

is the reward of victory, as Saxon, Celt, and Pict have been extinguished in the moment of their triumph. The bloneness of the Prussians will not suffice. In their fairness the orange-red of the Mongolian shines through. When they were considered in the mass, as they lay dead upon the field, their colour was tawny. This excursion towards the west was the end of an age-long strife towards the convention of whiteness.

A fixed type alone endures, and fixity of type develops with whiteness in colour. The pale Pict in the western Highlands shines through the darker Celt who always lost himself before he attained to his desire. I am not saying that the western Highlanders are the most beautiful people in the world. They overstepped the mark. They became too white, and their type too rigid.

Within the range of colour there is a diversity of type, but the number of types is small. Since the Highland Clans perished these types are best seen in the considerable number of families of pure blood that still remain in England. The origin of these families lay in the perception that a pure breed alone would prevail, and personal predilection was restrained to the common good. It was by a union of these families without a coalescence that England was always saved in the last extremity. But in our own time these families have lost their proud, hard rule, and democracy is upon England too. The individual and not the family is now the unit of the race.

In the beginning the individual cell was the unit. Growth increased by a multitude of similar cells, and the same function was performed by all. In time certain congeries assumed separate functions and modified themselves for the better performance. Organs appeared. Animals arose. A controlling mind became obvious. There was now a Creation; but the principle of the single cell persists, the struggle between the man who walks upright and the serpent who goes upon his belly, the contest between righteousness and sin.