The Dominion Review.

VOL. IV. | MARCH, 1899. | NO. 3.

IS THERE ANY JESUS OF NAZARETH IN HISTORY?

BY CHARLES CATTELL.

I ONCE gave as a reason "Why I rejected Christianity," that I regarded it as *unhistorical*. As this is a point not over clear, an explanation may be of service. Two qualifications of the meaning of the term "history" denote its character—sacred and profane. It is here used to denote what has been written by others than the writers of Christian literature. In other words, the question is: Are the life and doings of Jesus, as related in so-called sacred history, recorded or alluded to in "profane" history? Did any writer who described the ordinary events of the times in which Jesus is said to have flourished, mention his birth or resurrection, or his founding a new religion? The answer given by Prof. Graetz, in his excellent "History of the Jews," page 166, is: "Justus and Josephus, who relate to the smallest minutiæ everything that took place under Pilate, never named the life and death of Jesus."

This, to me, appears to cover the whole ground, since they are the authorities upon which subsequent writers had to depend. It may be useful to point out that I am not setting up a man of straw for the purpose of knocking him down. Quite recently a well-known clergyman stated in one of our monthlies that the stupendous miracle of the Resurrection was historically on a level with the battle of Blenheim and the coronation of Victoria! A distinguished American has also just stated, although holding advanced views, that Jesus in all essentials is as historic as Julius Cæsar or Cicero, and lies beyond the reach of any destroying hand.

With regard to the first, as the Queen survives and was present at her own coronation, the fact of the Resurrection ought to obtain belief just as far as it is similarly evidenced. As to the second, I think that the death of Cæsar, causing the sun to turn pale and all vegetation to become yellow for a whole year, does furnish a slight parallel to the death of Jesus, which darkened the world for an hour or two.

Last October, I received from the Truth Seeker Co. (Bradford, Eng.), as a prize, Mr. Gould's "Concise History of Religions." In Vol. 3, p. 81, the author says: "Neither classical historians, nor Josephus, nor Philo offer us any information as to the career of Jesus of Nazareth." In Vol. 2, p. 160, he says: "The truth is that, *outside* the New Testament, no historians are

available to help us in assigning precise chronological positions to the leading events (apart from miraculous occurrences) narrated in the New Testament." In Vol. 3, p. 91, he says: "No author of distinction deemed his crucifixion worth a passing note."

Yet, page 22, Mr. Gould quotes Tacitus as saying that "*Christ*, the originator of that name (Christians), had been executed by the Procurator Pontius Pilate, in the reign of Tiberius;" and states that the passage had been doubted, but gives no reason why. We know that "Christ" was a title, not a name, and it does not appear likely that Tacitus knew it meant Jesus of Nazareth or he would have so described him. Who did he quote from? If he wrote so long after the alleged event, he must have derived his information from some authority.

Again, page 19, Mr. Gould says: "The Roman historian, Suetonius, writing early in the second century, *refers to Christ* as 'one Chrestus,' and regards him as a fomenter of disturbances among the Jews *in Rome*." Is that at all probable? Why did he write of Christ as Chrestus—if he meant Jesus of Nazareth? There is no reason given for saying that Suetonius "refers to Christ." I am not aware of any authority for the statement that Jesus of Nazareth was concerned in a disturbance in Rome, or that he ever appeared in Rome at all. Besides, if Christ and Chrestus were identical and predated the Christian era, as Mr. Gould appears to maintain, we require some evidence that Tacitus and Suetonius, by using that descriptive, meant the Jesus of the Gospels. That is what is wanted to make it testimony to the existence of the carpenter's son.

As he has made this subject his special study, it would be interesting to know why Mr. Gould quotes these two authors of distinction without supplying us with any objections to the authenticity of the quotations. I submit two objections to points arising out of these quotations that are subjects of doubt —that Jesus originated the term "Christian," and that he created disturbances in Rome. Following Mr. Gould's history, I should conclude that Jesus did neither of these things.

Josephus is quoted at page 154, Vol. 2, but we are at once told that "the objections to the passage are fatal." Mr. Gould mentions the fact that the passage quoted from Josephus was not referred to till Eusebius, of the fourth century, Origen, of the third century, not mentioning it. Prof. Graetz, already quoted, does not refer to it, although, after making extensive inquiries, I have ascertained that the disputed passage is in all the editions of Josephus in the libraries of this country. It is difficult to understand how some prominent Freethinkers have arrived at the conclusion that the passage was genuine. I have frequently met persons who, in reply to my observation that no historian mentions Jesus, have immediately replied, "Oh, but look at Josephus!"

Well, let us look at Josephus. The paragraph mentioning Jesus occurs in Book 18, c. 3, and is inserted between accounts of disturbances in Jerusalem and Rome. The first account ends with: "And thus an end was put to this sedition,"—in the margin dated A.D. 28. Then follow nine lines about Jesus —a totally different subject:

"Now, there was about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, for he was a doer of wonderful works,—a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was [the] Christ; and when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake him, for he appeared to them alive again the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him; and the tribe of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct at this day."

The next paragraph continues the narrative of the disturbing events begun in the paragraph preceding that referring to Jesus, thus: "About the same time, *another sad calamity* put the Jews into disorder." Did the alleged appearance of Jesus put them into disorder? If not, it cannot be the "another." Josephus has just mentioned "one" calamity—Jews killed in the streets of Jerusalem,—and proceeds to relate "another"—the expulsion of Jews from Rome; these two make sense, shows sequence in the account; to sandwich a reference to Jesus between these "two calamities," connected as they are by the very language of the historian, is evidence of the clumsy, bungling character of the stupid forgery.

But an eminent Freethinker points to the "style" in which the passage is written. What, then was the habit of Josephus—did he dismiss important events in the briefest possible space? On the contrary, he devotes pages to even a street riot. Yet when he comes to describe the Messiah, the deliverer of the Jews, the Savior of mankind, the Incarnated God on the earth, the Infinite crucified on the Cross, the Jesus who rose from the dead and ascended to heaven after establishing a new religion, working endless miracles and prophesying his second coming in that generation—all this Josephus disposes of in nine lines! To say that this is "the style" of Josephus is a statement that anybody is competent to form an opinion upon.

But, besides placing the crucifixion opposite the year 28, we have the writer recording what we may call an eye-opener—"Christians are not extinct at this day!" Considering that the writer was on the spot where such wonders are said to have happened, within about twenty years of the time of the crucifixion, his story is marvellous indeed.

When a young man, it is reasonable to suppose, Josephus must have met older men who had lived through the events of the days in which the alleged Jesus lived. His omitting to record any of them may have suggested to some subsequent writer the importance of adding a brief allusion to them. The silence of Josephus on the most remarkable events which ever happened in the world, according to the Gospels, may, however, be accounted for on the supposition that they had not occurred or had not been reported at the time Josephus wrote. Mr. Gould (p. 160) sympathetically remarks: "It is little short of a calamity that so much obscurity should gather over the origin of Christianity." Speaking historically, not only obscurity gathers over this unique event in the history of the world; it seems to me to be a case of total eclipse. I believe the man has yet to be born who can satisfactorily explain why this should be so if the Gospels are genuine.

Readers of our time have one advantage over the people who lived before them, for all that is known on this subject may be read in the free libraries of most of our cities; and Mr. Gould's history is a very useful guide to the student in seeking for the material that will help him to come to a decision upon it.

Mr. Gould alludes (Vol. 3, page 109) to two points which press themselves upon all honest inquirers: (1) the impression on their minds that there must have been a real Jesus—a starting-point, a what may be called a Founder, a man, a fact, not merely an idea. (2) The difficulty of disposing of the arguments which tend to prove that no such real person was known in the first century. With our modern knowledge of the laws of nature and of man's constitution, it is simply out of our power to believe in the accounts given of Jesus and his doings as we find them related to-day in our New Testament. At the same time, many profess to believe all of them as true. In conversation, a gentleman recently told me he was opposed to me, but did not believe *all* the church said. On asking what he did believe, he said that "there are not three incomprehensibles, but one incomprehensible." Mr. Gould thinks it may make things more easy for us if Jesus is curtailed. "The intellectual conditions of the age rendered the growth of legend about his memory both inevitable and luxurious; and the process would be so much the more easy if, *as seems reasonable to conclude*, Jesus was known to only a small circle, and his missionary labor was untimely cut short." The issue of such a conclusion is, that Christianity, as we have it, is made up of Jewish and Pagan mythologies. The originality of Christianity has always been disputed. As Mr. Gould well puts it (Vol. 3, page 19): "The conclusion is that, without searching for the Jesus of Christian history, we find in the first Christian century, religious beliefs and usages which by themselves sufficiently account for the origin of the name "Christians."

It seems, however, reasonable for us, with our modern notions, to expect all the early historians to contain extensive references to the inauguration of the new religion, which, we are told by the Gospels, was addressed to every people by wonder-working missionaries. Long years ago, I remember how astonished I was at finding the inquiring and learned Plutarch was not aware that such an important sect as the Christians had any existence in his time! He travelled in Greece and Egypt, and long resided in Rome, flourished in 100, and lived to a good old age. We are told that his morality was excellent, but we are asked to make allowance for his philosophy and doctrines owing to the mythology of his time! His opinion of the Christianity and Christians of his time would have been interesting reading.

Dio Cassius wrote a history of Rome from the arrival of Æneas in Italy to the eighth year of Serverus, and spent twenty years in collecting materials for it; but a writer on early Christianity in the Empire informs us that that talented and accomplished writer never mentions the Christians. This is the more remarkable since Pliny the younger is made to refer to them a hundred years before Cassius wrote his history. Perhaps he did not happen to read Pliny's description of them; or, what is more probable, Pliny had not written

it,—for that is doubtful. His allusion is: "I could discover nothing else than a vicious and extravagant superstition."

I do not hope to see it done, but it has long appeared to me that the investigation of the history of Christianity and its literature should commence with the present century, going backwards step by step, instead of attempting to trace it up from the early ages. We might then discover the dates when Bibles and beliefs first appeared, and under what circumstances. Perhaps the ultimate discovery would be what Macaulay describes as the true miracle of human genius—*to make things which are not appear as though they were.*

The mind of man is capable of creation, as seen in the literature of the world, and the literature of religion shows the same human capacity, as evidenced by the production of the Tinker of Bedford. Searching backwards, it appears amply proved that the assumption of a special commission from above by Jews and Christians, to supply the world with a Bible and a Religion, can no longer be maintained by honest men acquainted with modern research. Jews and Christians are no longer entitled to such distinguished honors as have been heaped upon them in past times.

DYNAMIC SOCIOLOGY.

BY PROF. WARD.

II.

NOTWITHSTANDING the failure of all systematic attempts thus far made to secure artificially the improvement of society, still, cheerless as the prospect may seem, the only hope of success in this direction is in other systematic attempts made in the same manner, and according to the same methods as those by which these have been established and carried on; that is, placed in the power of the feelings which alone are capable of propelling any social operations. If this is hopeless, then must the race be left to drift on under purely natural influences, and reach any stage to which the conditions found on the planet may be capable of carrying it. Let no one, however, be deluded by the thought that this cosmical progress, even in its own slow way, can continue for ever. This swarming planet will soon see the conditions of human advancement exhausted, and the night of reaction and degeneracy ushered in, never to be again succeeded by the daylight of progress, unless something swifter and more certain than natural selection can be brought to bear upon the development of the psychic faculty, by which alone man is distinguished from the rest of the fauna of the earth, and enabled to people all parts of its surface. The resources of the globe are not inexhaustible, unless zealously husbanded by the deliberative foresight of enlightened intellect.

But, as the non-progressive systems of the past have, in fact, differed im-

mensely in all their minor details, so there is no limit to the variation to which we may conceive some future, and possibly progressive, system to be subjected.

There can be no question of the mere power that resides in such movements. When we consider the enormous extent to which they have, as a matter of fact and of history, controlled the actions of men, we can only deplore the vast waste of energy which their failure to accomplish their end shows them to have made. Under the direction of religious organization, empires have been established, wars of conquest and of propagandism have been waged, churches, mosques, cathedrals, and temples have been erected, and the whole surface of the globe has been transformed at the command of organized priesthoods.

To the candid and dispassionate judgment, these historical facts combine with irresistible force to demonstrate the extraordinary power of vast moral and religious systems to influence the condition of society. But, if they can influence it thus to no purpose, or for evil, the question cannot be suppressed, Why can they not as well influence it for good? Is there anything in the inherent nature of these systems which requires that they should necessarily be non-progressive, or retrogessive? May they not as well be progressive? The fact alone that they do sometimes work for good would be sufficient to decide the question, if, indeed, it could be seriously raised. But, if it be possible to convert all this vast force into progressive channels, why is it thus allowed to run to waste? and why is it turned loose like a wild beast to rend society and neutralize the progressive tendencies of unimpeded nature? The answer to this question is to be found in the causes which have produced these institutions in the past. They have been the product, as before remarked, of the ever-pressing demand of suffering humanity for a better state of things; they have promised to supply this demand, and mankind have lent their undivided energies to their establishment and dissemination, in the firm conviction that they were competent to fulfil their promises. This unqualified belief, this unswerving faith on the part of the mass of mankind, is the true secret of their power. The only essential element of such a system, therefore, is a firm and unshakable conviction in the minds of the great mass of society that its success will have the effect of increasing human happiness and diminishing evil.

Now, at first glance it would seem that it would be as easy to secure this popular faith in a progressive as in a non-progressive or retrogressive system. It is, however, the misfortune of man's mental constitution, and of the constitution of nature in which he is placed, that the reverse of this is true. He is ever prone to seize upon the apparent and overlook the real, to pin his faith to the superficial and reject the fundamental, to follow after the fanciful and the imaginary and pass by the actual and the tangible. Such is the feebleness of the average intellect, and such the complexity of the truths of nature, that it would have been impossible in any past age, if it is not so still, sufficiently to commend the latter to the former to secure any firm and abiding conviction that the reform demanded must come through knowledge. The best

example of this that could be adduced is the very truth which it would otherwise be necessary to state in this place, which is this: *The only means by which the condition of mankind ever has been or ever can be improved, is the utilization of the materials and the forces that exist in nature.*

Imagine, now, the difficulty which would attend the thorough and radical inoculation of this truth into the universal popular creed in such a manner as to induce anything analogous to the great emotional interest which past systems have exhibited among men. Yet the dogmas which have underlain these systems have promised nothing which this principle, if rigidly carried out, would not secure.

The difficulty is still further complicated by the necessity of adopting an entirely different method in carrying out this principle from that which has been employed in advancing the doctrines of past moral and religious systems. No amount of exhorting, of proselytizing, of missionary work, of war, or of persecution would in the least avail for this purpose. Most of these methods would tend to retard, and some to crush out the movement in its infancy. An entirely new element would have to be added to the emotional force in order to secure success. This element is the guidance of the intellect. Not that the intellect is at all a propelling force. It is, and can only be, a directive force. But it is this directive force that would be absolutely required to secure the successful spread of this new Gospel of Progress. The intellectual directive force must further be exactly proportional to the emotional impulsive force; at least, it must never fall below it. In the other movements referred to, there has been no proportion between these two forces. True, the priesthood has generally exercised an intellectual control of the masses, but their directive efforts have too often been towards securing personal power, honors, and emoluments out of the seething passions of their credulous adherents. Instead of restraining these passions, it has generally been their policy to increase them to the utmost, recognizing that the intensity of popular feeling is the measure of their own power.

The character of these priesthoods suggests another serious difficulty, viz., that of preventing a scientific or industrial priesthood from re-enacting these evils. The only solution of this problem is to suppose it possible to diffuse the intellectual or directive force uniformly along with the emotional or propelling force. But this difficulty may be deemed wholly insuperable. If so, then the proposed system must be given up. For it would be impossible to carry it on, and insure the object which it has in view, in a state of society where the directive force was confined to an oligarchy who simply managed the operations of an impelling force residing in the passions of the masses. Not that wisdom, if properly applied to emotion, no matter where either should reside, might not secure the benefits sought; but because, from the constitution of man, it can never be properly applied where the two are vested in different individuals.

The fundamental law of human nature, and therefore of political economy, is that all men will, under all circumstances, seek their greatest gain. All the alleged exceptions to this rule are apparent only, and experience has a

thousand times over established their entire unreliability as grounds of public policy. But, where the intellectual and the moral forces of a great social movement are separated, the temptations to self-aggrandisement on the part of those wielding the former are wholly irresistible. They never have been resisted, and it would be folly to expect that they ever would be. In such a movement, therefore, every individual must be both a force and a rein for himself.

But it must be apparent to all that intellectual activity coupled with enthusiasm, could never alone accomplish the great object of utilizing the materials and the forces of nature. Of course, originally, this is all that could have initiated this movement. But not every one can originate such work for himself. The originators must always remain a mere handful as compared with those who follow and elaborate. Whatever has been thus far done in this direction has been the work of nature. Necessity has led man to adopt a thousand ingenious means of supplying his needs. The inventions and discoveries that have thus far been made are, in one sense, the products of natural selection as much as are the improved nests of certain birds, or the dams of beavers. True, they have all been due to the guiding force of the intellect applied in aid of the propelling forces of hunger and want. And if the world is left wholly to nature, these agencies will continue for a great while to produce progress.

The case is comparable to that which exists in plants and animals. Many of them are still in a progressive state. As the vegetable kingdom has for millions of years been slowly rising from sea-weed to moss, from moss to fern, from fern to cycad, from that to pine, and so on to the oak and the apple, and as the animal kingdom has, in like manner continued to exhibit forms of a higher and higher organization from the nomad to the man, so it may be expected that both these kingdoms will, for perhaps an indefinite period of time, continue this progressive differentiation. Yet how long, under nature alone, would it require to develop the wheat, the maize, and the apple, that human agency has brought forth? how long to produce the Ayrshire, the Devon, the Cheviot breeds of animals? And while the cases are not strictly parallel, since nature would never select just the qualities that man selects, still it gives us a faint idea of the enormous acceleration which we may imagine human progress to acquire if it could be made the subject of artificial instead of natural selection.

I do not speak here either of generative selection, as it is practised on animals and plants, with a view to improve the physical quality of humanity, although I recognize this as one of the great considerations that can not much longer escape the serious attention of those who lead the thought of the world. I desire to confine the comparison now wholly to society as an organism. The problem is to apply the vast emotional forces which are ever striving to improve society, but failing for want of the proper intellectual guidance, to some truly progressive system of machinery that shall succeed in accomplishing the desired end.

As before remarked, the intellect alone cannot do this. It must be joined

to facts. In short, what is really required is *knowledge*. Knowledge is simply truth apprehended by the intellect. Intelligent mind, fortified with knowledge, is the only reliable form of the directive force. The only proper knowledge for this purpose is that which can be acquired of the materials and forces of nature. As it is the utilizatton of these forces which alone can secure the end sought, so the knowledge of these is the prime necessity in the exercise of a directive control over human zeal for the improvement of mankind. Hence the diffusion of this kind of knowledge among the masses of mankind is the only hope we have of securing any greater social progress than that which nature itself vouchsafes through its own process of selection. But the knowledge referred to is just that which is embraced in the word "science," and the diffusion of it is the process which goes by the name of "Education." Therefore, the first element of a truly progressive system is *popular scientific education*.

It is thus clear how wholly different must be both the nature and the plan of operation of a truly progressive system from those of any of the non-progressive systems which have divided up the energies of the world in the past.

It may be asked, "Where can this knowledge be obtained? Must we go to nature for it and dig it out of the bowels of the earth before we can scatter it among men?" This is now happily unnecessary. Unaided nature, operating upon man as upon animals and plants, has impelled him to seek this knowledge for himself, and obeying this strictly biological law, he has brought to light a vast mass of truth, sufficient, if properly distributed, to place society on the highway to permanent prosperity. But, as the movement, being a purely natural one, has been strictly egoistic, this mass of knowledge has remained locked up in the minds of a few persons, and has only been allowed to exert an indirect influence on the state of society, and scarcely any on the great majority of its individual members. Further, society at large, which has come into the possession of the greater part of this knowledge, has taken no pains to secure its diffusion among its members. The only means of obtaining this knowledge is for each individual to seek it out for himself—an effort which not one in a thousand could afford to make, even should he chance to have a desire. The great majority never even learn the fact that any such fund of knowledge exists in the world. Comparatively few have any idea of its value.

It is customary in our day to recommend in the strongest terms the extension to all our higher institutions of the facilities for increasing knowledge, for independent original research. This is well, but the fact is that not one-hundredth part of the facts which original research has already brought forth are to-day obtainable by the one-hundredth part of the members of society, so that not one truth in ten thousand is fully utilized. Why go on bringing forth new truth, when in the existing state of society it is impossible to make a proper use of what we already have? It would not be difficult to demonstrate that this constant accumulation of materials for progress so far beyond the capacity of society to utilize them, or even to become conscious of their existence, exerts along with some direct benefits a large amount of

indirect evil to society itself. It is like gorging the stomach to repletion in the hope that thereby nutrition may be increased. And, just as this may with some safety be done by lowly-organized creatures, while its practice by highly-organized ones is certain to end in reaction and disease, so the early and-lowly organized societies of the world may without danger have accumulated great masses of facts for the later and more delicately-constituted ones to apply, while the same policy pursued by the latter makes a dangerous chasm between the intelligent few and the ignorant many, which cannot fail to accomplish the aggrandisement of the former at the expense of the latter. To this influence, if I mistake not, is to be ascribed the greater part of the evils of which modern society complains. Every cultivated man has often wondered at the extraordinary degree of refinement to which many branches of knowledge have been carried. Considered independently of each other, nearly every so-called science, not to speak of the arts both useful and æsthetic, has been pursued to the most astonishing heights of specialization, and carried out through the most delicate and multiplied ramifications. I need but refer to the great and useful sciences of mathematics, of astronomy, of physics, and of chemistry. Still better illustrations, however, are to be found in the less practical sciences of zoology and botany. The incentive in these latter seems to have chiefly been mere fondness for the acquisition of facts. There is scarcely an animal or a plant in Europe, in America, or even in Australia, that has not been collected, studied, described, named, and classified. Volumes have been written and profusely illustrated with elegant plates to describe the species of certain plants and animals whose practical use to mankind is not appreciable, and is not in the slightest degree increased by such accurate knowledge on the part of a few specialists. Considering the number of important and fundamental problems which every science always presents, and the manner in which these are neglected, while such abstruse and useless niceties are spun out by specialists, I have been led to believe that, except as goaded on by personal want, the human intellect prefers trifles and hair-breadth subtleties to the serious investigation of truth. This tendency, so manifest in science, has, as all know, been still more pronounced in philosophy, and every human effort is constantly in danger of degenerating into a gymnastic.

But not only is all the knowledge in the world confined to a few, but each different kind of knowledge is in the exclusive possession of a small class of those few; not only is the mass excluded from knowledge, but those who have any possess only a minute fraction of the useful knowledge extant. It is all chance work; there is no system, no general scheme for the dissemination of truth. This is of course the worst feature, but second to it stands the unorganized state of knowledge itself. If knowledge could be diffused, there is probably causality enough in the world to co-ordinate and arrange it. But, unfortunately, those who possess it have obtained it through the mere love of facts, and belong to the class who see only relations of co-existence and not of dependence, and hence, as they hold on to their facts and are incompetent to classify them, these are never generalized, and therefore never utilized; or

else they come at their knowledge through the force of necessity, like the breeders and gardeners, and have no time or desire to inquire after principles. In either case, their knowledge remains useless, or exerts its beneficial influence only within a very limited circle. Unorganized knowledge cannot be utilized.

The two prime elements, therefore, of any system that aspires really to benefit the race must be, first, the diffusion of existing knowledge universally throughout society; and, secondly, its organization or synthesis, with a view to the establishment of the true relations of dependence which exist among all known truths. The first of these processes is *education*, the second is *philosophy;* but, as the former could not but result in the latter, this may for present purposes be neglected.

The whole philosophy of human progress, or *dynamic sociology*, may, therefore, be briefly epitomized in a few words: The desire to be happy is the fundamental stimulus which underlies all social movements, and has carried on all past moral and religious systems. These have been established in obedience to the deepest conviction and belief that they were able to accomplish the amelioration of the condition of mankind. They failed because misdirected, owing to the ignorance of man respecting nature, upon which alone all successful effort must be expended. The only real progress has resulted from such effort. Some progress has been made in spite of these badly-directed and superficial systems, but it has been the result of the secular forces which have evolved man out of the animal state. The problem is, to guide these vast and acknowledged forces in a progressive instead of in a non-progressive direction. To do this, something analogous to these past non-progressive systems must be established. There must be a set of principles, doctrines, or articles, to which, as a creed, the world shall give in its adhesion. These principles must be *true*, and be founded on the *natural*, and not false, as in previous systems, and founded on the supernatural.

The fundamental principle, or first article, of this new creed is—that *all progress is the result of the utilization of the materials and the forces which exist in nature.* The second is, that the true and only way of carrying out the first lies in the universal diffusion and thorough co-ordination of the knowledge now existing in the world respecting the materials and forces of nature —in short, the scientific education of all the members of society. But, as the second tenet is but the means of realizing, through the first and deeper truth, the immediate object of human desire, it would be sufficient if the latter alone could be made the direct and special object of popular *faith*. Before progress can be achieved, a public sentiment must exist in favor of scientific education as strong as it has ever existed in favor of religious education. If, by the term *education*, there can be constantly implied the two adjuncts, *scientific* and *popular*, if the word can be made to embrace the notion of imparting a knowledge of the materials and forces of nature to all the members of society, there can be no objection to the employment of this word "education" as the embodiment of all that is progressive.

Education thus defined is the available means of setting the progressive

wheels of society in motion; it is, as it were, the lever to which the power must be applied. Give society education, strictly held within the assigned limits, and all things else will be added. Even the philosophy required to co-ordinate existing knowledge would be certain to come in time. Continuing, for the sake of comparison alone, the analogy of the supposed system with the systems of the past and present, we may imagine the creeds of the world supplanted by a similar faith in the progressive principle here formulated. The energies heretofore so powerfully directed to ecclesiastical work would then be directed to educational work. The school would fill the place now occupied by the church. The scientific lecture would supersede the sermon, and the study of natural objects and of standard scientific works would form a substitute for the study of "sacred" writings.

This, I must repeat, is a purely ideal scheme, and one which may never be actually realized, but it will help us to conceive of something more practical. For its realization would certainly accelerate the rate of social advancement in some such way as the artificial development of domesticated animals and cultivated vegetables, through human foresight and intelligence, has accelerated their natural development due to the blind struggle for existence. For it is just this blind struggle for existence that socie]y, as a great organism, has been thus far making, and is still making, while the proposed system is nothing more than the application to society of that foresight and intelligence which artificial selection applies to organic nature.

IN NATURE'S REALM.

BY ALONZO LEORA RICE, RAY'S CROSSING, IND.

THE blackbirds, when the day declines,
In countless numbers sweetly throng,
And seek the covert of yon pines
To sing their vesper song.

When daylight dies, I love to stroll
In those recesses, cool and dim,
And seated on some grassy knoll,
Drink in their lovely hymn.

See! now the sun is urging down
The rosy west his glowing way,
And twilight shadows gather brown
Around the steps of day.

Against yon dark and solemn hill
The blackbirds come in straggling lines,
And with their noisy echoes fill
The quiet brooding pines.

And to that fair, secluded spot
I go in meditation sweet,
Where turmoil of the day comes not,
Nor idle footsteps beat.

Their sweetest songs the blackbirds sing
Beneath the clouds of fading light;
While falling shadows softly bring
The holy balm of night.

I rest where velvet mosses grow,
And dream beneath the starlit sky;
No king on cygnet down, I know,
Is happier than I!

THE METAPHYSICS OF BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.*

BY MAJOR-GEN. J. G. R. FORLONG, F.R.S E, F.R.A.S., ETC.

THIS small book by General Strong deals with all the weightiest points of Law and Gospel, entering boldly on all those difficult religious and philosophical subjects which Buddhist sages, excepting the great Tathagata himself, delighted in. Though light in bulk, the small volume is full of important matters, which every student of religions must study and bear in mind, and no more alert and sympathetic guide could well be found, amid the dangerous fields of metaphysical speculation, than the translator of "Sadis Bostan," or "Flower Garden." Here and there the author may be thought to steer rather close to the rocks and shoals of *meta physia*, or the "non-natural," which the wise Gotama so often declined to even discuss, refusing to teach concerning the esoteric, as going beyond our only safe guides—the five senses and the phenomena which these reveal to us. General Strong has found that Buddhism and Christianity have been so fully contrasted biographically and ethically, that he has chosen the less trodden and more difficult paths of the metaphysical; and after a thoughtful and interesting Introduction, he contrasts the leading philosophies of the two faiths in four chapters, viz.:

I. The two teachers, Jesus and Gotama.

II. The God Idea and Kosmos.

III. The Soul, Self, Individuality, and Karma.

IV. Heaven and Nirvana; and

V. "General and Concluding Remarks."

He then gives scope to his poetical genius in six "Metrical Adaptations of Buddhist Legend and Scripture," in which we have—

I. A close rendering of the last words of the aged sage to his favorite disciple Ananda.

II. The Samsara, or Restless Round of Life, its cares, passions, and ambitions; called by Buddhists the Bhava Chakra or "Wheel of Law," or Existence. This is contrasted with a delectable Nirvana, or "Rest," where here and hereafter we may arrive at a stage where desires and cares will cease to disturb us.

III. This is a hymn of Joy—a "Gospel of glad tidings," in which, says the Buddhist, there is "a balm for every woe," and "where Hope triumphant kills Despair."

IV. The hymn to Karma, those "Works," good and bad, which follow us like our shadow, and take full effect on the race, if not on the individual according to our deeds—the one great test in this religion.

V. A rhymed version of the famous parable of "The Buddha and Herdsman," in which many think that, *cœteris paribus*—this world and our duties

* "The Metaphysics of Christianity and Buddhism." By General Strong, C.B. London: Watts & Co. March, 1899.

being as they are, the busy working man has, like Martha chosen the necessary path of duty which will in the end be best for the race.

VI. Lastly, we have the meeting in B.C. 522 of the sage with the great King of Magadha, Bimbisara, which has had so vast an influence on all the religions of the world.

There are many beautiful passages in this little book, as at pages 92, 107, etc., and those in pages 70-2, quoted from the author's talented young son, Henry Melancthon Strong, which he contributed to the *Maha Bodhi Soc. Jour.*, Calcutta, of Nov., '98.

In some parts, the strict Buddhist will say, the author gives too much scope to his poetic nature regarding "souls," re-births, etc., which were none of the Master's teachings, but born of the Brahminical atmosphere that suffused all India before and especially after Buddha's day. This is limited by distinct statements, as at page 79, where the author says: "Metempsychosis was a heresy which Buddhism rose to destroy." It did not teach, like Jews, that "if a man reaps sorrow, pain, etc., *he himself*, and no other, must at some time have sown folly and sin; if not in this life, then in some former birth."

As we wrote in "Short Studies" (p. 221), "There could be no more earnest or truer Agnostic, nor one further removed from all things occult, than Gotama, as Prof. Max Muller clearly showed in a late *Cont. Rev.* (1893)....... Buddha never recognized or spoke of spirits, or of anything which he could not substantiate, and he frequently advised all to do the same." He said, in effect:

"Busy not yourselves anxiously and unprofitably
"About other worlds, gods, souls, spirits, or demons;
"Of thy coming hither and whence; of the soul's existence;
"And if it be, of its going hence, when and unto where.
"Nought is proven; all is unknown and unknowable,
"Whilst the duties of life are substantial and urgent." (*Ib.* 599.)

General Strong cannot find, even in the opinion of present Buddhist sects, "any hard and fast theory regarding the Theistic or Atheistic tendencies in the teaching of Gotama" (p. 36). He (Gotama) certainly "knew of no spirit entity in man, so there could be no such thing as animistic vision in (true) Buddhism" (p. 40). "A sublimated edition of man located in the sky is entirely foreign to true Buddhism; and .... Gotama deprecated as futile all speculations into the ultimate origin of things" (p. 43). "Buddhism therefore knows nothing of any immaterial existence," i.e., of anything spiritual or theistic divorced from matter (p. 45).

Its great doctrine of Karma, as now voluminously written about, has become, says Prof. Rhys Davids (p. 62): "A desperate expedient, a wonderful hypothesis, an airy nothing, an imaginary cause beyond the reach of reason," and is therefore clearly not what Buddha taught or intended. It is now a metaphysical abstraction—a confused combination of the doctrines of *Heredity* and *Works*, teaching that the accumulated effects or results of our lives pass down to all future times—surely the grandest incentive to a diligent, good and noble life offered to man in any religion.

This author's conception of all Buddhistic literature is: "That its foundations rest on the assumption that life is worth living . . . that only ignorance leads to pain and sorrow, and that knowledge leads to their extinction. I am not aware," he says, "that the joys of life are wholly ignored by Buddhists" (p. 79). I may add, after living for seven years in Burma—a land of the purest Buddhism in the world—that there is no better or happier race than the Burman. The priest, or rather Phungyi, is an ascetic, but, unlike the Hindu and Christian saints, "Buddhists attach no merit to such practices, unless they conduce to the banishment of ignorance. Asceticism as a thing in itself is useless" (p. 99); only life and conduct, not creeds, rites, or professions, here avail.

Edinburgh, March, 1899.

THE RELATIONS OF LANGUAGE TO THE THINKING PROCESS.

BY THE LATE THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

THOUGH we may accept Hume's conclusion that speechless animals think, believe, and reason, yet it must be borne in mind that there is an important difference between the signification of the terms when applied to them and when applied to those animals which possess language. The thoughts of the former are trains of mere feelings; those of the latter are, in addition, trains of the ideas of the signs which represent feelings, and which are called "words."

A word, in fact, is a spoken or written sign, the idea of which is, by repetition, so closely associated with the idea of the simple or complex feeling which it represents, that the association becomes indissoluble. No Englishman, for example, can think of the word "dog" without immediately having the idea of the group of impressions to which that name is given; and, conversely, the group of impressions immediately calls up the idea of the word "dog."

The association of words with impressions and ideas is the process of naming; and language approaches perfection in proportion as the shades of difference between various ideas and impressions are represented by differences in their names. The names of simple impressions and ideas, or of groups of co-existent or successive complex impressions and ideas, considered *per se*, are substantives; as redress, dog, silver, mouth; while the names of impressions or ideas considered as parts or attributes of a complex whole, are adjectives. Thus redness, considered as a part of the complex idea of a rose, becomes "red;" flesh-eater, as part of the idea of a dog, is represented by "carnivorous;" whiteness, as part of the idea of silver, is "white," and so on.

The linguistic machinery for the expression of belief is called *predication;* and, as all beliefs express ideas of relation, we may say that the sign of pre-

dication is the verbal symbol of a feeling of relation. The words which serve to indicate predication are verbs. If I say "silver" and then "white," I merely utter two names; but if I interpose between them the verb "is," I express a belief in the co-existence of the feeling of whiteness with the other feelings which constitute the totality of the complex idea of silver; in other words, I predicate "whiteness" of silver.

In such a case as this, the verb expresses predication and nothing else, and is called a "copula." But, in the great majority of verbs, the word is the sign of a complex idea, and the predication is expressed only by its form. Thus, in "silver shines," the verb "to shine" is the sign for the feeling of brightness, and the mark of predication lies in the form "shine-*s*."

Another result is brought about by the forms of verbs. By slight modifications they are made to indicate that a belief, or predication, is a memory, or is an expectation. Thus "silver *shone*" expresses a memory; "silver *will* shine" an expectation.

The form of words which expresses a predication is a proposition. Hence, every predication is the verbal equivalent of a belief; and as every belief is either an immediate consciousness, a memory, or an expectation, and as every expectation is traceable to a memory, it follows that, in the long run, all propositions express either immediate states of consciousness or memories. The proposition which predicates A of X must mean, either that the fact is testified by my present consciousness, as when I say that two colors, visible at this moment, resemble one another; or that A is indissolubly associated with X in memory; or that A is indissolubly associated with X in expectation. But it has already been shown that expectation is only an expression of memory.—*Life of Hume.*

Do not believe in what ye have heard; do not believe in traditions because they have been handed down for many generations; do not believe in any thing because it is rumored and spoken of by many; do not believe merely because the written statement of some old sage is produced; do not believe in conjectures; do not believe in that as truth to which you have become attached by habit; do not believe merely on the authority of your teachers and elders: after observation and analysis, when it agrees with reason and is conducive to the good and benefit of one and all, then accept it and live up to it.—*Gotama Buddha, quoted in The Awakener of India, Madras.*

It is told of Brutus that, when he fell on his sword after the battle of Philippi, he quoted a line of Euripides: "O Virtue! I have followed thee through life, and I find thee at last but a shade." I doubt not the hero is slandered by this report. The heroic soul does not sell its justice and nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. It does not need plenty, and can very well abide its loss.—*Emerson.*

LOVE AND LABOR.

BY M. C. O'BYRNE, OF THE BAR OF ILLINOIS,

Author of "Upon This Rock," "Song of the Ages," etc.

CHAPTER X.

"I NEVER spent a month more satisfactorily in my life." This was Mr. Divilbiss's remark to Frank Trevena, who sat beside him in the four-wheeler on the morning of the lawyer's departure from St. Meva. Job Maxom occupied the front seat as driver, and in the locker underneath there were two lunch baskets,—the one provided by Mrs. Varcoe, the other by the kindly hostess of The Ship Inn,—filled with pasties, toothsome and well-turned and crimpled, apparently sufficient to render the voyager independent of railway restaurant or the table of the Cunard liner for many days.

"We shall miss you very much, Mr. Divilbiss,—I shall especially," returned Frank. "I suppose the best thing I can do when you are gone will be to settle down as a chandler; if I keep the shop the shop will keep me, no doubt. Mother has been very patient with me this summer, though I have neglected the business I am afraid, most shamefully"

"And what will become of the naturalist, the devoted student of nature, in that case, Frank?"

"He will become lost in the shopkeeper, no doubt," said the young man with a half-sigh of regret "Sir Thomas More says that 'Philosophy is the interest of those only who are vacant from the affairs of the world,'—that is, of the wealthy, I suppose. At any rate, I see plainly enough that my present duty is to relieve mother of the burden she has borne so long and so well."

"Yet," said the lawyer, "it seems to me that the wealthy of the world are generally vacant in other senses than that meant by More,—I suppose he was the fellow that old King Harry beheaded, eh? Yes, I thought so. He was a mighty fine fellow, no doubt, but we Americans do not take the sayings of dead men, however eminent in their day and generation, for gospel. Why, my lad, history is full of examples of men who have struggled on through difficulties into fame and fortune."

"Yes, yes, I know," replied Frank; "I have read and re-read Knight's 'Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,' which is full of such examples. But it seems to me that times are changed or are changing rapidly. Even in old St. Meva, six miles from the railway, competition is growing keener every day. A few years ago the fish-jowters,—our word for hawkers, you know,—could buy the pick of the hook-fish, and they did well enough on the whole by carrying them, sometimes in a maund or sort of pannier on their backs, inland towards Truro, while those who owned a horse and cart often went as far as Wadebridge; but now we have one or two buyers who are Billingsgate agents, and the jowters are hard pushed to make a living. There are two general shops now where ten years since you would find but one. No, in order to live I must leave science to my betters, for I realize well enough that, if I may use a phrase I once saw in the newspaper, she is a mistress who will brook no divided allegiance. But you must not go away thinking that I ever looked forward either to fame or fortune, Mr. Divilbiss. That would be a mistake, I assure you, for in all my inquiries and pokings about among the rocks or in the woods my only desire was to learn something, to see for myself those wonderful processes and workings of which I had read."

"I believe you, my lad, I believe you;

but, after all, you are certainly right in doing the duty nearest to hand. Yes, you are right in that, and to be a good son to a widowed mother is, in my opinion, better than being a great scientist. I once knew, home in Illinois, a good cooper spoiled for ever by a smattering of geology. He was the son of a backwoodsman, and from hooping casks and making water butts he gradually fell away into collecting fossils and horrifying all the women folks and the Methodist pastor by ridiculing the Bible account of creation. I never liked Latin words and sentences very much,—thank heaven, we American lawyers get along all the better without 'em! for we can skin a client on the divide-the-damages plan quite as thoroughly in plain English,—for they always made me think of a language made by machinery; but this same cooper's endeavors to twist his tongue around the scientific names of shells and rocks and petrifactions used to make me ill. Why in thunder don't they give the things English names? I heard one of your great scholars, while I was in Paris, ridicule some of their terminology, as he called it. He was a dean or a canon, or some other big gun, and knew what he was talking about, having been fed on classic diet since childhood."

"You Americans," said Frank, "think so little of long journeys and sea voyages that I am not without hope of seeing you in St. Meva again, Mr. Divilbiss."

"May be, may be, my lad, though I am an old man, you know, and have a business to look after on my own side of the water. Say, Job," he continued, "would you like to have me down at The Ship again one of these days, eh, boy?"

"Iss, sir," was Maxom's answer, "that I would, and I knaw well enough waun who would be the better for your being there."

A golden medallion of her majesty Queen Victoria, slipped into honest Job's palm at parting while the train was on the move, no doubt established this sentiment beyond all dispute. Some days after, the carrier or van driver, whose lumbering vehicle made semi-weekly trips to St. Austell with passengers and goods, brought Trevena a goodly box which, being opened, revealed a fine achromatic microscope and various costly text-books and works of science. Brief though his stay in Liverpool had been, the American lawyer had yet found time to remember the young Cornishman and to lend him a helping hand in removing at least one of the impediments in the road to knowledge.

The office of a bearer of evil tidings is always an ungrateful one, except when undertaken as the means of gratifying a malevolent disposition. As he drew near to Withington Priory, Guy Bodrugan began to dread the ordeal before him. The ten miles' drive on the road between Wymondham and Watton in a chaise drawn by a couple of heavy bay horses gave ample time for this feeling to develop, and when at length he came in sight of the low heavy tower, with its conical roof, which formed the gateway of the Priory, Guy's tender heart was heavy at the thought of the suffering he was about to inflict. As the chaise drew up within the old *porte cochère*, a man past the middle period of life came from the house, and seeing the baronet's face, which he evidently recognized, advanced towards the carriage. This was Abel Pilgrim, an old and favored domestic who, by virtue of long service in the Priory, was greatly trusted by Mrs. Arderne, and whose authority was equally recognized in the kitchen and among the outdoor retainers of the family. Occupying no regular position either as butler or valet, Pilgrim was in many respects a sort of major-domo, and Sir Guy was glad enough to exchange a few words with him before seeing his mistress. Abel's general appearance was most respectable. Dressed in a frock coat, and with a light spotted cravat beneath a linen collar, the major-domo had almost the look of a Nonconformist preacher. He was a tall, spare man, thin haired, with a hooked nose, high cheek bones, and prominent chin. Standing beside the carriage, he raised an

abnormally long hand to his head in a sort of half-military salute, and Sir Guy, occupied as he was by thoughts of his painful mission, could not help noticing with astonishment the long, spatula-shaped fingers.

"How do you do, Abel?" he said, "and how is your mistress?"

"Well, thank you, Sir Guy," replied the major-domo, "but we thought you thousands of miles from England by this time. You bring bad news, sir, I doubt: your face shows that too plainly."

"Yes, Abel, you are right, I bring bad news, and I look to you to help me to break it to your mistress."

It was characteristic of Pilgrim that he did not ask the nature of Sir Guy's news. Not a feature of his countenance changed, and his self-possession was undisturbed as he said, in reply to the baronet's look:

"Her ladyship"—he always called Mrs. Arderne by this title—"is in the north walk of the old garden attending to the pinks: I will go a little before you, Sir Guy, and tell her you are coming That will prepare her somewhat for what you have to say. Break it gently, sir, break it gently, for though all the Ardernes are proud and able to hide their feelings, the tree that never bends will sometimes break short off. Follow me in about five minutes, Sir Guy, if you please."

Without waiting quite so long, Sir Guy, as soon as Abel was out of sight, left the chaise, and plunging into the beech coppice that divided the coach road from the garden, became a spectator of the scene between Pilgrim and his mistress. Mrs. Arderne,—an upright, stern-faced lady dressed in black,—was engaged in raking the light soil around the clusters of plants which occupied, at intervals of a few yards, the border of the long straight walk which ran through the wide garden. Turning at the sound of Abel's footsteps, she revealed a face almost classic in outline. Her age was between fifty and fifty-five, and her hair, drawn back from her forehead, was almost wholly gray. In the pride of her womanhood she must have been very beautiful and commanding, and as she stood with her profile toward him Guy Bodrugan saw the source from which his lost friend had derived his comeliness and air of haughty reserve.

"Well, Pilgrim," she said, "what is it?"

"A chaise, my lady, from Wymondham, with a visitor, has come."

"A visitor?" she asked. "Is it any one I know? Why do you look so mysterious, Pilgrim? who is this visitor?"

"My lady, yes, of course, you know him, of course. He has often been here before with Master Gilbert. It is Sir Guy Bodrugan, your ladyship. He brings us news."

"Sir Guy Bodrugan here at the Priory! News; yes, he brings me news. I know it. Four nights ago I heard his voice, Gilbert's voice, as plainly as I hear myself speaking now. Abel Pilgrim, you have known me as wife and widow. You know how I bore up that dreadful day when my husband was brought here to his brother's house dead from the hunting field. You shall see that I can bear this too. The iron hoof may fall and grind me to powder, but I am not a child to bewail my destiny or as one of the foolish women who curse God and die. Bring Sir Guy here, or tell him I will come at once."

"No need for that," said Pilgrim, as he caught sight of Sir Guy leaving the coppice, "for here he comes. Shall I wait, your ladyship?"

"Yes, until Sir Guy has told me the worst: it is fitting that one born and bred in the house of the Ardernes should know what has befallen my son."

As he took the hand she extended in mute greeting Sir Guy found it cold as marble He saw at once that she in some measure anticipated his communication, and when he had, as briefly as the circumstances warranted, told his story Mrs Arderne said:

"Sir Guy, you were Gilbert's dearest friend, and his last letter to me, written only an hour before he embarked on this

fatal voyage, informed me that your sister Agnes had consented to become his wife. It was always my wish that you might be brothers in reality, but fate has willed it otherwise. Who can withstand its decrees? O my son, my son! God knows how willingly I would have died for thee, O my son, my Gilbert, my only one!"

This was all of lamentation that the mother permitted herself in their presence. Obeying a gesture of her hand, Pilgrim led the way toward the house, followed by Sir Guy. It was late in the evening when he next saw Gilbert's mother, who had sent Abel to ask him to come to the library. The lamps were turned down low, but the baronet was quick to note the traces of sorrow in her eyes.

"Sir Guy," she began, "I have made up my mind to do two things: first, to stand upon that very place on the Gitana's deck where last you saw *him* standing; then, to go home with you and console his promised wife, your sister Agnes. You will not oppose me in this, will you?"

The baronet, whatever he may have thought respecting the wisdom of Mrs. Arderne going on board the yacht, was delighted to learn her other resolve, for he dreaded the result to his friend's mother should she, in the first agony of her great sorrow, be left to mourn alone. There was little or no society in the immediate neighborhood of the Priory; for miles around the tenant farms belonged to the broad domain of Withington, and the rector of Hilton Parva, the nearest parish, was little more than an amiable recluse, a bachelor devoted to antiquarian researches and to writing lengthy letters to church papers on such important subjects as Shrove Tuesday pancakes, wren hunting on St. Stephen's Day, and the superstitions of East Anglia.

Taking Abel Pilgrim, whom Mrs. Arderne commissioned to superintend the removal of her son's personal property from the yacht to the Priory, along with them, they left Withington the next morning. The Gitana, sorely battered and shorn above the deck line, was found safely anchored off Plymouth Hoe, and Mrs. Arderne devoted a whole day to inspecting the wreck and communing with Cross and the sailors. What shadow of hope she may have entertained it would be difficult to determine, but every man on board was examined and his opinion sought on the subject of a man's possible chances if thrown overboard in the Bay of Biscay. Only one man,—a very old sailor who had been powder monkey on board the Asia at Navarino,—held out the slightest ray of hope. He had once been washed overboard from the tender near the island of Cerigo, and had been subsequently rescued clinging to some wreckage, almost within sight of Santorin. What had happened before might happen again, and the bulwarks of the Gitana had been swept away before the foremast and top-hamper came clattering down to complete the wreck. He, for one, thought there was still a chance that Mr. Arderne might be heard from, – strange things had happened at sea, as everybody knew. Captain Cross shook his head at the old salt's opinion, but the veteran himself went forward holding in his hand a crisp new five-pound note, and for once blessing the humor which generally induced his messmates to call him Old Crossgrain.

Without herself expressing any hope, Mrs. Arderne contented herself with requesting Sir Guy to take measures for the immediate repair of the yacht, and to assure the master and crew that, for the present at least, there was no intention of paying them off. This occupied the baronet until the afternoon of the following day, but not long after sunset the travellers, Abel having been left on board the yacht, reached The Place.

Her first interview with Agnes Bodrugan was, she knew not why, unsatisfactory to Gilbert's mother. With much of true womanly sympathy, there went, however, a certain reserve that, while probably unnoticed by Guy and his mother, was easily detected by the keen eye of Mrs.

Arderne. Thinking of this, the widow, after retiring for the night, sent her maid, —who was no other than Amy Varcoe, who had been summoned from St. Meva on the receipt of Guy's telegram that Mrs. Arderne would bring no female domestic with her,—to request that Agnes would come to her room. This was not the first time that, on an emergency, Amy's service had been called for at Bodrugan. Mrs. Hicks, the housekeeper, was a great friend of Mrs. Varcoe and her daughter, and it was at her suggestion that Guy's mother, sorely perplexed to find an attendant likely to please Mrs. Arderne, had sent Agnes into St. Meva with an urgent request that Amy might be allowed to come to The Place for a week or two.

"I sent for you, my dear," said Mrs. Arderne, when Agnes appeared, "because I am not very sleepy, and because I think we are almost equal sharers in the burden that fate has assigned us. I know what it is, Agnes, to lose a husband cut off in the pride of his strength, and, heavy though my own affliction is, I can feel for you who, though not yet a wife, may almost be regarded as a widow. Your trouble is only second to mine, my love, for I do not doubt that your lot with Gilbert would have been a happy one."

Agnes hesitated before replying. At first she saw no special reason for an explanation of her feelings, but something in the manner rather than the matter of Mrs. Arderne's speech suggested that she had sought this interview from motives somewhat beyond a desire to blend their mutual sympathies. When she spoke, however, it was with the definite resolution that Gilbert's mother should know all.

"Dear Mrs. Arderne," she said, "your sorrow is so heavy that ours cannot, must not claim to, enter into comparison with it, deeply though we feel his, Mr. Arderne's —Gilbert's loss. It is right, however, that you should fully understand my position. It is true that, until a few days ago, Gilbert's engagement ring was on my finger, and, I can truly add, his image in my heart. He had promised to look for my final answer on his return to England, knowing that he had no cause to doubt my reply. But, dear Mrs. Arderne, I have had a message from the dead, a message that, even in the pain of this great calamity, enables me to thank God for having spared me a heavier one."

Mrs. Arderne's face remained impassive even to the lips, ready as they ordinarily are to betray discomposure within. With hands clasped before her, she sat looking steadfastly at Agnes, indicating her attention to what was said merely by a grave nod of the head.

"Yes, dear Mrs. Arderne," Agnes went on, "a heavier one. You will find in that davenport by the window—this is the key —Gilbert's diary. Guy, taking it for a log-book, or daily record of a ship's progress, brought it to shore with him and gave it to me. It is now your property, and I took care to place it there for you. The last entry—wait, I will bring the book —well, the last entry was made just before the collision. You do not see it there, for I tore it out, but when you sent for me just now I brought it with me. See, here it is. You will read it and then return it or not as you please."

With clear eye undimmed by years of sorrow the mother read that page. At the words "love has not enslaved me," a slight flush mounted to her brow, but she read on to the end without a comment. Folding the paper, she returned it to Agnes.

"This writing is yours, my dear," she said, "by a right that none dare question. A blot on the 'scutcheon, that is all, but a blot not to be erased by all the water of the Bay of Biscay. Every true woman would so regard it. Agnes, it is your secret, not mine. The iron hand that has crushed me has been merciful to you. I, who have been for years a believer in a blind, relentless Fate, working and grinding like an unceasing mill whose task it is to reduce all things to powder, men and worlds alike, think that here there

may be, perhaps accidentally, a sort of justice. Yes, you have been spared—it may be mercifully, if there be a Conscious Personality directing all this confusion or apparent confusion around us But, Agnes, one question: Did you, do you love my son?"

So unexpected was the interrogatory, that Agnes Bodrugan did not immediately reply.

"Love him?" she said. "I thought I did truly; but I think I can now see why it is that we now and then hear of marriages proving unhappy. But, dear Mrs. Arderne, let this subject be sealed to us for ever. Let it not mingle with our memories of the dead, as it cannot lessen our grief. You have lost a son, Guy and myself a brother whom we can never forget."

"Unhappy marriages; yes, because they are entered upon too lightly. I see how it would have been with you both, Agnes dear. Good night, love! I thank you for dealing so candidly with me when you might have done otherwise, but not so well. Good night, dear."

For a time after Agnes' departure Mrs. Arderne sat meditating. Late though it was, she again summoned Amy Varcoe before she sought her bed.

"Child," she said, "you do not belong to the house, they tell me, but to St. Meva. You are an orphan too. Tell me, have you ever seen my son, my lost son, Gilbert?"

"Yes, madam," replied Amy, "I have seen him once or twice. Sir Guy and the rector were with him once at our house."

"At your house, child?" inquired Mrs. Arderne, with some surprise. "Do you keep an inn? I mean, is your mother's house one?"

"No, madam, not an inn, but my father collected many curious things, specimens and antiquities, which they came to inspect."

"Yes, I see," remarked the widow. "Come nearer to the light, my child. You are very beautiful, and you look very good. Tell me, have you spoken with my son?"

Why did she put these questions to her waiting-maid? Was it because she was, as she had called her, beautiful, and that she felt that Gilbert, her lost Gilbert, may have thought so too? Who can say? Mrs. Arderne was an intellectual woman, gifted with rare powers of thought, and fortified by a long course of self-directed reading and observation. She knew, or thought she knew, the human heart thoroughly, and it is possible that she found a certain pleasure in endeavoring to ascertain what this humble maiden thought of Gilbert.

"Yes, madam," answered Amy, "I have spoken with Mr. Arderne. If you will allow me to say so, I sympathize with you very sincerely."

As she uttered this Amy Varcoe's large eyes grew moist and their long lashes glistened as she bent her head. Noting all this, a strange idea came into the mother's head. Placing her hand on the girl's shoulder she said:

"Amy, had he been of your own class, a dweller in your little town there yonder, and had tried to make you his sweetheart, what would you have said, little one?"

Those wondrous eyes of the country maiden at once looked into the lady's steadfastly and surely:

"Madam," she said, "I myself would have chosen him then from among ten thousand."

"So, little one!" said Mrs. Arderne; "in that case *you* would not have turned away from your love for a trifle. I am alone in the world, Amy; if you and your mother are willing I will make you my companion. They have told me something of you. You have seen and talked with my boy; that is a bond between us. Go to your chamber, my dear, and think upon what I have said. Good night, Amy!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE Rev. Tanaquil Lear was in a quandary. Seated in a cosy arm-chair, before a round table confusedly littered with leaves of closely-written manuscript and various books and pamphlets, he stroked his long brown beard in great perplexity, while listening attentively to the widow Varcoe, who had come to ask his advice in an affair of some moment. Mr. Lear's study was on the ground floor of the vicarage, a large square room with French windows opening to the lawn, and with various low bookcases, well filled, ranged along the walls. These same bookcases were sources of great mortification to the reverend gentleman, compelling him, as they often did when in quest of a particular volume, to go on his knees on a voyage of discovery around the room, very much to the detriment of his nether garments, especially in the genual region.

Mr. Lear's difficulty may be easily explained. The opinion he felt constrained to deliver,—perchance the counsel which the widow confidently anticipated,—meant to him and to the parish church a serious deprivation—the loss of their talented young organist. The beard-stroking, therefore, indicated, not so much that the good vicar was in doubt what answer to give Mrs. Varcoe, but rather an embarrassing sense that there were few persons in St. Meva qualified to lead the choir from intonation to cadence, through dominant and mediation, of that Gregorian service which he, the vicar, so dearly loved.

"Mrs. Varcoe," he said at length, "I think there can be no question that it is your duty to accept this kind offer made with regard to your daughter. I, who have known Amy since she was brought to the baptismal font, who prepared her for confirmation, and who have watched and promoted her education from the first day she entered school, do not wonder that this preferment has come to her."

"The lady will give her fifty pounds a year, sir," said the widow, her voice sinking in awe as she named this overwhelming sum, "which is more, much more, than would be offered to any servant, and shows, I think—"

"Shows that she means what she says, that Amy is to be her companion, and that she will in time take your child to fill the void in her heart, the place made empty by the loss of her son. I saw Mrs. Arderne yesterday: she is not one to show her sorrow openly; but we can easily guess what it must be to lose a youth so promising. Yes, Mrs. Varcoe, you must let Amy go, there can be no doubt of that. To do otherwise, on the ground of maternal love or for any reason however specious, would be gross selfishness, though, dear me, I do not see what we are to do in church without her," and the vicar began once more to stroke his beard. "Our choir, too, is getting along so beautifully: dear, dear! what shall we do without her?"

"If you will allow me, sir," said the widow, "I would like to say that there is Amy's cousin, Frank Trevena. He has taken lessons from Amy, and has a harmonium of his own too. You might try Frank, sir, and I may say that he himself told me that he is quite willing to help you as far as he can."

The vicar's brow cleared at this, for he knew Frank's devotion to anything he undertook, and felt assured that by dint of practice he would carry through the musical portion of the services very creditably. Satisfied on this head, he again began to advise Mrs. Varcoe to consent to Mrs. Arderne's proposal with regard to Amy.

"You should also reflect, Mrs. Varcoe," he continued, "that, honorable though all true work must ever be, Amy is really adapted for something better than a country dressmaker. Moreover, in one point, and that the most important, you are singularly happy, and that is, that your child's principles are so well grounded that she may be safely trusted in another sphere

than this. Bear in mind, too, that she will not be brought in contact with what is called the gay world, with frivolity and pleasure-seeking."

"Will the lady, sir," asked the widow, "continue to live in Norfolk? I understand she has a small estate of her own in some other county."

"Really," replied Mr. Lear, "I am but poorly acquainted with the facts of her position. Withington is, I know, entailed, but the next heir, if there is one, must be a long way removed from the direct line. The late proprietor, uncle of the young man who has just been drowned I mean, had a son who, about ten years ago, suddenly disappeared. He was a very wild, uncontrollable young man, and was also lost at sea in a coasting vessel off Cromer, I think in his seventeenth year. Mrs. Arderne's maiden name was Lenham, and she has, as you say, a small place somewhere in Kent. You may safely trust your child to this lady, and indeed, Mrs. Varcoe, I think you should be very grateful to Almighty God for his goodness toward you"

The widow Varcoe's gratitude, sincere though it was, did not prevent her from announcing to her most intimate friends this sudden change in her daughter's fortunes. It was fortunate for Amy that her duties at The Place kept her from St. Meva during the nine days that followed this announcement, so that she was spared the gossip, the tea-drinking visits, and congratulations that for about this custom-authorized period made her mother's existence a harassing pleasure.

Ever since that interview with Agnes Bodrugan Mrs. Arderne had drawn nearer and nearer to Amy. It was from her lips she heard the details, so far as Amy herself knew them, of her son's last days in England, and she seemed to derive much satisfaction from conversing with her, sometimes far into the night. The mother's eye was keen, her perception acute to note the emotions mirrored in the pure face of the Cornish maiden, and she soon discovered that, from the day of the rescue from Bruno, Gilbert had been prominent in Amy's mind. Now that he was lost to her, the mother, she gave no thought to the consideration of the wide social gulf that must, had he been spared, have rendered Amy's love a hopeless one. Thus she was free to permit her knowledge of Amy's secret to strengthen and promote her own affection for the girl. When Mrs. Arderne learned that Mrs. Varcoe had consented to her proposal she drew Amy to her bosom and kissed her.

"From this moment, my dear," she said, "my companion, my friend. God help me as I shall do my duty towards you as to my own child!"

"Dear madam," replied Amy, the tears swelling to her eyes, "you are too good to me. I will always try by truest love and devotion to prove my gratitude."

The day before the one upon which she was to leave Bodrugan was so very fine that Mrs. Arderne and the baronet's mother, Sir Guy himself driving, went to Trefusis Castle, the seat of Colonel Carlyon. Amy Varcoe was with her mother in St. Meva, with Robins and the dogcart at her own disposal, her friends at The Place having kindly anticipated her wish to spend the last day in her old home.

Trefusis Castle was about five miles from Bodrugan, the road bending away from the Truro turnpike, and running nearly the whole distance through the Trefusis woods. The castle itself was a fine house, restored by the Colonel himself, the whole front, with wings on either hand, having a battlemented parapet and a central tower from which there was a prospect of Veryan Bay. Mrs. Arderne, who had been strongly impressed by Colonel Carlyon's conversation during a recent call at The Place, had suggested to Sir Guy that this visit would be pleasing to her, and the good-natured baronet, knowing probably that Mrs. Arderne was inclined to treat the colonel's mysticism with respect, at once fell in with the sug-

gestion. He was, however, just a little surprised when Carlyon said :

"I hope you will give me a little credit for providing something a little beyond a bachelor's luncheon and that of the Pythagorean kind. I saw you on your road to Trefusis long before you left The Place, and,"—turning to Mrs. Arderne,—"perhaps I was able to divine, in some sort, the motive of your coming."

"I will own, Colonel Carlyon," said Mrs. Arderne, "that what you said the other day made a certain impression on my mind. I have read "Das ode Haus," and I remember that after reading it I was silly enough to try whether or not Dr. Dee's secret could be revived. But I saw nothing, perhaps because the familiar, the unpolluted, pure mind was wanting."

"Let me anticipate Lady Bodrugan's objection that these things are forbidden," said the Colonel, "by remarking that there is highest authority for believing that by prayer and fasting the vilest demons may be exorcised. Believe me, there are heights of knowledge, of perceptiveness, attainable only by those who by crucifying the flesh are able to subjugate at once the animal body and the animal soul. But you shall see for yourself, madam, for I know that in your present state of mind, suffering under so great an affliction, the latent sense is ready to manifest itself. You shall look into *der krystall gucker*. Lady Bodrugan, if you accompany Mrs. Arderne, let me caution you not to speak until the *seance* is over, and Sir Guy—"

"For my part, Carlyon" returned the baronet with a smile, "I should probably mar the whole thing and spoil the *seance*, as I helped to do last year in a room near the British Museum, when I assisted Tatton of the Blues to arrest a vagrant spirit who materialized into a remarkably substantial, well-developed young woman of the Yankee adventuress persuasion. With your permission, I will smoke my cigar out of doors."

Lady Bodrugan, being probably too sceptical to allow even the suspicion that she was countenancing something unhallowed to disturb her, having signified that under no circumstances would she "break the spell," as she phrased it, Colonel Carlyon conducted them to a small octangular room, fitted up to serve as an observatory,—there was a four-inch telescope on a tall tripod, and various nautical instruments were scattered here and there on shelves,—and a reading room. The windows, except one directly facing the south, were closed by shutters, ingeniously contrived to rise from the floor when a knob was pressed. There was a certain disorderly picturesqueness in the apartment, taken as a whole, which, if it showed that no feminine influence ever exerted itself here, indicated even more certainly that the ruling spirit was not devoid of neatness.

With somewhat old-fashioned courtliness, Carlyon presented chairs to his visitors.

"I do not know," he said, "if I have given you reason to expect the orthodox paraphernalia of the magician, the tapers, robes, skulls, swords, and hidden music of the Italian sorcerer described by Sir Walter Scott. There are no such things here, only this,"—here he pointed to a small square curtain or veil on the wall opposite the window. "Behind that curtain there is nothing mysterious, as you can see for yourselves,"—here he removed the cloth by unhooking it from two black-headed pegs from which it was suspended, revealing a small oblong rock-crystal, beautifully clear and polished, surrounded by a wide border or frame of black velvet.

"Only a crystal," continued the Colonel; "not even a mirror, for no art has been used to give it reflective qualities. Let me request you not to speak, not to reply to me should I seem to ask a question. I do not know that there is anything in this stone to particularize it from other such crystals. It became my property in Ceylon, many years ago, where I acquired it from one who claimed and exercised powers beyond those of ordinary mortals. In my own case, it has sometimes

given me what I may venture to term a sixth sense, enabling me to envisage scenes and to behold persons at the time far distant. Some highly confident, cocksure scientific men pooh-pooh the matter, and dismiss it lightly with some phrase of easy invention, such as sub-conscious activity and so on; but I have not yet asked them to explain by a phrase certain experiences of mine where the crystal has directly shown me events that were yet to come to pass. Probably they would term these hallucinations, for what would become of the science of to-day if prevision or clairvoyance were once recognized as a verity? Yet I solemnly assure you, on my honor as a gentleman, that I have seen in yonder rock-crystal the counterfeit presentment of things that subsequently came to pass."

Having concluded this exordium, Carlyon paused for a moment or two, as if desirous of noting the impression made on his auditors. Lady Bodrugan sat the picture of goodnatured, patient incredulity; but Mrs. Arderne's eyes were lighted up with eager expectancy and belief. Now, if ever, was she in the mood to see visions, and realizing this, the Colonel placed a low stool on the floor beneath the crystal, and indicated by his finger his desire that Mrs. Arderne should take her stand upon it. As she did so he threw a silk handkerchief loosely about her head, and then, going himself to the crystal he wiped it carefully and then breathed on it. While the vapor was, like a shadow on a mountain tarn, evaporating from the polished surface he removed the handkerchief, bidding Mrs. Arderne look steadfastly at the mirror. Standing at her right hand the colonel himself fixed his own keen, suggestive glance upon her eyes, as though desirous of reading her thoughts. Despite her scepticism, Lady Bodrugan was interested in her friend's behaviour at this moment, for she saw, or imagined, that Mrs. Arderne was strongly moved, and she began to entertain apprehensions with regard to the result of this experiment in occultism. Something like five minutes passed in this manner, during which neither the Colonel nor Mrs. Arderne moved an eyelid. At the end of this period, however, Carlyon made a hasty forward stride and throwing an arm around the lady was just in time to receive her as she fell in a swoon. With praiseworthy foresight, the occultist had prepared against such a contingency, cold water and other restoratives being within easy reach. As soon as possible Mrs. Arderne was taken downstairs to the library, the cosiest room in the castle, where she, having drunk a glass of wine, soon regained her natural color and even pretended to ridicule her own weakness. However curious she might have been, Lady Bodrugan forebore to ask her friend anything respecting the mirror, but Sir Guy gravely warned the Colonel that it was dangerous to encourage ideas and to excite expectations like those which had induced Mrs. Arderne's illness.

"Of course, Carlyon," he said, "you have a perfect right to ride your hobby as much as you like. It is an Englishman's privilege, so long as he does not interfere with or annoy his neighbors. But in this case, my dear fellow, you have gone too far, much too far. I did not care to interfere, because I thought it just as well that Mrs. Arderne should learn for herself how futile it is to hope to transcend the laws of human nature; but if I had suspected how highly wrought she was, or that she really looked for some revelation or other, I would not have come here to-day."

"Do not blame the Colonel for yielding to my wish, Guy," said Mrs. Arderne; "he has been most kind to me, and I am grateful for it. Go you now to luncheon, like a good boy, and take in Lady Bodrugan. I do not think I can eat a morsel, certainly not just yet. With your permission, I will stay here with Colonel Carlyon a few minutes, and then we will join you."

"Depend upon it, Guy," said Lady Bodrugan, while her son was assisting her at the table, "Mrs. Arderne saw something

in that wizard glass. Highly-wrought? Fiddlesticks! she is not one of your fainting or hysterical sort. I have, I declare, half a mind to consult Mr. Lear on the subject. Thank heaven, I am a good Christian of the Church of England, and as a Christian it strikes me that Carlyon's practices savor too much of what-do-you-call-it?—*diablerie*."

"Nonsense, mother," returned the baronet, "he has a screw loose, that's all. Mrs. Arderne probably looked to see poor Gilbert's body tossed about in the sea, and the idea overcame her. A little common sense will explain it all. You know how Marmion was ashamed by daylight of the vision prepared by fancy in the darkness. You must not say anything to Mr. Lear: in his way he is quite as bad as Carlyon; ghosts and devils are realities with him, too, only he treats them after the manner of Gregory the Wonder-worker. Fossils both. I am glad I spoke my mind, though, to Carlyon; he will be more careful in the future to keep these absurdities to himself."

While this conversation was in progress, Mrs. Arderne and the occultist were also discoursing in the library.

"Colonel Carlyon," she said, "as you have heard me declare, I am grateful, very grateful to you. My son lives, of that I am certain; and Oh! I thank the Spirit of the Universe, the All-Father, for his goodness. Yes, he lives, he lives!"

"You have seen him, then, madam," replied Carlyon, "and if you saw him as a living man, be assured that he is so. I have often been puzzled to recognize visions seen by myself in the crystal; but in due time all has been made clear. You have been favored like Herr Johannes Rist, who, three hundred years ago, *mit seinen leiblichen Augen gesehen ein merkliches Exempel* of a similar character, and like thousands of others whose knowledge of crystalomancy was perhaps never suspected. You have looked in the stone wherein the tyrant Tippoo Sahib,—he kept it in a cup or dish,—read his fate on the very day when Seringapatam was taken by storm. It is the same crystal, given me by a sure hand, by one whose innocent life,—a life guiltless of blood whether of man or beast,—I saved at Delhi. In return, the Master, after I had seen him in safety to Ceylon, initiated me into the Hidden Way."

"I have seen the living and the dead," said Mrs. Arderne. "There were three visions or pictures; they passed before me in the mirror, but they were as real in appearance as the scenes we behold in our daily lives. In the first there was a great ship beside a pier or landing-place, with many men and women, some passengers, others who were to welcome them. There was a stage or gangway from the ship to the shore, and there on that gangway, his hand on the bright brass railing, was my boy. There was a glad light in his eyes,—the joy of home-coming,—but he looked, I thought, darker, somewhat thinner, and graver than before. It seemed to me that this vision melted into a hazy, confused mass, which again gradually resolved itself into another picture. What it portends I know not, but this was a vision of the dead."

"Of the dead?" inquired the occultist. "Of one long dead?"

"I saw my own house, Gilbert's house, the Priory. On the highest step, beneath the eaves of the overhanging porch, stood one whom I once knew, my nephew, Randall Arderne, who was drowned off Cromer. He was older, coarser than in life,—he was lost in his eighteenth year, and the body was recovered,—but I knew him. He stood there with one hand stuck in his pocket, smiling triumphantly, wickedly, at another man who was walking away from the house."

"The other man," said Carlyon, "did you recognize him too?"

"Yes, it was Gilbert, my son," replied Mrs. Arderne. "His back was towards me, but the mother's eye is not at fault. Again the crystal was blurred, and again a picture emerged and took shape. There

was a rock, a gray rock fantastically like a ruined castle in form, with sea-gulls wheeling and dipping around it. Further off, in the distance, there was a smaller, much smaller, low-lying rock, with the angry waves leaping and tossing on every side of it. With little more unwashed solid ground than this table would afford to stand on, and with the advancing tide threatening them, two persons stood there, —one of them was my son. He held her—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Carlyon, "it was a woman?"

"Held her," continued Mrs. Arderne, "pressed close to his bosom, while his right hand sheltered his eye like this. Joy of joys! there came a boat, a sail-boat, to the rescue, and I could see that my boy was shouting for help. Nearer and nearer she came, the ark of deliverance, even while the furious waves came almost to their feet. How can I tell the rest to you? how shall I find courage to detail the cruel deed? I saw the boat approach, saw her sail flap to the mast, saw a man rise, saw him wave his hand in denial, saw him sail away from the victims of his cruelty. Oh, Colonel Carlyon, is it possible, can it be that my son has been restored for such a fate as this?"

"Calm yourself, madam," answered the Colonel, "the future is with God, who doeth all things well, according to His immutable providence. Rest secure in that assurance, and in the belief that this life is but the stepping-stone to other lives of ever-increasing happiness and love and joy if we be but true to our higher selves, the spiritual soul within. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, let us take to-day and use it well. And now, if you please, we will go to Sir Guy and Lady Bodrugan. You will do well to keep the vision to yourself; you cannot hope to convince an unbelieving world."

"Fear me not," she said, "what I have seen is mine alone. Now I know why the future is hidden from man,—to know it would be to despair."

"Perhaps you are right, Mrs. Arderne," said the occultist, opening the door for her, "but even the wisest and most favored can only peer through the veil darkly and at rare intervals. Yes, it is better so."

When, on her return from St. Meva that evening, Amy Varcoe found Mrs. Arderne asleep in her own room, she proceeded quietly to complete the preparations for the morning's journey. It was nearly midnight when, quietly approaching the bed, she found her awake.

"You have come to say Good night! Amy dear," she said. "I have heard you moving about a long time." As the young face was bent down to receive the usual kiss Mrs. Arderne shuddered, for in the last awful scene of the crystal vision, the scene on the sunken rock, it was Amy's form that was clasped to Gilbert's heart, and to the eye of exaltation subjective pictures are realities.

CHAPTER XII.

THE day before Mrs. Arderne and her companion left Cornwall, Abel Pilgrim, suffering dreadfully from having nothing whatever to do, was walking slowly along the broad path beside the canal about half a mile from the historic and venerable city of Exeter. Abel's sister, a prim little woman some years younger than himself, kept a small milliner's shop in the Cathedral Yard, and here Abel, his work at Plymouth being ended, had spent the last three days. Never before had time hung so heavily on his hands, for he was not a man to find pleasure in exploring the cathedral or to lose himself in musing on the past glories of Rougemont. Unfortunately, he was not a smoker,—and if he had been it is more than doubtful whether his sister Priscilla would have tolerated tobacco anywhere within the quaint, old-fashioned little house whose high-peaked double gables overhung the narrow win-

dows where various specimens of the latest thing in bonnets were displayed on wooden stands suggestive of anything rather than human heads,—so that he was deprived of what is unquestionably the idle man's best resource. With his long hands clasped behind his back and his peaked chin turned upward the major-domo strolled on, giving little notice to the beautiful scenery for which the neighborhood of Exeter is so celebrated. An East Anglian by birth, Abel could never understand why Priscilla had chosen to reside in Devonshire. Surely, he was wont to think, Ely, Cambridge, Ipswich, or any other town in the eastern counties would have done as well or perhaps better for her, for to his notion Exeter was the dullest, sleepiest city in all England. He did not know, for she had never told him, that the one little romance of his sister's quiet life lay buried in an old churchyard ten miles down the river Exe, where twenty years ago a gallant young sailor had been laid to rest. Even though he had known it he would scarcely have sympathized with her, for Abel Pilgrim was by no means a romantic man. Almost since boyhood he had lived at the Priory, and Withington was his world. While, like an automaton, he paced the towing-path opposite the green meadows, he was debating what course to follow when his mistress, as he knew she must do sooner or later, betook herself to her own home in Kent. He liked her well enough, she and Gilbert had always treated him with the greatest consideration as one *adscriptus glebæ*, but he had long looked upon himself as an appanage of the house rather than a servitor of any particular incumbent of it, and he did not see why the death of one heir and the coming in of another should work so great a revolution in the world as to make him an exile from the home he loved so well. Lost in these meditations Abel went on, and when at last he condescended to bestow a thought on the things around him, he found himself much farther from the grand old landmark of the cathedral than he could have supposed possible. Looking at his watch, he saw that it wanted only half-an-hour to his sister's tea-time, and he knew that, in her precisian ways, she disliked to have her little economy departed from. At that instant, however, a gate to the left, the entrance to the grounds belonging to a large, square-built house, was thrown open, and a one-horse van, driven by a man in the uniform of the Great Western Railway, came on to the road. Abel's anxious look probably prompting the question, the porter said, "A lift, sir?" and with a word or two of thanks Pilgrim climbed to the seat beside him. For some minutes not a word passed between the two men, but the railway porter had an uneasy sense that his new companion had kept staring at him from the first. This feeling grew so strong that finally the man said, half in jest, "Well, sir, you look at me almost as if you thought I was an old acquaintance; yet I think it would puzzle us to say where we have met before."

"I beg your pardon," replied Pilgrim, "your face reminds me strongly of somebody I used to know."

"Indeed," said the porter, "then it could scarcely have been in these parts, I think."

"No, not in these parts," assented Pilgrim; "not in Devonshire; you are right."

"Because," continued the other, "I have not been here long,—only a month or two. I was a sailor before I went on the railway. I came here from Sidmouth, where I met with an accident,—broke my collar-bone,—last year, and was helped to get on the railway by the doctor."

"How long were you at sea?" inquired Abel; "the man you remind me of went to sea too, I think."

"Eight or nine years," said the porter. "I began as a boy on a Yarmouth smack and gradually drifted into deep water."

"Into deep water? Yes, yes," said Pilgrim, "but not deep enough to drown your memory, eh, sir?"

"To drown my memory, old gentleman? Perhaps not, but I am a plain,

country-bred fellow, and whatever may be the case with my memory, my wit is too shallow to find out what you are driving at. My name is John Randall: did you ever hear it before?"

"For instance, Mr.—Mr. Randall," continued Abel, holding up his long hands and displaying his preternatural fingers, "your memory cannot show you anything like these, and you do not know who used to laugh at me for my 'Framingham fingers,' as he called them? Lud, lud! how often I longed to be able to lace him soundly with his own riding switch. You are found in good time, in good time, sir, for now that poor Master Gilbert is dead,—drowned,—the old place was like to go a-begging. Well, this is wonderful, wonderful to be sure! and to think that I should have found you out!"

"Look here, old gentleman," said the porter, as upon turning a corner they came in full view of the gray old city, "there is a mystery in all this. I am late enough now, so tell me where to drive and you shall be set down at your own door. I shall be off to-night at seven o'clock: meet me under the arches at the guild hall at eight, and we will talk this matter over. Is it a bargain? yes; now then, where shall I drive? look sharp."

The two men, thus strangely brought into mutual communication, met as agreed, and retiring into a private room in the High street, held a long and interesting conversation together. It was late when Abel Pilgrim went home to the old shop in the Cathedral Yard to find Priscilla debating whether or not to go to the police station to advertise a brother lost, stolen, or strayed. Replying briefly to her questions and exclamations, Abel retired to bed, rubbing his hands and twisting his long fingers into a variety of odd shapes upon attaining the sanctuary of his own room. The major-domo of Withington was in high good humor with himself, and once or twice he even broke into a light guffaw. The next day, however, he was apparently as staid and decorous as ever, the model of an old-world servingman, and when, later on, he took his seat in the express in which his mistress and Amy Varcoe were passengers, there was nothing in his demeanor to distinguish him from the Abel Pilgrim of a month ago. The whistle sounded and the train began to move. At this moment Abel thrust his head out of the window, just in time to behold a man in a porter's uniform step on to the footboard of a first-class carriage and look within. The occurrence was but momentary, the man immediately jumping off again and mingling with the bystanders. Could Abel Pilgrim, however, have seen his mistress as the train sped out of the station he might have marvelled to see how white she looked as he certainly would have admired the resolute will power which alone prevented Mrs. Arderne from fainting.

Withington Priory, as the reader may infer from the name, was an old house, one of those religious foundations gobbled up when the lesser monasteries were suppressed in 1536. It stood on a knoll or rising ground about half-a-mile northwest of the little hamlet to which the united parishes of Hilton-Parva-cum-Withington stood indebted for the latter portion of its name, and was in the main a large, compact block, imposing rather for its height than for its architectural beauty, with a frontage to the south. A wing, equal to the rest of the house in height, extended from the western end of the Priory, and was occupied chiefly by a large hall said to have been the refectorium of the old monastery. The most noteworthy part of the house was the huge old tower through which was the main entrance,—a grim old structure, so massive that its great height seldom impressed the visitor. A low conical roof or spire fitted on the top of this tower like an imperfect or diminutive extinguisher, leaving a sort of promenade at least six feet wide between it and the parapet. From this coign of vantage the pleased eye might survey a wide stretch of rich arable and pastoral country in all

directions, either in the line of the broad Wash, towards Ely or Bury St. Edmunds, or eastwards to where the green billows of the German Ocean broke in long white feathery breakers on the coast and treacherous quicksands. Standing alone, however, in solitary grandeur, the Priory was undeniably very secluded, a place whose natural beauties,—and the grounds were both picturesque and well-kept,—would have been considerably enhanced by the prattle of young children. Living *en grand seigneur*, and given to hospitality, the lord of Withington might doubtless be a happy man, but a widow, and one mourning the loss of her only son, might well resolve to take a companion or to adopt some orphan rather than undertake to reside here with no society other than her own sad thoughts.

It was perhaps with the idea of convincing Amy that she would not become the victim of melancholia by being deprived of all intercourse with persons of her own age that Mrs. Arderne, the day after her return, ordered her carriage. Some visits were made to one or two county families, the gray old church of Hilton Parva, to the rectory, and, under the rector's guidance, to the church school. The weather was delightful and Amy's lily cheeks glowed with the tinge of health and enjoyment. Mrs. Arderne, noting the effect produced by the unaccustomed exercise, prolonged the drive so that it was almost time for dinner when they reached the Priory.

"There are one or two places in Withington that we will go to see to-morrow, Amy," said Mrs. Arderne that same evening. "There is the cottage where, thirty or forty years ago, they found a magnificent chalice and other altar plates of the old abbey while digging a cellar for storing potatoes in, and in the vestry of the old church there is an instrument called the brank, a thing used in the good old times for the reformation of scolds. There are two young women of about your own age too, dear, daughters of the only medical man in the district, whom I should like you to know. They are good girls and I hope you will become fast friends. One of them, the elder, is quite a prodigy of learning I am told by the rector; their society will dispel the gloom of this old house for you, my love. And now, dear, if you will excuse me for about an hour, I will go and read over the accounts with Pilgrim: you know he is a sort of house-steward here, and he is so valuable in that respect that he leaves me little to do beyond a general revision once a month."

"Can I not help you, ma'am?" asked Amy, "I have some knowledge of figures."

"Not now, my dear," said Mrs. Arderne, "I want you to become thoroughly at home here before I thrust any of my household cares on you; besides, Pilgrim is a very jealous man, proud of his trust, and were you to step in too suddenly he would never forgive either you or me."

The night was so fine that Amy, by no means tired by the exercise of the day, thought she would like a quiet, meditative stroll in the open air. Throwing a light wrap over her head and shoulders she raised one of the windows of the library and went out on the lawn. It was harvest time, and beyond the park the sound of voices was distinctly heard, where the farmers, warned by two successive wet summers, were encouraging their men to make the most of the time remaining between sunset and the sinking of the early moon. With her elbow resting on the cross-bar of the paling, Amy stood listening to the voices across the road and wondering if the lights which gleamed a little to the left of the hamlet were in the doctor's house. It was evidently not a cottage, there were too many lights for that and the windows were higher-placed: yes, it must be the doctor's, or perhaps the village inn. What would the doctor's daughters think of her when they came to know her? Ah, here was a subject for speculation indeed! Would they set her down as an uncultured, awkward girl, and wonder between themselves at Mrs. Ar-

derne's choice of a companion? It might be that they would, for was not one of them a prodigy of learning? Think of that, a prodigy of learning! and she, Amy herself, only a Cornish dressmaker, with no knowledge of the world beyond what she had gathered from the books in the lending library, and with no accomplishments except a little music. She almost began to dread the doctor's daughters as though in some measure her fate depended upon their verdict. But the harvesters had left the fields, and the moon was scarcely an hour high: it was time to return to the Priory, and the dew was wetting the grass at her feet. Mrs. Arderne would perhaps be anxious were she to stay out any longer, and not for worlds would Amy cause her any anxiety.

Turning towards the house, Amy caught sight of a man who was coming up the road from Withington, and walking very fast. Her heart began to beat faster and her pulses to quicken, for, dark though it was, there was something in the stranger's stride that sent her memory careering across England to the Bodrugan woods. For a moment or so she stood irresolute, and then, tightening the shawl about her head, she hurried across the lawn towards the Priory. She had not gone far before she heard a dull sound which convinced her that the man had leaped the palings, and assured by this that it could be nothing immaterial, and knowing that no danger could menace her so near the house, Amy determined to remain where she was until the man should approach. She had not long to wait, for but few of those long strides were needed to place him beside her. Gracious heavens! it was he, Gilbert Arderne! Could it be possible that the dead should return to earth? Amy was, for one so young and inexperienced, a strong-minded girl, one for whom ordinary ghost stories had no terrors, but this vision was surely calculated to overwhelm her weak philosophy. Deprived of all power of utterance she stood rooted to the ground, unable even so far to control her motions as to cover her eyes with her hands. A thrill of fear darted through her frame when the figure, coming close to her, grasped her hand.

"Can it be possible?" it said, in a low, surprised tone. "Is this Miss Varcoe, of St. Meva, here at the Priory? Do you not know me, Gilbert Arderne? confound it, I forgot; you must take me for a spirit. I assure you, Miss Varcoe, I am quite human: Gilbert Arderne, the same who helped you to overcome the monster,—hang me, if she has not fainted!"

It was true; the terror and immediate reaction proved too much for her, and Amy Varcoe lay senseless in his arms. Happily they were strong arms—arms not likely to relinquish such a burden before placing it beyond danger of falling. As she lay there, with the shawl removed from her head and the waving ringlets of glinting chestnut spreading in confusion over her broad forehead, Gilbert Arderne once again confessed that this was the loveliest woman he had ever seen. Who shall blame him for kissing her, kissing her twice, on the forehead and the lips? Under similar circumstances even St. Anthony or Simeon Stylites would have been tempted in like manner perchance, however cold and sluggish the blood in their veins, and under the circumstances the wicked old moon behaved extremely well just then in retiring behind a western cloud to chuckle and wink, sly old maid that she is!

Gilbert, having thus abused his opportunity, was fain to acknowledge that he was in greater perplexity than he had ever been while confronting the mutineers of the Nizam. Beyond a general idea that water was a restorative in cases of fainting, he had no other knowledge, and, saving for the light dew on the grass, there was no water within reach. To be sure, he might have placed Amy on the ground, with his coat for a pillow, until he could summon help from the house, but this notion was indignantly scouted as soon as it suggested itself. Not for a kingdom

would he thus abandon her though but for a moment, no, he would carry her in at once where relief was certain. Very tenderly he raised her and hurried swiftly onward. As he went by the western wing the sound of his feet on the gravelled terrace drew his mother to the open window of the library.

"Who is there?" she asked, her voice trembling as she spoke, for, as she afterwards said, her instinct told her that the footfall was that of her son, "who is there, and where is Amy?"

"Amy is here," he answered, "but she has fainted. For God's sake, mother, be calm! do not you take me for a ghost too!"

Instantly comprehending the situation, Mrs. Arderne threw up the window still higher and even helped Gilbert to carry in his burden. One brief embrace of mother and son, and they betook themselves to the care of Amy. Their united efforts soon brought her back to consciousness and ere long her color returned and she was once more herself Then only, with her arms wreathed tightly around his neck, did Mrs. Arderne give expression to her happiness.

"I could not think you were dead," she said, through her tears, "though they all thought I was demented; I have never spoken of you as lost, for, Gilbert, I knew it was otherwise. One of your sailors, an old man on board the yacht, held out hope to me: God bless him! he shall be well rewarded for his kindness that day. You look surprised, my dear boy, but I have been to Plymouth and went on board the Gitana. And, Gilbert, I have also been to Bodrugan, to St. Meva; how else could I have secured Amy, who is, and, God willing, shall ever be, my companion. You know her too,—I have heard her story,—and you too, Gilbert, will be her friend. And now, my son, before you tell me all about yourself let us call up Abel and all the servants that they may rejoice with me."

Amy Varcoe would have pulled the bell, but in this she was anticipated by Gilbert. It was answered by Pilgrim, who started violently upon seeing his young master, while an indescribable expression crept over his face. It took but a few words of explanation, however, to convince him that it was his own master and not a spirit that he saw, and ere long all the household assembled in the library, the women-folk holding their aprons to their eyes, but the men somewhat more restrained.

"My people," said Mrs. Arderne, "nearly all of you have been here many years, some of you long before me and my son. I know you are all happy at the thought that your master is alive and well. Before we separate for the night, let us thank the Power who has restored a son to his mother, a kind master and a friend to you all. To-morrow we will rejoice and make merry with all our outside friends and neighbors, 'for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.'"

It was late that night when Gilbert's story, told to his mother and Amy, was heard, and his mother's myriad questions answered. Long after this, however, two inmates of the Priory were still awake. One was Amy Varcoe, who sat thinking of many things perhaps, but before whose mental eye there was always one clearly-defined image; the other was Abel Pilgrim, who paced his own room over the old refectory for hours in great trouble and perplexity, as shown by the extraordinary contortions of his snake-like fingers. It was evident that the major-domo had something on his mind, but, being a close-mouthed, cautious old fellow, without any dramatic weakness in the way of loud soliloquy or of expressing his thoughts in audible language, we must, with the reader's kind permission, leave it to time to explain the cause of his perturbation.

Gilbert Arderne, fairly worn out with long travelling by railway, steamboat, and on foot,—he had walked the whole way from Wymondham,—slept soundly that

night. Towards morning, however, his half-aroused consciousness careered into an ideal world of fantasy, and he dreamed that he and Amy Varcoe, their heads adorned with Phrygian caps, stood hand in hand before an altar dedicated to Reason, and were there united in marriage by Professor Blunt, who carried a broomstick by way of crosier, and who pronounced them man and wife *durante placito.*

CHAPTER XIII.

WHILE crossing the Channel, soon after leaving Dieppe, Gilbert Arderne found a telegraph-form snugly hidden in the breast pocket of the pilot-cloth coat worn by him upon landing at Gibraltar. He saw at once that, thanks to the hospitality of Major Hammond and his brother officers, this negligence must have given rise to grave anxiety and sorrow at home. His stay at Gibraltar was a brief one, during which he was mainly occupied in visiting the usual points of interest. Then came a journey to Granada and the Alhambra, after which he had made his way to England as rapidly as consisted with the methods obtaining on Spanish railroads, where the rule has long been and still is, to hasten slowly. Arrived in London, he telegraphed to Sir Guy Bodrugan, an effort which would seem to have temporarily exhausted his capacity for business, inasmuch as he sagely determined that a similar message, if sent to Withington, would probably give his mother a violent shock, and, with his usual reliance upon luck, he felt that he would rather trust to his own genius to point out a means of gently preparing her to see him alive and well. Abel Pilgrim always made the round of the house, seeing that doors and windows were secure, every night: and Gilbert resolved to make his presence known to the major-domo, whom he could, in turn, safely trust to explain the case to his mistress.

In due time,—making allowance for the fact that Bodrugan was some miles from a telegraph office,—Sir Guy's reply was received. So vulgar and commonplace a thing as a carbuncle in the neck,—your true carbuncles are not always to be trifled with or despised, gentle reader,—effectually hindered the baronet from travelling, or he certainly would have left for Norfolk at once, but he took care to express his thankfulness and joy for the safety of his friend. Reading this message to his mother, Gilbert said:

"He says 'We are all deeply thankful and rejoiced at the glad tidings.' I suppose Agnes prefers to write; her letter will probably be here to-morrow."

Not until she heard this allusion did Mrs. Arderne bethink herself of what she had termed the blot on the escutcheon. Now, however, that it was brought to her remembrance it became her duty, she thought, to convince Gilbert that he had a reparative task to perform and perhaps a penance to undergo before that blot could be removed. She knew, no doubt as well as the poet Horace, that certain pigments, when handled, leave a stain behind them, but it never once entered her head that Agnes might, probably would, regard this particular blot as ineradicable.

"I want to say something to you, my son, about Agnes," she began. "It is right that you should know that she has a serious grievance, a grievance that you must atone for in sackcloth and ashes."

"Not a grievance against me, I think, mother," answered Gilbert, "unless you mean my negligence in telegraphing. But then you must remember that I was, until yesterday, quite certain that I had wired to you, and of course I assumed you would convey the news to Cornwall. I may just as well make a clean breast of it, mother, at once. Like many others,—the majority I think,—of the born-to-consume class or caste, I am a great procrastinator. My mind, such as it is, is pretty well stocked with the venerable maxims of antiquity, all

warning against this detestable time-enough system, just as the long attic over Abel's room in the west wing is stored with all sorts of lumber equally dusty and almost as old. I know what you would say,—it is, of course, a serious fault, and one which cannot be expiated or excused on the plea of good intention."

"I was not thinking of that, Gilbert. Sir Guy, when he left the yacht, brought away your diary with him. He thought it was a log-book or something of that sort, and your drawers in your own cabin were all locked. He gave that book to Agnes, and she, poor girl! read in the very last entry you made something that she took as an acknowledgment that you did not really love her. My son, I have heard that it is different in some countries,—in France and America, for instance,—but in England the first requirement of a woman is that the man who leads her to the altar shall love her as himself."

Gilbert Arderne's face flushed while his mother spoke, and he stood for a moment speechless and self-convicted. Pitying him, and doubtless considering that in writing these ill-devised words in his diary he had, like some other writers known and unknown, scarcely realized the import of the sentences, she said:

"But you must make your own peace-offering, my son. Go to her at once, as soon as you are sufficiently rested, and show yourself a true knight by making the *amende* on bended knee."

"Mother," he said, and the resemblance between them was most remarkable at that instant, "you forget yourself. This matter is wholly one for my own consideration. Tell me one thing, what did Agnes say to you?"

"She asked that the subject should be a sealed one for ever, that is all," replied Mrs. Arderne. She would perhaps have added her belief that Agnes' words were prompted by resentment at the thought of love being termed an absurd thing by a professed lover, but she knew her son too well to say so. Her own proud, defiant nature was reproduced in him, augmented and intensified by sexual predominance, a truth which Mrs. Arderne,—who was no Shrieking Sister inspired by the immunity of stall-fed apothecal uxoriousness,—clearly recognized.

"Sealed for ever," repeated Gilbert, "so let it be, then. And now, mother, I am yours for the day, as I promised you. You have the lions of Withington to beat up with the rector, for the edification of your little ancient Briton. By the way, she is an antiquary's daughter, so let Summerford be on his guard. I always thought that scold-tamer was an old-fashioned dog-muzzle, though I never have had the courage to say so. Miss Varcoe, however, is candor itself, so let the Monkbarns of Hilton Parva beware."

During the short drive to the village Mrs. Arderne was on the alert to discover, if possible, Gilbert's real feelings with regard to Agnes Bodrugan, but she found him inscrutable. His manner to Amy Varcoe, as his mother gladly noted, was courteous and attentive, but not demonstratively so, for there was not in broad England a better trained gentleman than he. They drove straight to the house of Doctor Teulon, the very same building that Amy had, on the night of Gilbert's return, imagined to be the doctor's. On the outside it was not very remarkable, being merely a convenient, squarely-built brick house, but, as in the case of oriental domiciles, its exterior plainness was amply compensated by the elegance and taste within. Dr. Teulon was, as he never forgot, of Huguenot extraction. His father had, under the Regency, been an eminent physician in London, with a fine practice in the west end of town, where he had amassed quite a respectable fortune. In flagrant opposition to the dictum of the *weltkenntniss* school of philosophers, the doctor had been brought up to prefer his father's profession to the life of an officer in a crack cavalry regiment, and his name was well known in the scientific world in connection with microscopic investigation.

Moreover, as though still further to contradict the aforesaid philosophers, who are never so happy as when ridiculing the foibles and short-comings of men of genius, Dr. Teulon was much more of an "all-round" man than the majority among soldiers and sailors ever become. For many years he had practised in a large manufacturing centre in Lancashire, seeing rather more of the world of man and of human nature, its heights and depths, joys and sorrows, than he would have done had he awoke to the *reveille matin* every day at various points along the world-circle of the British empire. The sudden death of his wife, who was found lifeless in bed one morning, so affected him that he resolved to retire to some country retreat and there devote himself to the education of his children and to the pursuit of science. He was about thirty-five when this resolution was formed, and he had lived at Withington fifteen happy, peaceful years. He had two children, Eliza aged twenty-one, and Dorothy aged eighteen.

The party from the Priory found Mr. Summerford, the rector, at the doctor's before them. Amy Varcoe was by no means so anxious on the subject of the prodigy of learning as she apprehended she would have been, her confidence being restored perhaps by the presence of Gilbert, whose assurance and self-reliance may have been in some measure communicated to others. After all, it turned out that the prodigy was a singularly modest young woman, gentle of speech and sympathetic in manner, while Dorothy, the younger sister, looked a much more spirited and determined character. In complexion Dorothy was a rich warm brunette, with fine dark eyes as unfathomable as the sky on a summer night. Her raven hair was coiled and piled behind her well-shaped head, and lips of coral redness showed their ruddy ripeness beneath a short but delicately-formed nose. Her chin, deep and well-rounded, curved gracefully to the neck, which a somewhat low dress, cut slopingly to a point below the throat, displayed to great advantage. Such was Dorothy Teulon, undeniably a beautiful girl with the beauty of the south of France, deriving all her witchery from her paternal ancestry, and owning little of that quieter, less passionate nature which Eliza received directly from her mother.

The appearance of the young lord of he manor, long since regretted as one dead before his time, was the signal for a hearty demonstration, at least on the part of the doctor and the rector. Eliza Teulon, in a few happily-chosen words, expressed her pleasure at seeing him, while Dorothy, thrusting her little hand into his, blushed deeply when assuring Gilbert that she was no less delighted at his escape.

Mrs. Arderne introduced Amy to the doctor and his daughters, and in a few minutes she was quite at ease seated on a sofa between the sisters.

In reply to a question put by the doctor, Mrs. Arderne said :

"Yes, he has escaped more perils than one, Dr. Teulon, as you will say when you hear his story."

"There is no time like the present for that, madam," said the doctor. "Mr. Summerford has sent down to Hingston's for the key of the church, and as the old sexton is a slow walker and we have the whole day before us, I hope Mr. Arderne will not refuse us."

The rector chiming in to the same purpose, there was nothing left to Gilbert but to tell his story, which he did in a matter-of-fact, simple way. The Moor of Venice, when speaking "of moving accidents by flood and field," was never heard more attentively. To Amy Varcoe there was something more than accident and mere coincidence in the fact that Gilbert Arderne owed his rescue to Tom Scantlebury, and the more she thought of this the more strongly was the idea borne upon her that she was, in her own proper person, fated to perform a part in a drama woven by the Fates themselves. Describing his removal from the wreck, and while

briefly stating that he had once before met his rescuer, Gilbert looked directly at Amy. Their eyes met,—his filled with inquiry, as though he longed to know her thoughts; hers to seek the ground in modest diffidence.

"Upon my word," said the doctor, "you have had your adventures, Mr. Arderne, and I must say you have carried yourself like a true man. Your way of telling the story leaves us to infer how you acted during the outbreak of those sailors. I should not like to go to sea with such a crew as that; but what a small thing this world of ours is, to be sure, when such meetings as that between you and the youngster who took you off the raft are possible."

"Not to the littleness of the world, but to the greatness and all-seeing eye of God must such meetings be ascribed," said the rector. "By land or sea we are in the hollow of his hand."

Dr. Teulon bowed courteously as to a professional dictum outside his own particular province. "I have in my time," he said, "seen abundant proof that, as scripture says, all things evil are but slavish officers of a benignant purpose, all partial evil universal good."

"Scripture?" said the rector, "pardon me, Dr. Teulon, you would say the poets, I think."

"If you like, certainly," said the doctor, "but I used the word designedly, for all truth, where or when soever written, comes to man by direct revelation, and is not monopolized by any race or nation. The real Bible embraces the world's literature, I think. I am glad to perceive that both among clerics and laymen the mists and fogbanks of unessentials are rapidly clearing away. Except from one-sided, asymmetric teachers, the Bourbons of sciolism and theologism, we do not find so much dogmatic cocksureness as there used to be. This marks progress, let the croakers say what they may; so long as we honestly follow truth we cannot fail to come nearer to the great soul of all things."

"Now that we have you back again, Mr. Arderne," said the rector, "may we not hope to keep you, at any rate, long enough to interest you in the allotment scheme which you encouraged last year?"

"I think you may," answered Gilbert. "I have no present intention of leaving home. I foresee that the old system of landlord and tenant and workhouse-travelling laborer must be modified. It behoves both landlords and parsons to make friends with the power that is to be—the common people. Heaven knows, we have had the upper hand long enough, and a poor thing we have made of it. It is a poor showing that rich and poor alike are more or less dependent on America for the bread they eat, and that the landlord and the parson have come to be regarded as oppressors."

"Honor to whom honor is due," said Dr. Teulon; "it was Mr. Summerford who first suggested the allotments, and that long before the politicians took the matter up."

"Twenty years or so ago," said the rector, "I was a curate, and I may add, also church-schoolmaster, in a fishing town in Cornwall, a place called St. Meva. There was a large field, an immense field, of about a hundred acres perhaps, where the fishermen grew their own potatoes, cabbages, and so forth, working the land chiefly when the weather—they have long spells of easterly gales down there—prevented them from fishing. They did well, in fact I was astonished at their success. Some of them would club together to hire boys with donkeys to carry sea-weed in panniers from the beaches as manure, and very often, when there was a glut of fish in the market—there was no railway nearer than Plymouth in those days—quantities of decaying fish were thrown on to the soil."

"Dear me, Mr. Summerford," cried Gilbert, "you have surprised one or two of us by what you have told us. Why, Miss Varcoe comes from St. Meva; I was there myself the other day with my friend Sir Guy. Why did you never tell us anything of this before?"

"Varcoe? Varcoe?" said the rector, communing with himself, "surely I remember the name? Ah, yes, there were two of them, I think; brothers, Richard and Henry. Is it possible, my dear," continued the old gentleman, "that one of these can be your father?"

"Yes sir," returned Amy, "Richard Varcoe was my father."

"Dear me, dear me!" cried Mr. Summerford, every line of his fine old face glowing with pleasure, "you must shake hands with me once more if you please. Why, Miss Varcoe, your father and I were good friends, though I remember that he was a Dissenter, and a preacher too. But we had one bond that drew us together: he was an antiquarian and so was I. At my suggestion he even began to make a little collection, and the then vicar authorized him to gather all the old panels,—finely carved they were,—and the brasses from the church. And your father? ah, my dear, I see he is dead; forgive me. The other brother was ambitious, he went off somewhere, to Australia, I believe."

"He too is dead, Mr. Summerford," said Amy, "he was never again heard of."

"But the collection, Mr. Summerford," remarked Gilbert, "still exists and is in excellent order. Upon my word, as Dr. Teulon says, the world must be a small thing when such meetings as these occur."

"I think you asked why I never spoke of Cornwall," said the rector. "Well, to say the truth, my memory of that time is sometimes rather painful to me. *Jubes renovare dolorem*, if you will pardon me the quotation. In those days I was living on forty pounds a year. I used to flatter myself that I had a gift of writing verses: some little things I wrote I had printed, paying for them out of my little savings. I loved the country, loved the people, but I was glad to accept a curacy here in Norfolk."

The good man heaved a sigh, as well he might, for he was thinking of the time when he, too, had a little romance of his own, of the time when he had loved, and was loved by, a governess in a rich man's household; of her patient waiting until preferment should come to her betrothed; of her sudden removal just as the long ordeal was ended. This life of ours is filled with such experiences, dear reader, and the humblest-looking man thou hast this day met might perchance, an he would, tell a story of hope deferred and blighted expectation. Well for those who, having endured the fire, have been purified thereby! "*Omnes sancti*," says à Kempis, "*per multas tribulationes et tentationes transierunt, et profecerunt.*"

The arrival of old Hingston with the keys set the whole party in motion towards the church, or, as the rector chose to term it, the chapel, Hilton Parva being the mother parish. It was an interesting building of the fourteenth century, and was remarkable for its magnificent east window and a Lady Chapel or transept, containing many tombs of Priors and of the Mowbrays, predecessors of the Arderne family as lords of all the broad acres in the vicinity that did not belong to the Priory. On one of these tombs was the cross-legged, recumbent figure of a crusader at whose feet there lay a small sculptured buckler emblazoned with something like what Egyptologists call a "cartouche," and a sort of combination of a cross and a horseshoe, with four signs or letters which the rector said were Hebrew or Chaldee for MMRA, and upon whose mystic meaning he poured forth a flood of learned speculation. During their exploration, Mrs. Arderne, Amy, and Eliza Teulon kept close to Mr. Summerford, while Dorothy Teulon and Gilbert wandered off to the belfry and climbed the spiral staircase of the tower. As for the doctor, he took an early opportunity of pleading that he had patients to visit, and left the church to attend them.

The view from the tower had no particular attraction for Gilbert, who smiled when his companion affected to be in raptures over it.

"I suppose," she said, "you have seen

so much that is romantic lately that you have no eye left for our quieter home beauties ; yet I have heard you say, Mr. Arderne, that you admired the view from here and from the Priory."

"If you begin to call me Mr. Arderne I must learn to call you Miss Dorothy," he answered. "Before I went away we were Gilbert and Dorothy always. There are some home beauties I shall always admire,—yourself, for instance. By Jove! you have grown into a woman, Dorothy, and a lovely woman too. I can hardly believe you are the same with the little girl I used to call my sweetheart."

"Perhaps I am not the same," she said. "certainly I am not so easily flattered. You used to bribe me, I remember, with sweeties when I was a little girl and you came back from Oxford,—bribe me to bring you books and things."

"With sweeties and sometimes, I think, with kisses, Dorothy," he said, "such favors, I am sorry to have to allow, are now out of the question. For my part I am quite willing that, as the statesmen say, we should return to the old *status quo*. What do you say, is it a treaty?"

"You do not mean it," she cried, her eyes flashing, "you are only joking, playing with me, as you did with the little girl of three years ago. You think because you are a landlord, one of the county gentry, as they say, that the whole world is your toy, your plaything."

"Mean it? Of course I mean it, Dorothy. We will be precisely as we were before, sweethearts ever. It is a treaty, and except that this old tower is somewhat too public a place for such a ratification the agreement should be confirmed in the usual manner. Well, the kiss of peace stands over to our next meeting, the more so because I hear Mr. Summerford below in the belfry. Surely he cannot persuade my mother to mount the staircase?"

"Who is this Miss Varcoe?" asked Dorothy. "I do not like her. Eliza and she may become good friends; they probably will, for my sister hinted just now that she thought her beautiful and good. Do you think her beautiful?" she asked abruptly.

Gilbert Arderne looked at Dorothy in amused surprise. Not the slightest suspicion of the true state of her mind occurred to him.

"Miss Varcoe is my mother's companion and friend," he answered. "Eliza will, I am sure, come to like her very much, and so I hope will Dorothy. Young ladies should not foster prejudices."

"Do you think her beautiful?" repeated Dorothy.

"Do I think her beauti—? Ha! here are the rector and the others," he said, going forward to help them on to the roof. "Upon my word, Mr. Summerford, your enthusiasm is wonderful; I did not think it possible for you to tempt the ladies to brave that staircase. You must look to your headgear, all of you, for the breeze is smart up here."

And so it was that Dorothy's question went unanswered, at least for a time. Three or four months of quiet home life did Gilbert pass in such quiet walks as these, months unbroken even by a visit from Sir Guy Bodrugan, who perhaps, having learned his sister's secret, thought it better to keep aloof from one whose conduct had been so reprehensible. During this period a warm friendship grew up between Eliza Teulon and Amy Varcoe, a friendship by which the latter profited very much, for under the color of mutually pursuing kindred studies Amy's mind was unfolding and developing wonderfully, while her beauty and grace of person seemed enhanced from day to day. In her intercourse with Gilbert Arderne her demeanor was characterized by a quiet reserve that conveyed, as she desired it should, her sense of the difference between them in point of station, and Mrs. Arderne's mind was set at rest on the only subject that had given her some solicitude at first.

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2. That Reason, aided by Experience, is the best guide for human conduct.

3. That to endeavor to promote the individual and general well-being of society to the best of our ability, is our highest and immediate duty.

4. That the only means upon which we can rely for the accomplishment of this object is Human effort, based upon knowledge and justice.

5. That conduct should be judged by its results only—what conduces to the general Well-being is right; what has the opposite tendency is wrong.

6. That Science and its application is our Providence, or Provider, and upon it we rely in preference to aught else in time of need.

DEMANDS.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.

2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Parliament, in Provincial Legislatures, in the militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.

3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.

4. We demand that all religious services sustained by the Government shall be abolished; and especially that the Bible in the Public Schools, whether ostensibly as a textbook or avowedly as a book of religious worship, be prohibited.

5. We demand that the appointment by the Governor-General or by the Lieutenant-Governor of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

6. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday, or the Sabbath, shall be repealed.

7. We demand the legalization of purely civil marriage and the establishment of a divorce court.

8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality as such shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be based upon the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial justice.

9. We demand that, in the practical administration of the Government, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes are necessary to this end shall be consistently and promptly made.

The President or the Secretary will be at all times pleased to answer inquiries, by mail or otherwise.

Pioneer Pith.

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