

menacing, when he exerts his power. Alwyn falls into a swoon like death and remains thus for a day, when the soul comes back and animates once more the body.

In the interval Alwyn has roamed the spirit world and met a radiant angel-girl, who tells him she has been waiting for him for long years and has loved him all the while. Theos is completely captivated by her beauty, as she leads him lovingly over the beautiful scenes of the spirit world. At last she tells him they must separate—she to return to her place among the spirits, he to go back to his star. Her last words were: "*Seek thou the field of Ardath! As Christ loves, I will meet thee there! Farewell.*"

As Theos returns to consciousness he seizes paper and writes a poem in a sudden inspiration, the greatest ever written. When he has finished, Heliobas enters and he consults him with eagerness as to the Field of Ardath, and tells him he now begins to believe that God lives and that the soul is immortal, because he feels the throb of immortal love. Heliobas refers him to the Book of Esdras in the Apocrypha, and tells where it may be found near Babylon.

Theos at once starts for this place, and at length, one moonlight night, about midnight, he finds himself in this field, which seems barren and uninviting. At length he discovers a maiden, the angel of his dream. He is once more infatuated, but she tells him, in tones of sweetest love, that his unbelief separates them.

"O my unfaithful beloved! what can I do for thee? A love unseen thou wilt not understand; a love made manifest thou wilt not recognize. Alas! my journey is in vain, my errand hopeless! For while thine unbelief resists my pleading, how can I lead thee from danger into safety? How bridge the depths between our parted souls? How win thee pardon and blessing from Christ the King?"

She leaves him and he falls into a trance, in which he seems to enter a great and beautiful city. He is in danger from the crowd because he does not yield homage to the Goddess Lysia. He is rescued by the poet-laureate of the city, and the most courteous of men, Sah Luma, who takes him to his house and makes him his friend. He finds this city given over to worldly passions. The divinity of the city, Lysia, he finds to be the goddess of sensuality. Sah Luma he finds to be a poet with only one thought—fame and personal enjoyment. He has all luxuries about him, including devoted and beautiful female slaves, who burn incense to his genius. He goes to the festivals of the king and Sah Luma sings his great poems, and he finds to his amazement they are exactly his own, which he has written and published before he left England. After various experiences in Al Kyris, the city, where all are bound up in self-indulgence, self-enjoyment, at last the city is destroyed, and he wakes from his trance to find himself still on the Field of Ardath. The maiden, Edris, was by his side, tender and loving as before. He falls at her feet—he tells her he has no longer doubt. His old self has been thrown away, and now, with a sense of deepest humility, he looks with faith to her to be taught all the mysteries of the soul and its duties.

Then she tells him the vision he has seen is to show him himself. The poet, Sah Luma, was his former self—when his aims were for selfish fame and glory. He was now dead and a new spirit has come in its place. She thus tells him of himself and what he should do. It is certainly beautiful writing.

"All the wide ungrudging fame given to earth's great poets in ancient days was thine. Thy name was on all men's mouths; thou wert honoured by kings; thou wert the chief glory of a great people. . . . Christ had not come to thee save by dim types and vague prefigurations, which only praying prophets could discern; but God has spoken to thy soul in quiet moments and thou wouldst neither hear nor believe in Him. . . . Things of the earth, earthy, gained dominion over thee; by them thou wert led astray, deceived, and at last forsaken; the genius God gave thee thou didst misuse and indolently waste. . . . But thy spiritual indestructable essence lived on and wandered dismayed and forlorn through a myriad forms of existence in the depths of perpetual darkness which *must be* even as the everlasting light is. Thy immortal but perverted will bore thee always further from God, and so far from me that thou wert at times beyond an angel's ken. . . . Enough! by a happy chance, through my desire, thine own roused better will, and

the strength of one who hath many friends in heaven, thy spirit was released to temporary liberty. . . . He who hath himself shared in human sorrows and sympathies, he who is the embodiment of the essence of God's love, came to my aid. Plunging thy senses in a deep sleep, he summoned before thee the phantoms of a portion of thy past—phantoms which, to thee, seemed far more real than the living presence of thy faithful Edris. Alas! my beloved, thou art not the only one on the sorrowful star who accepts a dream for reality and rejects reality as a dream!"

Then she sends him back to earth and thus speaks to him of his duty and mission:—

"Go! the tired world waits for a gospel of poesy, a new song which shall arouse it from its apathy, and bring it closer to God and all things fair. Write! for the nations wait for a trumpet-voice of truth; the great poets are dead; their spirits are in heaven, and there is none to replace them on the sorrowful star save *thee*. Not for fame do thy work, nor for wealth, but for love and the glory of God; for love of humanity, for love of the beautiful, the pure, the holy; let the race of men hear one more beautiful apostle of the Divine Unseen, ere earth is lost in the light of a larger creation! Go! perform thy long-neglected mission—that mission of all poets worthy the name *to raise the world*. Thou shalt not lack strength nor fervor so long as thou dost write for the benefit of others. Serve God and live! Serve self and die! Such is the eternal law of spheres invisible. The less thou seest of self the more thou seest of heaven. Thrust self away, and, lo! God invests thee with his presence!"

I know not what others may say, I regard this as magnificent writing, and it breathes a sentiment the world needs to hear. The rest is easily told. Theos Alwyn becomes a believer in God. He sees the glory of self-effacement. His poetry, inspired by love, becomes immortal. It makes him famous, but he despises the fame. In the words of the author:

"Though the fame of Theos Alwyn widens year by year, and his sweet clarion-harp of song rings loud warning, promise, hope and consolation above the noisy tumult of the whirling age, people listen to him merely in vague wonderment and awe, doubting his prophetic utterance and loath to put away their sin. But he, never weary in well doing, works on ever regardless of self, caring nothing for fame, but giving all the riches of his thought for love. Clear, grand, pure, and musical, his writings fill the time with hope and passionate faith and courage; his inspiration fails not, and can never fail, since Edris is his fount of ecstasy."

Let all who believe in God, in Love, and the Soul, and that something exists better and higher than self, seek the writings of Marie Corelli and find satisfaction and inspiration.

J. W. LONGLEY.

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Death of Dr. Huxley.

THE death of Professor Huxley, although hardly unexpected, will give to the world of science and of literature a painful shock. It is true he was not a young man. He was born at Ealing, in the County of Middlesex, on the fourth of May, 1825, so that he had passed the three score and ten which is supposed to be the normal limit of human life. But we have come to think that this is not old age; and, besides, the activity of Huxley as a thinker and writer and controversialist had continued up to the very last, so that we had a sense of his abiding strength and vigour. At the time of his death, he had begun to answer Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief."

The outward events of Huxley's life were of no great importance. His father was one of the masters of the Grammar School at Ealing, and there he received his early education, proceeding to the study of medicine at Charing Cross Hospital. At the age of 21 he became an assistant surgeon in the navy, where he remained for four years (1846 to 1850). During this time he served under many latitudes and obtained experience and knowledge which he knew how to turn to account.

There was in Huxley a very remarkable combination of qualities by which he was prepared for the work of his life. A remarkable power of observation, immense powers of close and earnest work, a high sense of duty and of the responsi-