

means nothing there. It is a whole people that is living or will live. Once the foreigner parts from the waiting throngs at the side and enters the mystic dance, his own little consciousness and purpose become but a part of the much greater consciousness and purpose of the whole. It is not the development of one sort of person, but the combination of a million sorts to make one. It is not the development of a race, as is our own British progress in Great Britain, but something which seems rather novel in the history of mankind, the making of a new democracy. It is not a Gladstone or a Bismarck or an Alexander the Liberator, who is leading this development that I have called a Choir Dance, not a Lincoln or a Roosevelt or a Wilson. Men have only their parts to play in the making of a democracy; if they could make it all by themselves, or originate the making, or achieve the making, it would not be a democracy that they were making. As I said, it is a masked figure that leads the mystic movement—a fate. In one sense there are many fates also among the dancers and mingled with them,—a mysterious and wonderful ballet, perfect in idea and in fulfilment.

And as it is with men so it is with the rites they perform. There are myriads of rites in the movement of the dance, but not one of them is charged with absolute significance. Thus in the mazes of evolution there stands impregnable, as it would seem, the historic open Bible of America. Around