

told there was room for some more *Horses*, he wrote *The Ratchet-movement in Clocks and Human beings; or the Law of Compensation for Live and Dead things*. When he received the flattering information that readers liked his clocks and wished to have clocks again, he sent in *Ethics before the dawn of Reason*. He wrote so many articles that it was impossible for the rank and file of the dull scientific army altogether to ignore them. They owned it was clever clap-trap—as good clap-trap as you were likely to get from an amateur.

He was thirty-two when he published *The Magic Mirror*, his first book. He had used the old simile of the internal mirror for the phenomenon of consciousness, and he had furnished his title-page with a sub-title: *As in a Glass Darkly*. The book met with a popular success which in later years he himself regretted; which, at the time, minor physiologists and minor psychologists could not pardon. Oh, alliterative clap-trap! Yet there was good work in the book: enough, one might have guessed, for some big candid mind to see, shadowed forth as in a glass darkly, the better things that soon were coming.

Of his private life very little now was known. In another year it was said that he had bought a house—the newspapers called it an estate—on the south coast, and that there he was living in complete retirement. He had, in truth, during the ten years since he left Oxford, lived a varied and a busy life. He had worked for twelve months in the clinical wards of the Edinburgh hospital; for twelve months Anton Nelcker, Professor of Biology at the Josephinum, Vienna, could have said what he was doing; the astronomers at the observatory, Williams College, U.S.A., had known him for nearly a year; he had been to Borneo with the eclipse expedition; he had travelled in South America by himself, and had been through the forests of Brazil with Benecker, in his final search for the trimorphous orchids; but he had done very little hunting and shooting at home in England. He was alone in the world—parents dead, an only sister married; he was a man of means and leisure—what did it matter to anyone else how and where he amused himself?