscopic creatures creeping up the screw. Their destiny is to rise from the table towards the ceiling. They have no road by which to ascend except along the screw wire ; and no consciousness of motion except in horizontal directions ; *e.g.*, they can recognise north, south, east, west, north-east, etc., but are not conscious of "up" or "down." The inspired among them know, however, that along the wire is their true destiny ; the ceiling exerts a magnetism on them all, which the inspired among them feel, and which they know to be prophetic.

What next ? Nothing much. Imagine the discussions that would take place : Is the true direction of progress north, south, east, or west ? Is there no such thing as right or wrong ? Surely we must draw the line somewhere ? If going north was right yesterday, going south cannot be right to-day ? Why can we not be consistent ? Why not decide, once for all, in what direction we mean to go ? If our fathers found out, twenty years ago, that going east was wrong, surely it cannot be right for us to go east now ? And so on, and so on. Only those can truly interpret the Present who understand the doubts and difficulties of the Past, because they have consciously felt the magnetism of the Future.

SERPENT WORSHIP AND THE SERPENT HORROR

Having studied the spiral wire-coil, we are ready for the more complicated structure and movements of the living serpent.

Let us picture an elementary civilisation in a country infested with serpents ; some poisonous, others not so. Let us suppose a certain amount of geometric instinct and interest, while as yet appliances are scanty and crude.

Suppose, too, a certain development of spiritual and mystic experience in devout minds.

In such a condition, the serpent symbolises three separate strains of emotion.

To the "practical" section of the community the serpent suggests danger—danger lurking in dark corners—mysterious and subtle. The practical mind would not be prone to make distinctions between the species ; it would be felt safer to kill all snakes as a matter of course.

To the geometrician, the serpent coil is the perpetual inspirer. Even now, with all the resources of modern apparatus, the sight of serpent coils unwinding and passing from one lovely curve into another is an unspeakable fascination ; what must it not have been in the early times ?

To the mystic, the corkscrew spiral is the perennial symbol of progress upward by incessant change of direction ; the symbol, therefore, of mysterious guidance by means of difficulties and of what we call "evils" and hindrances to progress.

It would no doubt be customary for geometricians, probably also for a certain class of mystics, to keep serpents of the harmless kinds as pets ; as perpetual inspirers of thought.

Conceive a mother whose child had died of a snake-bite coming upon a geometrician and a mystic (probably a bachelor) lost in adoration of the serpent-revealer. It needs little effort of imagination to see why she would suppose that they were engaged in paying homage to, and receiving information from, an evil Power.

Some such experience as this must have repeated itself frequently, through many ages, in all snake-haunted districts. It would be talked about in village homes, before the children. Till at last the idea of the serpent as an Evil Inspirer became embedded in the nervous tissues of the masses ; and took the form of a spontaneous instinct, a physical horror.

This is one type of the way in which such instincts are generated. The Divining Rod is another.

"We feel as our ancestors thought, and think as our descendants will feel."

Dowsers, and other people who have special nervous peculiarities* bring down to us, in the automatic action of their brain and nerves, traces of lost knowledge and forgotten methods of study.

THE PATH OF A PLANET

A body may be supposed to fly off into space, as it were, by the impulse of its own momentum; it is prevented from entirely yielding to that impulse by the attraction of the sun. The gravitation becomes weaker and weaker, as the planet goes further and further from the focus of attraction; it seems as though the sun 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 focus. This would necessarily be so; unless, at the part of the orbit where the momentum is weakest, the planet (or comet) comes under attraction from some other body. A very slight interference, just then, might carry the lighter body right away from the attraction of the heavier one, never again to return. A body might lead a life apparently lawless, erratic, and unaccountable; but each new departure might in reality be due to some new attraction seizing it when the previous one was at its weakest.

The problem for the educator is: How to interpose a subsidiary attraction.

The canon of safety would seem to be: at perihelion the subsidiary attraction should tend to counteract that of the main attractor, so as to minimise the risk of the planet falling into the sun; at aphelion it should tend to cumulate with that of the main attractor, so as to minimise the risk of flying off into space.

THE TREE

The branching and forking of trees is the great Master Key for the study of Evolution by successive differentiations. A sugges-

*A practical well digger, who now finds water with the divining rod, tells me that, before he learned the use of that implement, he knew beforehand whether he would find water in the place over which he was digging, by certain symptoms which came on during the process of digging. If these were absent, the well proved to be dry.

tion of the use of tree-growths for this purpose is given in the story of "A Woodworker and a Tent Maker," and in "Mistletoe and Olive."

The tree in which the Serpent lay was the tree of knowledge of *Good and Evil.* The observer perceives how often it happens that, at the same point where one branch is inspired with the desire to deflect to the right, another gets a similar inspiration to deflect to the left. If the branches have consciousness, each must seem to the other to be "going wrong" ; yet the whole development and beauty of the tree depends on the existence of these contradictory wrongnesses. There is no use in arguing to prove which is most right or least wrong ; the remedy for the feeling of "wrongness"—supposing the branches to have any such feeling—would be for them to rise to the point of view of the human (*i.e.*, supra-arboreal) consciousness ; and leave off blaming each other and trying to convert each other.

In Scandinavian legend it is said of the Sacred Tree that its root is the earth and its crown is the Heavens.

THE COMPASS

Get a thin strip of iron, pointed at each end ; and poise it as a compass-needle is poised. It will lie in any direction in which it is placed.

If you bring, near either point of it, either end of a bar magnet, that end will be attracted to the bar.

Now magnetise it slightly, by exposing it to a magnetic current, or rubbing it from north to south with a strong magnet. Now, one end will point steadily to the north. If disturbed by a touch or a puff of wind it will return to the north-to-south direction as soon as permitted.

In imagination, let iron represent flesh, and magnetism, spirit.

Bring near to either end of the strip the opposite end of the bar (north to south, or south to north). You will witness a pantomimic display of psychic attraction- (What, when it takes place between young persons of opposite sexes, we call "falling in love.") Withdraw the bar to a distance, and approach to it the strip, north end to north or south end to south ; you will produce what, in a human being, we call a "nerve-storm." Keep up the storm for a few minutes ; then withdraw the bar ; and once more bring north end to south, or south to north. You will find that the strip has become *de-moralised.* It no longer knows its own mind ; nor is it

faithful to its duty. "Flesh" wars against "spirit," and "spirit" against "flesh" (as St. Paul says).

Do not ask me to draw a moral. I am not writing sermons ; but showing students how to get for themselves simple algebraic presentations of general laws of Nature. The only moral that I know of is that any teacher who does not play with magnets in some leisure hour is guilty of neglect of valuable opportunities. The magnet is at least as amusing and restful as a farce at the theatre ; and has, besides, this advantage : that when once you have the apparatus you can amuse successive groups of pupils, visitors, and servants, without further cost. Mine was made for me by a child of nine or ten. The strip is a bit of the spring from a broken old clock. The stand is a stray draughtsman with a hole bored in the middle into which is fastened half an inch of the point end of a rather large sewing needle. I got two strong bar-magnets for a shilling at a scientific implement maker's. The working ironmonger will give you iron filings of various kinds and degrees of fineness, or sell them at the rate of a farthing per ounce. You will find yourself provided with a source of endless amusement for yourself and friends at the cost of one and fourpence. And when you have learned how to produce with iron the pantomimic display of nerve-storms, moral confusions and moral obliquities, you will have gone a long way towards finding out how not to produce the realities in the human beings under your charge.

THE MICROSCOPE

The same principles hold good in the case of that more costly toy, the Microscope. Those who only desire to pass examinations in Histology, or microscopic Zoology, need only look at whatever specimens are put before them by the "coach" or class teacher. But whoever would get from the microscope what it has to give in the way of instruction in Psychology and the science of Notation should go through the personal experience of collecting the foul-looking slime which gathers round the stalks of water-weeds, and seeing it transform itself, under his eyes, into masses of living harebells (Vorticella), bunches of waving rainbows (Floscule) ; with the volvox flashing across the field, a bead of white light, scattering more prosaic creatures in all directions and leaving them arranged in new combinations which have no reference to their own intentions or wishes. He should make clear mind-pictures of what he sees ; and then meditate on them as he walks about the slums where possibly some of his own pupils live.

There is no evidence that the ancients possessed optical instruments like ours. But it is certain that the great Poets and Prophets had somehow the experience of seeing what is repulsive to man transform itself, by a mere change in the mode of looking at it, into the Glory of the Presence of God.

Infinite Vision must be both telescopic and microscopic.

Why were human eyes made able to see the lovely things looking like mere brown slime ?

Before we can answer that question, we must find the answer to another simpler one. Why were men made to *feel* the earth immoveable under their feet and to *see* the sun rising and setting ? The shock of surprise which follows on any inversion of our direct impressions is one of the great educative forces which raise man from unconscious towards conscious participation in the Divine life.

PARTIAL SOLUTIONS

In the course of a lesson which I was giving in a home for waifs and strays, we came to the word "blessing," which I explained as "something to be glad of and thankful for." On the next Sunday, I revised the ground previously gone over. When I asked : "What does 'blessing' mean ?" a small child replied with great unction and an air of profound conviction, "*Treacle*, ma'am." It was evident that the poor little half-starved waif's imagination had been vividly impressed by the—to her—new phenomenon of plentiful and palatable food.

Such a vivid impression might become the starting point of one or other of two things : an idolatrous delusion of a true re-velation. The impression might crystallise round the material fact, treacle ; in which case the girl's grandchildren might be found, some day, telling their grandchildren that, wherever the word 'blessing' occurs in a sacred book, it must mean treacle, and can mean nothing else ; and that it is profane and wicked to use it in connection with anything else. Or the girl might be led to connect the word 'blessing' not with the material object which aroused her emotions, but with the sense of mystery and wonder and gratitude evoked in her by the material object. In that case, the pleasure of eating treacle, in itself a selfish and merely sensuous one, would become, for her, truly sacramental ; a perpetual renewer of the sense of communion with mankind and with The As-Yet-*Unknown* Good.

'Treacle,' taken as the full meaning of 'blessing,' is idolatry at the small end of the wedge.

A mathematician would, in this child's case, call 'Treacle' a Partial Solution of the question : "What is a blessing ?"

In mathematics, it is always recognised that the use of a Partial Solution is to assist in finding the General Solution. And, lest the first Partial one should prove insufficient as a clue, we are glad if another is found independently.

In politics, religion and the (so-called) "science" of healing we make an "Idol" of the first partial solution we arrive at ; we contradict the man who finds any other ; and try to silence or exterminate whoever suggests a general one.

In politics, etc., we call this "fidelity to our party."

In mathematics we give the sacred name "fidelity" to something of quite different nature ; viz., adhering "through thick and thin " to the hypothesis on which we are working for the time being, and *encouraging others to do the same by theirs ;* till each has been well tested ; till we know the fallacy in each, if it be fallacious ; and know also where each is partial and incomplete : mathematical fidelity also includes willingness to confess *at once* the falseness of whatever we see to be false ; the inadequacy of whatever we see to be only partial. It involves also ungrudging willingness to let other students lay together the partial truth that we have discovered and the partial truth discovered by some one else ; so that each truth may "cast the error or partialness out of the other."

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION

MOTTO : God made the beast, and saw that it was good ; and God said, Let us make man in our image, and let him have dominion over the cattle.—Gen. 1. As it was in the beginning it is now, and ever shall be.

The first man who made an implement of iron was employed in digging out roots, to his own great satisfaction, when a wild boar passed by. After some preliminary conversation about the use and merits of the new invention, the boar began to suggest objections. "But, my friend," said he, "what a loss you incur in being deprived of the delight of rooting about in the earth with your feet, or, better still, with your snout." "H'm," quoth the man, "I've tried it long enough. To tell you the truth, I never found much pleasure in the occupation ; that was chiefly why I took so much pains to put myself into circumstances in which I need never attempt it again." "What !" exclaimed the boar, indignant, "not like contact with the fresh, sweet, mother-earth ! You lack one of

the primary instincts of our common nature." "Perhaps so," said the man; "perhaps you lack another; perhaps it is not given to any individual to have them all. I find such pleasure in standing upright and in being able to gaze at the heavens, that I have grown accustomed to that posture; and mother-earth strikes me as rather dirty than sweet." "Fantastic nonsense," said the boar; "Do roots grow in the sky? Is it not clear to demonstration that the *earth*, and the earth only, is the proper object of contemplation for a reasonable creature?" "Yes," said the man; "that is consonant to reason. But, I wonder, is there a higher reason? Who knows?"

"Now, do look here," said the boar; "if you were responsible for yourself alone, you would have a right to go on your own mad road. But who knows that your disuse of the normal instincts may not cause your future progeny to be born with those instincts lacking or very weak?" "That is what I hope for," said the man softly. "You do! do you? Well, of all the impious schemes! To sacrifice your posterity to your upward-gazing whims! Do you suppose such a change as that can be effected without terrible suffering being inflicted?" "I fear not," said the man; "but—" "Well, but what?" "There must be victims to progress."

The boar felt that the conversation was entering a region foreign to his conceptions. He grunted for a while. Presently he began again. "You don't see where you are going," said he; "I prophesy that you will be the forefather of a race of monsters deficient in all normal instinct, who will use tools such as that in your hand to acquire a hideous and perverted authority over all that lives and breathes. Possibly, in some period of dearth, they may become like tigers, and eat flesh."

The man paused in his work to gaze in silence at the setting sun. When the orb had disappeared below the horizon, he drew a long quivering breath, and murmured gently, "Ay, it may be even so"; and hastened to make use of the remaining twilight to get the rest of the roots out of the ground.

The boar was too much overwhelmed for further speech. He turned and trotted away. But a generous thought struck him before he had gone many yards. He could, by one resolute effort, stop the whole mischief at its source. He turned and rushed at the man, intending to rip him open with his tusks. The man looked him full in the eyes. For one instant the boar hesitated. That moment's doubt was fatal; the man flung the iron at him, inflicting a wound so deep that it was as much as he could do to get back to the forest.

Next morning the boar called a council of all the beasts to decide

what ought to be done. The man would now be on the alert, and, having learnt the use of his tool as a weapon, was not likely to be easily conquered. A severe vote of censure was passed on the boar for having missed his opportunity of putting an end to profane and unnatural proceedings. "What could have caused you a moment's hesitation?" asked the presiding beast. "A doubt that crossed me." "A doubt? Of what? Of the wrongness of allowing this unnatural perversion of instinct, this upward-gazing mania, to propagate itself?" "No," said the boar; "of that, I, personally, never had a moment's doubt. But the question crossed me whether that mysterious Demiurgus, whom no beast has seen, who speaks in thunder, and whose touch we feel in the thrills that run through us when thunder is speaking—whether *He* favours the upward-gazing posture, and the animals that indulge in it. It was only a momentary fancy, but it paralyzed me for the moment, and when I recovered my senses it was too late to act."

So the beasts, not knowing what else to do, passed a law. It should be lawful to believe in the existence of invisible beings, endowed with *powers* superior to those of beasts, but whose *aims* are strictly on the level of those of brutes. But any beast found guilty of harbouring, even for one moment, the belief in a Demiurgus, whose thoughts are not as the thoughts of brutes, should be hunted down without mercy, in the interests of society. And the custom remains in force even to this day. Yet there be mad creatures still, who look for His revealing :—

> "We dreamers; we derided;
> We mad, blind men who *see*."

A year or two ago, a descendant of the first digger planted a bed of hyacinth roots. A descendant of the boar broke into the garden, and began to turn up the bulbs and eat them. The man and the beast differed in opinion, this time, as to the very use of roots. The man persecuted the beast and imprisoned him in a sty.

When pachyderms are allowed to roam at large over cultivated ground, rings are fitted into their snouts, not in revenge for anything they have done, but in order to remind them not to root up things which are the result of other people's labour and love, and which they themselves do not understand.

THE SINS OF CŒRULEA

The wild Pimpernel, which usually bears red flowers with blue centres, sometimes inverts, bearing blue flowers with red centres.

First Scarlet Pimpernel. Oh! dear! oh! dear! Have you heard the shocking news? Cousin Cœrulea has put out *another* flower; and it is just like the former ones—*blue* with *red* eyes! How can she be so perverse, and disgrace the family by doing everything topsy-turvy to the way all respectable Pimpernels do? I am sure she only does it to annoy us.

Second S. P. Don't be hard on her, poor thing. She must have got a shock to her nervous system when she was a seedling; or perhaps before she was even a ripe seed; and it must have produced *inversion.*

First S. P. (*severely*). Secunda, this is dangerous ground that you are venturing on. You are excusing *sin*—sin against God and His Holy Law. Was it not ordained, from the beginning of things, that Pimpernels were to have *red* corollas with blue eyes?

Second S. P. Ah! God's Laws! Yes; but do we know quite all about God's Laws? Perhaps God made the Law that, if a Pimpernel gets a shock to its nerves in the seedling stage, it shall become the instrument of punishment to the family which did not prevent the disaster. Perhaps it is only right that she should disgrace it later on.

First S. P. Well, all I hope is that you won't let *my* children hear you express any of these fantastic and wicked ideas.

Third S. P. Well, Prima, I do think you are too hard on poor Cœrulea. Secunda is quite right; we ought to have charity; none of us know what Cœrulea's temptations may have been; she had not our advantages. But what I can't understand is the attitude of human botanists towards the most serious problems. They seem to take actually more pleasure and interest in Cœrulea's blossoms than in yours or mine.

First S. P. My dear Tertia! I do hope you are not mixing yourself up with those horrible human creatures! They profess to be of higher evolution than we are; but be sure they have sunk, not risen, from our condition. Believe me, all who profess to be anything *more* than mere pimpernels are devils.

THE TASSEL

If one had a tangled tassel to get straight, it would be vain to pull at a thread here and a thread there while the whole thing was hanging from the wrong end. The first thing to do would be to get hold of the real handle. When one has got hold of that, a slight shake puts nearly everything into order, and a touch here and there makes everything smooth.

Observe, the right strand to catch hold of may look like or unlike the others. (It is usually unlike them.) But the one thing certain about it is that it goes out from the knot, which unites them all, in the direction opposite to that in which all the others ought to hang. In a tassel of human beings, this one is commonly referred to by the others as ab-normal or a-nomalous, which means outside the law. Whatever they call it, as a matter of fact, it enunciates the law. It is the exception which proves the rule.

LAMPLIGHT OR SUNLIGHT

A FAMILY LAMP

"Out in the snow the wild wolves are prowling ;
Mother ! oh mother ! I hear them all howling."
"Do not be frightened, child ; mother is near ;
The door is well fastened, and father is here.
Come away from the window ; the lamp is alight,
The supper is ready, the fire is bright.
Come away from the window, my dear."

"But why are they roaming about in the snow ?
What are they crying for ? I want to know.
Why don't they go home to their fathers and mothers,
And have nice little games with their sisters and brothers ?"
"Come away from the window, my dear.

"The place for wolves is out in the snow.
Why they were put there, none of us know.
But the place for you is here beside me.
God put you here as we all can see.
Come away from the window, my dear."

"But why are they crying, if that is their place ?
And look at this nearest one, look at his *face !*
Why are they running so fast in the snow ?
What are they howling for ? I *must* know.
Why are they coming so close to us here ?
Are wolves ever *hungry*, mother dear ?"

SUN'S LIGHT FOR ALL

"Out in the warm air the grape vine is twining ;
See how the sun on the tendrils is shining !
Only last week the bunches were green ;
In the shade of the leaves they could hardly be seen ;
But now they are turning all purple and blue.
Come, little sister, and look at them, do.
Come here to the window away from those books ;
See how lovely and wonderful everything looks."
"But why did the grapes let their colour come through ?
They might hide from the birds if they had not turned blue."
"They are ready and willing to scatter their seed
To prepare for the future and meet present need.
They are ripe for the change ; so they have no fear.
Ripe fruit *likes* being eaten, I think, my dear !"

ADONAÏ MALACH

In Jewish ritual, God is spoken of under three titles : Elohim, Jahvê and Adonaï.

Elohim is plural : it means the organizer of matter, the sum total of creative forces, including gravitation, crystalline force, electricity, heat, terrestrial magnetism and numerous others, named and unnamed. These forces are presumably various aspects of the same force, but man perceives them differently.

Jahvê is God as revealed in human history ; he is the tribal God, the Race-preserver, the Organizer of Society.

Adonaï is the name officially supposed too sacred to be written. In synagogue prayer-books it is not *spelled*, but represented by a mysterious symbol consisting of two little ticks. It is the name used in invocation.

We talk about the doings of Elohim and Jahvê : we invoke Adonaï. Adonaï is the spark which descends when two that have been separated meet. Adonaï descends when the ripe stamen

touches the pistil ; when two birds which have been living through the winter as isolated individuals come together in the spring to make a nest ; when two ideas which have seemed to be mutually contradictory come together in a human mind and generate a new conception.

The Jewish ritual consists largely of reading about Elohim, and recitation of the doings and commands of Jahvê ; but every now and then this monotonous performance is broken by the solemn affirmation :—

Adonaï reigneth !

Adonaï hath reigned !

Adonaï shall reign for ever and ever !

At one time science seemed to rule the world ; at another, human laws, religions and conventions. But whenever and wherever LOVE appears on the scene, the others have to give way: —Love is Lord of All.

TRANSFORMED EQUATIONS

10TH CENTURY

We are Christians, O my sister,
We believe in One above ;
Take this comfort in your sorrow,
God is *Love.*
All our life here is but sorrow ;
All our earthly hopes and cares,
All our wisdom, all our efforts,
End in tears.
Only God can we rely on,
In Him only dare we trust ;
All our friendships and our honours
Come to dust.
All we yearn for is illusion ;
All is futile, all is vain ;
Nothing comes of our affections
But their pain.
Turn your thoughts then to religion ;
Leave the sanguine hopes of youth,
Leave the world and its illusions ;
God alone is *Truth.*

If our friendships and our efforts bring us little here but pain,
Can we think that such beginnings are but vain ?
Christ was living with the Father in a Heaven of Love and Trust;
Why need He go seeking friendships in the dust ?
If He had not trusted Peter, they had both been spared some shame,
Think you either, now, is sorry that it came ?
If our friends betray our friendship, we but go where He has gone ;
Would you have Him bear that sorrow all alone ?
Dare we call an impulse futile that but leads where He has trod ?
Let us speak with reverence, sister ; *Love* is *God.*
Thus we may remain as hopeful as we were in earliest youth ;
For, howe'er our minds may wander, *Love* is always *Truth.*

Mistletoe and Olive contains lessons on several other keys : Mistletoe ; Olive ; the Rainbow ; the Logan-stone ; the Prophet Birds.

In *The Forging of Passion into Power* will be found description of three kinds of equilibrium and of three symbols of authority : the slave-driver's whip, with its various modifications (the Lord Mayor's mace, the policeman's truncheon, the schoolmaster's ferule) ; the shepherd's crook ; and the conductor's bâton.

With reference to these, it should be further observed that the bâton and the ferule may be indistinguishable from each other in outward appearance ; indeed, the same stick often does duty for both. A school inspector has been heard to say that he judges of the condition of a school primarily by looking to see if the stick is *frayed at the end* ; if it is so, he knows that both the singing and the discipline are illmanaged.

Neither ferule nor bâton has any resemblance to the pastoral crook.

Any sort of confusion between the three symbols of authority may open the way for all kinds of deception, whether in religion, ethics, sociology, politics, or finance.

The reader is recommended to study the Storm-spiral, alluded to in the eighth verse of the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John. It is described in *A Woodworker and a Tentmaker.* I hope the reader will, in all cases, study the objects alluded to, if possible. Any description of mine is of less consequence than what may come to the student himself if he studies the objects with a full

conviction that each brings to him a message from the Unseen. This remark applies with special force to the storm-spiral, which can be seen on any dusty road on any windy day.

PART II

INTRODUCTION

There is a tendency in religious circles to drift into a bad habit of using the name of Jesus in a careless, conventional, and finicking sense, which often connects the Great Teacher with going to church in one's best hat ; and with priestcraft, and ecclesiastical millinery and upholstery ; or with hysterical sentiment ; or anything else that is morally lazy and dishonest, rather than with any sincere emotion or profound conviction. No habit tends more than this to predispose the members of the community to be taken in by Swindler's Algebra. In all times of sound spiritual revival the founder of the religion has been felt to be a grand type of redeemed humanity. It might be well, therefore, if occasionally in families and small informal groups some neutral word which implies this were occasionally used instead of the personal name of the founder. For instance, take the revival hymn :

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still.
Wave the answer back to heaven,
"By Thy grace, we will."

It might be well sometimes to sing it thus :

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Wisdom signals still.

"Heaven" also has associations which do not fit every case and which are therefore liable in some cases to lead the imagination astray on to side-issues. Hades properly means the shadow-land, the unknown, and therefore suits every case in which anybody is puzzled or in doubt. So we might finish our verse :

Wave the answer back to Hades,
"By God's grace, we will."

In fact, the history of Jesus is the great Master-Key of the science of notation. Or, to change the metaphor, it supplies wings to that science, which otherwise has only feet.

Every human being can translate more or less of that history into terms borrowed from his own special experience.

Every great founder and reformer has parasitic followers who cry to him: "Master, we have spoken in thy name and in thy name have done wonderful works; give us now a share in Thy glory"; and has replied, from his seat in Hades, "I never knew you. Depart from me, ye workers of dishonesty."

A VISION OF THE SCIENTIFIC CHRIST

When things are in a state of confusion and strife, it is well to form a clear picture to oneself, first, of what the contending parties can agree about; next, of why they differ where they do really differ.

It seems to be pretty generally understood throughout Europe that the words attributed in the New Testament to Jesus of Nazareth form a convenient summary of the inward experience and higher aspirations of mankind. Some believe that Jesus was an actual Personage; others, that He is an Idealised presentation of glorified Man; in one or other of these ways He does, for most of us, represent our conception of glorified Man.

But we do not all look at the same side or face of this Idealised Man. To the supporters of the Papal system He is primarily the Head of a Church; and no words of His are more important than the little pun on the name of Peter: "On this rock will I build my Church."

To Luther and Calvin He was the enunciator of doctrines about the conditions of salvation. To the mystic He is primarily the utterer of certain facts of mystic experience about the relation between Man and the Unseen God. To the modern English Protestant He is, before all things, a preacher of "righteousness," which apparently means some special idea of justice in the relation of man to man. Up to and including the first quarter of the 19th century, the scientific world, as such, had taken no cognisance of Christ. Then, slowly, by quite imperceptible degrees, the conception dawned on a few scientific men that the phenomenon, Jesus, formed part of the proper material for *scientific* investigation.

The change came about silently; hardly any one noticed what was happening. To make clear what did happen, we must say a few words about the special nature of the scientific consciousness. The scientific consciousness has its code of right; but this in no way depends on either system, opinion, sentiments of love (to

God or man), or on anything generally known as ethics or righteousness. It depends entirely on an order of time-sequence.

To take his place among the Immortals of the Scientific Olympus, the saints in the Scientific Hagiology, a man need not serve any Institution or system, express any emotions, hold any given opinions, do or leave undone any particular act ; practise moral virtues or avoid vices ; the one thing he must do is to observe a certain order of sequence among his various mental operations. "Know ; and *then* do as you then see fit," is one of its sacred canons. Others are : "No scientific man begins to think on a subject until *after* he has ascertained such facts as are, at the time, ascertainable which might throw light on the subject." "Ascertain as many facts as you can, first ; frame hypotheses afterwards." "No act that a man can commit, knowing it to be wrong, is as criminal as it is to keep oneself ignorant of facts that one might know in order to be able to do wrong while still fancying oneself right. For the man who knows he is doing wrong does at least give himself the double chance of being checked by conscience and by fear of consequences ; whereas the man who keeps himself ignorant is forbidding God to enlighten him."

All this is very different from what is ordinarily known as morality or righteousness. But it has its place and its value. And, as we said, in the second quarter of the 19th century, the mood of mind of which the above canons are the expression discovered Jesus of Nazareth. First as a mere phenomenon, a fact to be investigated on the same principles as any other fact or phenomenon. "Science seizes her prey where she finds it," said one of the great masters of analysis. And Science seized upon Jesus as she might do on a flower or a star.

But when Science had got Jesus into her grasp and under her microscope, she soon made an overwhelming discovery : *Jesus laid down canons of time sequence !* "If thy brother offend thee, go and tell him" alone, *before* speaking to the public (and of course that involves giving oneself a chance of hearing what he has to say in explanation). "If you wish to correct a fault in some one else, correct a similar fault in yourself *first ;* then you will see clearly how to correct the other person."

"If you propose to make a contribution to the nation's treasury, and remember that there has been anything equivocal or unjust in your own conduct, go and give to any private individual who objects to you an opportunity of explaining what harm you have done him, *before* you attempt to enrich the public." And (best of all from the scientific standpoint), "secure your provision of illuminating material *long* before you will need it to illuminate the

world ; secure your provision and *then* go to sleep. When the need comes you will be ready. There is no use in trying to get the material at second hand *after* notice has been given that the need is at hand."

All these canons of time-sequence are, from the point of view of Science, of indisputable value and of primary importance. But they have been, from first to last, ignored by all sections of Christendom alike.

From the point of view of Science, then, Jesus was a scientific man, Who appeared in a society as much occupied with religious and ethical notions as ours, and as profoundly unscientific as are the religious bodies of our own day. He tried to import into the chaos of religious and ethical discussions those canons of order and sequence which are found to work so well in the prosecution of physical Science.

Religious fanaticism and ethical pharisaism were as incapable then as now of appreciating the value of scientific Order and Method in the sequence of mental operations.

The above is not an exhaustive view of Jesus ; but it is one view ; and has at least as good a right as any of the former ones to be considered one of the answers to the question :—"What think ye of Christ ?"

THE ATHANASIAN CREED

When the Hebrew people had risen above the notion of a tribal God who had prejudices against certain kinds of animals and in favour of one particular family of Semitic men, to the idea of a Universal Father "without parts or passions," they took courage to associate more freely than they had been doing with other nations, and to imbibe some of the culture of Egypt, India and Greece.

But there was one difficulty which seemed for a time insuperable.

The Gentile nations were "Polytheistic" ; that is to say, they worshipped the Creator under a variety of Eidola, or imaginary shapes, which varied according to the circumstances or the mood of the worshipper. As the Origin of strength, He was called by one name ; as the Creator of beauty, by another ; and so on. But Israel was pre-eminently monotheistic ; the Jew prayed every day that he might never believe in more gods than One, and that his last breath might be spent in protest that God *is* One.

This is not a historic treatise and we cannot enter on any details of the long conflict which ensued. A solution was arrived at at

last. It was perceived that there is no harm in any man making any working hypothesis about God which suits his mood of mind, or worshipping God under any eidolon which appeals to his imagination ; the harm begins when he denies to other men the same right which he is taking for himself ; when he despises the eidola which are sacred to his fellowman. Varieties of perception and differences of taste are as natural and as necessary as division of labour ; the function of religion is not to emphazise one's own hobbies, or the prejudices bred in one by heredity or the accident of association, but to put one into sympathetic touch with the tastes and inspirations of others.

This conception of the true function of religious worship incarnated itself in the person of the teacher who was called Jesus Christ (*i.e.*, Jesus the Anointed). He pointed out to the Jews that their own prejudices against other religions was in itself a form of idolatry, and as disastrous and deadening as any other form of that ghastly disease.

The Jews, of course, sacrificed the new Liberator-Prophet, by way of proving their loyalty to the older Liberator-preachers of Unity, Moses and Isaiah. Jesus had offered his life to the cause ; and fate, as usual, took him at his word. The bodies of the martyrs lie "mouldering in the grave," but the Truth goes marching on. The idea of Jesus about the true function of religious worship received new impetus from his tragic death. It met and amalgamated with the Græco-Egyptian idea of education as a training in the worship of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. Out of this amalgamation grew a document, known as the Athanasian Creed, which might be described as a highly condensed summary of the whole duty of the Teacher. It was at one time ordered that this creed should be read aloud in churches, as a perpetual reminder that man was not made to be a slave to any particular view of religious ceremonial or Sabbath observance, because the function of Sabbaths and religious festivals is to *liberate* and *humanise* man.

The language of this old creed is archaic and, to modern Europeans, unintelligible. Many of the clergy who read it in church on Trinity Sunday confess, if they are honest, that they have no idea what it is really about.

Some years ago one of the inspectors of the Board of Education* broached the idea that a fresh start ought to be made towards organising national education round the old Græco-Egyptian charter of intellectual freedom. The fundamental conception of his educational scheme appears to be that pupils must be allowed

*Dr. (now Sir Arthur) Somervell ; it was at his request that the paraphrase was made.

to specialise; some devoting themselves to Practical Science, others to Sociology and the Science of Ethics, and others again to the cultivation of Art; but on National Festivals, the scientific should pay sympathetic homage to the aspirations of reformers in Social Science and in Art; the morally fervent should open their eyes to see the wonders of Science and Art; and the artist should allow himself to be braced and strengthened by the minute accuracy of the scientist and the moral scruples of the ethical teacher.

The attention of parents and teachers might with advantage be called to the break which occurs in the creed at the word "Furthermore," and the relation of inversion between the two parts. The first part relates to the general organisation of an educational scheme; the second to the duty of the individual teacher. The organiser must be careful neither to divide the substance taught nor to confound the persons; the teacher must be careful neither to confound the substance nor divide the person. *E.g.*, a school should impress the children with the idea of a common aim, a united purpose; but each subject should be taught by its own appropriate methods; and the teachers should be careful not to criticise each other's methods or interfere with each other's work. The individual teacher on the other hand should pay special heed to keeping the several parts of his subject separate in the minds of his pupils; to see that the pupils understand the difference between physical and political geography; between plane and spherical geometry; between the solid object and its various shadows or projections; between historic evidence as to facts and moral convictions as to the relation between the facts. But he should also be careful not to produce in the pupils any impression of varying moods or distracted personality in himself.

There is no better way of teaching than to introduce pupils to the As-Yet-Unknown portions of a subject; inviting their co-operation in solving problems which for the teacher himself remain still unsolved. But he should not venture to do this till he can do it in the spirit of Faith; pointing out the limits of his own knowledge but without infecting the pupils with any sense of discrepancy or of moral distraction in his own mind.

The following paraphrase of the glorious old creed may help to show how it bears on certain problems of the present day.

A PARAPHRASE OF THE ATHANASIAN CREED

(It must be remembered that this Creed concerns not children but advanced students, parents, teachers and persons in authority.)

PART I

Whoever would remain morally sane, before all things it is necessary that he keep the Law of Mental Balance.

Which Law, except everyone do keep strictly and in pure sincerity, without doubt he shall degenerate as to that part of his mind with which he holds converse with the Eternal.

And the Law of Balance is this :—that we reverence one Revelation in three parts, and the three parts as essentially One :

Neither confusing together the three manifestations of Truth, nor doubting that they are essentially One.*

For there is one manifestation through external Nature ; another through Moral Law ; and another through Inspiration by Synthesis.†

But the divineness of Nature, of human Morality, and of Inspiration, is all one : the Glory equal ; the Majesty co-eternal.

Such as Nature is, such is Ethics ; and such is Artistic Inspiration.

The Laws of Nature are uncreate and essential ; the Laws of Ethics are primary and essential ; the Laws of Inspiration are primary and essential.

Nature is too vast for any man to comprehend ; human relations are too complicated for any man to comprehend ; artistic inspiration is too vast for any man to comprehend.

The Laws of Creative energy are eternal ; the Laws of Ethics are eternal ; the Laws of Inspiration are eternal.

Yet there are not three kinds of eternal Law ; but One.

So there are not three Forces which comprehend us and cannot be comprehended by us ; but One ; not three Origins of Law ; but One.

So likewise the Forces of Nature are irresistible : Moral Force is irresistible ; and Inspiration is irresistable.

Yet there are not three irresistible Wills ; but One.

So the Revelation of Nature is good ; human relations are good ; and inspiration is good.

Yet they are not rivals, but all alike Good.

*See Notes at end.
†See Notes at end.

So likewise the Scientific Conscience is absolute; the Moral Conscience is absolute; and the Artistic Conscience is absolute.

Yet there are not rival authorities, but various revelations of One Absolute Rightness.

For we are compelled by respect for veracity to acknowledge that each of these apparently diverse presentations* of Law is Good and is Master.

But we are forbidden by the ancient Universal Charter of human freedom to say there be three rival Good Principles or three Masters.

The general pulsatory action of Nature is spontaneous and original; neither manufactured nor evolved.

The relations of human society grow out of the original rhythmic beat, not by any artificial process, but by normal Evolution.

True and wholesome Inspiration comes from the combination of the other two factors, normally but not spontaneously.

So there is One Source of life, the same for all created things; One Director and Test of upward Evolution, the same always; One Source of healthy Inspiration for man, no matter on what subject.

In the Trinity of Absolute Masters (the Scientific Conscience, the Ethical Conscience, and the Artistic Conscience) none is afore or after another; none is greater or less than another.

But the whole three appearances of Rightness are co-eternal and co-equal.

So that on all occasions, as aforesaid, the one Creator is to be worshipped under three manifestations; and the three manifestations as one Good.

Whoever would be morally safe must remember to think thus.

PART II

Furthermore it is necessary to the efficiency of a man's faculty of holding converse with the Eternal that he also know the truth about the Incarnation (coming into visible shape) of the Ideal Leader and Liberator, the Anointed.

If we are honest, we must believe and confess that the Anointed Deliverer is both divine and human.

He has that divine consciousness that all things are good, which existed before the planets were made; and that human consciousness of some things being evil, which comes by natural evolution in the womb of a creature.

*Persona=Mask or appearance.

He sees absolutely, as God does, that all is good ; yet he sees perfectly, as ordinary men do, that some things are evil ; for he embodies in human flesh the Higher Logical consciousness.

He sees the Abstract as God the Father sees it ; but, as to the concrete, he has limitations.

But although he has the dual vision—of God and of Man—yet he is not two consciousnesses but One Anointed.

One, not by dragging down the Divine Vision to be a servant or plaything of the flesh ; but by using human limitations to serve divine purposes.

One altogether ; not because he himself confuses between his divine and his human apprehension ; but because he is careful not to make, on his weaker brethren, the impression of a distracted personality.

For, as reason and the limitations of the fleshly nature combine to form one ordinary man ; so the divine and the human consciousness form One Anointed Teacher.

The dual consciousness is a source of great suffering ; but it brings the divine to the rescue of mankind ; it goes down to the depths of horror, but finds fresh strength there ; and soon rises from its apparent death.

It transcends human limitations ; sees more clearly than before from the point of view of Divine Vision ; becomes irresistible ; and the standard by which men judge the Present and the Past.

Then mankind rises to a higher standard of rightness ; and even their natural perceptions become keener ; and they can understand and explain their own past conduct.

And the good which they have done becomes a permanent possession of Humanity ; but the evil dies away* (in three or four generations).

This is the old charter of human freedom ; which except a man remembers faithfully, he cannot be safe in investigating the mysteries of the Unseen World.

Therefore let us give reverence to all modes of manifestation of the Divine :

Which was the safe thing to do in the beginning of History, is so now, and will be so as long as men exist.

All this I do steadfastly believe.

NOTE 1. "The unconscious mind of man is an organ which functions normally towards Monism." It should be given scope for this activity. The Persons or Masks of Divine Unity should be presented severally and separately for the pupil's conscious reverence. Attempts by teachers to point out, for

*Visits sins for three or four generations ; but keeps mercy for thousands of generations.—*Second Commandment.*

instance, the beauty of a mathematically drawn curve (or even its likeness to any natural form) or the mathematical accuracy of one drawn by artistic inspiration, or to "draw a moral" from a lesson in science or art, should be severely discouraged. He that *believeth* will not make haste. The prurient teacher-lust for premature unification by direct appeal to the conscious mind of the pupil is the result of lack of faith in the Unity of the divine sub-stance, the One-ness of the Truth underlying truths learned by various methods. Those who only think that this Unity *ought to be believed* have a restless desire to assert it; whereas those who actually *believe* it are content to wait for it to assert itself in the proper sphere for the worship of Unity: the *unconscious mind of a child.*

NOTE 2. As Inspiration by Synthesis is prone to be more sudden, more intoxicating, and therefore more likely to lead men astray, than the pursuit of Science or Ethics, the Christian Churches tried to warn men against the danger by reminding us, in every possible way, and on every possible occasion, to think of Inspiration as the work of a *Holy* Spirit.

AFTER-WORD

The foregoing will, I hope, prove adequate to give to an intelligent reader a conception of what was meant in ancient Asia and Greece by the doctrine of the Logos, or hidden wisdom; *i.e.*, the science of orderly modes of intercommunication between man and the unseen powers which are moulding his destiny.

The science has been revived in Europe several times, but each time for only short periods; there were longer periods during which "there was" as the old book said during a time of decadence in Asia, "no *open* vision," that is to say, no free communication between man and the Unseen, unhampered by priests and conventions, *and without need of the intervention of any special mediums.*

One main cause of decadence always is the inadequacy of old language to deal with the new order of material facts. The newly discovered material facts assert themselves, and then swamp out the great vital truths as expressed in the old language.

In the middle of the last century, a bold attempt was made to re-state the doctrine of the Logos in a quite new kind of terminology, not language at all, but the notations of the telegraph apparatus, the physical and chemical laboratories, the mathematical tripos. As usual, lazy-minded people in possession of the field did all they could to prevent the sun rising. As usual, the sluggard cried out: "There is a lion in the path." As usual, those who had felt the divine call to go forward went forward in spite of the sluggards, who were really there, and of the spectral lion whom the sluggards conjured up, and whose roar they managed to imitate successfully.

I have fought through this holy war, standing beside one or other of the generals, for seventy years, having received my first lesson in the Logos-doctrine when I was nine years old, mixed in with my first Rule of Three sum. For seventy years I have been accumulating various kinds of information about the possibility of expressing the Logos-doctrine in laboratory terminology. It will be edited by my pupils.

THE FORGING OF PASSION INTO POWER

This book was first published in 1910 *: a second Edition was issued in* 1912 *and a third in* 1923 *Chapters X and XI had appeared in "The Seeker," August and November,* 1905, *and February, May and August,* 1906.

"If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."
PSALM 139.

"Forge and transform my passion into power."
FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

To
H. M.
IN MEMORY OF
"FRANCES OBRENOVITCH"
ADVISER OF
THE TEMPTED AND DESPAIRING
IN A LAND OF SLAVES

On the few occasions when you and I have met, we have disagreed on nearly every point of which we have spoken.

But we are linked together by a three-fold cord. We have in common the friendship of "Frances Obrenovitch," and also that nostalgia of the abyss and that passion for the despised and rejected which have been the common basis of character of the greatest saints and the most abandoned sinners, the most hopeless mental wrecks and the most eminent scientific discoverers of all ages.

M. E. B.

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PREFACE

In matters of external advantage the poor must feed on the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table. In the mental science of how to suspend passion so as to convert it into power, the inverse rule holds good. Or perhaps it would be a truer statement of the case if we said that the same rule holds good in both realms, but the classification is inverted: the rich in the goods of this world have to ask for crumbs which fall from the table of the others.

Many of the world's wealthy ones appear to be sincerely desirous to give us more than crumbs of their external advantages. But there seems to be some insuperable obstacle in the way. The poor in money, health, sanity, culture, and reputation are always with us, and the other poor, the poor in the science of forging passion into power, are with us too.

Perhaps one reason why the world's favoured ones find it difficult to reach us either to give or to receive effectively, is that we, the poor, do not reach each other. Perhaps if we were more generous to each other, the current thus set flowing might draw with it the possibility of effective currents being set flowing across barriers made by worldly prosperity.

I hope in this volume to introduce to each other various kinds of persons who, in various ways, have successfully learned the great art of converting passion into power.

If, or in so far as, any of the world's favoured ones should at some future day read, and in any manner profit by, the following pages, what they receive will be a gift from the poor to the rich, from the sick to the healthy, from those who have lacked the advantages of education to those who have enjoyed them, from patients in lunacy wards to commissioners in lunacy, from overworked and struggling illegitimate children to their sheltered and well-cared-for legitimate cousins, from Asia to Europe, from Celts to Anglo-Saxons, from despised and oppressed races to their conquerors, from the hooligan class to the respectable, from Jews to Christendom, from benighted and superstitious orthodox Jews to their liberal and enlightened co-religionists, from everything that is despised and rejected to whosoever is honoured by the world.

But for the present we, the less favoured ones, are going to have a little talk together.

Of those who have assisted in accumulating the information contained in this work, such as are still in the flesh can claim

their share of credit (or discredit ?) if they like to do so. There is a word or two that must be said about some who have passed into the Silent Land.

Nicolas Antoine Boulanger.—Left school a hopeless dunce, who could not learn algebra. Died in his fortieth year, a good mathematician, and a famous engineer. Was one of the Encyclopædists. Left behind him writings from which it appears evident that he had recovered the Ancient Secret Method used in Egypt and India for training scientific men, engineers, and prophets.

John Boole.—Made shoes, shortly after the date of the French Revolution, in an underground and sometimes very damp cellar in London. Kept a French dictionary in the drawer with his tools. Set up a shoemaker's shop in Lincoln. After his death, his widow, being congratulated on the achievements of her son, a distinguished mathematician, replied : "Yes ; George is a clever lad. But did you know his father, sir ? He *was* a philosopher."

George Everest.—Went to India at sixteen years old, in the service of the East India Company. Put himself under the tuition of natives of India. Learned from them Oriental languages, religion, and philosophy, and taught himself European mathematics from books. Became Surveyor-General of India.

George, son of the above-named John Boole.—Earned his own living from the age of fifteen and a half. Was prevented from going to college by the necessity of assisting to maintain his parents and younger brothers. Became distinguished in logic and mathematics.

James Hinton.—Began life at about fifteen as cashier in a woollen-draper's shop. Wrote books on morphology and psychology that considerably affected the trend of science.

David Marks.—Was brought up at the Jews' Free School, and earned his own living from the age of fourteen. In his youth no honourable careers were open to Jews, except as teachers among their own people, and, being really much attracted by the New Testament, the brilliant boy was terribly tempted for some years to make a profession of Christianity in order to open up for himself a possibility of entering some university. But by the age of twenty he had finally taken his resolution ; to use his own expression, he had decided that "there was life in the old ship yet." He came to the conclusion that the best Christianity for a Jew is to conduct himself and his ritual so that Jesus Christ, if He were on earth, might worship beside him with satisfaction. Never were more significant words uttered in London than when David Marks said to his congregation at Berkeley Street ;

"If the Founder of Christianity came back to earth, where would He be to-day ? In Church ? No, but here with us, repeating the Shemang Israel as a good Jew should, and as He did when on earth."

On his ninetieth birthday David Marks received congratulations and thanks from Jews all over the world for having pioneered the way for Israel from slavery and superstition towards culture and progress.

But the reformer, in his anxiety to purify the old Hebrew ritual from superstitious and misleading accretions, left out several elements of overwhelming importance to our knowledge of the methods of culture in use in the Sacred Past where men were trained in the science of prophecy. These elements have mercifully been preserved for us by old-fashioned Jews in Russia and Poland and the Ghetto quarters of East London :—"This strange people, wading through the ages, bearing on their shoulders the burden of their great trust."

Lucy Everest Boole.—Never at any college. Learned chemistry in order to qualify to act as dispenser or shop assistant in pharmacy. Became Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry, Lecturer on Chemistry, and Head of the Chemical Laboratories at the London School of Medicine for Women.

"Frances," only child of an Irish gentleman of good family who died early, leaving her a ward of the English Court of Chancery. During an illness which supervened on the death of her mother, she was found, by a jury consisting of two or three English doctors (who were not her peers), guilty of two crimes, viz., incapacity for taking care of money, and the habit of using Oriental imagery to express thoughts too subtle or too sublime to find expression in ordinary English. She was imprisoned in a lunatic asylum. The familiarities and spiritual promiscuity of such places being intolerable to her sensitive instincts, she took refuge in a mode of self-protection often resorted to in such cases : she set up a claim to be called Queen, and surrounded herself with a sort of mock court etiquette. She took the title of "Queen of Servia" (Land of Slaves), and the signature "Frances Obrenovitch," and occupied herself in studying psychology and in acting as a sort of confidante, confessor, or chaplain to such of the patients (and they were not a few) as she could induce to listen to her exhortations. I met her when she had been already four years in captivity ; she was, I think, the grandest spiritual force which ever came into my life. She was so little under any real delusion about her title that from the time she realised my respect for her spiritual instincts she forbade me to kiss her

hand, or to address her as "your Majesty." She suffered terribly from the constant companionship of lunatics, some of whom were vicious, and of doctors and nurses, all of whom were ignorant of psychology, and, though kindly and well-meaning, often hideously irreverent. I offered to procure her freedom by taking out a certificate as lunatic attendant and getting her consigned to my care. The temptation to consent was evidently very great. But she had scruples about hampering my work and career; and, after a few days of heroic struggle with herself, she not only refused to accept my offer, but gave me to understand that the continuance of our friendship depended on my abstaining in future from putting such temptation in her way. To her I owe nearly all that I know about adumbrations and nostalgias; about the conditions under which hallucinations become fixed, and the manner in which they can be dispersed; about the formation of protective optical illusions and the preventions of dangerous delusions. She gave me my first clear insight into the systematic use of Oriental imagery as an organic scientific notation. To her also I owe—though without her knowledge—my clear perception of how a person like myself may be led into crime; for, had Frances ever for one hour so far lost her head as to express a wish to be avenged, there is no telling what I might not have been tempted to do. But Frances never lost her self-control or her spiritual judgment; her own influence over others gave to her both an awestruck sense of her own responsibility and a respectful sympathy with all persons in any kind of responsible position. Though revolutionary in every fibre of her being, she would never allow a disrespectful word to be said of any official person in her presence without rebuking it.

"Vengeance is Mine," said the Eternal Pulsator. Had Frances remained at large, she would have been known only as a pious and well-meaning, but somewhat eccentric, lady. By incarcerating her, her guardian made of her a valuable factor in that great chain of inter-racial sympathies which is so rapidly making all races subject to the British crown aware of certain subtle dangers to which they expose themselves by trusting English officials.

There was another woman, whose name shall be wrapped in silence. She was the "illegitimate" daughter of a well-to-do man. She refused to accept from her "honourable" father the insolent patronage which such men offer to those who have inherited their own pride; preferring to face the struggle for life in a world of strangers. She bequeathed, to some who have helped me, a large share of hereditary intellectual power, and a determination to base a true morality on solid fact, and not to be satisfied with any

imitation constructed of parchments tied together with red tape, smeared over with white paint, and stuffed with corruption.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

THIS is a book for those who have leisure to think. To the hasty reader and the careless critic it has nothing to say, beyond bidding them God-speed in the perusal of any kind of literature which suits their state of mind.

I am writing for such persons as these :—

For the voyager to far countries, who can take one or two small volumes in his small luggage. It may help him to prepare for a better understanding of the relation between the people he is leaving behind and those whose acquaintance he is about to make.

For the young mother, who has a little time to read on Sunday evening after her baby has gone to sleep, and plenty of time to think over what she has read while she makes its clothes or holds it to her breast. It may help her to steer the child into something like its true place in the world in which it will have to live.

For the cloistered sister who is beginning to wonder why she cut herself off from the joys which other women prize—provided, that is to say, that she has the courage to ask the question of God, and wait to hear His answer ; not thinking it necessary to stun herself, as the heathen do, with vain repetitions of pious statements which she does not believe but only thinks she ought to believe.

For the lady of the *demi-monde* :—provided she has the courage to face her situation calmly in the morning hours ; not thinking it necessary to stun herself all day long with noise, drink, affectations, and the strumming of unmusical tunes on some unmusical instrument.

For the man or woman condemned by circumstances either to a life of monotonous drudgery or to one of dreary idleness, or to a still more dreary round of so-called social duties, which are not really due to anyone, and of so-called social pleasures which do not please.

For the man who knows he has something to tell the world, but has not found his way to any adequate mode of utterance.

For the paralytic confined to his chair.

For the felon confined in a gaol.

And, last and chiefly, for the patient in the lunatic asylum.

For any and all who have, temporarily or finally, drifted out of the main current of social life into some stagnant (and perhaps muddy) backwater.

Whoever the reader is, he or she will find the understanding of the book much facilitated by interposing at least one night between the end of one chapter and the beginning of the next.

Dear friends, never suppose that, because you yourselves are unable to swim in mid-channel, therefore you are cut off from men and women.

Thoughts are facts ; and they can pass through barriers impenetrable to human bodies.

Let me help you, if I can, to understand yourselves. If you once do that, believe me, you will somehow succeed in getting the world to understand you.

I want to help you, if you will allow me, to learn the art (for it is an art, quite as much so as music and painting) of the orderly arrangement of thought.

It is a common mistake to suppose that the Art of Thinking can be learned only by thinking of what are called "learned" topics. This is not the case. The finest music is made not by clashing together heavy masses of gems or of precious metals, but by "scraping the guts of a cat with hairs from the tail of a horse." But you must do the scraping *acccording to the laws of Music.*

The Art of Thinking can be learned, and practised, with very homely and even unbeautiful material to think about. It is said that the finest poetry in the Yiddish language was written by a man who toiled seventeen hours a day in a factory and lived in a hideous tenement of New York.

A man in prison once wrote to a woman outside :

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage ;
> Minds, innocent and quiet, take
> That for a hermitage."

People who are well-to-do, free and cultured, and who live in beautiful surroundings, admire those lines and find enjoyment in reading them ; but you, who are in prison, say, and say truly, that they bring no message of comfort to you ; stone walls do make a prison for you, and you see no use in pretending to deny it.

You are quite right. Those who offer you things written by other people by way of consolation, mistake, it seems to me, the

whole lie of the situation. Can you imagine the delight of *writing* those verses; of feeling the music of them flow into one from some Source Unseen, and through one out into the world? The material out of which the man built up his verses consisted of: stone walls and iron bars. Whatever the material, the joy of the artist in the act of creating harmony under inspiration is the same.

"I am a lonely man," said he;
"The storm-tossed mariner, alone,
Echoing back the wild wind's moan,
Breathes not my loneliness," said he.
"All alone; all unknown;
Like the sun, like the moon."

There is," I said, "a loneliness
That lights the soul like fireflies
Dim twinkling under darkening skies;
'Tis near akin to happiness.
All alone it hath shone,
Like the sun, like the moon."

"I'm not a manly man," said he;
"A worm upon the path, I fear
The fight for life is too severe.
They've crushed me under foot," said he.
"All alone, nothing won,
Myself I seem to shun."

"A worm there is, a worm," said I,
"That strives to glimmer on the earth,
A light for all. Is that not worth
A life as in the changeful sky?
Shines the moon, shines the sun
Not unknown unto One."

The writer of these lines had no literary skill, and could not write good rhyme and rhythm; but he could, and did, weave the symptoms and symbols of mere melancholic passion into exquisitely organic imagery; he translated the sense of hopeless loneliness into the useful solitude of the lighthouse, and the sensation of being abject like a worm into the vision of a glow-worm. Do you think he felt abject or lonely while he was writing these lines? His passion had become transformed into power.

Perhaps some reader may feel inclined to say that his mind is neither innocent nor quiet; that he has nothing to think of except anger, hatred, and unsatisfied lusts. That is not quite true of anybody; still, let that pass. I am neither parson nor moralist; it is no part of my function to tell you that such passions are wicked. They are, in their own way, not bad material for art

If you have nothing to think about except stormy passions and desires, think about them ; but think about them truly according to the laws of your own thinking machinery. We cannot all acquire skill in weaving words into harmonious verse, but we can all be artists in thought and group ideas harmoniously. Whatever you have to think about, learn to think according to the Laws of Thought.

If you are on a long voyage across a monotonous ocean, learn to think artistically, not only about the sea and sky and the sailors' work, but also about the fact of monotony.

If you have become a criminal after being brought up "respectably," as it is called, learn to think artistically about the relations and the contrast between what is called respectability and what is called crime.

If, on the contrary, you were brought up by thief parents, and have nothing in your memory but a life of more or less successful dodging of the police, learn to think artistically about the relations between your class and the police : there is plenty that needs thinking out in that matter, and the world would be the better for hearing what you have to say about it.

And you, young mother, you at least have plenty of thought-material close at hand, in your baby's cries and smiles. He will begin to cut his teeth presently, and the first use he will wish to make of them will be to bite you. You have to decide whether you will allow him to do so or not. Decide it carefully, according to what you know of your child's heredity : not forgetting to take into account the amount of your own stamina and power of endurance. Do not forget that, in this matter more perhaps than in any other—

> "As we chose in small things always
> We must choose at last in great ;
> For 'tis then the gods deny us
> Our own hand upon our fate."*

Now you are going to ask me whether or not you shall let baby cut his teeth upon your flesh ! How should I know ? I am an artist, not a quack-doctor with a universal prescription to suit all constitutions. Whether a baby ought or ought not to bite his mother, depends, as I said, on his heredity and the extent of her powers of endurance ; also on her and the father's conception of the meaning and use of family life. On the father's conception especially. I am trying to teach you, not a code suited to all families, but the *Art of Thinking* on the facts presented to you by your own life and circumstances.

*Mary Ellen Hinton.

And you, whom the world calls mad, you at least can have no lack of material for thought. And you well know—some of you—that the so-called "sane" world is ignorant of much which you have seen, and hideously irreverent to much that you feel to be sacred. Pull yourselves together, friends, and learn to deliver your message in such wise that the outer world must listen, and revere. You do not, you cannot, doubt the value of your own message to the world ; many of you are certified "megalomaniacs" because you cannot be got to disbelieve it. What you most long for is that someone in the outer world should believe in it with you. Courage, friends ; I believe in it—because I have *seen*. Now, therefore, let us, who understand each other, learn some logic together, and write so that the world shall understand something of which you have caught a glimpse, and which you know to be part of the scientific framework round which must be organised anything which could claim the right to describe itself as an organic art of thinking.

CHAPTER II

THE TRAINING OF THE IMAGINATION

FOR learning the art of the orderly arrangement of thought, no previous knowledge is necessary of logic or of any science whatever. What is necessary is a willingness on the part of the readers not to resist but to aid the writer in furnishing their minds with simple imagery, derived from various departments of human life, including science.

The imagery will be used, not in order to prove any doctrine, but to facilitate the orderly arrangement of thought material. When we are trying to put our household goods in order, we find it useful to provide ourselves with convenient shelves, racks, and hooks on which to store them ; when we are trying to put our thoughts in order, we find it advisable to fasten up in our memories a convenient framework of imagery on which we can register *our thought-processes*.

Let us think of Time as a mass of water in a pool or tank. That is to say, Time Past is the water. Time Future shall be represented by the air above it. Water is continually coming slowly in at the top of the pool, and trickling away below into cavernous depths out of sight.

The surface of the pool represents Time Present.

Now let us represent the consciousness of an individual by a

stick floating at the surface of the pool. On one end of the stick is written "Emotion and Sensation"; on the other, "Action and Influence."

Please get this idea fixed up in your mind, before you read any further. Little precautions of this kind go a great way towards conferring clearness of understanding and preventing fogginess and misapprehension of a writer's meaning. Get the vision fixed quite firmly; it is not a mere ornament, but a hook on which you are going, presently, to hang a weight, perhaps a heavy one.

We have supposed the stick lying flat on the surface of the water. As long as it does so, it represents a consciousness lying wholly in the present time.

Doctors and other teachers sometimes tell us very glibly that sanity and health, and all that deserves to be called "normal," consist in being "adapted to one's environment"; all which is not so they call "abnormal." This mode of speaking is capable of being interpreted in two senses. As usually understood, it is very false, misleading the utterers even more than the hearers—as indeed slip-shod phrases of doubtful meaning usually do.

Let us look at our mind-picture of the floating stick.

As long as it lies horizontal it represents what we may call the *commonplace* condition of the consciousness, which is what some people really mean when they use such words as "sanity" and "health."

The most commonplace consciousness wobbles slightly up and down at times; so that one end dips a little way back, or down, into the Past, and the other a little way forward, or up, into the Future.

But there are other conditions of consciousness besides the commonplace ones: genius, asceticism, insanity, idiocy, criminal tendency, melancholy, suicidal mania, all that is eccentric, abnormal, or out of line with the commonplace average proceedings of the age in which the individual lives. All of these can be represented by a more serious tilting of the stick; or by its being bent, or half broken, so that both ends dip at once into the Past, or one half may dip into the Past and the other still be in the Present.

What does all this prove? Nothing whatever. What is it leading up to? I do not know. What is the use of it all? That all depends on the use which you may choose to make of it. I have provided the entrance-hall of your house of thought with a rack, such as my experience has shown me is of convenient form for arranging things on. At present, our business is to see that the

rack is in proper order and well fixed up. Exercise your imagination, at your leisure, in picturing—or, as it is sometimes called, *visualising*—the floating stick. Shut your eyes and see it—first in one condition, then another. See it stiff and straight, then bent ; then half broken. Picture it always with its labels on ; at one end "Emotion and Sensation," at the other "Action and Influence." Picture it, first with one end dipping down, then the other ; then bent so that both ends dip ; with the emotion end floating, then the other end. Go on with this exercise till the slightest exertion of your will suffices to put clearly before your mental vision a picture of the stick in any condition or position that you think of.

Now, the problem of forging Passion into Power is that of changing any position of the stick which represents a condition of the consciousness that is not commonplace and that is undesirable, into some position which represents a desirable one. Which positions represent undesirable states and which desirable ones, we shall see as we go on. For the present, the business on hand is to familiarise your imagination with the stick in all its possible positions.

CHAPTER III

ECONOMY OF FORCE

SURELY the secret of Moral Agriculture is to hitch one's plough to the Great Pulsator and *make manure of the devil.*

There is no cure for the world's evils except linking them together in suitably assorted pairs, in such wise that they neutralise the evilness of each other.

There can be no adequate supply of heat force till we convert into heat the great devastating meteorological forces.

There will be no stop to the supply of criminal classes till the brutal and rowdy type of hooligan is trained as magnetic healer to the over-sensitive, over-intellectual, over-conscientious, over-refined type of man and woman.

There will be no stopping the spread of insanity till different types of abnormal neurosis act as magnetic healers to each other.

There can be no sound scheme of education till we know how to assort children in pairs and link them so that they give each other a strong impetus towards some desirable end.

There is no real solution of the sanitation problem or the food-supply problem till we devise good systems of sewage-farming and of earth-to-earth burial. I am glad to take this opportunity of

stating my conviction that cremation and burying under stone are polar mistakes. Cremation may be necessary in cases of zymotic disease until we have devised something better. But I feel convinced that the scientific solution is that every carcase of man and beast shall be buried underground and a fruit tree planted over it. The superstition against eating fruit grown on the dead bodies of one's friends is a good specimen of the wasteful and distracting kind of idolatry which keeps the world in bondage. What are fruit-trees for, if not to forge and transform cannibalistic selfishness into sacramental joy? While we eat meat, we are obliged to cut the lives of creatures short, because those which die a natural death are unsuitable for food. But fruit lives on that which has died at its own time.

CHAPTER IV

DESTRUCTIVE MANIA

We are going to think to-day about a Passion which is neither innocent nor quiet. It is known by many names. It occurs in nearly all small children, and is then called "love of mischief." In boys between the ages of seven and twelve it is called either "cruelty and spite" or "fine manly spirit," according to the religious and moral point of view of the speaker.

In quite commonplace persons it begins at about twelve years old to die down or be absorbed, recurring afterwards only in occasional gentle oscillations. When one of these mild fits comes on, the individual, if wealthy, takes a few days or weeks of shooting at birds or beasts reared on purpose. If poor, he flings stones at sparrows, or goes rat-hunting; or teases his mother or sister; or punches the head of his little brother. But in individuals who are more "out of the common" the dip of the stick is deeper and more serious.

If one of these larger oscillations seizes a Malay, he is said to "run amok" and is hanged by the English. In a regiment of English soldiers, it is called "martial ardour," and rewarded with medals and public receptions. If it seizes a wealthy Englishman, he provides himself with elaborate killing apparatus and goes off to shoot big game, and is called an "adventurous spirit." If it seizes a band of hobbledehoys of the so-called "working-class," they come in collision with the police and the orderliness of the town, and are called hooligans. If it comes with special violence to an adult, he makes a murderous assault on somebody, and the

passion is described in the newspapers either as vile and brutal violence, or as homicidal mania, according to the taste and fancy of the doctors who give evidence at his trial. In the former case he is hanged ; in the latter he is confined at Broadmoor "during his Majesty's pleasure." And there, to all outward seeming, is an end of his influence on society.

(You and I, friends, know very well that there is not an end of his influence. What is the good of pretending to believe that which we know is not true ? You in the condemned cell know very well that the world will be, in some respects, different hereafter, according to whether you do or do not pull yourself together and think clearly during the few days you still have to live on earth.)

All the above-mentioned names denote conditions not indeed exactly similar. They differ as the same note differs when played on violin, pianoforte, trumpet or flute. The differences are due to overtones, or colour-tones. The relation between them concerns those whose business it is to orchestrate, or organise, that complex symphony known as human society. Let us hope they understand the delicate intricacies of their work. For us, the business on hand is simpler ; we have to find out what our note itself is by the help of a simple tuning-fork.

What is the impulse to kill, to hurt, to destroy ?

For countless generations the existence of any tribe depended on all the male members of it (at least) hunting habitually. To kill was the primary duty ; the penalty for neglecting it was : starvation for oneself and one's wife and children, as well as more or less of injury to one's tribe.

Try to make a mind-picture of this state of things One's livelihood depended on being able to kill and skilful at killing. The man who disliked that business was an object of contempt. He who was slack or indifferent about it was an idler, a fool. All respectability, fame, honour and glory centred round extra cleverness in, and love of, killing creatures.

Just think of it ! The man who could see a rabbit or pheasant without trying to kill it took the same rank in the estimation of his neighbours as does now the vagabond loafer who leaves his family to starve or be supported by the parish.

Then there arose quarrels between different tribes of men. The safety of one's wife and children, as well as one's duty to one's tribe, depended on one's being skilful in killing, and willing to kill, men. The man who could see a member of an alien tribe without trying to hurt him was regarded as we now regard the mother who is slack in ridding her children of vermin, or in disinfecting after an invasion of fever-microbes.

There were, in those days, neither butchers nor standing army; to kill was the duty of every male, and of many females as well, for countless generations.

And we have to remember that the finer and more perfect the specimen, whether of rival or of prey, the more emphatically it became the duty of the good man to exterminate it. Traces of this principle linger here and there in various strange little freaks of sensuous pleasure which students of sensation have noticed. We all do homage to it when we try and make our dinner tables "look attractive." We profess to be shocked at the ruffian who is prompted by the beauty of a picture to poke his stick through the canvas; but we all expect our lazy guests to be stimulated by the beauty of our peach to stick teeth into it, by the decorative skill of our cook to demolish her works of art. This is the mild form, suited to our present state of civilisation, of the impulse which makes a certain kind of person poke holes in pictures, scribble in valuable books in public libraries, and chip bits off beautiful statues and historic buildings.

What we have to do is to register and fix in our minds the idea that every time the mistress of a house sanctions her table and the food on it being made to look beautiful, she is recognising in her family and guests the existence of that same instinct which, in some of its manifestations, we call ruffianly brutality; the instinct, namely, which causes the presence of what we feel to be beautiful, *i.e.* the finished product of nature's evolution or man's toil, to act as a stimulus to the desire to crush and to destroy. In the case of the peach, the ancient instinct necessary for the self-preservation of the tribe has been transmuted into an artistic refinement which tends towards the higher education of the race; in the case of the iconoclast, into a form unsuited to the present conditions of society, and antagonistic to its higher evolution.

Time has gone on and things have changed. It is no longer everyone's duty to kill. And the consciousness of some people floats on that surface which we call the Present, or only slightly wobbles away from that surface. They know nothing of the Past except from reading books—books mostly written at the present time, imbued with the feeling of the Present. Or if the book is old these people do not understand it, for their own consciousness supplies no clue to its meaning.

But there are those whose very flesh, their muscles, nerves, brain-tissue, are saturated with the instinct of fidelity to the Past. They understand!

We have one instance of this fleshly fidelity to the Past in the existence of what are called dowsers. For many generations, there

being no books, all scientific principles were taught by object-lessons. A large number of these lessons were connected with rituals carried on by means of freshly-cut branches or wands, which were moved about in various positions. A main subject of science and a main motive for study, were supplied by the need for finding water or metallic ores. Most things in Nature give off some effluvium or force peculiar to themselves; and these forces affect us, often without our knowing it. And there are still people, sometimes whole families, whose arms begin to tingle when they touch fresh-cut branches of certain trees; and whose fingers twitch if, while holding the branch, they pass over water or a vein of metal. The dowser is one in whom fidelity to what was the sacred duty of his ancestors is embedded in nerve and muscle; he has a *fleshly lust* to repeat their ceremony. The word "lust," we must remember, means "list," *desire*, impulse. Whenever we wish to do anything, not for any reason, but only because we "like" to do it, find it agreeable, we are gratifying a *lust*. If our nerves and muscles desire to do the thing, it is a fleshly lust. Much confusion has been caused by using the words "fleshly lust" only in a bad sense. The dowser has a fleshly lust to twitch his stick when he passes over water. At the touch of the water's subtle effluvium the sensation end of his consciousness takes a plunge back into the Past. When I touch a dowsing rod my consciousness takes a plunge into the Past. I have never tried to find water; but I feel the tingle in my arms; and the stick has often helped me to see ancient mathematicians and other wizards at their work. Much of the best of my published work on mathematical teaching has been done by the "accidental" stimulus of touching a divining or dowsing rod.

I have had homicidal impulse at the touch of other stimuli. When I was quite young, I used to speculate on the problem why I did not try to kill someone who worried me. It was not love of my parents that hindered me; in those moods I was incapable of love. It was not fear of consequences: in those moods I was incapable of fear. It was not regard for God; I considered that God made me as I was and could not reasonably be angry with anything I did. It was—I always came back to the same conclusion—it was that I thought that if I killed anyone the police or the hangman or someone would stop my working for algebra. Besides, I felt that all stormy passions in themselves interfered between me and algebra. Hate and revengefulness, as well as love and fear, vanished, like burned paper, when they threatened to interfere between me and algebra.

That means, as I now know, that some wizard ancestor of

mine had stronger hold on my brain-tissue than the ancestors whose business was killing people.

You, my friend in the condemned cell, were in different case from me; perhaps you had no mathematical ancestor; or, if you had, his hold on you was weak.

But surely there is no crime and no disgrace in having had a preponderance of ancestors who did their duty in protecting and feeding their families instead of mooning over pencils and compasses.

What, then, was your crime? That no one showed you how to forge your Passion of ancestral impulse into Power to do something useful for the Present or the Future. No one showed you how. But that negative fact is the crime of collective Humanity, not that of any individual. You and I will do our best to redeem it, by showing someone else how.

Eugène Sue has done something in that direction, by asserting that the man who has fits of "homicidal mania" (*i.e.* impulse to kill folks) ought to be trained as a butcher.

Feather-headed people who look only on the surface of things will say that butchers who like to kill must be brutes. People who do what they like, when they like, as they like, and *only* because they like, do, it is true, become not really honest brutes, but something which it is an insult to a decent wild beast to compare it with. But those who are *trained* to do only what they dislike become machines. Those who are trained to do what they *like*, when they ought, and because they ought, become artists. The man who dislikes killing things, if he becomes a butcher for convenience, or from a mistaken sense of duty, thinks as little as may be of his trade; works carelessly; perhaps drowns thought in drink or dissipation; kills badly; inflicts suffering. But the man who loves to kill owing to latent ancestral passion for *serving* the community by killing can be trained to fix his whole mind on the business of killing in the manner which the best sense of the community decrees to be the best.

Eugène Sue's suggestion, therefore, is not quite as wild as it seems to some people.

It will be well, just here, to shut your eyes and meditate for a few moments on the floating stick.

Crooked or broken sticks can dip one end down into the Past, while the other floats in the Present. Or both ends may hang down into the Past. But a straight, firm stick cannot dip one end into the Past without the other rising into the Future. And its rise into the Future will be exactly proportional to its dip into the Past.

What does this prove? Nothing, I repeat; nothing. I am not proving theories, but furnishing your imagination with instruments for the organising of thought material.

CHAPTER V

SUICIDAL MANIA

In the North of Europe and of Asia (and probably also in other parts of the world) there used to prevail an idea that it was cowardly and selfish to lay on one's tribe the burden of one's support after one could no longer serve it by hunting or in war. Everyone who survived till old age was bound to kill himself or be put to death by his friends. The imagination of all young persons, for many generations, was filled with the idea of suicide as both a duty and an inevitable fate. What wonder, then, that in some families a sudden fit of reversion to ancestral type produces an impulse towards suicide?

It was also desirable to prevent the tribe from being burdened with the weakly. Infanticide (as a preferable alternative to the desertion and exposure of the weakly young) thus became the duty of many parents; of many for whom, owing to the strength of their parental affection, infanticide partook far more of the character of a higher kind of suicide than of anything which can legitimately be called homicide. The killing of a weakly child is now a crime. The impulse towards killing a beloved infant is (rightly) now considered a sympton of in-sanity, *i.e.* a not healthy form of reversion; not rational action, but the "fleshly lust" (reversion to former duty).

The force stored up in ancestral infanticidal impulse needs guiding towards present uses.

The guiding of it has been made difficult, owing to the fact that popular feeling in the matter has been distorted by ministers of varying religions: distorted, indeed, in three ways. When the community requires from the individual any painful sacrifice, the feelings of the person called on to make it are soothed and narcotised by an appeal to the religious emotions. Cutting one's own throat because one is old is called "cutting Runes to Odin"; infanticide is called "giving one's baby back to the tribal god." This, of itself, while consoling to the immediate sufferer, tends to deepen the tendency to repeat the same action. But, besides this, priests, from a spirit of routine, continue to claim the accustomed sacrifice to the gods, after the well-being of the tribe

no longer requires it ; this, by unnecessarily prolonging the custom, gives to the atavistic impulse an extra strong hold on posterity.

At last, the incongruity between the conscience of the tribe and the priestly code of ethics becomes too glaring to be any longer tolerated ; the strain reaches a breaking point ; a revolution or movement of reform takes place, and a fresh set of priests is appointed, willing to preach, as duty to the gods, whatever customs suit the present condition of the tribal conscience. But these new priests are not content to enjoin the new code of duty, and explain that the old is now out of date ; they talk of the former duties as "sins" and treat the "fleshly" impulse to revert to those duties as a proof of man's "fallen" and "corrupt" nature. They even go the length of asserting that the gods who enjoined the sacrifice when it was a real tribal duty necessary for the very existence of the community were not true gods but "devils." They thus blur the lines of historic feeling and confuse the consciousness of the new generation, making physical fidelity to ancestral type a disgrace instead of a glory.

It is a matter of historic fact that, though martyrdom and the fact of being for a time despised and rejected may ennoble an individual, yet whatever is chronically thrust into darkness tends to take on de-graded and distorted forms. If the atavistic consciousness is habitually despised it becomes degraded ; distorted consciousness involves distorted nerve and brain conditions, and converts what was a mere harmless reposeful plunge into the Past into some non-natural and possibly novel mode of truly vicious action. All real vices and non-natural lusts are generated by this moral perversion. Honour thine Ancestral Past that thine own days may be long and healthy. Instead of despising our ancestral modes of life, we should revert to them, whenever possible, in all ways not harmful in the Present. Do not children stand the strain of the modern school-life all the better for spending vacations camping out of doors, picnicking in woods, and climbing trees, like their savage ancestors ?

The first step towards the eradication from our people of the suicidal and infanticidal manias should be the instituting of religious services in honour of those who, in the past, killed themselves or their offspring for the good of the tribe. This would serve to arrest the tendency to act on mere nervous impulse, because it would deepen the sense that one's life and those of one's children are not one's own, to deal with according to one's fleshly impulses, but the property of the community, to be held in trust for it, and disposed of only in accordance with its real needs.

CHAPTER VI

MORALITY AND ART

JAMES HINTON gave the title "The Art of Thinking" to one of his essays. The words were chosen deliberately and with the intention of their being taken in the full sense of their literal meaning, the *artistic* use of thought. To arrive at a full sense of what this implies, we must come to an understanding as to what is meant by the word Art.

The cultivation of any physical sense passes through three principal stages or modes of use. There is, first, discrimination evoked in response to some necessity for self-protection. A keen power of discriminating among colours, or shapes, or sounds, helps an animal or a savage man in finding his prey, or in escaping his foes. But when a discrimination sense has reached a certain pitch of congenital power, the mere exercise of it begins to be in itself a pleasure, and almost a necessity of health. The infant delights in mere noise, in the mere exercise of its faculty of distinguishing one sound from another. So it is with shapes and colours ; the mere exercise of the sense faculty is a delight, quite apart from any question of safety or advantage to be gained by skill. Absence of things to look at is an actual privation. Finally, it begins to be perceived that certain *combinations* of colour or form or sound are more pleasing to the sense than others. When this point is reached, *art* is born.

Two conditions must exist before a mode of training has a right to call itself art-training. The first is that it shall cultivate the power of *combining* impressions received as separate. Art-training must, it is true, cultivate the power of discrimination also, and to a very high degree ; but the discrimination must ultimately serve the purpose of combination, or there is no art. An insect might feel the note D flat beautiful, because that is the pitch of its mate's voice, and, when the scale is played on a violin, may discriminate very keenly between D flat, the beautiful, and D natural, hideous to its instincts because sung by the bird which devours its tribe ; but this is not art. The musician also discriminates between D natural and D flat, but he knows nothing of one of these being preferable to another ; his business with each of them, in his capacity of sound-artist, is to judge under what conditions they shall be combined (either in a chord or in sequence, with each other and with other notes. The tester, who detects

the presence of foul gas in a tin of preserved meat by a slight tap on the cover, must have his power of auditory distinction cultivated to a high pitch, but he selects the one sound as "good" and the other as "evil" ; in this there is no attempt at combination, therefore no art.

The second condition which characterises art-training proper, is that each combination shall be made in obedience to the dictates of the art-instinct itself, unwarped by any other considerations. This point needs a little clearing up. The amount and kind of elements among which combinations are to be effected may be limited to any degree, by all sorts of considerations, beforehand ; but, the limits once decided on, the act of choice, within those limits, must be pure and undisturbed, or it is not an act of art. The workman who goes with fivepence to a village shop where there are two tins of Aspinall's enamel, and who chooses the green rather than the blue to make a pattern on his red door, because he likes it better, does an act of art ; within narrow restrictions, but still, art. Nay, the man who, having no money to spare, finds a half-empty tin of enamel thrown away, and brings it home, and decides either to put a rim of the green paint on his door because "it do zim to I as it 'ud look purty," or to leave the door plain because "when I did zee that there green atween the door and the ivy, I didn't zim to fancy it," has, in either case, done an act of art ; he has selected, among his limited stock of possibilities, a certain combination rather than another, because the one suited his art-sense (at its present level of culture) better than the other. But the person who, with boundless resources at command, is swayed, at the moment of choice, by any other consideration than "it do zim to I," is not doing an art-act. All this has nothing to do with any question of selfishness or the reverse. The man may be ornamenting the cottage for his own pleasure only, or for that of the wife with whom he hopes to enjoy it, or as a parting gift to his sister before he leaves home never to return. The point is this : Whatever be his motive for decorating, if he selects his decoration *as the actual shades strike his eye when seen in combination,* he is exercising his art-faculty ; whereas no choice of colour is an exercise of colour-art if it be swayed by any other considerations than the laws of the eye itself. And it matters little whether the motive be : "I'll wear a green ribbon because green is the patriotic colour just now," or "This combination is considered correct just now," or "The Duchess of somewhere wore this at the last Court Ball " ; in either case some consideration other than the pleasure of the chooser's eye determines the choice ; and therefore there is (so far as the eye is concerned)

no art. Art-faculty exerts itself in subjection to no laws except those of the choosing organ, whatever that may be.

The organ develops first as a mere discriminating organ, under pressure of the action of other organisms. But when fully established as a discriminating organ, it then sets up its own code of laws. When an organ selects and combines in obedience to its own laws only, we call its action "art." When such writers as Ruskin and Hobson make their passionate claim for some opportunity for *art-culture* on behalf of the masses, what they primarily mean is that there should be no class of the community living under such conditions that each organ and faculty is exerted only according to laws belonging to some other department of life ; there should come into the life of every citizen opportunities for exercising his faculties, *each according to its own laws*.

The horror of association felt by a weak tribe for the war-paint or war-cry of a fiercer neighbour tribe, the disgusted contempt of a dominant caste for the colour of the pariah's badge—these are factors in evoking the keen discrimination which is the first essential of art-culture. But when once the artist has come, we must expect from him no deference to prejudices of association ; he has one function only in connection with the hateful tint or note, viz., to combine it with other tints or notes in such a manner as to cause men to realise that it adds to the beauty of the whole. This point we must remember if we are to attach any adequate meaning to the expression "Art of Thinking." The Art of Thinking is that mode of dealing with thoughts which is related to our mental faculties of discrimination as the form and colour arts are to our powers of form and colour discrimination, as the art of musical composition is to the faculty of distinguishing between different notes. It is the art of combining thoughts, not in subservience to any external need or law, but in accordance with the laws of the Thinking-organ itself.

The *Science* which underlies the Art of Thought-combination is called Mathematics. Mathematics stands related to the Art of Thinking somewhat as the science of harmony and counterpoint does to the art of music.

It so happens that the laws of thought-combination were first discovered when men were trying to think truly about number, quantity, and size ; and for that reason a great many persons assert that mathematics is the science of number, size, and quantity. This assertion is pure nonsense.

Persons who have outgrown the delusion about mathematics being the science of number and size, speak of it as a sort of "Logic." This is a little nearer the mark, but only a little. Logic

can become mathematical, and, as Gratry said, when it does so it acquires wings, whereas before it had only feet.

It seems to me a pity that children should, in most cases, know nothing of mathematics except as related to ideas of number and size. Any parents who may wish to do so can make, of such arithmetic, algebra, and geometry as are taught in schools, a genuine introduction to the Art of Thinking. This can be done without adding to the child's intellectual labour, by occasional little half-jesting remarks at home.*

We cannot evolve any art of combinations, harmonies, and sequences, till we are provided with a multiform, strong and accurate sense of discrimination between the elements to be combined. Nature's way of providing us with the necessary discrimination is first to make personal or tribal safety depend on that discrimination, on seeking one thing and avoiding its opposite; next, to set up an hereditary instinct to feel as "good" that which our ancestors found by experience to be good, and as "evil" what experience taught them to avoid. The instinct to avoid certain things because they are "evil" is the necessary preliminary to any development of art.

But the Art-Creator, when he appears on the scene, begins by sweeping the verdicts of experience and of instinct into the limbo of forgotten superstitions, not because art is lawless, but because it has laws of its own, and tolerates no other legislator. Till it may be master of the situation, it (art) stays away.

Now we are going to fit our House of Thought with a new implement of orderliness.

The leaders of a tribe have been trying their conscientious best, for countless generations, to foster in the young a habit, an instinct, when they hear a certain note, to scamper instantly towards it because it is the cry of some animal which ought to be caught for food, and, when they hear a certain other note, to scuttle away and hide, because it is the cry of some beast of prey too powerful for them to cope with.

A Jubal appears among the tribe, an inventor of music; he has got hold of some sort of gut or fibre which will twang a variety of notes. The children stand round him, inquisitive, wondering, half-frightened yet spell-bound. What is he doing? Demoralising them. Blurring the lines of distinction between "good and evil." Destroying, bringing to naught, the work of ages.

Can you conceive the wrath of the Leaders?

*My text-book *Philosophy and Fun of Algebra* contains a suggestion of such domestic jokes.

Yet thus, and thus alone, can any art be born into the world; at that cost, and no lesser one, does art exist.

And observe that the precursor of music is not even making music; he is only making senseless noise. He is sweeping away the laws of tribal ethics; and he is not keeping even those of counterpoint, for they are not yet evolved.

Between the Law-Abiders and the Art-Creator there must always come "The Law-Breaker." If the note of the awful beast of prey is ever beautiful, it is so, even on art's own showing, only when put in certain specifically right relations to other sounds; and the criminal lunatic Jubal is not putting it in right relations at all; he is no good anyway; Anathema; away with him; crucify him!

And indeed, though art cannot be born unless someone has courage to break the laws of tribal self-preservation, neither can music be born in a chaotic confusion of disorderly noises. It will not do for everyone to twang guts and ignore tribal duty. The Law-breaker, therefore, must not demoralise the tribe; until at least he knows how to teach them a higher Law. He must be isolated from his kind; he will be during his earth-life the Misunderstood One; the Eternal Scape-goat, who bears the sins of the world; "outside the camp, though inside the veil." If he is the true destined Revealer he will not think the price too high to pay for this privilege. If he is not that, then isolation is the best thing for him; it gives him the opportunity to meditate on the folly of meddling in dangerous experiments without sufficient warrant or preparation.

Latent heat and potential light are stored up during the composition of a body; sensible heat and visible light are given off during decomposition.

True economy consists in not disturbing the storage, except under conditions which facilitate the force given off in decomposition passing into the composition of a body of higher evolution.

But there are people who think that it is always a good thing to set light free, regardless of the question whether anything of higher evolution than the candle will profit by it; and there are people who think that it is always economical to abstain from lighting a candle, no matter who, and what, needs the light.

THE BASES OF MORALITY FOR THE LAW-BREAKER

The game of skittles is more interesting when played with a trained hand and eye than when played at random.

If life is to be all beer and skittles it is advisable not to put the beer-bottles among the skittles, at least until after we have drunk the beer.

Only a cockney cares for shooting barn-door fowls.

Only a cad poaches on his neighbour's preserves as long as he has woods of his own. (The excuse for the village poacher is that society has robbed him of his woods.)

The true gentleman likes shooting dangerous wild beasts better than shooting pheasants, even if they are his own.

Ethics is a fence put up to protect our neighbour's barnyard.

CHAPTER VII

SEX INSTINCTS

FROM the dawn of organic life on this planet up to the appearance of civilised man, every race of organisms was forced to provide food for creatures not of the same race. Each race was therefore bound, under penalty of extinction, to propagate in great excess of the amount required to maintain its own numbers.

Pause for a moment and think. For countless ages, the whole evolution of everything depended upon everybody putting into the world a thousand times as many fertilised eggs as ever were intended to come to maturity. Everyone's duty was to give to some other race, as food, a thousand eggs or babies for one that was to be reared. Slowly, very slowly, there has crept in an idea, imperfectly carried out even yet, of protecting the young, of not allowing other races to feed on one's babies. Man has cleared off, at least from all the main centres of civilisation, all of the larger races (lions, tigers, wolves, etc.) which show any desire to eat the flesh of human babies; but we have not even yet accomplished the extinction of the parasites and microbes who devour human flesh. So that even still over-propagation is to some slight extent the duty of some people. That is to say, propagation somewhat in excess of what would be normal if everyone lived to die of old age.

For all our ancestors, from the first organic creature up to a few generations ago, an amount of propagating activity which would necessarily be highly inconvenient at the present time was a solemn duty. I am using the words "solemn" and "duty" advisedly. Duty is that which is due, and everything is solemn which tends towards the organising of a higher organism. It does not follow that the individual felt solemn or was conscious of his

duties. For all practical and psychological purposes an enormous amount of over-propagation was a solemn duty to our ancestors. It is so to rabbits and wild birds still. For us it is no longer a duty. But the impulse remains in the shape of a fleshly lust. What are we going to do with it ?

The first thing to do with it is to treat it always in thought and word with the utmost reverence which it is in our nature to feel for anything.

What have we done with it ?

We have made of it the subject of irreverent jesting and of far more irreverent moralising.

Can one conceive of anything more hideously and grotesquely irreverent than the attitude of a priest who celebrates the Eucharist after prefacing it by a sermon in which he denounces, as the inspiration of the devil, that very condition in man to which, as it exists in the wheat and vine plants, he owes the possibility of having his bread and wine to consecrate ?

Normal sex-action is fertile contact between suitably differentiated polars. This may take place either in the generative organs or in the brain.

When we sing the invocation "Veni, Creator," we invite Adonaï to make fertile this contact of polars. When this happens in the organs of generation we call it fecundation ; when it happens in the brain we call it inspiration (artistic, poetic, prophetic, or spiritual inspiration, as the case may be).

The problem with which Humanity is confronted is that of diverting the atavistic excess of desire for contact of polars from the physically fertilisable organs to that spiritually fertilisable organ which we call "brain," and so to increase the genius of the race while keeping its numbers down to manageable proportions. The difficulty of the problem has been enormously complicated by the action of moralists.

Nowhere is the action of moralists in increasing immorality so clearly to be seen as in connection with the sex impulse ; and it is therefore in this chapter that I propose to describe it.

Probably no human being, possibly no mammal or bird, has ever experienced sex-action for the first time without at least a momentary impression of the Presence of something so sacred that all else which is held sacred is to this new impression as shadow is to substance. If this momentary Revelation of Sacredness comes to a virgin mind cumbered with no previous ideas, it runs smoothly along the course of its normal evolution to its normal goal : a quickening of the power of sympathy and a development of the power of altruism. The individual is then

free to decide whether, when, and under what conditions, he shall repeat the act, according to his circumstances and to such knowledge as he possesses, guided by the additional sympathy and altruism left behind by the act itself. He will take his own liking only as one of many factors which have to be taken into account in deciding his course of action: as we all do in the case of a liking for peaches, or a desire to enjoy music or pictures.

But if the sudden sense of sacredness comes into conflict with some preconceived idea of degradation, evil, or triviality, in the sexual act, the effect is somewhat like that of a collision between two trains running in opposite directions. Wreckage of something or other is certain to occur; and the answer to the question what shall escape from that wreckage is a matter of what we call "accident," by which we mean that it depends on causes over which we have no control.

Consciously or unconsciously, the man is confronted with the questions: "If *that* was not sacred, then what else can be so? If *that* Presence was the devil, then what is the use of God?" Even if his conscious thought does not ask those questions, his flesh and blood and marrow and unconscious mind ask them, and insist on their being answered.

The following are some of the answers given in the wreck of body and mind:

1. God is in Nature, and whatever is natural is holy. The individual seeks the opposite sex as freely as a wild animal does; forgetting that the proceedings of wild animals are consonant to the true order of Nature only where there is abundant room for healthy children to roam about in and plenty of carnivorous birds and beasts to rid society of sickly and superfluous ones. The original nerve-wreckage is helped into intellectual confusion by the double sense of the word "natural"; it is used sometimes as meaning that which we feel impelled to do because the doing of it was, for our ancestors, consonant to the true order of evolution at their level of progress, sometimes as meaning consonant to the true order of evolution for our stage of progress. People mistakenly suppose that what is natural in the former sense is necessarily so in the latter.

2. Some persons "return to nature" in a different way from that just described. They deliberately turn their backs on temptation, live in the country and almost in isolation; tire themselves with manual labour; adopt a poor diet; and avoid the society of the opposite sex, and everything which can stimulate receptivity to Adonaï, the fertiliser, at either pole of their nerve-battery. They think that they "find God in Nature," because they use

their senses on observing His work outside of themselves. They watch the effect of fertilisation on non-human creatures, as a substitute for becoming fertile themselves.

3. Some come to the conclusion that there is neither God nor devil; nor anything but illusion. They cynically decide to make a constant amusement of the sensations which indicate the touch of that Adonaï-Adonis, whom all normal instinct hails as God, but whom moralists proclaim to be the devil.

4. Sometimes the bewildered conscience fluctuates backwards and forwards, alternately yielding to the overwhelming inspiration of the "Adonaï," and then calling Him "devil" in a fit of "repentance."

5. Sometimes the individual gives up the attempt to find his way himself amid the illogical tangle, and hands over the business of guiding him to some priest, pastor, moralist, or "salvationist," not unfrequently the very same who originally did the mischief. This, of course, is the consummation most desired by the moralising gentry, who take occasion to magnify their office.

6. Sometimes the very physical nervous structure of the man, or of his posterity, is wrecked, and sets up for itself a variety of anomalous sensations, desires, and lusts, such as no wild beast could conceive the nature of. Whereupon moralists take the opportunity to point a moral about the fallen and corrupt nature of man. Now, whoever else may have the right to indulge in lamentations about the fallen and corrupt nature of a wrecked railway train, it is evident that those who put in its way the obstacle which caused the disaster can have no such right. Moralists and teachers of religion have not sufficiently taken to heart the great truth that whatever organ of the body is thought of while the religious emotions are active tends to become turgid and excitable. They seize upon children at the critical age, and preach sexual abstinence as a *religious* duty; with the inevitable consequence of making it, in many cases, an overwhelmingly difficult one. They should leave the topic entirely in the hands of unemotional medical advisers, and reserve religious emotion—if they must stir it at all—as a stimulus for the faculties which it is desirable to stimulate into action.* No such thing as a sound system of education can be evolved till it is accepted that receptivity of

*The above applies to religious *emotions*, such as are roused by thinking about the Passion and Crucifixion of Christ, the sorrows of the Madonna, and the ecstatic utterances of saints. All such topics may seem to give self-control for a time, but are prone to leave dangerous reactions unless the force generated is immediately carried off in some active work. They are therefore most safely employed as stimulus to beneficence and the doing of duties. The same caution does not apply to calm religio-philosophical absorption in the thought of the Infinite Unseen.

Adonaï the Fertiliser is the inalienable birthright of all creatures ; it is the glory and privilege of Man to direct, at any given time, at which pole of his nerve-battery Adonaï shall descend.

Ants and bees have contrived a scheme of morality in which large numbers of the community are kept physically infertile, apparently without evolving any compensating receptivity for fresh intellectual inspiration. All the industry, the altruism, and the magnificent organisation of these highly civilised peoples have not prevented arrestation of development and of progress. Nor do they succeed in preventing us—barbarians as we are compared with them—from appropriating to our own use the results of the bees' toil, robbing ant nurseries to feed our tame fish, and scalding out the ants in millions whenever we find them inconvenient to ourselves. The message of these arrested civilisations to ours is :

Beware of irreverence to Adonaï the Fertiliser, for He will not let them pass guiltless who slight Him or blaspheme His Holy Name.

Now, young mother, I know what you want to ask. What are you to say to your boy "before he goes to school" ? It is not my business, as I remarked before, to form conclusions for you, or to dictate what you shall say or do ; I am trying to help you to learn the Art of Thinking for yourself. There are two or three obvious truths which it would be well to get soaked into your own mind before the child is old enough to talk, and two or three mental habits which he had better form before he goes out into the world of school.

For yourself, take notice that the two more important faculties, that of thought and that of generation, are slowly passing through the same process of evolution which the faculties of sight and hearing have already passed through. Having been evolved, under pressure of the struggle for life, as implements of racial preservation, they are being gradually transformed into instruments of creative art and channels of spiritual inspiration. Read over again the last chapter and apply it to the art of generating progeny. Learn what you can about Nature's wide variety in the matter of marriage customs.* This will help you to clear your mind of insular and narrow ideas.

For your child, accustom him, from infancy, to realise consciously the sacredness of order and sequence. Bring it home to his consciousness that people are not trusted to walk down stairs till they have shown that they can walk steadily on the

*Grant Allen's *Story of the Plants* is a simple, cheap, useful little book, and contains a large quantity of information on the subject.

floor; that one is not trusted to handle costly and delicate objects till one knows how to handle common ones carefully; that one is not allowed to experiment with dangerous explosives or poisons till one has shown oneself capable of dealing properly with the more harmless kinds of chemicals.

Let him see what an ugly, miserable thing is a flower whose protecting sheath has been torn away before the proper time.

Accustom him to the idea that Church is a great Drama, in which all are actors and nobody a mere audience; and that the silence, solemnity, and orderliness enforced there are rehearsals intended to get people into the right habit and attitude in which to approach the really sacred facts of Life.

Then "before he goes to school" tell him that the organs by means of which children are made are the most delicate and the most sacred things with which we have to do; that he may ask you any questions he likes about them and you will answer him if you can; but that till he is quite grown up he must not experiment with them; and had better not listen to the talk of children who know nothing of order and sequence.

When he asks questions, answer him according to the best of your own judgment at the time. He is your child, not mine; I cannot tell exactly what ought to be said to him.

If you are under the delusion that you, or I, or anyone else knows now what opinions the best and purest people will be holding, or what line of action they will be taking, in sex matters, in twenty years from now, pray occupy some of your thinking-time in shaking yourself free from it.

But if anything can be said to be clear and certain on the sex question, it is that a person who is going to try extra-legal experiments should not entangle with his own life that of any woman who *would not have associated herself with him had she known it*, and especially he should not have children by such a woman. Therefore give your child the habit of understanding that a promise once made must be kept, even if the keeping of it should prove more inconvenient than at first seemed likely; and that whoever is not prepared to keep a promise at all costs, should, at all costs, forego the convenience of making it.

It has always been known to occultists that each form of worship of the concrete, from the purest Christian ecstasy to the most degraded fetish-worships, has its analogue in some form of sex action, passion, or emotion. But modern occultists seem to know as yet of no sex analogue to the calm, unemotional, passionless absorption of soul and mind in adoration of The Non-conceivable Unity, which is the secret of the force of Israël.

Probably the best that any mother can do now is to pray and strive that her child may grow up worthy to take a manly part in the revolution which is obviously preparing.

CHAPTER VIII

PROTECTIVE INSTINCTS

IT must by this time be evident that there are many of us for whom moralists and teachers of religion can do little that is really valuable to help us to forge passion into power. The most they can do or are willing to do for those I am addressing is to provide crutches for individuals whose legs they have broken.

And what about our advisers on the medical side ?

The higher the grade of evolution of any creature, the greater the variety of dangers to which it is exposed. But also the greater the variety of its self-protecting instincts. Genius is exposed to many dangers from which the commonplace are free, but develops, when left to itself, instincts of self-protection which the commonplace neither possess nor need. Now almost every instinct developed by genius, for its own moral protection, is registered in medical books as a symptom of insanity. Consequently parents and teachers discourage young genius from guarding itself from deteriorating influences under the impression that the self-protecting precautions "look crazy." As James Hinton said, the reason the world is not saved is that the faculties which could save it are trampled, by the insincerity of our systems of education, into mad-houses, or gaols, or early graves, or *worse*. The insincerity is for the most part not conscious or voluntary on the part of teachers : it is mainly due to the fact that they assume it to be their duty to trample down and exterminate precisely those instincts which ought to be most carefully cultivated. Muddle is made, not so much by what we say, or what we do, or what we consciously think, as by what we *take for granted*. Teachers take for granted that they ought to eliminate everything which it pleases the medical profession to catalogue under the heading : "Symptoms of insanity." Things will begin to clear up when it is recognised that many kinds of insanity are *symptoms* of the mistaken confidence of parents and teachers in the wisdom of the medical profession. Things are beginning to mend, however, since the admission of women to that profession ; women doctors started with a freer hand ; they do not feel bound by the conventions of mediæval nonsense which have so long satisfied, and

which now hamper, their brothers of the craft. But they can do little to help us unless we have courage to help ourselves and them. It is for us, the patients, "the dreamers, the derided, the mad, blind men who *see*," to take the matter into our own hands and decide that our instincts shall not be trampled into the mud by any theories of either doctors or priests.

When I was Librarian at Queen's College, two girls, devoted friends and constant companions, were reckoned by the authorities as among the best moral influences of the place. They have turned out remarkable women, gifted with high and pure moral instincts. When they were aged respectively sixteen and seventeen, they consulted me in a difficulty. They had discovered that when they were together their conversation fell to a lower moral level than either would have carried on with anyone else. They had resolved to take themselves in hand and not to indulge any more in the foolish gossip of which they were ashamed. But, finding themselves relapsing into it, they had determined not to talk to each other for the future except on necessary college business. So much they had settled by the light of their own instincts of purity, without the aid of any human advice. They now wanted me to advise them how to prevent it getting about college that they had quarrelled. In this particular case I was able to afford the necessary shelter to the dear children ; I invited them to read with me occasionally in my private apartment, and advised them to come up the main stairway on those occasions, together, in full view of other pupils.

But this was an evasion of the real difficulty, accidentally available in one particular case ; not an actual moral solution. The real difficulty consists in the fact that persons possessing delicate instincts of moral self-protection cannot obey them, even in matters which concern only themselves and in ways which impose sacrifice only on themselves, without becoming the subjects of prurient curiosity to coarser natures. Parents and teachers too often discourage the sudden suspension of a friendship on the ground that such rupture is "freaky" and "*looks* queer." The cessation of intercourse is therefore postponed till real damage has been done. The nerve-stamina gives way ; the moral nature deteriorates. Or perhaps the outraged instinct asserts itself in some violent and irrational manner, and there ensues a "quarrel" which appears to be about something which is not the real cause of irritation, but only the excuse for the instinct to assert itself. It is driven to seek the excuse of a quarrel, because to avoid old friends without any such objective reason is held to be "a symptom of insanity."

In a lunatic asylum where I studied, I met a lady who called herself Frances Obrenovitch. Her simple courage and power of moral logic have lighted up for me the whole inferno of insanity with a radiance like the smile of the Sun-God. But for the present we are talking of protective instincts, and what Frances showed me on that subject. Frances took it into her head that I could, and ought to make a career for myself in literature; and sometimes lectured me on my lack of ambition, which, she considered, was impeding my usefulness. She was, morally, far saner than I was; I always listened with respect to her gentle sermonising. She was obviously unfit to take charge of her money matters; but I felt a great desire to rescue her from incarceration, and proposed to try to get the Chancellor (she was a ward in Chancery and had no near relatives) to give the charge of her over to me. Frances took a "freak" or "mood", as it was called in the asylum, and abruptly cut my acquaintance. The patients began to comment on her bad treatment of me, who had been, as they said, so kind to her. The head attendant, seeing me watching her as she passed me in the corridors with a stony stare, kindly tried to apologise for Frances. "You must excuse her; it is her affliction, poor thing," etc., etc. I could have shaken the good woman, amiable as was her intention. On the last day of my visit I went to Frances' recess to try whether she would relent at parting and bid me good-bye. "I have something to say to you," she began in a hard, high-pitched voice. "You could make a career for yourself in literature if you chose. Go and do it, and don't waste your time over lunatics. That is my advice to you and my wish; but about that I can only advise. But what I have to say for myself is this: If you will do as I advise, you may come and see me sometimes, and I will be proud of your friendship. But if you are going to waste your time over lunatics, I will be no party to it; for in that case I will never speak to you again."

Of course I promised to exert myself to do as she wished; and the smile with which she rewarded me was enough to make one keep any promise.

Her *freak*—of cutting her one sane friend, her one link with the outer world, her one possibility of emancipation from a life-long incarceration—was due to an impulse of moral self-protection; she would not speak to me till she had fought out the battle with herself, and conquered the temptation to save herself at the cost of my career.

Only once again did she take a "freak" of cutting me. She had by that time learned to trust me, and recovered herself sufficiently to come to an explanation in a very few hours.

There is a peculiar smile, the token of victory over Unseen Forces of Evil, which in modern Europe is seen chiefly in madhouses. I am very sure that in Palestine of old it was often seen in "Schools of the Prophets," and, in the time of religious persecution, in the dungeons of the Inquisition. And this brings me to a critical question.

In Asia of old, children of a certain type, children born under certain peculiar circumstances, were brought up in a temple, or religious school. We read of what such children said: *e.g.*, the infant Samuel. Hundreds of children say similar things in England now, say things quite as original-sounding and quite as beautiful. Most highly neurotic children are subject to thought-transference, and project into suggestive and often beautiful concrete forms the deepest thoughts of those under whose influence they live. The question we have to face is not, "How came children of old to say wise and beautiful things?" but "How comes it that children who said them grew up into wise statesmen or holy Prophets; while similar children now too often either make fiasco of their own lives, or degenerate into making a success of their own lives by wrecking other people's?"

In Schools of Prophets children were taught reverence for their own instincts and the art of using them as moral self-protection. In modern European schools one of the chief duties of the teachers is to ensure that these instincts are trampled out of existence.

The general reader (should he, by mistake, glance at these pages) will probably exclaim: "But one *must* make one's children grow up like other people, in good form, able to take their place in the world, and to pass without comment in general society." But then, as I said at starting, I am writing, not for the general reader but for those who seriously desire to forge passion into power; to convert their own vague sense that things are not quite as they should be, into effective power to have them altered. In the same country where the child Samuel grew up into a statesman, the Lord's people were forbidden to be like other people. They were not to be "conformed to the world," especially not to any sort of *religious* world; each Prophet was to be guided, not by the instincts of any other Prophet, but by his own; by the Revelation given to him personally from the Unseen.

Where prophetic instinct is generally ignored, it seems almost like an affectation of superiority if one claims to have any. Where the Law is that each man should follow the guidance of his own instinct, the fact of following one's own implies nothing except a desire to obey the Law. Hence the severe denunciations of Prophets against those who follow fashions, even in matters in-

different. They are helping to bind themselves and others in inextricable bondage to immoral influences.

CHAPTER IX

BALANCE OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

If you can procure a sheet of foolscap paper, lay it open before you. Write at the top of the left-hand page a big C; at the top of the right-hand page a big D.

Under C copy out the following table, with as wide a space between the numbers as the length of the page will allow for :—

C

1. Physical digestive power ; power to get force from eating visible things.
2. The Time-Sense.
3. Attention to the Concrete.
4. Desire to enjoy.
5. Delight in acquiring.
6. Desire to real-ise one's own Ideal.
7. Love of absorbing other organisms into oneself or one's own Ideals.
8. Consciousness of one's relation to persons visibly present (or whom one often sees, or constantly corresponds with).
9. Power of external observation by sight, hearing, etc.
10. Analysis.
11. Activity of outer senses.
12. Power to impress others with one's own thoughts, feelings, etc.

Under D write out this other table. Set each number on the same line as the corresponding number in Table C :

D

1. Power to draw Force direct from the Unseen.
2. Love of thinking of the Eternal.
3. Attention to the Abstract.
4. Pleasure in thinking of things enjoyed by others.

5. Impulse to give.
6. Joy in renunciation.
7. Pleasure in being absorbed in other organisms or in serving the Ideals of others.
8. Consciousness of one's relation to the dead, or the absent, or to future generations.
9. Power of visualising, imagining sounds, etc.
10. Synthesis.
11. Activity of unconscious mind.
12. Receptivity, sensitiveness to the thoughts and feelings of others.

Pin the paper open on your wall, or set it up on your bureau, so that it may often be under your eyes. Learn the two columns by heart.

If you are not so situated as to be able to adopt this course, learn the tables by heart from the book ; but take care to visualise as you do so. That is to say, have in your mind's eye, all the time, a picture of the sheet of foolscap as above described. Get your imagination into a condition in which you can, at any moment, call up a clear picture of the two tables with the corresponding items written opposite each other. Make sure that this is accomplished before you read any further.

Now think of Table C (or rather, that which it represents) as laid in one pan of a pair of scales, and what Table D represents as laid in the other pan. Get this picture also well visualised.

When I use the words "a balanced nervous system," I mean one in which the two pans stand level.

This is no dogma imposed by authority. If you *can* doubt that the true equipoise of a nervous system consists in balance between the two sides of our table, pray do so. Doubt as hard as you can, and as long as you can ; any doubt that you may feel will be the starting-point of fresh thought-lines, and enable you to find out some truth unknown to me.

By the time you have read to the end of this chapter, it may occur to you that you could draw up a better table of nerve-equipoise than mine. If it does, get a fresh sheet of foolscap, real or imaginary ; write out on it your own table ; learn that by heart, visualising as you go ; then read this chapter over again, substituting, as you go, your own table for mine. Your own mind, and therefore also the general world-mind, will be all the richer for your having done so.

But because you disagree with an author, or doubt his knowing the whole of his subject, that is no reason why you

should not try to understand his point of view, and to follow his reasoning as far as it goes. The principle of nerve-balance is the same, however much we may differ as to the details of adjustment. When I think of nerve-equipoise, I think of my own table ; if you can make out one which seems to you more satisfactory, then, for the future, think of the subject in connection with your own table.

The point on which we have to fix attention just now is this : In what is called, when weak, a mediocre person, and, when strong, a good all-round sort of man, each number of one table is fairly balanced against the corresponding number in the other table ; whereas all that is known as genius, and all that is distinctive, picturesque, and striking in character, depend on the preponderance of some one or more characteristics, the unbalancement of the mind or nervous structure at one or more of the lines. Now the readers whom I am chiefly addressing have little belief in the possibility or desirability of turning out everybody conformed to the same well-regulated pattern. Still less do we ourselves at heart desire to be conformed to any general pattern ; however, in moods of despondency, we may lament some consequences of our ex-centricity. We know that genius, on the whole, rules the world, however many persons of genius may be crushed under the foot of the multitude. And some of us know, besides, that when genius does consent to sell its birthright for a mess of pottage, what it gets in return for the treasure it has sacrificed is not the good, wholesome family pea-soup which is so satisfying to the appetite of the mediocre, but a vile devil's broth flavoured with all the fumes which emanate from the pit of hell. And this is only Nature's punishment for violating her laws. For in truth abnormality and ex-centricity are, as Charles Babbage showed, the most normal things in the world ; they form part of that great scheme of differentiation by means of which division of labour and distinction of function are carried out.

Therefore, friends, neither mediocrity nor all-roundness is in our programme. We have the passions of our kind ; and we desire not to sell them, but to forge them into *power*.

How, then, can we prevent the ex-centricities of our minds and hearts from weakening and injuring the nervous structure which is, for the present, their enforced dwelling-place and their necessary implement ?

"All-roundness" of character and attainment depends on balance between each number in Table C and the corresponding number in Table D. The health of a nervous system depends upon balance between Table C as a whole and Table D as a whole.

Get that idea well fixed in your mind before we go any further ; and remember that, for our present purpose, it matters very little whether you are thinking of my tables or of any similar ones which you may have constructed for yourself.

The health of the nervous system depends on a balance between Table C as a whole and Table D as a whole.

The forging of passion into power depends on combining the greatest amount that is practically workable of unbalancement between any particular pair of lines, with equipoise of the tables as a whole ; that is to say, balancing exaggeration on one line in one table by an equal exaggeration of one or more other lines in the other table.

I said : the maximum of unbalancement that is practically workable. There are certain qualities and attainments the total absence of which is so inconvenient, so hampers one in whatever one wants to do, and makes one so burdensome to other people, that no one who can possibly help it should grow up totally devoid of them. No one who can help it should grow up quite unable to read, or totally devoid of the sense of punctuality. How far differentiation may be carried in the future none of us can predict as yet. At the present stage of evolution all human beings have to learn to do certain things their aptitude for which is naturally very weak.

But learning to do that for which we have no natural aptitude puts a great strain on the nervous energy. The cost in effort is very large. Therefore the task of exercising weak faculties, of learning uncongenial tasks, should not be undertaken when the supply of force is very low if this can be avoided : it cannot be considered a remedy or re-creation or mode of recuperation. Before it is entered upon, it is advisable to see that the mechanism by means of which nerves and brain are charged with force is in good working order.

I have said *working* order. All recuperation of energy is effected by the working of something. When a patient is ordered to be idle as a means of recuperation, it is in order to leave time for the working of lungs, heart, and digestive organs to pump some force into his flesh out of the air and food. When they cease to work, the relaxation of his muscular tissues is not that of recuperation but that of death.

There is a similar pumping action by which nervous energy is brought out of unseen cosmic sources on to the nerves and brain. We need to get it into effective working order and keep it working steadily if we are to do the exhausting business of exercising

faculties which are weak, and performing tasks which are uncongenial.

Let us study the nerve pump a little, in order that we may understand its construction before we begin tinkering at it at random.

Its efficacy appears to depend, like that of every sort of pump in the world, whether natural or artificial, on an alternation of contrary motions. The alternation seems to be between Table C and Table D. The pumping work itself should not be needlessly exhausting; for this purpose it is desirable that it should be carried on by means of those faculties in each table which are not so weak that their action causes of itself excessive strain. Moreover, any kind of friction or jolting causes waste; and in order to avoid friction it is desirable that the whole mechanism should be in a condition of free mobility, and, as nearly as possible, in one of perfect equipoise. We are using the words "balance" and "equipoise"; we must try to attach to them some definite meaning.

When such words as balance and equipoise are used in relation to physical matters, no one is misled by them; everyone understands them to refer to a state of mobile-stable equilibrium. But when they are used to describe a mental condition, many persons suppose them to connote the stolid variety of stable equilibrium. In order, therefore, to clear away misapprehension we will begin by defining the terms we are going to use.

If you try gently to raise one edge of a heavy table so that it shall have only two legs on the floor, you fail. If you try more energetically, and raise it a very little way, it falls back, as soon as you take your hands away, into its former position, and stays in it. The condition of such a table is that of a stolid or fixed "stable equilibrium."

The condition of unstable equilibrium is that of a rickety little table, which a slight push will cause to fall over. This condition reaches its climax in the case of a stick, cut off straight at the end, which has been made to stand upright on the floor; the least touch sends it over. It has no tendency to recover its lost balance. A clever juggler can, however, poise it on his finger, and by incessant attention restore its balance, before it falls, every time it leans over.

There is a third possible condition, that of a mobile-stable equilibrium. This is the condition to which we refer when we speak of a pair of scales being balanced, or in equipoise; the pans are equally weighted, and a touch will move them up or down; but when left to itself the whole apparatus tends to return to a

"normal" position of equipoise. Many toys illustrate this mode of balance; none better than the old-fashioned tumbler doll, which stands on the flat surface of a hemisphere of wood. A breath will set the toy rocking in any direction, but it recovers immediately, and then sways over in the opposite direction; and so backwards and forwards till the momentum is worn out by the slight friction and the rocking motion dies out, when the doll is found to have settled back into her original position. She owes her stability not to any stolidity but to being judiciously loaded.

The old Cornish Logan stone was a famous instance of this kind of equilibrium.

To our Celtic forefathers the Logan was sacred. And when a set of young naval officers destroyed the fine balance of the Cornish Logan and reduced it to a state of stolid equilibrium, they were railed at as drunken ruffians, and ordered, under pain of severe punishment, to do the best they could to repair the mischief they had caused. When a set of persons (in or out of holy orders) make a career of inflicting the analogous outrage on the delicate equipoise of children's minds, they are called "successful sc . . ."—well, never mind what they are *called;* let those wear the cap who find it fits them. You and I are not, we hope, upsetting other people's Logans, except occasionally and by accident; we do not make it a career or do it on purpose.

Let us go back to the inquiry which concerns us. The Logan is an idle, useless thing, a symbol merely but sacred (because a symbol of a great truth). The brain of a child is neither idle nor useless; it has a very real function, viz.: to pump force directly from unseen cosmic stores on to the nervous system. I use the word "pump" advisedly; the brain brings force from the unseen on to the nervous system when it carries on steadily a movement of rocking or alternation. This movement goes on to more effective purpose, and with less friction, in proportion as the equipoise is more complete and the balance more perfect.

Race-inheritance, local custom, claims of duties, family ties, affections and tradition—these are the loadings which make the equipoise "stable," *i.e.*, determine a position towards which the mind tends when coming to rest. But there should be no fixity or friction to prevent its swaying temporarily out of that position in any direction, on the slightest stimulus from without. On this condition, mobility being at its maximum and friction at its minimum, the successive events of life set up a maximum of force-induction with a minimum of waste.

Now the balance, the rocking, is between Table C and Table D. (As I said before, if you do not think my distribution of the terms

in the two tables satisfactory you had better write out one for yourself which seems to you more so.) But as the very fact of exerting a weak faculty uses up force, the rocking action should be set up, the friction overcome, the equipoise restored, and the nervous system saturated with force, by the alternate action of faculties naturally strong or already in good working-practice, before the attempt is made to get into use those which are weak, either by nature or from artificial disuse.

In this chapter we are trying to get a clear idea of the general meaning of nervous balance. I will therefore give a familiar instance, just by way of clearing up our conceptions of its mode of working.

If digestive power (No. 1 in C) is weak and the character generous or dreamy, and health has suffered from want of food, it is unwise to begin treatment, either by loading the stomach with more food than it is able to digest, or by having much recourse to condiments which directly stimulate appetite and digestion. It is found better to begin by exercising the time-sense, if that be in fairly good working order ; laying stress on punctuality, especially in the time of taking food ; and by feeding to the sound of music, not of a very refined or emotional or intellectual kind, but such as derives most of its charm from a steady marked rhythmic beat, such as dance-music, marches, etc. When a little force has been generated by this means, the digestion can, with less risk of injury, be appealed to to exert itself. If the time-sense is so weak that punctuality worries and rhythmic music annoys, some other number in Table C should be acted on ; No. 3, the sense of the concrete, by rousing interest in some concrete process, especially some process of growing, manufacturing, or cooking food ; or No. 4 may be stimulated by the scent or appearance of the food itself.

The above is given, not as offering new advice but as an instance to show the working of the balance in cases with which everyone is already familiar.

The points on which it is desirable to fix attention just now are :

1. That a rocking alternation between Table C and Table D supplies the force necessary for keeping conduct in essentials steady.

2. That any friction in the rocking wastes force.

3. That obstruction to the rocking is likely to jolt conduct off its proper guiding rails. It is found practically easier to get children to "behave well," *i.e.*, to act in an orderly manner suitable to the needs of their environment, if no one tries to interfere with

the free swinging of their minds between ideas apparently contrary to each other or feelings apparently antagonistic to each other. This is the result of experience. The same condition of free swing of thought is found also to make the acquisition of knowledge both easier and less injurious to health of body and mind than it otherwise would be.*

CHAPTER X

THE INVERT CONSCIOUSNESS

SOME years ago the reading public was startled by the production of a book† written in prison, which contained two apparently conflicting revelations. One portion was such a picture of anomalous selfishness as made the crimes of which the author had been convicted seem light by comparison. The other consisted of a masterly attempt, and perhaps the first real attempt known in literature, to analyse the *intellectual* characteristics of Jesus of Nazareth. What is the mysterious underground link of connection between the sinner and the Saviour which gave to Oscar Wilde an insight into the mind of Christ that St. Agnes or St. John might envy ? We are accustomed to think that a repentant thief has his share of Paradise, and that Magdalene was forgiven because she loved much ; but what opened the door of Revelation to an unrepentant man who, on his own showing, had no idea of the meaning of love, except as connected with the gratification of his own sensations and superficial emotions ?

There exists a condition of inverse consciousness which appears to be the common basis of the highest genius and the most incurable insanity ; of the most sublime renunciation and the most abject depravity ; of the most illuminating logic and the most unreasoning perverseness. The origin, the cause, of this inverse consciousness is hidden in mystery ; we may, perhaps, get some light upon it when we have succeeded in solving the similar but simpler question, why the scarlet pimpernel, which usually produces red flowers with blue centres, occasionally inverts, producing blue flowers with red centres. A tendency to occassional inversion exists both in nature and in human consciousness ; and we must accept the fact that it does so. We must also accept this other fact that individuals of invert consciousness, whether it has manifested itself as genius or as insanity, as logic

*Here followed *The Creed of Sanity* which in this edition appears on p. 740–1.

†*De Profundis*, by Oscar Wilde.

or as perverseness, as sublime indifference to one's own suffering or as abject indifference to right and wrong, understand each other instinctively as no ordinary mortals understand any of them.

The invert may be described as a spontaneous philosopher, in this sense, viz., that, whereas the highest religious philosophy leads us towards a belief that there must be a goodness in all things, even those which seem to us evil, the invert knows, without any proof or learning, that some things are good which seem to himself evil. Most little children avoid or hate whatever causes them the sensation of pain. Advancing experience (in the cricket field and elsewhere) teaches them that it is advisable to learn to bear pain with fortitude ; and that those who will not do so are shut out from many joys and pleasures ; but, to little children, pain, so far as it influences them at all, is distasteful. But I knew one infant, who, at a year and a half old, seemed to take keen interest in pain. Like all inverts, he was inconsistent ; the flesh was weak though the spirit was willing ; if he hurt himself badly he would scream like any normal child. But as soon as he recovered from the shock, he would crawl (he still crawled more easily than he walked) to the object which had hurt him and knock himself up against it, more gently, but repeatedly ; apparently trying to reproduce, on a small and manageable scale, the sensation which, on the larger scale, had over-powered him ; and looking the while as much absorbed and interested as if he had found a new toy.*

We are all influenced in some way by the public opinion of persons of our own age, rank, and society. Most of us incline naturally to follow it. Inverts, however, are impelled against an action when public opinion is in favour of it, and towards it when public opinion condemns it. It is known to schoolmasters that a far better protection against vice than any sermonising by grown-ups is a strong public opinion, among the boys themselves, that vice is "caddish" and "bad form." There are boys, here and there, who would be far more attracted towards any action by the fact of its being considered "bad form" than by any personal pleasure they could derive from it. These are the boys who originate bad customs ; the majority follow where they are led. Probably Oscar Wilde was, in boyhood, one of the devotees of "bad form" for its own sake.

The line of cleavage between what seems good and what seems evil varies according to age, time, circumstances, and individual taste ; the mark of the invert is that he is attracted towards a

*The child who deliberately hurt himself was grandson to the man who wrote *The Mystery of Pain*.

thing by the very fact that he is at the moment fearing it, or feeling it to be "evil."

James Hinton was a man abstemious by taste, and preserved from personal vice by his reverence for womanhood and his passionate tenderness towards the suffering. But he took as much pains to acquire a reputation for being bad, as most men do to preserve a reputation for being good. He once gave, in my hearing, as an explanation of some of his anomalous vagaries: "My God was a vagabond chap, with a taste for low company, who died on the gallows." I quote this, not as my opinion about the Christ, but to explain why I call J. Hinton an invert, and what it was which both he and Oscar Wilde perceived in the "Mind of Christ" which escapes the perception of more normal persons. It is needless to point out how unfortunate is the influence of such utterances, made at random in presence of persons younger or less earnest than the speaker. I only point out that J. Hinton, a man of pure and abstemious life, saw the Saviour in that aspect. It was his way of recognising the truth of the Divine paradox: "That the lowest place was that which the Highest chose."

Most Christians think of the earth life of Christ as a short sorrow, and of the adoration of Christendom as what He desires. J. Hinton used to say: "One would accept being crucified, it does not last long. But to be set up as a standard and have truths revealed to other men trampled down in honour of one, *that* is a fate to make the stoutest heart quail."

It is cheap and easy to dismiss such utterances as "fantastic" and "crazy." But the invert consciousness exists and exerts influence; and those who are guiding the education of the nation should surely study how to direct it towards useful ends.

In "The Preparation of the Child for Science," I pointed out a fact which has always struck me as terribly significant. If we take a two-dimensional section of a gentian, we may get a bud-tip appearing, in section, as an isolated anomaly, in no visible connection with any portion of the open flower. But if, instead of cutting the thing to suit our flat views, we had looked at it in three dimensions, we should have seen, not only that the odd point was connected with the flower through its stalk, but also that it marks the precise place where another flower would have opened in course of time had we not interfered to reduce the whole to the two-dimensional condition.

Various mathematical studies have thrown a vivid light on the phenomenon of inversion; among them is one by Babbage, published in 1837, under the title *Ninth Bridgewater Treatise.* Lines and shapes in three dimensions which, in themselves, are con-

tinuous and normal, produce, if their shadows are cast on flat paper, all manner of anomalies, inversions, and irregularities. It is inferred that normal facts in higher dimensions might, when reflected on the human three-dimensional consciousness, account for anomalies and apparently miraculous conditions. The experiment was therefore tried of inverting certain relations in the equations of regular curves and families of curves. A most interesting result followed. The inverted equation to a curve sometimes gives what is called a "singular point," related to the original curve almost as a "rogue elephant" is to his tribe ; standing aloof, in no relation visible to the eye with any other point on the curve. On the other hand, the invert equation to a family of curves may produce what is called an "envelope," *i.e.* a curve in contact with every other member of the family. These anomalous points or curves, worked out in invert equations, are called in mathematical terminology, *singular solutions*. Numa Hartog, the young Jew whose brilliant achievement in mathematics was the occasion of opening university honours to his co-religionists, said to me, in a puzzled kind of way, that the chapter on singular solutions in my husband's *Treatise on Differential Equations*, "does not read like a chapter of an ordinary text-book." It would be strange if it did, seeing that it resulted from a devout study of the mystic literature of all ages, from Isaiah's prophecies to Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve." My husband, in the last years of his life, devoted much time to the study of Frederick Denison Maurice, the theological reformer, and, not long before his death, wrote : "I have made out what puts the whole subject of Singular Solutions into a State of Unity." Following up clues given by him at that period, some extra-academic mathematicians have worked on the problem so near his heart throughout his life, viz. : Given a child of any anomalous type, how should his education be directed towards forming in him personal habits tending towards constructive genius rather than perverse destructiveness ; towards illuminating synthesis rather than brilliant paradox ; towards useful originality rather than vicious curiosity ; towards a reverent and sparing use of pleasures, towards renunciation of that for which other men seek, rather than towards audacious snatching at what they feel to be evil ?

When I have tried to call the attention of heads of schools to the dangers to which children of exceptional type are exposed under existing schemes of moral and religious education, I have been met by replies to the effect that a school must be organised to suit the majority, and that exceptional children must take their chance in the general mêlée—a dangerous doctrine in itself, it

seems to me, because genius has great influence, for good or ill, over the masses of average men and women. But besides this, it is thought by several experienced persons that the scheme of mental habit suggested for the protection of genius from its special mental and moral dangers would in reality be good, not bad, for the development and stamina of average children.

We are often told by publishers and editors that the public is not interested in speculation of this kind. But if England takes no interest in the question whether its young men of abnormal genius shall lay themselves on the altar of National Reform or rot away in mere phosphorescent decadence, why was Oscar Wilde condemned to prison, and why do we perform religious services in honour of Jesus of Nazareth ?

CHAPTER XI

THE FIXING OF GOOD HABITS

THE question of Ethical Stability should be of interest to parents, and indeed to everyone. We are all trying to form in ourselves and our children such habits as we consider good ; but we leave it too much to mere chance to decide whether these good habits are being formed in a manner calculated to make them stable under stress and strain, or in such a way that they will readily collapse during illness or over-fatigue. *Some* change of habit must be made when nervous energy collapses ; that change should take the form of cessation from useful activities. Such suspension of activity facilitates re-storation of latent force ; too often, however, the change takes, instead, the form of active violation of good habits of self-restraint previously acquired. The question which of the two directions a temporary loss of force shall take depends very little on the desire of the individual at the time (very few persons desire, at the outset of a fit of nervous exhaustion, to become drunkards, morphia-maniacs, or murderers), but very much upon the manner in which the habit of self-restraint was originally formed, the basis upon which it was first established.

There are several errors which may be made in forming habits of sobriety, etc. One error consists in indulgence of physical appetites, in themselves innocent and healthy, at *wrong portions of the mental life.*

The mental life may be divided into two portions : one in which the faculty of *discrimination* between external objects is

fully awake, and which we call *phase A* ; the other in which the faculty of discrimination is dormant, or partially so : we call this portion *phase B*.

Phase B includes sleep, drowsiness, day-dreaming, and "brown studies," all of which are normal and healthy states if not indulged in to excess or at inconvenient seasons. There are unhealthy modes of phase B, which do not concern us at present. Phase B also includes the condition of active mental *abstraction*, in which general conceptions are formed ; in which attention is so concentrated on the task of seizing the point of similarity between two or more things or ideas, that it is not actively awake to the points of difference between them. The mood in which a child notices that a cherry is soft and a marble hard, that the cherry is good to eat and the marble is not, and the sun is bigger than the moon, belongs to phase A ; the mood in which it dawns on him that all these things are round, the mood in which there is being formed within him the conception of roundness, belongs to phase B. The mood in which a musician com-poses belongs to phase B ; that in which he afterwards corrects his composition, to phase A. The pouring out of one's soul in music, verse, or impassioned prose, belongs to B ; the decision which parts of the outpour are suitable to give to the public, belongs to A.

The organisation of education can never be anything but empirical and chaotic till teachers recognise the difference between these two phases, and the relations between the two.

One of the points which should be attended to by those who would forge passion into power is that of handwriting. If the neurotic individual has taken pains to cultivate, for his use during phase A, a handwriting which is both legible and characteristic, this tends to keep clear the distinction between phase A and phase B, for he will find that any change in his usual handwriting indicates the oncoming either of phase B or of some such disturbance of the nerve centres as accompanies the irregular intermixing of A and B.

Nothing is more important for the future ethical stability of the individual than that his constitution should be trained to receive and expect physical enjoyments only during phase A. Neutrality as to physical sensations, as far as this can be secured, should be the concomitant of phase B.

The reason for this is obvious. Physical enjoyments should be taken with discrimination, both as to kind and as to quantity ; the body has a right, so to speak, to claim a normal amount of pleasures ; but it should be trained to time its requirements in that direction so as to make its claim during the times when the

discriminating faculty is awake, rather than when something else is going on in the mind which is incompatible with the full alertness of the discriminating faculty.

Many pious followers of ancient religions fell into the strange error of supposing that because the seeking of physical pleasure is unsuited to states of internal revelation, therefore the voluntary incurring of pain is a suitable adjunct to those states. There could hardly be a greater mistake. Whatever may be the educative value of suffering—a wide question, not to be touched on here—the body should be trained to seek, in dream-moods, not strong sensation of any kind but neutrality. The mind should be so trained that it tends, when its discriminating faculties are in less than full activity, not to mortify the body but to forget it.

We will now suggest precautions to be taken with a view to training certain kinds of desire for physical pleasure and physical self-assertion into the healthy habit of going to sleep whenever the faculty of discrimination is lethargic or dormant.

Some persons have carried the theory of synchronism so far as to insist that infants should not be allowed to suck themselves to sleep. The present writer doubts the necessity for any such interference, as long as the food is uniform, monotonous, and absolutely natural. But there can be no question as to the wisdom of beginning the rhythmic discipline as soon as the child is old enough to have sweets. No sweets or biscuits to suck oneself to sleep with should be allowed.

No day-dreaming should be allowed at meal-times. Food should be taken slowly ; and eating may be interrupted by short intervals of chatter and laughter ; but no silent dawdling should be allowed during the meal. A period of silence after a meal is not bad in its way.

Unusually nice things, choice fruits, etc., should always be the concomitant of social festivities, not the consolation of loneliness. If you have to leave a child alone, and wish to give it some compensation for solitude, let this take the form of a mental interest (a fresh toy, picture, book, etc.), not of a physical sensation.

Table-courtesies, attention to other people's wants, etc., have another function besides those of training in "good manners," and of promoting unselfishness ; they help to keep up the habit of synchronism between the act of feeding the body and the mental condition of alertness as to outer facts. Get the child, by every possible means, into the habit of noticing who wants salt or bread, whenever he is eating ; and of *not* noticing what is going on round him when he is engaged in study.

A hostess who invites friends, especially young friends, to partake of luxurious food and choice fruits, or to make jokes in a scented and flower-bedecked room, is morally bound to keep the conversation strictly on the discriminative plane. It need not be frivolous, or unimproving; it may be about botany, astronomy, politics, or history; but it should deal with the superficial aspect of those things; with obvious differences, not with underlying unity between them. This caution should be especially observed if pleasant wines are offered. On the other hand, a hostess who intends that her house should be a centre of philosophy, a place of exercise for the faculty of discovering general principles underlying phenomena apparently diverse or discordant, is bound to keep a severe check on her housekeeper in the matter of showing what the establishment can do in the way of a luxurious feed. The drinkables, on such occasions, should be, as far as possible, teetotal in kind. If any of the guests are invalids and cannot digest without a modicum of alcohol, it should be sound in quality but not specially tempting in flavour, and should not be pressed on anyone, especially on the young.

Wherever the underlying principle of monism, of unity among apparent opposites, is being thought of, brilliant witticisms should be severely at a discount. So should dramatic gesticulation, and, in fact, all spontaneous self-assertion of the body, and all that ministers to mental show-i-ness. During discussions of underlying principles, men and women should be encouraged to treat each other as comrades in investigation, rather than as persons of opposite sex. Polite attentions from men as such to women as such should be accompanied by conversation which encourages the sense of contrast and the exercise of faculties of discrimination.

Careless readers might suggest that all this savours of Puritanism. A moment's reflection suffices to remind us that Puritanism discouraged fun, feasting, frolic and flirting, at all times. Modern medical science acknowledges the usefulness of them as integral portions of normal life; it discourages indulgence in them only at wrong periods of the mental cycle. From the point of view of modern medical science, Pan, the horrible satyr, the parent of all the most hideous vices, was really The One, The All, the same conception of the Unity of Creation as the I am of Moses; but—mark the difference—approached without the special precautions with which Moses surrounded the approach to the Holy Mountain whereon he had seen the Unity of the Creator.

The rules above suggested are important for all children. There are certain extra precautions which are advisable in the

case of highly neurotic young persons and of those who possess (or who are possessed by ?) that mysterious faculty called Genius.

Genius, of whatever kind, and whatever other elements may go to make up its composition, always has for one of its main ingredients an unusual development of the faculty of monism. Genius does, at certain times, discriminate very clearly; but some form or other of what we have called "phase B" is, in the man of genius, more profound and definite than is the case with ordinary mortals. The process of seeing a unity underlying phenomena which to the external discrimination seemed diverse, is, for genius, not a mere restful dream, but a positive working-implement (intellectual, artistic, or spiritual).

The space at our disposal does not permit us to go into the proofs of this assertion; we need only, here, remind our readers that, while ordinary painters can produce striking likenesses of individuals, the painter of great genius can produce an ideal type-face—say a philosopher which is like every portrait of a philosopher that one ever saw; or a maiden who reminds every lover of his lady-love; or a Christ in which every serious-minded person sees a resemblance to the teacher who has most inspired him; or a woodland scene which makes each admirer suspect that the painter has visited his or her own favourite nook in the woods. Similarly, while all ordinary astronomers were making observations on the motions of the moon, and ordinary physicists on the fall of various bodies towards the earth, Newton declared that the two sets of movements were subject to a common law; while ordinary naturalists were busy discussing which plants or animals were related to each other, and where science was compelled to infer that special kind of creation which constitutes a separate species, Darwin showed that species are probably old and fixed varieties.

Genius is not a disease; it is rather, like parturition, a condition of normal and healthy fertility, but it is a condition in which, under our present artificial social conditions, extra precautions are desirable in order to prevent its becoming the starting-point of disease.

The precautions specially desirable during the com-position phase of genius are such as the following:—Food rather less in bulk than the individual's usual quantity (to be made up for when the fit has passed over), lighter and more digestible in kind, and less highly flavoured. Alcohol (if any) less in quantity than usual, and never taken in a room alone, or between meals. Extra reserve in intercourse with the opposite sex. Strict chastenedness of conversation; abstaining not only from the least approach to

anything unseemly in itself, but also from all levity, from jests at the expense of others ; from even the appearance of irreverence or unkind speech ; and great moderation in the matter of brilliant and showy wit.

Young people of genius, to do them justice, nearly all evolve an instinct of self-protection and would naturally seek the shelter of such precautions as I have indicated. But officious friends are much too prone to interfere, wondering why the youth or girl cannot be "like other people" ; and especially why he cannot behave, now, like his usual self. If he is ill, let him go to a doctor. If he is not ill enough to need medical care, they "have no patience with whims" in the matter of food. And why need he give himself airs of being glum and self-absorbed ? He is not working so hard as all that comes to. Besides, he found time to go for a walk with a serious friend ; why couldn't he, instead, find time to join in the fun in the drawing-room and to dance attendance on his girl-cousins ? And so on.

"Why cannot he be like other people? " Because Nature has decreed that, at certain crises of his life, he shall not ; that he must be more reserved, more reticent, more chastened than others need to be, or else he will become worse than others are. Because, while the fit of com-position is on him, the man is a consecrated priest and prophet of Unity ; he is not, for the time, a member of ordinary human society; he is bound to dwell alone in the desert; and is, if not faithful to The Holy One, terribly likely to fall into the clutches of the wicked, leering PAN.

Some writer has said that "A woman should be an angel to marry a genius" ; and sometimes indeed it does seem so. But the wives of men of genius would have much less need of angelic forbearance in later life, if they had, before marriage, enough common-sense and moral arithmetic to count the cost of what they are about to do ; if they would decide at once, either to forego the special joys which genius sheds around it, or to endure the extra precautions necessary to preserve its delicate balance.

We have said that the body should be trained to time its cravings for physical enjoyment so as to synchronise with mental moods of dis-crimination. This rule might legitimately be carried out absolutely and without reservation, and should be carried out as far as circumstances make it possible. In all moods to which the words com-pose and com-position can be applied, the body should seek ease, neutrality of sensation, the mere supplying of its needs ; all sensation which is either acutely pleasurable or novel, as well as all freaks of physical curiosity and all vigorous and excit-

ing modes of muscular exertion, should coincide with moods of active mental dis-crimination.

There is another canon of ethical safety, quite as important to observe as the above, but it cannot be so absolutely or clearly stated. It will therefore need a little more explanation. It is that of training the body to abstain, when the discriminating faculties are wholly or partially dormant, from *spontaneous ex-pression*. There are regions of exception to this rule; if it were enforced throughout the whole range of possibilities of physical expression, it would cut at the root of all outward expression of the mental process of com-position. The hand must write (whether words or notes), the voice must utter, the brush must paint, while the mind is too busy listening to the Inspirations of the Unseen Source of Harmony to exercise its critical discriminating faculties to the full; hence that need of after-correction so much insisted on by all really great writers and artists. There must be ex-pression of some sort during creative, com-posing moods, else there can be no art; the hand must be trained to register impulses as they pass through the half-conscious mind, in order that the discriminating faculty may afterwards possess what has been so registered, as material to work upon. All true art consists of selection made by the discriminating faculty, when fully awake, out of material inspired through the com-posing faculty while the discrimination was wholly or partially dormant. All originality in art depends on the sacred right-to-go-wrong among art material, compensated by a corresponding after-exercise of the correcting-power of discrimination.

But, as impulses towards physical activity of a harmless kind must be freely indulged during phase B, in the interests of the artistic development, there is all the more need that the body should be sternly trained in the habit of using, in dreamy moods, only such modes of ex-pression as can be harmlessly mis-used. It ought to be more generally noticed than it hitherto has been, that all kinds of freaks of curiosity pass through the sub-conscious mind of imaginative persons; and of all those of neurotic, ascetic, or specially religious temperament. Through the subconscious mind of such persons there pass very often (alternating with other and more useful thoughts) such ideas as: "I am tired of life"; "John Smith is a nuisance; the world would be better off if he were out of it"; "I wonder what it feels like to be drunk"; "I should like to get into an opium-dream," etc., etc., etc. A medical man of long experience assures me that, under such circumstances, a fatal act may be committed by the hand, in response to the freakish impulse of the sub-conscious mind, before the discriminat-

ing judgment has had time to take cognisance of what is going on. Juries in such cases debate as to whether the act was wilful or involuntary, whether their verdict shall be "accident," or "temporary insanity," or "guilty." The verdict should properly be : "Guilty of neglect of precautions for the preservation of moral sanity."

No person of dreamy, religious, philosophic, artistic, or mystical temperament should trust himself alone in a room with loaded firearms, until he has acquired, by practice in handling arms while unloaded, the habits which go to make the handling of them, when loaded, safe. Among the most important of those habits is that of never handling them at all except while the discriminating faculty is fully awake. For similar reasons, the hands of all such persons should be early trained never to gravitate, in any form of phase B, towards anything in which a drug might be contained. Preservation from crime and vice depends, for any neurotic, far less on the absence of potentially criminal moods than on the habit of not expressing the impulses of dream-moods, *even when these are good*, in any manner or material by which harm could be done if the impulse itself were an evil one. Pens and paper, pencils, spare canvasses, oddments of paint, waste crewels and silks, are the safest kinds of implements with which to express inspiration as it passes. And the original register should never be shown to any public, till it has been well weeded or corrected in a fully discriminating mood.

One of the most perilous habits which an original thinker can acquire is that of running about among his friends ex-pressing his inspirations at their crude stage. Every original thinker gets into states in which wonderful suggestions occur to him, of analogies or likenesses between facts previously seen as diverse. To many, the joy at times is so overwhelming—and at other times the sense of mere fun is so exhilarating—that one feels one cannot bear it alone ; one must share the delight and wonder with someone. Yet the fact must be faced : the habit of ex-plaining one's vision to one's fellow mortals, while the vision-mood is still on one's soul, is dangerous to moral sanity. The great safeguard for the thinker is that which kept Moses safe among all the flashing spiritual electricity of Mount Sinai : the deep consciousness of being not the originator of the pleasant thought but its recipient ; of being, for the time, not a teacher of other men but a pupil of Eternal Unity ; of being in the actual presence of an Unseen Father, Who not only gives the Revelation, but Who also—if one can, without irreverence, venture to say so—fully appreciates the fun.

The rest of this chapter will be slightly more abstract and scientific than the preceding part ; but any reader who has the least acquaintance with the conception alluded to in modern educational works as "the doctrine of association," will find no difficulty in following the reasoning.

If we are accustomed to do a certain act, voluntarily, whenever a certain idea or emotion is stirred, the act becomes associated in our nervous system with that idea or emotion, and tends, so to speak, to do itself at the stimulus of the idea or emotion ; the presence of the idea causes us to perform the act involuntarily, as by sheer force of habit. For this reason it is important, not only to form good habits, but to associate them, during the process of formation, with motives, ideas, and emotions likely to last throughout life.

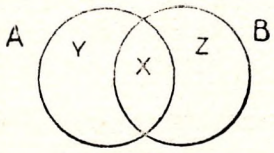
For the first twelve years or so of a child's life it is impossible to guess what class of emotions or ideas will appeal most strongly to him later on. Therefore it is wiser not to try to link the good habits which are being formed with any motive which seems to sway him specially ; but rather to appeal to quite general ones : all the persons about him, especially those with whom he lives, wish him to be clean, punctual, polite, etc., and things will be made pleasant to himself if he does as they wish. This vague combination of altruism and egoism is a sufficient basis for the formation of character in childhood. During the period of adolescence the motives which will ultimately dominate begin to stir in the consciousness. Parents and teachers too often make the mistake of imagining that it comes within their function to determine by what motives a pupil shall be swayed. That question does not depend on any decision of theirs. As well might a hatching hen decide that the eggs on which she is sitting shall develop into partridges and not into ducks ! What does depend, to some extent, on the hen's action, is, whether the development which is going on shall be full and harmonious or arrested and impotent ; whether the ducks or partridges (as the case may be) shall have their limbs in good working order, or shall be lop-sided and helpless to carry out their own purposes. "If you train up a child in the way *he* should go," said an eminent psychologist of the last generation, "when he is old he will not depart from it. If he departs from the way in which you have tried to train him, it is because you have tried to train him in a way which *he* should not have gone, one in which Nature never intended him to go.

This is now perfectly acknowledged by all psychologists worth mentioning. They know quite well that the business of the teacher is to found, on a basis of motives which exist,

habits which will be useful. The only correction of this formula which the present writer would venture to suggest is an addition. Found habits which will be useful on a basis of *such among existing motives as are likely to prove permanent;* or, in other words: Build up good habits on a basis within which falls the centre of gravity of the individual with whom you are dealing.

Now what do we mean by the centre of gravity of a character?

In any given individual, it will be found that some motives potent in phase A lose their hold in B; and some which are potent in B lose hold in A. Some desires and ambitions, which appeal strongly to him in A, seem to him in B unworthy and trivial; and some aspirations which stir profound emotion in B are judged by the waking discrimination of A to be too refined, too subtle,



too altruistic, for the present stage of existence. But there is probably always a range of motives which appeal to the heart of the individual in both phases. Let us picture the whole range of motives which influence him in the A phase as represented by the left-hand circle in the diagram, and the whole range which influence him in the B phase as represented by the right-hand one; we shall think of motives operative only in A as Y-motives, those operative only in B as Z-motives, while X, the *quæsitum*, will stand for the (usually small) range of motives which stir his deeper emotions during his dream-moods, and yet are judged by his waking discrimination to be practical; and which are therefore able to stimulate him both to strenuous effort and to steady self-restraint. Within X lies the true centre of gravity of the individual's heart and conscience; "the soul that makes him one from first to last."

Habits formed while motives X are present to the mind are unlikely to collapse under any stress and strain of life, or even in the conditions respectively known as "absence of mind" and as "temporary insanity."

It must be observed that the permanent motive is not always one predominantly present to consciousness. It is revealed rather by the quality of the individual's interest in other things than by his conscious interest in that thing. A girl may seem

at one time devoted to music or some art, at another to philosophy or literature ; but always under the dominant influence of some teacher, and stimulated by his approval. The desire for human approval is in this case likely to be a more permanent motive than either art or philosophy. Or a girl may be absorbed at one time in the study of music ; at another time of history or literature; and what her soul is seeking through its various phases may be the Law of rhythmic beats of the Unseen. In such a case, the motive which may be relied on as a basis for ethical habit is the belief in the retaliations brought about by the recoil-power of destiny. A young person may seem at one time intensely pious, at another painfully worldly ; the motive all through may be an artistic sentiment, which causes the imagination to be fascinated, at one time by the "beauty of holiness," at another by some artistic quality perceived in social life ; the power to trust to, in such a case, is neither the influence of the Church nor that of the world, but the desire for the outward expression of harmonious Law.

It must be remembered that we are treating here of the choice, not of a professional career for the future man or woman, but of a basis for the formation of habits. The bread-winning profession of an individual should be of such a kind that he can be interested in it, but can also escape entirely from the thought of it when off-duty. The basis of ethical habit, on the contrary, should be some sentiment from which the individual never escapes ; which is about his path and about his bed ; something for the sake of which he is willing to work and the thought of which makes it easy to rest ; which gives to life a meaning, and robs death of its sting.

In no cases, perhaps, can the subject of educational disappointment be studied more easily or with more profit than in those of little girls who show an early taste for what are called domestic pursuits : needlework, dusting, and the arrangement of the table or the room. Such precocious little housewives often become, in later life, the most hopelessly and helplessly undomesticated women. The reason of the failure would seem to be this : The mother assumes that her intelligent little helper has "domesticated tastes" ; whereas the child's orderly activity is probably due to its being, at a very early age, the only outlet for some nascent passion, either the love of approval, or the general instinct of kindness, or the desire to help whoever is greater and cleverer than herself. A little girl may be phenomenally clever at darning father's socks as long as father is the dominant influence of her life, and darning socks the only thing she can do for him. If she finds out too early that she can help him, or some indulgent uncle, by copying

MSS., it is much to be feared that the needle will prove to be not her true vocation after all, unless special pains are taken to cultivate the taste for some years. As soon as the child goes to school, domestic work finds itself perhaps in violent conflict with the ruling passion ; and the taste for it crumbles like a snapped "Rupert's drop," never to be restored. Domesticated tastes, in a woman, are the normal result of household work having been an outlet for the expression of the X-motive between the ages of twelve and eighteen.

The question naturally occurs : how can parents and teachers find the centre of gravity of a young life, how discover the ultimately dominant motive ? Very often they cannot do so ; perhaps it is not best to probe in the matter too curiously. The important thing is that they should realise that there *is* a centre of gravity to each young life ; and that it lies in the region where apparently conflicting passions mutually overlap. They will then try to link the habits most important to form, not with the passion which seems strongest at any given time, but with the greatest possible variety of motives, in the hope that the good habit will link itself with the quality of feeling, whatever that may be, which underlies all the various apparent motives.

In this matter, as in many others, the fact which it is most important for us to know is that of our own ignorance. We cannot know what is the centre of gravity of a young nature ; let us then not act as if we knew. We know only that it lies at the meeting point of the character's extremes.

The power in which we must put our trust is not our own strength, but the Force which is given off where conflicting elements meet. Our Deliverer is not any eidolon which we have fashioned with the hands of our imagination, but the Unity who reveals Himself in the union of apparent opposites.

CHAPTER XII

CONSCIOUS AND UNCONSCIOUS MIND

No one as yet knows exactly how conscious and unconscious mental action are related to each other. But it will assist us in arranging the facts we do know if we picture consciousness as a workshop, built over a cavity, a sort of dark cavern or cellar. The senses (eyes, ears, touch, etc.) are passages which lead out into the open air. Raw material is brought through these passages into the workshop (consciousness), and sent through it into the cellar,

whence it can be fetched up when wanted. This fetching up from the cellar of an idea lodged there beforehand is what we call the act of memory or remembering.

Besides the stairway which leads from the above-ground workshop to the cellar, there are other slopes or stairways which go direct from the sense-avenues to the cellar without passing through the workshop.*

Individuals differ greatly in the use which they make of the two sets of paths between the cellar and the outside world. In some nearly all material passes into memory through consciousness; others "remember" many things which seem never to have passed through consciousness at all on the way down to the store-house.

The same difference is observable in the relative use of the two sets of passages for passing material back.

Almost everyone can with more or less accuracy and vividness "call up a picture," or sound, or scent, or taste, of which he is, at the moment, consciously thinking. In that case, the impression has come up from the unconscious mind into the conscious mind, and has then passed out into the sense-perceptions or doorways. But in some persons stored-up impressions come directly up the other stairs, into the sense-passage, and *thence* into consciousness. The majority first think of an object, or sound, or scent, or flavour, and then picture or "imagine" it; but some see, or hear, or smell, or taste it in imagination, and only afterwards consciously think of it. To this latter mode of perception is commonly given such names as clair-voyance, clair-audience, etc. It is as normal and natural and healthy as the other, though as yet less usual.

Most people think of an idea and then write it down. To some it comes natural to write first, and then receive the idea into consciousness by reading it in their own handwriting. The one is as "normal" as the other, and, in itself, quite as healthy.

To information brought from the unconscious mind to the conscious through the channel of one's own handwriting, is usually given the somewhat misleading title, "automatic writing." (Misleading, because all writing which is done without conscious effort is automatic in itself; whether dictated by the conscious or the unconscious mind.)

As I said, one mode of conveyance between the outer sense and the cavern of unconscious mind is as normal and healthy as the other; each has its function and utility. Only it is found important to distinguish sounds or sights projected up from the cavern below

*See No. 9 of the Balance-table in Chapter IX.

from those which are at the moment entering in from the outside. And this is very easy to do when the cellar-produced impressions come first up into consciousness as thoughts, and thence are projected on to the concrete imagination. A little more training is necessary to effect the distinction in the case of imaginary impressions which come first as sense impressions and only afterwards as thoughts.

But the fact that a faculty is not in working order at birth, that it needs training before it can be relied on to work efficiently, does not prove either that the faculty is useless, or that the possession of it is a symptom of disease.

Confusion has been introduced into this subject by three causes.

First, for many years the medical profession treated as "symptoms of insanity" the seeing of visions and hearing of voices, and locked up in lunatic asylums our best specimens.

Second, because clairvoyance and clairaudience have been considered as symptoms of insanity, those to whom they occur become frightened. Instead of taking the thing naturally and quietly as a faculty to be used, the relatives of the person affected treat it quite wrongly; making the same kind of mistakes as would be made if one treated the opening of a kitten's eyes, or any other normal product of evolution, as a symptom of disease which must be got rid of. In some cases, indeed, the patient really goes mad of sheer horror because he thinks he must be going mad.

Third, clairvoyants and clairaudients are often well aware that their peculiar sense-impressions are concomitants of inspiration. This is, so far, perfectly correct. All people are more or less inspired at times, and if a person is so constituted as to be subject to these so-called hallucinations, it is during the inspired moments that they occur. But it does not in the least follow that those to whom they occur are more inspired, or more truly inspired, than anybody else. The same kind of organisation which makes a person clairvoyant or clairaudient makes him also conscious when inspiration is going on. The two things—clairvoyant impression and the sensuous consciousness of the fact of being inspired—come to the same kind of person and in the same physical condition. But inspiration itself comes just as strongly and as truly to the same person in other states, and to people who are never clairvoyant at all. The visions or voices are no test or measure either of the intensity, the accuracy, or the value of the inspiration. They prove that inspiration is going on. The absence of them does not prove it is not going on.

CHAPTER XIII

HYPERÆSTHESIA; ADUMBRATIONS; HALLUCINATIONS; HYSTERIA

THERE is a condition known as hyperæsthesia, in which some of the senses or faculties become abnormally acute ; one sees objects clearly in very faint light, or hears slight sounds at incredibly long distances ; while quite ordinary amounts of light or noise may be distressing. Or the mind may become especially acute in grasping certain kinds of ideas, which strike one with painful force. In this condition mistaken impressions and false ideas are peculiarly liable to register themselves and become part of the permanent furniture of the brain. It is well, therefore, to hold oneself with special care as near as may be to the Spirit of Truth whenever the senses or intellect seem phenomenally acute.

Either hyperæsthesia or the opposite condition, the benumbing of certain faculties, may result from excessive magnetisation by some other person, who may (or may not) be wholly unconscious of the influence which he is exerting. The remedy is easy and almost certainly efficacious if administered under suitable conditions. The person in whom the anomalous symptoms have been observed should make himself, or be made, the reconciling point of hostile forces. He should be subjected to the influence of someone—some human being in the flesh—whom the source of the mischief either despises and is despised by, or hates and is hated by, or has wronged and feels wronged by. This should be done, if possible, by mutual consent of the conflicting parties, as a remedial measure indicated by the course of events. The patient's suffering should be treated as a token from The Unseen Powers, not that the mutual hostility of the parties was wrong or was needless from the first, but that the time has come for it to cease.

Children who are subject to hyperæsthesia in any form, or susceptible of over-magnetisation, should never be stimulated to continuous intellectual exertion in any one direction. They are the born reconcilers and harmonisers of the world : their function is to reveal to each other opposing modes of consciousness. At school they should have easier intellectual work than is found suitable for average children of their age and apparent capability ; they should be made responsible for the lessons being understood by the stupidest and most backward in the class ; and be allowed also to point out to the teacher where the stupid ones have failed to grasp his meaning. Such of them as take up literature as a

profession should begin their career as translators and critics, and not offer their own ideas to the world till they have considerable experience in making some section of the public understand work primarily written for, and more immediately intelligible to, some other section. They should never be expected or encouraged to join any party in religion or politics. That fidelity to party, that *esprit de corps*, which for average men is a virtue, inasmuch as it counteracts selfish vagaries and impulses, and keeps alive the ideal of fidelity, is, for such sensitives as I am describing, a vice in that it breeds disease of the brain and nerve-tissues, and prepares the way for all kinds of hypocrisies, distortions, and vicious desires.

These sensitives are, properly speaking, "*mediums*," in the fullest sense of that word, interpreters and mediators by nature. But they need long and severe training before they are fit to translate into human speech the notations used by the Unseen Powers. And the training should consist, not in premature boasting of their personal intercourse with those Mighty Ones who have "gone before," and who now "rule us from their graves," but in humble and reverent expositions of the meaning of masters who are visibly present to correct them if they speak rashly, and of documents which can be consulted at first hand by whoever doubts the accuracy of the medium's interpretation.

That seems to have been the meaning of what were called in Bible times, "Schools of the Prophets." The younger prophet was trained by carrying messages from the older prophet to the people ; and not until he could give a message accurately *from his human master* to a stupid king, or a noisy rabble, without distorting it, was he allowed to speak as an authorised messenger from God.

An analogous principle to that indicated above, the necessity for training hyperæsthetic sensitives, from the first, as interpreters, is the following. It is dangerous to educate boys and girls apart from each other ; but doubtfully wise to educate them together without the normal safeguard of purity and honour, which consists, not in incessant spying by adults, but in making each sex responsible, to some extent, for the other ; the boys for the physical safety and intellectual thoroughness of the girls ; the girls for the physical comfort and moral and artistic refinement of the boys.

In all this question of personal influence, we should never lose sight of the great principle so lucidly explained by E. Ray Lankester in the *Quarterly Review* of July 1904, viz.—that two races or individuals may, by merely coming into contact without

the appropriate precautions, generate some contagious disease of which neither showed any symptom while they kept apart. One may have been long generating the virus or other potential cause of disease, but have been at the same time growing, *pari passu*, immune to its action ; the other may be free from the virus and lack the immunity. When they come into contact, the virus may pass from the one which is immune to the one which is not so, and generate some horrible and unmanageable disease, either physical or mental. Never, therefore, allow yourself to think of a race-hatred, a race-shudder, a sense of unaccountable, unreasoning aversion, as a pre-judice ; it is far more likely to be a pre-monition, a warning from the Unseen to avoid some grave danger. But the premonition comes from the Unseen, the As-Yet-Unknown ; and the shadow which it casts before may be very unlike the reality. Do not allow it to fix itself in your mind in its present shape, and become a pre-judice (a judgment without knowledge). Say to yourself, not : "I hate this man because he is a Jew" ; or "I despise this man because he is a Kaffir"; or "All Orientals are sly" ; or "All the yellow races are untrustworthy" ; but "The Unseen is warning me that this man holds, for the present, some danger for me." Act like the wary animal who hears in the forest some unfamiliar sound. Keep your eyes and mind open and your tongue silent, and wait to see what the unknown is sending.

Coming revelation casts its shadow before. When there is any stir in the region whence man receives inspirations, or when the minds of powerful thinkers are pondering over some problem as yet unsolved, sensitive brains are prone to see visions and dream dreams. Lack of understanding on this point gives rise to many of the manias recognised as such by the medical and legal authorities, as well as to many tragedies which pass outside of lunatic asylums and which tend rather to enrich the literature of romance than to foster man's control over himself and the world around him.

When the shadow of on-coming revelation falls on the intellectual plane, it commonly produces delusions of many kinds ; when it falls on the emotional plane it produces various kinds of sentimental aberrations, of which we will speak presently. We will touch first on the intellectual delusions.

On-coming revelation uses all kinds of faculties as screens on which to project its varied shadows ; and these are usually either inverted or distorted, or both. If the condition of underground passages described in Chapter XII exists, the invert shadow projects itself as clairvoyance or clairaudience. To take

the vision or voices as in themselves true representations of truth is superstitious and foolish ; but to dismiss them as worthless and incapable of assisting revelation is worse. Each is a shadow ; by comparing the various shadows we arrive at last at grasping the meaning of the revelation.

A fertile source of error in interpreting revelation is to treat words written automatically, or spoken in trance, as if they belonged to the domain of language ; whereas in reality such utterances are more commonly mere indications of a Notation, and should be interpreted as such. If a naturalist wrote of a certain bird that it whistled *c, a, b,* those would be much misled who insisted that he had described the bird as whistling for a cab ; but not more so than many who report on the utterances of trance-mediums or who publish automatic writings. An instance will perhaps make clearer what is here meant than any theoretical explanation.

A "medium" sometimes declares that some person is "illegitimate," or a "bastard," or that his parents were not "truly married." When this is treated as language it may give rise to scandals. The great Powers of Revelation do not gossip with men, in earth-phraseology, taking seriously our parchment documents and registry-office ceremonials ! They use the ceremonials to bring to our minds facts in the great Notation of Sex which they have used in all ages as the type of the psychologic life. In that notation, two persons are treated as "not truly married" who have come together in a wrong frame of mind for fulfilling the best purposes of marriage. A "bastard" child is one whose parents did not so conduct their union as to secure to him a full share of such physical, intellectual, and spiritual vitality as they may have possessed.

In general terms it may be said that any words or visible images which occur in a supposed communication from The Unseen should be treated not as conveying any message but as giving an indication of the notation in which the message is to be conveyed.

Adumbrations come in dreams. "The brain of man functions normally towards Monism" ; whenever its discriminating faculties are not fully active, it puts together in new combinations impressions received separately. These combinations are stored in the unconscious mind and become part of its available material. In sleep, this whole process should go on outside of consciousness, or at least leave no trace on the memory. But if the sleep is not complete we remember some part of the process and call it a "dream."

If the brain is in training, and functioning perfectly, it puts

elements together in their true relations ; and the dream, if dream occurs, constitutes a direct revelation. But if the functioning is not perfect, various elements of thought are flung together without organisation, without regard to their true relation to each other. The dream is then only indirectly a revelation; it reveals, not truth, but the precise manner in which the brain is, at the moment, inclined to err. If one dreams of finding gold or jewels, the dream may *possibly* be the reflection, on a normally working brain, of knowledge, residing in some other personality, of the real whereabouts of the treasure. But it is more probably something far more valuable, *i.e.*, a revelation to oneself, for one's own self-guidance, of the precise manner in which one's brain is, at the time, inclined to work abnormally. If one dreams of finding jewels in some place where they are not to be found, one should recognise that one's brain is, for the present, functioning abnormally towards easy optimism, and, for some days to come, at least, discount all optimistic opinions one may be led to form, about money, business, or anything else. On the other hand, if one dreams of misfortune which is of impossible kind or which fails to occur, one should discount pessimistic apprehensions. This is the meaning of the old saying that dreams "go by contraries," *i.e.*, should be interpreted as warnings of the direction in which one should not go except with great caution.

When the time has nearly come for some new method in abstract science, mathematics, or logic, an adumbration of it may fall on the brain of some sensitive, in the shape of a mechanical device. He may see in the air before him, as it were, as Macbeth saw the dagger, a new piece of mechanism, or a modification, of some existing machine. If he had been trained in accordance with the suggestions of Chapter XI it would not occur to him that he had any duty or function in regard to the vision except to study it, till his discriminating faculties were once more in full activity. And when he found himself once more in phase A, he would look about the world around him, to see whether it needed, required, or wished for, the materialisation of his vision. It may be that some external need really does exist for the materialised embodiment of the thought-process which, as such, the world is not yet ready to understand. If so, the mortal who has seen a revelation in vision, and carried it out in objective fact, becomes a real inventor and possibly a prosperous individual as well as a benefactor to the human race. But in many cases there happens to exist no external use for the materialising of the vision. If the possessor of the sensitive brain in which it took shape is ignorant and untrained enough to suppose that, because he saw a thing in the air, he has a divine

commission to project it in iron or stone, he may waste his life and his money—and perhaps other people's lives and money as well—on a gigantic invention, or on a succession of small inventions, of no practical use to anyone. Much waste of life and energy will be spared when it is understood that, in such cases, divine commission is to be inferred with certainty only at the point where inspiration from within meets some call or need from without. If no such need is perceptible, the seer of the vision may legitimately materialise it in "play," *i.e.*, on a small scale, expending on it only his leisure time and spare cash. To do this will probably assist him in interpreting the utterance of the divine voice within, which as yet he only imperfectly apprehends. But he should take no step, in consequence of the vision, which seriously commits or hampers the lives of others, or even his own. If this be clearly recognised we shall be in a better position for understanding how to deal with the other class of shadows, *i.e.*, those which fall on the emotional faculties and create sentimental disturbance.

Two persons may have something in common as to which they can supplement each other, so that by combining for a time their two sets of faculty, or two stores of knowledge, they will be able to carry into effect some work which would not be done if they remained apart. Sensitives often feel an adumbration of this, in the shape of a strong personal attraction, which, if restrained, may take on the form of a real nostalgia ; a feeling as if water would not quench thirst unless taken from that person's hand ; as if rest were unattainable except by that person's side.

The trained seer knows that all this is adumbration of some future mutual fertilisation between the two ; and, true to the habit of not taking action on any emotion or sensation of phase B till it has been passed in review in phase A, postpones the indulgence of the new desire till the anomalous intensity of it has completely passed off and the mind has proved itself thoroughly awake once more by a renewed capability of taking an interest in ordinary life. But an untrained sensitive too often takes action on the adumbration while it is still overshadowing the judgment ; while he is incapable of discerning what manner of substance is casting the strange shadow. Two men may set up in business together who would be more useful as correspondents than as partners. Or two women may break off their respective home ties in order to set up house together, and presently "get on each other's nerves" ; because the relation of daily intercourse over trivial household detail is unfavourable to the doing of the real task which was being set to them. Probably the most disastrous mistake that is made in connection with the

attraction of adumbration is when it occurs between persons of different sexes, at an age when sex-passion is strong. They imagine themselves "in love" with each other. They may be unsuited, either to live in common, to beget healthy children by each other, or to generate a harmonious atmosphere in which to bring up children ; and marriage between them may be in every way disastrous. On the other hand, it sometimes happens that the young people themselves, or their friends for them, have wisdom to "wait and see whether the fancy passes off" before committing themselves irretrievably. In this case they too often allow themselves to drift permanently apart ; lose the benefit of the adumbration as prophecy, and fail to accomplish what they might have done by a sober union of their diverse mental powers.

Many of us spend our lives in alternately lamenting our poverty and grumbling at the quantity of tough gravel under our feet ; while we omit to notice that the gravel is rich auriferous quartz. If, instead of trampling it under foot, we picked it up, we might soon be rolling in well-hung carriages and able to go along a gravelled road in luxurious ease.

When I have shown my class a diagram, and think they have looked at it long enough, I wipe the board black in readiness for the next thing I wish to write. I expect the class to accept the passing away of that which has served its purpose ; to face the blackness and blankness quietly ; and to sit still and listen to what I may be telling them, till I have occasion to write something fresh. As I am only a limited, fallible human teacher, the class always does show me that much respect. When God wipes something off His blackboard, some of His class drown His voice by howling and screaming hysterically, about the loss of that which was so precious ; and the rest jump up and scribble something out of their own heads, in order not to see the blankness. If my class behaved as God's class does, what should I do ? Not, I hope, lose my temper and my self-respect ; not curse them or burn them or inflict vengeful penalties. I think I should put my chalk down on the table and say : "I can teach you nothing in this turmoil ; when you have done making a noise and are ready to listen, I will try to tell you something."

But neither I nor anyone could put the pupils back into the condition which they would have been in had they been quiet from the beginning. They may gain other wisdom from repentance and correction of their folly ; but they can no longer learn exactly what they would have learned had they not been guilty of it.

Face illusions, hallucinations, and nervous terrors boldly; and dare to let yourself know how they arose. You may not be able to conquer them; but there always was a time in the history of each when you would have been able to conquer it. Be wise now; do not let it conquer you; but sit still *now* and learn what you can from treating it as the consequence of some former mistake of yours.

Nearly half a century ago, I woke one night screaming in terror. I had dreamed of a grey fiend, who had my dear dead father's features, but with a horrible expression on the face, and horns above it. His hands, ending in claws, were clutching at my hair; and he was trying to drag me by it into hell. I saw his face and felt his clutch after I woke, and was, for some time, powerless to banish them. At times I see and feel them still. But I could, and did, and do, recognise the origin of the demon, and know him for what he is: the child of my own folly and cruelty.

My father lived in an atmosphere of medical reform and had a strong feeling against certain kinds of medical practice in vogue in his day. I had once heard a doctor recommending for me a certain mode of treatment, insisting that it was harmless and answered well. To cut short the discussion father said, speaking metaphorically: "It may answer for other people; it could not for my child; Hahnemann would rise from his grave to prevent it." Years afterwards, when my husband wished to send for an ordinary doctor to perform some little operation, I involuntarily cried out: "Father would rise from his grave to prevent it," meaning at first only to speak in metaphor. But then, the spirit of dishonest self-will entered into me, and I repeated the sentence pretending to believe what I was saying. My husband, deceived by my air of conviction, feared to oppose me lest he should bring on delirium, and so desisted from his intention. In my sleep, the marvellous mechanism of the unconscious mind transmuted the falsehood by which I had deceived my husband into a fiend which for a moment deceived myself, and which retained power to haunt me after I had detected his non-reality. While I keep this material brain, I cannot quite dislodge the fiend or be quite the same as I should have been had I never generated him. But I can be, and I hope am, a wiser woman for each of his visits. Every time he comes, he pays toll. The supreme folly would be to let him come and go and leave no blessing behind him.

We now come to the subject of hysteria.

No fixed monomania, etc., is hysteria proper. All that is here said must be taken to refer to cases of polar-opposite phases. The lines of cleavage may run in any direction. There may be cleavage

between very reasonable and very unreasonable moods; alternation between melancholy and great cheerfulness, between temper or impertinence and a desire to express contrition for the ill-tempered or impertinent speeches or acts; between conceited impertinence to a teacher, and abject humility to, or slavish hero-worship of, that teacher.

In all cases of polarity, one phase should be selected as the handle for curing the disease by the method of using the selected phase to put pressure on the other. The uninstructed nurse or caretaker very commonly selects the wrong phase, the one which she ought to leave alone, and neglects the phase which she ought to get hold of and educate.

Do not argue against the dicta of the unreasonable phase; but educate the patient, Jane, in her reasonable phase, to turn her attention on to the doings of Jane in the unreasonable phase; to issue her orders for the conduct of unreasonable Jane. Be a mere mechanical outside implement of reasonable Jane to coerce unreasonable Jane into obeying her true master, *i.e.*, reasonable Jane.

In case of melancholy and cheerful phases, do not try to *cheer* melancholy Polly; still less reprove her for being melancholy. Let alone melancholy Polly. But when cheerful Polly wants to chatter and sing, etc., get her to be quiet and occupy her time in meditation on the pleasantness and beauty and goodness of things and people; *in storing up, in her unconscious brain*, mind-pictures which may crop up and divert and cheer melancholy Polly. (You will not use words to Polly about unconscious cerebration, etc.; but see that she does the thing: check the great pouring off of the cheerfulness.)

In alternations of conceit and over-humility, do not snub the conceited Ethel. But say to the humble Ethel: "If you *really* think I know so much better than you do, then take my advice *now*. Don't waste words praising me. Say nothing about me. Go and sit still and *think steadily* about what a wrong thing it is not to take my advice when *you don't happen to feel*, for the moment, so respectful towards me."

In case of alternate ill-temper and contrition, allow the ill-temper full swing (so far as may be consistent with the safety and comfort of others). Do *not* moral-lecture about the temper itself. But say to the contrite Maggie: "What you really did wrong was to disturb others by expressing your mood; to indulge your temporary mood by forcing notice of it on other people. It is just as wrong to do that about your contrite mood as about your angry one. If you are really sorry for what you did wrong, don't

do the same wrong now this minute. I am busy ; my work and my repose were interfered with by your self-expression. Show you are sorry by consenting not to talk of your present feelings. Go away and think, *now*, how wrong it is to insist on showing people just what you feel at the moment." In case there is any person to whom apology ought to be made, you can add : "I will find an opportunity for you to make the apology, this evening" (or to-morrow or next week, as the case may be). Take care that the apology is *not made under the strong impulse to do so*, not while making it is a relief, not till making it is a slight effort.

The polar-phases of hysteria are in some cases periodic ; in others, are determined by accidents of food, air, etc., etc. In others, again, by the mental influences from the outside. But however the *time* is determined, the Eternal Fact is that the reasonable, or cheerful, or contrite, or humble phase is one of *receptivity* of the "Cosmic Force," "Holy Ghost," "Divine Magnetism" (people use one or other of these expressions, according to their modes of belief, but I am speaking now only of the force as a force). The other phase, in each disease, is the slack-time, the ebb-tide, of receptivity.

The whole hygiene of the matter depends on seeing that the patient *does not expend the force outwardly during the time of reception* ; but stores it up in her tissues, to be used later.

The specific treatment for hysteria consists in teaching the organisation, not only to store up force in a general neutral way, but to pitch it on to the cure of the specific disease under treatment. The main difficulty of teaching all this consists in the fact that people object to thinking of the Holy Ghost as a calculable, manageable Force. The Holy Ghost, before it touches a human nerve-system, is "God" (at least you and I think so). But so much Holy Ghost as has been discharged on to human brain-tissue is, henceforth, Force ; to be disposed of as medical experience and wisdom direct. We have an algebra of its mode of action, as precise as that of electricity (though, fortunately, far simpler). It is all very well when we have done a week's work and need relaxation, to sing hymns in church about Divine Persons and our own emotions—if we find it refreshes us. But in working hours our business with God Almighty is to *use* Him for healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, and (especially) casting out the devil. Surely no reasonable Deity cares for that form of homage which consists in flinging back in His face that divine gift, the algebra of the healing force, under the pretext that He is too sentimental to care for the Laws by which He acts (and which He forces us to act by or else suffer under).

"Oh! how *love* I Thy Law; all the day long is my study in it!"

CHAPTER XIV

MOBILITY AND DECISION

WHAT is the ultimate desideratum in education? That the consciousness of the educated person should vibrate spontaneously in response to Nature's rhythmic motions.

But are we all to be, as to our thought-life, mere free-thinkers; all alike, able to sway in any direction? Surely that would be as monotonous, as far out of line with Nature's plan of organised, correlated differentiation, as anything well could be. One equipoised Logan is interesting, as a type and as a symbol; but it is only a type-symbol, not a general fact.

Hardly any individual could, even if he would, become an unprejudiced thinker in all directions. Or I would rather say, it is not given to most of us to be, in any true sense, *thinkers*, on all topics. The existence of what we call prejudice is due, not to this limitation, which is in itself normal, but to the fact that we ignore our limitations; we try to do that which we are unfitted to do, and we therefore do it badly. Each of us has some one or more points at which his elasticity has been destroyed by something that happened either before or after his birth; some point at which his mind is "biased," *i.e.* feels the force of arguments on one side and not on the other; some point at which he feels he must take something for granted, at which he therefore fails to respond to the touch of logic, of truth. If you doubt this, find some Englishman who has been arguing about the rights of Europeans to colonise in Asia or Africa, and apply his arguments to the new-colonist microbes who have lately set up diphtheria in his child. Or find someone who has been trying to persuade the Irish to "forgive" the English settlers and come to friendly terms with them. Apply his arguments to a colony of rats which have settled in his cellar. In either case see what response is given to this reversal of direction! *

*Willingness to test one's thought by reversal does not imply any weakness in deciding either on the course of action which is one's own immediate duty or on that which is right as tending towards the higher evolution of man. On the contrary, the honesty of one's decision is best proved by *willingness* to see what the argument really looks like when turned upside down. No painter doubts which is the right side up of his picture, or consents to its being hung permanently wrong side up; but he turns it upside down for a few minutes, and judges of its true balance by looking at it in an inverted position.

Each of us has some line along which his mind fails to respond to the touch of logic, of reason. Each can, if he will be honest with himself, detect and locate these points. Each one should be able to say to himself: "If I try to judge about so and so, I shall judge falsely, *therefore I will not try to judge of it at all.*" This is quite different from saying: "As I think differently from the majority, I must be thinking falsely; therefore I will try to believe what others believe." Learn first to know for yourself in what lines your mind is incapable of moving freely both ways alike (and do not suffer yourself to try to think in those lines at all); secondly, as to any line in which you can think freely, learn to know when your mind has settled back to its true condition of equipoise after the exercise of rocking between opposite extremes.

Free mobility in thought does not imply laxity of moral decision. Force for moral decision should be pumped in by the rocking movement of thought and emotion; but moral decision should be taken when the rocking is over and the mind has come back to that position of rest in which one is no longer a mere free-thinker but a human being; in which personal duties and claims reassert themselves; in which one is the child of one's own parents, the servant of one's own nation, the outcome of one's own past, in which sweet reasonableness has re-asserted itself, and one is willing to accept, as indications of one's real nature, as aids to one's true evolution, as materials for future thought, those duties which the past has fastened upon one, duties which are really due to those other individuals whom the facts of one's past have linked to oneself. Force for decision should be pumped in by the freest rocking between alternate moods, opposite exaggerations; decisions should be formed at the time of equipoise. The habit should be acquired, early in life, of acting, constantly and resolutely, on decisions arrived at during the times of equipoise. Each such decision, after being acted on, affords fresh experience and materials for fresh thought; each can be the occasion for a fresh pumping up of force by a fresh process of rocking. The habit should be formed young of acting in all moods on decisions taken in moods of equipoise.

Some of us find this out "too late," as we call it; too late to form the habit within our own immediate personality. But it is never too late to help to form a world habit. If you are to be hanged to-morrow, society (of which you *are* a member, however pompously it may play-act at eliminating you) will be helped to come to sound convictions by your formulating them clearly to yourself to-day, will form good habits the sooner for your seeing to-day that they would be good to form.

"Between the saddle and the ground
I mercy sought and mercy found,"

said the old epitaph in the days when men believed that it was God's function to forgive individual man. Now we know that society is the sinner and individuals are its victims. Between the condemned cell and the halter, the victim may confer a boon upon the world.

CHAPTER XV

THE STEADYING OF THE IMAGINATION

It is a very common notion that faith and morals are decaying owing to the decay of certain beliefs and opinions (about what happened or did not happen in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and about what is or what is not wholesome and advisable in regard to sex arrangements). And many people wish to keep the old beliefs in order to preserve faith and morals.

This whole view of things seems to involve a large number of assumptions, and is a great hindrance to the process of forging passion into power.

Why should not beliefs and opinions decay? The process has been going on ever since the beginning of history; it appears to be quite normal and a necessary condition of progress.

If the decay of something which ought to decay does harm to something which ought not to decay, this happens not because the former has decayed, but because the decayed matter has not been got rid of quickly enough. The remedy for diseases born of the putrefaction of that which has served its purpose and is no longer useful is not to preserve the putrefying matter but to get rid of it out of the way of the living organism. Why should we suppose that faith and morals will be any the healthier for our chaining them up to dead beliefs and opinions?

Then, again, I exceedingly doubt whether faith and the moral sense are decaying in England now to any very large extent, as yet. They are unmistakably going to pieces, but at present they seem to me to show symptoms rather of being battered to pieces alive than of decay.

There are certain important things in human life which ought to be so arranged that they can be easily opened to let anything in or out, but which when shut should be securely fastened, so as to prevent useless, violent, and irregular banging to and fro.

The same is true of the doors and windows of a house. About

the doors and windows we all understand. They should open easily, shut easily, and be easily capable of secure fastening. But in moral and spiritual matters a mistake seems to prevail similar to that which was pointed out before about the mobile equilibrium; in these matters, if people find a door securely shut they suppose that it would be necessarily difficult to open, and when they find that it opens easily they suppose that it must necessarily go on banging till it has done serious damage to the house. This superstitious *a priori* assumption prevents them from setting quietly to work to adjust the fastenings so as to secure the maximum of utility in both directions.

Chapter XVII will suggest a system of door-handles suitable for our house of thought. But first we must say a few words about why some of the doors are at present stuck fast, and the others banging "fit to knock the house down," to use the homely housekeeper's expression.

In the old pre-scientific days, the thought-life of serious people, the family life of most decent people, and the parochial life of everybody, centred round certain things as to which comparatively few people had any doubts—things to which it was possible to attach some idea of permanence. There were certain ideas about marriage and the meaning of the word "purity," and certain opinions about things which were supposed to have happened in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, which could be assumed as premisses in family conversation, because everybody knew that the other people in the house or the parish believed in them, more or less. And it was possible to associate with them some idea of permanence. When one member of a family passed over into the Unseen World it was possible for the mourners to conceive of him or her adoring Jesus in heaven as he had done on earth, if somewhat more ecstatically. It was possible to imagine the daughter who had passed away, kneeling before the Throne, wearing a white robe of virginity which was a glorified version of the confirmation frock which had been a common object of pious pride to her mother and her young sisters.

Imagination had thus points of attachment in the realm of the permanent.

On the other hand, among the *élite* of the intellectual world of now, where all beliefs and opinions have been burned away in the glow of a common delight in the search of truth, the same blessed possibility exists in a higher form. The individual thought-life and the family conversation centre round the search for truth, and when the father or child passes away there is nothing to prevent one's imagining him or her still absorbed in the search for

truth, still dropping germs of thought into the minds of those left behind. All this is pure imagination, we know. It proves nothing ; but also it disturbs nothing. The phenomenon which we call death has no power to disturb faith, which is thus left to develop *à la grâce de Dieu*, without hindrance. Now it is the nature of faith to grow if circumstances make it possible that it should. But in a very large number of families now it is impossible for life and conversation to centre round anything that can be conceived of as having permanence. Each member of a family is afraid to speak at home of anything serious for fear of uprooting somebody else's prejudices. Family life tends to centre round "thing-y things." Family affection, therefore, has no mode of expression or of exercise except on the side of attending to each other's transitory sensations, and of providing for each other little comforts or little luxuries, or, if there is money enough, great luxuries. The communal mind of the family is occupied about things that cost money, waste time, and fritter away earnestness—things which perish in the using.

Now though it was possible to imagine a girl who has passed away adoring Jesus in a glorified confirmation frock, it is quite impossible to imagine her making eyes at a not too respectable potentate in any version, however glorified, of a Parisian costume. It is possible to imagine the departed wife receiving holy communion from the hands of Jesus or one of the Saints, while the husband by whose side she used to kneel still receives it at the hands of the parson. It is much more difficult to imagine the departed lady ordering in ice-cream from a fashionable confectioner, or haggling over the price of turtle soup.

Or again, at the higher thought levels, it is very easy to imagine the departed friend going on dropping germs of philosophy into one's mind as he had been doing for half a century before he passed over. It would be much more difficult to imagine him inspiring one with thoughts about which looks the more chic of two drawing-room wallpapers. The worldliness, the thing-y-ness of a life which has separated itself from idolatrous beliefs and has not yet attained to religious philosophy, is loosening imagination from its old attachments, without, in most cases, providing it as yet with any fresh ones.

In some families, therefore, the imagination is left loose and batters faith to pieces. In others it is clumsily nailed up so that faith is etiolated for want of air and exercise.

Again, when the church life provided rhythm, joy, interest, and perpetual change, there was less need for people to seek pleasures for themselves or each other. But life without some joy is very

dull. If there is no joy in life except what comes from immediate sensation connected with the mechanical apparatus of enjoyment, one cannot be very scrupulous as to one's way of acquiring the possibility of providing enjoyment for the dear ones. And if we cannot get it out of that which is permanent, one must snatch incessantly at the transitory forms of it. Whereas, where life is one perpetual revel in the joys of either mystic belief or still more mystic truth-seeking, it becomes too valuable to be wasted on vices, and so full that over-much sensuous pleasure is not a temptation but an intrusion, a nuisance and a bore.

CHAPTER XVI

TEACHER-LUST

THE whole discussion about education is thrown into confusion by a foregone conclusion that some classes of desire are more specially evil lusts of the flesh than other classes of desire. All desires are lusts of the flesh in so far as they are prompted by impulses stored up in any part of the nervous tissue. The lust is good or bad according not to the precise part of the body in which it resides but to its being or not being correlated with, and subordinated to, the conditions of the environment, to some external need. The three great nerve-centres, stomach, sex-organ, and brain, have a parallel history and run parallel courses. And those of which we know the dangers form the best map for the one which we have to study.

The stomach has for its function to absorb creatures of other species and build up one's own flesh by their destruction. To do this sufficiently for health and vigour is normal, and may be said to be the duty, the religion, of a stomach. Its first aberration is to perform this, its true function, in excess of any practical need or utility ; to build up a really healthy body, but to do the building in such a manner as diverts attention from the very things for which a healthy body is useful, to make the having a healthy body an object instead of a means to an end. The second lust of the stomach is to eat actual food, but in excess of what can be digested; the part which is in excess diverts digestive force from that normal quantity which, if properly digested, would have built up healthy tissue, and so induces disease. The third lust of the stomach is to get put into itself things which have no tendency to build up tissue, which only momentarily amuse it with a false sensation of being satisfied.

The sex-organ has a similar gamut of degradation. Its function being to perpetuate the race, and especially the best types, its first aberration is to make the having of a large and prosperous family the be-all and end-all of existence, and to sacrifice all other considerations to making one's own posterity a large and important figure in the future of the human race. This was the ideal of some old Jewish patriarchs. The second step downhill is to put children into the world in excess of the present possibility of bringing them up healthy. The third is to amuse the sex-organ with sensations in ways which have no tendency to produce posterity.

Now I do not wish to assert or imply either that the stomach has no function except that of digestion, or the sex-organs none but that of procreation. It may well be that each of these organs is on the road to develop a connection with some other function. I do not profess to judge for other people exactly when the indulgence of a desire is right and when wrong; I am only pointing out a parallelism between three series of facts, as to which most people judge themselves and guide themselves by different standards, and as to which they would, it seems to me, guide themselves more wisely if they judged them all three by the same standard.

The third series is that which relates to teacher-lusts. The teacher (whether school-teacher, minister of religion, political leader, or head of a family) has a desire to make those under him conform themselves to his ideals. Nations could not be built up, nor children preserved from ruin, if some such desire did not exist and exert itself in some degree. But it has its gamut of lusts, very similar to those run down by the other faculties. First, the teacher wants to regulate the actions, conduct, and thoughts of other people in a way that does no obvious harm but is quite in excess both of normal rights and of practical necessity. Next, he wants to proselytise, convince, control, to arrest the spontaneous action of other minds, to an extent which ultimately defeats its own ends by making the pupils too feeble and automatic to carry on his teaching into the future with any vigour. Lastly, he acquires a sheer automatic lust for telling other people "to don't," for arresting spontaneous action in others in a way that destroys their power even to learn at the time what he is trying to teach them. What is wanted is that we should pull these three series tight so as to see their parallelism, and not go on fogging ourselves with any such foolish notion as that sex-passion is a lust of the flesh and teacher-lust a thing in itself pure and good, which may legitimately be indulged in to the uttermost.

Few teachers now are so conceited as not to know that they have a great deal to learn, and that their methods need revising

and improving, but the majority are seeking for improved methods of doing more of what they are already doing a great deal too much of. The improvement which they most need is to be brought under conviction, to be made see their conduct, their aims, their whole attitude towards their pupils and their work, in the light reflected on them from those of the drunkard and the debauchee.

CHAPTER XVII

THE NEW IDEA OF ORDER

THREE main symbols of authority have shared between them the attention of the world: the slave-driver's whip, the shepherd's crook, and the conductor's baton. A reasonable man should make up his mind which of the three he prefers: which he will submit to when it is his turn to submit and wield when the time comes for him to rule.

The slave-driver's whip has various modifications, conventionalised disguises: the sceptre, the mace, the truncheon, the cane. The appeal of them all alike is to immediate impressions on the senses. Their message is brutal but honest: "If you will obey my will, your sensations shall be more agreeable than they will be if you thwart my will."

The shepherd's crook is modified into a bishop's crozier. The functions of the two are similar: to keep the sheep from strenuous exercise in high altitudes, where their limbs grow fleet and their tissues tough; to keep off wolves who might dispute possession of any portion of the flock with the man who considers himself its rightful owner; to lead them into plentiful pasture, so as to make them fat and their flesh tender, and guide them cunningly at last into the yard of the slaughter-house. The whole system is simply one long deception—often of sentimental self-deception.

The conductor's baton exerts no control except during certain hours of practice and of performance. Once the appointed time has expired, every man is free to go where he likes and do as he chooses. He is freer (because more able) than he would have been without his occasional episodes of servitude, to play by himself whatever tune he chooses, or to enter into effective combinations with musicians not known in that conductor's orchestra.

Friends, under which symbol will you serve? And by which will you prefer to rule?

. . . . . .

But let us remember that even for the shepherds there is room in hell.

We can *all* say to the Great Purifying Pulsator: "If we make our bed in hell, Thou art there: forge and transform our Passion into Power."

THE OPEN ROAD 1909

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MATHEMATICAL CONJURING TRICKS

NOTHING is easier than to prove, mathematically, that a part is twice as big as the whole, and that the area of a square field equals zero (nothing).

Obviously these are intellectual conjuring tricks. Other tricks analogous to these, but less obviously absurd, are used for commercial and political frauds. The startling fact about these tricks and frauds is that, by *resting* the imagination on them in a suitable way, something *happens*, like the appearing of a rainbow : something impalpable, not *real* in three dimensions, but which throws

light on the Laws of light, or of electricity, or heat, or of some force which acts *in* our three-dimensional world.

The "man in the street" asks: "What is the use of thinking about such rubbish?" "The man in the know" does not answer; he bides his time; and, after a generation or two, his absurdity has become a truism of Science.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION

WHEN the Education Act of 1870 was before the House, a journeyman engineer wrote, inviting the attention of Members to the facts that already a quarter of working-class English children attended school, and that not more than one in a thousand could be said to be, in any real sense, educated. He suggested that it would be better to find out how to educate first, and, *after that*, impose compulsory education.

A writer in an educational journal suggested that such schooling as existed was a benefit to the children who received it, precisely because, while only a quarter received it, it acted selectively; those who could read and write were fitted to be clerks, etc., and became clerks; while those who could not were at least not unfitted for field and factory labour, and became field and factory hands. But someone would have to do field and factory work, and before they insisted on giving ideas at random to everybody, and making a general muddle, they had better find out *how* to give, at school, such ideas as make life interesting to all classes of workers alike.

Some of the doctors who knew most about the connection between body and mind said that, if the object of the government was to destroy the nerve and stamina of the nation they were setting about it very cleverly.

As usual, the party in power at the time carried out their own scheme, with the triumphant and insolent brutality of wild pachyderms stampeding a farm.

Our children's instincts, our family life and our right to grow food on the land, are being trampled down by a succession of parties all equally mad of the lust for doing forcibly, noisily, and on a wholesale scale, things which can only be done gently, silently, and in detail.

When we have had as much as we mean to stand of this kind of government by trumpeting elephants, I suppose we shall find out how to get rid of them.

LETTER TO A RESCUE WORKER

May I ask you to be so good as to read my letter to a teetotaler ?* The same principle as I expressed there applies also to your work. I have to do with the rescue of man from the tyranny of habit ; to help him to make habit the servant and not the master of man. I cannot mix up that business with the other business of proving that this or that habit is, in itself, immoral. I have nothing to do with especial distinctions between the three great nerve centres : brain, stomach, and organs of generation ; my problem is : given a nerve centre, what are the normal laws of its action ?

It is true that we cannot solve the general problem except by careful comparison of the results of misuse of all these nerve centres. It is my duty to accept, with grateful respect, any information given to me by those who have special experience in either department, about the practical results of misconduct in either brain, stomach or organs of generation. But my function is, not to preach about the harmfulness of either kind of misconduct ; but to assert and emphasise whatever laws of sequence, common to all three, emerge, as resultants, from comparison of the three orders of experience.

GOD'S JOB

DID anyone ever interfere between a human parent and his child, or attempt to explain the parent to the child, without, ultimately, doing more harm than good ? Like most women who have been schoolmistresses, I have had considerable experience of girls who obviously did not understand their mothers and who complained that their mothers did not understand them. In the case of the fallible human mother it was often only too true that the mother did not understand. Even so, I always found it best to abstain strictly from any attempt to interpret between them. If the girl complained of her mother's *treatment* of her, I found it best to say, "Do not speak of this again to anyone till you have thought it well over and found out how to state it in the fewest possible words in logical sequence and in a quiet tone of voice. When you are sure that you can do that, go and say it to your mother herself." But if the girl's complaint was that her mother did not *understand* her, then I

*Master and Servant : A Letter to a Teetotaler, p. 1269.

found it best to say, "That will do, my dear. Up till now I have been trying my best to understand you, for I felt that you were a child not yet come to self-realisation, and that it was my duty to help you to do so. But now I see that you are so far grown up as to be consciously aware that a young soul craves to *be understood*. I shall take no further pains about trying to understand you; I shall expect you, in return for my past efforts to help you, to help me loyally in understanding the younger ones. For the future, when you feel a desire to be understood, you will please not come to me, but say what you have got to say to God. Henceforth you are His job and not mine."

SPIRITUAL STRUGGLE

In the year 1849 two things happened to me. I was confirmed, and someone discovered that my lungs were weak. As a consequence of this combination of events, I spent some of the time when I ought to have been in bed standing or kneeling by the window, looking out towards the churchyard a little way off, flooded with moonlight. One night when so engaged I was prompted to write some blank verse. It began thus:

> "Oh I am tired, tired even unto death,
> Of this incessant struggle with myself."

Then came in these lines:

> "If I could only always will, as now,
> To do Thy will, O God,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Then might consumption lay its icy hand
> Upon my fevered brow."

The closing words were:

> "Bear me to heaven's sweet shore."
>
> . . . . . .

What change has come to me in the intervening sixty years? On cold nights I much prefer my warm bed to kneeling, insufficiently clad, at a window, however bright may be the moonlight.

I do not care about looking at churchyards.

Instead of talking about the will of God I think of the kinds of conduct and thoughts which, under the actual circumstances of my present environment, are most likely to conduce to general peace and the economy of nerve-force for myself and those around me.

I no longer think of struggling against my*self*; I realise that I have to struggle against tendencies, habits and impulses, stored up within me by the former experience of myself and my ancestors, the indulgence of which would disturb the harmony of the present time for no useful purpose.

The struggle is as severe as ever and sometimes produces fatigue and nervous disturbance in some part of my bodily tissues. But the *ego*, the conscious, personal *me*, is never tired of it.

I have no views about "Heaven's sweet shore"; I now know that I *do not know* what the words mean. What I do know is that the struggle itself is by far more interesting, more beautiful and, in the best sense of the word, more *a-musing* than anything else which I either know of in this world or can conceive of in any other world.

If there is in heaven (wherever that may be) anything more delightful than the struggle, I shall know it when I get there, if ever I do get there; but at present I frankly confess that any such heaven lies outside the whole range of my imaginative powers.

Perhaps the best cure of some bodily ailments would be that the patient should realise the artistic and amusing* nature of spiritual struggle.

TOLSTOY AND THE SUB-EDITOR

In all the discussion about Tolstoy and Jesus, one principle seems to have been forgotten. Perfect man *grows* and develops. A creature who does not is a monstrosity, not a Man. Jesus died at the age of thirty-three. At twelve, we are told, He was still *growing*; why not at thirty? And if He had lived to be fifty, would He not then have been different, and seen differently, from what He was and saw at thirty?

Tolstoy, we all know, has been growing and developing all his life. Whatever else he is, he is emphatically a *man*—a brave man—and not a monster.

Why, then, need he tie himself down to what Jesus said at thirty?

*It must be remembered that the words "a-musing" and "di-verting" describe whatever has the property of diverting the mind from that on which there has been over-tension; and thus setting it free to receive Light from the Inspirer (called, by Polytheistic ancients, "The Muses"). The attempt to confine the use of such sacred words to things which have comic or ridiculous associations is a misuse of language which the present writer declines to pander to or condone.

And why—oh! *why*, need a Tolstoyan of thirty try to carry into action what Tolstoy said at sixty?

That, surely, is what Boulanger means by saying it is "idolatrous" to try to act now as if we were already in a better world. Any such attempt involves pretending to do what one has not yet got the faculties to do properly. It means arresting normal development. Surely man's first duty to society is to keep himself morally *sane*. The attempt to live at twenty on principles which are quite evident to every sane man of seventy is one of the most effectual devices for driving oneself insane and becoming unfit for any useful function.

The spirit of progress may turn from left to right, or from right to left, as it ascends. It is normal that a fighting man should grow to see the value of peaceable measures as he grows older; it is equally normal that a man who was "Tolstoyan" at twenty-five should find out, at fifty, that some kinds of crime of the strong against the weak must be put down by physical force in the interests of justice.

Conversion, *i.e.*, the Crank-movement of finding out that we have been exaggerating, is the normal pumping action of the human conscience, the beating of the human heart.

SONS OR SLAVES?

THE righteous people, who preach that we ought to live for the good of others, perhaps might spare themselves some expenditure of nervous energy in the shape of painful emotion, if they remembered that, whether we ought to live for the good of others or not, we most assuredly do. Where and how did the wood and coals get the light and warmth which they give out to us? By growing for their own pleasure, and absorbing all the sunlight they could get. Why is the Virginia creeper such a boon to us Londoners? Because of its rampageous insatiable "will-to-live."

Whence do we get our supplies of bread and of eggs? From the riotous determination of hens and cereals to use their organs of generation in wild excess of what is needful for the propagation of their respective races.

It is true that most women have duties which involve the abandonment and absorption of sexuality. But to eat bread and deny the intrinsic sacredness of sexual free indulgence *in itself* is surely both illogical and profane.

Now when once we admit the sacredness of sexuality, then, to get from that position to the right of women to live chaste lives,

we must necessarily bridge the chasm by admitting that the Thearch works through various channels and that His thoughts are not always like our thoughts. Why not admit this principle once and for all, and give ourselves the blissful repose of resting in it? Rest in Adonaï, wait patiently for Him; and He will give us our heart's desire. He grants it partly by utilizing the desire itself as leverage; but partly also by the simple process of turning our hearts to desire that which He is minded to give. The Thearch is Master, whatever we do. Adonaï Malach! Love reigns for ever and ever! God is always on the side of the down-trodden, even when they happen to be mistaken in their immediate beliefs and opinions (which, by-the-bye, they in common with the rest of us nearly always are). We all are "wrong" in our special opinions and apprehensions; we all perceive Truth in shadowy and distorted forms. But, on the whole, those who have everything to gain by any sort of change or upheaval have a clearer vision than those who have everything to lose by it.

It is not left for us to decide whether the Thearch shall rule or not. Rule He does, and will. The option that is left to us is whether we shall stand to Him in the relation of sons or of slaves; *i.e.*, whether we shall or shall not share the joy of *consciously* entering into our Father's projects and plans.

It is an intoxicating idea; and those who indulge in it feel lifted beyond the reach of what they consider lower forms of excitement. But, like all other intoxication, it is full of spiritual peril. Perhaps the best that can be said of it was said long ago: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Perhaps a moralist drunk with the sense of his own superiority looks, in the eyes of angels, much like what a reveller drunk with wine does in the eyes of the moralist. Perhaps it is true (as Luther is reported to have said) that he who cannot feel the joy of Wine, Woman and Song will remain a fool his whole life long. To riot in the sensation of moral or religious superiority and thank God that one is not like other rioters is indeed the mark of a fool. The privilege of a child of God is to know both the joys and the perils of every kind of cause of excitement, and take each in its turn, reverently, cautiously, and abstemiously, as a source of Inspiration, a means of telephonic communication for the Unknown Revealer; a sacrament of man's union with the truly Divine.

Many moralists fear that the admission of the Pan-Theistic principle will lead to general riot and debauchery. Not so. The cure for national drunkenness is not teetotalism, but training children to realise that the sensation of exhilaration, however

produced, is too sacred a thing to be prostituted to the mere pursuit of pleasure. It is never difficult to make a child feel this, if the adults who have charge of him feel it. The children of reverent Catholics do not wish to play with crucifixes or throw stones at sacred pictures.*

COMPETITIVE VERSUS COMMUNAL EDUCATION

EDUCATION will be simplified when parents can be got to realise one general principle ; *viz :* It is while a child is thinking selfishly that he develops those tendencies which go to make him ultimately the sport (or prey, or victim, or servant) of circumstance and environment. The faculties which tend to make man the Master of circumstances are developed while the individual is thinking communally.

Experienced teachers, discovering this principle, invent ways of teaching which make the process of study communal. The school or college in which this is done soon acquires a brilliant reputation. Thereupon, pupils flock to it. The parents soon interpose ; and insist on shoddying or altering the communal method, on the ground that : "I won't have my boy sacrificed to the Masters' *fads.*" Thus the competitive method of study is re-introduced ; the technical cramming seems to be "improved" for a time ; but the grasp of method and power to control circumstance goes down, and the nation as a whole suffers from this process continually going on.

A teacher once gave as a recipe for preparing children to be successful in inventing ways of meeting difficulties : "Put the Holy Ghost on the staff of the school." But the principle might be better stated thus : The spirit of change *is* " on the staff" of every school, as of every institution and community, inspiring those who are under rule with the sacred spirit of Liberty. If the general trend of the studies is communal, the Spirit of Change *is* a Holy One, and inspires individuals with harmless new devices for conquering in the struggle with the difficulties presented by Nature. If the general tone is competitive the Spirit of Originality

*Jews have been, on the whole, an eminently sober race. Jews pay due worship to Bacchus as an essential element of the *Divine Unity* ; therefore Bacchus does not tempt them to pay him undue worship.

It is an essential part of orthodox Jewish religion that the Jew should taste alcohol once every week. This is done, not, as among us, in church in connection with some special form of belief, but at home, as an act of homage to race, family, home, and the weekly day of rest. It is the religious duty of wealthy Jews to provide the poor with the means of carrying on the domestic ritual of taking, in common, wine (with bread and salt).

manifests itself in new devices for outdoing, ousting, injuring, and crushing one's brother man, for becoming parasitic and dependent on others. Thus the so-called governing classes find themselves reduced at last to be the slaves of slavish masses, the flatterers of a flunkey class.

Our dear Odd Man says that we ought to be governed by the Thearch alone. We are governed by the Thearch.

He who doubts it should study in a Research Laboratory. He can there see the same laws of logical sequence which govern human history at work producing results at intervals of weeks or perhaps minutes, instead of generations or centuries.

And, as result of the action of reactive forces on human society, who is so gloriously free as the researcher in a laboratory, playing with Unknown Forces and experimenting among them at his own sweet will? Who is so helpless in England now as the Cabinet Ministers, the paid secretaries and officials, and especially our Most Gracious King?

Sometimes the Great Retributor is more prompt in action. Instead of merely sowing seeds of future schemes for personal (apparent) advancement, to the injury of the community, He suggests to young people to try unruly experiments with their own and each other's bodies or purses. Then, the schoolmaster and the mothers declare that the devil is about. But there is no devil; there is only the One Thearch; the spirit of Liberty; who, if He had been heartily invited to be a member of the Educational staff would have done nothing worse than suggest pretty experiments in the manipulation of chemicals and little machines, or of x's and y's.

God, the Thearch, is an answerer of prayer; not a humble companion hired to pander to the fluctuating caprices of people who do not know their own minds. If the general trend of the desires of the adults who have charge of a young soul is towards its becoming a valuable asset of the community, it mostly does so, in one way or another. If what they wish is that the child should be successful in competing against his fellow-men, he takes to competing. Whether on a large scale or a small one, whether at passing examinations, or picking pockets in the street, or scrambling into Parliament, or gambling on the Stock Exchange, are details with which the Thearch can hardly be expected to concern Himself personally. He leaves all that to be arranged by those subordinate causes to which men give the collective name of "Chance."

ALGEBRA AND SWINDLER'S ALGEBRA

IT has been intimated to me that I use the terms "Algebra" and "Swindler's Algebra" in a wider sense than the usual one; and that this puzzles some readers. The confusion is of the same kind as is often experienced when a naturalist talks with practical cattle-breeders. *E.g.*, for the naturalist, all creatures capable of voluntary motion are "animals"*; and many classes of animals are included under the term beasts; whereas, for the "farm hand," beasts mean "horned cattle," and "animals" is a short name for farm quadrupeds, and is restricted to sheep, pigs, goats, horned cattle, horses, donkeys, cats and dogs.

It may help to clear up some recent discussions if I try to explain the terms "Algebra" and "Swindler's Algebra" according to their widest signification.

Algebra may be described as a method of gaining from the As-Yet-Unknown practical guidance for our conduct among the shifting facts of life, by the use of series or systems of imaginary fiction-values, or provisional working-hypotheses.

In the particular system to which the name Algebra is most commonly given, we call our Unknown fiction-values by such names as x, y, z. In ordinary business transactions we call them "a sovereign," "a shilling," "a penny," "a franc," or "a centime," "a rupee," or "a dollar."

Coins are "re-al," which means thing-al (from the Latin, *res*, a thing).† They do not vanish spontaneously; they stay put unless someone moves them. They are not ghosts or spooks. But they are not *act*-ual; they have no kinetic energy to give forth; they cannot be used as food, as fuel, or as seed. They are, strictly speaking, "Eidola"; idols, dolls. They are token-values; they have no value except what we agree to give them for the time being; no power except that which we confer on them by allowing them to influence our minds, or by allowing other people to influence our minds by means of them. Corn, coals, and wood, muscle, nerve and brain have actual force value; but gold, silver and copper have only the value that men choose to assign to them.

*A labourer reproved a schoolboy who was reciting definitions out of a text-book on Logic: "Oh no! Master John! Rats and men are not animals; *sheep* are animals, but rats are vermin, and men are walking sinners."

†The use of the word re-al—from *res*, a thing—must not be confused with its technical sense as used in wills and law courts, *i.e.*, to land or houses. I use it in contradistinction on the one hand, to that which can exert force, on the other hand to that which can vanish spontaneously.

Swindler's Algebra is made by confusing together force-values and token-values. In teaching children the arithmetic of exchange, we write down numbers which stand for so many tons of coal, or so many bushels of corn. *Just while we are doing the sum,* we expect the class to treat the figures seriously, as *representing* the entities about which we are talking. When I wipe the blackboard I do away with the sum. If I tried to hypnotize* the pupils into believing that I have done away with coals or corn, that would be what I call Swindler's Algebra. Some people call that sort of humbugging hypnotisation "Finance." Financiers persuade men that an influx of gold and diamonds into a country adds to its "wealth"; *i.e.*, weal, well-being. If it does so, it is only in so far as financiers are able to hypnotise other countries to part with their actual wealth in exchange for mere token-values.

During the Boer War an address was given on "Symbols." In the course of the subsequent discussion, a young man gave an instance of the effect of symbols. A flag, he said, is simply a rag tied to a stick. Thousands of men, he added, were killing others and letting themselves be killed, for the honour of their respective flags. "Now, I call that *fine,*" said he.

Now that which this youth called "fine," I call a typical specimen of Swindler's Algebra. It is so typical and illustrative that it may be worth while analysing the mode of its mechanism.

A flag is an arbitrary symbol, conveniently arranged for being visible at a distance; and therefore useful for signalling to a distance. Given that persons of different nations have any occasion, whether for peace or war, to camp in the same district, it might be convenient that the headquarters of each party should be marked by its own flag. Wherever one sees the British Ensign flying, one knows that one is within reach of English people. That is the true meaning of a national flag. It is essentially a *token,* and has only a token-value. Each flag has legitimately and rightly its own token-value.

*There exists an Algebraic proof, technically correct, that the area of a field disappears when the field is measured. In this case everyone knows that the thing purporting to be proved is false, and everyone is on the alert to find out the trick; yet it is surprising to see what numbers of so-called "educated" people fail to detect *where* the trick lies. Similar tricks are constantly being used—in finance, in politics, in the Press, the pulpit, on the platform, the hustings, and the floor of the House of Commons—for the purpose of proving all kinds of things that have no more foundation in *fact* than the disappearance of a field. Those tricks are what I mean by Swindler's Algebra. The trick is played by using the same word or token in two senses; the speaker or writer shifts from one meaning to the other in the course of the demonstration; and contrives to divert the attention of his hearers or readers from the fact that he has done so.

Now the Boer War was a dispute about territory ; *i.e.*, the possession of land. I am not now going into the question whether, when a man, or a group of men, really wants land for actual use ; *i.e.*, to live on and grow food on, they have a moral right to grab it by force from other people who want it for similar purposes. No one pretended that the men who promoted the war intended to dig the soil themselves and sow corn or plant fruit trees. If they intended these things to be done, they meant to make other men do them. But besides its value for growing food on, the territory in dispute held gold and diamonds ; material to use as token-values. The nation had to be persuaded to consent to an enormous amount of torture of men and horses and of sorrow to relatives of killed soldiers, and also to submit to heavy taxation for war-expenses. Some means had to be resorted to to drive the people mad. Cries were therefore got up about the "integrity of the Empire," and "the honour of the British flag."

Now what is an Empire ? Does anyone know ? Why should it be kept whole ? One understands why a man or a horse should not be cut in two (during its lifetime) *because the process is painful.* But who suffers pain when an Empire is divided ?

And what is the "honour" of a rag tied to a stick ? Why are rags more honourable when tied to a stick than when lying in rolls on the counter of a draper's shop ?

The flag is made sacred by "associations" with the idea of national honour ; so we are told. Exactly so : it is made sacred by hypnotic suggestion of falsehood.

Suppose I write the figure 3 on a blackboard, and tell my class that it is to stand for three hundred-weight of coal, or three pounds of flour. The words might raise in the children's minds many kinds of sacred associations—with sitting round a domestic hearth, or with dear mother making bread for her family. The more such associations are aroused, the more interest the children will take in their lesson, and the better they will remember it. But when the sum is finished and the monitor wipes the board in order to set a fresh lesson, is it the duty of the rest of the class to scratch her face and stick knives into her on the plea that the 3 is sacred because of its associations ? If not, what does "the honour of the national flag" mean as an excuse for war ?

The war was made possible by a carefully cultivated confusion between token-values and actual values.

Sentimental enthusiasts are trying to persuade us that wars are the result of man's *selfishness.* I doubt it. I incline to Hinton's opinion, that in every country in Europe there is generated in

each generation more than as much unselfish devotion as would be necessary to remedy all its ills, if that devotion could be directed by sane statements of fact instead of being confused by Swindler's Algebra (*i.e.*, the insincere mixture of token-values and actual values).

It is interesting to note that, while the peace party attributes war fever to selfishness, the war party attributes it to the opposite cause : communal feeling, unselfish devotion to the interests of the community. I dispute both explanations.

Wars may have been caused in very early times by selfish or communal desire to possess land. But apart from the question whether war does now benefit either the community or the individuals of which it is composed, I deny that there exists in England, at the present day, either enough selfishness to make us consent to the suffering involved in a war or enough communal passion to induce us to consent to war-taxation. War fever is one of the episodical symptoms of a specific disease which resembles alcoholic poisoning and is induced by similar means, *i.e.*, a habit of abnormal cheating of the nerves. Alcohol cheats the stomach-nerves ; instead of satisfying an actual need by actual food, it gives a temporary illusion or sensation *as if* that need had been satisfied. Gold and diamonds give to the human consciousness not wealth, but a temporary illusion as if of wealth. Each mode of sham sensation produces its own special kind of disease.

How were the Crusade Wars brewed ? By putting up a token-value, the (real or supposed) tomb of Jesus as a symbol of the teacher Himself and transferring to it the allegiance really due to the actual man. No sane person believes that Jesus would have wished those wars ; or that he could, during his earth life, have got men to consent to the sacrifices they involved.

All normal human creatures, all creatures of higher evolution than the very lowest class of beasts, have impulses of generosity, of desire to give something to someone, to help someone, to minister to someone's pleasure or well-being. The normal outcome of such impulses is either some personal exertion of the individual who feels the impulse towards procuring the thing needed by the other, or some effort of self-restraint. This is the great educative force in all higher evolution. Our financial system interposes, between the impulse and its normal educative outcome, the possibility of gratifying the generous impulse, by buying the thing needed from someone who does not share the desire to give it, or by paying servants to exercise the self-restraints involved in actual hospitality.

The destruction of the altruistic faculty in each generation owing to this cause is appalling to think of.

For the wealthy this evasive mode of doing kindness in token-values instead of fact is disastrous in the extreme. It is less so in the case of the poor, for whom every shilling spent involves the sacrifice of personal ease and comfort. But except to the *very* poor, the sacrifice is only future, while the gratification of generous impulse is immediate ; there is still a severance, if only a time-severance, between generous impulse and its normally immediate outcome.

I am not here blaming all use of money to purchase presents by adults who have already done work and made sacrifices sufficiently to have entered into full realisation of what work and sacrifice mean. The destruction comes on the young. We protest against those who give alcohol to children ; but the alcohol fiend is only the grotesque shadow of his more potent brother, the Finance fiend.

When, in private conversation, the subject of social, political, commercial, industrial, or bureaucratic morality comes under discussion, no sentence recurs more frequently than this : "If we are to play the game, we must play it as strictly as we can, and keep the rules." Exactly so. Here we have the microbe of Swindler's Algebra well in focus, so to speak, under a logical microscope ; and can examine it at leisure. "If we are to play the game." *Are* we to play it ? That is the question. Are we to treat actual values as counters in a game ?

In one important respect the morality of games is inverse to that of the actual. In a shipwreck or a fire, when men are confronted with actual danger and suffering, everyone knows and acknowledges that selfishness is out of place. Persons unused to the situation may lose their nerve and senses from sheer nervous terror and revert to the impulsive condition of wild animals ; but the cases are rare in which practised sailors and firemen fail to do what we all recognise as their duty ; *i.e.*, to save, *at all risk to themselves*, the weaker and less experienced for whom they are responsible. When we sit round a table, in presence of actual food, very few of us grab at the choicest morsels ; we all, as a matter of course, keep the rule "In honour preferring one another." No parent tells his child that he must "look out to do the best for himself" at dinner ; every child is instructed that he must be polite and offer things to other people. But when we are playing a *game*, with cards or counters or cricket-balls, it is both demoralising to oneself and insulting to the other party

to play slack and forego any advantage that one can take consistently with the rules of the game.

The one ethical duty which is common to games and actualities is *honesty*. Dishonesty creeps in wherever men are hypnotised into confusing actual *wealth* (*i.e.*, stored up kinetic energy) with any kind of token-values posited as representing wealth.

Wherever a tribe is honestly dealing with actualities, facing actual dangers and exerting itself to get actual food, devotion to the general well-being of the tribe tends to develop spontaneously, though gradually, *pari passu* with the rise in type and development of general intelligence. Games are a legitimate re-creation, a temporary and recuperative drop back into the selfishness of a more elementary state. Token-values (cards or counters, etc.) are substituted for actualities, in order that we may get the recuperative re-creation of freedom from the altruistic conscience without doing anyone any actual harm.

Schoolmasters say that it is specially good for boys to play such games as cricket, because each boy exerts himself, not merely for his own pleasure, but for the honour of his "side," or (in the case of inter-school matches) of the whole school. This discipline is found all the more educative because cricket involves a certain amount of cheerful endurance, of cold, heat, and fatigue, and a certain risk of actual hurt from the balls. But I think that if anyone, especially any non-combatants, were seriously injured, the interest in the question which side was likely to win would be shocked out of existence, at least for the moment, by a common regret for the occurrence, and sympathy for the wounded person. If a schoolboy were to propose torturing horses or making children orphans, the master would ask his parents to remove him for *the sake of the credit of the school.* If the misguided lad, on his return home, persisted in such talk, his parents would feel obliged to put him under restraint, both for the comfort of the household and to prevent his *disgracing the family*.

I am not here arguing as to what ought to happen in an Ideal Millennium, but pointing out what most assuredly would happen in England now.

Now what is a Financier? A man whose *work* lies among token-values; who does nothing for his living except shuffle token-values. He is the croupier of a gigantic gambling table.

Some financiers are dishonest; *i.e.*, they slyly break the rules, trusting to luck not to be found out. Those in good repute are so far honest that they keep strictly to the rules of the games; so are some card-gamblers; who win from others by superior skill.

But all financiers spend their working hours in shuffling token-values and pretending to take them for actual facts.

Their trade is to sell insanity to all who wish to give vital energy in return for it. They pay for labour in insane illusions about what they are pleased to call "Capital," which means *token-values* mistaken for actual ; in other words, insanity.

Their religion and ethics are identical with those of owners of gaming-tables ; they have faith in a system devised expressly to give them the pull in the long run ; and therefore only the inferior specimens have any temptation to cheat or break the rules of the game in individual instances. If the public thinks the excitement of the game worth the risk of ruin, that is the public's affair ; no one can blame the honest croupier.

Positive Magnets

The French have a proverb : "When anything goes wrong, look for the Jew." That does not mean that the poor Jew is to be made responsible for our follies or punished for our sins. But he is a sort of litmus paper or chemical test, by means of which we can detect what is wrong in ourselves. For, as some French writer says, every country gets the kind of Jew which it generates and deserves. Now, what are Jews ? A race of positive magnets. The laws of Palestine caused all male Jews to be made "priests," *i.e.*, to go through the training and discipline which tends to confer hypnotic powers and to make the pupil non-sensitive and not influenceable. Nineteen centuries ago they lost their land, and with it the possibilities of generating actual values, so they took to dealing in token-values ; and exerting their hypnotic powers to persuade other people to mistake tokens for actualities.

Satan is sure to find mischief for landless folk to do ; the Jews, forcibly deprived of territory, invented the science of finance : *i.e.*, turned their highly-cultivated powers into the direction of persuading the nations to mistake for national wealth stores of things which had no actual value, no value of any kind except as being convenient counters (count-ers).

Jews having evolved the science of "*Finance*," the bad ones cheat us, but the good ones exploit us.

The Nemesis of the hypnotiser is that he unconsciously becomes infected with the diseases which he generates in others.

"Prejudice against Jews" is of the same nature as prejudice against publicans ; one provides us with extra facilities for cheating our own hearts and brains as the other affords us special facilities

for cheating our own stomachs ; and we make the agent of our vices responsible for helping us to indulge them. We do so, that is to say, if he helps us on a small scale. We call the big financier and the big brewer "My *lord*" ; (*i.e.*, by the same title as we do the Bishop, *i.e.*, the Boss-cleric).

THE LUST FOR SELF-DELUSION

Wars, drunkenness and superstition are the result neither of individual selfishness nor of communal devotion ; but of a lust for self-delusion which uses both selfishness and devotion as its tools. The remedy is not denouncing or despising the ministers of our own vagaries : "The chosen must not curse the doomed," nor despise him.

A better remedy would surely be to treat all token-values alike with conscientious accuracy, on the ground that games injure the brain unless played with care ; and to treat all titles alike with the same formal respect, whether on or off the boards of a theatre ; to show serious respect to all who either use or apply actual energy to communal purposes or store it for future use ; and contempt for all who make ostentation of wasting it. We might thus help to let down gradually the morbid tensions, the hysterical mock-diseases which are generated by dishonest confusion.

THE VALUE OF THE VOTE

THE women who wish for the vote usually begin by stating that, as matter of present fact, the country is governed by voters. It is easy to prove anything, if you begin by positing, as an axiom, something which, in the present condition of things, is a manifest falsehood. Whoever England is governed by just now, it is not governed by *voters*.

"The vote is a counter with which a man gambles away his liberty." The rules of the game are as follows :

When a certain section of the community has, by dint of toil, endurance, and suffering, developed intelligence enough to be dangerous, the peers confer on that section what they are pleased to call "the Franchise" ; which means, not an actual vote on any actual question, but the privilege of electing a "Representative" (*i.e.*, a token-value man), who "stands for" them in the House of Commons. Once there, he is tied up in red tape. He "represents"

the suffering section as the figure on a blackboard represents so many tons of coal or pounds of flour.

Emotion gathers round him as round a flag or other symbol of some fact.

But here comes in the terrible difference. The token-value on two legs is personally capable of ambition, of intelligence, and of personally exerting hypnotic influence. When any leader has got the suffering section well into his power, the authorities take steps to sweep him into the ranks of the oppressors ; to get him caught up into their society, subjected to *their* hypnotic influence. All kinds of devices are resorted to, to keep him out of actual contact with the class which he is supposed to represent, and busy among the oppressors ; under pretence of working *for* his own people, but in touch with the oppressors, which is made as pleasant for him as possible.

Some man is reported to have said that he would not give the vote to women while they cannot fasten up their own dresses. I think that utterance fairly sums up the situation. I would not give the vote to any man who could not make his own coat and foot-gear. That is to say, I consider voting a practical and honest manner of conducting the affairs of a tribe small enough for all the members to sit round one camp-fire, and for each member to know how to exercise, more or less well, all the simple arts and crafts necessary to its well-being. By the time we have arrived at organised differentiation of labour, and the voting system has become one of "representatives," of animated token-values, voting is a mere game ; to manage serious affairs by means of it is neither practical nor honest.

We hope the time will come when women will be sufficiently intelligent to realise what is the actual import of an invitation to any Palace, or the offer of a modern Peerage* (whether Civil or Ecclesiastical) ; what an insult is involved in the offer ; what degradation in the accepting of it. But at present the majority of women do not understand this ; and, until they do, they are no more to be trusted to exercise the right of Franchise than men are ; and would be far more liable than men to be morally injured by the practice of misusing it.

When King Edward paid Mr. Keir Hardie the great compliment of omitting him from the invitation to be one of a gang of flatterers, Mr. Keir Hardie *complained !* That shows how Mr. Keir Hardie "represents" his constituents. He represents, only too truly, their snobbishness, their insincerity, their suicidal folly.

*An old inherited peerage is a quite different thing. But that question need not be gone into here.

THE SEX BASIS OF LOGIC

WE may define primary* sexual characteristics as those which were evolved in connection with, and are essential to, the business of propagating the race.

These may have been taken up and utilised for the life of the individual and his contemporaries, or for the corporate life of the herd, and may have been modified by such use ; but their primary function is sexual.

We may define secondary sexual characteristics as those which after being evolved in connection with the necessities of the individual or of the herd, have been slightly differentiated in the two sexes by their different avocations or circumstances.

It is obvious that muscular strength and skill, all qualities connected with the five senses of perception, the faculties of observation, comparison and judgment, and the power of estimating colour, sound, number, size, weight, etc., were evolved in connection with the individual or the communal life. They belong to the domain either of self-preservation or of the immediate safety of the herd or tribe. If they differ at all in the two sexes, they do so as secondary sexual characteristics.

It is demonstrable† that the faculties on which depends the possibility of logic and of algebra must have been evolved in connection with an *intime* and private family life ; they could have had no origin anywhere else. They have been used, and therefore modified, for the uses of the individual and his contemporaries ; but their source was—male and female engaged in peopling the world of the future.

Moreover, the laws of the Logos were stamped upon the organisations of the male and female respectively (after the age of puberty) at different times of the rhythm ; by different means ; and by different conditions. They came to the male during courtship ; to the female after the birth of the young. They came to the male in the form of the antithesis : "This creature is my mate with whom I desire union ; that other is my rival to whom I am an irreconcilable foe" ; and to the female in the form : "This creature is my young one to whom I wish to give part of my substance ; that other is a hungry prowler against whom I must defend my young one."

*This may not be quite the ordinary medical definition, but I am here defining the words as I intend to use them for logical and educational purposes.

†The demonstration is given in *Suggestions for Increasing Ethical Stability* (Part I).

The laws of the Logos came also to the immature young of either sex; but in a form different from that in which they imprinted themselves on the adult, whether male or female: "This soft, moving thing is my mother, and I must get her into my mouth; there is nothing to be got out of that hard, still thing."

Differences between the sexes in matters of logic and algebra are primary, not secondary, sexual characters; therefore any attempt to treat them as if they had the same origin, or could be expected to produce similar results, in the two sexes, is absurd.

As their origin is in man egoistic desire of possession, in woman devotion, the pretension of any man to "inspect" a woman's work in algebra or logic ought to be treated as an insult to womanhood.

THE MAN IN THE STREET

PEOPLE talk a good deal nowadays about "the man in the street," as if he were less able than themselves to understand logic. They seem to forget that they themselves are men in the street, whenever their business or their pleasure takes them out from the shelter of their own special sanctum into a street!

One thing is true about the man in the street which those who are talking of him too seldom remember. It is also true of the man in the stable, the man waiting at table, the woman in the scullery, the "native" in India and Africa. All these persons are keenly watching the man on the Throne, the man in Parliament, the man doing the honours of a luxurious table, the woman in the drawing-room, the Anglo-Indian official, and the man in the Colonial Government, with a keen eye to a future settling of accounts. It does not follow that there is always a conscious intention to retaliate. What the eye sees is impressed on the subconscious memory. Every few generations a settling day comes; and the reckoning has to be paid to the uttermost farthing.

VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.

A HORRIBLE AND WICKED TEST

THE question is being asked: Why England is behind some other nations in the matter of airships and other military appliances. The answer is being given: Because England has not spent enough money in endowing original research in science. A truer answer would be that England has spent enormous sums of

money in destroying in children those faculties on which depends the power of original research in science.

In the days of De Morgan, England was the home of the world's greatest masters of original research ; but he detected the tendency which was already setting in, to destroy power of that kind. He uttered his warnings, but in vain. The children were put into the hands of teachers who held diplomas of competence to teach sciences of which they did not know a single fact by their own observation and experiment ; of Head Masters and Mistresses who deliberately gave to their Assistants lessons in the art of cheating the Inspector by inducing in the children a *false appearance* of knowledge.

War is a horrible and wicked thing. But there is one thing to be said in its favour—it does test the reality of men's knowledge.

ELEPHANTS

As long as a nice elephant is managing elephant business, we call him an intelligent, gentlemanly and helpful creature. But if he comes into a garden and attempts to interfere with the work of the gardeners, we call him "A stupid brute," and deal with him accordingly. If he were not a stupid brute he would know his own limitations, stay in his own place, and mind his own business.

VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.

SEX WARFARE

WHY has it been so long a custom to talk of the dog as "he," and the cat as "she" ? (Now that everybody learns physiology this custom is breaking up, but mere instinct, unguided by textbooks, always suggested the above nomenclature. *Why ?*)

The dog goes about with his weapons, such as they are, in evidence, more or less ; while the cat has such deliciously soft paws till she has had as much worrying as she means to stand ; and, when she has had enough, her claws come out with such automatic suddenness and are so very, very sharp.

Pussie Englishwoman has evidently had as much as she means to stand of masculine legislation in Parliament about how and what she may teach to the children ; and masculine chatter in clerical convocation about whom she may have her children by. Victor Hugo said that Napoleon smiled triumphant on the

eve of Waterloo ; but that, after all, the final smile (the smile that settles destiny) is of God.

Now in wise old Egypt, cats were gods ; and in France we have a proverb to the effect that what the woman wills God wills.

VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.

Note by the Editor of the "Open Road."

It has been asked if Virginia de Méricour in her last little contribution on "Sex Warfare" in the February issue is not advocating free-love. This is her reply :—I was not advocating anything ; I was pointing out what seems to me a fact, viz., that the way to drive Englishwomen just at present into any course of conduct is for men to legislate against it over their heads. For many women the inducement would be all the stronger if the legislating party wore an ecclesiastical garb.—ED. "Open Road."

SOMETHING ABOUT MONEY

THE outlook of science is towards a condition such that the standards of power shall be, not gold, silver and copper (£. s. d.), but nerve force, electric storage, and the ability to grow corn. When that time comes, no one will wish to deprive gold-owners of their treasure : because it will have no power to buy human slaves. The owners will be left in peace to play with their shining toys, or offer them to their irresponsive gods ; unless they interfere with capable workers ; if they did so, they *might*, if absolutely necessary, be electrocuted, or psychocuted, out of the way. Therefore E. Renan, the most subtle and far-seeing prophet of his time, breathed a pious hope that, when that time arrives, the chief power may be in the hands of humane and well-intentioned persons. Surely he need have had no doubts on that score ; for the most potent form of psychic force is one which is rapidly destroyed or dispersed by any sort of angry, self-exalting or anti-social thought.

Only think what the condition of our present society would be, if anti-social feelings or thoughts on the part of a money-owner resolved his gold back into its component atoms, leaving only his small change of silver and copper intact !

VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.

PURE JOY AND MEGALO-MANIA

EVERY artist, whether in paint, musical notes, or language, is "God-intoxicated," as Goethe says; more or less so according to the

magnitude of his inspiration ; but all genuine inspiration means being drunk with joy.

What, then, determines whether the intoxication of delight in the beauty of one's own work shall or shall not pass over into Megalo-Mania ? It just depends on how profoundly and how constantly the artist remembers that the same Light lighteth every man, and that other people's inspirations are as important as his own. Some are more powerful than others ; on a larger scale ; some are more adapted than others to meet the pressing needs of the immediate moment ; but all are from the same Source, and any may become at any moment valuable and important. To remember this converts mere inspiration into genius ; to forget it perverts the harmless intoxication of pure joy into Megalo-Mania ; which often assumes disastrous forms, and is always, so far as it goes, a blight on the development of genius.

WHAT IS SELFISHNESS ?

"HARD words break no bones" and "soft words butter no parsnips." It will be a good thing when we realise that adjectives settle no questions. Some writers think that they have settled a disputed question as soon as they have dubbed a particular action "selfish." Why should we not do selfish acts ? The same writers airily reply that to act for self is "sinful." Why so ? Why is not one's self as good to act for as any other person's self ?

It strikes me that impatient, stupid, wanton waste is the really sinful thing.

We bite off more than we can chew, and swallow more than we can digest. When by this means we have impaired our digestion, we become ill of malnutrition. Some doctor detects symptoms of *malnutrition* ; and tells us what is the simple truth. Thereupon we proceed to gorge still more heavily ; and, finding the process unpleasant, we take stimulants to increase appetite ; and condiments to make food "appetising."

Some moralists tell us that eating is a selfish act ; that it is sinful to do "selfish" acts ; and that, as we cannot help doing selfish things, the less we do of them the better. Would it not be simpler and truer to say that all greed goes to lower our own force and dull our powers of enjoyment ; and that every kind of ostentation goes to show our lack of culture, refinement, courtesy, good manners and gentlemanhood ? Would it be less sinful to stuff an unwholesome quantity of food down somebody else's throat than to stuff it down one's own?

The Thearch would seem to have put the dominance of the world, on the whole and in the long run, into the hands of the *economical*; *i.e.* those who are selfish enough to absorb just as much as they have patience to chew slowly and force to digest thoroughly, and who are also reasonable enough to desire no more; perhaps He knows His own business as well as anyone can tell it to Him.

By food, I mean of course all kinds of food: physical, intellectual, artistic, emotional, and spiritual.

We need extensive farm-lands because we have not the patience to do intensive culture; we want a mansion because we do not know how to keep a parlour tidy; a noble park because we do not know how to extract the artistic value out of any single tree. We must have large gardens and conservatories because we never really looked at a daisy. People who are too stupid and unsympathetic to induce wild birds to come near enough for them to be satisfactorily seen keep birds in cages, wasting the birds' life-joy for the sake of a small pleasure to themselves.

The same families have to be taken abroad, year after year, "to improve their minds"; because their minds are not developed enough to understand home scenery. When they get abroad, they rush about and flirt and gossip; and therefore the visit fails to improve their minds or teach them to see.

If a man marries, the "claims of his family" prevent his being altruistic. But these "claims" often resolve themselves into the clamour of ill-bred children to be allowed to do what is obviously bad for themselves; they do so for no better reason than that they have a right to be "like other people"; *i.e.*, to ruin their own digestions by entering into competition with other greedy pigs as to who can gobble fastest!

It may be true that a world without selfishness would be nice to live in; on that point I have no opinion to offer; as I have no experience of any such world. Anyway, it is clear that selfishness does exist, here and now; and it seems likely to continue to exist for another decade or two. Would it not be wise to see what use we can make of it—in the interval which seems likely to elapse before it has been annihilated? Would it not be wise for some of us to try what we could effect by being seriously, scientifically and selfishly economical enough to take care of our own digestions?

Suppose that some of us were to practise honest accuracy in defining to ourselves what we really wish for ourselves, and economy in the adaptation of means to the business of furthering those aims. Then, when idealists have brought about their Millennium of unselfish aims, there would at least be a few agents

at their service, ready to start some practicable scheme for carrying out those unselfish purposes in a not too wasteful fashion.

Charity begins at home. Whether it ought to do so may be an open question ; but for the present it assuredly does so. Before we begin preaching high-falutin' humanitarianism, it might be as well to try to make men afraid of gluttony, and ashamed of show-off for themselves and their own children.

After all, we are emotional as well as physical and intellectual creatures ; we have emotional needs and cravings as well as physical and intellectual ones. Most people find it pleasant to do kindnesses. Indeed, I believe many of the worst swindles and grabbings are done rather because the robber wants to have the pleasure of giving things to somebody than because he wants to enjoy them in his own person. Perhaps if we take care to cultivate economy, the feeling of generosity may learn to take care of itself. Perhaps—who knows ?—perhaps the next move in the game of the Great Evolver may be to set children competing selfishly, not for the finest frocks, nor the biggest total of marks or prizes, but for the luxury of doing generous deeds !

It sounds impossible ; but stranger changes than that have taken place since the game of Grab-who-can was first started on this ever-spinning planet !

VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.

"ISMS" *VERSUS* TRUTH

THE man of "isms" says : "*I* happen to have had my attention called to the fact that I cannot eat meat, or use money, or work in a town, except at the cost of some other creatures. Therefore I will avoid doing *those* things, at all costs to any other creatures to which my attention has not been called."

The man of Truth says : "All History and all Science agree in showing that no creature, except perhaps those in the lowest stage of evolution, can live its life otherwise than at the cost of other creatures. Therefore I am necessarily a cannibal, unless I am putting into the progress of the Future something worth all that my life has cost. And whatever I eat, drink, do, say, or avoid, I am, at best, an unprofitable servant."

We do mischief in proportion to the good we think we are doing.

GOD SAVE THE KING

THE Editor asks me to state the reasons why, if I take children to hear a band, I make them stand up, and the boys take their caps

off, when "God Save the King" is played. Among the many reasons why I do so, are the following :

1. I prefer not missing any reasonable opportunity of putting children into sympathy with the sentiment *"God save"* anybody.

2. Most people who do not habitually attend "places of worship" do occasionally take their children into one to hear music. All well-bred people prefer that their children should, in church, sit or stand according to what the ordinary congregation do ; on the ground that, if one visits other people's sacred shrines, one has no right to distract the attention of the habitués by seeming to make a protest against what is going on. I see no harm in that ; children are none the worse for being taught to abstain from making precocious protest against what they do not understand. On the same principle, if one takes children to dine at a house where grace is said, one teaches them to stop their chatter and stand up, when the family do so. All that is harmless. But I should be sorry to suggest to a child that there is any special reason for being more respectful to other people's feelings in a church than in a park ; when the invocation to the Eternal Saviour is being led by a priest than when it is led by a band-master. I should also be sorry to suggest that less courtesy is due to the hosts who provide us with music than to those who provide us with dinner.

3. We sometimes take children to picnics. We expect them, on those occasions, to conform to the spirit of the occasion ; to make shift without some ordinary appliances of civilized life. We should be sorry to see a child so priggish that he could not cheerfully revert, and join the game of being chairless, tableless savages. Now if we go to listen to a band, it is not as work, as duty, but as recreation, recuperation, amusement. Why should they not *play* at believing in kings ? If children join in theatricals, we expect them to express the spirit of their part, and not to interrupt proceedings by intruding their own actual private sentiments. If they have conscientious scruples against uttering sentiments which are not their own, they should not take part in the play-game, nor stand about in the way.

Nothing is more needful in education than to keep apart in children's minds the two kinds of honesty : honest utterance of one's own opinion or belief, and honest sympathy with and respect for other people's. There is a time for each; nothing but dishonesty comes of any slipshod mixture of the two.

Free-thinkers might spare themselves much trouble and advance the cause of progress if they would be careful to instruct their children that all so-called religious exercises are dramatic

re-presentations, picnics, recreative excursions into some stratum of an out-grown past, visits to the tombs of the Mighty Dead.

Children brought up to *despise* religions are very prone to fall into the clutches of some infallible sect ; and precocious anarchists are not unlikely to become, in the end, violent imperialists. Superstition is the natural Nemesis of insolent irreverence ; the prophylactic against the influence of special superstitions is a reverent faith in the Light that lighteth every man.

4. In the case of a military band, I should instruct children to stand up as a token of respect for an army which has still enough grace left to remind Edward Guelph that he is officially King, not Emperor. King has been in all ages the accepted symbol of Nation ; which implies at least some tendency towards intensive culture, both of lands and of minds ; and towards mutuality of relationships ; whereas Empire avowedly means extensive land-grabbing, wasteful expenditure, shameless ostentation, and a speedy pitching downwards towards maniacal confusion.

Those who wish to understand this part of the subject should study the Book of Daniel in the Bible ; and Boulanger's "Origine Du Despotisme Oriental,"in which he characterises the Empire-idea as a monster, horrible, huge and misshapen. I am incompetent to deal, in print, with this aspect of the matter ; because I am no politician, but only

A RADICAL FREE-THINKER.

SCIENCE AND METHOD*

A SMALL, cheap book has been published in Paris, written by the greatest living mathematician in France (some say the greatest in the world) ; a non-resistance man ; and a model of that kind of altruism which shows itself by unselfish efforts to "bring starry wisdom down," not exactly "to the peasant and the clown" ; but to the "general reader" and the "man in the street." The book starts as a gentle (very gentle) protest against Tolstoy. It explains, more clearly than we could ever have hoped to see them explained, both the mathematical way of dealing with moral problems and the dislike of the true mathematician to Tolstoy's way of dealing with them.

The mathematical Ideal is to keep the nervous system so in tune with The Unknown that it shall respond to the least touch of suggestion from the Unseen Thearch. This was the method of

*"Science et Méthode," by Henri Poincaré. Published by Flammarion, price 2s. 8d. 26, Rue Racine, Paris.

Jesus. Tolstoy's is the method of Paul, *viz.*, to mix together, in unsanitary confusion, utterances which can safely be addressed directly to the conscious mind and ideas which should only be suggested tentatively and with the most delicate care to the subliminal consciousness. A teacher of the type of Tolstoy thrusts the whole medley on the conscious attention of readers; he perpetually dumps something which he thinks he knows on that internal altar which should be kept always empty and sacredly dedicated to The Unknown. He thus deadens the sensitiveness of the conscience, so that it no longer responds to the touch of Truth, and responds only to some formulated utterance. His utterances may seem to be humane and true ones ; but the inevitable result of the habit of reading them is a reaction of selfishness, not to say brutality, due to boredom and the coarsening of moral fibre.

EGGS AND SELFISHNESS

For thousands of generations before there were men, foxes, weasels, owls, etc., were busy eating eggs, and thus conferred on the organisation of birds the power to lay more eggs than were necessary *for the mere propagation of their species*. Men have substituted themselves for foxes and weasels. They interfere by *killing* weasels, etc.

THE OPEN ROAD 1910

Signed Articles

JAN.	THE REVOLT OF THE DYNAMOS
,,	EXCOMMUNICATION NOT PUNISHMENT
FEB.	MUNICIPAL VANDALISM
,,	TOLSTOY
MAR.	THE LOVE OF TOKEN VALUES
AUG.	AN ALGEBRA OF THE TEACHER'S DUTIES. (See The *New Reformer*, Madras, April, May and June, 1909.)
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Anonymous and Pseudonymous Articles

MAR. APRIL MAY	BUREAUCRATIC GEOMETRY. VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR
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THE REVOLT OF THE DYNAMOS

PREFACE

DEAR EDITOR,—Since you wish to publish the Phantasmagoric Tale which has been unearthed from the depths of my box of MSS., I must ask you to let me preface with it a prosaic account of the facts which it records ; or your readers will think you and I have suddenly gone mad !

The late Professor Marks often indicated to me his great longing that some member of his congregation should utilise the material which he was placing at our disposal for the benefit of non-Jew children ; as a thank-offering for the kindness of Queen Victoria and her people to Jews. As I was not a Jewess by birth, nor in any specific sense a convert to Judaism, but only what was called in old days a "proselyte of the Gate" of Israel, Mr. Marks thought I might interpret him to non-Jews more easily than either a Jewess or a convert could do. The great difficulty in carrying out his wish was that no educational publisher or editor at that time would

accept books or articles in which mathematical and physical science were treated as the back-bone of religion and ethics. I could not consent to treat the matter in any other way ; nor did Mr. Marks wish me to do so.

At last, in 1901, a conference was held at Glasgow on the teaching of mathematics. Attention was called to the fact that mathematics, as then taught in schools, did not assist lads who were being trained as electrical engineers in understanding the working of the machinery with which they had to deal. After this conference, a friend of mine sent an address which I had given to some mothers of young children to a certain professor at South Kensington who had taken part in the conference, and whom I will call Q. Professor Q. wrote to me and asked me to do a little work for him. After some conversation I put to him the question whether he believed that children trained in habits of irreverence for religious symbols sacred to other people could ever understand an Equation. "*Never*," exclaimed Q. On that basis, I undertook to write for him.

A week or two later, Mr. Marks celebrated his 90th birthday, and I had the great joy of taking him, as a greeting, the news that my opportunity had come at last.

I need only add, in explanation, that Sken is S. Ken., students' slang for South Kensington ; and that Mr. Marks was at that time living near Baker Street station, *i.e.*, where Baker Street crosses the line of the (then) smoky and sulphurous Underground Railway.

THE REVOLT OF THE DYNAMOS

Civilisation was threatened with a strike. The Dynamos gave notice that, unless certain conditions were immediately complied with, they would, on and after some date not quite specified, refuse to work for Englishmen.

Now the Dynamos were able to converse directly with John Bull only in a limited vocabulary whose alphabet consists of three letters, viz. £. *s*. *d*. Therefore at first John understood only that something was wrong. He heard, as an echo from somewhere, the word "Education." He took it into his head that he could pacify the Dynamos by giving to the young people who were to be their future attendants, caretakers, doctors, and grooms, more of what he supposed to be meant by "Education," especially something known as "Technical Education." The examinations grew stiffer ; more and more students and teachers broke down in

health, or went mad, owing to the strain ; education rates grew higher ; and all the while the power of the English to get on with Dynamos grew lower. So "twenty thousand Englishmen would know the reason why." John Bull summoned together a gathering of magicians learned in the lore of Newton and Leibnitz, and bade them form a mystic circle and see whether they could confer on the creatures power to explain more clearly what they meant and wanted. "Friend John," replied the magicians, "we know enough already to be sure that what the Dynamos will have to say cannot wholly be translated into the limited language of £. *s. d.* Nor indeed do we ourselves care to hold overmuch converse with anyone who knows no other language than that. It is the one you have chiefly used of late years ; but, if we are to interpret Dynamo-talk to you, you must allow us to use freely what was really your Mother-tongue, John, though of late you have too much forgotten it—the language of piety, reverence, humanity and commonsense." "Have it your own way," said John Bull : "only do, for my sake and the sake of my helpless little ones, come to an understanding with these mysterious creatures, and find out what will satisfy them, for I am getting frightened."

Then were two great circles organised ; to one were summoned Dynamos conversant with manufacture and commerce ; to the other, Dynamos which concern themselves with matters of Biology and Physiology. The magicians conjured with cabbalistic signs ; and the Dynamos spoke, and the magicians interpreted.

John Bull began by asking the Dynamos why they refused to respond to the touch of English fingers? What was their grievance? What did they want?

"We wish to be treated according to the true laws of our nature," replied the Dynamos. "English people don't understand how to treat our delicate nerves."

"Good heavens !" exclaimed John Bull, "are not Mathematics the laws of your nature ? Have we not been cramming and stuffing boys and men with Mathematics, till everybody is sick, and the ratepayers wild ? Look at our technical schools ! Look at our training colleges ! What in the name of all the Differentials do you want more ?"

"Mathematics," sighed the Dynamos ; "you mean that notation in which men who understand the music of the spheres write the counterpoint of the Harmony of our natures. It is heaven on earth for a Dynamo to be handled by anyone who understands Mathematics ! But, to do that, he must be able to hear the music itself. Have you forgotten the warnings which De Morgan gave you long ago ? What is the use of teaching the counterpoint to people

who are deaf to the music itself? Do you know what many of those lads, to whom you give degrees in Mathematics, do, as soon as the examiner's back is turned? Why, fling nearly the whole of what they have learned into Limbo, and proceed to handle us by Rule of Thumb; just as if Newton and Leibnitz had never existed. And all the money you spent on teaching them Mathematics is sunk in the ocean. And then your training! We know what your training-schools are like, friend John! We know of a college where girls are 'trained' as teachers of what you call Hygiene; every pupil repeats like a parrot that 'the proper way to ventilate a room is to open the windows at the top,' while there is hardly a window in the college that can be opened at the top. The pupils 'trained' there know that they ought to say 'open at the top' in a hygiene class, but not that they ought to do it in a room. Pupils trained in that way may be fit to manage the lungs and brains of your children, John; if you are satisfied, it isn't our business to comment on what we don't understand. But if you suppose Dynamos have so little respect for themselves and their Father, the Thunder-god, as to let themselves be governed by such muddlers, you are very much mistaken; and so you will find out before long. We have had enough of your technical education. The main result of it is that raw boys, ignorant, conceited, and inexperienced, get into positions of trust too young for their own good and ours. We are sick of it, and we are going on strike. Just for the present, all we claim is that every electrical engineering shop shall have at its head someone who is not English; but we give notice that, unless a thorough change is made in the whole moral and mental condition of Europe, we will by and by do no more work in any shop where any man is admitted who is not a native Asiatic. We'll be blowed (up) if we do; we swear it, by Jove and all his thunder. We have one piece of advice to give you, John, before we relapse into silence. Take counsel immediately with Hindoos friendly disposed towards England; unless you do so without delay, we will appear at circles of Magicians of the Mountains of Thibet. If we do that, the thing you call civilisation will presently be overtaken by a cataclysm such as has not been known since the days of Attila the Hun." The rest of the words of the Dynamos, are they not on record under the hand of the Magician Q., whose dwelling is in the wilderness of Sken, hard by the Northern Bank of the Sacred River Thames?

Then was John Bull's mind heavy and his heart sad; for he understood enough of the words of the Dynamos to know that he had better take their advice; but alas! he had so long forsaken his Mother-tongue, and talked only the language of £. *s.* *d.*, that he

could not follow their meaning closely enough to see how to set about making a change.

John Bull had a friend, whose help he had hardly reckoned on to aid him in any emergency of the kind with which Dynamos are concerned. This friend was a venerable Hebrew unskilled in the Cabbala of Newton, but learned in the ancient hieroglyphics of Asia and Greece. This Prophet dwelled in a den hard by the spot where the open street of the Baker crosses the sulphurous underground tunnel of Pluto. He had a pupil, an ancient witch, who in her youth had learned the songs which of old were uttered by the Valas of Odin at the midnight Festivals of Baldur the Sun-god. She had also learned enough of the Cabbala of Newton to understand the speech of the Dynamos as recorded by the hand of Q.

Now this witch loved not John Bull, because he had talked too much of the language of £. *s. d.* ; and because he had perverted the sacred doctrines of the Cabbala of Newton. She would have woven spells of magic in vengeance against John Bull, but the Prophet said: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. Weave no spells against those who have wronged you, O my children." And when she would not wholly be persuaded, he further adjured her, saying: "John Bull is my friend; he has given shelter to me and my People. For my sake, daughter, as long as thou livest, do any good towards him which thou canst." Wherefore the witch consented, because she loved the Prophet, her Master; and for his sake she gave help and not hindrance to whoever tried to do good for John Bull.

Now, after Q. the Magician of the Order of Newton had put on record those words of the Dynamos which saddened the heart of John Bull, it chanced that he read some words of counsel which the witch had written for the use of John Bull's wife, in obedience to the behests of the Prophet. Then wrote Q. a letter to the witch saying:

"O witch, thou hast wisdom and understanding; and thy words delight me mightily. Help me therefore to explain to John Bull how to carry out the advice of the Dynamos."

Then, because she loved her Master the Prophet, the witch took no counsel with spirits of triumph and vengeance; she replied to Q., the good magician: "My son, I will do thy bidding, in all that lies in my power to do, on behalf of thy Master, John Bull, the friend of my Master, the Hebrew Prophet."

On the eve of the next Sabbath but one after the witch had met the magician Q. in the wilderness of Sken and given him her promise to aid him on behalf of his Master, John Bull, the Hebrew Prophet completed the cycle of three times three decades of years.

Then from morning even until sundown did wires charged with lightning bring messages from all the ends of the earth, thanking the God of Israel because the Prophet had reached the mystic age of three times three decades. And then came also the Witch of the Order of Odin to the den where dwelled the Prophet, to receive his blessing on her undertaking to help the Magician Q. in the service of John Bull and his little ones.

When the witch had returned to her cave, with the benediction of the Hebrew Prophet on her head, a spectral Light appeared before her inward vision. And, being fortified by the blessing of the Prophet, the decades of whose age were three times three, the witch feared no power in Heaven or in Sheol under the earth. Wherefore she spoke to the spectral Light, saying :

"O Spirit of Lightning or of Phosphor, O Gabriel, or Lucifer, or Satanas, or Diabolos, or whosoever thou mayest be, I summon thee to aid me in helping the son of my adoption, the Magician Q., of the Order of Newton, to do good unto his Master, John Bull, who is the friend of my Master, the Hebrew Prophet."

Then spoke the spectral shade that was half light, half shadow, and wholly formless : "I am the reflection on your imagination of a meteoric light which once played round a bush without consuming it, at the foot of Mount Horeb in the days of the Egyptian oppressor, Rameses. Oppressors in all ages and countries are alike. Any of them will tolerate almost anything rather than the plain utterance of truths in the vernacular language of the age in which he lives and of the people whom he rules.

"And you Seers and Teachers play into the hands of the Oppressors by indulging in Archaic phraseology and imagery borrowed from foreign lands. You do so for the mere pleasure of your own artistic sense. You thus sacrifice the welfare of men to your own amusement. Our Father, because he is Eternal and Omnipresent, has no fantastic preferences for the imagery of any place or the language of any time. Therefore speak to the English people in the ordinary speech of the market and the street, of the shop and the Stock Exchange, of the workmen's Club and the weekly newspaper, and tell them plainly this :

"A Dynamo will do most things for you if you treat him properly ; but there are just a few things which he will not do, though flesh-and-blood workmen do them. He will brew as much beer and whisky, good or bad, as you like ; but he will not make himself stupid by drinking it. He will print all the bunkum anyone pleases to write, but no one has found out yet how to teach him to read it ; and it is the opinion of those best qualified to judge, that, if ever he does read it, he will not allow it to warp his mind and make him

swallow bad logic (some say he has no mind to warp ; while others, on the contrary, think that he is animated by a Mind of higher order than that of man). If you wish to have drums banged, Union Jacks waved, men slaughtered, bells rung, and tons of gunpowder wasted in rejoicings over victories which were really disasters, he will undertake the job for you; the bill indeed will be a heavy one ; but he will do the whole business effectively. What he will not do is to let himself be hypnotised into insanity by his own noise. He fears not death, nor regards man ; he has no wife or children through whose starvation he may be forced into compliance with dishonest arrangements. And there are no black-leg Dynamos, English or Foreign ; every Dynamo in the world is true to the Laws of the Dynamo-Order. And therefore Capitalists have no choice where Dynamos are concerned, except that between honesty and ruin.

"Three times (at least) in history, some Seer has perceived that, if those possessed of authority insist on silencing the spontaneous impulses towards Truth of beings of flesh and blood, the result is that inorganic matter lifts up its voice in protest. One such occasion is recorded in St. Luke xix, 40. That episode was the immediate precursor of the downfall of Jerusalem and the arising of Christianity. Another occurred in 1837, when materialistic Philosophy had nearly crushed out all belief in any relation between your three-dimensional order of things and any higher one ; then Babbage recorded the protest which he read on his iron monster, the calculating machine, against this impious flattening of everything into vulgar common-place. That was the precursor of the change which has produced the downfall of mechanical theories of creation and the uprising of a belief in Spiritual Evolution.

"And now again a similar wonder has happened. Machines made of wire and gutta-percha have risen in protest against the deadening effect of European education. That this portends the complete overthrow of present systems, there can be no manner of doubt. What will arise from their ashes ?

"Your rulers, ecclesiastical and lay, military and civil, are too feeble and childish to face this question. If the English people do not answer it, Asiatics will soon do so. The unofficial people must now take the decision into their own hands."

EXCOMMUNICATION NOT PUNISHMENT

THE letter of M. Travers Symons to the OPEN ROAD exactly proves what I was trying to say ; and, as the case is one of the

neatest and completest instances of how good people let themselves be misled and enslaved by Swindler's Algebra, it may be useful to analyse it in detail.

I treat a certain gentleman's exclusion from a Garden-Party as an act of excommunication, related to Social Life ; as ecclesiastical excommunication is to the religious life.

The Church is a useful institution ; its power to do mischief begins and ends with its power to make people feel that excommunication is a punishment ; to make them think of it as a punishment at all.

The ceremony known as Holy Communion means this. The Church, speaking through the mouth of the priest, virtually says to the parish: "Now, friends, we have had a week of trading, competing, coercing, political arguing, and other things which put a strain on our mutual affection and respect. To-day is the Sabbath : let us, for a change, have a little meal together in memory of Jesus of Nazareth. That will reverse our mental attitude towards each other, and give a nice opportunity for friendly feelings to grow."

If any member of the congregation either has an infectious illness, or is too young, or is too ill-mannered to be quiet and let other people think in peace, he is excommunicated—not as a punishment, but for the safety and comfort of the majority. If any member has, by his speech or conduct, put himself in such relations to the rest of the parish that their prejudices, being roused by the sight of him, would interfere with their thinking quietly, he is excommunicated.

Now, as long as the excommunicated persons have the good sense to reply, "All right, old chap, I don't want to disturb your meditations ; I'll go and have my own communion with my fellow fever-patients," or "my wife and family," or "my mates at the Coffee Tavern" (as the case may be) : "the Nazarene Carpenter is as likely to be present at our meal as yours. I sincerely hope to be a better man for my Sunday communion with friends, and hope you will be the better for yours" ; everybody is the better for the arrangement, and the priest is powerless for harm. The power of the priesthood for harm begins when anybody can be persuaded to treat as *punishment* what is a mere social arrangement for the greatest good of the greatest number.

All priest-craft depends essentially on confusion between the two senses of the act of excommunication. If the priest is foolish enough to mean excommunication for a punishment, it is the business of the excommunicated persons to bring him back to his senses by a little practical logic.

I said, in the former article, that there exists a mathematical proof that the area of a field disappears when the field is measured. This sham proof depends on a double use of the word minus. In one sort of geometry it means taking away; in another it means reversing one's direction. What is *really* proved is that when the surveyor has walked right round the field, he has got back to where he started from. What is taken away is the distance he had put between himself and the starting point. The wily sophist fixes his hearer's attention on one aspect of the word minus, and then slips in the other without giving notice.

The wily priest demonstrates from the pulpit that people who disturb the Spiritual atmosphere ought not to partake of bread and wine in *Church*, and, having proved that point, he slips the idea of punishment into the minds of the laity, without giving notice of the change of meaning.

Our Editor calls the King and his friends oppressors. *I* do not. But if he succeeds in oppressing it is because people who ought to know better allow themselves to be hypnotised into mistaking tea-parties for state "functions," and classifications, intended to promote social amusements, for punishment.

A Catholic Bishop used, when he entertained friends at dinner, to put on the mantelpiece the ring which was the symbol of his official personality, and say: "Gentlemen, there is the Bishop; now let us enjoy ourselves."

That Bishop kept himself and his duties clear of Swindler's Algebra. Could one conceive any priest in that man's diocese complaining of not receiving an invitation to dinner, on the ground that "the Bishop's dinner-parties are ecclesiastical functions," and that exclusion from them was a "punishment" for heretical speech in or out of the pulpit?

M. Travers Symons accuses me of writing *politics!* I know *nothing* about politics; I spoke of Mr. Keir Hardie and a Garden-Party. Mr. Keir Hardie is not politics; he is a flesh-and-blood, human being, whom I personally like and respect.

A garden party is normally an occasion on which women in gala costumes get relaxation from the strain of serious work, by sharing with men the enjoyment of cakes and fruit, flattery and flirtation.

Any system which involves thinking of exclusion from a party as a *punishment* is a system of Swindler's Algebra.

If I live to have a vote, and any person comes asking to be allowed to "represent" me, I think this is what I shall say to him: "Any person fit to represent me is more or less likely, at some crisis of popular opinion, to come into such violent conflict with

the party in power for the moment, that they may find it necessary to get rid of him off this planet. Do you think that, should such be your fate, you would, on the scaffold, remember two facts, viz., that Jesus on the Cross said, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,' and that the prigs in power thought of him afterwards as 'a vagabond chap, with a taste for low company, who died on the gallows?' If you are the sort of person to feel in that way, I will give you my vote and my blessing, and you are heartily welcome, as far as I am concerned, to take any side, on any measure, which seems to you right when the time comes, and to go to all the Garden-Parties that you can get anybody to invite you to."

My representative would never think of any form of excommunication or exclusion as punishment ; he or she would always recognise anything of the kind as permission, telegraphed from Heaven, to seek Light direct from Heaven, without the interference of man. Seeking Light freely is often presumptuous, dangerous to myself, and wrong to others ; but ex-clusion is : Divine permission to be, for a time, excluded.

I am grateful to M. Travers Symons for affording me the opportunity of making this point quite clear.

MUNICIPAL VANDALISM

WHENEVER a municipal body, such as a County Council, undertake the charge of, let us say, a country road, the first thing they usually do is to destroy all natural beauty. They grub up the hedges, including wild briars, honeysuckle, and hedgerow flowers, and stick down cuttings of some unornamental bush all alike. The excuses for this vandalism are various. They generally take the form of a pretence of sacrificing mere beauty to utility. But see the sums of money which those same men in their corporate capacity will spend on what they are pleased to call ornamentation. That is to say, they first destroy all real artistic sense in the population and then dump upon the population their own crude ideas of what is ornamental.

One of the best farmers in Gloucestershire (*i.e.*, most successful on the economic side, and a yeoman, *i.e.*, hereditary landowner, working his own land) had, at the outer edge of his land, gloriously beautiful hedges, all the natural beauty being carefully preserved and developed. He explained to me the ugliness of County Council roads. Thus : "We farmers have a sense of the picturesque, and we respect our old hedges. A County Council respects nothing and

nobody." It was this same man who said to me *à propos* of an election: "There oughtn't to be all this nonsense of parties. At the election every voter ought to vote for whoever *he* thinks is the *best man*; and when a bill comes on in Parliament every member ought then to vote for what he then thinks is the best measure."

These two utterances come out of the same sturdy conviction that the *Inspirer* is always about, and that man ought to be free to follow his inspirations, subject only to the control of *facts*.

The private owner of land will disappear when the community has learned to *respect* itself, the Author of Nature, and its own inspirations. Till then, we are not ready to do without him. He is the necessary drag on the wheels—what Hinton called the wholesome retarding force.

If any popular authority got hold of all the land now, they would destroy many things impossible to replace, *and far more valuable and important* than either natural beauty or the artistic sense of the community.

TOLSTOY

SOMEONE asked me the other day how I can possibly feel any sympathy for Tolstoy, seeing that his opinions change every year. I should like to answer the question in your pages. It is the nature of Mankind to change its *opinions*. Why should not an individual man do the same, especially a representative man? Principles should never change. Tolstoy has been, from first to last, faithful to what I consider the essential principle which should govern the action of all who have influence over others, whether by reason of authority, genius, learning, or age and experience; viz.—that when a moral problem or a moral danger has to be faced, the leader of the herd should face it in his own proper person, should dare to look the foe in the face.

The man for whom I have no sympathy and no respect is the one who, while exerting influence or authority, takes care to keep himself comfortably ignorant, so that he can throw on weaker shoulders than his own moral burdens which he dares not touch.

The hireling fleeth because he *is* an hireling. The hireling's name is not Leo Tolstoy.

THE LOVE OF TOKEN VALUES

THE love of money is the *root* of all evil. Not the money; but the love of it. The love of the luxury and idleness which the

possession of money makes accessible is evil ; but even that is not the *root* of evil. The *root* is the *love* of token values ; the preference of tokens over facts, for shams rather than actualities. It shows itself in many forms. One of its forms is the willingness to sacrifice nobility of character and of intellect in order to get a "title of nobility." Another is the willingness to sacrifice the use of children's brains as thinking tools for meeting emergencies to the purpose of passing examinations and gaining certificates. Yet another is the cultivation of swindler's algebra at the cost of communal algebra.

OPEN ROADERS please think over this matter and supply other illustrations.

AN ALGEBRA OF THE TEACHER'S DUTIES

I

Skeleton of an algebra for reconstructing the scheme of moral education common to Samuel Hahnemann, T. Wedgwood, Tristram Everest, and T. R. Everest.

TRY to check in yourself the habit of thinking of children's propensities and impulses as "good" or "evil," "higher" or "lower," "animal" or "human," "physical" or "intellectual," "moral" or "spiritual." Train yourself to classify them as under head L or head C.

Under head L register impulses which strike you as those which should ultimately be dominant.

Under C write those which strike you as those which should ultimately be ruled by and serve the others.

Keep a note-book in which you register observations thus :

L	C

You will probably find occasion to alter your classification as you go along. Make your arrangements such that you will find it easy to do this.

Get the habit of thinking of column L as the lads on a farm and column C as the colts on the same farm.

Observe :

We are not here attempting to prove anything by what is called reasoning from analogy. Analogy proves nothing. I am providing you with an algebra for bringing your own mind to a comprehension of the nature of the problems with which you will have to deal.

The above scheme of registration is found convenient for thinking out problems on how to do this.

A great deal of the talk which one hears on moral education sounds as though a farmer supposed that it was his duty to overfeed and over-work the lads on his farm and occasionally dose them with stimulants ; and to keep the colts in the dark, starve them, and either punish or discourage them whenever they wish to move.

The farmer finds it better to give all parties alike plenty of sunlight, fresh air, and free exercise of their faculties, and a fair quantity of wholesome, unstimulating food—of such food in each case as throws sufficient but not excessive work on the teeth and digestive organs. Then, for a short period of each day he trains the boys to ride, and the colts to be ridden.

A tactless farmer can arrange things so that timid boys shall grow up into men who fear horses and dislike riding, and spirited colts into horses who have "vices" : that is to say, who manifest, in various unpleasant ways, dislike of being ridden. But, if the farmer has tact and skill, *all* the lads will be able to ride, and all the colts submit to be ridden.

One of the simplest ways of effecting this is to see that all the keenest gratifications of the colt—apples, sugar, the emotional delight of being patted, and the intellectual delight of learning to do feats of skill—are given to the colts during or just after the daily spell of being ridden. As far as possible all these delights should be administered by the lads.

Keep this picture before your mind's eye, and think of it as you make the notes for moral instruction.

Please observe, I am not attempting to prove by analogy that this or that *person* or *class of persons* can be, or ought to be, made docile to that or this person or class of persons ; nor that any particular quality ought to be subordinated to any other. I am providing you, not with an analogy to prove my point of view, but with an algebra which you will find convenient for the purpose of thinking out your own point of view. You have no doubt whatever that, where horses and men come together, the men ought to rule and the horses to obey. All I am suggesting is that you should classify in your own mind such qualities as you yourself think (for the time being) ought to rule as under the category "lads," and such as you (for the time being) think ought to be ruled under the category "colts."

This leaves you perfectly free to change your opinion, as you go along, as to which qualities should rule and which be ruled, modifying your views as you gain fresh experience and insight.

II

The Wedgwood school used animal psychology as an algebraic skeleton for thinking out problems in the more varied and complex human psychology. Their successors perverted their method in the same spirit as the successors of Babbage and Boole perverted theirs.

They used methods, found efficacious in subjugating animals to men, for the purpose of making one class of human beings docile to some other class (children to adults, labour to capital, soldiers to officers, etc.), and for the purpose of training men to obey the word of command, even if it led to death. (Charge of the Light Brigade, Casabianca, etc.)

The original purpose was to train the impulses which we share with solitary wild animals (foxes, etc.) to subserve those which we share with communal animals (bees, beavers, etc.) ; and to train those which we share with communal animals to subserve those which we share with the great creative artists, poets and prophets ; to serve and obey, even unto extinction : the extinction not of the individual or class, but of the passion or desire itself.

The animal passions and the personal affections could be and were to be trained to follow gladly, even to their own extinction, the guidance of the faculty of constructive idealisation. After submitting to this extinction they would wake transformed into the likeness of the constructive master-passion, satisfied.

III

When thinking out problems connected with the relation of children to animals, keep this balancing thought in the background of your mind and use it sometimes as a test :

Whatever we do to creatures which are in our power because of our greater strength of body or cleverness of mind, we give the right, and set the example of doing the same to us, to races of men more powerful than ourselves by reason of greater numerical fertility or a higher degree of communal inspiration.

Observe : I am not predicting what any other nation *will* do. Humanity contains numberless undeveloped possibilities, any one of which may, at any moment, start into growth and overset all the calculations of predictors. Europe may some day find the yellow man and the black man evolving a higher type of religion and ethics than the white man has ever dreamed of as possible.

In the meantime we had better learn an algebra of the laws of sound thinking. We shall see our way to think clearly about our pupils if we keep, at the back of our mind, for occasional reference, the thought that whatever we do to creatures in our power, we give the sanction of our example for other races to do to us.

KILLING FOR FOOD

VEGETARIANISM INVOLVES MORE KILLING THAN FLESH-EATING

A FRIEND of mine who has some practical acquaintance with garden work, and is an excellent plain cook, both vegetarian and meatarian, has been making a computation of the relative numbers of acts of killing of animals by human beings involved in the two kinds of diet respectively.

The killing of one ox provides, at a moderate computation, the material for about eight hundred meals, supposing that the eaters were content to eat nothing but meat (a course which neither my friend nor I recommend; we are only positing it hypothetically, or, as we might say, algebraically).

Eight hundred meals, arranged according to the best vegetarian cookery-books, would necessitate the killing of—

Rabbits, who eat growing crops.

Certain kinds of birds, who eat fruit.

Squirrels, who eat nuts.

Rats and mice, who infest granaries and apple-stores.

Snails, slugs, and caterpillars, who eat cabbages, etc.

Fruit-maggots, who would be roasted in apples, or boiled with the cores, in numbers proportionate to the extent to which the growers *abstained* from killing the parent insects by poisonous powders, etc.

Aphides innumerable, who are eaten alive by careless people, unless the cook is careful to drown them at the kitchen sink.

If, therefore, we start from the principle that killing is sin, and therefore we ought to minimise as far as possible the number of acts of killing, we arrive at the result that no one should ever eat anything except beef. The less we eat of that, the better of course; but eating anything else is gratuitous and wanton sin.

Apart from the hypothetical, or 'surd,' or 'imaginary value' vegetarians who, on principle, can only eat beef, there would seem to be six kinds of 'real' vegetarians, viz.:

1. The honestly *empiric*; who say: Meat disagrees with me; therefore I will not eat it.

2. The honestly *scientific*: I know that meat tends to induce certain kinds of disease, therefore I will not eat it until I have reason to believe that it does good sufficient to more than balance the harm which it does.

3. The *artistic*: I dislike meat; and I do not believe it is wise to violate strong instincts.

4. The *ignorant*; who do not know that the growing of vegetarian food, in large quantities, involves a necessity for killing animals.

5. The *sentimental*; who do not choose to be reminded of the cost at which human life is run, and who therefore refuse to *see* pieces of dead animals on their tables.

6. The dishonestly *selfish*; who do not choose to accept or acknowledge their own moral responsibilities, and who therefore pretend to believe that their life of enjoyment costs nothing and does no harm.

The food question, then, would seem to be capable of two solutions, viz.:

"If I am a convinced vegetarian, it follows that I must eat nothing but beef," or

"All the life of human adults must be dominated by the intention of putting back into the general progress of the Race the value of the lives which have been sacrificed to carry on our life; otherwise every mouthful we eat is an act of cannibalism."

The former is an 'irrational' answer, *i.e.*, it is incapable of being translated into accordance with fact. The latter is a rational and practical hypothesis; and can be acted on immediately, whatever beliefs we hold, or whatever circumstances we find ourselves in.

We therefore choose it as our practical guide. We reject the other; not as being untrue in the abstract, but as having no direct bearing on human affairs at the present time.

KILLING FOR FOOD

DEAR EDITOR,—My most cordial thanks to Edgar J. Saxon. His reply to my article on "Killing for Food" more than fulfils the purpose for which I wrote it.

The dictum that every man is a *cannibal* who does not put back into the progress of the human race the value of all the lives which his life has cost, is not mine, but Renan's. It seems to me the keynote of ethics, the standard test of all systems of morality. But

since I have been reading the OPEN ROAD, I have seen that vegetarians mean something which I (in common with most *abstract* thinkers) fail to grasp. Evidently vegetarians do not know how to express themselves in terms of abstract thought. We were groping for each other in the dark, and could not find each other.

When a disease is obscure, what does a wise physician do? He sometimes gives a dose of something as to which he does not expect that it will directly benefit the patient; but which, he hopes, will rouse the constitution to express itself, and tell him what really is the matter (Hahnemann and his immediate pupils often did so).

Well, I have got Mr. Saxon to explain the vegetarian position more clearly than I ever saw it stated before. And I have more respect for it than I ever had before. That is one result of my article. Another is that OPEN ROADERS have the proof that Renan's grand canon of ethics has hearty assent from *both* sides—Vegetarians and non-vegetarians.

And if they will take the trouble to compare Mr. Saxon's article with mine, they will see how profoundly we agree on another important point, viz.: that, whatever food we deem suitable to our present actual condition, all education should *tend in the direction* of less and less flesh-eating and an *increasing preponderance* of a diet of *ripe seeds*.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

P.S.—I have no wish to imply that people with a concrete vegetarian opinion are more sick than abstract thinkers. We are all sick—Humanity is sick—of the disease of not being able to come to an understanding with each other. We need to help each other to say clearly what we mean and want. M. E. B.

BUREAUCRATIC GEOMETRY

THE HISTORY OF CIRCULAR 711 TOLD IN PARABLE*

IN certain country places where the sanitary arrangements are still primitive and barbarous, the summer visitor is sometimes surprised by seeing (what he supposes to be) honey-bees flying round his lamp in the evening—a thing which bees are not prone to do in parishes where the human inhabitants have organised any simple and effective system for the disposal of refuse.

*Published by Wyman and Sons, price 1d., headed "Board of Education. Circular 711. The Teaching of Geometry and Graphic Algebra."

What a strange thing ! Is it possible that human ignorance has so affected the bees that they do not know a paraffin lamp from true sunlight ? What *can* it mean ?

The creatures are *not* bees, they are not in any sense members of the bee family, they are not offshoots, or evolved from bee ancestry —they are simply *flies* ;—neither more nor less so than the commonest blow-fly, only that the ordinary blow-fly is a straightforward and impudent person who lets you know at a glance who he is and what he is aiming at ; whereas the flies of which we are now speaking have some reason of their own for imitating as closely as possible the shape, colouring, and external manner of the hive-bee.

What conscious motive for this imitation may be present in the conscious mind of any particular fly, it is not for a mere human being to say ; nor should we be justified in assuming that individual flies are aware of their likeness to bees, or are even aware that bees exist. But we know, in general terms, what is the trend of "protective mimicry" (as the learned call it). A helpless, stingless creature takes on the appearance of some creature of different order ; some creature which birds of prey have learned by experience to be afraid of.

The bee-like fly manages to deceive and outwit two classes of persons :

1. Insect-eating creatures who have learned by experience to leave bees alone ; and

2. Human children who have been taught by their mothers that flies are nasty, dirty creatures, who carry infection and should never be allowed to touch the food of human beings ; and that bees, on the contrary, are good, clean, industrious persons, who live among flowers and never touch anything dirty, and who ought to be allowed to share children's sugar and jam if they wish to do so in repayment for the honey which they make.

It should be noticed that the bee-like fly might easily come to have educational uses for human beings. Suppose, for instance, that some miasma fatal to honey-bees had swept over a particular island and destroyed the whole race, the authorities might, for a time, not know what caused the fatal blight, nor how to remedy it. The flies would naturally, from sheer ancestral habit, continue to look like bees ; while the human inhabitants might become, and for a generation or two remain, quite ignorant of what a bee looks like. Then, it might seem to the authorities that such ignorance seems disgraceful when islanders visit more favoured countries. They might judge, and quite rightly, that it would be best to spread some knowledge *about* bees. They would instruct the

teachers of schools to *describe* the honey-bee to the children as we describe African wild beasts. Then it would occur to somebody to introduce to schools *pictures* of bees. Then it might occur to somebody else to show the bee-like fly and say, "This is what the honey-bee looks like."

It might happen that some traveller from a honey-producing country might express approval of some specially good painted representation of a bee, or be startled into some exclamation of delighted surprise at the flies' exact representation of the bees' external characteristics; but no such admiration would confer on the painted image the property of producing honey, nor would it cleanse the fly from its tendency to spread infection by its touch.

Nor, fortunately, would it confer on the fly a self-protective sting—the fly would be safe from its foes only for just so long as it could manage to deceive them.

It must be observed that the more the fly looks like a real bee, the more admirable it is as a sample of imitative art, and the more useful for educational purposes in the island *where the bee has died out*. But its introduction into any country where there are genuine honey-bees, would be dangerous in proportion to its resemblance; because its very likeness to the real bee would increase the probaability of children being deluded into allowing it to contaminate their food.

Two trades would now grow up in consequence of the bee-disease: the importation of honey, and the providing of sham bees as object lessons for schools; two trades both honest in themselves, and one of them even cleanly, though dependent for their very existence on the continuance of trickery and filth.

Vested interests in these quasi-honest industries might grow to important proportions and exert influence.

Suppose that, after a few generations, some one discovered the cause of the bee-disease, and the way to stamp it out and revive the bee-keeping industry, what a mass of "prejudices" (*i.e.*, automatic selfish alarm) he might have to encounter.

The history of Circular 711 has been suggested by parable. The specific purpose of the document is to co-ordinate the *teaching* of Geometry, for which it may seem admirable to many who find everything perfect when once tied securely in bands of red tape. But some of us women have found out how to restore to children the faculty of *evoking* the knowledge of Geometry direct from the Unseen. We reserve Geometry as the purely sacred ground on which the child meets The Unknown as a personal friend, heart to heart, and *alone*; and learns to know—not Geometry only, but Him, the Teacher. Circular 711 is marvellous as an *imitation* of our

method of evoking inspirational power ; but it is mere imitation ; no living potentiality resides in it.

"The cultivation of the mathematical imagination depends chiefly on the child being put into the right attitude towards mathematical conceptions in his earliest years ; and, after that, on the right use being made of certain nodes or critical points which occur here and there in each branch of mathematics, and which should be dealt with in a quite different manner from the rest of the course. These form the revelation crises of the pupil's mathematical history ; when he draws near one of these *the human teacher should carefully withdraw his influence*, and simply watch to see that no seriously false impression is being formed. *His object should be to efface himself, his books, and his systems* ; to draw aside a curtain from between the child and the process of discovery, and to leave the young soul alone with pure Truth."*

Enough perhaps has been said to indicate the clear distinction between the careful introduction of children to real Geometry and living Mathematics, and the unfruitful method of Circular 711, which, entitled Teaching of Geometry, gives no consideration to the necessary limitations of the function of every human teacher in the training of real scientific intelligence. We will admit, for the present, that all these things are men's business : this so-called Teaching of Geometry, the organisation of teachers and inspectors, the imposition of examinations, with the continual growth of vested interests in candidates' fees, etc. But if the men think that they are going to thrust their "method" of brain paralysis into *girls' schools*, that question has yet to be fought out. That, indeed, is no mean part of the real problem confronting women at the present day.

Throughout the whole of Circular 711 there is a subtle perversion of what might otherwise be of some value : from the point of view of the education of girls, the results will be disastrous if the saving instincts of pupils and teachers cannot interpose a powerful corrective. It may be right in regard to merely political matters to let the various parties do their worst, and quietly to mind one's own business ; but it cannot be the duty of any mother, with a child at school, to be content with going through her domestic avocations, and to leave her child exposed, without special help, to a method of teaching which may, and in many cases will, leave the child capable of thinking any foolishness right, and with no power of correcting and controlling the natural flow of ideas which is the normal birthright of the young. After this specific warning, our readers who are fathers and mothers of children at

* *Preparation of the Child for Science*, M. E. Boole.

school must blame only themselves if in ten years from now they find these same children growing into manhood and womanhood with their minds incapable of understanding the eternal verities.

The claim of false Logic and Mathematics is in some cases that its direct results shall be accepted straight away as valid, regardless of any "correction of the premisses"; in other cases that the results shall be interpreted by "experience" and "common-sense," which too often means the very same past experience from which the premisses were originally drawn; and the common gravitation of minds influenced by a communal hypnotism generated by a common interest—or a common emotion.

Honest methods grow up among those who make it a matter of conscience to *test* their results occasionally afresh, either by renewed contact with the hard facts of nature, or by comparing notes in a friendly spirit with persons whose interests and habitual trend of thought run in the opposite direction to their own.

VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.

"THE LAW IS A HASS"

"THE Law is a Hass." So are many other things—asinine. But suppose that anything asinine is either wholly or partially a property of me (in either sense of the word property: possession or quality of me), the question then is, what is it my business to do with that ass. Nowadays we see nothing to do except coerce it to go the way we think right if we find we can do so; and if we find we cannot, then rail at it for being asinine. It does not seem to enter people's heads that there is any other alternative.

Balaam knew another alternative, viz., he asked himself what secret dishonesty in his own mind made Unseen powers see it to be *their* duty to inspire *his* ass with the determination not to obey *his* will. He learned a good deal in the course of solving that very elementary and obvious problem.

ON GETTING ONE'S OWN WAY

A VERY wise man gave me an admirable piece of advice when I was a young girl. He said: "Everything is badly managed that is not managed by a woman; therefore, always do *exactly* as you are bid, in order that you may always get your own way." I took his advice, and have found it eminently satisfactory.

This particular method of getting one's own way, by giving in, is known, I believe, in academic circles as "the Method of *Reductio*

ad absurdum" ; vulgar people call it "giving the man rope enough to hang himself with."

Some of us women have been trying it on a larger scale than the domestic one ; we never think of such an unseemly and self-assertive thing as asking for a *vote !* Oh dear, no ! We think we "know a trick worth two or three of *that.*"

It is such fun to see a man tumble into a pitfall, for lack of some bit of information which a woman could have supplied him with, if he had condescended to ask her, instead of issuing commands !

Sometimes, indeed, the pitfall turns out to be a deadly trap ; and then perhaps some human feeling comes in to spoil the woman's enjoyment. But if the pit is fairly shallow, and there is nothing worse at the bottom than a hornet's nest or a bunch of stinging nettles, it "beats cock-fighting."

Women who resist, and "assert themselves," and shout in parks and throw stones, have no conception how nice it is to sit exchanging with other meek and obedient women tales of masculine "superiority," each of which ends with the refrain : "Are not men stupid ! Oh ! my dear, *aren't* they stupid !" with the occasional antiphonal reply : "Isn't it a mercy that they are so conceited and blind ; otherwise how should we ever manage them ?"

VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.

A SURE MARK OF A SNOB

SOMEONE has remarked that the main educational aspiration of the average British parent is to have his children so brought up that, when they go to a house with two doors, they will, as a matter of course, knock at the front door, not the back. If that be true, it speaks badly for the gentlehood of the average British parent ! A gentleman and gentlewoman wish their children to be so trained that, when calling anywhere, they are likely to be thinking more either of the business they have come about, or of the feelings and wishes of the people they have come to, than of their own mere dignity or their position in the social scale. To have one's attention focused on the question *which class* of the community one belongs to is one of the surest marks of a snob.

HINTON-QUADRATICS

A METHOD of simplifying ethical problems was proposed by James Hinton nearly forty years ago ; but it has never yet received the attention which it deserves. Mrs. Havelock Ellis'

charming little volume, *Three Modern Seers*, is reviving the memory of J. Hinton ; and his method (which we propose to call "The Method of Hinton-Quadratics") is likely to come to the front, in connection with such vital issues as vegetarianism, killing for sport, vivisection, the use of money and other token values, and the necessity of telling the truth if we speak or write at all.

The method consists in splitting the problem under consideration into two portions, the answer to one of which is real and can be acted upon immediately by every sincere person ; the answer to the other is apparently nonsensical, and has no use, except to throw light on the true bearing of the real answer.

It will be asked how a statement, which in itself conveys no meaning to the mind, can throw any fresh light on an intelligible truth. This is the point which we propose to consider in the present article.

Let us suppose that there exists a country the inhabitants of which dislike killing anything, and never do kill anything except dangerous wild beasts who would otherwise kill them and their children.

Some missionaries from England arrive in the country, and introduce some things which turn out to be harmless and useful. A few fragments translated from English get inserted in a native journal. Some contributor—let us call him *X*—calls attention in the journal to an enigmatical sentence—"Foxes and pheasants would long ago have been exterminated in England, but for the people who occupy themselves in killing them." If no foxes or pheasants existed in the country the names could not be translated and the English words would be used ; these would convey nothing, and the natives would carelessly assume foxes and pheasants to be some kind of dangerous beasts. The sentence would seem to be self-contradictory, nonsensical, a contradiction in terms. If readers asked the editor why he inserted such meaningless rubbish, he might reply : "I do not know what the sentence means ; but I believe *X* to be a person who does not insist on the importance of mere useless fads." If *X* himself were interviewed on the subject, he might reply : "I know no more than you do what foxes and pheasants are, or how things are kept alive by killing them ; but that sentence contains *a warning note*. Take from the English what you see to be good and true, and hold fast to it absolutely. But do not jump to conclusions hastily or make inferences from inadequate premisses. We do not know all about the English yet. That mysterious sentence probably contains a warning from The As-Yet-Unknown of the conditions under which their words are true and their gifts good."

Would *X* be wrong in thinking thus ?

That pheasants and foxes are small creatures harmless to man ; that hungry men would long ago have exterminated the pheasants, and poor fowl-farmers the foxes, if rich men did not artificially breed and protect them at enormous cost, in order *to secure for themselves the amusement of killing them*—all this could not dawn on the conscious intelligence of such people as we described at the beginning of our parable. But would *X* be mistaken in asserting that the nonsensical-sounding phrase contains a warning note as to certain characteristics of the attitude of Englishmen towards beings more ignorant and helpless than themselves ; and the value which the English themselves attach to the high-falutin' phrases uttered by their missionaries ?

Well, gentle reader, now you know all that we can tell you for the present as to the possible value of the "irrational" or "surd" or "imaginary" answers to Hinton-Quadratics.

The moral is : Don't throw into the dustbin what looks like rubbish, if anyone whom you believe to be serious and honest warns you that it contains something of value.

PAINLESS CONVULSIONS

MANY years ago, I became ill from long-continued worry and over-fatigue. After a fortnight of great suffering, my doctor (a hydropath) ordered me a water-pack, which brought on an attack of what is known as painless convulsion. Osteopathy had not been heard of in England in those days ; but now that I have had an experience of human osteopathy, I should describe convulsion as being osteopathed by omniscient and divinely tender hands. The only discomfort I experienced was from the ineffectual struggle to explain to my compassionate and horrified attendants that I was not suffering.

An experience of this kind proves nothing, but it sets one thinking ; and other experiences gather round it.

When one touches a leaf of Mimosa Sensitiva, or the pistil of a Mimulus, it becomes convulsed. Is it really shivering with delight at the touch of a Being of higher order than itself ? Or is it suffering tortures ? When one makes a compass needle behave like a chained dog delighted at the appearance of its beloved master, is the needle really experiencing joy ? When one reverses the magnet and causes it to become convulsed, as if mad with repulsion and terror, is it really experiencing those emotions ? Was Wedgwood right in supposing that a man experiences more con-

scious joy at the moment of successfully hitting a mark than a partridge does during its whole life ? Are those doctors right who think that moaning, writhing, and struggling to escape are the results of a reflex action, which *in highly evolved man* is usually (but not always) accompanied by suffering ; and that the capacity to *feel* much is a rather late development, not existing in very elementary man (to say nothing of man's feathered or four-footed brothers?) Or, on the other hand, does a cabbage suffer tortures from being cut up and boiled alive ? Who is to tell ?

If writhing and struggling prove anything, no four-footed creature can writhe as a worm or eel does when caught by a bird. If groaning and screaming prove anything, no animal or child can match certain kinds of motor engines and of steam syrens.

So that we are thrown back at last on our own helpless ignorance; and probably the best thing any of us can do is to confess our own intellectual limitations and ask for divine guidance as to our personal conduct towards all our fellow-creatures, whether mineral, vegetable, or animal ; whether in the flesh or disembodied. Do we not risk tumbling into some moral pitfall, whenever we are hasty and irreverent ?

CONSTANT READER.

THE OPEN ROAD 1911

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

A SCHEME OF LOGICAL NOTATION

[THE primary object of the following paper, to be quite frank, is what may be called a selfish one : viz., to secure to Mrs. Boole the undisputed claim of priority in her rendering of her late husband's system of logical notation.

Readers who know a little—ever so little—trigonometry may find it amusing. Those who do not are requested to excuse its presence in our pages.

As for those altruists who may be inclined to object to its being inserted for so unsocial a motive as that given above, let him (or her) throw the first stone at us who has never consented to a cover being put on the bread-pan to keep off marauders who might introduce germs of contagion and corruption.]

SUPPOSE we take the horizontal diameter of a circle for our base line for angular measurement; the length of the radius for the unit of length; and the centre for the angular point. Then:

$$\text{Tangent } 45° = \frac{1}{1} = 1.$$

$$\text{Tangent } 0° = \frac{0}{1} = 0$$

$$\text{Tangent } 90° = \frac{1}{0} = \infty .$$

(An infinite, *i.e.* non-finite, ratio.)

$$\frac{0}{0} = \text{tangent of}$$

any and every angle, in a circle whose radius has vanished to a point.

In logic, 1 is the natural symbol of unconditional *affirmation*: the whole of the thing or fact, or group of facts is there.

0 is the natural symbol of absolute *negation*: none of the thing or fact is there.

$\frac{1}{0}$ is the natural symbol of whatever has passed beyond the range of possible human cognition; of that which man cannot, with his present faculties, attempt to define without talking nonsense.

$\frac{0}{0}$ is the symbol, neither of the unknowable, nor of the transcendental, nor of the nonsensical, but of the As-Yet-Unknown.

$\frac{1}{0}$ means "I have not the faculties necessary for conceiving such data as have been put before me."

$\frac{0}{0}$ means "I understand such data as are before me; but they are inadequate; I must wait for more data before I can venture to form an opinion."

The authors of "Formal Logic" used all these symbols, each for the meaning to which it was appropriate. The authors of the system called "Symbolic Logic" found that they could make a simpler

and more convenient system by omitting the symbol for "you have not given me sufficient data to form an opinion."

The getters-up of syndicates agreed that the "improved" method was simpler than the original Formal Logic; and so did the gullible portion of the educated (?) public. The Editors of the OPEN ROAD agree with me in thinking that young people had better be educated to take cognisance of their own ignorance and to recognise when the data put before them are insufficient for forming an opinion.

SYMBIOLOGY

SYMBIOLOGY means "the Science of Communal Life." We may disagree about what *is the best* way of organising communal life; but I thought the one thing we were agreed about was, that it would be good to find out how to do it. I thought that was the *hill-top* which we were all trying to reach.

VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.

A DEAN'S MISTAKE

A LADY who lived next door to a ladies' college reported to the authorities that her son was carrying on a clandestine correspondence with one of the resident pupils, the letters being flung through a back window in college which overlooked the roof of her kitchen. By some mistake, the wrong girl was reported—the most brilliant of the pupils and a great favourite with the Professors. The Dean sent for her. According to girl-ideas, he should have commenced the interview by *asking* her what light she could throw on the matter. Had he done so, she would have taken his side and helped in the investigation; there is nothing in girl-ethics to prevent her doing so. But the Dean was one of those men who never ask for information from a woman if he can help it. He framed a hypothesis of his own—that the young man's mother had exaggerated the facts, and that Mildred had only been having some fun with a dog on the kitchen roof. This theory he put paternally before Mildred for her endorsement. To his surprise, Mildred repudiated this softened version of the tale and gave him a version of the occurrence which made her seem far more impudent and brazen even than the real culprit had been—a version which (but for an accident) would have caused the forfeiture of her scholarship and her expulsion from the College. Being afterwards asked why

she had misled the Dean by a string of falsehoods, she replied: "If he is idiot enough to believe I did such a thing, he is *welcome!*"

I wonder in what percentage of divorced wife cases the wife owes her disgrace to sham evidence got up by herself in order to spite her husband for spying on her when he should have asked a question!

MAURICE-AND-WATER

In the days of the Maurice fervour I said to a sister of the Prophet: "George Macdonald seems to me the only one of your brother's followers who has any ideas of his own, who isn't mere Maurice-and-water." "Yes," replied the astute little lady; "and he is the only one of them who wouldn't be offended if you told him he is only Maurice-and-water."

At about the same period a group of people were talking of a new poem by Tennyson. I remarked that it was only Maurice-and-water, sugared; there was nothing in it but what Maurice had said in his vigorous prose. "I should hope *not*, indeed!" exclaimed one of the faithful. "Why so?" "Because if he said anything that Mr. Maurice had not said, it would be found to be something not true."

I was once introduced to a group of Mauricians thus: "This is the lady who chaffs the Prophet"; as if no one but myself ever took the liberty to "chaff" him!

THE ORTHODOX SABBATH

Kind lady to an old servant who had stayed in to mind the house on Sunday afternoon: "Well, Nancy, have you had a pleasant afternoon?"

Old Servant: "Yes, miss; I've been meditating."

K. L. "Well, that is a nice peaceful occupation."

O. S. "Yes, miss. I've been meditating about rhubarb jam. I've been thinking that if all the rhubarb jam that I've made in my life was brought together, it would pretty nearly fill this room. So no one can say that *I've* hid my talent in a napkin."

K. L. "Have you heard from your niece lately?"

O. S. "Yes, miss. She's with a family that lives in Golden Square. I never did have much opinion of Golden Square, and now it seems I was right. For these people belongs to a sex (sect) as calls theirselves Free Thinkers. And, by what I can make out,

it seems as it's about *religion* that they makes so bold as to think ! And on Sundays, when respectable people are at church, they sits in a drawing-room, and argies and argies, till they're that confounded in their minds as they can't understand what's plain wrote down in Scripture."

(Annie Keary the novelist told me this story of her old cook. The same woman said both things to her ; though probably not both on the same evening.)

THINGS I HAVE NEVER SEEN

DEAR SIR,—I have been young ; and now am old. But there are three things that I have never seen.

A boy in his first suit of masculine garments who did not feel competent to teach his grannie everything in general (and especially the elements of logic).

A serious gentleman of over forty years old, who could not be made an absolute fool of by any clever girl of sixteen, if she thought it worth while to take the trouble.

A girl who would have the smallest scruple in making a fool of any man, if he offended her by taking on airs of masculine superiority.

Believe me, sir, Tolstoy is perfectly right !—that country is safest in which women take back seats and keep in the shade.—

Yours truly,

VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.

IF YOU WISH——

IF you wish to ensure that the mass of the people shall consent to a wrong when the government wish it, get the children into the habit of doing things right in themselves on the ground that other people do them, and without inquiry as to why other people do them.

FORCE

THERE is more force for the progress of the race generated by one act of con-version than by ninety-nine good actions as to which the doer never finds out that there was anything "wrong" in them.

EXPERTS

PEOPLE who are out of humour with the "regular" medical profession are prone to forget one immense service which medical men are rendering to the community. They not only tell untruths to patients and the patients' friends ; but they openly justify that practice in conversation with outsiders. They argue that it is very meet and right, and their bounden duty at all times and in all places to utter as many falsehoods as may be necessary for the purpose of holding together and screening each other. They are thus doing more than perhaps any other set of men to loosen public confidence in the assertions of experts, teachers, and authorities, and, in general terms, of all persons belonging to any group bound together by that anomalous kind of cement known as *esprit de corps* ; and to hasten on the blissful time when no one will consent to be led by any sort of shepherd's crook, when no one will obey anything except the conductor's bâton.

SIMPLICITY

COMPLICATIONS are introduced into our life by artificial luxury and fashionable affectations. But it should be noticed that the *affectation* of trying to lead what is called a "simple life" is one of the most costly and complicating. The genuinely simple life consists in availing oneself freely of such aids and appliances as are most easily accessible, until one has reason to suppose that oneself or someone else would be better off if one abstained from doing so ; and when one either cannot procure some accustomed luxury, or has decided to abstain from it, doing without it cheerfully and thinking as little as possible about it.

The Simple Life, for any individual, is that which, *on the whole and in the long run*, minimises the number of his thoughts about himself and his own personal sensations and leaves him most free to pay attention to the well-being of the community.

Where there are children growing up in the house, the problem is essentially the same ; but the scope of "on the whole and in the long run" is extended. We must try to give children such habits as will simplify their lives. Should not the general aim be so to simplify human life on the whole as to set as much effort as possible free for progress on the whole ?

THE LIBERATOR

ALL life involves the sacrifice of something to something else.

The trend of progress is towards substituting voluntary sacrifice for involuntary.

Every act of voluntary renunciation brings into the organisation of the renouncer some portion of the higher forces.

All churches, governments, academies, and moralists are competing against each other for the power to apply as they see fit the forces stored up in other human beings.

The liberator aims to set each individual free to use the force stored up within him for such purposes as seem to that individual worthy. He also aims to make possible between individuals temporary combinations of such kind that any group so formed shall be able to apply the various resources of the group—material, psychical, and spiritual—to such purposes as seem worthy to all the members of the group.

THE ESSENCE OF BOOLE'S METHOD

THE *essence* of Boole's Method is indicated in a poem by Wesley, which George Boole much loved ; it begins :

"Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee :
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

The general problem of Logic is :

Given that there exist beings whose consciousness is in n dimensions and other beings whose consciousness is in $n + a$ dimensions :

Find the laws of orderly communication between the two sets.

If we had the answer, we ought, when we make $n = 3$ and $a = 0$, to arrive at the laws of orderly communication between beings whose consciousness is in three dimensions and other beings whose consciousness is also in three dimensions. Boole's books do this, but they do more.

I have been, for half a century, in the habit of conducting intercourse with some being or beings whose consciousness is in $3 + a$ dimensions ; on the basis of a method taught me by George Boole.

My various writings are the result of this intercourse.

I believe that the works of N. A. Boulanger, G. Boole, Augustus de Morgan, and the (so-called) Shakespeare plays were written under similar conditions.

THE BEADLE

ONCE, on a cold wet day, I was walking with a friend past a fashionable church adorned with a grand portico under which a group of poor children had taken refuge from the rain. A beadle came out and ordered them off. My friend said: "As long as those children live, they will think of church as a place from which they were driven out into the wet and cold by a man in crimson and gold uniform." Now, I do not suppose that any of these little creatures felt consciously revengeful towards the beadle, or would, in after years, connect her feeling towards church with his specific action. But I think my friend was right; the vengenace of God upon the whole order of things which made it possible for church authorities to think they are doing their duty as followers of Jesus of Nazareth by keeping a man to stand about in gorgeous livery and hunt poor little children away from shelter, would naturally express itself in a future upcropping of hatred of church after lying dormant for many years in the children's subconscious cerebration.

FOUR TYPES OF REFORMERS

REFORMERS and propagandists may be classified by their attitude towards other propagandists. There is the man whose attitude is:

1. Everyone is wrong except myself and my friends.

There is the man who seems to be saying:

2. Everyone is partially inspired; I possess the central and most vital truth.

Or:

3. No one ever thought of this till I came; it is a new and important discovery.

Or, again:

4. In every age, the mass of detail which occupies attention tends to obscure, and divert attention from, some important vital truth of perennial importance. It is therefore advisable to take a survey of the field and seek the world-old springs of inspiration. May I remind you of a principle which seems in danger of being overlooked just now?

THE MEEK

A GROUP of children were being questioned in order to see how much they remembered of the last Sunday's lesson on the Beatitudes. The young person to whose turn it came to expound "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," did so in this wise: "Dem dat fusses—an' want more room dan dey've got —is always unhappy." I have heard worse sermons in many a church.

BARN-DOOR THEOLOGY

WE need not go to churches or chapels for differences of opinion on theology; there is plenty of it going on in my back-yard The sparrows are perfectly convinced there is a devil. They have seen him come over the wall between my yard and that of next door in the shape of a long-eared cat. He has horns (his long ears), tail, claws complete. Any number of sparrow witnesses have seen him. They have also seen their god—my housekeeper, who supplies them plentifully with good things; the devil flies as soon as she appears. But the cat is equally sure that the housekeeper is the devil, for she constantly comes out, armed with a long weapon, to disturb an honest cat in the legitimate pursuit of the duty for which evidently a beneficent creator made him, viz., the catching of sparrows.

Pussy's god is his adored mistress. His religious faith is sounder than that of some human beings, probably because it is founded on experience, not dogma. He not only thinks he ought to believe in his god; he does so. When he is alone, he flies like the wind if he sees the devil (housekeeper) approaching; but if she goes in next door when he is in his mistress's arms, he shows no alarm; though he does manifest an eager philosophical wonder and curiosity as to why his mistress allows the devil to invade his temple.

SMALL-HOLDINGS

IS not the "small-holdings" question rather in a muddle? I can't see to read much, but I listen to talk. And it seems to me that landowners are willing enough to sell land and build houses; but, as a rule, they object to any *children* living on or near their property except such as are *always* under the control of well-trained upper nurses or nursery-governesses. They object to poor children walk-

ing on common land or in the public parks. They object to poor children playing at cottage doors while the mother is cooking or washing inside.

If I am right (and I think I am) in this, the remedy does not lie in either *asking* for or *clamouring* for land on any theory of rights *for the poor*; but ramming it down the throats of landowners and well-to-do people—(1) that every man, woman, and child who lives in England without a *permanent* "stake in the country" (either garden in the country, or a comfortable home in town) becomes a unit of force in the hands of the *enemies* of the well-to-do classes; and (2) everyone who emigrates because he, she, or it can't get a "stake in the country" becomes a unit of force in the hands of England's enemies abroad. Don't be misled by bunkum about "votes" and "opinions," etc. A man may *vote* and *talk*, and *even think* (in his surface-consciousness) one way, and his much larger "subliminal consciousness" may be giving off force in the opposite direction. We, who are studying the Forging of Passion into Power as a practical science, know the value of froth and bunkum and sentimental talk!

HINTON-QUADRATICS

THE answer to a Quadratic Equation is:

$$x = \alpha \text{ or } \beta$$

where either α, or β, or both, can be—

Positive or negative,
Whole or fractional,
Finite or infinite,
Definite or incommensurable,
Rational or irrational,
Real or imaginary.

Suppose that β is imaginary, then β can be resolved into two factors: p and ${}^{2}\sqrt{-1}$, where p may be—

Whole or fractional,
Positive or negative,
Finite or infinite,
Definite or incommensurable; but always real.

An incommensurable cannot be exactly expressed in finite terms. But it is always the "tangent" of some angle, and the nature of it can always be grasped; a beginning of expression in finite terms can be made at once; and the expression can be made more and more accurate, according to the requirements of the case, by patience and perseverance.

The only imaginary which needs to be examined is $^2\sqrt{-1}$.

$^2\sqrt{a}$ represents something done to 1 which, if repeated once more, produces a.

$\therefore$ $^2\sqrt{-1}$ represents something done to 1 which, if repeated once more, produces -1.

If the reader is a mathematician, he will know what I am about to say without my explanation; if he is not, no mere verbal explanation will convey anything to him, unless he will carry out a little preliminary exercise, as follows:

Take an ordinary scribbling pad. Half-way between the top and bottom of a blank page, rule a horizontal line. Half way along this line, mark a point and call it O. Now cut a narrow strip of thin cardboard (post card) a little over one inch in length; exactly one inch from one end put a drawing pin through the card, and drive it into the pad at the point O. Now stand the pad upright so that its longest sides point at one end towards the ceiling or sky, and at the other end towards the earth; *i.e.* in the direction of our actual gravitation. Make the strip of cardboard lie towards the right hand along the horizontal line.

The free end of the cardboard marks one unit of length to the right hand; mark that point.

According to all sound principles of notation, whatever quality or mental process we represent by the right-hand branch of the line, the left-hand branch should represent the opposite. Let us suppose that the cardboard in its present position represents a unit of Faith. We are not specifying any particular belief; take it to mean faith in whatever you yourself believe in and believe to be good. Then, if the cardboard is turned round so as to lie along the left-hand branch of the horizontal line, it will represent a unit of disbelief or pessimism. We call the unit of faith 1; then the unit of disbelief is -1.

Now, how do we get from the position 1 to the position -1? By taking the free end of the cardboard off the line altogether; either raising it or lowering it. It has gone out of the region of things to which 1 and -1 both belong.

Its positions, in between 1 and -1, are not statable in any terms of measurement along the line. If we suppose a set of insects whose experiences and thoughts are confined to the horizontal line, the cardboard is cognisable for them at 1 or at -1; but disappears from their ken during the whole process of getting from one to the other. It passes through a variety of positions which for their consciousness do not exist. To us whose consciousness is in three dimensions, most of these positions are represented by sines

and cosines which are surd or incommensurable. But exactly half way between 1 and - 1 the cardboard lies in an anomalous position to which the words surd or incommensurable do not quite apply. It is this position which is known to geometricians as $^2\sqrt{-1}$. It has been arrived at by turning the cardboard through a right angle ; if we repeat this process exactly, we arrive at the position – 1.

Now, kind reader, will you please keep the simple toy which you have constructed hanging up on your wall, or standing on your mantelpiece, as we asked you to do in the case of the corkscrew spiral ? And when you come to anything in a serious book which seems to you either absurd, useless, meaningless, or enigmatical, turn to this harmless little fetich, push the pointer about, and consult it. If you do so, I venture to predict that the meaning of Hinton-Quadratics will dawn on you in time to prevent your making certain mistakes which you might afterwards have reason to regret.

But I would ask the mathematician to remember (what he perfectly well knows and always admits) that, as long as the pointer is not exactly half way between the two positions, 1 and – 1, it makes with the line an angle whose sine, cosine, and tangent, though nearly always surd, are always real. Just as it crosses the half-way point, the cosine becomes zero and the tangent becomes infinite; *i.e.* at that moment we are brought into contact with the non-existent and the non-conceivable or enigmatical or imaginary.

Note.—The friction of the paper may probably prevent the pointer from yielding to the attraction of the earth. It will stay wherever you put it. But that will not prevent your perceiving in which direction the pointer would fall if it were free from friction.

Note also.—The breadth of the cardboard and the general imperfection of our machinery and our senses prevent our cognising the exact moment when the tangent of the angle between pointer and line is no longer definite but is imaginary. But every mathematician knows that such a moment exists ; and moreover that it coincides with the moment when natural gravitation ceases to pull the pointer towards the direction 1 before beginning to pull it towards the direction minus 1.

What does all this prove ? Nothing—except that those who are not mathematicians had better study the toy itself.

We might turn the pointer downwards from the line instead of upwards. What does that prove ? Again—nothing ; except that

non-mathematical people had better do it. Why should they? Because, though token-values made of paper and metal *prove* nothing, it is sometimes wise to experiment in ruin in things which carry comparatively little meaning or value, before plunging at random into the terrible Unknown.

PERSPECTIVE

MAN'S organisation developed in a world of incessantly changing conditions and fluctuating appearances. To deal with such is the business to which his organisation is adapted, and must adapt itself more and more as time goes on and his evolution becomes more complicated.

But among the facts with which he has to deal is the indisputable fact that he has developed a tendency to restrict his own liberty by inventing arbitrary laws which are rules of various games of false pretence, and which he binds himself to accept as true for purposes of play or exercise (physical or mental).

One main function of a system of Logic is to regulate the relation between arbitrary convention and shifting phenomena in accordance with the rhythm of man's organisation; so as to make the acts of "correction of premisses" afford healthful exercise without excessive strain.

We propose to begin the logical education of the child with *perspective*; *e.g.* with the perception that the small tree, which as seen from one point of view seems taller than the big poplar, appears shorter when we change our *locus standi*. The changes themselves may be as rapid and as numerous as those of a fairy-tale or a dream, while the laws which govern the sequence of changes are as strict as those of arithmetic or geometry, and as binding on the artistic conscience as the rules of the game which he professes to be playing are on the man of honour at a card-table.

TWO SYMPATHIES

THOSE who wish to understand quadratics should remember this. Our view of the right treatment to adopt in dealing with social problems must depend on whether our sympathies are with the parasite or the host, with the cancer or the patient, with the struggle of the one to effect a successful landing or with the struggle of the other to repel invasion. Each point of view is worthy of respect; and whichever side wins, God, we hope, has

sympathy with both the slayer and the slain. The doctor also may have sympathy with both. But the doctor's two sympathies will be of different kinds; that with the patient will be "real," that with the parasite "imaginary." If any doctor were to pretend that he is acting "in the best interests of both parties," he would prove himself to be an arrant humbug, and would get, and deserve, unmitigated contempt.

THE INFINITESIMAL

IGNORE the Infinite as much as you can, and the finite as much as you find convenient; but beware of ignoring the infinitesimal, especially when you are inclined to dislike or despise it, or when you hear it spoken of by anyone else with contempt. Look well after whatever values are, in your own day, supposed negligible. Whoever does this will find the Infinite coming, without his invitation, to throw light on the problems of the finite.

That was the secret of Newton and, I think, of Etruria also.

ATHEISM, SOCIALISM AND SYMBOLIC LOGIC

ATHEISM is a system generated by applying a frenzy of religious enthusiasm to the business of proving that the name of The Creator ought to be spelled with an "Alpha Privative."

State-Socialism is a system generated by applying a passion of altruistic devotion to the task of devising Acts of Parliament which shall force the world to go right while men act on a selfish basis.

Symbolic logic is a system generated by applying highly trained and well-equipped powers of imagination to the task of inventing an imaginary (and non-existent) state of things in which the exercise of the imagination is unnecessary and misleading.

The generators of these systems keep themselves healthy by the vigorous use of the very faculties which they try to persuade others not to use.

ADVICE OR SYMPATHY?

IF you wish for sympathy, go to one who has failed where you have failed. If you want advice, go to one who has succeeded where you have failed.

But better than either, perhaps, is the person, much older than yourself, to whom you can frankly say : "You failed where I am failing ; tell me what you now see as the causes of your failure."

A HIMALAYAN UNIVERSITY

PEOPLE are beginning to ask me what I am aiming at, as my work seems promiscuous and scattery. What I am aiming at is very simple and, I hope, harmless. I want to convert some of the vague unrest and negative disaffection of India into a reasonable positive demand for what is surely due to her, viz., a university which should be the intellectual expression of the Asiatic spirit; a normal outcome of the genius of ancient India and an opportunity for its further development. It ought to be situated in some healthy district of the Himalayas, perhaps near Darjeeling. The first professors should be men of native races and versed in ancient Indian science and art.

Such a university would be a boon to India, but a far greater boon to England. It would give English men and women the opportunity of learning something about the essence of Science and Art, free from the misleading associations of our universities ; especially our two ancient universities, with their low situations, flat scenery, academic conventions, ecclesiastical architecture, symbolic logic, and other devices for lowering the level of the human intellect and soul.

In order to prevent this from causing intellectual disruption in the Empire, the entrance examination should be so arranged as to show that the proposed pupil can read easily, at sight, the English language and the principal scientific notations in use at Cambridge.

As a token of respect for ancient India, Miss Everest, the daughter of the great engineer, suggests that the university should be known as the University of Gauri-Sankar, after the ancient Hindu name of the mountain now known to Europeans as Mount Everest.

PS.—The above is being sent to several journals in different parts of the world. For special OPEN ROADERS I wish to point out, as a specimen of *method*, that we propose to use my uncle's name as a rallying-point and inspiration, until our Ideal can take place as a fact, *but no longer*. We provide for the disappearance of the name as a token as soon as the Ideal becomes materialised in a human institution.

WHAT ONE MIGHT SAY TO A SCHOOLBOY

This first appeared in "The Open Road" of October and November, 1910, and was published in book form in 1911.

I

THE LESSON ITSELF

We are children of a *creator* ; heirs not only of a power but of a passion to create. We *must* do it ; we must do it or die.

The first task laid on us is to take up food and convert it into flesh : the flesh of our own species, whatever that may be, animal or vegetable.

But, even at that quite elementary stage, it is given to the human creature to *cheat* if he chooses. He must somehow give to his digestive apparatus the sensation of being satisfied ; but he can do this dishonestly.

If he does it honestly, he imposes on his jaws a laborious process of grinding, on his stomach a laborious process of digesting.

But he can, if he chooses, cheat by constantly nibbling things that do not nourish, or at irregular hours which make them not as nutritious as they might be ; by smoking narcotics or drinking alcohol instead ; this gives the sensation of satisfied hunger, but does not build up lower organisms into human flesh.*

One other task our heredity from the Creator imposes on us : symbiosis. Having organised food into ourselves, we are driven to organise ourselves into Humanity.

There are an infinite variety of honest ways in which we can do this ; every human being except an absolute idiot has a choice of at least two or three ways. Any way is honest which makes a creative impulse from within meet a need of the humanity without.

Every honest way of gratifying our own symbiotic passion (that is to say, every way which directs our symbiotic passion towards meeting humanity's needs) involves patient drudgery, as well as the gratification of impulse.

The first condition for making of oneself a healthy, happy, normal human being, for acquiring the highest development that lies within the compass of one's initial potentiality, is to acquire, as early as possible and as completely as possible, the power of

*At this point there is room for any amount or kind of presentation of the life of the drunkard. Two pictures may be strongly impressed on the pupil's imagination : the convivial brawler and the solitary "nipper."

constantly directing one's own symbiotic passion into some channel where it meets some need of humanity.

Let us take as an instance a boy who finds among his own capacities a talent and a list (or lust) for mechanical invention. The thing for that boy to do to make a healthy man of himself is to direct his mechanical aptitude as early as possible into the channel of meeting other people's needs and wants. He should be on the watch to mend whatever in the house needs mending, and to invent conveniences for the people about him.

If he does this, he will find much of his work monotonous ; there will be drudgery in large quantities in proportion to the amount of gratification of his inventor passion.

It would be far more "interesting" to be merely experimenting for one's own amusement or instruction, so that one could drop any given experiment at the point where one had extracted out of it all the "gratification," the *sensation* of satisfied list, which it is capable of affording, without encountering the concomitant drudgery.

But if the mechanically endowed boy has acquired early the habit of steering his mechanical capacity to meet need from without, he finds himself, on reaching manhood, a genuine inventor, able to tackle some real problem of the age and solve it.

Whereas, if he has failed to acquire this habit, he may develop in later life that horrible disease, 'inventor's mania.'*

But man has emotional capacities and lists : a passion for creating family and social ties. The normal education of the family list consists in forming the habit of paying attention to the immediate need of the people about one, especially those whom one loves. This involves drudgery as well as pleasure ; one has to get up out of one's chair to hand a chair to somebody else, or to open the door for somebody who is carrying a tray or other burden ; to be constantly on the look-out for human needs which one might supply.

One's little sister has a doll that shuts its eyes. One would dearly like to break its head open to see how the machinery works ; or, failing that, one would at least like to tease the child by pretending that one is going to do it ; it is such fun to see her waxy.

*Here again there is room for the teacher to employ his imagination in painting the fate of the broken-down bankrupt, equally incapable of doing anything *except* original work and of carrying his own originations to completion ; he can neither perfect a machine himself nor really direct workmen as to detail, even if he could afford to pay them. Picture the squalor and degradation of a life spent in cadging about for the means of gratifying one's internal impulses in ways which involve no self-restraint or drudgery to one's self, nor use to anyone else ; and which do not perform the normal function of all human capacity, which is the creation of permanent ties among men.

But if one is going in for educating one's family list towards its normal function, one must immediately divert one's desire to meddle with dolls away from the idea of breaking the whole doll towards the other doll which has been accidentally broken, and please the child by mending it.

One of the tasks which nature has laid on boys, and will not let them escape, is that of taking a certain share in the education of their future women friends and wives. It is a communal task ; you mostly educate each other's wives ; but, amongst you, you must do it, and do do it. Ill or well, honestly or dishonestly, you are doing it ; what the boys of fourteen are sowing, the men of forty will reap. If you really think you would like your wife, if you marry, to be sour-tempered and aggressive, making the little one waxy is honest and fair ; but if not, then amusing yourself by spoiling the temper of some other boy's future wife or friend is cheating.

There is a normal desire for demonstrations of affection. In young children this takes the form of a desire to be kissed and cuddled. Some children allow themselves to be tyrannical in this matter ; they insist on being kissed and cuddled for their own physical gratification. And, though boys outgrow this particular form of desire as soon as they go to school, it often only passes over into another form : the desire to be "made a fuss with," as it is called. The boy cannot be content to work at his carpenter's bench by himself till a thing is made or mended ; he must be interrupting somebody to come and look on while he does it.*

The normal education of this desire for family fuss consists in looking about to see who in the family really needs a bit of fuss. Not, who is *craving* for it for mere gratification ; but who *needs* it by reason of some temporary depression. If Mother has had bad news, go and kiss her. If Father is worried with business, ask him if he has time to take you for a walk. If the little brother has got into a scrape and been scolded or punished, then is the time to cuddle and pet, or to invite him to "come and look at me, and see me climb a tree," or "turn the lathe."

There is in many of us a desire for possessing slaves, for organising other human beings into tools for the carrying out of our ideals. We do not call them "slaves" in England ; but money controls labour ; "he that owns sixpence is in reality a slaveholder to the extent of sixpence." Besides, there is what is called "the tyranny of the affections."

The normal function of the slave-owning list is to enable the energetic and capable to organise the labour of the feeble-minded.

*Here again there is room for the exercise of the teacher's imagination.

The time to exercise it is when another child is lethargic and depressed. If you disturb those who have work of their own which they do and which it is good for them to do, you are becoming *parasitic*, not symbiotic. But sometimes overworked mothers and fathers, and elder brothers cramming for examination, become groovy and cannot leave off to amuse themselves or rest. Then is the time for the tyranny of affection ; say you want someone to help you to dig your garden, or paint your boat, or clean your workshop.

One of the quite normal outcomes of emotional and family list is that a man of mature age, if he is in good health and has a suitable home to bring up children in, sets to work to make a few. This is a pleasant enough activity ; but it entails an enormous amount of drudgery.

The man who has trained himself from boyhood to direct his affectional lists towards functional issues, by always diverting list into the direction where it encounters drudgery and is of use, will find himself doing the same naturally with his baby-making list ; it will be under his control, because everything about him will be under the normal control of the one great law of symbiosis. But if he, as a whole, is not under such control, he may find that his list drives him, a helpless slave and practically a maniac, either towards the making of babies for which no home is prepared, or towards cadging about to find ways of giving himself the sensation *as if* he were making babies.

Most people have a list for matching their powers against those of other people, to see who is quickest or sharpest or strongest. This list, though apparently selfish and anti-social, has its function in the great work of symbiosis ; it leads us to perfect in speed and efficiency those faculties with which we shall afterwards serve mankind.

There are dishonest ways of procuring the pleasure of winning ; some people cheat at games or examinations ; they thus get the sensation of having won, without earning it by making themselves able to win.

There are self-cheating ways of procuring for oneself a great variety of joyful sensations and emotions : the sensation of understanding mathematics, of appreciating art, of being acquainted with literature.

One can, if one chooses, get up a self-delusion of fancying one knows a good deal about chemistry or electricity ; but if one does that, one is liable to find oneself exploded or electrocuted off the face of the earth. This may happen through unavoidable ignorance while trying a quite honest experiment ; one must not conclude,

every time a disaster occurs, that someone was necessarily to blame. But still, on the whole, the main cause of accident is the carelessness born of over-confidence, of fancying one has ascertained everthing one could, when one has really neglected to do so. And such accidents kill or wound people so quickly as to act as a warning to the public not to trust showy self-deceivers. This explains why honest teachers, such as Moses and Elijah, loved electric science and spoke of it as the best test of knowing the *true* God; and why caterers for the popular craving for self-delusion have always hated physical science.

There is another range of sensations and emotions about which we can cheat ourselves if we do not early acquire the habit of being honest with ourselves. There is the sensation known as "the reward of a good conscience," which means fancying one has done one's duty; that known as "the Friendship of God," the feeling of being in harmony with the normal course of evolution; and that other most wonderful and awful delight commonly called "religion": the feeling that one is sinking one's own personality and petty aims in the work of carrying on the aims of some great teacher of old: Moses, Buddha, Zoroaster, Ramakrishna, or Jesus, "the anointed," or our own Odin. You can, if you choose, cheat at any of these things; procure the sensation without the "grind." There is nothing for which the world is so willing to pay highly as for help in cheating itself. The dram-seller makes money faster than the baker, at all levels and in all departments.

In all departments alike, the honest joys come slowly and last long; the sham ones come quickly and soon pass, leaving wreckage and dreariness behind.

If you are going in for the life of a cheat, begin at once; take to drinking and smoking instead of eating, and thus eliminate yourself quickly out of the way of honest folk.

The meanest of all modes of cheating, it seems to me, is to be honest with one's stomach as long as the business on hand is the building up of one's own tissues; and then cheat oneself with sham sensations in matters connected with symbiosis.

II

REMARKS

There are several advantages in making the whole question of ethics turn as much as possible round that of functional symbiosis.

It enables us to encourage an imaginative and artistic disgust

for vice without the risks attendant on any direct linking of the imagination to the sex question itself.*

It does away with all need for distinctions between higher and lower, animal and spiritual, egoistic and altruistic ; the normal business of every healthy-minded being, from a snail up to The Highest, is to use, towards functional symbiosis, such faculties as it has got.

It gets rid of all need for mixing up religion with questions of opinion or belief ; it makes religion to consist in transferring to the Invisible the laws of symbiology by which one is connected with the visible. This process of transference is analogous to that by which we pass from the algebra of x^3 (which is translatable into visible geometry) to that of x^4 (which does not apply to anything visible).

It disposes of all attempts to cheat one's self by *non-functional* gratifications of the religious emotions, for it locates all such attempts beforehand—where I am sure they normally belong—in the category of the sensual vices.

Without laying down any positive rules which may interfere with the orders of the doctor or the wishes of the parents, it prepares the imagination to tend towards a preference for a diet of fruit, nuts, pulse, and grain. The whole "list" of ripe seeds is towards getting into conditions which facilitate their own decomposition. They do not try to escape ; some of them put on colour, and often scent, apparently on purpose to attract creatures of higher evolution to eat them.

Thoughtless people jump to the conclusion that the norm of ripe fruit is to reproduce its species. But that is a begging of the whole question, and, in my opinion, entirely false. It is a concession to vulgar materialism for which there is no justification in fact. A seed could very well manage to drop into the ground and rot, without first putting on its glory of colour and scent. It is right that some plants should produce new plants, just as it is right that some men should produce babies ; but it is the destiny, the function, of the majority of seeds to be eaten ; and when we help their list for decomposition to meet our need for food, we are doing the best that in us lies to help them to take their part, along with The Highest, in the great world-drama of symbiotic Evolution.

This seems to me, for boys who are studying science, the most suitable preparation for Holy Communion with The Unseen by partaking of crushed corn and grapes. It gets rid of the *apparent*

*For a similar reason, the sex question had better be sandwiched in among other things, as it were incidentally, so as not to seem to be laying stress on it.

incongruity between religion and science, which I find has a disastrous tendency towards making the boy careless as to the science, irreverent to the religion, and sometimes unjustly suspicious of the honesty of his teachers.

I have known more than one case of a boy of fourteen or fifteen, hideously vicious and depraved, cured quite suddenly by being asked to help to train a little girl into what he thought he would, when a man, wish his own wife or grown-up sister to be like.

I believe that the sex question can never be properly dealt with while it is treated as a *ding an sich* ; as *the* thing to be got right ; while sex vices are treated as sins. It is, I believe, safer to treat them as a disgrace and *punishment* for neglect of positive duty (due-ty) in other matters, for omitting to pay one's just debts.

They are fostered by three errors of the imagination, viz. :

1. That feeding (which we all *must* do) is necessarily a violation of some other creature's House of Life ; whereas it might be the response to some other creature's list.

2. That the craving for demonstrations of affection and sympathy shows affectionateness and an amiable disposition ; whereas it is a symptom of degeneracy and a trend towards *magnetic parasitism*.

3. That religious sentiments and a taste for religious services and the reading *about* religious emotions are good in themselves. All true religion is a *symbiosis of mutual aid* between us and the Invisible ; and anything which gives religious sensations and emotions without such mutual aid is dishonest, and, it seems to me, nasty.

External vices are the symptoms and outcome of these vices of the imagination ; the physical signal flags, useful for diagnosis, like the specific rashes in measles and scarlatina. Attempts to "cure" them by any method other than preventing the spread of the diseases themselves are on a level with attempts to cure the scarlatina rash while encouraging the spread of the infection which causes it.

The true type of all normal life is the Mother and Child : List within meeting real need without.

I would not suggest directly to children that seeds like being eaten, because we do not know, and it is best not to commit ethics definitely to anything unproved. But I would prepare their imaginations to suggest the idea.

There are two things to which I should like to call the attention of teachers.

There is an intimate psychologic correlation in the unconscious mind, the nervous structure, between the three functions of feeding, killing, and propagation, of such a nature that as long as

children think of killing or giving pain as *sport*, the sex question must remain unmanageable.

The intelligent portion of the lower middle-class are very suspicious of all which implies that the slave-holding power (money) is passing, from its symbiotic function of enabling the more intelligent to organise and utilise the less intelligent, to the parasitic function of enabling the less intelligent to prey on the more intelligent ; not in the temporary and symbiotic manner of a baby on its mother, but on the condition of permanent degenerate parasitism. For if we have recognised a creature as parasitic, we no longer make a pet of it, nor do we envy the luxurious ease with which it gets its living, nor argue about its right to do so, nor punish it for anything in particular that it does ; nor even feel angry with it for annoying us ; we endure it while we must and exterminate it when we can. The lower middle-class boy is fast learning to read history in the light of this simple fact of psychologic biology ; and the sooner wealthy boys do the same, the safer England will be.

There are some things for which English boys of all ranks and all creeds have a common contempt and disgust. Among them are :

A child who is too lazy to learn to chew, and who tries to *suck* his food as if he were still a baby.

A boy who does not learn to keep up his own psychic vitality, and therefore wants to be kissed and cuddled.

A youth too cowardly to earn the reward of a good conscience by doing his duty like a man ; who cheats his conscience into approving of him, and tries to cheat God Almighty into approving of him, either by singing sentimental hymns or by crawling at the feet of a priest.

An ineffective, helpless inventor-maniac.

A sodden drunkard.

A boy who cheats at games.

Parasitic vermin.

I cannot help feeling that it would be well if we made a framework of those pictures, and then treated all unsatisfactory conduct by showing, in as few words as possible, the similarity of the conduct to which we object to one or more, or all, of these types.

The ironical advice to dishonest boys to weed themselves out of the way in good time by smoking and drinking is not, I should think, likely to do harm to boys of any rank or degree of culture ; it would partake rather of the nature of a homœopathic prophylactic warning.

The above suggestions are not original ; they embody the spirit of the whole teaching of my father's revered and beloved teacher, Dr. Samuel Hahnemann.

ABOUT GIRLS

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TO

LADS WHO HAVE YOUNGER SISTERS

AND

MOTHERS OF DIFFICULT GIRLS

A MENTAL and moral change comes over girls between the ages of twelve and sixteen. Do not people think about this change as if the problem were much smaller than it really is ?

What is it that happens to a girl ? Her body is being made the vehicle for an incarnation or manifestation in the flesh of some great essential principles of religion and philosophy.

It does not follow that a girl need be, or ought to be, or would be the better for being, consciously aware of what is happening to her ; nor even that her own mother would direct her the better for thinking consciously much about it. But when it comes to grandmothers, and the men who are evolving a general philosophy of education, had we not better boldly get into a balloon and rise to some point from which we can take a comprehensive and, so to speak, a bird's-eye view of the general situation ?

What is it that is being revealed within the girl ?

First, the mystery of the female sex in its own essence ; and that is emotionally the Mystery of Pain. If you read carefully James Hinton's book on pain, you will see that the real subject of the book is sex-passion, as it exists in the female organisation and seldom in the male. The Essence of the Mystery is that what, when it stands alone, we know as physical pain, is one element of intense enjoyment when it is mixed with emotion, provided the emotion is very large in proportion to the amount of physical pain. I am here only stating a proposition ; I have no wish to deduce any moral or to prove any theory. But the fact is, that physical pain is one of the essential elements in some of the keenest forms of physical enjoyment ; and this fact is making of the girl's physical organisation a vehicle for translating itself into consciousness. (It must be distinctly understood that nothing in this booklet refers to any theory about how much pain civilised people need

have, or the conditions under which they can escape it. It refers solely to the psychological attitude towards the question of pain itself.)

Another thing that is being revealed to the girl is the possibility of her physical personality becoming a medium through which the Adonaï, the Creator, starts to generate a new creation, a new conception, a new life.

Another revelation that is coming is that of the constructive instinct ; the nest-building, home-making tendency. This belongs to a quite different department of thought and feeling from the former (the conception). It involves the adapting of means to ends for the supplying of wants not yet felt ; the using up of the resources of the present to provide for the future.

Then there is what people talk of vaguely as "the maternal instinct." But the maternal instict consists of two distinct functions, as wide apart as the poles. One refers to the power which resides in the female organisation of taking up complex food-stuffs and breaking them down into simpler food-stuffs, partially digested and easily digestible. In mammals this is almost entirely a female function ; but there seems reason to suppose that at one time it resided in the male as well. In mammals it is a subconscious and almost involuntary function. But the maternal instinct involves a quite other function : alertness to meet felt wants, distress, suffering, a conscious deliberate applying of means to ends ; the end being the immediate relief of a distress which some helpless creature is consciously feeling ; the giving up of something which the mother would like to do, or the enduring of something not pleasant, in order to relieve the distress which the other creature feels.

All this mass of transcendental truth is hovering about the girl, ready to make of her physical organisation, her fleshly tissues, a vehicle of revelation into consciousness. When or how any particular scrap of it may reveal itself, or which scrap will do so first, is a matter of what we call accident : that is to say, the causes which determine the point of revelation lie beyond the ken, and beyond the control, of those who suppose themselves to have charge of her education.

Everybody seems agreed that it is desirable to prevent, if possible, the charge of revelation force pitching down upon one particular piece of her nervous system, and that an immature one not yet ready for normal function.

The question then is : how to utilise the first fourteen years of a girl's life, so as to minimise the chances of this kind of abortive and disastrous revelation.

It seems pretty obvious that one great point to aim at is to provide beforehand for a "maximum of *dispersion*" : that is to say, to get as large a number of the muscles, and as many as possible of the mental faculties, so trained as to act spontaneously as vehicles for the revelation when it comes : trained to act quietly and normally, both singly and in combination, as vehicles of revelation. I only throw this out as a suggestion. We need, one would suppose, that the preliminary preparations should combine the precautions proper to the business of putting up a lightning conductor and to that of organising a system of telegraphic wires, or an electric bath apparatus ; that it should provide the minimum of shock with the maximum of effective distribution ready for the time when the revealing discharge shall come.

The two things to avoid, it seems to me, are : everything that savours of irreverence, either to revelation itself, or to the sensations or emotions which are the means of it ; and, on the other hand, tension on any particular order of emotion, as specially holy. No kind of personal emotion or sensation is more holy than any other, or more disgraceful than any other. What is holy is orderly co-ordination. The disgraceful thing is such tension on any particular emotion or sensation as disturbs orderly co-ordination, either of the individual or of the community. I could wish that some teachers would read and compare such doctrines as those of "Christian Science," and "Power through Repose," and Indian Yoga, with Mr. Lester's articles on the "Science and Art of Prayer" (*Seeker*, 1906 ; February and May), and my own chapter on the "Fixing of Habits" in *The Forging of Passion into Power*. The clergy used to be eager to "get hold of young people" at the critical age, so as to "help them to conquer temptations of the flesh" by prayer, etc. This, of course, was a huge mistake, for it roused the religious emotions at the time of and in actual connection with physical nerve disturbance—the very thing to avoid. (It is the nature of man to invert everything, till experience teaches him to invert his own primary apprehension of the thing.) But the priests were so far right : prayer is the key to sex regulation ; only it should be positive, not negative—never against any temptation, or anything felt as evil or desirable to avoid. The connection of prayer with evil is of a different kind from that.

The brain is an organ which deals with cosmic forces, not only indirectly, by controlling muscular action and by intellectual operations, but also immediately by concentration. The best condition for this concentration action is one of more or less nerve uneasiness, such as that produced by any unsatisfied desire, sorrow, suffering, or depression.

Probably a great deal of the nervous and sexual trouble of to-day is due to a mistake made a generation or two ago in the recoil from religious influence and intellectual laziness by teachers who connected all rightness with some output of energy, and who encouraged young people to meet uneasy sensations by some output of energy, physical or intellectual. Girls were even advised to have always on hand something to make, or do, or learn, "at odd moments," *i.e.*, while waiting for an appointment or a meal.

It is right to teach children to do a duty when the time comes, *notwithstanding* slight feelings of discomfort. But the habit of relieving restlessness by some output of energy, responding to a sensation of discomfort by an exertion of force, is, if it becomes automatic, one of the most disastrous that can be formed. The condition of discomfort is one in which output is more exhausting and less productive than it is in a state of comfort, whereas concentration is then most valuable. The restless habit of shedding energy because you are uncomfortable is a bad preparation for times of illness and for old age. It is far better to learn the true use of Sabbath as a festival of Synthetic Unity ; and then acquire the habit of treating all periods of lowered energy, languor, disarrangement of comfortable routine, as partaking, more or less, of the character of extra Sabbaths.

The sex-question as it affects boys can never be understood or managed till its correlation with the functions of hunting, killing, eating, and inflicting pain has been organised.

The sex-question as it affects girls can never be understood or managed till it has been correlated with the emotions connected with prayer, adoration, sacrifice, and the enduring of pain.

When I say "prayer" I am not postulating any theory as to whom or what man prays to. There is some action of the brain which somehow affects cosmic forces, sets them in action, brings them to bear on the fulfilling of our desires, independently of any word spoken, or muscular action of the person praying ; and this act is intimately connected with sex-passion. In girls both it and sex-passion are most normally connected with devotion ; in men with the desire for possession.

Sex-characters often cross and recross the actual sex line in many ways. As some women develop beards, etc., some men develop sensuous sentimentalisms. All such facts are important and should be studied, but they should be studied as side-wobbles ; as distortions, aberrations, or anomalies. Pathology cannot be rightly understood except in reference to some normal standard. The whole sex-question will be easier to classify and deal with when students grasp the fact that the normal trend of sexuality in boys

is towards grabbing, in girls towards giving; in boys towards inflicting, in girls towards enduring, physical pain; in boys towards mastering, in girls towards adoration.

When questions come up connected with hunting, fishing, or biological experiment, the discussion tends to turn on the *amount* of suffering inflicted, the amount of benefit to human beings; the respective rights of men and animals. One point should not be overlooked. A girl's love of "teasing" is usually connected with some stirring of sex-impulse, which may be normal in itself though undesirable. But whenever a girl takes pleasure and interest in anything which involves the inflicting of physical suffering, she is coming near to *inverted* sex-instincts—to masculine, non-maternal development of sex. It should always be treated as a danger-note.

It would be well to face the fact that grave forms of erotic mania tend to develop when the normal sex-disturbance of a girl's organisation becomes crossed by any waft of the masculine adjunct-emotions connected with sex: sensuousness, masterfulness, love of possession, or the impulse to hurt.

Every effort should be made to keep *love* and *personal desires* apart in a girl's imagination and heart. When a girl talks of being "devoted to" golf, "loving" fishing, or "adoring" chocolate creams, it is a sign of one of two things; either something is going spontaneously wrong with her development (which is comparatively rare, I hope), or the adults about her have caught, and passed on to her, the germ of deadly corruption so rife in the air of modern society.

This corruption comes to its climax in the women who are "devoted" to dogs and other pets. There is such a thing as a healthy development of maternal feeling being assisted by having the care of animals; but it is at best a narrow pathway skirting a dangerous precipice. The girl gets indulgence of maternal instinct and emotions about creatures who exist for her pleasure and who would be handed to someone else's care—or perhaps neglected, or perhaps killed—if her guardianship of them interfered seriously with her "education" (!) or her pleasures.

Michelet uttered a much needed and little heeded warning as to the dangerous part which flowers, used as mere adjuncts to pleasure, adornment, or show, may play in sensualising and degrading education. What would he have said of the fashionable dogs of to-day, their Bond Street costumiers, hair-dressers, and confectioners?

I am not, however, writing a denunciation of fashionable follies; but offering practical suggestions to those who are trying serious

experiments in education. It can never be wrong to encourage in a school a refined and accurate use of language. The teachers should form for themselves some clear and accurate idea of the respective meanings of the words "like," "love," "adore," "worship," "am devoted to"; having settled what they suppose to be the real meaning of each word, they should discourage all slipshod misuse of them, and should endeavour to form in the girls a habit of right use before the dawning of the dangerous age.

(The use, in class, of some book on synonyms would be good.)

The teachers would do well to study Michelet's two books on the female organisation, *La Femme* and *L'Amour*. They are antiquated now. People forget that, though Science advances, theories change, and hypotheses are exploded, a record of observations is never out of date.

Something might be done before a girl is sixteen to give her the habit of rather avoiding than seeking the society of persons whose presence stirs her nerves and emotions powerfully. It seems to be carelessly assumed that, of course, a girl will like to be with the persons who attract her and stir her pulses. This is no more a matter of course than it is that she will like to eat cayenne pepper, drink gin, look at crude colouring, or listen to certain violent kinds of musical orchestration; if such tastes exist, it is a proof that she has either lost, or failed to acquire, the power of getting the normal amount of gratification out of milder sensations.

But, apart from all abnormal dangers, the normal danger to a girl lies in the direction of adoration. Everything which excites any such sentiment is (normally) a temptation to her. To divert adoration into motherliness is her normal safeguard. "Curb the wild instinct of worship, mothering human need" is her canon of safety. There is probably no better protector for a girl's imagination than to be made to feel morally and intellectually responsible for boys, at an early age, so as to learn by practical experience what are the moral and intellectual instincts which the healthy male human creature lacks and which it is normal for the female to supply. All this can, and should, become part of the furniture of her habitual subconsciousness before the sex-crisis comes on. In my young days teachers worried children with "You must not climb trees, it is unladylike"; "Girls don't learn algebra or mechanics"; "A boy should not play with dolls"; "Men don't learn to sew"; and even "Boys don't learn music." All these arbitrary differences imposed from without are on wrong lines. All that it is necessary for young people to know of sex-difference can come by experience. "I must do so-and-so, boys won't remem-

ber to do it" ; and "I must do so-and-so, the girls are not strong enough." In this way the consciousness of sex-difference comes to each sex in association with the sentiment of protecting maternal (or paternal) care. The present educational trend seems to be towards an artificial ignoring of sex-differences ; a generation or two ago it was towards artificial emphasising of them. As yet we know so little about the matter that all interference seems to go wrong or do mischief. As James Hinton used to say, "Any theory based on inadequate knowledge is bound to be false, and action founded on it sure to be wrong ; if we acted haphazard, there is a chance we might be right sometimes, and instinct counts for something." Boys and girls left to themselves do come to some agreement as to the normal division of labour ; whereas all the theories of the grown-ups on the subject seem to turn out to have been founded on misapprehension. The best that teachers can do is to face the problems which the children bring to them, and give such help as they can to apply to the particular problem on hand whatever general principles the children have accepted. To resolve and endeavour that, whenever a given instinct awakes in a girl, it shall find an alternative choice of channels through which to develop itself, is within the range of a teacher's legitimate functions ; but if he finds himself tempted to speculate either on the order in which the various instincts should develop, or on the best channel for each one to develop through, he had better check himself, and remind himself that as yet we have no data to go upon for thinking out such questions.

For instance, it is well to accustom girls, early, both to wait on the sick and help in the care of infants ; so that the protecting ministering instinct, when it wakes, should find at its disposal a certain amount of skill and good habit in both directions ; but a mother is the worse, not the better, guardian for her daughters for indulging beforehand in such dreams as : "I should like my daughter to be a good sick-nurse" ; "I hope she will take to looking after the little ones."

So also the creative instinct, when it awakes, develops more freely and normally if the girl finds herself able to express herself alternatively in sound, colour, form, or motion (by musical improvisation, painting, needlework, drawing or dancing), than if she were cramped into one channel only. The teacher who has ideas that "music is better for girls than painting because it is more social and less self-centred," or that "painting is better than music because it is quieter and does not attract the attention of the household," or that "dramatic art is dangerous," is *pro tanto* the worse influence because of his views ; they indicate that

he is playing with the functions of God Almighty and mistaking for superior knowledge his own ignorance of his own limitations.

And again, no one knows beforehand, or should allow himself to think he knows, at what age the maternal instinct is likely to awaken or should normally awaken.

What we do know about the matter amounts to little more than this: "It is certainly desirable that each spiritual or altruistic instinct, when it awakens, should find ready for its expression some channel or channels, through faculties already mature, co-ordinated, and exercised, and not be driven to find imaginary outlet through the part of the nervous system which is as yet immature and un-coördinated." I believe all serious mistakes in education begin with someone mistaking for a proof of special knowledge or virtue something in himself which is the expression of his own ignorance of his own limitations. There is no hope of any sound educational science till we learn to algebraise our own ignorance.

Many a teacher begins his meditations with: "I don't see much use in music" (or Scripture, or drama, etc., etc., as the case may be), "and there are many other things which seem to me of more importance and of more consequence; I will give time and attention to those." His decision may be right; but his attitude is wrong, and, starting thus, he is sure to be led to do his work in a non-economic way, to try his experiment on a costly scale; to make needless mistakes. He should start with the reflection: "What I don't see—though other people can see it—is the value of music (etc., etc.). That is the x of my special problem. That is what my life's experience is going to show me; and my pupils are the paper or blackboard on which God is going to demonstrate that problem. The best I can do is to deal faithfully with data that I do know, *i.e.*, the value of other studies and my own ignorance of the value of that one." He would then find, I think, that experience, as he acquired it, would be less chaotic and misleading; it would gravitate towards, and crystallise round, his initial premiss: "Let x = the value of music."

The first principle of psychology, as of every other science which deals with the action of force on matter, is that action and reaction are equal.

The next is that reaction will take place in the direction exactly opposite to that of the original action unless diverted into another direction by some form of interference.

The interference may come in either of three ways:

(1) By "accident": that is to say, by some cause not prompted by human will.

(2) By "tinkering": *i.e.* by human will exerted after the action has taken place.

(3) By "science": *i.e.*, by an orderly arrangement for dealing with the reaction planned before the action has taken place.

The quack in any profession studies direct actions and leaves the reaction to chance. If he is pious he calls chance Providence.

When the reaction has taken a direction which seems to the quack undesirable, he then proceeds to tinker the direction of the reaction, and usually diverts it into some fresh channel more undesirable than the original accidental one.

The scientific man does his best to provide beforehand that the reaction, as well as the direct action, shall serve some purpose which seems to himself desirable.

The difficulty which the average intelligent public finds in grasping the idea of scientific prophecy has perhaps never been more clearly illustrated than in the discussion of the co-education question.

We were told that certain persons of reasonable age and a fair amount of common sense and good principles proposed trying the experiment of educating boys and girls together.

It was obvious that no such experiment could be tried, or even proposed, on the terms of leaving vanity, sentimentality, coquetry, and dawning passions to run riot at their own will. It was obvious that the serious persons who were proposing the experiment must be intending to exercise either some kind of supervision or some kind of moral influence to minimise the elementary dangers. We assumed that they intended this, and that they would try to find out the best way of doing so. We asked no questions about the details. The question for the scientific prophet was this:

Natural flirtatiousness is going to be bottled up somehow for several years; in some manner or form a reaction will come when school or college is done with. What arrangements are the organisers of the movement making to secure that the reaction, whenever it does come, shall serve some desirable end, and not precipitate any one of the several kinds of disaster which are known to be very commonly caused by such reaction?

We asked; and in reply were flooded with assurances that the persons at the head of the movement were aware of the dangers *during the school age* (as if any one had ever doubted that!); and with explanations of the particular kinds of influence or supervision which were being brought to bear, with a view to averting those immediate dangers.

The main danger proceeds not from errors in the particular manner in which young girls are brought to be interested in ideas

and pursuits originated by and for men, but from the fact of its being done at all. The excuse for doing it is that you thereby "generate force," a scientific slang term which means, in reality, that you thereby store up and make available as a working power for specific uses force which, left to itself, would dribble to waste, doing sometimes a little harm and sometimes a little good. This was Watt's excuse for preventing the constant escape of steam from a kettle. The particular manner in which this is done is important, but of secondary importance. The point on which I wish to insist here is, that no one has a right to begin to do it at all until after he has made some arrangement for guiding the bottled-up steam towards useful purposes through some safe channel.

The whole intellectual and emotional life of woman is properly "lunatic"—*i.e.*, it depends upon, and is a function of, the moon-rhythm. Man becomes mentally subject to a moon-rhythm only irregularly and morbidly when something has upset the normal functioning of his mental machinery.

It is the prerogative of woman that without any abnormal disturbance she can remember, at the distance of only a fortnight, thinking and feeling from the point of view diametrically opposed to her present one.

This periodic alternation ought to go on from about the age of thirteen till it is interrupted by pregnancy or fades out in later middle life.

This normal lunacy is slight in the numerical majority of girls: so slight as to be hardly noticeable. But it is very pronounced in some, and should, for several reasons, be studied by those interested in education. Those in whom it is most marked, if mismanaged early in life, develop, later on, the most perplexing and disastrous kinds of moral and mental aberration; if allowed to develop normally they are the best coadjutors and assistants of thinking men, leaders and reformers; and the community can ill afford to lose their services. From first to last, they exert a more powerful influence, for good or ill, than average women do, over those with whom they come in contact.

By reason of that very influence, if the nature of it is misunderstood, their presence in a school may be the cause of much miscalculation and warp the whole course of educational experiment.

These typical "lunatics" give the key to the whole subject of female education; they are prone to develop those self-protective illnesses known as "hysterical," which are, in reality, warning notes of real dangers. The hysterical mock-disease makes the girl incapable of special kinds of exertion which, in strict moderation, would be very good for her, but which foolish teachers are prone

to stimulate her to make in excess of her strength, and which, if pushed to excess, would break down some weak part of her organisation.

The hysterical affection may be due to fatigue and need only temporary rest ; it is more likely, however, to have been projected from someone else's mind. The girl herself should be encouraged to disregard her hysteric sensations ; but if one girl in a school develops hysteric intolerance of any special kind of food or exertion, the director would do well to suspect that someone about her is prejudiced in favour of that particular kind of food or exertion, and is probably pushing the use of it further than is good even for the other pupils.

The main real problem of female education is to teach the girl to steady her actions, conduct, and speech, so far as is useful for the stability and order of the community, *without disturbing the tidal ebb and flow*, the normal rhythm in the region of thought and emotion.

The safety for a girl lies not in faith in masculine wisdom, nor in submission to masculine authority, but in real *self*-control. She should learn to realise at what portion of the month, and even at what hour of the day, her judgment is at its best, and to conduct her life according to her own judgment at its best. She should learn to act this week on the convictions and principles of last week, knowing by experience that they will also be those of the week after next. But when the education of girls in the "teens" is interfered with, either by men, or (what is worse) by women who are dominated by masculine ideas, the teachers set themselves to the brutal and stupid business of trying to "steady the minds" of the girls—*i.e.* to destroy the mental lunar rhythm. This *can* be done in two ways—one can either make the girl ashamed of "freakiness" in itself, or one can absorb her in non-freaky ideas which originated among persons of the masculine sex. The former is the practice of commonplace conventional persons ; the latter is a far more effective device. It was resorted to in former times by teachers of religion—the neurotic girl was induced to think the special ideas of Jesus or Paul or of "the Church" more interesting than her own particular duties, tastes, or pursuits. Nowadays she is induced to imbibe the ideas and devote herself to the aims of some experimenter in education, sociology, or politics.

However the thing is done, it is dangerous, because it tears apart the two portions of the nervous system—that which controls the physical functions and that which is the vehicle of mental operation. The second plan—subjecting the girl to the "steadying

influence" of virtuous, earnest, middle-aged men, absorbed in a hobby (whether religious, ethical, or scientific)—is productive of two other crops of disaster. The girl's normal instinct of coquetry suffers metastasis into the form of a power of deception all the more clever and effective because she deceives herself as well as the teacher. And the teacher, under the influence of his female devotees, develops a corresponding crop of delusions. There is probably no creature on earth so gullible as a chaste, sober, middle-aged reformer with a hobby, when surrounded by female adherents whose minds he has "steadied" and whom he has "redeemed" from frivolity. The devotees deceive the reformer, not by flattering expressions, or by quoting his utterances; these are clumsy and vulgar devices. They present him with subtle modifications and picturesque variants of his own statements. They develop all manner of sorrowful emotions for which his special view of life is the only consoler, and problems to which it forms the only satisfactory solution. Thus they persuade him, themselves, and the bystanders, that his view meets the needs of the age and the wants of the younger generation. The "good" influence lasts till the reformer dies, or the pupil is removed from him. Then there often sets in some kind of reaction which may take the form either of physical or mental disease, or of recoil from the reformer's ideas. There is probably no more deadly foe to a man's or woman's ultimate influence on the world than the quondam adherent of his or her doctrines, a pupil of the opposite sex who came under the "influence" during the impressionable age between twelve and twenty-five years.

To all questions about "How shall I set about steadying the mind of a girl?" there is one answer—"Don't." Provided her conduct is not injurious to others, let her mind swing to polar extremes till it settles down to its normal rhythm of its own accord. Train up the girl in the way *she* should go—*i.e.*, the way of lunatic rhythm; not in the way a lad should go—the way of any one steady aim or ambition.

A CHILD'S IDYLL

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

ONCE upon a time I wrote an autobiography which I destroyed a few years later because I realised that it gave an unjust view of my parents. It is difficult to speak of my childhood without conveying an unfair impression of them. I think I had better state at once some of the causes which made possible the anomalous conditions in which my early life was passed.

My father and mother were profoundly in love with each other through all their married life. For that reason each turned to the other that side which was most pleasing to the other ; and each hardly suspected what the other was really like when they were apart. And each was perpetually finding fault with the children for being the children of the other.

When I was grown up, my mother said that I had never attempted to disobey her since I was four years old; had never worried her by any grumbling ; had never asked her for anything that it was inconvenient to give ; had never given her a particle of the trouble about lovers, etc., which many girls do give to their mothers ; that she had never seen me out of temper ; that I had never hesitated to put aside my own business or pleasures to nurse her when she was ill or help her when busy ; that I was as hard as iron, and had never been a bit of comfort to her in my life. Which, being interpreted, meant that I represented to her all that side of father which she disliked and insisted on not seeing ; and I had to harden myself as much as I could, in order to prevent her seeing the fierce explosions of anger, to which I gave way when she was not by, at her irreverent denunciations of all those principles which Father and I had in common. This lover-like mutual self-delusion of the parents about each other is a cause of strained relations between parents and children in many families. In ours it was intensified by several circumstances.

Father was one of the victims of the terrible epidemic of influenza which swept over England in the year 1837, when I was not quite five years old. It left him a wreck. For ten years he was unable to do any parochial duty. He put a curate in charge of the parish and went to France to be near Samuel Hahnemann. He was unable to bear children near him except for short periods, and we were left a great deal to servants. We lived mostly in lodgings in various parts of Paris and its neighbourhood, and two or three times spent a few months of summer in Cornwall where Mother's

family lived. On those occasions we lodged at St. Mawes, then a small fishing hamlet. My father was a passionate lover of the sea, which Mother hated; as, poor soul, she did most things that Father loved. In all these wanderings, we sometimes attended day school, and sometimes had a daily governess. Sometimes Mother gave us lessons herself. Though a very intelligent woman, she was quite unintellectual; and the lessons with her were hopelessly dreary. On the rare occasions when Father felt able to give us a little course of instruction, he made everything except Latin more interesting than was safe for a nervous, highly-strung child like myself, and too transcendental to be intelligible to my stolidly-built young brother.

Then again, my father, as I knew him after I was fifteen, was one of the last men in the world to try to cramp a child's originality, genius, or will. To me he was more like a lover than a father. He spoilt all the girls in the parish and especially his daughter. But during his long period of ill-health he was absorbed in the personality and ideas of that Draconian philosopher Hahnemann; and I think it hardly ever entered his head that either he or his family could have any other function in life or need any other honour or happiness than being made material for Hahnemann to experiment on.

Some of the practical results of this anomalous state of things I have recorded elsewhere. A little incident which occurred during the last six months of Hahnemann's life (*i.e.*, when I was not quite eleven) will throw light on our family relations.

A friend of Father's spent an evening with us, and Father took the opportunity of showing the friend how much I understood about planetary motion, latitude and longitude, etc. I had to climb on a footstool to reach up to the orrery. My mother took up the little boy and seated him on her lap. Afterwards my brother said to me, "I am glad I am not Father's favourite, to have to do problems on the globe when visitors are by"; and I replied, "I am glad that I am not Mother's favourite, to be dragged about on a woman's lap."

Another incident that happened during that same winter was this:

One day that I was feeling very miserable, I laid Bonnycastle's Algebra on the floor, took into my arms a flowerpot in which I was cultivating a little weed (I think a wild veronica), and into my hands an insect of some kind, and then lay down with the Algebra book for a pillow, and indulged in a fit of wild weeping. Such dramatisation to myself in the privacy of my bedroom was one of my favourite forms of consolation. Nurse came in and

asked me what I was doing there. I said, "I am telling the only friends I have how unkind Mother is to me." This nurse was a kindly woman and when she found me crying and could not make me tell her what it was about, she sometimes told Mother. But this produced questions from Mother as to what was the matter. I furiously resented such interference with the private life, which I felt to be sacred, by grown-ups whom I wanted to keep at arm's length, and I generally contrived to do both weeping and storming when no one was likely to come near me.

All this throws light on the conditions which made such a story possible as I have promised to tell.

In such conditions, human love could be neither a normal emotion nor a consciously felt motive of action. It split, as it were, into two strata—a deeply underlying principle and a form of almost cataleptic nervous affection. I used to get fits of depression when certain people were parted from me, and fainting fits when I saw them again. I can remember on at least two occasions going into a faint when Mother came back after a short absence.

In order to prevent possible mistakes, I ought to say here that my brother became an admirable parish clergyman; and an excellent son, brother and husband (he had no children); and, though never a brilliant or very cheerful man, he was exceptionally good, wise and helpful. For myself I will only say that so hysterical and so dramatically inclined a little girl as I was might have grown into a worse woman than I have ever been.

In order to obviate any impression of disloyalty to my father which might be conveyed by this or any other of my writings, I will here add that my father, on more than one occasion, expressed to me his wish that I should study and profit by anything in his conduct which might seem to me to have been mistaken. I know that the great desire of his heart was that he and his might do something to clear the essential Philosophy of Hahnemann from accidental accretions of exaggeration and error.

One of the winters that we were at Poissy, the Seine was frozen over. I saw waggons crossing it. That winter, complicated by Hahnemann's drastic and rigid rules about "cold baths" and "walks before breakfast," was hard on us children; and, I see now, harder still on Mother and Nurse, who must have suffered severely from having to do the cruel things they were ordered to do. The little boy used to scream at the bath (from which Nurse had just cleared the ice, sometimes by the help of a stout stick). I was too proud to scream. At least that is how it looks to me now. But I believe the truth was that I suffered so acutely from psychic jarring, from illogicality, from any contact with irregular or disturbed

magnetic waves, that I would put up with anything rather than risk either a moral lecture or being the occasion of Mother or Nurse protesting against Father.

Occasionally some one would say to my brother, "Mary does not mind what she eats," or "Mary makes no fuss ; why do you ?" I do not remember ever contradicting such a remark ; but I used to go into storms of silent rage at the suggestion that I did not dislike the food at which I sickened ; or dread the horrible baths. I bottled my sufferings down and consoled myself with the reflection that it would be my turn by and by. I had another source of consolation too, of which I will tell presently.

In the course of that winter we got broken chilblains. Then it was decided that we could not put on boots ; so we took exercise running up and down the long corridor. We were induced to take the exercise by bribes of dried fruits for dessert, a raisin for so many runs and so on. I taught my brother to count, by counting out his dessert with him. I remember once fancying that he was trying to cheat. I preached a lecture to him about a little boy who cheated about a currant and, when grown-up, was hanged for sheep-stealing. If we made some exceptionally large number of runs in any one day, my extra reward was a number of "Robinson Suisses," which was coming out as a serial. It never seems to have occurred to any one that I should cheat. I feel sure that I never did cheat about material matters of fact ; I systematically kept grown-ups in the dark about everything that I possibly could, short of telling a plump falsehood about a material matter of fact.

The summer was pleasant at Poissy. We went to bed after early dinner ; and went out boating in the cool of the evening. The inevitable "walk before breakfast" was taken before the lessons, *i.e.*, from five to six. (Poor Nurse !)

The Forêt de St. Germain was delightful then ; one could lie at full length and feast on wild strawberries to one's heart's content.

A "walk before breakfast" was imperative under Hahnemann's cast-iron régime. I have heard legends elsewhere of our being met, when small children, out in the snow by lantern-light. At Poissy, as we had a tutor from six to eight, the walk was taken in winter after two hours' lessons.

In the year 1840 my father took the Château de l'Abbaye at Poissy, the house long afterwards occupied by Meissonier the painter. In our day it belonged to an impoverished scion of the old French noblesse who could not afford to live there. It was a large quadrangular house with a *perron* (double flight of steps) in front. The *perron* was much cracked. My first and most vivid impression

of the house was that there were quantities of harebells growing in the cracks. There were large rambling gardens and shrubberies both back and front, and orange and oleander trees standing in tubs. The whole place was, as I can now see on looking back, in a state of the direst neglect ; but to us children it presented itself as a delightful wilderness of cherries, dahlias, currants, sunflowers, and unlimited space and freedom. Our English cook, on exploring the kitchen garden, expressed disgusted astonishment that among all that fruit there was only one gooseberry bush ; and great was her contempt when she was informed that the French name for gooseberry was "mackerel currant," *groseille à maquereau*, and that the benighted French did not know the use of gooseberries for any purpose except making sauce for fish. We children were given gardens of our own for the first time in our lives.

There was a smaller house and garden enclosed within the same outer wall as ours, but separated from ours by a hedge. This smaller house was the property of an officer who had served under Napoleon and gone through the Russian campaign. When we had been in Poissy for a year or a year and a half the large house was taken by a printer ; and we then moved into the smaller house.

In the large house we occupied only the upper floor, all the rooms in which opened on to one long corridor, which ran along the back of the house. I remember Dr. Hahnemann walking down that corridor, as upright as a soldier ; he must have been 84 or 85 at the time. The hall floor was kept shut up. Once or twice Father took us with him while he opened up the rooms below. I thought them very high and large, and the painted panels very grand. Bats used to come up the staircase and fly about our corridor. That was a great joy and excitement. Father put strings across the corridor, that we might see how cleverly the bats made their way among them in the dim twilight.

By the back door of the smaller house there was a well ; and a small tree, which was, in some mysterious way, a relic of Napoleon, a seedling or cutting from some tree at St. Helena. My brother cut the bark of this tree. Father wrote to the old general to tell him ; he came to Poissy to see what damage had been done. He wept and fondled the tree as if it had been a hurt child or pet animal. Its wounds were plastered up ; and I believe Father thought it would recover. I hope it did.

The wall of the garden of the smaller house ran along a *ruelle* (lane). We were told that the Battle of Poissy had been fought in that lane ; but I do not know what the battle was about, or who were the fighters.

My garden in the shrubberies of the large house was the centre point of the idyll which, as I now realise, has been the dominating influence of my whole life, and directed all my work.

At the main gate, through which access was had from the road to both the houses, there was a lodge occupied by a stout woman, Madame Porquerelle, and her son, a boy of, I suppose, about fifteen, who had just left school with the character of being the cleverest and best scholar in it. My father immediately engaged him as the garden and boat boy, and bought or hired a rowing boat. Adolf, let me say at once, is the comic character of my story, but has nothing to do with my idyll.

There was at that time no Protestant Church in Poissy ; on Sunday mornings Father used to hold the English Church service in the drawing-room for the benefit of ourselves and our two (English) servants. I disliked these functions very much ; partly, I think, because, though I knew English, I disliked the language. We talked it only with the servants. From the time of our first going to France our parents had discouraged our ever speaking it with them. I think this may have had a good deal to do with setting up in our minds an association of Protestant religion with boredom and intellectual inferiority. But the services were also occasions for stern reprimands from Father about irreverence to God and indifference to religion whenever fatigue, boredom and nervousness had driven me into fidgeting or a painful hysterical giggle to which I was at times subject. Father had an almost rabid hatred of Catholicism ; not, as I afterwards learned, from any prejudices about doctrines, but because it affords an opportunity for priests to make use of the emotional life and artistic sensibilities for the purpose of gaining personal influence ; a proceeding which he considered absolutely wicked. He had a passion for liberty and individuality in all intellectual and spiritual matters, which passion, I may say, I entirely share. But in those days I only realised the fact that I was never allowed to go into a Catholic Church ; and as nearly all the French people we knew were Catholics this excited a precocious and very strong curiosity about differences between religions. Whenever I could find a book about religion I read it with avidity. Twice during our residence at Poissy I went without my parents to stay with three English ladies in Paris, one of whom was a Churchwoman, another a Unitarian, and the third a Nonconformist of some description. I amused myself by reading and comparing the various devotional books that I found about.

But at home there were no religious books except one or two of my mother's favourites—and my mother, finding me absorbed in

these, took it into her head to imagine that I was in a state of grace—a delusion which led later on to her finding her daughter a somewhat anomalous puzzle.

On "Sacrament Sundays" we children were turned out of the drawing-room during the performance of some mysterious rites. This also excited my curiosity. On those occasions we were looked after by Adolf, a safe and perfectly delightful companion, a genuine French Sam Weller.

When we first went to Poissy, my brother and I attended a day school kept by a Madame Déplace. Monsieur Déplace was the master of the official École Nationale, but Madame's was a private school. The lessons were given by herself and two assistants. The school opened on to the same courtyard as her house, but was separate. The house was entered by a kitchen or house-place in which Madame Déplace's mother, Madame Le Blanc, did the cooking, while *her* mother, a very old woman, sat in the chimney corner. The children brought their mid-day luncheon, sometimes a little can of soup which Madame Le Blanc would warm for us ; more often bread with cheese, fruit or salad. Salad oil was much in evidence, and also lump sugar to make the eau sucrée which at that time took a prominent place in French life and literature. I remember only one lesson of Madame Déplace's. It was on the Salic law. She said that France never allowed a woman to reign lest France should become a province of some foreign kingdom. She illustrated her theory by the instance of the English Queen Victoria who had lately married a German, in consequence of which, Madame explained, England would, in the next generation, become a Province of Germany. The shrewd Frenchwoman was seeing ahead more truly than I suppose most English people at that time would have believed possible.

Monsieur Déplace used sometimes to come in when his school closed for the noon recess and give us arithmetic lessons. I remember very little about them except on one occasion his smiling at me, but I have a general impression that I liked them.

We were taught dancing by a hair-dresser who came over from the neighbouring town. I forget what we little ones danced, but the two tallest girls were learning the "Allemande" ; I thought it very graceful and envied them. One Sunday night I saw one of these girls, the daughter of a farmer, dancing in the market-place in a white frock with a wreath of flowers on her head. We used to see soldiers from the barracks on Sunday afternoons sitting in the cornfields making wreaths of cornflowers for the girls to wear at the evening dance.

The hair-dresser's discipline in the matter of pointed toes, etc.,

was to me somewhat severe ; I was called "the stiff English girl"; though when I afterwards joined a dancing class in England I was considered a marvel of suppleness.

In the afternoons we took walks with the sous-maîtresse or played.

Sometimes we danced round and sang in "Here we go round the mulberry bush" fashion. The song which I remember best on those occasions must have dated from the time of the Marlborough wars. It began "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guer-re." Once when we were sitting in a ring playing a "hunt-the-slipper" game, a child put her hand in her pocket and exclaimed in horror, "j'ai perdu mon chapelet" ("I have lost my rosary"). Another child queried eagerly, "Est-ce que c'est un péché mortel ?" ("Is that a mortal sin ?") Once I heard the children discussing their confessions. They used to write these out and show them to Madame before going to the priest. They made a joke about some girl who saved herself the trouble of concocting a confession by saying every time the same thing : "Father, I have been greedy, I have been disobedient, I have told a falsehood." I remember thinking that if I had had the good fortune to be born a Catholic I should be more respectful to the religion than these girls were.

I disliked playing with these girls. Madame had a rickety baby who on fine days was laid on a bed of bracken in a sunny corner of the yard—a popular remedy at that time. Whenever I could, I spent the recreation time lying on the ferns amusing little Césarine.

While I was attending the school a terrible tragedy occurred. One of the pupils—a pretty little girl and a great favourite—while out with her mother in the evening, was suddenly killed by an iron bar falling on her. All the girls in the school except myself followed the body to the grave, dressed in white and carrying flowers. I saw the procession pass, and might not join it because I was a Protestant. It gave me an impression of ill-usage and unreason. I felt in a vague sort of way, though, of course, I could not have expressed it, that the girls went to the cemetery not as Catholics but as the dead child's school-fellows, and that the Protestant religion was a churlish thing which interfered with things that were right in themselves, and which my parents did not think wrong.

It seems strange, now I look back, to remember how proud I always was of restrictions, isolations, privations, and sometimes actual suffering, imposed on me as one of Hahnemann's experimentees ; and how I resented the slightest interference with doing as other girls did on the ground of being a Protestant. I suppose the reason was that, as Hahnemannists, we were doing something

positive ; having the honour of helping a great man to try a great experiment. Whereas quâ Protestants we were only helping to carry on a negative tradition. Not, of course, that I reasoned about it in childhood ; but the *feeling* was there from a very early age.

At the close of school Madame used to say some prayers with the girls. I was fetched away before this function began, but on one occasion the servant could not come for me, and Madame, for some reason which I forget, found it necessary to take me into the room where the prayers were to be said. We passed a big crucifix fastened to a wall. The other girls sidled along so as to keep their faces towards it. I, not having been instructed, walked on with my back to it. A child exclaimed in a horrified tone, "Madame, Marie is turning her back on the Good God." Madame replied, "Never mind, she is a Protestant."

There came a prize-giving day at the end of the quarter. The proceedings took place in the courtyard. At one end, a platform was put up, on which the girls acted a play, the scene of which was supposed to be a school ; we were coached up by the hair-dresser. I took a very small part in the play because I was selected to say the prologue. My impression at the time was that the play and prologue were written for the occasion by the hair-dresser ; but they probably were in reality a stock school classic. I remember nothing about them except that at the close of the prologue there came something about a flower turning towards the sun from which she drew her beauty. At this point, as previously instructed by the hair-dresser, I turned to Madame and made a profound bow, and was somewhat startled by the burst of clapping which followed on this theatrical *Coup*. After the play we girls went to sit among our parents in the body of the courtyard ; a table was put on the stage with the prize books, and, at one end, a pile of ivy wreaths. Beside the wreaths the Mayor of the Town took his seat, and at the other end of the table Monsieur le Curé. As each prize-winner's name was read out she walked up to the Maire, who put a wreath on her head, and then she went across and knelt before Monsieur le Curé, who bestowed upon her his pastoral blessing.

After the ceremony was over, the prize-winners walked home with wreaths on their heads. Those who had more than one strung the spare ones on their arm. This was a French custom in those days. I have seen girls going about the streets of Paris in this guise, someone following carrying the prize books. I have an idea that much of the mechanism of school life at that time originated with Madame Campan, who had been Marie Antoinette's reader and was afterwards Head Mistress of the great school for officers' daughters founded by Napoleon at Écouen. Her work on Educa-

tion in four volumes is an interesting and instructive one, especially as showing how schools of quite inferior grade mimicked the most accidental touches of external management. There was, at Madam Déplace's, an elaborate arrangement of woollen sashes which marked our school rank ; I remember my parents making great fun of my solemnly calling myself "une grande verte" meaning that I was in the upper division of the green-sashed class, or "form" as it would nowadays be called. I distinctly remember that in school, while writing at least, I was covered with a great black holland or calico-sleeved overall. On the prize day we wore white frocks and the sashes which marked our class. The whole performance, and especially M. le Maire and his wreaths, had a distinctly Napoleonic flavour, and perhaps the popularity of the Malbrouck song represented the same animus.

When we were leaving Poissy my father offered to get Adolf a good berth in the Olivier press. His mother was anxious that he should accept the offer, and said if he was drawn for the conscription she would pay for a remplaçant (substitute) ; but Adolf, as Father afterwards told us, persisted that he wanted to be a soldier. Father tried to persuade him that so good a scholar as he was would be sure to rise in the world if he once got into a printer's office, and asked Adolf why he was so anxious to throw away his prospects and become a soldier. "Mais, monsieur," exclaimed the youth, "je voudrais tuer un Anglais !" Adolf was really attached to us all ; as he proved afterwards by coming to see us after we had left Poissy. He was uniformly kind to us children, and I have no impression of his ever having been unkind to any living creature. I know, from many things I heard afterwards, that my parents and our English servants were much attached to him.

"To kill an Englishman" was in those days, I believe, part of the ambition of every loyal French soul. It was an abstract and ideal ambition and does not seem to have had the smallest connection with dislike of actual English people or with any desire to kill or hurt anybody.

My parents, I suppose, did not like the associations of the school, for, when we had been there I think only one quarter, Mother decided to teach us herself. I think I must have continued to go to school in the afternoons for the dancing classes ; I certainly somehow kept in touch with Madame and Césarine. Mother taught us in the mornings after breakfast.

Monsieur Déplace was asked to come for two hours a day to teach us French and arithmetic. The only time he could spare was from six to eight in the morning, and those hours he spent with us, winter and summer, as long as we stayed at Poissy.

Monsieur Déplace is the hero of my idyll. I wish, though I know that the wish is vain, that I could convey any adequate impression of the way in which he enveloped my life with a protecting influence without the slightest interference with either my thoughts or my feelings. The influence was all the stronger because he showed no desire to gain influence ; I was quite unconscious of it then and for many, many years afterwards. In those days the distinctions of rank were more sharply defined than they are now. The village schoolmaster was not supposed to take rank with gentlefolk, and though Monsieur Déplace himself was a gentleman in every sense of the word, he accepted the social position into which he had fallen (or risen ?) in all seriousness.

I do not remember anything passing between us in the slightest degree resembling either a caress or an affectionate word. The relation between us was, I believe, entirely subconscious on my part, then, and for a quarter of a century after I left him. I remember distinctly the first arithmetic lesson he gave me at home. Mother had been trying to teach me long division, but could not make me understand, chiefly, as I now know, because she herself did not understand. The difficulty was referred to Monsieur Déplace ; then it disappeared as if by magic, and it was the last difficulty that I was ever in my life able to see in connection with arithmetic.

The next thing that I remember is a sum in compound proportion, or what used to be called "double rule of three." The master told me nothing, he asked me a succession of questions and made me write down each answer as I gave it, and then let me perceive that the answer to the complicated question on which we had started came out of its own accord in my own handwriting. After the lesson I showed my performance to my father and an uncle who was staying with us. I found out long afterwards that both of them were, for England, mathematicians of a somewhat advanced species. They seemed simply staggered at my sum. Uncle declared that it was impossible that a child of my age could understand such a sum. I did another in their presence. There appeared to be considerable excitement over the performance. They had a talk with Monsieur Déplace (I suppose next morning) and then they talked about him. It appeared that he was a cultured gentleman and had been private tutor in a nobleman's family, but an imprudent marriage had made it impossible for him to retain that post, and he had been obliged to take any means that offered of earning his livelihood. Father and uncle appeared to consider him a wonderful mathematical genius. From what I saw of him long afterwards I infer that he was nothing

of the kind. When my father and uncle were at college, Cambridge was at the lowest dead-point of its worst traditions. Monsieur Déplace had been brought up in the French school of mathematics which prevailed in France from the middle of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth, and which culminated in Gratry's marvellous "Logique." My own opinion is that my relatives would have got an impression of mathematical genius from any fairly well-educated Frenchman of that period ; and that Monsieur Déplace had no genius at all except (a very large exception, I know) that which is conferred by simplicity, humility, strict attention to details of duty, and a habit of seeing God in everything.

Father had begun to teach me Euclid before we went to Poissy. But from the time when Monsieur Déplace came on the scene he wisely left all that part of our education in the Frenchman's hands.

My little brother was only five years old at this time. I distinctly remember that before we left the Château de l'Abbaye, Nurse complained to Mother, though with more pride, of course, than real objections, that Master George gave her no peace ; he was asking questions about the addition of numbers from the moment his eyes were open in the morning.

Besides mathematics, Monsieur Déplace taught us French. We read with him—or at least I did—a delightful book called "L'histoire naturelle en famille"—conversations of a boy and girl with their parents about animals and plants. I have read it since I have had children of my own and do not wonder that I enjoyed it. It is a charming book ; but of course, by the time that my children were able to read it was considered out of date.

The master gave me fables in rhyme to learn by heart ; I think Florian's. (I learned some of La Fontaine's before he came to us.) The only one that I remember was about a poisonous serpent and some other animal. I forget the story and only remember the moral. The serpent and the nice animal represented respectively "la satire et la critique." As I did not know the meanings of the words Monsieur Déplace explained the difference between satire and criticism. The deposit left by that lesson is that all my life scholarly critique has seemed to me the finest and most delightful of fine arts ; and that all satire, however witty, which can give pain to the person satirised, impresses me as ugly, repulsive and vulgar. The only form of wit in which I should ever care to indulge is the gentle kind of *reductio ad absurdum* which helps the subject of it to find the shortest way out of fogland into sunlight.

Only one other utterance of the master remains in my memory. In France at that time able-bodied laymen took turns at patrol

duty. When Monsieur Déplace's week of patrol occurred he could not give us our lessons. I suppose that when he came back to us I must have said something about having missed them or being glad to resume them. He said that if I only knew what it was to him to be teaching an intelligent little girl who wished to learn, after the rough village boys, I should feel sure that nothing but absolute necessity would have kept him away for a day. I am sure that one sentence settled my destiny for life. If a girl once gives her heart in response to the appeal, "I want you because you *understand*," there is not much use in anyone ever after appealing to her through her ambitions, greeds, superficial emotions, vanity, or craving for mere sensations. And thrice blessed is the girl who has so given her heart several years before the age of the dawning of the physical passions.

I can see it all now, in that bitter winter: the smoky fire, just lighted in the day nursery; the boy, mercifully allowed by M. Déplace to sleep on a footstool in the chimney corner, and myself utterly happy and peaceful. Nurse used to go away (I suppose to the kitchen or night nursery), cook and our parents were not yet up. There was no fear of jar or interruption. Neither cold nor anything else mattered when I was alone in peace with the Master. Two of the things that remain to me of that winter are: an unconquerable dislike of the *sight* of snow and ice; and the power to forget the *sensation* of cold whenever I have the opportunity of escaping from psychic jarring by absorbing myself in a problem.

I can recall only one more episode of my childish friendship with the schoolmaster. In the corner of the long-neglected old shrubberies which had been assigned to me as a garden, there was a rose-bush. Once it put out a bud which was a subject of great excitement and anticipation. At last it opened into a real red rose—a wonderful treasure. I picked it and gave it to Monsieur Déplace asking him to take it to Césarine. I do not remember anything that he said, only a smile; but I know that from that time the pleasure of gardening became complicated with the idea of a much keener pleasure—that of spoiling something for the sake of putting something into the master's hands.

Afterwards, I remember being remonstrated with by Mother and Nurse because I wished to pick right off from the root a cherished annual covered with flowers and buds. They tried to prevent my making the sacrifice; but I insisted; and at last Mother said that the plant was mine, and if I was bent on it I must be allowed to go my own way. I cut the plant off and asked M. Déplace to take it to Césarine (who of course would have been more pleased with one big bright dahlia flower).

I know now that Mother was, then and always as long as I remained under her care, trying to guard me from woman's great danger—reckless and wasteful extravagance in devotion; the sacrifice of possibilities of future usefulness, not for someone else's good, but for the mere indulgence of the emotion of sacrifice. She was trying to teach me to

> Curb the wild impulse of worship
> Mothering human need.

But she was not logical enough to explain herself intelligibly to me; and to the end of her life succeeded only in making me feel that she was interfering between me and my friends and trying to teach me to be selfish.

The morning lessons kept me very happy on the whole as long as I remained at Poissy and, I suppose, prevented myself or any one else from realising that my relations with the grown-up world in general were penetrated with dry-rot and ready to crumble at a touch.

In 1842, I think, at midsummer, we left Poissy and went for a little while to St. Germain. We had there a morning governess, whom we called 'Zelle. We all liked her and my little brother adored her. She had the great fault of Frenchwomen of that day. She took telling falsehoods as a normal part of life—a thing to be expected from children. One day when I could not find my drawing pencil 'Zelle told my parents a long rigmarole about how I had hidden the pencil because I disliked my drawing lessons, and had told her a lot of falsehoods. My parents, I fear I must say, aroused my contempt by taking the accusation seriously and being distressed. My father laid a plot to test me in order to get at the truth. Father took me out for a walk alone and we had a queer cross-purposes conversation till it suddenly occurred to me to ask—"Do *you* think I hid the pencil on purpose?" At that he became confused and said, "No, but 'Zelle does," and tried to make me see that it was a serious affair. I asked him what he supposed it mattered to me what outsiders thought.

I seriously believe that this was the first occasion of its dawning on my father's imagination that there might be things in a child's mind not catalogued in Hahnemann's register of "mental and moral symptoms."

Grief indicated a need for Ignatia and a quarrelsome disposition for Sambucus. But Hahnemann's list contains no specific for being case-hardened to unjust accusations; nor for any of the moral symptoms induced by being the child of a man who, after

one's birth, allowed his own keen sense of humour to be hypnotised into abeyance by a solemn German doctrinaire.

At St. Germain I somehow got hold of some books of ancient history into which I plunged with avidity. One practical result of my historic studies was that I formed a resolution that when I was grown up I would do something to revenge poor Boadicea on the Romans who had come to England and been unkind to her and left behind their nasty Latin grammar : by which I meant a book called the "Eton Latin Grammar" which Father insisted on our learning by heart and which made me hate the Latin language.

I wonder how many of the sugar-of-milk globules which we children had to hold on our tongues were extracted from little bottles labelled Sambucus ! We were in perpetual scrapes for what the elders called "quarrelling." Our logical faculties, strongly stimulated by Father's teaching when he gave us science-lessons, and sternly repressed at all other times, found for themselves an outlet in this way. I would put my elbow on the nursery table and say : "I have a right to put my elbow here." George would shove it off with his elbow, and say : "I have as good a right to that place as you" ; and so we would go on, till some one came in and gave us a moral lecture on the wickedness of quarrelling !—which, considering what an atmosphere of antithesis and antagonism our lives were spent in—Homœopath against Allopath, French against English, Protestant against Catholic—was very puzzling to us, especially to me, who read History. My brother and I were teaching ourselves and each other the art (for it is an art) of settling disputed questions on a logical basis and without the intrusion of ill-will or selfish motive. Father must have known this in some subconscious way ; for when the boy began to have pocket-money and was found unable to keep a sou in his pocket, Father said he should in future give us our weekly allowance in common so that I might teach the child the right use of money. This happened at Poissy, which we left when I was ten and the boy seven. I do not believe we ever had a word of dispute about money ; or indeed about anything that either of us cared about ; only about the abstract settlement of claims. I can understand that the jingling must have been worrying to the grown-ups ; and they were of course, quite right to silence it when we did it in their presence ; but the moral lecturing was, I venture to think, needless and out of place.

I have a Bible which was given to me at the age of three and a half as a reward for reading a chapter in it. My mother has told me that, at three, I could already read a simple tale by myself, and then tell it to her. I was teaching village children their letters at

four. I was always an omnivorous reader ; when there was nothing else to be got, I read the Dictionary. I am sure that my habit of incessantly reading was not due entirely to a desire for information. All my life I have found absorption in a book a relief from the torture of conflicting thoughts and irregular psychic impressions. But still, the fact was that I did read, and much of what I read remained stored up in my memory. I cannot have been more than seven when I received a severe scolding from an ignorant servant for reading some torn sheets of "Don Quizote" which I found among waste paper. It seems to me now very funny to recall how, when I was ten and even eleven, Father was still trying to mould into accordance with other people's feelings, which he himself did not share, a child who had for several years been helping herself to ideas from a promiscuous variety of educational and theological literature ! What made this promiscuous reading all the more confusing was that the books were, as we knew, severely weeded ; Father confiscated a delightful book of fairy tales which my grandfather had given me. Each person's books were weeded according to Hahnemann's ideas of what was fitting for that person's age and sex. Mother told me afterwards that she herself had not, when we were children, been allowed to read novels, or to open, without special permission, any book on the second-hand stalls at which she stood waiting while Father spent long hours in selecting his own occultist library. But I got hold of Mother's books ; and somehow got hold of the idea that my parents endorsed all the arguments of all the books I got hold of. Amongst them I distinctly remember Addison's *Cato*, which I had to read as English lesson ; and Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*, which I studied with great zest, because of its racy wit and sharply contrasted characters. Needless to say, I had no more desire to lead a devout and holy life than to parade the streets of heaven in a long white frock and a gold crown. What I did want was to wear trousers so as to be free to climb trees like a boy ; and to find out all I could about how to baffle the educational manœuvres of various grown-ups who had conflicting views of what they wanted to make of me.

We spent the winter of '42-'43 in Paris. I went on with Algebra with Father and also by myself to a much greater extent than anybody knew of. I remember finishing an Equation in my bedroom by myself and then discovering that my feet were deadly cold and my head aching and burning—I had been oblivious of my own sensations till I had come to the end of my problem. The history books I suppose were no longer accessible. By way of private reading I plunged into the New Testament and for a very

short time fell in love with Jesus. I dreamed that I was in the street of Jerusalem and he had taken me on to his knee. I cried when I woke up, and then Nurse told Mother, and Mother insisted on worrying me to know what I was crying about. At last and very reluctantly I confessed and said I was disappointed when I woke. Thereupon Mother thought the occasion a suitable one for improving my theologic education. What Mother really meant by saying that Jesus was God I found out some ten years later when I said to her, "It's all very well for you to tell me to follow Christ now that you know I can't do it, but I should like to see your face if you caught me walking down the street after a carpenter who was preaching strange doctrines" : and then Mother replied, "But He was God ; we can't do that kind of thing now." Which being interpreted meant, of course, that it is a nice thing to have Jesus for an opportunity for getting up sham sensations, but it would be very inconvenient for mothers if their daughters took it into their heads to think of Jesus as a plain straightforward working man who said what he meant, and meant what he said. But at ten years old I was not up in that much worldly wisdom ; whereas I was only too well acquainted with the use made by grown-ups of their own and each other's ailments and sufferings to prevent children from asking inconvenient questions, and getting at the truth of things. I jumped to the conclusion that Jesus had been shamming suffering in order to induce me to be good, and also that he was a horrible genie who walked about pretending to be only as tall as a man when all the time he could fill all space if he liked.

But there was worse to come. I gathered, from conversation which I overheard between Father and an English friend, that there was a place called Cambridge which was the home of mathematics ; and a glorious being living there whose name was Babbage, and who was the King or High Priest of Mathematics. Afterwards I overheard Father say to Mother that he could not think what they were going to do with the children ; the boy would have been a capital girl ; and as for Mary, if she could go to Cambridge, she would carry everything before her. But what use Mathematics was going to be to a girl, he could not think.

(At that time it had not, I suppose, entered anyone's head that universities might some day be open to women ; but I, of course, knew nothing about universities.)

The triple shock of this speech remains in my mind as the blackest horror of all my life. There was the shock of finding out that I was supposed to be a person of the same sort as the great men who lived at Cambridge. This might not have been unpleasant in itself but it startled me very much. Then, that because

I was a girl I might never "go to Cambridge and see Mr. Babbage." But worst of all was the unutterable horror of hearing Algebra spoken of as something which, but for the unfortunate accident of my being a girl, might have been of use to me. I had been dreaming of being of use to it. I suppose I must have lost consciousness of outward things. What I remember is, seeing a vision of a gigantic and beautiful figure, which I somehow knew to be called Algebra, and myself sitting on a footstool at its feet kissing the hem of its robe.

I had a terrible illness about which I would rather say nothing except that there has never been an hour in my life since in which I could not heartily say, "Whatever has come or may be coming, thank God I can never be a child again."

I came out of the illness quite suddenly. I remember perfectly well kneeling up in bed and offering terms to God for my future good behaviour. I would believe in Him and try to be a good child if He would let me go to sleep without being frightened, and I remember nothing more till I woke up next morning perfectly happy and absolutely sure that I had an Unseen Friend who would take care of me and whom it would be a pleasure to obey and serve. The conviction has never left me since, except for one hour in the crisis of a bad illness when I had a fit of wondering whether after all there is any God. It was the queerest experience of my life, utterly anomalous and, once it was well over, very interesting.

Monsieur Déplace came to see us once after we left Poissy. Everybody seemed glad to see him and I was glad too, but I do not remember anything that he said, only that he seemed glad to see me.

In the spring of 1843, when I was just about eleven, we came to England and I never saw him again for twenty-six years.

I do not remember thinking much about it. When I was twenty a child cousin who had been a great pet of mine died. In the middle of all the grief I suddenly saw a vision, myself putting the red rose into my master's hand, and the feeling rushed over me that God had wanted our pet, and that there was after all something very sweet in giving Him anything He wanted. I also remember that, among all the glory and delight of having secured for myself private lessons from George Boole, I realised that there was something lacking in him. His lessons were wonderfully rich and beautiful and full of intellectual delight and spiritual suggestion, but I missed the utter child-like purity and simplicity of the French teaching.

After George's death, one of his class at Queen's College, Cork, said that he was more like a painter painting from a vision than

like a mathematician at a blackboard ; which is exactly my impression. One always saw the inspired prophet; the painter painting from a vision. But when I think of Monsieur Déplace's first lesson in the Rule of Three, I can see nothing except the master pulling back a curtain which had been keeping out the light and leaving me alone to look into Heaven for myself.

In 1869 Mother and I found ourselves with a week to spare and we agreed we would take a trip to Paris and spend a day at Poissy. We went to the old school-house (the private one), and found a young woman with a baby in her arms who said that Monsieur was out but she would send for him, and she despatched messages to tell Monsieur Déplace that two English ladies wanted to speak to him. The young woman turned out to be my old friend Césarine. She said that she did not remember us but that she felt to know us well as she had heard so much about us from her parents. Her mother had been some years dead. Her father had just retired from school-keeping but was still accountant at the office of Monsieur le Maire. He was giving that up shortly and then they would leave Poissy and go to live where it would be more convenient for her husband's work. The old man came in, holding out his hands, and when I mentioned my maiden name, he said, "I knew it must be you ; do you remember how I taught you Algebra ?" We spent the day together. He took us to the Church, and to the cemetery to show us his wife's grave, by which he knelt and said a prayer with the utter simplicity and absence of self-consciousness of a man to whom it had never occurred that anybody would expect him not to do so. I learned a good deal about him that day ; partly from his conversation but almost as much from the greetings and the faces of the citizens and country folk as we passed them in the streets and roads. He was obviously an object of affectionate reverence in the neighbourhood.

In the next year the Germans invaded the neighbourhood of Paris. I wrote to Monsieur Déplace, inviting him, as he was too old for military service, to come to London as tutor to my children. Knowing he had intended to leave Poissy, I enclosed the letter under cover to the parish priest of Poissy, asking him to find out where Monsieur Déplace had gone and forward it to his new address. In reply, the Curé told me that my master had died shortly after my visit, but that he, the Curé, was sure he was "trop brave homme" to have deserted La Patrie in her hour of peril.

Like most other people, I have, at different times of my life, wondered what I knew about God and how I knew it. I have often told myself that I know nothing about God except that he made Algebra, which I have always felt was quite sufficient reason for

loving him with all my heart and soul, and doing, so far as I could, whatever I thought he wished. As for his loving, that was obvious to me always. He had made me capable of understanding Algebra. I have always known that even Omnipotence could not have done that except by great love for me. The puzzle to me has always been: How could I know what God wished? What difference could it make to Algebra if I killed people, or got drunk, or flew into passions? I could never find out how I knew, but I was sure that I did know. And there I have left the matter.

I know now that the Guardian Genius of my life evolved itself out of a good man's love and prayers.

My present impression is that M. Déplace had at one time cherished the ambition to become a distinguished mathematician; and afterwards consoled himself for his personal disappointment with the hope that his favourite pupil might achieve what he had missed. If so, his humble prayers proved more potent than his human wishes, and moulded the child into something of the likeness of his later self by inspiring her with the feeling that it is, after all, more blessed to give than to receive, and sweeter to merge one's identity in the Science of the Future than to make a niche for one's self in the temple of fame

Keningale Cook has asked the question, "Does God Grow?" About the abstract perhaps we cannot tell, but the Logos, the guardian wisdom of humanity, grows with every cherished hope that is given into God's Hands.

THE SACRAMENTS OF THE NURSERY

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TO

HENRY GEORGE DANIEL

By Permission of his Sponsors

"A Little Child shall lead them"

Q. What is a Sacrament?

A. An outward sign of an inward grace, provided by Nature herself, as a means by which we receive the grace, and a pledge to assure us that the grace really exists.

Q. How many Sacraments are there ?

A. All life is full of Sacraments ; their number is probably infinite.

Q. Are they all equally important for mental safety ?

A. Probably each and all will be ultimately seen to have been essential at some stage or other of the evolution of spiritual beings, but not all are equally important at any given stage.

Q. Which do you consider most necessary to be treated reverently in homes where there are young children ?

A. Those as to which we have reason to believe that neglect of, or irreverence to, them is especially dangerous to the physical, moral, or intellectual stamina of the future man or woman. Such are the acts connected with, or necessitated by, the process of nutrition, the cleansing of the person, and the free play of the purified body and limbs in sunlight and fresh air.

Q. If our physical life is full of natural Sacraments, whence comes the need for any consciously sacramental life ? What benefits do you expect from it ?

A. The tuning of man's consciousness into accordance with the order of Nature by inducing a habit of Faith, due to conscious experience, in the principle that when the course of events calls on us to give up *our* best, such a call is a token that the time has come for God to give us His better.

Q. Why, then, do you lay stress on the sacramentalising of infantile experience, seeing that infants are incapable of conscious reason or faith ?

A. Because the emotions and thoughts of adult friends, especially their thoughts about the child, affect the development of the infant brain. It is therefore desirable to set the friends thinking about the child in such a manner as shall put its brain into the right key before the skull has had time to close and harden.

Q. Why do you lay stress on the commonplace, trivial, and (to most people) uninteresting episodes of the child's physical life ?

A. Because the adults who have charge of the young child probably will be, and certainly ought to be, thinking much about those physical facts, and watching the development of his sensations and impressions in respect of them ; therefore it is important that they should be induced to think reverently and sanely about such facts.

Hitherto, people have attempted to produce this result by a so-called "Sacramental" act, but as this now seems in many cases to be failing of its true purpose, I here propose to add to, or substitute for, the public act a recognition that, however sacred such a public act may be, the domestic action is always more sacred.

Q. Is it desirable that any adults except the parents should witness the sacramental life of the nursery ?

A. It is desirable that all persons engaged in teaching should do so.

Q. Why so ?

A. Because it puts a check on the tendency—which is the fatal besetting temptation of teachers, preachers, and propagandists—to think of pupils, congregations, and audiences as material provided for their use, wherewith to make careers for themselves, to carry out their own ideas and hobbies, or to subserve their prejudices and superstitions.

Q. How does it put this check ?

A. By fixing the mind on the fact that the child is a living creature in process of normal evolution.

Q. Are not the mother's instincts the best, and only necessary, interpreters of the child's inarticulate signs ?

A. The mother interprets those signs in terms of the child's immediate desires, for pleasure or for relief from pain ; and may ignorantly gratify those desires, to the injury of the child's future. The doctor or grandmother interprets the same signs in terms of science, for the benefit of future generations. During the normal, and not necessarily distressing, process of decomposition which takes place in old age, the brain and body give off their stored-up reminiscences.

Q. What is the national penalty of society's neglect of the natural Sacraments, and its waste of the sacramental opportunities ?

A. A general ignorance of the laws of nervous action. In consequence of this ignorance, every advance in intellectual development tends to the increase of nervous disease.

Q. What is the penalty of those parents who allow irreverence towards the infant Sacraments ?

A. The setting up in the child of tendencies towards what used, in superstitious times, to be called "sin," or "resistance to the Will of God" ; by which was meant, reluctance in man to sacrifice the gratification of his own wishes, when delay in such sacrifice threatens to cause useless friction and waste of force.

A good way to prevent children from entering conscious life with a nervous horror of the "passing over" is to say to them, occasionally, about dead skin, shed teeth, etc. : "Last week that was part of you ; if it had been hurt, you would have felt it. But now it is no longer part of *you* ; it will be burned, or buried, for the sake of cleanliness ; and you will not mind it."

Then some day when there has been a burn, or scald, or sore place, a scab will form, and by and by fall off. One can say to the child : "*That* bit of skin came off in a different way from usual ; something went a little wrong ; so you *felt* the process of getting rid of it. But it is all right now ; we will burn *it* ; and *you* will be all right.

On the first suitable opportunity, one mentions to the child, in a light-hearted, casual way : "Some day you will find you do not need any of your body, you will shed it all."

Alongside of this series of lessons there should run a parallel one on the inadequacy and partialness of sense impressions, and the necessity of supplementing them by acts of Faith. *E.g.* :

"A bird high in the air is intangible ; but we know he is not, therefore, non-existent ; we see and hear him."

"On the other hand, we cannot see air, but we can breathe it."

"We do not (if our stomachs are healthy) feel food inside of us ; but we are digesting it all the while."

"We have not, for a week past, seen or heard or touched some friend who went to Scotland a week ago ; but we know he was alive half an hour ago, for a telegram came from him."

"The water-wigglers in the aquarium probably think their brother is 'dead,' for did they not *see* him stretch himself out on the top of the water ? And is not his dead body lying there yet ?

"As for what goes on *above* the water, 'Nonsense ! what do sensible wigglers know of anything super-aquatic ?'

"But we humans *saw* the gnat fly away in air ; and we now see that the dead body is an empty shell."

People say that reasoning by analogy proves nothing. That is very true ; but neither do superstitions and assumptions prove anything. We are told that all we think we know about the Unseen is the work of *Imagination*. That is also true. But which kind of imagination is least likely to lead us wrong ?—one cramped and enslaved by the imagery generated by the undertaker, or one trained from childhood to observe, synthesise, and correlate Nature's facts ?

It would be well if children could be got, early, to think of small privations, pains, illness, disappointments and sorrows as opportunities for entering sacramentally into the experience and sharing the lives of great heroes and martyrs. It is not well to talk much of such things ; if parents and teachers would learn to think of their own troubles habitually from that point of view, they would find themselves inspired to say the right word to the children at the right moment.

Voluntary renunciation is the appointed means for imbibing faith ; the normal machinery for entering into the life of joy. Why try to get it by the exercise of other faculties not suitably differentiated for that special purpose, such as intellect or reason ? Their function is to analyse, compare, judge. Is not the attempt to get faith by means of them something like trying to feed one's body by swallowing air and packing one's skin in nutrient compresses ?

How would this fit in as the abstract solution of the ethical problem of pleasure ?

Never to allow oneself to take pleasure in anything which it would seem to oneself at the moment—

(1) *impossible,*
(2) *absurd, or*
(3) *profane*

to take as a religious sacrament.

A good sacrament may be defined : "An outward sign of an inward and spiritual grace ; given to us as a means whereby we receive the grace, and a pledge to assure us thereof."

The sacramental rite manifests, on a tiny scale, actions which, on a larger scale, are essential portions of our ordinary life, and which, when habitually performed in a reverent spirit, enrich our moral and spiritual life, *e.g.* eating, drinking, and the external application of water to the skin.

Surely there are diabolic sacraments.

A diabolic sacrament would be : "An outward sign of an inward and spiritual curse ; a pledge to assure us that the curse has fallen, and a means to ensure its continuing for at least a certain short time."

The diabolic sacrament would manifest, on a tiny scale, actions which form an integral part of our ordinary life, and which tend to degrade us spiritually and morally.

A friend of mine was waiting in a room for the owner to come in. In the middle of the room was a table with a cloth. From under the cloth came a small voice which said : "Say, 'B'ac'gard b'ute.' " "Babu," responded a still younger voice.

Now, as far as any conscious meaning went, the two infants might as well have been reciting a nursery rhyme or a hymn. Yet no one can doubt that they were performing a true "devil's sacrament"—an outward sign that the spirit of discord and defiance was in the house ; and a pledge to ensure that it should continue to be in the house for a time.

Yet God forbid that I should assert that no good could come of its rehearsal. Probably the fact that it was rehearsed is sufficient indication that there was some need for it. Perhaps they were mysteriously combating some spirit of self-righteousness. I only point out that not only was the "phenomenon"—the outward appearance—different, but the effect on the children's brains was different from what it would have been had they been saying a hymn.

It has often been suggested to me that I ought to give instances of Boole's Method in Psychology which will appeal to persons not interested in scientific research. Here is one which may interest some readers.

The funeral customs of the Parsees suggest that they felt there was something ungenerous, dog-in-the-manger-ish, in grudging the body, that is no longer of any use to one, to creatures who would like to feed on it. But, on the other hand, ancient Egyptians had, and most Europeans have, an instinctive feeling of repulsion to allowing any kind of animal to feed on a human body. They have invented embalming and leaden coffins, and other costly and wasteful monstrosities, on purpose to prevent animals from having access to the body.

Now, this difference depends not on science or reason, but on instinct and taste. Argument about it only jars on the feelings and increases the tendency to race repulsion. Boole's method suggests that we register the two instincts in our memory as equally sacred, "lay the matter before the Lord" and suspend judgment.

Again, an English poet wrote :

"Let children sport above my grave
And pluck the flowers there,
Enjoying, as I myself have,
The hours so fresh and fair."

But, on the other hand, nearly all prosaic English people think that to allow children to pick anything that grows on a grave encourages habits of irreverence and destructiveness.

Any disputing between the two is certainly bad for the children.

The four desiderata are :

1. That the dead body should be of use somehow.
2. That the body itself should not be eaten by beasts or birds.
3. That children should get pleasant impressions of freedom and happiness in connection with graves
4. That children should not be allowed to disturb or destroy what grows on a grave.

The solution seems very simple. Plant over the dead body some kind of tree, which, being native to the district, will take care of itself and need no pruning ; encourage small quadrupeds or birds to nest in the branches and feed on the fruits or seeds, and let children amuse themselves by sitting under the tree and watching the happy little creatures feeding.

Some people think that cremation is safer than burial. So be it. Then plant the tree and lay the ashes at its roots.

It may be objected that, at present, there would be difficulties in carrying out this programme. (I am not aware of any insuperable difficulties ; there may, however, be such.) But that is not the point. We are putting before people of opposite tastes an *ideal* or image which can hardly jar on the feelings of either party. They can all look at it, so to speak, peacefully in common. This kind of silent meditation in common facilitates the deliquescing of race prejudices and nerve-tensions, and of dislikes due to mere association and habit ; and thus leaves reason free to act.

This, it seems to me, is the true use of either an ideal or an "eidolon." If we were to set up the ideal as sacred in itself and morally compulsory, we should be generating "idolatry," *i.e.*, the *worship* of an eidolon, and thus be starting a fresh cause of nerve-tension and sectarian prejudice.

But we are simply giving it as an artist paints a picture, hangs it on the wall, and leaves it to tell its own tale in its own way and at its own pace.

Personally I do not believe in any solution of social and economic problems which stops short of including both sewage-farming and

the habitual use as human food of fruit and seeds grown on human bodies. But then *I* may be mistaken ; the ultimate ideal may be that all refuse shall be burned, and nothing used as manure except ashes mixed with minerals. But there remains still *faith* in the principle of balance. At any rate, to insist on any kind of propaganda would be fatal to my present purpose, which is to point out the use of Boole's psychology as a harmoniser, a reconciler, a solvent of discords.

Boole's method supplies the purely intellectual portion of the conditions necessary for attaining to the state of spiritual equipoise ; the psychic or nervous portion is given by the habit of suspension of personal will. When these two are combined, there is generated between them that state of repose indicated in this quotation (I believe from Alexander Smith) :

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

SOME PRESCRIPTIONS OF MENTAL AND IMAGINATIVE EXERCISE

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

TO

MONA

ONCE when we were talking about dedications of books you said, in joke, that if anyone ever dedicated a book to you, you would make it your business not merely to read it but to know every sentence by heart.

It struck me that you had unconsciously described the fitting godmother for a book which consists of prescriptions for invalids, not of cookery recipes for persons in vigorous health. For such a book it is of more importance that even one person should know which prescription is suitable for what sort of case—and especially which is unsuitable for what case—than that any large number of people should be advising one another to take the remedies at random.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

MRS. Boole has sometimes been appealed to on behalf of invalids, of old people, and of those who are having a holiday or who are forced to take a rest from their ordinary work, and asked to draw up prescriptions of mental and imaginative exercise. By following some such discipline people may make their leisure a very fruitful time and do much to increase the value of their present influence and future work.

The prescriptions were written for different people under different circumstances, and it is not suggested that any one person should adopt them all.

I

THE ECONOMY OF FORCE

THOSE who are incapacitated, either permanently by old age or temporarily by reason of a "breakdown," from leading a fully active life, who are ordered or obliged to idle during a portion of the working day of persons in full health, need to study with some care the Science of Economy of Force. The following will be found a good prescription :

On first waking (whether in the morning, or from the afternoon nap—the former is the more important of the two), continue to "lie slack" for a time. Let no muscle of the body or faculty of the mind exert itself, or get into a state of activity or tension. Continue to lie slack till there emerges from the misty background some act of kindness which you might perform. By kindness is here meant not any propaganda, not any attempt to preach or moralise or assert oneself or one's opinion in any way—especially not anything that would give anyone even the most momentary annoyance but simply something that will give pleasure, that somebody will like to have done. Then begin to map out in detail the successive steps to be taken for doing it. Lie slack till all this is quite clear in your mind. Then get up (or sit up in bed, as the case may be). If convenient, it is advisable that the carrying out of your plan of kindness should be the first active exertion of the day.

Anyone who wishes to understand the reason for this prescription can easily do so if he will read the section about the tassel in my little text-book of *Master Keys*,* remembering that the handle of the human nerve-tassel is the faculty of "veneration." The clergy used to tell us that we should begin the day with prayer ; and that is perfectly true if by prayer we understand acceptance of the will of God *in place of our own.*

Unfortunately the churches have contrived to distort our ideas of prayer into something more like asking God to accept *our* will in place of His own—*i.e.* they have associated prayer either with asking for something which we wish for or think we ought to wish for, or with confessing to God some emotions about Him which we feel or think we ought to feel. Anything of this kind destroys the value of prayer from the hygienic point of view. The best expression that I have been able to find for prayer in the hygienic sense is physical and mental lying slack and letting the first active shake of the nervous system be given through the faculty of benevolence.

**Some Master-Keys of the Science of Notation.*

The above prescription is specially important in the case of a patient who wakes up with a confused swarm of thoughts buzzing about claiming to be cognised, to formulate themselves in acts, or gestures, or words. The "subliminal consciousness" can be taught, and should be taught, to select one of its children which has no characteristic except kindliness, and send it forth into the domain of consciousness before any other is allowed to emerge from limbo.

II

THE DECISION OF THE "GREAT SPIRIT"

GET into the habit of thinking of "body and mind," also of "body and soul," neither as foes to each other nor as rival competitors, nor, on the other hand, as parts of the same machine. They *are* all three, and should be thought of in each aspect alternately. But for you, the patient, there is an aspect of the relation between them more useful to dwell on.

Think of them as tired horses harnessed to a waggon which has got stuck in a bit of quagmire. By reason of their fatigue and weakness the creatures find it difficult to struggle out ; but they may manage it if they can agree on the side to try for. They will find it much more difficult if they waste their small stock of strength on pulling against each other.

This point is specially necessary to be careful about in a family where some members believe in the ordinary orthodox medical practice and others in Christian Science, or Mind Healing, or Rest-Cures ; or where one doctor says "Go abroad," and another wishes the patient to be kept quiet and carefully nursed. All such points should be discussed, as far as possible, out of hearing of the patient. But in any case the patient would do well to take whatever decision is finally arrived at as the decision of "The Great Spirit." If he does go abroad, he should never ask himself, "Was it wise for me to come here ?" but always, "What experience did the Great Spirit intend me to get by coming ?"

III

INTERCESSORY PRAYER

DURING the period when you are weak and run down, do not find fault with anyone unless it is clearly your business to do so and no one else's. Especially do not find fault in your thoughts when

you are not going to do it in words. Spend as much as you can of your lying-down or lolling-back time in thinking about that aspect of each person which you yourself approve of and like, and in the modern equivalent of what used to be called intercessory prayer: sending out loving thoughts towards people. *Note.*—The old notion of intercessory prayer sometimes included a great deal of what was really unnecessary, mistaken and often ill-natured fault-finding.

IV

CORRECTION OF FAULTS

SPEND as much time as you comfortably can in correcting your faults—*i.e.* acquiring any good habits which you have missed forming in the course of your busy life.

If you are untidy, try occasionally to tidy a drawer or work-box. If you have the habit of coming in with muddy boots, make a sort of little ritual of rubbing them carefully and slowly. If your handwriting is bad or illegible, write round-hand very slowly and carefully for as many minutes as you can do so without discomfort or worry. Do these things in no spirit of penitence or self-introspection or self-reproach; nor, on the other hand, with any feeling that there is anything virtuous in such self-correction. When in health you sometimes said to yourself: "I have nothing I *need* do this afternoon; I will get on with a bit of my knitting" (or wood-carving, etc.); or "I am tired of my work; I will go for a walk" (or play a game or call on a friend). That is to say, you sometimes felt the need of "a change," a reversal of the direction of certain nerve-currents. All bad "habits," whether in great things or small, are signs that the nerve-currents have set too continuously in some direction. If they had not done so, you would have done, at each moment, the thing most appropriate at that moment. No one *wishes* to make the carpet dirty or to write a bad hand; we do these things because we have stiffened up in some way, which hampers the free play of our wills on our muscles. When illness gives us leisure we might as well employ our leisure in un-stiffening; not because it is wrong to be untidy or because tidiness is a virtue, but because it is unhygienic to be stiff. We must stiffen ourselves when limpness would be a lapse from duty; all the more reason why we should cultivate flexibility when God gives us an innocent opportunity for doing so. Do not worry whether you are likely ever to become a tidy person or a good writer; or think that "there is no use in trying; it is too late," etc. The business on

hand, while you are ill, is not becoming this or that, but relaxing stiffened-up nerves. The exercise I am prescribing is analogous to the *stretch* which an osteopath recommends. His aim is not that you should reach after and get hold of some object at a distance ; but that you should loosen the stiffness which is all the time pulling on your vertebræ and making them press unhygienically on your nerves.

V

FAULT-FINDING

If any faults or failings of your associates or attendants have got "on your nerves," make a point of ignoring those faults during illness or old age Do not speak of them or show annoyance at them when you can help it. If correcting those faults was any part of your whole-time activity, that is the part which you had better, now, neglect or depute to someone else.

VI

THE NURSE AND THE UNSEEN

A good sick-nurse is careful to vary the colouring of her patient's room and the flavour of his diet. His range of change is necessarily limited by his illness ; and she supplements the restriction as to extension by extra care to give the change-stimulus where she safely can. The sense of her attention in this matter, the feeling of kindness conveyed, goes far, too, to make up for privation in other ways.

Those who are accustomed to think of "The Great Spirit" as a companion and friend have this advantage during illness—that many things which otherwise would strike them negatively, as evidence of unkind neglect on the part of some human person, strike them positively, as kind attention from the Unseen to provide wholesome change-stimulus.

VII

GAMES AND PATIENCE

Games differ from real work in that they are projected from, and are related to, the laws of the human organisation of body or mind,

and are arranged to foster the development of muscle or of brain, whereas work has to be done regardless of the well-being of the worker and often at the cost of sacrificing his health.

E.g.: When a house has to be got rid of, it must be knocked down; the aim is to get it down somehow. But if the aim at cricket were to get rid of the wicket, nothing would be easier than to knock it down. The object of the *game* is, to make a *sham* attack on the wicket, under conditions which favour the development of skill in the hands and eyes of the players. The same holds true of all games.

Observe the difference between games which involve competition against a human opponent and games of Patience, in which one plays only against Fate, or Chance. The latter are the safer for those whose breakdown has been caused by excessive competition (whether in examinations or in trade); though mere habit may at first make the latter seem less attractive than the former, and less easy to learn. The games against Fate are all the more refreshing if one can get a human friend to collaborate with one in baffling Fate and taking advantage of "chances" in one's favour. Here, too, those are fortunate who have the lifelong habit of thinking of the Unseen as personally supervising one's education and providing the successive difficulties, and hints as to how to get over them.

VIII AND IX

PHYSICAL DISCOMFORT AND ANNOYANCE

WHEN physical discomfort—*e.g.* being too hot or too cold—is complicated with annoyance at some human being who might have prevented it, bear the discomfort quietly till you find that you can think patiently of the human offender. Tell yourself that God is setting you a lesson and you are going to learn it.

It is quite different when distress at your general circumstances or anxiety about your future is complicated with, and aggravated by, present physical discomfort. In that case, begin by making a mental act of asking God to give you faith and courage; and then set to work immediately to remove the physical annoyance; telling yourself the while that you are humbly collaborating with God in the job you have set Him to do.

AT THE FOOT OF THE COTSWOLDS

These memories of Mrs. Boole's childhood were to have been published in 1914 *but the War stopped the publication of the magazine in which they were to have appeared They were printed as a booklet in* 1923.

I

THERE was at Wickwar a widow named Mrs. Daw, who ran a small farm with the help of her two sons till she became bedridden and employed an elderly housekeeper. The two brothers quarrelled and after the quarrel never, it was said, spoke to each other ; each conveyed his wishes to the housekeeper. The following is the account of the reconciliation which was given to me many years afterwards when I went to the village to collect materials for a biographical notice of my father.

"There were they two Da-as, as hadn't spoke for pretty nigh ten year ; when the mother died, after the funeral, Muster Everest went to the house, and he calls out : 'Gearge,' he sez, 'Come 'ere.' And Gearge he come. Then he hollers out to Willum, as had gone down the barton : 'Willum,' he sez, 'Come 'ere.' And Willum he come. Then Muster Everest did kneel down and say the Lord's Prayer. Then he got up from his knees, and he sez, 'Gearge,' he sez, 'Gimme thy hand,' and Gearge gi'en him his hand. Then he sez, 'Willum,' he sez, 'Gimme thy hand,' and Willum gi'en him his hand ; and Muster Everest put their two hands together. And they shuk hands and they was friends ever after, till Willum died."

I cannot, of course, vouch for the accuracy of this tale ; it was told me on the authority of Gearge. All I can vouch for is that "si non è vero è ben trovato." It is a life-like picture of the way in which village affairs were managed in Wickwar in the happy old days when there was no compulsory education, no compulsory inspection, and very little law by Act of Parliament. There were one or two hunting squires in the neighbourhood, who of course interfered with poachers, and could be appealed to in case of theft. (And once when a murder was done in the village by a new-come resident there was an inquest. Everybody knew who had done the murder, and why ; but the crime could not be brought home to him.) But the rector was allowed to constitute himself sanitary inspector, school board officer and unpaid magistrate at his own sweet will, which, as far as I remember, nobody disputed. He trained the parish to respect itself and to manage its own affairs.

II

There was grit in the village ; probably there is still, though showing itself in a different form. The hills breed grit and when the hill-folk come down into the lower villages they bring with them an element of gritty savagery which is troublesome to deal with, but oh, so well worth the trouble !

There were two sisters whose maiden name had been Birrell. A rumour came to the village that a wealthy man named Birrell had died in Australia, leaving a fortune to be divided among the Birrells of Wickwar and the Birrells of Yate. (Yate was the next village to Wickwar.) When the rumour reached the Rectory, one of the sisters was helping our servants at the wash-tub. My father asked her the truth of the story. Mary had heard "summat about it," but did not know if it was true. Father suggested she had better make enquiries, as she might come into a fortune. "Fortin' !" exclaimed Mary, rather indignant, "What do I want with a fortin' ? My Kit might take to drink on the money. What I do want is a fair day's work and a fair day's wages. I don't want no fortins'." This woman lived in a two-roomed cottage with her son Kit, who was, I believe, a carpenter, and a daughter who at that time was bedridden with a hip-joint disease. My father ascertained that these two poor women on very cold winter nights treated themselves to a drink of black treacle and hot water in order to warm themselves. After the Crimean war a collection was made for the widows and orphans of the soldiers who had fallen in the war. The lane in which Mary lived was the last which father visited for this purpose, and Mary flew out from her cottage exclaiming that she was afraid he was going to forget her, and added, "I have been going without sugar in our tea for a week to bring 'ee this." "This" was a sixpence. Mary was the widow of a soldier.

Other members of the Birrell family, old and young, showed similar courage and power of endurance, with a considerable amount of shrewdness.

It was the other Birrell widow who made the shrewd comment (which I have recorded elsewhere) on my father's successor : "Yes, my dear, he be an ancommon vine man to preach. He's preaching be vine talk. He'd be preaching a long while afore he'd run all down street arter I, to give I his arm in the frost or hold his umbrella over I in the rain, same as your poor father did used to do. That 'ood do I a vine sight more good than all he's talk : and *that* it 'ood."

Probably the same quality which made Mary despise "a fortin'," and the shrewdness which enabled Betsy to see through the flimsiness of pulpit tall-talk, combined to enable the male Birrell to make his way to wealth in Australia. What became of the fortune I never heard, but probably the Yate Birrells were more worldly-wise than their Wickwar cousins.

The "vine man," I heard, considered that my father had left the parish in a condition of heathenish ignorance of "evangelical" doctrine. He was very soon promoted to a fashionable London church, where he made a brilliant reputation as a propagandist of "evangelical" theology. I suppose there was some good in his view of the essentials of Christianity. When our old Rectory was pulled down, a tradesman in the village secured the window-sash of the little study, and had it built into his own little back-parlour. He told me that he liked sitting beside the window at which two such good men had sat and written such good sermons. His daughter, long, long afterwards, at the age of eighty, told me that her father and my father came down and held conversations with her when she was alone, via Jacob's ladder, and then added: "When I was young, I used to think Jacob's ladder was a very narrow one. I have lived to see that it is a very wide one; wide enough, perhaps, to reach from the east even unto the west."

III

There were in the village four handsome women, sisters, supposed to be of gipsy origin. One of them, a very poor woman, who at fair time kept an unlicensed whisky shop, had a daughter who left the school, at the age of fourteen, a few weeks before my marriage. I asked this girl and a friend of hers of the same age whether they would like to undertake the job of making (by hand, of course, in those days; they had no sewing-machines) the smaller articles of my trousseau. They willingly accepted. The village schools taught few subjects, but what they did teach, including sewing, was done to perfection; at least, that was the case with our little endowed free school.

When the work was completed I was going to pay them, but they sturdily refused to accept payment and, when I remonstrated, one of them (I think the half-gipsy) remarked in a tone of wounded pride and affection, "*You* didn't charge *us* nothing for all the time as you've a-spent a-teaching o' we."

It is to the credit of the village that, in all the years that I spent there and all the years that have passed over us since I left it, I

cannot recall a single instance of any member of my Sunday-school class having attempted to exploit the singularly warm friendship which subsisted between myself and my pupils ; though some of them must have gone through plenty of hardships.

I do remember hearing my father remonstrate with a very old woman who, by reason of her age, had a right to a share in the offertory alms, for not letting him know that she was penniless and starving. "What should I tell *you* for?" exclaimed the ragged and very dirty old dame, "I told the Lord." This old woman made her living by collecting rags and bones. She once asked a dying man whether he saw the Lord, and, on his replying that he could not say he did, remarked : "Then I'm afraid you're in a bad way, Bill, for I do see the Lord a-settin' beside my bolster every night."

The village was in much awe of this old lady and considered her a witch. My father, who had read more occultist lore than most clergymen in those days, told me that he believed she shared with the mediæval witches the power to impress other people with the consciousness of her thoughts and wishes without the need for spoken or written words.

IV

There was a cottier farmer who could not read. He usually went to chapel on Sunday, but occasionally made an incursion into church and made his apology for his inconsistency in this wise :

"I ha' got a Sunday weskit as 'as got two pockets ; one pocket has a hole in 'un and t'other pocket 'as got ne'er a hole in 'un. When I da go to a place o' worship, whether it be chapel or whether it be church, if I hear summat that I don't like I do put it in the pocket wi' a hole in 'un, but when I da hear anything that I da think good I da put it in the pocket wi' ne'er a hole in 'un."

I have read a great deal of worse logic than that, in Bampton lectures and the literature of apologetics generally, from the pen of various prelates and learned university dons.

This man had a brother, a tenant farmer on a tiny scale. He was a regular attendant at church till he suddenly took to going to chapel instead. He apologised for his apparent conversion by explaining that he was unable to pay his rent, and his seat in church faced that of his landlord, and he could not bear to sit in the House of God facing a man to whom he owed money.

Many worse and less honest reasons than that have been given for a religious volte-face.

V

Already in those days things were getting mixed in the thought-world. All over the country there were, here and there, individuals, many of them country clergy, investigating phenomena which were labelled as either "mesmerism," table-turning, spirit-rapping or clairvoyance, according to the special nature of the manifestation. The effect upon the rural populations was very funny. One woman applied at Tortworth Court. Her husband was very bad, and the doctors could do nothing for him. Would my lady be kind enough to let her have a bottle of mesmerise ?

A young woman had come down from the hills under pressure of starvation, in the company of a handsome poacher who was too independent in his manners and speech to get work in his own village. Father employed them both on our land. My father was trying to clear up the confusion in the local public mind by accustoming the people to see simple conjuring tricks performed by means of chemistry and the ordinary horse-shoe magnet, and telling the people that there are more forces playing about us than they were aware of.

Sally described to me what she had seen father do in the way of making a needle perform curious tricks by means of a steel magnet. Sally expressed her sentiments about the whole matter thus : "And so, Miss, I do consider within myself as there's nothing impossible to the Lord, and what Mr. Everest sa-ay must be true." Precisely the same conclusive argument has been used by many a learned bishop to prove things, some of which the world now believes to be true and others which it has discovered to be false.

But in spite of all such slight washings of pseudo-philosophy, the village continued to go on in its old way : each man characterised whatever he was not interested in by the sarcastic epithet "woonderment" (pronounced short like "book.")

Much fine writing, in prose and verse, has been expended on the universality and inevitableness of sorrow and pain. "There are briars besetting every path" ; "There is a cross in every lot," etc. The village (on weekdays) expressed this truth thus : "If 'tisn't one thing 'tis t'other ; there's allers a summat."

On Sundays, of course, and at funerals, we said the same thing in finer language ; but perhaps with less real comprehension of what we were talking about.

Any utterance suspected of not being very profound or sincere was characterised as "only summat to sa-ay."

The logic of the village was sometimes rather mixed, and the

processes of inference difficult to follow. A farmer's son who had been living away for a time came home, and for a time attended church with his parents. Suddenly he left off in high dudgeon, giving as his reason that Mr. Everest had preached on the text "They that run a race run all," etc. If he (the young man) chose to attend horse races, that was his own affair ; and the parson had no right to preach at him.

The old man who acted as factotum on our bit of land came in jubilant to tell us that the sweep from the town stole soot from the heap which had been bought to manure our field. This was how he had come to make the discovery : Mr. Everest had given out the text, "A city set on a hill cannot be hid," and had said that Christians were watched by the ungodly. And as Job sat there listening, it suddenly came to his mind that that there swip did ought to be watched. He had said nothing to anyone ; but just before the next visit of the sweep, he had put a number of bits of paper on the soot heap and carefully covered them over with soot. When the sweep had gone, he went to look for his papers and found some of them missing.

VI

There were differences of opinion about education in those days as now. Two ladies of what were for that time advanced and scientific views opened a school for the children of well-to-do farmers and tradesfolk. They received a visit of remonstrance from the mother of one of their pupils. She said that she had not sent her daughter to school to waste her time on all this here nonsense of jog'aphy and grammar ; what she wanted with schooling was that the girl should learn "to speak pretty and make soffy-kiv'rins" (sofa-coverings). Considering how geography and grammar were taught in those days, even at the very best, perhaps the crude instincts of the good lady would be considered at the present day to have led her to conclusions about as wise as the theories of the more educated ladies.

VII

When we first went to France in 1837 we had with us as nurse a good girl, the daughter of a cottier farmer. In those days there was comparatively little intercourse between England and France ; there were no railways, and few of the employés in hotels, res-

taurants or coaches in France knew any English. England on the whole believed that France was immoral, and France remembered Waterloo. I have often heard my mother in later years tell the following tale; I remember witnessing some of the incidents. On arriving in Paris, Sarah heard us children practising our first French lessons: "Embrassez-moi" was one of the phrases we learned. Very soon after our arrival the baby was taken ill, and mother told Nurse Sarah to go down to the porter of the lodgings and ask for a warming-pan, adding, "You need not make up a sentence, you need only say the one word, 'Bassinoire.'" On her way down Sarah became confused, and said to the hall-porter "Brassimoi." The gallant Frenchman promptly replied "Ye-es, kee-s me." Sarah, terrified, fled upstairs, the porter following her and shouting out "Kee-es me, kee-es me."

Sarah had now first-hand proof of two indisputable propositions: that the French are perfectly capable of learning English when they choose to do so, and that French is a dangerous language for a virtuous English maiden to have anything to do with. Mother tried to induce her to take the opportunity while residing in Paris of learning the French language; but Sarah stoutly refused. "Do you mean to tell me, ma'am," she said, "that when I say 'Give me some bread'—which is the natural language of everybody—them jabbering monkeys don't know what I mean? They only do it for aggravation; I'm not going to humour them."

Under stress of absolute necessity she lapsed from her principles to the extent of condescending to learn two French expressions—"sale" and "trop cher," and conducted her shopping operations thus. On going into a shop she pointed to anything which bore prima facie evidence of being what she wanted. If on nearer inspection it proved not to suit her requirements she said "Sale." If it did suit her she would show the amount which she wanted, and hold out a handful of mixed French coins for the shopkeeper to select his equivalent. If this proved to be more than she wished to pay, she snatched back the coins, saying, "Trop cher," and marched out of the shop. The shopkeepers of the neighbourhood were of course indignant at their goods being characterised as "sale," but Sarah stuck to her virtuous resolution and refused to be infected with any avoidable knowledge of the accursed French tongue. Perhaps her horror of it was intensified by the fact that one of the first things her darling baby learned in France was to shrug his little shoulders and ejaculate the one word "Dame" (Our Lady), an apostrophe to the Virgin. During a short visit to England our English landladies and neighbours supposed the child to be cursing.

Sarah must have been very successful in resisting the French contagion. We had lived in France fully three years before father hired for our residence the Château de l'Abbaye, and engaged as garden-boy and shoeblack the Poissy Sam Weller, Adolf Porquerel. Some boots were wanted in a hurry and were not forthcoming. Adolf was at last discovered capering about the yard brandishing over his head a long-handled broom. He gravely explained that he was trying to carry out the instructions of Sarah, but the broom-handle was not long enough. She had ordered him to "depèche brosser le soleil."

Sarah had by this time been metamorphosed into cook. She had been replaced in the nursery by what was supposed to be a very superior type of attendant. One excuse for the change was that Sarah had been seen to give me a severe beating as an outlet to her feelings of relief when she recovered me after having lost me in a crowded street in Paris, obviously by her own fault. I remember the beating, and it is strange that I cannot remember to have felt the smallest resentment against her for it. To this day the recollection I have of her is one of the pleasantest of my memory's possessions.

To go back to the beginning of our Poissy life. We children promptly elected Adolf to the post of under-nurserymaid, or he elected himself, I am not sure which. The thing happened by mutual consent. Our parents were wise enough not to interfere with the arrangement, for which I am deeply grateful to them. He taught us all manner of tricks and one or two music-hall songs of the period, but I can remember no word that I could wish obliterated.

Sarah also taught me some homely bits of country folk-wisdom, for which I have good reason to be grateful; amongst others these two proverbs: "Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall never be disappointed," and "Ask no questions and then you will be told no lies," the profound inwardness of which is not at all obvious on the surface.

I could heartily wish that any of the superior class of servants or of the teachers, religious or secular, with whom I afterwards came in contact had left behind impressions as free from any trace of evil admixture as the country schoolmaster M. Déplace, the Cotswold peasant woman Sarah Downs, and the brilliant young village gamin Adolf Porquerel.

Poissy, even when we left it, was still only a village, clustered round an old historic monastic church. Soldiers from the small barracks still sat about in cornfields making wreaths of cornflowers and poppies for girls to wear at dances in a little market-

place for merely local use ; the printing works had not yet started ; Meissonnier had not made the place famous ; the Hôtel de l'Esturgeon had not, I think, been built—we saw the big fish in a fisherman's shed on the quay ; the railway and the great public cattle-market were still in course of construction.

Gangs of English navvies had been poured upon the village, and were making the inhabitants gape with wonder at the quantity of heavy work which *ces anglais* could get through, and the enormous quantities of beef which they devoured. The native workmen used great white snails for food, and made fricassees of frogs' legs.

Within easy reach of the château we could lie on mossy grass and browse at our ease on wild strawberries ; great bunches of dew-berries hung like grapes over our heads as we took our leisurely evening row on the river ; and there was at least one desert island, so far really a desert that we could land on it without needing anyone's permission, and spend a considerable time under the trees there without seeing anything to remind us of the existence of any human beings except our own party.

I wonder how much of that sweet life remains !

Of course, we learned to talk *patois* ; the habit of alternately speaking dialects and reading good literary language is a valuable intellectual asset.

In this, as in every other respect that I know of, uniformity has proved itself the worst foe of purity, sincerity, and true unity.

THE LATER YEARS

1911

OCT. *Healthward Ho.*—THE IMPERCEPTIBLE GRADIENT.

1912

FEB. *The New Reformer.*—ADVICE TO YOUNG INDIANS.
" *The Open Road.*—NON-VIOLENCE.
JULY " IMPROVEMENT.
SEPT.-OCT. " TESTS FOR A POLITICAL LEADER.
" " NEW BOTTLES.
DEC. *The Healthy Life.*—UNITY.

1913

JAN.-MAR. *The Open Road.*—THE VALUE OF A BOX OF RUBBISH.
" " SUCCESSFUL HORTICULTURE.
JAN. *The Healthy Life.*—A FIT OF EXCITEMENT.
FEB. *The Humanitarian.*—FOR DISCUSSION IN SCHOOLS.
AUG. *The Indian Spectator.*—THE PROPOSED CHRISTIAN CATHEDRAL IN DELHI.
SEPT. *Plain Talk.*—THE SHELTER OF THE VATICAN.
NOV. (*Unpublished*).—IN CASE OF SLEEPLESSNESS.

1914

FEB. *The Healthy Life.*—WORDS.
APRIL " PSYCHIC CONTAGION.

NO DATE

(*Unpublished*).—SPECIAL SAFEGUARDS.
(*A Greeting Card*).—CON-VERSION.
(*Another Greeting Card*).—COALS OF FIRE.

THE IMPERCEPTIBLE GRADIENT

MR. BEAUMONT kindly invites me to tell him which side I agree with (his or Mr. Saxon's) in the discussion on the Boy Scout Movement. The difficulty of doing so consists in the fact that I am in absolute agreement with everything that each of them says.

This may seem anomalous, until we reflect that no one person has ever, *at any one moment*, seen truly anything except some form of sham (a picture or a shadow). To see, truly, an actual object, two individuals are necessary; and they must be looking at it from opposite points of view. The only way in which an individual can accomplish the feat of seeing a thing truly is to look at it from two opposite points of view *at different times* and then try to "combine his information." And from neither point of view can one see the inside of an opaque object until one has cut it open.

Perhaps it is I who have confused the issues by writing as if progress could be represented by *one* spiral. Is it not more like a double spiral? Two corkscrews twisted in opposite directions; and so fitted together that, at certain not infrequent landing-stages, it is possible, by stepping from one to the other, to change the trend of the imperceptible gradient without changing the apparent direction of progress.

A physician, a great specialist on nervous and moral diseases, told me that he had never known a mature woman who cared enough about balls to neglect anything for the sake of going to them, unless she had been dance-starved at the earlier age, when some kind of rhythmed movement is normal and an almost necessary element for the healthy development of a young girl's nervous system. (Such men's experience is worth recording, whatever we may think of their theories.) It seems to me that the same may be true about marching to the sound of a drum in the case of boys. The boys (and their mothers for them) found that the Brigade and the Scout Movements tended to harmonise their bodies and their minds.

I fear there is no denying that this innocent fact has been shamelessly taken advantage of to serve a variety of wicked and anti-social purposes. Surely the remedy is, not discouraging boys from marching and drum-banging, but opening the eyes of both parents and children to see how all that is purest and best is being perverted by political bunkum and intrigue. If we are to be debarred from using anything which politicians can misuse, Heaven help us! What will be left that any of us may do? The simplest way out of the difficulty would, perhaps, be to convert ourselves and our children into an army of intellectual and moral Territorials and Scouts, incessantly on the watch against the invasion of the bunkum-monger, and good-humouredly determined to "confound his politics and frustrate his knavish tricks" as soon as he shows a sign of his cloven hoof.

I am specially grateful to Mr. Beaumont for the attitude he has taken towards political labelling.

Praed wrote, long ago:

> "I think the Tories love to buy
> 'Your Lordships' and 'your graces'
> By loathing common honesty,
> And lauding common-places.
> I think the Whigs are wicked knaves,
> And *very like the Tories.*"

Probably no two things in the world are more essentially alike than the Conservative *intriguer* and the Socialist ditto. Whereas

honest men, however they may differ in theory, can usually find some common ground of agreement on which to discuss their immediate duty as to the next step on the road. For anything further than that, a wise man is content to wait—

"Till a new day shall bring him new light."

ADVICE TO YOUNG INDIANS

Do not talk politics until you know what you are talking about. When you wish for practice in *debate* choose some other subject to cut your intellectual teeth upon. "Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's"; which are his by right divine, *i.e.*, by the ability to manage them. The English know better than any race in India how to administer justice between conflicting tribes and castes.

NON-VIOLENCE

The teaching of Jesus consists of two main divisions—the so-called "non-resistance" doctrine and the time-sequence discipline: "Do not do (so and so) till *after* you have done (something else)." The former is much discussed nowadays, the latter is still almost ignored. The latter seems to me important, because its function is to build up those who practise it into a governing body capable of controlling themselves and the world around them without any need for resorting to physical force.

In my experience, the attempt to carry out non-resistance theories, by persons who do not themselves observe the order of time-sequence, has always proved futile and disastrous; whereas, where the time-sequence is strictly adhered to, non-resistance springs up of its own accord, without any need for saying much about it.

A devout preacher and practiser of non-resistance, without understanding the discipline, once called on a brother minister who practised both, and complained that a member of his congregation, disapproving of something in his sermon, had pulled him out of the pulpit and pushed him out of the chapel. "What would you do if that happened to you?" he asked, helplessly. "I should like to see one of my congregation try," was the quiet reply.

Non-resistance, taken alone, is Anarchy; the non-resistance of those who practise the time-sequence discipline is Thearchy.

IMPROVEMENT

Improvement depends on three factors: a moral desire to do better; an intellectual interest in finding out how to do better; and nervous energy to achieve self-mastery. Reproof or reprimand for past wrong-doing tends to lower nervous energy, to distract attention from the "learning how," and very often to "put up the back" of the person reprimanded and make him unwilling to mend his ways.

Its effect on the person reproved is, as a rule, purely evil.

But, like all evil, the habit of reprimanding other people has its uses. In his eagerness to seize opportunities for reproving other people, the reprover not unfrequently kicks out and thus shows the cloven hoof concealed under his own robe of Pharisaical self-righteousness. This kind of self-revelation is no doubt good for his own soul.

A Humble Observer of Human Nature.

TESTS FOR A POLITICAL LEADER

The main requisites for a political leader in a crisis like the present would seem to be these:

1. True sympathy with actual suffering; willingness to make personal sacrifices for the sake of relieving it.

2. The genuine passion for creating, for altering and remodelling material, for re-volution.

3. To have in his veins the blood of a once despised race or class; so that he has a latent potentiality of *understanding* the passion for recoil, the self-assertion of a class as such. It is this passion which spoils the best work of most democratic leaders and of *nearly* all well-to-do Jews, especially Jew financiers. The leader we need at present should be able to understand this and sympathise with it. But—

4. He should have in his own person outgrown all such class and race revolt; so that the class-passion has been, in him, forged and transformed into the power of shaming into silence the upstart class-feeling in other would-be leaders.

5. He should have outgrown all temptation to think of, or feel about, politics or war as if they were sport or games. He should understand that legislation, which means thwarting other people's wishes, and war, which means killing and wounding people, are

stern necessities, and that no man who takes personal pleasure in doing either is fit to be trusted with the government of a country.

NEW BOTTLES

We are warned against putting new wine into old bottles, but there is no prohibition against putting sound old wine into new bottles.

TRUE UNITY

That which reveals itself rarely, in a momentary flash, to him who is humbly and diligently studying diversity.

FALSE UNITY

A dangerous delusion which overtakes those who try to suppress or to conceal diversity.

THE VALUE OF A BOX OF RUBBISH

Three men were sitting together. One was a connoisseur and collector of antique furniture ; the second a farmer who reared pigs for the market ; the third was in the Woods and Forests, and enthusiastic for the afforesting of England.

To them came in a child carrying a large box, which he deposited on the knees of the connoisseur. "See what I have found for you," he said "just what you said you liked." The box, on being opened, was found to contain a miscellaneous collection of acorns, oak-apples, and bits of moss interspersed with earwigs and wood-lice. The child saw the look of bewilderment on the face of his friend (who was a fastidious old bachelor). "Are they not what you wanted ?" asked the child ; "you said you loved old oak. I heard there were *very fine old oaks* in a wood near where I have been staying, so I went there and picked up every pretty thing I could find."

The kindly farmer, who had children of his own, came to the rescue. "What fine acorns !" said he ; "I never saw such fine ones before ; none so big as that grow in our country. I have got some little pigs at home who will be delighted with them ! Come along

with me and feed them ; you will see how delighted they will be to get such wonderful big acorns."

"Pigs !" exclaimed the forester. "Why, you blessed little angel, what you have in your box is the Hope of the Future !"

But the forester did not forget, before planting the acorns, to cleanse them from germs of future mischief, so far as was possible without destroying the vitality of the acorns themselves.

SUCCESSFUL HORTICULTURE

In a well-ordered potting shed in autumn we find displayed : broken pottery ; dead moss ; earths, fertilizers, sand, etc. ; bulbs and tubers ; and flowerless cuttings severely shorn of all ornamental foliage. Yet the effect is not unpleasing to the practised eye of a skilled gardener.

On the other hand, few things are more dreary than a garden in which plants are drooping because they have been transplanted when already in flower. The good gardener either grows things *in situ*, or puts them into the beds long before the blossoming time ; or if, for lack of space, he wishes to plant in the beds things grown in pots, he is at least careful to turn out the whole potful, earth and all, exactly as it stands in the pot.

These things are a parable : as, indeed, most things are for whoever has eyes to see and ears to hear.

A FIT OF EXCITEMENT

Perhaps the great keynote of the best educational move of this century is that when a faculty is latent or dull, the way to revive it is to make the person see some object, hear some sound or perform some physical action which, in his far-back ancestors, had been associated with strong religious passion.

When a person, especially a child, of sensitive organisation sees a house on fire,* two revelations may come crashing in upon his nervous system : one, the innocent joy of ancestors at one period as they danced round the annual bonfire in honour of the sun god ; the other, the exultation of savage warriors as they watched a crate full of captured foes burning in honour of their cruel

*See "The Value of a Maimed Life," p. 39. (Extracts from the Manuscripts of Thos. Wedgwood, selected by M. O. Tremayne. Introduction by M. E. Boole.)

divinity. (There may come also a third : the horror and terror of the victims. This might indicate a different ancestry ?)

If the fire is promptly extinguished, there may come two kinds of chill on his spirit : the disappointment of innocent revellers when a storm of rain put out the bonfire, and the sulky grief of warriors if their captives were rescued in time to prevent the sacrifice.

Nothing could be more stupidly cruel than to treat the individual as if he were responsible for his present sensations and emotions. The hygienic thing to do is to leave him to himself till the excitement has passed away and he has had a night's rest. It might be well then to take some suitable opportunity of suggesting to him an explanation of what has happened to him.

He will of course be responsible in future for choosing the line of action into which the compound revelation shall lead him.

The above is a fair sample of a large group of experiences which cause much needless alarm by being supposed to indicate either oncoming insanity or an evil disposition.

FOR DISCUSSION IN SCHOOLS

It might be well to propose as a suitable subject for discussion in schools, especially where the children have gardens : our duty towards the pests which we must destroy (or prevent from multiplying indefinitely) in order to protect our own food-supply. It is always safer to set children thinking of their own duties than of other people's wrong-doings. And the subject which I propose might stimulate several kinds of useful study, *e.g.* :

(*a*) Modes of death (whether quick or slow) ; of the action of poisons (whether narcotic and pleasant or corrosive and torturing). (*b*) The peculiar terrors, horrors and hereditary prejudices of animals (so as to give to each kind the nearest possible to euthanasia for its species). (*c*) How the destruction of one species of creature may affect some other species. (*d*) Protective mimicry, especially that kind in which weak, stupid, lowly organised creatures put on an appearance like that of their betters, the more highly organised. (*e*) The classification of doomed victims into (1) lowly evolved species, which have got on a certain way and then stick fast at a low level. These probably do not feel much. (2) Degenerates—mostly parasitic vermin, which have degenerated owing to finding access to food made too easy. (3) Highly-evolved and sensitive rivals to man (ants, etc.), some of them apparently

more sensitive and in some respects more civilised than ourselves, but whom we destroy because, if we do not, they will destroy us by devouring our substance.

Children who have gardens can easily be made to see that they have duties in regard to all the above topics, especially the duty of being honest with themselves and facing the actual facts. All that is necessary is that the adults who have charge of them should be honest, and not confuse issues by shuffle and muddle.

Some adults say: "Do not do so-and-so; it seems cruel. *Not that I believe animals feel much; but it seems cruel.*"

I have heard a mother say to her children: "Do not hurt that butterfly; it is too pretty to be hurt."

What sort of legislators and theologians are we training, when those who have charge of the children are so dishonestly illogical?

It would not be necessary that any decision should be accepted as that of the school as a whole. There might be majority and minority groups. But to ensure honest thinking it would be advisable that the master should tell the pupils that each group would be expected to adhere in practice to its own decision until it had announced an intention of re-considering that decision.

It seems to me that this kind of topic might do more to prepare young people for humane treatment of men and animals and for general usefulness as citizens than discussions about things on which they have as yet no touch, and about which they can only talk ignorantly.

In all these matters it has to be remembered that hasty generalisations and sweeping condemnations at the beginning of a movement lead to subsequent misunderstandings and consequent weakness; whereas a little time spent in accurate discrimination is well repaid by the resulting unity in heart and purpose and consequent efficiency when the time comes for practical action.

THE PROPOSED CHRISTIAN CATHEDRAL IN DELHI

[TO THE EDITOR, "THE INDIAN SPECTATOR".]

SIR,—May I ask you to insert the following working out of a logical equation on data supplied to me and purporting to come from some English official? *I am not responsible for the data.* (It is never worth while to contradict people's premises; it is better to try to show them the logical outcome of their own premises.)

DATA
Old Indian architecture is dead.
New Indian architecture is *childish.*
There are no Master-builders in India now, *i.e.*, no adult relatives left to bring up the orphan.

England claims to be the rightful and responsible guardian of the orphan baby, "Train up a child in the way *he* should go, *i.e.*, the way *his* father's son should go, the best way possible for *his* hereditary proclivities. Then when he is grown up, he will not depart from it." Whereas if you try to impose on him the characteristics of a quite different type, you will probably make a feeble degenerate imitation of the alien type.

The business on hand just now is to build a temple in India which will represent in stone to the eyes of the Indian child the spirit of the Teacher who said: take *heed* that you do not put a stumbling-block before the feet of a child; for if you do, you will find yourself in a worse predicament than if you were under water with a mill-stone round your neck.

Yours faithfully,
MARY EVEREST BOOLE

THE SHELTER OF THE VATICAN

An interesting ceremony took place in Southwark on 17th February last when Bishop Amigo decorated an English poetess, Miss Emily Hickey, with a medal sent for her by the Pope in recognition of her services to the Catholic Church. I am glad that the bishop has recalled attention to this charming writer, who, while equipped with a competent knowledge of English literature from the earliest Anglo-Saxon up to and including Browning, has remained always herself, versatile, flexible, graceful, refined, and full of delicate and original suggestions.

During the ceremony Mgr. Brown took the opportunity of referring to the "unsettled and unsatisfied state of mind of those outside the Church," hinting that his Church affords the only safe and sure refuge from the tempest of conflicting ideas. In my humble opinion he is perfectly right. If I wished for refuge from the thought-storms I should certainly seek it in the shelter of the Vatican. His Holiness, the Orthodox Pope, has behind him a mass of traditional experience. He also has at his disposal an ever-accumulating fund of knowledge on all kinds of subjects gathered from all quarters of the world by a syndicate of men, the most learned, cultured and devoted in the world—the Jesuit Fathers. I

firmly believe that they can compare favourably in the matter of honesty with any syndicate or corporate body in existence (not even excepting the House of Commons).

As we have the possibility of being guided from the Vatican, I would certainly not put my neck under the foot of any self-elected Pope or Popess who may choose to confer upon him or herself an honorary degree of infallibility.

But when all the timid souls are under cover, whether in the solid ancient marble cathedral or the modern jerry-built brick edifice, there remains a residuum of perverse-minded persons, some of them very old women, who like collecting herbs on the open moorland better than kneeling under any roof; who think the scent of wild heather more hygienic than that of manufactured incense; who believe in no consecration except the breath of the Spirit, and in no holy water except the spray of the thought-storm, and who take refuge from the warring elements in the calm centre of the whirlwind itself. They, in spite of the exertions of all the apostles, real or sham, sacred or profane, persist in keeping up perpetual adoration before the altar of THE UNKNOWN GOD, and in thinking of all creatures as His ministering priests.

In the good old days such people were burned alive for the good of their own souls and the edification of their fellow-citizens.

But these fires are extinct, and I much doubt whether the good Bishop Amigo and Mgr. Brown will be able to revive them with all the help of Mr. Belloc in blowing the papal bellows.

At any rate, they are not burning now. And that, good reader, is precisely the reason why the Editor of *Plain Talk* is able to secure the co-operation of his faithful ally,

VIRGINIA DE MÉRICOUR.

IN CASE OF SLEEPLESSNESS

One great desideratum is to give to certain words or sounds a double set of associations: one connected with tense muscle and the active exertions of the waking life, the other with slack muscles and the intention to go to sleep. There are many ways of doing this. All churches, etc., have dealt with this problem in various ways. I have no fault to find with any of these ways. But there are people who have been so worried about religions and philosophies that the words intended to induce sleep have acquired associations which have on the contrary a disturbing effect. For the benefit of such I suggest a plan which I have found helpful

in getting rid of thoughts connected with either occupation, emotion or worry.

When in bed, get every muscle as slack as you can. Then pick out some property of a series of words independent of its literary, scientific or emotional use. Pick out by memory from the English (or some other) language all the words you can remember which have this property. Arrange them in your mind in alphabetical order. Count them on the fingers of the right hand, beginning with the little finger. Press each finger down in turn very slightly on your breast or on the sheet. When you come to the thumb press down the little finger of the left hand. This sets the right hand free to begin again. Each finger of the left hand registers five. The selection had better be at first of monosyllables which rhyme with a particular sound. Later on, you can make the series very much more complicated. I append samples of series which I have myself made out.

Be careful to avoid attempting to deal with proper names, whether of persons or of places. Also avoid dealing with any property which is confusing and with words which can be made up at pleasure, *e.g.*, when you are counting the words that end in "ful," reject all those which involve measure of capacity such as cupful, armful, basketful, for these can be multiplied indefinitely. Select only those which have a fixed place in literature, such as artful, awful, baleful, bashful, etc.

When you have counted a series, begin and repeat them over and over again till you find that you always get the same number quite easily.

Be careful and conscientious in never allowing yourself to recite these series when the muscles are tense or when you do not intend to go to sleep if you possibly can.

When I first began to practise this method I found it a fatiguing effort to arrange and remember a series of 20 words. I now find that it is quite as easy to deal with long and complicated series.

Examples

Rhyming

Bent, blent, cent	13 words
Dice, ice	15 words
All, awl, ball	26 words

Ending with Syllable "full" (ful)

Word of 1 syllable (full)	1
Words of 2 syllables (artful, awful, baleful) . .	64

Words of 3 syllables	accented on 1st (beautiful, bountiful)	13
,, ,, 3 ,,	accented on 2nd (deceitful delightful) . . .	24
,, ,, 4 ,,	(disrespectful, undutiful) .	5

ENDING WITH SYLLABLE "MENT"

Words of 2 syllables	. . . . .	27
,, ,, 3 ,,	beginning with a . .	25
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, b . .	5
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, c . .	12
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, d . .	7
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, e . .	24
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, f . .	2
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, g . .	1
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, i . .	13
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, l . .	1
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, m . .	5
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, n . .	2
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, o . .	1
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, p . .	5
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, r . .	7
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, s . .	5
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, t . .	3
,, ,, ,, ,,	,, ,, v . .	1
Words of 4 syllables	. . . . .	26
Word of 5 syllables	. . . . .	1

These are the numbers in each series that I have hitherto found. There may be others.

Nordau says that the tendency to rhyming and alliteration is a symptom of degeneration. It certainly is a symptom of the thing which he calls by that name—a state which should be allowed to come on only when the conscious intelligence is going to sleep with full permission of the conscious *will* and under conditions which make it safe for the conscious intelligence (*i.e.*, discriminating power) to be asleep.

The *degeneration* comes because the rhymes, etc., are allowed to coincide with tense muscle and conscious intelligence half awake.

The conditions for a sleep-list are—

That it should be entirely synthetic, containing no element of antagonism.

That it should be purely altruistic in motive.

That the mode of arrangement should link words together in some way quite different from the linkage of the waking time.

For a Professional Moralist

I want you, please, to try an experiment—a translation into the terms of your world of my own sleep-list.

Make in your mind a list of persons according to the following directions.

First, the persons under your own roof, beginning with your personal attendant.

Next. Persons of whom you disapprove or who have annoyed you, or about whom you have any feeling of worry.

After that, persons with whom you are in a good humour.

Be careful to make the list while you are lying quiet and as slack as you can in all your muscles in the dark, or with eyes shut.

Then, but always while lying quiet and slack, fix your mind on the hope that each of these persons (taking them in the above order) shall have a quiet sleep. (Pious people call this praying, you can call it what you like.)

If you are tempted to think of anything else, say to yourself that I (M.E.B.) have done my best to help you, and that you are morally bound to help me now that you have the opportunity of doing so. You may, if you like, further tell yourself that I am making up a set of prescriptions to assist the managers of a nerve-and-rest-cure Home, and that, when you are not really at work on your own work to any good purpose, you may just as well be helping your fellow sufferers. Put yourself during your useless and worthless time into the category of "fiat experimentum in corpore vili."

Now comes what is perhaps the most important part of the prescription.

As you pass in review each of the persons in your list, take care to ask for nothing concerning him or her except quiet sleep. If you are tempted to pray that the person may do this or not do that, or for his moral or spiritual well-being, tell yourself resolutely that thinking about the moral and spiritual has been the *work* of your life, and that thinking about it in bed at night is for you, a grave breach of the fourth commandment.

The list should be short at first and gone over till you fall asleep. It should be added to gradually. The names should be fitted in in the order indicated above till you gain skill and are able to construct your own scheme.

October, 1913.

Dear ——,

If you do not find the prescription which I sent you of any use to *you*, please do not think that that absolves you from the duty of trying it conscientiously, for as long as you can every night. You are asked to help me with an investigation which I have undertaken to conduct one branch of.

Remember that you are not being asked to do anything contrary to your conscience, or to waste time which you owe to your own work, but only to engage in intercessory prayer during the time when you cannot work.

Some day when I am less tired I will try to give you an idea of the great communal reform on which thousands of the best brains are at present engaged. I am too busy and too tired just now. Be satisfied that your share at least is an obviously harmless one, and your duty is to do it faithfully.

Only for *a few minutes* each night at first, but longer as you gain skill in keeping steadily to the prescribed order.

Remember that the eternal comment on all honest experimentation is: He saved others, himself he could not save. Its eternal method is: Fiat experimentum in corpore vili. The only question is: Shall the *corpus vile* be some helpless being whom we have captured by force or bought with money or lured by hypocritical kindness into our power, or shall each experimenter treat as the *corpus* his own *personal* self, a willing offering of atonement for the sins and blunders of the world, including his own sins and blunders?

———

All progress is made through suffering. True, but all true progress is *from* suffering inflicted on the unwilling *to* suffering accepted by the willing.

WORDS

The great barrier between classes, it seems to me, is what one might call alternatively academicalness, slanginess or bigotry in the use of words. We pity the peasants of sixty years ago because so many of them could not read. But some of them gained more than they lost by that privation. Not being able to read, they had no way of interpreting words except the plan of slowly, very slowly, calling up images of the objects mentioned. They could not short-circuit the process of interpretation by assuming that the speaker or writer meant all the connotations which happened to be implied in the last bit of journalese slang in which the word

was used. Whether the slang is ancient Greek, modern philosophy, or the vernacular of the Sunday sporting journal on the public-house table, makes far less difference on the man's real habits of mind than most people seem to imagine. The men who could not look a fact in the face and see what it had to say for itself were uncultured, even if they were fellows of a university. The men who could were cultured gentlemen, even if they did not know the alphabet.

And as it was sixty years ago, so, it seems to me, it is now.

Of course *mere* ignorance does not make a gentleman, but shallow slanginess does prevent culture.

PSYCHIC CONTAGION

OR THE CRITIC AS NERVE-RESTORER

Few things are more nervously exhausting or intellectually depressing to a teacher than contact with persons who have been in the habit of thinking of him, or her, as what is called a spiritual influence, which too often means a mere psychic contagion of the emotion of faith. If the "influencee" has taken the trouble to study carefully the teacher's real method of thought and has thus put himself into a position of being able to become an intelligent and helpful critic, he may become a great comfort and support and nerve-restorer as the teacher's vitality wanes. But, speaking generally, a gang of "followers" is the gravest possible danger to the leader, not only because by their words they flatter his vanity, but because by their psychic dependence on him they exhaust his vitality, drain away his nerve-force and prepare him to be the victim of almost any kind of delusion.

SPECIAL SAFEGUARDS

For people who are training themselves to be fit for the dangerous pleasure of consciously receiving communications direct from the unseen.

1. Never neglect the smallest things. Appreciable finite magnitudes thrust themselves on the attention; but the infinite reveals itself only at that vanishing point where the finite gives place to the invisible. [*Formulated by Newton and Gratry.*]

2. Call into your *consciousness* and memory occasionally the existence of scapegoats, the despised and rejected elements,

the repulsive, the ugly. The attractive, the beautiful will assert itself; but the supremely beautiful reveals itself only at the moment when the attention is being turned away from the attractive to the repulsive. Therefore make a practice of paying attention to all that man is despising and rejecting: to the physically extruded, the socially excluded, the ecclesiastically excommunicated, the morally condemned, the academically discarded.

[Not formulated by Tom Wedgwood, but adopted by him and evidently an integral portion of his system and his favourite and special bit of technique.]

3. Though you call into your memory respectfully the existence of scapegoats, yet do not too hastily elect yourself to be the scapegoat. Wait till that honour is conferred on you by a general consensus of the community. Then accept it without comment. Let no human being know, if you can help it, that you are aware of your isolation.

4. Do not force the repulsive on the attention of those who are not yet ready to receive the revelation of the supremely beautiful.

5. Do not trust to inspiration which comes from the magnetism of crowds. Seek it where two or three serious persons are gathered together. Let them seek in common for light on the next step on the road, and beware of *asking* for inspiration about anything except what that particular group ought to do immediately. Out of that will probably grow a wider revelation, but let it come, do not seek it.

6. When you are expecting an interview about which you feel that it is either important or exciting, beware of formulating beforehand what you shall say. Tell yourself that the business on hand is not the utterance of your opinions or feelings, but making yourself a true channel of inspiration. Think over the data with which you will have to deal; and when they are arranged in your mind, turn your thoughts to other things; or suspend thought and sleep.

It is quite different when you are to lecture or preach. Some persons are not safe when addressing an audience; the magnetism of the crowd carries them away, and they are safer if the lecture is written down beforehand; but if you are to discuss with one or more other persons, then you should leave room to listen to what those others may be prompted to say to you.

7. Prepare for inspiration by an act of sacrifice; always a voluntary sacrifice of yourself, not imposed by you on any other creature. We may, because we must, sacrifice other people and creatures to the running of our earthly lives; but beware of doing so when you are seeking intercourse with the Unseen.

8. Do not distress yourself by making sacrifices which are painful or distasteful or in any actual sense a loss to you. It is quite soon enough to make such sacrifices when the doing so will serve some other creature. Never do it for the mere sake of opening up communication with the Unseen.

9. Treat all idiosyncrasies in which the possessor takes pleasure or pride (whether these be personal or racial) as trinkets, *i.e.*, things which are of no use to humanity and which it is well to possess a good store of because the possessor can select one as an offering when he wishes to open a door to the Revealer.

Make it a general habit to think of all idiosyncrasies, other people's as well as your own, in this light, never as sins, nor as foibles, nor as subjects of ridicule—simply as toys which the possessor has a right to give away when he wishes to do so.

[Donnelly in "Atlantis" suggests that this was the origin of the value placed on gold and silver. These metals were of little use, either as weapons or as tools, but, being pretty to look at, they were offered to the gods.]

10. When an inspiration has come to you, beware of giving it prematurely to the public; remember that "indecency consists in self-revelation to inadequate apprehension". If the Revealer has shown you a truth it does not follow that you need be the person to show it to the world. Wait till you are sure that the time has come. And meantime, ransack your memory and see whether you can remember any claim which anyone has on you which you have hitherto neglected to satisfy. Do your duty first, *i.e.*, that which is due to someone.

11. Remember that the Unseen grants no monopolies. If a truth has been shown to you, probably it has been shown to others, some of whom may be more fitted than yourself to be channels for its transmission to those who have not received it directly.

Do not elect yourself to the post of public revealer. If you are truly a Friend of God, the thrill of delight in the fact of personal contact and personal confidence will keep your heart warm without need of human recognition. You will be altruistically willing to share your treasure with those who need and seek it; but all that is personally self-protective in you will suggest keeping it a secret between you and the Unseen. If, or in so far as, you are not a Friend of God, the Unseen is physically and spiritually a danger to you, *i.e.*, it may bring on disease, organic, nervous or mental.

CON-VERSION

Conversion is to the human soul what the turning of the crank is to the engine, what the beating of the heart is to the body: the very life of its life.

St. Paul was converted in one painful flash, from Pharisaic self-righteousness to Christ.

But if he had been more like Jesus Christ Himself he would have thought less about Jesus Christ, and taken a cheerful interest in nature, science, and art, and any enjoyments, pursuits and amusements which appealed to him.

Jesus had been converted day by day as a happy matter of course, naturally, as He ate or slept.

As He daily converted bread into the flesh of His own body, so He converted Himself into organic humanity.

He converted Himself from centrifugal direction into centripetal, from tangent to normal, from storm-impulse to calm insight, from psychic to spiritual vision, from inspiration to revelation, from self-righteousness to symbiology, from passion to power.

COALS OF FIRE

From the Altar of the Unknown Good

Study those who misunderstand you; learn from those who despise you; and help, whenever you honestly can, those who are trying to hinder you. So you shall be known as children of our Father, the Universal Light.

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