

in his eyes and by his quietude of speech, and the old sense of humour, which for a while he had lost.

"I see now," he said one night, "that it's no use fighting against the injustice and brutality of life. I can't remake the world, or change the things that are written in history, or alter in any big way the destiny of peoples. Stupidity, ignorance, barbarity, will continue among the multitude. All that any of us can do is to tackle some good job that lies at hand, and keep his own soul bright and fearless, if there is any chance, and use his little intellect in his little circle for kindness instead of cruelty. I find that chance here, and I am grateful."

The doctor had larger and bigger hopes, though his philosophy of life was not much different from that of Brand's.

"I want to fix up an intellectual company in this funny old universe," he said. "I want to establish an intellectual aristocracy on international lines—the leaders of the New World. By intellectuals I don't mean high-brow fellows with letters after their names and encyclopædias in their brain-pans. I mean men and women who by moral character, kindness of heart, freedom from narrow hatreds, tolerance of different creeds and races, and love of humanity, will unite in a free, unfettered way, without a label or a league, to get a move on towards a better system of human society. No Red Bolshevism, mind you, no heaven by way of hell, but a striving for greater justice between classes and nations, and for peace within the frontiers of Christendom, and beyond, if possible. It's getting back to the influence of the individual, the leadership of multitudes by the power of the higher mind. I'm doing it by penny postcards to all my friends. This work of ours in Vienna is a good proof of their response. Let all the folk, with good hearts behind their brains, start writing postcards to each other, with a plea