

ascertainable order in them, as you yourself admit whenever you send a telegram, or clarify your immortal soul by taking a liver pill. Isn't that so?"

"Surely," said Seaton. "I didn't deny it. What then?"

"What then?" replied Glanville. "Why this. If we start with putting the study of our minds aside, and examine these objects of science and the order and connection that pervades them, by the methods of external observation which ordinary science uses, we arrive at a succession of truths multiplying from day to day, which you and everybody else can verify, and do accept. But if we adopt the contrary method—if we start with the mind and its contents—and try to interpret the facts of nature through these, we get nothing, or rather nothing but falsehoods, which you yourself, like everybody else, reject. This is the gospel which science has, with unbroken success, been preaching to the world for the last hundred years, and been scourging with whips of steel into its obstinate and reluctant consciousness. Hegel, had he lived to-day, would have been crushed beneath the car of this Juggernaut. The voice that called Newton a booby would to-day be whispering out of the dust."

"Hegel," replied Seaton, "if he had lived to-day, would no doubt not have spoken of science in the manner in which he actually did. But his fundamental doctrine would still have been unchanged. I mean the doctrine that everything is mind, and that science deals only with so-called objects and with processes which for practical purposes the mind abstracts from itself, but which are not otherwise independent of it."

"Do you mean," said Glanville, "that you, Alistair Seaton, look on Saturn's moons as an abstraction from Alistair Seaton's mind?"

"When I say," replied Seaton, "that this nature is a mere abstraction from mind, I mean, in the first place, not your mind or mine, but the one universal mind, or, as I should call it, God. But we know this mind through our own minds, which are miniatures of it; and we know it through these