

the knee to queer things without number; at last it nears the hill-top where flames the Torch of Science around the throne of the Atom. Shail it be rolled back into Night? That is the Separate School question. Think of your forefathers: blind men in a jungle. Picture their unhappy lot, especially the first Christians. Poor fellows! they never so much as heard of the Atom! Standing, as we do, in the blaze of high noon, it almost baffles us to realize their case: no finger to point them to the one source of life, and hope, and all things. And so Superstition waxed great; and still would wax. But the Christendom section of its domain is rent in twain—one half under a Pope; the other under many: both hostile to the Atom whilst throttling each other. This is our chance. In the name of the Atom, let Secularism knock their heads together. Then shall our cause triumph. Then shall their heaven, their hell, and such-like delusions and bugbears disappear. Then shall Man be set free "to take his pastime in the fields of time;" and, with his fellow-beast, return to the bosom of the Atom, whence he came. What shall separate him from so lofty a Destiny? Shall that miserable anachronism called "Separate School?"

Bad as is the Church, the Separate School is worse,—it moulds the dough while yet so soft. Nor is the *Public* school much better; tainted, as it is in text-book and teacher with the Old Superstition. What Atomism demands is a purely Secular School. We confess it will be hard to get. It means more than extended Bibles, Decalogues and Prayers. Pure Secularism cuts deeper than that. With the Bible must go most of the present text-books, so tinged with Superstition; and the heathen classics. In short, Atomism calls for the destruction of all literatures, save the Atomic. You cannot have a purely Secular School so long as the faintest odour of Superstition attaches to teacher or text-book; and it does, yea even to the school walls; for the very air is laden with it. All manner of Thought outside the Scientific; nay all Thought within, which is antagonistic to the Atom, must be annihilated, ere we reach the purely Secular School. Once reached, the guileless Protestant will walk into the net; but his more wary Brother will say: "In vain is the net set in the sight of any bird." The old War will continue; but the Atom will have captured the multipope half of Christendom.

"Rhapsody," dear Reader? Nay,—the chastened utterance of sober conviction: a calm plea for Truth and—the Atom. For, Science is Truth; and Truth is mighty: the Atom, all-mighty. You shake your head?—"he is such a little fellow!" Where wast thou born, "O thou of little faith?" Go back to Evolution's Dawn; behold him there at work; and see for yourself what a big little fellow he is. Why, all the worlds nestle together in his elastic little belly! This is the last decision of that Privy Council from which lies no appeal. You can't take it in? Of course not, all at once. Your "imagination" has received no "scientific" discipline. Let me try to make it clear: The Universe was contained "potentially" in the first Atom, and set free by a "shock" from the second. Now you understand. No? Oh, stupid! Let me try again: The whole Universe, organic and inorganic, was potentially contained in the primordial Atom; and is the result of a shocking, unprovoked interaction of the molecules composed of the atoms of which the primitive nebulousness of the Universe is compounded! There! If you can't see it now, your own nebulosity beats the—Universe.

The Atom is fast routing all imaginations, save the "scientific": all ghosts, naked or clad. Souls are no more. Mind has been packed off to the limbo of Superstition. Thought itself is but a shadowy secretion of the brain. The very Ego goes down before his irresistible lance. The vital principle has gone with the rest. In a word, all things not built of molecules, are swept from the Universe. The queen Lies of Time lie dead. And duped humanity weeps for its slaughtered Phantasms.

You ask me what the Atom is? Frankly I don't know, if you are too exacting. Be moderate, and I shall do my best. The Atom is a small speck of matter. It takes a lot of them to make a molecule: which is too small for the naked eye. Split an Atom: you get two. Split these: you get four. And so on, *ad infinitum*. You must split away, till you can split no more. Then, and then only, have you reached the true Atom,—the Vortex, or whirl, whence issued all things: that wondrous THING which first made all

things; and then—itself! Of course all this is very crude illustration. You cannot physically split an Atom: that were a contradiction in terms. But, you can do it mentally. By aid of the "scientific imagination," you can go on splitting till you end in a "whirl," where split and splitter alike vanish. This is the Nirvana of Science; that blessed re-absorption in the Atom for which we hope. A soul-inspiring hope, of which Superstition would rob us; that is to say, if there were a soul to rob, or—a WE.

Thus you see *why* we oppose Religious Education, and specially hate the Separate School. Our motto is: Not an Atom of Religion; but—the Religion of the Atom.

JOHN MAY.

* * *

Music.

THE new opera by Mascagni, entitled "The Japanese Girl," is based on a very poetical and fanciful libretto by Illica. Among the characters represented are a doll, a screen—that is, the figures painted thereon—the sun, a lotus flower and the Fates. Among human personages are a pair of Japanese lovers, and a cruel father, whose cruelty is of no avail, but who has ultimately to hand his daughter to the detested lover. There are also some low comedy characters.

By the terms of the last will of the late Ambroise Thomas, M. Weckerlein, Librarian of the Conservatory, has received all the papers and manuscripts of the deceased, including the scores, namely, *Le Guerillero*, *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*, *La Tonelli*, *Le Carnaval de Venise*, *Le Roman d'Elvire*, *Mignon*, *Hamlet*, *Francoise de Rimini*, the ballet music to "The Tempest," *La Cour de Célémène*, *Psyché* (in two versions) and *Le Caïd*. The last named score is minus the overture, the sheets of which had been lent to a conductor who has "forgotten to return them." Ambroise Thomas had never been able to recall his name or his address. *Le Ménestrel* comments, "Ne prêtez jamais vos livres ni vos partitions." Ambroise Thomas left a considerable sum to found two prizes bearing his name, one at the Conservatory, the other at the musical section of the Institute.

Dr. Heinrich Riemann, one of Berlin's best musicians and most versatile organists, is giving a remarkable series of organ recitals upon the superb new instrument at the Emperor William Memorial Church. The third of this series of weekly concerts took place on the 2nd inst., and offered a programme of more than passing, and indeed historic, interest. Thus the first number consisted of a concerto (No. 2 in A minor), which Johann Sebastian Bach arranged, or rather transcribed for organ from a violin concerto by Antonio Vivaldi. The three movements of the work (allegro, adagio, and finale allegro) are short, and in Riemann's virtuoso tempo the allegros seemed shorter than necessary. The second number was an organ concerto in D minor, by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach (1710-84), the most gifted, but also the most shiftless of the great Johann Sebastian's sons, and a fellow who died in utter poverty here in Berlin in 1784. Only few of his works have been handed down to us, and of these the above concerto (consisting of a prelude, fugue, largo spiccato and finale) is one of the most important. The third organ piece was a concerto in F major (No. 5), for organ with orchestra, by Handel (arranged for organ alone by Dr. Riemann). It consists of four movements, *largetto*, *allegro*, *alla Siciliana* and *presto*. All these works gave Dr. Riemann occasion to show his variety and colour charm in registration, and his brilliant technic.

* * *

Art Notes.

A GENIUS for portraiture, delightful and enviable as it may seem to others, is not a gift without alloy. Possessing it a painter gives hostages to Art. If he be a man of powerful physique, and the equable temperament that forgets yesterday and takes no thought of the morrow, the painting of portraits may become an agreeable way of making an income the amount of which would satisfy a Queen's Counsel. But if a man has the heart of an artist, and the desire to express his sense of the beauty of the