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ON HEREDITY.

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II. (*concluded*).

I have dwelt somewhat at length on the transmissibility of useless characters, for it is an aspect of the subject which more especially presents itself to the notice of the pathologist and physician; and little, if at all, to that of those naturalists whose studies are almost exclusively directed to the examination of organisms in their normal condition. But when we look at Man, his diseases form so large a factor in his life, that they and the effects which they produce cannot be ignored in the study of his nature.

Much has been said and written during the last few years of the transmission from parents to offspring of characters which have been *acquired* by the parents, so that I cannot altogether omit some reference to this subject. It will conduce to one's clearness of perception of this much-discussed question if one defines at the outset in what sense the term "acquired characters" is employed; and it is the more advisable that this should be done, as the expression has not always been used with the same signification. The term may be used in a wide or in a more restricted sense. In its wider meaning it may cover all the characters which make their first appearance in an individual, and which are not found in its parents, in whatever way they may have arisen:

1st. Whether their origin be due to such molecular changes in the germ-plasm as may be called spontaneous, leading to such an alteration in its character as may produce a new variation; or,

2nd. Whether their origin be accidental, or due to habits, or to the nature of the surroundings, such as climate, food, etc.

Prof. Weismann has pointed out with great force the necessity of distinguishing between these two kinds of "acquired characters," and has suggested two terms the employment of which may keep before us how important it is that these different modes of origin should be recognized. Characters which are produced in the germ-plasm itself by natural selection, and all other characters which result from this latter cause, he names *blastogenic*. He further maintains that all blastogenic characters can be transmitted; and in this conclusion, doubtless, most persons will agree with him. On the other hand,

he uses the term *somatogenic* to express those characters which first appear in the body itself, and which follow from the reaction of the *soma* under direct external influences. He includes under this head the effects of mutilation, the changes which follow from increased or diminished performance of function, those directly due to nutrition, and any of the other direct external influences which act upon the body. He further maintains that the somatogenic characters are not capable of transmission from parent to offspring, and he suggests that in future discussions on this subject the term "acquired characters" should be restricted to those which are somatogenic.

Thus, one might say that blastogenic characters arising in the germ would be acquired in the individual by the action of the germ upon the *soma*; so that if we return again to the graphic illustration previously employed, the germ-plasm represented by the small italic letters *abcd* would act upon the *soma* represented by the capital letters A, B, C, D. Somatogenic characters, again, arising in the *soma*, would be acquired by the action of the *soma* A, B, C, D, upon the contained germ-plasm *abcd*. But whether those acquired characters expressed by the term "somatogenic" can or can not be transmitted has been fruitful of discussion.

That the transmission of characters so acquired can take place is the foundation of the theory of Lamarck, who imagined that the gradual transformation of species was due to a change in the structure of a part of an organism under the influence of new conditions of life, and that such modifications could be transmitted to the offspring. It was also regarded as of importance by Charles Darwin, who (pref. 2nd ed. "Descent of Man," 1885, and "Origin of Species," 1st ed.) stated that all the changes of corporeal structure and mental power cannot be exclusively attributed to the natural selection of such variations as are often called spontaneous, but that great value must be given to the inherited effects of use and disuse, some also to the modification in the direct and prolonged action of changed conditions of life, also to occasional reversions of structure. Herbert Spencer believes (see "Factors of Organic Evolution," *Nine Cent.*, 1886) that the natural selection of favorable varieties is not in itself sufficient to account for the whole of organic evolution. He attaches greater importance than Darwin did to the share of use and disuse in the transmission of variations. He believes that the inheritance of functionally produced modifications of structure takes place universally, and that, as the modification of structure by function is a *vera causa* as regards the individual, it is unreasonable to suppose that it leaves no traces in posterity.

On the other hand, there are very eminent authorities who contend that the somatogenic acquired characters are not transmissible from parent to offspring. Mr. Francis Galton, for example, gives a very qualified assent to the possibility of transmission. Prof. His, of Leipzig, doubts its validity. Prof. Weismann says that there is no proof of it. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, in his most recent work ("Darwinism," 1889, page 443), considers that the direct action of the environment, even if we admit that the effects on the individual are transmitted by inheritance, are so small in comparison with the amount of spontaneous variation of every part of the organism that they must be quite over-

shadowed by the latter. Whatever other causes, he says, have been at work, natural selection is supreme to an extent which even Darwin himself hesitated to claim for it.

There is thus a conflict of opinion among the authorities who have given probably the most thought to the consideration of this question. It may appear, therefore, to be both rash and presumptuous on my part to offer an opinion on this subject. I should, indeed, have been slow to do so had I not thought that there were some aspects of the question which seemed not to have been sufficiently considered in the discussion.

In the first place, I would, however, express my agreement with much that has been said by Prof. Weismann on the want of sufficient evidence to justify the statement that a mutilation which has affected a parent can be transmitted to the offspring. It is, I suppose, within the knowledge of most of us that children born of parents who have lost an eye, an arm, or a leg come into the world with the full complement of eyes and limbs. The mutilation of the parent has not affected the offspring; and one would, indeed, scarcely expect to find that such gross visible losses of parts as take place when a limb is removed by an accident or a surgical operation should be repeated in the offspring. But a similar remark is also applicable to such minor mutilations as scars, the transmission of which to the offspring, although it has been stoutly contended for by some, yet seems not to be supported by sufficiently definite instances.

I should search for illustrations of the transmission of somatogenic characters in the more subtle processes which affect living organisms, rather than in those which are produced by violence or accident. I shall take as examples certain facts which are well known to those engaged in the breeding of farm stock or of other animals that are of utility to or are specially cultivated by man.

I do not refer to the influence on the offspring of impressions made on the senses and nervous system of the mother, the first statement of the effects of which we find in the book of Genesis, where Jacob set peeled rods before the flocks in order to influence the color and markings of their young; though I may state that I have heard agriculturists relate instances from their own experience which they regarded as bearing out the view that impressions acting through the mother do influence her offspring. But I refer to what is an axiom with those who breed any particular kind of stock, that to keep the strain pure there must be no admixture with stock of another blood. For example, if a shorthorn cow has a calf by a Highland sire, that calf, of course, exhibits characters which are those of both its parents. But future calves which the same cow may have when their sires have been of the shorthorned blood may, in addition to shorthorn characters, have others which are not shorthorn but Highland. The most noteworthy instance of this transmission of characters acquired from one sire through the mother to her offspring by other sires is that given in the often-quoted experiment by a former Lord Morton. An Arabian mare in his possession produced a hybrid the sire of which was a quagga, and the young one was marked by zebra-like stripes. But

the same Arabian had subsequently two foals, the sire of which was an Arab horse, and these also showed some zebra-like markings. How, then, did these markings, characteristic of a very different animal, arise in these foals, both parents of which were Arabians? I can imagine it being said that this was a case of reversion to a very remote striped ancestor, common alike to the horse and the quagga. But, to my mind, no such far-fetched and hypothetical explanation is necessary. The cause of the appearance of the stripes seems to me to be much nearer and more obvious. I believe that the mother had acquired, during her prolonged gestation with the hybrid, the power of transmitting quagga-like characters from it, owing to the interchange of material which had taken place between them in connection with the nutrition of the young one. For it must be kept in mind that in placental mammals an interchange of material takes place in opposite directions, from the young to the mother as well as from the mother to the young. In this way the germ-plasm of the mother, belonging to ova which had not yet matured, had become modified while still in the ovary. This acquired modification influenced her future offspring, derived from that germ-plasm, so that they in their turn, though in a more diluted form, exhibited zebra-like markings. If this explanation be correct, then we have an illustration of the germ-plasm having been directly influenced by the soma, and of somatogenic acquired characters having been transmitted.

But there are other facts to show that the isolation of the germ-cells or germ-plasm from the soma cells is not so universal as might at first glance be supposed. Weismann himself admits that in the Hydroids the germ-plasm is present in a very finely-divided, and therefore invisible, state in certain somatic cells in the beginning of embryonic development, and that it is then transmitted through innumerable cell-generations to those remote individuals of the colony in which sexual products are formed. The eminent botanist Prof. Sachs states that in the true mosses almost any of the cells of the roots, leaves, and shoot-axes may form new shoots and give rise to independent living plants. Plants which produce flowers and fruit may also be raised from the leaves of the Begonia. I may also refer to what is more or less familiar to everybody, that the tuber of the potato can give rise to a plant which bears flowers and fruit. Now, in these cases the germ-plasm is not collected in a definite receptacle isolated from the soma, but is diffused through the cells of the leaves of the begonia or amidst those of the tuber of the potato, and the propagation of the potato may take place through the tuber for several generations without the necessity of having to recur to the fruit for seed. It seems difficult, therefore, to understand why, in such cases, the nutritive processes which affect and modify the soma cells should not also react upon the germ-plasm, which, as Weismann admits, is so intimately associated with them.

Those who uphold the view that characters acquired by the soma cannot be transmitted from parents to offspring undoubtedly draw so large a check on the bank of hypothesis, that one finds it difficult, if not impossible, to honor it. Let us consider for one moment all that is involved in the acceptance of this theory, and apply it in the first instance to Man. On the supposition that

all mankind have been derived from common ancestors through the continuity of the germ-plasm, and that this plasm has undergone no modification from the *persona* or *soma* of the succession of individuals through whom it has been transmitted, it would follow that the primordial human germ-plasm must have contained within itself an extraordinary potentiality of development—a potentiality so varied that all the multiform variations in physical structure, tendency to disease, temperament, and other characters and dispositions which have been exhibited by all the races and varieties of men who either now inhabit or at any period in the world's history have inhabited the earth, must have been included in it.

But if we are to accept the theory of Natural Selection, as giving a valid explanation of the origin of new species, then the non-transmissibility of somatogenic acquired characters has a much more far-reaching significance. For if the organisms, whether vegetable, animal, or human, which have lived upon the earth have arisen by a more or less continuous process of evolution from one or even several simple cellular organisms, it will follow as a logical necessity of the theory of the non-transmission of acquired characters, that these simple organisms must have contained in their molecular constitution a potentiality of evolution into higher and more complex forms of life, through the production of variations, without the intermediation of any external force or influence acting directly upon the soma. Further, this must have endured throughout a succession of countless individual forms and species, extending over we know not how many thousands of years, and through the various geological and climatic changes which have affected the globe.

The power of producing these variations would, therefore, on this theory, have been from the beginning innate to the germ-plasm, and uninfluenced in any way by its surroundings. Variations would have arisen spontaneously in it, and, for anything that we know, as it were by accident, and without any definite purport or object. But whether such variations would be of service or dis-service could not be ascertained until after their appearance in the soma had subjected them to the test of the conditions of life and their environment.

Let us now glance at the other side of the question. All biologists will, I suppose, accept the proposition that the individual soma is influenced or modified by its environment or surroundings. Now, if on the basis of this proposition the theory be grafted that modifications or variations thus produced are capable of so affecting the germ-plasm of the individual in whom the variation arises as to be transmitted to its offspring—and I have already cited cases in point—then such variations might be perpetuated. If the modification is of service, then presumably it will add to the vitality of the individual, and through the interaction between the soma and the germ-plasm, in connection with their respective nutritive changes, will so affect the latter as to lead to its being transmitted to the offspring. From this point of view, the environment would, as it were, determine and regulate the nature of those variations which are to become hereditary, and the possibility of variations arising which are likely to prove useful becomes greater than on the theory

that the soma exercises no influence on the germ-plasm. Hence I am unable to accept the proposition that somatogenic characters are not transmitted, and I cannot but think that they form an important factor in the production of hereditary characters.

To reject the influence which the use and disuse of parts may exercise both on the individual and on his offspring is like looking at an object with only a single eye. The morphological aspect of organic structure is undoubtedly of fundamental importance. But it should not be forgotten that tissues and organs, in addition to their subjection to the principles of development and descent, have to discharge certain specific purposes and functions, and that structural modifications arise in them in correlation with the uses to which they are put, so as to adapt them to perform modified duties. It may be difficult to assign the exact value which physiological adaptation can exercise in the perpetuation of variations. If the habit or external condition which has produced a variation continues, then in all probability the variation would be intensified in successive generations. But should the habit cease or the external condition be changed, then, although the variation might continue to be for a time perpetuated by descent, it would probably become less strongly marked and perhaps ultimately disappear. One could also conceive that the introduction of a new habit or external condition the effect of which would be to produce a variation in a direction different from that which had originally been acquired, would tend to materialize the influence of descent in the transmission of the older character.

By accepting the theory that somatogenic characters are transmitted, we obtain a more ready explanation, how men belonging to a race living in one climate or part of the globe can adapt themselves to a climate of a different kind. On the theory of the non-transmissibility of these acquired characters, long periods of years would have to elapse before the process of adaptation could be effected. The weaker examples, on this theory, would have had to have died out, and the racial variety would require to have been produced by the selection of variations arising slowly, and requiring one knows not how many hundreds of thousands of years to produce a race which could adapt itself to its new environment. We know, however, that this process of dying out of the weakest and selection of the strongest is not necessary to produce a race which possesses well-recognizable physical characters. For most of us can, I think, distinguish the nationality of a citizen of the United States by his personal appearance, without being under the necessity of waiting to hear his speech and intonation.

Man is a living organism, with a physical structure which discharges a variety of functions, and both structure and functions correspond in many respects, though with characteristic differences, with those which are found in animals. The study of his physical frame cannot, therefore, be separated from that of other living beings, and the processes which take place in the one must also be investigated in the other. Hence we require, in the special consideration of the physical framework of Man, to give due weight to those general features of structure and functions which he shares in common with

other living organisms. But, whatever may have been the origin of his frame, whether by evolution from some animal form or otherwise, we can scarcely expect it ever to attain any greater perfection than it at present possesses.

But the physical aspect of the question, although of vast importance and interest, by no means covers the whole ground of Man's nature, for in him we recognize the presence of an element beyond and above his animal framework. Man is endowed with a spiritual nature. He possesses a conscious responsibility which enables him to control his animal nature, to exercise a discriminating power over his actions, and which places him on a far higher and altogether different platform from that occupied by "beasts which perish." The kind of Evolution which we are to hope and strive for in him is the perfecting of this spiritual nature, so that the standard of the whole human race may be elevated and brought into more harmonious relation with that which is holy and divine.

DR. LUDWIG BUCHNER.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD, QUINCY, ILL.

DR. Ludwig Buchner died in Darmstadt, Germany, on May 1. His work, the one by which he was best known, "Force and Matter," was published in 1855. It has been called "the Bible of the German Materialists." Twelve editions of this book were issued in twenty years, and it led to a large amount of animated discussion in which many distinguished thinkers took part.

Buchner owed his popularity as an expounder of materialism to the unsurpassed clearness of his style, his positive and confident manner, his avoidance of abstruseness in the treatment of his subject, and his "enthusiasm of humanity." He presented the thought of Vogt and Moleschott more lucidly than it had been given in their books, and his name came to be associated with theirs.

Buchner was among the first to appreciate and accept the ideas which Darwin added to evolutionary thought, and he made these ideas a part of his materialistic system.

Buchner's second principal work, "Man—his Past, Present, and Future," is mainly an exposition of Darwinism, with Haeckel's ideas, as given in his "History of Creation," added, with chapters relating to government, marriage, and industrial and social reform, together with several pages of interesting and valuable notes.

Buchner was, unlike Strauss, democratic in his nature, and he was deeply interested in the common people. He deplored industrial wrongs and inequalities of opportunity, which made it possible for colossal wealth and extreme poverty to exist alongside each other. Buchner is not much read and is not much quoted now, and interest in his works is not likely to be revived. As a thinker he was not original, but he was honest

and fearless, and he helped greatly to weaken theological influence, not only in his own country but in other countries into whose languages his works were translated.

Buchner visited the United States some time in the seventies and lectured in a number of cities. As a lecturer he did not prove to be as interesting as he was as a writer, and his expectations were not realized. After his return home some articles appeared over his name in a German paper which were severely critical of much which he had seen in America. Some of the criticisms were merited, but others were based upon observations too limited to give them any value, and were really unjust. Of their sincerity and honesty there was no doubt, as there was of nothing that he ever wrote for the public.

Although in correspondence with Buchner, I failed by an accident to meet him when he was in the United States, and I can speak of him personally only by hearsay. I am told that he was rather brusque and dogmatic. I should infer this from his writings, but the concurrent testimony of those who were intimate with him is that he was a man of high character and of many attractive qualities.

THE DEVIL.

BY COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

II.

Now, does the Old Testament really teach the existence of this malicious deity?

The first reference to the Devil is in Genesis, in which it is stated that he was more subtle than any beast of the field, and according to this truthful history he had a conversation with Eve, the first woman. We are not told in what language they conversed nor how he happened to understand her language or she his—whether they were educated together. From the account it was the first time they had met. Eve hadn't been created long at that time—scarcely dry.

Where did Eve get her language? Where did the Devil get his? Of course I know such questions are impudent, blasphemous; but I will swear they are natural.

The result of this conversation was that Eve ate the forbidden fruit, and having some influence with her husband, he took a bite; and thereupon Jehovah, who came in just after the devil had succeeded instead of before, cursed the world with weeds and thorns and brambles; cursed man with toil; made woman a slave and cursed maternity with pain and suffering. How men, good men, can worship this God; how women, good women, can love Jehovah is beyond my imagination. Never while I live will I bend the knee to any god, no matter if he is the real one, that cursed maternity with pain and agony, never. To me maternity is the holiest word in our language.

In addition to other curses the serpent was cursed. Why didn't he curse him before? It is wonderful, this God's lack of business sense. He cursed the serpent, condemned him to crawl on his belly and eat dust. How he moved from place to place before that time I do not know. Did he walk, fly, or hop? Neither do I know what his diet had been.

Now it will not do to say that this is an allegory or a poem, because that proves too much. If the serpent did not exist how do we know that Adam and Eve did? Is all that is said about God allegory, poetic or mythical? Is the whole account after all an ignorant dream?

Neither will it do to say that the Devil or serpent was the personification of evil. Do personifications talk? Can a personification crawl on its stomach? Can a personification eat dust? And if we say that the Devil was a personification of evil we may be driven to say that Jehovah was a personification of foolishness; that the Garden of Eden was the personification of a place and that the whole story is a personification of something that never happened. It may be that Adam and Eve were not driven out of the garden, and possibly they only suffered the personification of exile, and maybe the cherubim placed at the gate of Eden with flaming swords were only personifications of police. But there is no escape. If the Old Testament is true, the Devil does exist, and it is impossible to explain him away without at the same time explaining Jehovah away.

So there are many references to devils and spirits of divination and of evil, to which I have not time to call attention; but in the book of Job, Satan, the Devil, has a conversation with God. It is this devil that brings sorrow and losses on the upright man. This devil raises the storm that wrecks the homes of Job's children; this devil kills these children; and take this devil from Job and all meaning, plot and purpose fade away. Is it possible that the devil in Job was a personification?

So in Chronicles we are told that the Devil provoked David to number Israel, and for this act of David,—an act caused by the Devil,—God became wrathful, and sent a man to David to tell him: "You can take your choice: three months of famine, fly three months before your enemy, or three days of pestilence." So David chose the pestilence. This God did not punish the Devil who put it into the heart of David to take the census; he did not punish David who was induced by the Devil to take the census; but he sent the pestilence and killed seventy thousand poor Jews who had done nothing in God's world but stand up and be counted.

So in Zachariah we are told that Joshua stood before the angel of the Lord and Satan stood at his right hand to resist him.

All the passages about witches and those having familiar spirits were born of a belief in the Devil. In the Old Testament, when a man who loved Jehovah wanted revenge on his enemy, he fell on his holy knees, and from a heart filled with religion he cried, "Let Satan stand at his right hand."

Now, there is no doubt but what the writers of the Old Testament honestly believed in the existence of the Devil. But I want to be fair with this Devil. Christians tell us that if there had been no sin, there would have been no

death ; that death came into this world by sin ; and that sin came into the world by the Devil. Consequently, no devil, no sin ; no sin, no death.

If there had been no death, this world would have been full hundreds and hundreds of years ago, and you and I never would have lived. We are indebted to the Devil for our lives, if this account in the Old Testament be true, and I now tender my sincere thanks to his Satanic Majesty for the joy I have had in my short life. Let us be fair with the Devil. He was the first one to tell people to think and try to know something. He was the father of the university. He was always in favor of education, and for six thousand years he has been standing by the Tree of Knowledge and saying to the children of men, "Eat and know good from evil ; become as gods."

So after all we must be fair with this Devil, treat him honestly.

Now, the next question is, Does the New Testament teach the existence of the Devil ?

Take the Devil from the drama of Christianity and the plot is gone ; there is no connection between the scenes, none between the acts ; the whole drama becomes unmeaning fragments, chips, pieces, splinters. As a matter of fact, the New Testament is more explicit than the Old. The Jews, believing that Jehovah was God, had very little business for a devil. There was nothing too mean for Jehovah to do himself.

The first reference in the New Testament to the Devil is in the 4th chapter of Matthew, where we are told that Jesus was led by the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the Devil. It seems he was not led by the Devil into the wilderness, but by the spirit, and that spirit was the Holy Ghost that came down in the form of a dove when the voice was heard, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." That spirit and the Devil were acting together in a kind of pious conspiracy, and in the wilderness Jesus fasted forty days, tempted by the Devil. The Devil then asked him to turn stones into biscuits ; and he then took him to Jerusalem to the pinnacle of the temple and tried to induce him to leap to the ground. He took him to the top of a mountain and offered him all the kingdoms of the world if he would fall down and worship him.

Now, the question is, did the author of this account believe in the existence of the Devil, or did he regard the Devil as a personification, or is it an allegory, a poem, a myth, a parable, or a lie ?

Was Jesus tempted ? If he was tempted, who tempted him ? Did anybody offer him the kingdoms of the world ? If Christ was not tempted by the Devil, then the temptation was born in his own heart. If that be true, how can it be said that he was divine ? If these adders, these vipers, were coiled in his own bosom, can we say that he was the son of God ? Can we say that he was pure ?

Let us be honest, and use the little sense we have. I haven't much ; it is all I have got, and I am going to stand by it, and I am not going to let any preacher take it away, either. It is a small flame that burns in my brain, but I am not going to let anybody blow it out.

In the same chapter we are told that Christ healed those which were pos-

essed of devils, and which were lunatic, and those which had the palsy. A distinction is made between having devils and being sick, between having devils and being afflicted with the palsy; so you cannot sneak off with the idea that devils were diseases.

In the eighth chapter we are told that people brought unto Christ many possessed with devils. Oh, you have no idea how thick devils were in Palestine in those days. Yes, sir, nobody could open his mouth without in went a devil.

Now, you cannot say that these people were possessed with personifications of evil and the personifications were cast out. Personifications are not entities; they do not have form and shape, and a personification does not occupy space.

Then comes an account of two men possessed with devils. They came out of tombs and they were exceeding fierce, and when they saw Jesus they cried out, "What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou son of God? Art thou come hither to torment us before our time?" And we are told that at the same time a good way off was a herd of swine feeding, and the devils besought Christ saying, "If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine." And Christ was good enough to say, "Go."

Now, is it possible that personifications of evil would desire to enter the bodies of pigs? Is it possible that it was necessary for these devils to have the consent of Christ before they could get into swine? How did they get into the men? Is it possible that Christ protected the pigs but not the people? Is there anything sacred about swine? I don't know! I don't know! In the ninth chapter of Matthew there was a dumb man brought to Jesus, and Jesus cast out the devil and the dumb man spake. You see there are several kinds of devils—dumb devils.

In the 10th chapter Christ gives his twelve apostles power to cast out evil spirits, and when they went on their great mission to convert the world he told them, "Heal the sick, raise the dead, cast out devils." Here a distinction is made between the sick and those possessed by devils. You know for hundreds, for thousands of years priests have said, "Devils;" doctors have said, "Disease." A long war was waged between the two.

What did Christ mean by devils? There was brought unto Jesus one possessed of a devil, blind and dumb—another kind; and the blind and dumb man spake and saw.

In the fifteenth chapter the woman of Canaan cried, "Have mercy on me, oh, Lord, thou son of David. My daughter is sorely vexed with the Devil." At first he wanted nothing to do with her because he did not come to her people; he came to the Jews looking for lost sheep; but afterwards on account of her faith he cured her.

In the sixteenth chapter a man brought his son to Jesus. The boy was crazy, he said, a lunatic, vexed, oftentimes falling in the fire and water. Jesus rebuked the devil and the devil departed out of the boy and the boy was cured. Now, did the man who wrote that believe in devils? Did the Christ who did that believe in devils?

And then the disciples asked Jesus why they could not cast that devil out. You see that was a peculiar devil. Jesus told them that it was because of their

unbelief, and then added, "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting!" Couldn't do anything with that kind of devil with a full stomach—nothing.

So in Mark we read the story about the spirit leading Christ into the wilderness to be tempted by the Devil. The same thing.

Now, was this being, this devil, a real being? Was this spirit, the Holy Ghost who claimed to be the father of Christ, a real being, or was he a personification? Is heaven a real place, or is that a personification? I don't know. It might be asked, why did God wish to be tempted by the Devil? I don't know. Was God ambitious to gain victory over Satan? Was Satan foolish enough to think that he could mislead God? And is it possible that the Devil offered to give the world as a bribe to its creator and its owner, knowing at the same time that Christ was the creator, was the owner, and also knowing that Christ knew at that time that he was the Devil, and knew that he, the Devil, was not the owner? Is it possible that the Devil lacks sense to that degree that he tried to bribe Christ by giving him his own property? I don't know.

Is not this story absurdly idiotic? If you think, I mean—forget the old creed, forget the solemn tone of the dear man who knew nothing on the subject, and think. The Devil knew that Christ was God and knew that Christ knew that he, the tempter, was the Devil, and yet he tried to fool him.

It may be asked how I know that the Devil knew that Christ was God. My answer is found in the same chapter. In that chapter is an account of what a little devil said to Christ, or several of them. They said: "Let us alone. What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us?" And one little devil said: "I know thee. Thou art the holy one of God."

Certainly if the little devils knew this, the great Devil, king of all, must have had the same information.

Jesus rebuked this devil and said to him, "Hold thy peace and come out of him." And when the unclean spirit had torn him and cried with a loud voice, he did come out.

So we are told that Christ cast out many devils and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew him; and in the third chapter it is stated that unclean spirits when they saw Christ fell down before him and cried, saying, "Thou art the son of God." You see they knew it; so the Devil himself must have known it.

In the sixth chapter we are told that Christ cast out many devils and anointed with oil many that were sick. I don't know what good oil would be in working a miracle. It might make it easier. Here again the distinction is made between those possessed by devils and those afflicted by disease. So the same accounts are given in Mark, for the most part, that we find in Matthew. They brought a boy before Christ, and when the boy saw Christ the spirit "tare him and he fell on the ground and wallowed, foaming"; and Christ asked his father, "How long ago is it since this came unto him?" He answered, "Of a child." And then Christ said: "Thou dumb and deaf

spirit, I charge thee, come out of him; enter no more into him." What is the use of speaking to a deaf and dumb spirit? He couldn't hear. Well, that is another of the mysteries. Then the disciples asked why they could not cast him out, and he gave the old reason that they could not get them out except by fasting and prayer.

Now, is there any doubt about the belief of the man who wrote that account? Is there such a thing as a dumb and deaf devil? If there is, then a devil is an organized being, organized on a physical basis. He has some means of hearing; he has vocal chords, organs of speech, and when they got out of order he got dumb, and when his ears got wrong he was deaf; but he was a physical being. Now, it is not the ear that hears; it is the brain. So these devils must have had brains, organized beings. You could hardly say that a personification is deaf and dumb, you know. You would not refer to a parable as being diseased, and you would not think of saying that a myth, for instance, has the measles, or anything of that kind.

So there are many of these chapters that are substantially alike. In Luke you find again the temptation of Christ, and in the synagogue a man has the spirit of an unclean devil, and this devil recognized Christ and said, "Thou art the Holy One of God."

As a matter of fact, the Apostles relied upon the evidence of devils to substantiate the divinity of Jesus Christ. Jesus said to that devil, "Hold thy peace and come out of him." And the devil threw the man down; then left.

Lots of devils come out of men crying, "Thou art Christ, the son of God." "And Christ suffered them not to speak," because they knew he was God, knew he was Christ.

Now, it will not do to say that these devils were diseases. No! Diseases could not talk; diseases could not recognize Christ as the son of God. After all, you cannot say that epilepsy is a theologian. I admit that lunacy comes nearer.

So in the 22nd chapter an account is given of the betrayal of Christ by Judas, and here it is: "Then entered Satan into Judas Iscariot." Then entered Satan—Satan—into Judas. "And he went his way and communed with the chief priests and captains, how he might betray him unto them. And they were glad, and covenanted to give him money."

Now, let us examine this a minute. According to Christ, the little devils knew that he was the son of God. Certainly then Satan, the king of all the fiends, knew that Christ was divine; and he not only knew that, but he knew the Scheme of Salvation. He knew that Christ wished to make an atonement of blood by the sacrifice of himself; and according to Christian theologians the Devil has always been doing the best he could, or the worst he could, to gain possession of the souls of men; and at the time he entered into Judas, and persuaded him to betray Christ, he knew that if Christ was betrayed he would be crucified; that if he was crucified he would make an atonement for all believers, and that, as a result he, the Devil, would lose all that Christ gained. What interest had the Devil in defeating himself?

Just think about it. If the Devil could have prevented the betrayal of

Christ, then there would have been no Crucifixion; no Atonement would have been made; the whole world would have gone to hell for ever, and heaven would have been for rent. The success of the Devil would then have been complete. But according to this story the Devil outwitted himself, and if this be true, again I say, how thankful should we be to his Satanic Majesty. If this account be true, it was the Devil who opened for us the gates of Paradise, and made it possible for a human being to obtain eternal joy. Think of it. Without Satan, without Judas, not a single human being could have become an angel of light; all would have been devils in the prison of flames. And, according to this account, in Jerusalem, to the extent of his power, the Devil repaired the wreck and ruin he had wrought in the Garden of Eden.

Of course, it makes a contradictory, idiotic being; but this is the Devil of the New Testament. Certainly the writers of the New Testament believed in the existence of the Devil.

In the 8th chapter, it is said that out of Mary Magdalene were cast seven devils. I do not believe it; not a word of it. To me, Mary Magdalene is without any exception the most beautiful character in the New Testament. She is the only absolutely true disciple. She is the one unfaltering believer. In the darkness of the crucifixion she lingered near. She was the first at the sepulchre. Defeat, disaster, disgrace, death, could not conquer her love; and yet, according to the account, when she met the risen Christ, he said, "Touch me not! Touch me not!" This was the reward for her almost infinite devotion. Of all the characters of the New Testament I most admire Mary Magdalene, and I do not believe that any devil was ever cast out of her.

In the gospel according to John there is no account of the casting out of devils. May be John never heard of those things. I don't know. May be he had his doubts; may be he forgot it; but all the devils are cast out in Matthew, Mark, and Luke; none in John. None. May be some orthodox minister can explain this. He would put me under a personal obligation if he would do so.

In the Acts we are told that the people brought the sick and those who were vexed with unclean spirits to the Apostles, and the Apostles healed them. Here again a distinction is made between sickness and devils, and I want your attention to these things, because I want to establish the proposition that the New Testament does teach the existence of devils.

(To be continued.)

ZOLA'S TRIUMPH.

BY G. W. FOOTE, EDITOR "FREETHINKER," LONDON, ENG.

WE are nearing the end of the Dreyfus drama. And what a drama it has been! Played, not on a French stage, but on the stage of France—its actors not mumming, but palpitating with real passion—its audience the entire civilized world—and its central interest the honor, the very self-respect, of a great nation. The potent, grave, and reverend judges of the Court of Cassation have pronounced their decision. Representing the sovereign forces of law and justice, they declare that Dreyfus was wrongly condemned, they quash his conviction, and they order a new trial by court-martial, in terms precluding the possibility of his being found guilty on any evidence which is at present extant. Dreyfus himself is on his way home; he will soon fold to his heart the noble wife who has lent her sex a new dignity; he will shed happy tears over the dear children who are freed from a legacy of infamy; he will hold his head up in the sight of all honest and sensible men as a loyal son of France. Nor is this all. It is not even the chief thing. France herself, the land of the Revolution, the light-bearer to Europe, is restored to sanity of heart and head. She has learnt the truth, and accepted it; she has purged herself of the evil which was infused into her by traitors who masqueraded as her saviors; she admits that she was misled, that she sinned, and she is ready to make atonement. Those who knew her felt that she was sure to come right eventually. She is gallant and just and clear-thoughted above most nations. She has too much chivalry and logic to remain perpetually in the wrong. Again we behold her true self:

"The brilliant eyes to kindle bliss,
The shrewd quick lips to laugh and kiss,
Breasts that a sighing world inspire,
And laughter-dimpled countenance
Where soul and senses caught desire!"

Dull heads in England and elsewhere have been shaken over "the decadence of France." They saw only the black cloud, and forgot the eternal sunshine behind it. There is the France of Henry and Esterhazy, and the General Staff, and the timid, conniving ministers, and the gutter journals of reckless pandering to vile passions, and the stealthy, calculating Jesuits, and the ambitious, scheming priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, burning to avenge the "outrage" of 1870 and to restore the temporal power of the Pope. But there is also the France of Piquart—the hero without fear or reproach; the France of Zola—the man of letters, like Voltaire, who became a man of action to champion truth and justice in their supreme hour of trial; the France of Clemenceau, of Reinach, of Guyot, of Jaurès, of Pressensé, and scores of other publicists, who drew their bright, keen swords under the banner of reason and humanity, and fought their way through unparalleled obstacles

to a splendid victory. It has been a battle of magnificent brains as well as magnificent courage; and the end of it fills one with fresh hope for France, and for the world.

Hate is strong, but love is stronger. Injustice is strong, but equity is stronger. Interest is strong, but principle is stronger. When the clear appeal to the higher nature is made, it is rarely made in vain. There may be weary waiting for the answer, and weak hearts may despair; but the answer comes at last, and what are years in the march of human progress? Sometimes, indeed, the response is immediate, as when the great-hearted Garibaldi formed his army of red-shirts, by crying to the young men of his beloved land: "Follow me! I offer you nothing but hunger, and wounds, and death—for Italy." And they sprang to him smiling, ready for any sacrifice.

Even at the worst the French people should not be censured too peremptorily. The mistake they made over the Dreyfus affair was so natural. It was easier to think that one man was guilty than to think that the trusted chiefs of the Army, with the connivance of well-known statesmen, had engaged in a huge and terrible conspiracy to ruin an innocent officer. Dreyfus had been tried by a court-martial, and, although soldiers are not so skilled in evidence as judges, and lawyers, it was hard to believe that a flagrant injustice had been deliberately committed. What the people did not see was the secret and governing factor of the case. Dreyfus had been selected as an easy scape-goat because he was a Jew. It was a skilful move on the part of the real culprits, who perhaps were not all of the minor rank of Henry and Esterhazy. They calculated that a Jew would have no friends, that he might be condemned and put away, and that the "leakage" would be forgotten. Non-Catholics had been weeded out of the General Staff, and the Army chiefs were all in the hands of father confessors, who were delighted to behold a Jew ruined and disgraced. After the crime was committed the organs of the Catholic Church were always insisting on the guilt of Dreyfus; and they were powerfully assisted not only by the organs of the Army, but by the organs of Monarchy and Imperialism, and by journalistic adventurers like Drumont and Rochefort. The combination was extraordinarily powerful. It included all the enemies of the Republic, who are still very numerous and influential. No wonder, then, that the mind of France was abused, and that it has been so long and difficult a task to bring about a recognition of the truth.

The part that Zola has played in this struggle will ensure his name being handed down as something more than that of a great man of letters—as that of a hero. At the very moment—it was just after the mock trial of Esterhazy by his brother conspirators—when the one thing needed was a man of sufficient distinction to step forward and slap the criminals and their abettors in the face, and to do it openly and publicly so that it could not be ignored, Zola rose to the height of the occasion, and risked his position, his living, his liberty, and almost his life, to bring the Dreyfus affair to a crisis and open the way to a public revelation of the facts in a court of justice. When he left France for England—the land of exiles, and may she ever remain so!—he was not seeking personal safety in flight. Revision of the Dreyfus case was

what he desired, and his own presence in France would have meant a diversion from the issue he was seeking to force. Now that revision is an accomplished fact he is back in Paris, and quietly attending to his own business, after intimating to the authorities that he is ready, if they are, to go on with his suspended trial. "Even," he says, "as I remained quiet abroad, so shall I resume my seat at the national hearth like a peaceful citizen who desires to disturb none, but would simply take up his usual work without giving people any occasion to occupy themselves further about him." He has proved, and is still proving, the simple accuracy of his own words: "I have had but one passion in my life, the love of truth, for whose cause I have fought on every battlefield."

Zola looks forward to seeing and pressing the hand of the man he has helped to extricate from a living entombment. "That moment," he says, "will suffice to repay me for all my troubles." He desires appeasement and reconciliation in France, but he also believes that penal measures are necessary. "If some awe-inspiring example be not made," he adds, "if justice do not strike some of the high-placed guilty ones, never will the masses, the *petit peuple*, believe in the immensity of the crime. A pillory must be raised in order that the multitude may at last know the truth. But I leave to Nemesis the task of completing her avenging work—I shall not aid her."

We cannot refrain from quoting a few more lines from Zola's letter in *L'Aurore*:

"The crop we shall have sown will not be one of hatred, but one of kindness, equity, and experience. It is necessary for it to grow and yield its harvest. Can one now foresee how rich that harvest may be? All former political parties have collapsed, and there now remain but two camps—the reactionary forces of the past on the one hand, and the men bent on inquiry, truth, and uprightness who are marching towards the future, on the other. This order of battle alone is logical; we must retain it in order that to-morrow may be ours. To work, then! By pen, by speech, and by action! To work for progress and deliverance! 'Twill be the completion of the task of 1789, a pacific revolution in mind and in heart, the democracy welded together, freed from evil passions, based at last on the law of labor, which will permit an equitable apportionment of wealth. Thenceforward France, a free country, France a dispenser of justice, the harbinger of the just society of the coming century, will once more find herself a sovereign among the nations."

Zola's triumph is complete. It is great and splendid. He has acted with wisdom and patience as well as the loftiest courage. And mark you this, good Christians, he is a Freethinker. He is animated by no religious motive, in your sense of the words, but by the principles of reason and humanity. Recollect, too, that nearly all the men who have fought beside him for the triumph of justice are likewise Freethinkers. And recollect that the organized forces of Christianity in France have been arrayed on the opposite side.

CASTELAR.

BY ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.

THERE is a pathetic significance in the death of Castelar—the greatest of the orators, if not the greatest of the statesmen, of Spain—at the present melancholy crisis in the decline of that unfortunate country, into whose tragic history he has introduced within the last quarter of a century so much of the deathless element of romance.

Castelar's statesmanship was of that loftier character which is unhappily so frequently alien from the calculations of modern politicians, and which develops itself in imperishable principles. And if the utility of a method is to be determined by its results, there are to be observed, even in results, incontrovertible evidences that there was a virtue in the methods he pursued. Three years after he commenced to expound the principles of his political faith found a republican form of government established in the Spanish dominions, and the Queen a voluntary exile from the throne. Liberty then emerged from its ten thousand retreats, and prosperity fixed its abode in the soft valleys of that luxurious land that has given so much music and love to mankind. The principles on which the illustrious orator sought to found an enduring nation were, however, never popular, and plots beneath plots and treasuries within treasuries accomplished the destruction of democracy, and monarchy in all its horror and iniquity was restored. Twenty-seven years of autocracy followed, with Spain on several occasions hovering in dangerous proximity to the verge of ruin. Despotism since then has triumphed, and now at the close of the most splendid of the centuries Spain writes those sad but immortal pages of its history—a nation swiftly hastening to a terrible decay, its colonies subdued and lost forever,—and no cause for it all save the uninterrupted series of crimes and of treasuries which were committed by those who were honored by the nation they betrayed.

Castelar's antipathy to monarchy was not an aversion to the form but to the substance of that method of government which has been developed by the modern politicians of Spain. In highly civilized countries, in England and her colonies, and in the United States of America, a change in the form of Government would be a circumstance of comparative historical unimportance, so firmly are the affairs of those countries controlled, and their destinies moulded and determined by the people. A monarch in England or a president in the United States is scarcely more than the equivalent of an experienced statesman. Indeed, so superfluous have both seemed, and so trifling has their influence been in the vast destiny-creating crises of modern ages, that there is reason to suspect that the next tremendous empire which may arise like a figure in a dream before the eyes of an enlightened humanity will very probably find no location in its polity for either a President or a King. Form has no place in the institutions of civilization. It is only when institutions are in the weakness of either their infancy or their decay that they seek in

form what in the epoch of their strength they ought to find in substance. Spain has rapidly tottered on its journey to ruin, and to-day in the ancient forms which it guards with such valorous intrepidity are to be found the latest remains of that great empire's vanished strength. All that is ancient, all that is despotic, all that is autocratic, all that is intolerant, all that wages a cruel warfare with liberty and democracy, and those principles which are imperishably identified with the development of civilization through the centuries, are gathered in a cluster round the crumbling throne of Spain. And in the fall of that throne Castelar heard the sound of breaking idols, and saw the death of ancient traditions, and felt the electric emotion of the coming of newer things, and through the darkness which human minds had made, he saw in splendid fancy the beams of a richer and a rarer light than had ever dawned on his benighted country. And inspired by that radiance which he saw but could not greet, he labored, and toiled, and yearned, and sacrificed his happiness to remove the Spanish sovereign from her throne.

Castelar has long been regarded as one of the most marvellous orators of the century. Those erudite critics who have heard him record that the wizard magic of his eloquence has been unparalleled as far as can be determined from a comparison of his efforts with those strange remains of classic oratory which human art has but imperfectly preserved. To have surpassed Gladstone and Bright and Gambetta and Webster and Sumner and Phillips and Corwin and McGee is a rare title to fame, and it leads us to vainly conjecture to what a master of a declining art the thrilling ears of Spaniards must have listened when he stood before the sweetest souls that love had ever made, and with thought of rarest delicacy, and voice of richest music, told them of the romance-haunted history of the land where beauty withered, and where loveliness was perpetually near.

The great orator has died in the hour of his country's prostration, when its future gloomily darkens on the margin of a disappearing century, when its past fitfully glimmers through the centuries of superstition, and the present, robbed of romance, nervously experiences the tribulations of a terrible reality. Perhaps his country's misery hastened the illustrious orator's early end. Perhaps he, whose soul dwelt amid loveliness and sweetness and joy and beauty closed his eyes forever rather than see the cruel hand of an alien nation write the tragic epitaph of his beloved country. Let us who are realists hope for Spain's sake that the vanquished nation will rise again to a position far surpassing that which she held before her fall. And let us who are romanticists hope for Castelar's sake that the country he loved so well will long remain in history to honor the imperishable memory of those immortal spirits that belong to an age which has long since passed away.

PAGANISM IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY REV. TH. TREDE, Pastor of the Evangelical Church at Naples. Translated for the
Open Court by Prof. W. H. Carruth, University of Kansas.

II.

For the judgment of past and present it is important to know the connection between the oldest churches of Southern Italy and the pagan temples.

Nearly all the oldest church structures originated in one of the three following ways: either they made use of all sorts of temple materials, and especially pillars, or they were built upon the same foundation which once bore a temple, or the temples were transformed into Christian churches. That is, pagan materials served to make the new Christian structure. This sort of church buildings may serve as a simile to characterize the spiritual reconstruction of those centuries. The Church of that time built a new spiritual structure, but of pagan materials.

In S. Clemente, on the road between Naples and Salerno, lies one of the least known and at the same time most remarkable churches of Christendom, notable because it has come down to our time almost unaltered, although it belongs without question to the fifth century. It is a baptistery, and therefore round and provided with a variety of antique pillars. Pillars from what was once the temple of Apollo are seen in the church of St. Restituta in Naples, pillars from the temple of Poseidon in the pilasters of the cathedral in the same place. There are antique pillars in the old church of St. Costanzo on the island of Capri, which marks the place down by the sea where the ancient

village of Capri stood, destroyed later by the Saracens. These are but a few of the instances from the oldest period of Southern Italian church structures. When later the Lombards settled here and had princely residences in Salerno, Capua, and Benevento, they too used antique columns in their church edifices. It was some five hundred years before the supply of columns was exhausted. Toward the last Pæstum became a rich source of supply. Thence the Norman duke Robert Guiscard brought the ancient columns for his cathedral at Salerno on which he inscribed himself "dux," "rex," and "imperator," as may be read to-day. The atrium of this cathedral still shows the stolen columns of the proud Norman. From Pæstum also the rich merchants of the once mighty Amalfi procured a supply of columns for their cathedral. Twenty splendid granite columns, which adorn the cathedral of Gerace are of Hellenic origin, taken from the ruins of ancient Locri. The Norman duke Roger, who once resided in Melito (Calabria), procured columns from the ruins of Hipponion near the modern Monteleone.

It is worth nothing that the erection of such columns in churches, especially in the oldest times, was done in a very unsystematic way. They took what they found—and accordingly we see even yet pillars of very different kinds standing side by side. And a similar method was

pursued by the Church of those centuries in its spiritual edifice.

Just as they gathered up columns, so they did other pagan objects which could be used in the churches for various purposes. In the cathedral at Naples we see a splendid basalt basin with beautiful reliefs showing the worship of Bacchus, snatched from some temple. It serves as a baptismal font! In the cathedral at Terracina is seen an ancient granite tub, in the cathedral at Amalfia an antique vase, in the cathedral at Syracuse a very pagan and secular mixing-vessel. It is known that in many churches in Rome there are marble episcopal chairs which once stood in the bath-rooms of the public baths of Diocletian. Rome, indeed, gave a widely followed example in the gathering up of pagan material for ecclesiastical purposes. By this statement we mean not merely bath chairs, and so forth, but we are thinking also of material for the spiritual edifice of the Church.

Numerous antique sarcophagi with their pagan reliefs constitute an odd adornment of the older churches of Southern Italy. They are found, for instance, in Salerno, Capua, Amalfi, Cava (in the monastery of S. Trinita), Palermo, and in Naples and Girgenti. It is a strange sight when the eye is surprised in a Christian church by Hellenic-Roman inscriptions and finds dancing bacchantes where they should not be expected. The sarcophagus in Girgenti is famous, with its relief representing the legend of Hippolytus. When we come to examine the spiritual structure of the Church more closely we shall be still more surprised by mythological features of a different sort than by those on the sarcophagi mentioned.

Little is preserved of the chief adornment of the temples, the statues of the gods, for while in Italy no sweat was wasted over deliberate and violent destruction of the temples, during these two centuries of conflict the images of the gods were for the most part destroyed, and what is found in the museums, as at Naples, is but a remnant. For in that city images of the gods were so numerous that the proverb ran: "You are more likely to meet a god than a man in Naples." Only one of all the extant statues of the gods in Southern Italy has escaped the lot of imprisonment in a museum. It is a mutilated Ariadne which stands beside a fountain in the vicinity of Monte Leone, where it is worshipped unto this day under the name of Santa Venere, just as Poseidon was worshipped in the temple at Pæstum, the divinity being identified with the statue. "Saint Venus" is appealed to by women under certain circumstances down to this day. And the harbor at that place is named after her: Porto Santa Venere.

The temples from which the statues of the gods had disappeared, when once they were changed into churches, or when new churches were built on their foundations, were straightway occupied by the ancient paganism under the guise of Christianity. The pagan rhetor Libanius, who in that period of conflict presented to the Roman emperor a defence of the endangered temples, was right: "They may close the temples against the gods, but not the hearts of men." Some instances will illustrate this.

The oldest church that was built within the walls of Naples in the sixth century (there were some churches built without

the walls previous to this), stood upon the ruins of a temple of Artemis, and was dedicated to the Madonna. The latter took the place of the former and assumed all of her former functions. In the ancient campanile of this church, built of brick, one may still see all manner of fragments of that temple. To this day in that church women ask of the Madonna precisely what was once asked of Artemis in the same place. On the slope of Posilipo, near Naples, there stands solitary on the shore a church of the Madonna on the spot where once sea-faring men could see a temple of Venus Eupleua, that is, the divinity who protected harbors and navigation. To the present hour in the eyes of the fishermen the Madonna performs the same offices as did once Dame Venus, and gifts are brought to her altar as of old, and vows performed before her image as once they were before that of Venus Eupleua.

There was in Naples a temple of Antinous, the well-known favorite of the Emperor Hadrian, who placed him among the gods after the youth had incurred death for his sake. On the place of this temple has stood from early times the church of St. John the Baptist, who also incurred death for the sake of his master. John the Baptist, then, in the simplest and most natural fashion, displaced Antinous and assumed in the eyes of the so-called Christians the same office that Antinous had filled.

In Terracina, the church of S. Cesareo stands upon a temple of Augustus. In Messina, St. Gregory displaced Jupiter in the same manner; and in Girgenti, Zeus was likewise obliged to flee before St. Gerlando. And when St. Benedict came to

Monte Cassino, in the sixth century, St. Martino, that warlike saint, chased away Apollo, who, as we all know, had pierced with his dart the serpent Python. On the highest point in modern Pozzuoli stands the cathedral of St. Proculus, on the foundation of a splendid temple of Augustus which the Apostle Paul saw when he landed there.

One who travels along the magnificent mountain road toward Sorrento and enters the divinely favored plain at Meta, covered with fragrant orange groves, will find in Meta a famous church of the Madonna which offers the same miraculous cures that were once sought on the same spot in a temple of Minerva Medica. From the fifth century there has existed in a cave on the majestic promontory of Monte Gargano, in Apulia, the ancient sanctuary of St. Michael, who expelled from the place in the fifth century the oracular dæmons of Kalchas. We shall later hear more of this famous shrine.

At Marsala (in Sicily), a church of St. Giovanni was built above the cave and magic spring of a sibyl, and there the saint still dispenses oracles—that is, has displaced the sibyl. On the summit of Mt. Vergine, near Naples, once stood a sanctuary of the Magna Mater (Cybele), and when St. Guglielmo built his cells there as a hermit, he found the remains of the sanctuary, which had been a pilgrim shrine of the pagans down to the days of the last emperors. Upon the ruins was erected a church of the Madonna, which was soon equipped with a famous miraculous image (*imago prodigiosa*), and thus once more a "magna mater" reigns there, who is so highly esteemed that this shrine attracts more than fifty thousand pilgrims every

year at Pentecost. In the sixth century a pagan asked the monk Isidor what difference there was between the magna mater Cybele and the Madonna.

One of the best examples is furnished us in the Madonna del Capo (of the Promontory). On the towering Licinian promontory near Croton, on the Gulf of Tarentum, stood formerly the temple of Hera Lucina, the religious centre for all the Hellenic colonies of that coast, a shrine of solemn pilgrimage to which came every year a brilliant-hued procession, just as in Athens to the Parthenon. Forty-eight marble columns enclosed this sanctuary, which stood in the midst of a murmuring fir grove and guarded immense treasures, which, however, even a Hannibal spared, fearing the wrath of the deity. When this temple came into Roman possession it retained its popularity, the only change being that the name of the goddess was changed to Juno Lucina. Then Christianity entered the country, and in the fifth century the bishop of Croton changed the temple into a church. Again only a slight change was made, for the divinity whose image was displayed there was now called Mary, but in her function and influence she was all that Juno had been. Afterwards as before processions went up thither, afterwards as before vows were performed, afterwards as before women appealed in the most important concerns of life to Mary-Juno-Hera. Pythagoras, who developed his chief activity in Croton, induced the women there to lay their ornaments on the altar of Hera. In later times many Christian virgins did the same before they renounced the world and entered the cloister. That temple of the Madonna was left solitary when the Sara-

cens devastated the coast, the sacred image was taken to Croton, but the temple itself remained in good preservation for a long time. Finally, it was destroyed by a bishop of Croton, who constructed a palace for himself out of the material. This man bore the name of Lucifero, and lived about the year 1520. To-day it may be said of the temple :

“ Only one lofty column
Tells of its vanished splendor.”

Finally, an example from Sicily. On Mount Eryx, in the northern part of the island, illumined by sunshine or veiled in clouds, there overlooked the sacred salt tide the temple-sanctuary of Aphrodite, famous throughout antiquity among both Greeks and Romans. The temple has disappeared, but on the same height, now called Monte S. Giuliano, the graciously smiling, loving Madonna is worshipped. Aphrodite kept there her sacred doves, and to this hour doves are to be seen fluttering about the mountain and the sacred spot, for no priestly conjuration has been able to remove this relic of paganism. A strange testimony this !

In this rechristening of the old gods also an example was set the church by eternal Rome, this episcopal capital which had been christianized outwardly at the end of the fourth and the beginning of the fifth century. Pagan mothers were in the habit of taking their sick children to the sanctuary of Romulus, and imploring aid of him who had been suckled by the she-wolf on the spot. The church did not want the Christianized mothers to be deprived of any comfort, and accordingly erected a Christian sanctuary there, and established in it St. Theodorus, to whom

mothers appealed just as before they had done to Romulus. This transformation took place in the fourth century, and the church referred to—a round structure of brick, partly ancient material—still stands. Two centuries later eternal Rome crowned the work of rechristening by transforming the Pantheon, the temple dedicated to all the gods, into a church sacred to all the martyrs, after taking into it whole waggon-loads of holy bones.

Even in the fourth century many a man of deeper insight complained of the merely nominal Christianity of the masses who were floating with the current. These were the voices of prophets in the wilderness. There is a mournful sound in the judgment of Augustine upon his time: "Jesus is seldom sought for his own sake." It is a painful saying when Chrisostom compares the church of his time with a woman who has retained only the empty chests in which her wealth had been. While even such superior minds were by no means able to escape entirely the spell of paganism, others floated along with this tide that was submerging the church without being aware that they were dominated by paganism. We mean to include all those churchmen of the two centuries of con-

flict who assigned to the saints and martyrs the very same function which, according to the doctrines of the Stoics and the Neo-Platonists, belonged to heroes, dæmons, and guardian spirits. Without difficulty the outwardly Christianized pagan masses found again in the church what they had just surrendered.

The Spartans had apotheosized their Lycurgus, the Hellenes Hercules and other heroes, the Romans their emperors (including Constantine), and Hadrian had deified his Antinous. The church did the same with its martyr-heroes. The church said: "Juno Lucina is a false divinity; Mary is the true intercessor between men and the Most High." This was the "lenitas," the mild method, of the Church, which often made pagans Christians by the wholesale, but gave to Christianity a pagan form, and accordingly reared a spiritual edifice that corresponded with the church edifices of those centuries of conflict. In both, pagan material was used. The protection of pagan deities which had been secured by pagan religious ceremonies made way for Christian ceremonies which ensured the guardian care of Christian divinities. The fact remained; only the name was changed.

(To be continued.)

LOVE AND LABOR.

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

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

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CHAPTER XVII.

ONE result arising from throwing open the Arderne town house to company was that Gilbert's circle of acquaintances suddenly widened. After a few receptions, or "crushes," as they are sometimes called by those most accustomed to them, the wealthy young Norfolk squire awoke, if not to find himself famous, yet to realize that he possessed a ready means to surround himself with those who were so, for in commercial England, much more than in Augustan Rome, virtue, fame, honor, and all things divine and human, acknowledge the supremacy of riches. Surely the poets, if such abnormalities have been perpetuated to our time, and the poetasters, whose tribe shall not decrease, are woefully in error in alluding to a lapsed golden age. The age we live in is the true golden age, though not perhaps an age of gold; bounteous and powerful; munificent to the elect to whom in their very sleep Providence gives increase, potent in preserving an equilibrium by chaining the unruly giant, Labor, by means of the wage system,—beneficent and in all respects satisfactory substitute for slavery and serfdom!—to the triumphal chariot of Progress. Fie on ye, messieurs the poets! would you have mankind revert to primeval skin-raidment, to water from the brooks and a dietary of leaves, fruit and roots? Rest ye content in the assurance that even for ye, myopic creatures that you are, the age you seem to contemn has its generous provision of ten per cent. royalties, where-with tailors may be conciliated and butchers taught to assuage their innate ferocity when lambs like ye approach them. Rest ye content, for, thanks to the printing press, your bruit is made known in the remotest township of America,

where, *mirabile visu!* the Sunday newspaper oftentimes devotes a whole column of type to an account of your works and ways and eke to your physical appearance. What, in their day, was Homer's, Virgil's fame, compared to yours on whose behalf the winged goddess has harnessed the very lightning? Rest ye content, then, adjust your spectacles, and sigh no more for what is gone for ever.

One evening, having previously attended a "silver fête" at Chiswick, our hero and the versatile editor of the *Piccadilly Chronicle* went in company to the Viscountess Dyffryn's "at home." The fête itself, attended by royalty and enlivened by the performances of some professionals, eminent in their respective lines, had been a great success, but towards the close Gilbert began to feel bored. The balloon ascension, maypole dance, and merry-go-round, moving merrily to the strains of the first military band in the Empire, all harmonized with the conception of a village merrymaking, but *Ah che la morte* and a Venetian boat-song, brought direct from Covent Garden in the well-powdered throat of Madame Strida, spoiled the illusion.

Her ladyship's reception was, however, a brilliant affair, the crush being tremendous. Mr. Lieu, apparently in some confusion with regard to the area of Grosvenor Square, affirmed that all London was present, a statement somewhat irreconcilable with the figures of the last census. At all events, literary and artistic London must have all, or nearly all, been at home with the Viscountess that night. Look where you would lions abounded, lions that, by virtue of their membership in the mutual admiration society of successful

authors, were wont, at least when in their dress-coats and with their betters, to "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." Academicians, for the most part well kept and easy of manner, and to a man showing signs of intellectual force in their faces, were there, with prominent members from both parties in the House of Commons, peers, prelates, and military men with faces, generally speaking, suggestive of infinity.

Lady Dyffryn herself, who was said by the knowing ones to own the finest neck and bust in London,—which all who had eyes might easily decide for themselves,—pounced eagerly upon Mr. Lieu.

"Ah!" she cried, "you naughty man, I saw you and Mr. Arderne standing on the fringe of the crowd at the fête. I am dying to read what you think of it all. Stay by me a minute, if you please, I must speak to the Duchess. Isn't she lovely? That dress is white foulard; she is certainly the best-looking woman in the room. She rides divinely, and they say she has a gymnasium with sandbags hanging from the ceiling. A little too much embonpoint? ah yes, but she hits the sandbags to develop muscle and keep herself in condition. She is the most daring woman in the field, hedges and ditches are nothing to her. Ah! my dear Duchess, charmed to see you: did you like the fête? Everything went off so well."

When their hostess was, for a moment, again at liberty she once more endeavored to discover what the great editor had written, or intended to write, concerning the fête. In this, however, she was not very successful, for Mr. Lieu, while profuse of compliment, was sphinx-like in point of revealing his purposes beforehand.

"Her ladyship," he said, while crossing the room with Gilbert towards a corner where certain literary lions were gathered together, "would give her diamonds to be singled out in the *Chronicle*. In that respect they are all alike, the rage for notoriety is in our day a consuming fire. Men sell their souls for it and women

their—ha! there is Gaunt, the most successful novelist of the age: come, I will introduce you. I wonder who that little spare man is with whom he is talking? 'Gad, he seems to be laying down the law, too."

"I can, at least, tell you that," returned Gilbert; "the little man is a friend and neighbor of my own, Dr. Teulon the microscopist. I did not think he belonged to this set."

"Oh, Lady Dyffryn," said the editor, "makes a point of inviting all the celebrities, and Teulon's name, I fancy, has gone farther than the names of some squires I know, his neighbors perhaps. Was it not he who discovered the *kalo-phagos*, the germ that gives us the mumps?"

"I believe it was," assented Gilbert, "though I never heard that he found out how to prevent it."

"Ah! how d'ye do, Gaunt?" said the editor, "you look well, though I suppose you've slaughtered your thousands this morning, and exterminated a hundred kraals, eh? Permit me: my friend, Mr. Arderne; Mr. Arderne, Mr. Gaunt."

The great novelist, whose general appearance was highly suggestive of a retired butcher suffering from Pessimism, adjusted his monocle and took a prolonged survey of our hero.

"Glad to know you, ah, Mr. Arderne, ah, I'm sure," he drawled. "What, you know Teulon? that's all right, but Lieu is not so happy. Well, I'll settle that: Dr. Teulon, Mr. Lieu, and *vice versa*; so there you are. And now, Lieu, we've a crow to pluck together. What the deuce did you go for my book in that way for, eh?"

"Which book, my dear fellow?" inquired the editor; "really, you know your genius is so prolific that I scarcely know which was the last reviewed."

"Which?" exclaimed the great author, "why, the last one, to be sure, 'The Witch's Waist-cloth, or the Hidden Mystery.' You know well enough."

"Oh, that one," said the editor; "I thought you had published another since then, for that was a month ago. Well, what do you complain of in the review? We gave you a column, bourgeois type, while we cut down the narrative of mound explorations in America to about forty lines, and that entirely for your sake. What do you complain of?"

"Ah, as to the space, that's all right, but then look to the spirit of the thing. You treat me much too seriously. I object to being treated seriously, to have a long dissertation on the immortality of the soul spring out of the chance remark of one of my characters."

"But, Mr. Gaunt," said the editor, "was it not a chance remark, as you call it, of a Kafir that induced a bishop to write a monumental work on the Penta-teuch? Now it seems to me that some of your Kafirs are wonderfully profound fellows, phenomenally so, in fact."

"Oh, I'm not fishing for compliments, Lieu, so stow that sort of thing. Never mind how my Kafirs talk; the main point is that the sale of my book will be affected should our dear public get it into its head that it is a sort of treatise on the metempsychosis. What society wants is adventure, plenty of it, with a dash of love and jealousy. That is the secret of my success: I have given the muckrakes of society, the tuft-hunters, cheesemongers, and money brokers the opportunity of escaping for a time from themselves and their banalities into the region of romance. You can't pitch it too strong for such people. Their own lives are so sordid and commonplace that should some other fellow with an itch for scribbling treat them to a dose of canteen wit they would dub him a genius, and by Jove! he would run me hard for first place at the finish."

"Then you think the literary taste of the people is growing depraved, Mr. Gaunt?" inquired Gilbert.

"Not of the people, Mr. Arderne," answered Gaunt, "if by the 'people you mean the masses, among whom the old

masters are still the prime favorites. But among the higher classes, as we call them, it is different. You know how they live, new sensations are indispensable to them, and this necessity is the basis of my fortunes."

Dr. Teulon shook his head gravely. "You are not so bad as you pretend, Mr. Gaunt," he said; "I seldom or never read a work of fiction, so you must forgive me when I acknowledge ignorance on the subject of your books, but I feel sure that you are exaggerating in what you say."

"Exaggerating? I see indeed that you have not read my books, Dr. Teulon, and I am glad of it. My dear sir, ask any one of the five hundred poor devils who keep body and soul together by means of the prize competitions in the papers and other odd jobs with the pen here in London what place I fill in literature. They will tell you readily enough, and, by Jove! many among them are better qualified to give an opinion than most of the reviewers are. Ask them."

Feeling probably that this was delicate ground, and being by no means sure that Mr. Gaunt would particularly like to hear his own self-depreciation echoed by another, our hero inquired of Dr. Teulon if the young ladies were well.

"Quite well, thank you," was the reply; "Dorothy is here to-night, she is under the wing of Sir Peter Pottinger's wife; Peter and I are old friends, though he is a court physician now. You will most likely run up against her somewhere, Dorothy is not one to hide herself if she can help it."

Gilbert, having by no means forgotten the part played by that young lady in reporting what she had seen in the Copse, had no particular desire to meet her, but with large parties, as with the apparently desultory formations of a kaleidoscope, the various groupings are always governed by some unknown law of gravitation. Thus it happened that, almost immediately after shaking off the great editor, he found himself face to face with Dorothy.

"I saw you talking with pa," she said: "have you quite got over my interference with your flirtation—or was it a *liaison*?—with the Cornish girl? Now that the thing is done may we not be friends again?"

They had met almost directly under the dividing arch of the two apartments which, on such an occasion as the present, were thrown together into one great reception hall. Dorothy stood close to the pilaster of the arch, her figure partly hidden by a monster caladium whose glossy leaves hung down over the vase almost to the floor. Her dark beauty shone gloriously against the white and gold of the wall paper.

"Friends again, of course," answered he, inwardly amused by the pleading look in her eyes, "we are too old associates to have a serious quarrel, I hope. But, Dorothy, if the old understanding is to be revived you must promise not to interfere where you have no right to do so."

"And not to tell tales out of school, too, I suppose," she said; "is there anything more, *mon seigneur*?"

"One thing more, Dorothy, and that an important one. You must not speak so flippantly, I may say cruelly, of Miss Varcoe. She is your sister's friend, a sufficient guarantee of her merit, surely."

The girl's black eyes flashed scornfully: "Oh!" she said, "I must not speak flippantly of Miss Varcoe. No doubt her merits are so great that they will add materially to that treasury where the masters say the superabundant virtues of the saints are kept under lock and key. What did I tell you out on the old tower down at Withington? was it not that you landlords consider everything made for your pleasure? Something like that I know."

"Dorothy, if we are to be friends you must learn to behave like a sensible creature. What need can there be for so much sarcasm and affected scorn? You were always a little wilful, though, I remember."

"Because you always teased me. Boys are great tyrants and cowards, the best of

them, and men I suppose are much the same. But I am no child now, Mr. Arderne. A sensible creature! Why, I am qualifying for a place among the leaders in the great revolt. I have already got pa to buy a bicycle."

"The great revolt?" said Gilbert; "what do you mean, Dorothy?"

"How stupid you are!" she exclaimed, striking his arm with her fan, "I mean woman's revolt against the tyranny of man. I am going in for the emancipation of my sex. How do you like that?"

"Not much, I assure you, Dorothy, for I fancy that in your case a most attractive woman will be spoiled. You were not made for single blessedness, I think. But you are only joking."

"Only joking! not in the matter of the bicycle, I assure you. Well, let us be friends then,—Gilbert and Dorothy,—and in order that we may continue so we will never mention her name again."

"Do you mean Amy's, Miss Varcoe's name?" asked he in astonishment at her persistence.

"Yes. I told you once before that I hated her. Why should her baby face come between us? She is too far beneath you for an honorable passion, and I suppose you have already found her far too proud to become your —."

Gilbert's face grew pale with suppressed anger while these cruel words were being spoken. For a moment he feared to trust himself to answer her, but when he spoke it was with calm determination, and Dorothy never forgot the contemptuous curl of his lip and the glitter of his proud eyes.

"Miss Teulon," he said, "you have once more shown me your real self. She whom you profess to hate so causelessly is immeasurably superior to you in all that constitutes a true woman. Your dislike of her is based upon jealousy and envy of her beauty. Place her here, bedecked in such finery as women love, and who is there to compare with her in loveliness? But let me warn you to control your

tongue and to keep your evil suggestions to yourself, for I will not suffer you even to whisper her name disrespectfully. I love her, Dorothy Teulon," and turning on his heel our hero walked away.

She watched him as he went down the room, bowing now and then as he encountered a familiar face, and she knew that he had gone from her for ever. How she would have liked to cry out, aye, even to imprecate evil on his head, for the warm Southern blood that filled her veins is quick and natures such as hers are prompt to hate even where they love! A stem of the caladium snapped like a pipe stem in her angry grasp, and the gigantic frond, emblem of her broken hope, fell softly at her feet.

Outwardly calm, Gilbert Arderne felt, however, that his interview with Dorothy had in some measure unstrung his mind. He wanted to be alone, not so much to recall the events of the evening as to form some decided, definite resolution regarding the future. Near the door, however, he met the ubiquitous editor who, taking him by the arm, said:

"What, going so early? wait a minute. That man there, he in the middle, you know him? the hero of Alexandria,—he is chaffing Gaunt and the others,—all novelists except the old fellow, who is a retired army surgeon,—the Mad Materialist they call him,—unmercifully. Says their books remind him of what follows a pork-pie supper: means nightmare, eh? Listen, he is going to spin a yarn."

"If you fellows only had a little experience as capital to draw upon," the naval man was saying, "you might give us a book worth reading. As it is, you are only able to evolve things from your inner consciousness, monsters huge, horrid, misshapen, and deprived of an eye, as the grammar puts it."

"A sailor referring to the grammar!" said a thin elderly man, with just a trace of the Scottish Doric in his speech, "surely that's an indication that the consummation is at hand." The speaker was a man of

profound scholarship,—he was even suspected of genius,—but for years he had eaten the bread and drunk the waters of Marah as a literary hack, only emerging from the desert of neglect by attaching himself as puffer-in-chief to the tail of Mr. Gaunt's kite.

"In that case, thank Heaven! we shall see the last of Gaunt's books," observed a third, "although there is always the dire possibility of one's meeting his heroes and witches in their spiritual bodies in Hades."

"Experience?" protested Gaunt, "experience? I should like to know what novelist has had more actual world-experience than myself. On the whole, a soldier sees quite as much of life as a sailor, I should say."

"Then why go into the sphere of miracles and prodigies for your materials?" said the naval man. "Make notes of what you see and hear, and weave your magic web of romance so that an air of reality and probability shall cling to it. Why we all, tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, meet with things that will bear repetition. Take this, for instance, which I heard when I was a middy in the old *Cymothoe*, fifteen years or more ago. You know we had a prince on board, so we visited, one after another, almost every place of interest in the Mediterranean, among them Taranto. There we found an American frigate,—they were nearly all wooden ships among the Americans then,—and we had some pleasant intercourse with our cousins. I don't know why it was, though, but the Jacks on both sides were awfully hostile when they met on shore. They did not actually fight, we took care of that, but they were always ready to badger each other. It's always so when we meet Americans in neutral ports; when we visit them in their own country they treat us all, from captain to boy, with wonderful hospitality. Strange, isn't it? However, to cut my yarn as short as I can. One afternoon I was in charge of the cutter going to bring off the doctor and chaplain. As we pulled in to

the jetty there was a boat from the Yankee frigate waiting for the captain, every man in his place. Now our bowman was an Irishman, a wild boy from Cork. We had to row past the other boat, and just as we were abreast of her one of her crew, hearing Paddy's brogue,—for he was never silent five minutes if he could find an excuse for saying something,—and seeing our ensign trailing at the stern, called out:

"So, Paddy boy, the old flag's low enough now, I guess, eh?" Quick as a flash came our bowman's answer:

"Just where it always was, darlin', sweepin' the says."

"Good," said the novelist, "very good, never heard a better. See, there's Lieu listening: we shall have that in the *Chronicle* to-morrow."

"Speaking of the *Chronicle* and of materials for novels," remarked the third man, whose back was towards our hero and his friend, "what do you think of that item in the *Globe* this evening? Did you see it, that story of the Norfolk man, Randall Arderne, coming back after being thought dead for ten years or so? It's true, though; he's been an awfully wild fellow. They say that he has for some time been a railway porter in Devonshire."

Gilbert Arderne caught every word of this announcement, and saw that, when too late, the novelist made some inhibitory sign to the speaker. Turning involuntarily he also saw that Mr. Lieu had heard and understood.

"The first I've heard of such a thing," said the editor; "most probably it's all nonsense. We are growing more Americanized every day, especially in the fine art of newspaper lying."

"If true I shall soon find it out, I suppose," returned our hero; "however, I'm off now. Are you going?"

"Just as well to go," said Lieu, "they'll be looking for me soon at the office."

It is not in human nature, at least in modern times when philosophy properly so-called has been so generally discredited and made void by its historians, to con-

template unmoved the threatened deprivation of a great estate. Many and frequent were the consultations between our hero and the family lawyers, and the statement and proofs of Randall Arderne were minutely examined, before Gilbert gave the least hint of the course he intended to pursue. On the other hand, his mother, who had from the first denounced the claimant as an impostor, insisted strenuously that her son should at once return to the Priory and remain in possession until the whole case should have been submitted to the law's arbitration. When Gilbert went over in detail Randall's extraordinary story, from the day of his leaving home and subsequent shipping as cabin boy at Newcastle, where he had made his way on board a collier from Yarmouth, Mrs. Arderne scoffed at the narration. Nevertheless, no link seemed wanting in this tale of youthful perversity, as the family lawyers,—after three months of careful inquiry and interrogations of grizzled old sailors under affidavit,—were compelled to acknowledge. The chain of evidence was complete, and it was found comparatively easy to trace it from Newcastle to Buenos Ayres, thence back to Liverpool, from Liverpool to the United States—where Randall passed three years in the Carolina mountains, half farmer, half hunter,—thence to South Africa, thence to Southampton and Exmouth. While employed on board a Brixham trawler, the wanderer met with an accident and at Sidmouth they found the doctor who had set the broken bone, and who had interested himself so far in the young man as to help him to a place on the railway.

All this was convincing enough, so far as it went, but the testimony of those who had known Randall in his youth,—of Mr. Summerford, the Mossingills, Abel Pilgrim—who was a most reluctant witness—and even of Dr. Teulon, made doubt well-nigh impossible. Moreover, besides the pocket Horace, which spoke for itself, and which the rector without hesitating a moment identified, there were Randall's watch,

which Dr. Teulon recognized, and one or two trinkets, birthday gifts, which a boy would be likely to prize and to carry away with him. One of these, a ring, bore his initials, and when questioned on the subject the young man declared that it had been bought in Cambridge and he gave the name, but could not tell the street, of the jeweler.

At last the day came when our hero had to resolve whether or not he would acknowledge Randall's pretensions. Hitherto those pretensions had been amicably urged, and every facility had been given for the closest scrutiny. Now, however, in due form of law came the peremptory notice that could not be evaded, and it became a question either of open resistance or of yielding. Gilbert Arderne chose the latter course and instructed his lawyers to that effect. When he heard this decision, the senior member of the firm, a grey-whiskered, serene old gentleman, said :

"Mr. Arderne, I think you have decided wisely. It is impossible to resist the conclusion,—I speak professionally, of course,—that this man is your cousin, Randall Arderne. That also is my partner's conclusion, I speak for us both. You are being dealt with hardly, hardly sir, by fortune, but right is right. I presume you will leave the details of the transfer to us,—quite so : there will be no delay, and you shall hear from us in due time. Poor fellow," he added, when our hero left the

office, "he feels this downfall pretty badly, as is but natural. I have no doubt the estate would have been better in his hands, but as I told him, right is right. I understand that Randall, when the settlement is effected, will keep the estate with us. Sensible fellow, after all ; his awful knocking about has left him a gentleman, which is more than one would expect."

The effect of this decision upon Mrs. Arderne was most distressing. There was one stormy interview with Gilbert and but one. Having twice denied herself to her nephew, Randall, she suddenly announced her resolve to retire to her old home in Kent, where she held a life interest. Hearing this, our hero said :

"Well, mother, you will still have three hundred pounds a year or so, I believe. It might have been worse. As for me, I intend to work for my own bread. To-morrow I will run down to the Priory and see that all our property is put in order and sent to you. Perhaps old Abel would prefer to go with you ; do you want him ? He is attached to us, I think."

"Pshaw !" she cried, "I never thought you so utter a fool before. He is the head and front of this vile conspiracy, and you cannot see it. If you can bear to go down there shorn of your feathers, do so. Abel Pilgrim, say you ? Who but that wretch could have provided the impostor with the means of doing this ?" The woman's intuition was proof even against crystallo-mancy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

O READER, friend of the muses and dearly beloved ! knowest thou the full measure of the wrongdoing of those authors who have now for more than half a century essayed to conduct thee into the asphodel meadow haunted by the shades of mighty heroes and by the protagonists of Romance ? Under the specious pretext of realism and of fidelity to nature and human nature, which is the mirror of the sweet mother herself, they have led thee far astray into a wilderness arid and barren, a desert of

dull narration, of milliners' catalogues and fashionable frippery. In the sacred name of truth they have protested against art in literature and condemned it as being stilted and unreal, so that the Ideal,—fountain of inspiration alike to poet, painter, and novelist,—has been despised and slighted, while Fancy, exiled from the realm of art, has betaken herself to the filthy kraals and wigwams of bestial savages and the foul purlieus haunted by the dregs of the barrack-room.

Die alten Fabelweisen sind nicht mehr,
Das reizende Geschlecht ist ausgewandert.

Yet art is but nature arranged and ordered by the perceiving mind, as idealism is the true and only source of realism, as the great philosopher Berkeley long since demonstrated. "I side," he wrote, "in all things with the mob," because by their intuitions the masses are led to recognize that those things are truest which scientist and schoolman have never yet been able to analyze or explain.

Assuredly Abel Pilgrim would scarcely have been taken either for a philosopher or an idealist, as he stood, one summer afternoon, on the roof of the old gate tower with his eyes turned to the road that wound beyond the village until it became a mere buff-colored thread in the distance. Nevertheless, the old house-steward was skilled in human nature, while, standing as we now see him, with his long fingers resting on the parapet, he was spinning a fine web of romance in the recesses of his crafty old brain. The idea uppermost in his mind, as he now and then allowed his gaze to sweep over the many broad acres of park, woodland, and arable land beneath him, was that henceforward all these would minister to his pleasure. True it was, no doubt, that by the return and recognition of the rightful heir this fine demesne had only suffered a change of owners, and that it still belonged to one whom he, Pilgrim, also called his master. Yes, this was true, but Abel was now anticipating the homecoming of this same master with feelings altogether unlike those with which he had ever looked for the return of Gilbert or Randall Arderne's father, the old squire. It was certain that many changes would now be inaugurated at the Priory, changes affecting perhaps many old servants and retainers, but the house-steward knew that he himself was secure from molestation or even interference. His services to Randall had been too many and too great for that young man ever to lose sight of them or even to call in question Abel's right to

live in the Priory almost on what footing soever he might choose. As he thought of this, and thought also of the increased respect which this would bring him in the eyes of the united parishes, he clasped his hands and twined his fingers with satisfaction, and his sympathy for the dispossessed one, who was even now in the old hall superintending the packing of his own and his mother's personal properties, was swallowed up in his own contentment.

Another look towards the village convinced Abel that Randall's carriage was not yet in sight, and, his thoughts reverting to Gilbert, he resolved to go down to the hall. Our hero had been at the Priory two days, and on two or three occasions he had plainly intimated his distrust of the steward's ostentatious professions of regret. On the whole, thought Pilgrim, it would be better if Gilbert's departure could be expedited so that he and Randall could not meet, and his own presence in the hall, now that his former master evidently regarded him as being insincere, would probably hasten the removal.

In order to reach the door of the staircase Pilgrim had to cross the leads. When on the other side of the tower, as he looked down the drive towards the lodge he saw a woman, wrapped in a coarse gray shawl, approaching the Priory. At that distance it was not easy to distinguish her features, but an undefined impulse moved the steward to go down and meet her. Recent events had effected a perceptible change in Abel's manner,—he had grown much more authoritative to his fellow-servants and generally presumptuous to the tradespeople. Midway between the house and the stables, just where the drive swept around towards the west wing, he met the woman, who drew a corner of the gray shawl partly across her face as he approached her. The steward made up his mind that she was a beggar, her thin, brown stuff skirt and black straw bonnet spoke eloquently of poverty.

"Come, good woman," said Abel, "where are you going? If you are want-

ing any help you had better go to the rectory at Hilton, the squire's away from home, and we can do nothing for you."

This abrupt greeting, while it brought the woman to a standstill, evoked no immediate answer from her, and Abel, judging that he had already frightened her, became imperative.

"Come, be off!" he said; "you will find no encouragement here. You may just as well give the village below there a wide berth, for the folks there don't like vagrants."

"I am no vagrant," said the woman, suffering the corner of the shawl to drop. "Look at me, Abel Pilgrim: do you not know me now?"

Her voice was low and not unmusical, and something in its tone caused the steward to start with emotion and to stare at her with curiosity. The face was that of a woman of fifty, evidently a woman of the lower classes, for the color of her skin, the dark hollows beneath the eyes, and the many wrinkles all told of penury and hardship. Yet it was a face that was once fair to look upon, in the days when the aquiline nose had been less tightly drawn, the chin less peaked, and the cheeks less sunken. Moreover, it was undeniably a resolute face, and the steward almost quailed before the sudden fire that shot forth from her large dark eyes.

"No," he said, "I do not know you; leastways I don't remember you. Yet you seem to know me: who are you, missus?"

"Not know me!" she said, with a forced laugh, "then I must be changed, —altered for the worse, no doubt, for age pays small respect to beauty. Fancy Abel Pilgrim not knowing Harriet Bates, *his* Harriet, the belle of Framingham, the mother of his child! Ah, Abel, Abel, I wouldn't have thought it of you!"

"What," cried the steward, "are you Harriet Bates? Well, Harriet, yes, I begin to recognize you now. But what are you doing here? You have taken a fancy to see the old home once more I suppose, and you want me to help you on your

way. Well, it's little I can do, for I'm a poor man, Harriet, a poor man. Yet I'm glad to see ye, lass; I'll not deny it, and that's more than every man would say who saw his own youthful folly brought in upon him in this way. How much will serve ye? Speak out, lass, for I have no time to waste to-day."

"I have been home," the woman returned,—"been home to find none that knew me hardly by name, to sit on my mother's grave, to curse the day and hour of my birth, aye, and to curse you, Abel, the cause of my ruin."

"Tut, tut, woman!" said Abel, "curses, they say, are like chickens, they come home to roost. What is past is past, and can't be cured. What is it you want? Where are you trying to go?"

"What do I want?" she cried, her eyes flashing; "I want my daughter, my child, your child, Abel Pilgrim."

"Your daughter!" he said. "Why, in the devil's name, what do I know of her? I thought you and she were dead long ago or had left the country: what do you come here for?"

"Where else should I go but here?" she asked. "Is not this the Priory, Randall Arderne's house, and is not John Randall my daughter's seducer, as you were mine, and do I not know that John Randall, who calls himself Randall Arderne, is —?"

"Hell and fury!" cried Pilgrim, rushing towards her and placing his hand on her lips; "not another word here, where we can be seen and almost heard. Hush, Harriet, for God's sake; hush and come with me. You shall have justice; I swear you shall have justice. By heaven, if what you say is true he shall marry her, aye, if he had to take her from the streets. Come, Harriet, come!"

With white scared face and trembling in every limb, the major-domo conducted the woman around the drive to the entrance in the west wing, and thence to his own room.

"Now," he said, "sit there and make

yourself comfortable, Harriet, and tell me the truth. Mind you, the truth; it will be better for us both, better for the child. Wait a bit. You have come from far to see me, and to say truth you've given me a sore fright; wait a bit, lass, while I get ye something."

The "something" was a black case-bottle two-thirds full of brandy. With unsteady hand Abel poured out the liquor, emptying his own glass at once as though it contained merely water. The woman, less agitated, having put the glass to her lips, asked for water, and the steward did not fail to notice this proof that, however hard her life had been, she had not accustomed herself to seek in strong drink an anodyne for misery.

"Begin from the time you left Norwich, lass," he said, "that's upwards of ten years ago. I've kept all your letters, Harriet, the last one with the others. I paid you what I promised fair and reg'lar every quarter; you'll not deny that."

"We went to Yarmouth," was the reply, "Mary and me. You had done all you could for me except to make me an honest woman. That I was set on becoming, I mean in the eyes of the world. The money I had from you was saved, every penny of it, and when I got to Yarmouth I looked about and opened a lodging-house. I gave out that I was a widow, and we managed to live. If the work was hard, why I was used to hard work,—what laborer's child isn't used to it in England? Mary was the joy of my life. She thought her father was dead,—I made up my mind she should never know that she was a bastard,—and we were happy till he came to us."

"He? Who?" asked Abel.

"John Randall, the man you have made master here," she replied. "He was poor enough when I took him in one night, the night that he ran off from the collier steamer that brought him from Southampton. For his mother's sake, when I found out who he was, I made him welcome, and he lived with me when he was ashore from the fishing. Mary was not quite sixteen

then, and like her mother before her she was misled by a villain's smooth tongue. When she told him her trouble he ran off to sea, but a month or so afterwards a lad who came to the house told us that he had seen John Randall in a cottage hospital down at Sidmouth, in Devonshire. Mary grew white and death-like when she heard this, and fainted away. That is how I first discovered her trouble. Two days after that she left me. I have not seen or heard anything of her since. But he knows where she is; he knows, and he shall tell me. That is why I am here, Abel Pilgrim: here to haunt you and him,—aye, to ruin you both maybe, unless you restore my child."

"Maybe he don't know where she is, Harriet," said Abel. "Leave this to me,—she is my child, too, you know,—and I'll see that he does the right thing."

"Your child!" the woman said scornfully; "a child who never knew a father's love. But let him look out, for I swear I will not leave this house without speech with him. He shall right her or he shall—"
"Hush, hush!" said Pilgrim, soothingly: "he is now too powerful to be threatened or bullied."

"Powerful!" she returned; "powerful! Aye, but who made him so? Who is he, Abel Pilgrim, you old fox? Is he more powerful than the law? tell me that."

"Who is he?" echoed the steward; "who is he? Why, he is the son of his father, Randall Arderne, the old squire."

"His son sure enough," she returned, "for well I knew his mother. She died next door to me near the old gate in Norwich, Abel; she had been, years ago, a—"

"Harriet Bates," hissed the old man, "one word more and I'll lay you dead at my feet. Keep your damned lies in your own breast, or it will be the worse for you and for your daughter. Have patience, and follow my lead, and Mary shall yet ride in her coach. Look, woman, I am able to work this puzzle out, if you don't interfere. Go home, then, back to Yarmouth, and leave it all to me."

"Never!" she cried. "I will never go back to Yarmouth. I shall stay here until my child is found and given to me."

"Stay here, then, in the devil's name," growled the steward, "only be quiet. There is a cottage vacant in the village; you shall have that to live in. I will furnish it to-morrow: you must say you are my cousin, ordered country air for your health. Will that do?"

The woman, after a moment's consideration, nodded her consent, and the steward left her with a promise to send up some refreshment. He saw at once that she could be trusted, her strong love for her daughter ensuring ready acquiescence in anything that promised to promote her child's restoration and happiness.

When he returned to the hall Abel Pilgrim found that the railway wagon, laden with Mrs. Arderne's effects, had already been dispatched, and that Gilbert was engaged in saying good-bye to the domestics. Abel was the last to whom he spoke, and the young man gave the steward a searching look as he shook his hand. At the same moment the long-expected carriage swept down the drive and drew up at the hall door. Crossing the threshold, Gilbert Arderne stood face to face with his cousin.

The two men, thus strangely brought together, looked into each other's eyes with eager interest. Of the two Gilbert was a little the taller, and his features in general were much finer than those of Randall, who was coarser in build with a frame somewhat unduly developed by years of manual labor. Despite their particular dissimilarities, however, an excellent composite photograph might have been made from them so much were they alike in profile. Randall was the first to speak, and while speaking he extended his hand with apparent cordiality.

"I heard you were here, cousin," he said, "and I hoped to be in time to prevent your sudden departure. The old house is big enough for us both; you are

heartily welcome to its hospitality if you like."

"Thank you, cousin," replied Gilbert, "that was kindly spoken, and I am glad to know that there is no bad blood between us. But, do you know, I do not think I could endure to occupy a secondary position here, and you know I have to open for myself that obdurate oyster the world."

"Pshaw!" cried Randall, "you must not let pride mar your prospects. Why not allow me to help you? The rent roll of Withington is at your service, and trust me, without capital you can do nothing but build up other men's fortunes."

It was kindly meant, and doubtless Gilbert's pride harmonized but poorly with his altered fortunes, but these words of his cousin gave him great annoyance.

"You mistake me much," he said, "if you propose that I should live subject to your bounty. However," he went on, "you mean well, although your kindness does not quite conform to what we call society manners. No, cousin Randall, I must not listen when you propose to me to become a hanger-on, a dependent poor relation. Good bye! Andrew Mossingill has his gig waiting for me long before this."

Striding manfully along, our hero gave no regretful look back towards the fine old house of which he had been so proud. Had he done so he would have seen the new master of Withington Priory standing on the highest step of the porch watching his withdrawal from the place that should know him no more. Gilbert Arderne did not know it, but the whole picture, even to the smallest detail, was graven on his mother's memory. Randall Arderne stood with his right hand in his pocket and with a contemptuous sneer on his face, exactly as she had seen him in the magic mirror. Within the doorway, however, stood Abel Pilgrim, and farther back in the great hall the domestics, headed by the butler and the housemaid, awaited the new master's entrance.

"There he goes," said Randall partly

to himself, partly so that the steward could catch the words, "reduced to poverty, but still as proud as Lucifer. Will he refuse my help always? we shall see. I wish him well, Abel, from my heart I do, but it is natural and right that I, the son of Randall Arderne, should be the master here."

The steward bowed respectfully as the young man entered the house. The long

fingers were clenched tightly at the old man's sides, and as Abel's head was lowered the snake-like curl of his thin upper lip was not perceptible. Perhaps, had Randall Arderne seen it, he would have found reason for concluding that henceforward the Withington rent-roll would have a double burden to sustain.

CHAPTER XIX.

RESOLUTE of purpose, our hero, after a brief visit to his mother in Kent, returned to London. Somewhere or other, he argued, there was a niche awaiting him, an unfilled place in the great mosaic of civilized society. When, however, after some weeks of perseverance, he found himself no nearer this opening he began to doubt whether, after all, there might not be some numerical disproportion between the niches and those who, like himself, happened to be unplaced. This was rather a serious consideration calculated to promote a suspicion that in the competition no place whatever could be found for one whose special qualification or adaptability, if such lay latent within him, was as yet an unknown quantity. Day after day he studied the advertisements in the papers, wondering all the while, as so many others wonder, what mysterious influence prevents those who advertise for places from meeting those other advertisers who have places to be filled. He had taken modest lodgings in a little square near Gower Street, a position sufficiently convenient to any part of London. Here he wrote letter after letter every morning, and here every evening he was mortified at finding no return communication. There was one promising advertisement calling for a young man of good address, and hinting at liberal remuneration in the way of salary and commission, that tempted our hero to special effort as a letter-writer. Two days passed, and Gilbert was beginning to despair of an answer, but on the third morning came a postal card with a

polite request that he should, at his earliest convenience, call at Messrs. Flask and Spigot's, Lime street, City.

Leaving the omnibus at the bank, Gilbert walked up Cornhill, where he found an opportunity to look at the directory. Messrs. Flask and Spigot were wine merchants,—so far that was satisfactory enough. Their place of business was an old house with a wide *porte cochere* opening into a small yard littered with remnants of wine cases and pyramids of quarter-casks. At the top of the arch of the gateway was an old escutcheon no longer legible by herald or pursuivant-at-arms. The entrance to Flask and Spigot's office was up three steps midway between the yard and a queer tunnel-like passage, guarded by a strong oaken door, which extended right through the double wall of the house. In short, Messrs. Flask and Spigot occupied the lower portion and cellarage of what was, long ago, a lordly mansion built out of the ruins of what, still longer ago, had been a house of the Carthusian Friars. Throughout all its vicissitudes, the basement had probably varied but little from its original purpose, so that from age to age and from generation to generation the smell of wine had clung to the recesses, walls, and beams of the capacious cellar.

Within the office Gilbert found two clerks, one of whom hastily disposed of a sandwich by shutting it up in the desk when he caught our hero's eye. The younger of the two, having looked at the postal card, underwent a remarkable

change of manner immediately. He was a sort of "hobbledehoy, neither a man nor a boy," as they say in the west of England, with weak, pink-fringed eyes, thin light hair, and a freckled face. This young gentleman had worn an air of respectful inquiry at first, but at sight of the card this air merged into one of superciliousness. Adjusting his collar with one hand, he raised himself a little by arching his feet, thereby bringing his head almost on a level with Gilbert's shoulder.

"Ahem!" he coughed, "an appointment. Mr. Flask is busy just now I think, Mr. Newbury?" turning towards his fellow clerk as he put the question.

Mr. Newbury, a good-looking but subdued man of about our hero's own age, hereupon took the postal card, and recognizing his own handwriting, said:

"Mr. Blades, show this gentleman in to Mr. Flask, if you please."

The great Mr. Flask,—a tall, thin man with sandy moustache and side whiskers,—was seated at an office table in a small and very dark inner room. He was an Irishman, nephew of a Roman Catholic bishop, through whose influence he had become purveyor of wines to various diocesan colleges and convents in the provinces of Munster and Leinster. With true Celtic adaptability he had, during some years of business life in London, acquired a polished manner, and his urbanity and complaisance assisted him wonderfully in establishing an excellent private trade. Though born and bred in County Cork, he was one of those phenomenal Irishmen who are able to divest themselves almost wholly of the brogue, while, on the other hand, he was free from that most detestable affectation of Cockney snobdom, the obscuration of the canine letter. His partner, Mr. Spigot, was largely interested in marine insurance, and being somewhat deficient in courtliness, though a man of acknowledged integrity in business, he seldom interfered with what he called Mr. Flask's department.

At present Mr. Spigot was out, probably at Lloyd's calculating particular averages.

"Take a seat, Mr. Arderne," said Mr. Flask, his keen greyish-green eyes taking in every point of Gilbert's physique; "your letter to me was so explicit that I took the liberty of inquiring,—of course, you understand, in the most delicate way in the world, and merely as a business corroboration, you know,—into the facts. Such investigations must be made, you see, or impostors would be able to prey right and left."

"I quite understand that, Mr. Flask," returned Gilbert; "you inquired, you say, and found my statement correct?"

"Quite so, quite so, Mr. Arderne, correct in every particular. I sympathize with you in your fall from fortune, but after all you are only in a similar position to my own when I first came to London. You must make another fortune for yourself; it can be done if you devote yourself to it. Yes, it can be done."

"I am, at any rate, willing to try, Mr. Flask," said Gilbert, "I have no false pride either to stand in the way."

"Right, very right," observed the wine merchant, "time enough to be proud when you are independent, not before. Now to business,—I speak for Mr. Spigot also;—we have been looking for some able agent to represent us privately, I mean in social circles, at private houses, and so forth. Our business is mainly a private business,—we don't advertise,—and it has struck me that we could considerably extend it by employing a person who has some connection in society; in short, some reduced gentleman, to, as it were, casually recommend our wines and take orders for them. In fact, what we want is a private solicitor who shall be at the same time a gentleman. To such a man we will pay good wages, salary, beginning, we propose, with two pounds a week and a commission of five per cent."

"Thank you," replied Gilbert, "I mean for your clear and open statement. I could, as a beginner, look for nothing

better, but in return for your confidence I must be candid too. The truth is that I have no wide connection in London, and many who knew me when I had eight thousand a year have by this time forgotten my existence."

Mr. Flask nodded his head to indicate his knowledge of this interesting trait in human nature.

"Precisely," he said, "Timon of Athens redivivus. The way of the world, Mr. Arderne. But there are your clubs, you have not withdrawn from them yet?"

"From one, yes, from another, the Walpole, no, but I do not think I could serve you there. However, if you have no objection I will see what can be done in this way for a week or two, working at first on a commission alone, for I think it very likely that I may not earn my salary. Should it prove otherwise, I will accept your terms as you have stated them."

With this understanding the interview terminated, and our hero, smothering his pride, spent some time in beating up old acquaintances. His success was very indifferent, although he booked some orders for one particular brand of Amontillado which he could honestly recommend and for a particular south of Ireland whisky, better known to the clergy of the sister island than to either clerics or laics in England. While it was not improbable that, in course of time, he could earn his bread and butter in this way, the prospect was too remote, and Gilbert relinquished the agency all the more readily, because it had taught him that, whatever else he might be fit for, he was poorly qualified for a trader. Mr. Flask, it seemed, had arrived at the same conclusion, for upon learning the young man's decision he volunteered to offer him a little advice.

"Mr. Arderne," he said, "although your success in this business has not been brilliant, neither has it been discouraging. If you had anything whatever of the commercial instinct in you I believe you could work yourself into a partnership with us in time, but you are deficient in

that, very deficient. Lefries, the Houndsditch man, was telling me the other day that he himself prompted Da Costa, the wholesale clothier, to give you that order for the Marsala. They are both Jews, you know, keen men of business, making money almost with every breath they take in their waking hours. Da Costa told him, Lefries, that your manner towards him when taking the order annoyed him extremely, you were so unconcerned and stately. These moneyed men don't like that, they like deference and a great show of respect. Of course I know how it is with you, all the result of your education and past life. Strange how extremes meet! I have noticed the same lack of respect for wealth among the laboring classes, especially among those men who come from the country."

"Perhaps," replied Gilbert, "this undaptability is in both cases, my own and the laborer's, a thing of heredity."

"I don't doubt it for a moment, Mr. Arderne, not for a moment. That is what it is, an hereditary incapacity. Let me tell you, however, this is a serious matter for you now that you are landless, a poor man."

"I feel that it is so, Mr. Flask," said Gilbert, "yet the humor, the comic side of it appeals to my imagination and overpowers the seriousness. You know the old song or whatever it is?"

"Learning is better than houses and lands,
For when houses and lands are gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent."

Now I have had a good education, yet at present its excellence seems to consist mainly in providing lots of philosophical apophthegms in praise of poverty and so forth."

"An education qualifying you for one of the learned professions, no doubt, or for the press, but not for commerce. I too was, in a measure, educated like that, but when it was seen that I felt no vocation for the church, and that neither law nor

medicine had any particular fascination for me, they wisely taught me bookkeeping. However, I wish you well, my dear sir, and if you want a reference apply to me. My advice, though, is to leave the City behind you, leave trade to traders, Mr. Arderne."

Gilbert meditated over this counsel, and at last betook himself to the editor of the *Piccadilly Chronicle*. Mr. Lieu at first found it hard to believe that our hero was in earnest, probably thinking that the Kentish property of Gilbert's mother was sufficient for them both, but when he discovered that Arderne was determined to earn his own living he himself grew serious.

"I'll tell you what, Arderne," he said, "you cannot make bread and cheese as a writer. Try anything rather than that. You would be surprised to learn how much of the gossip that fills the society papers costs us nothing or next to nothing. Give over that idea at once or it will land you in the workhouse."

Gilbert did give over that idea and that the more readily because he encountered one wet evening a poor wretch in Oxford street who begged a few pence in order that he might secure food and shelter for the night. A kindly word or two elicited the unfortunate man's story. He proved to be a reporter,—in former years he had written leading articles for a Birmingham daily,—who had come to London to win fame and fortune. Having relieved him, and that almost to the depletion of his purse,—for reduced though he himself had been, Gilbert's nature had not changed,—he directed him to the Field Lane Refuge, while he himself went home to his lodgings with his mind made up on the subject of his future course. The following Sunday evening found him seated with Jack Escott, in the latter's house in Walworth, consulting with the Socialist on a plan that Gilbert had formed. Escott listened patiently while Gilbert was detailing his experiences;

when the whole story had been told and the plan explained, the engineer said:

"Honest labor is manly and dignifies the worker, and you are quite right in resolving to support yourself. If you had consulted me earlier I should have recommended something like what you have proposed to me, that or emigration. The life of a city clerk with its semi-starvation and shabby gentility is, to my mind, scarcely preferable to slavery, yet what else can you look forward to in London?"

"Wait a bit," said Gilbert with a smile, "remember what you said at the great demonstration on the subject of emigration."

"What I said then I will stick to," replied Escott; "the country gentleman is better adapted to a new country than the slum-bred Londoner can ever be. The trouble lies in this, that the college-educated man looks upon manual labor as a thing to be despised, and when brought face to face with poverty he prefers to starve in his faded, shining broadcloth rather than find comparative plenty in a suit of fustian or corduroy. This is why we see so many cultured men condemned to spend their lives as mere social parasites, and is one reason why manual labor is despised. London is overrun with professional failures whose lives are wasted in envying the rich and in competing for the crumbs which fall from their overloaded tables. You do well in resolving to escape such degradation, and in your case you need not become a drudge or sacrifice one jot of your independence. Go to Cornwall, invest what money you have in a boat and nets,—the plan is an excellent one,—and bring your organic instinct towards the acquisition of food and clothing into play. You will not become rich as a fisherman, but you will be a free man living close to the great heart of Nature."

This was the idea over which Gilbert had brooded so long. Whether or not some other motive operated in this direction we need not inquire, but day by day

he had seen more clearly that the demand of the cultured classes that the world should support them was based upon a falsehood, the falsehood that education entitles a man to live apart from the producers and creators of the world's necessities. His keen mental vision also assured him that the world has only a limited demand for the services which only the higher education can enable a man to give, while the disproportion between supply and demand was prodigious. This, coupled with the discovery that he was not by nature qualified for a man of business in the field of commerce, made him reflect upon what Escott had said at the great meeting on the subject of emigration. While turning this over in his mind he bethought himself to investigate the condition of his finances, the result of this investigation being the discovery that he was worth exactly three hundred and forty-nine pounds. What should he do with this,—should he take it to Manitoba, settle on government land, and wait patiently for the harvest which he who can afford to wait is well-nigh sure of reaping? Then came the question, why should he exile himself from England, from his mother, from—yes, from that lovely Cornish maiden whose memory was so constantly with him? Three hundred pounds! why down at St. Meva that would be considered a fortune, more than enough to provide a new clipper lugger and two drift nets, for pilchards and mackerel. Here, close at hand, was a field for investment, and the work so simple that its most recondite mysteries might be mastered in half the time required to harden one's hands to the use of axe and plough. Before deciding, however, he would consult some experienced worker, and who more proper as an adviser than Escott, who had made labor and its conditions a study in three continents?

The fiery labor leader dwelt alone with his aged mother in a small house in a small square on the west side of Walworth Road. Gilbert was fortunate enough to

find him at home early in the afternoon, and as mother and son insisted that he should take tea with them he had an excellent opportunity of observing the devotion of the Socialist to his parent and the extreme simplicity of their lives. It would be difficult to find two men more unlike in general than our hero and Jack Escott, nevertheless they seemed to be on the way to a firm and lasting friendship. Jack's unqualified approval of Gilbert's plan gave the latter much pleasure, and it may be doubted whether our hero would have scrupled there and then to have followed his advice to the letter.

"You could scarcely find a better mode of turning your money to good account," said Jack, "for the fisherman's occupation is easily acquired, and, as practised by those Cornish fellows, is, I declare, the most delightful business in England. There is a little girl down there,—but I think I told you when we met at the *Chronicle* office; well now, while your lugger is being built you might woo and win that beautiful Miss Varcoe, eh? Old Divilbiss told me she was an angel, and she certainly is lovely enough to serve as a model for one."

"Why, John," exclaimed his mother, "this is the first time I ever knew you praise a woman's beauty. We shall have you falling in love soon, and your poor mother's reign will then be over."

The labor leader for answer took his parent's wrinkled hand between his own hard palms.

"Mother," he said, "I have fallen in love already, and with a very exacting mistress. You have not forgotten what I read to you the other day about the unmarried men whose works were said to be of greater merit for the public? I have solemnly devoted my life to the people, so you see, Mr. Arderne," turning towards Gilbert, "I have a pretty big family to attend to."

"Yes indeed," assented our hero, "a large family and, if we are to believe history, one apt to prove ungrateful. But

I have no doubt your ambition is quite rational, Mr. Escott; indeed Lieu himself said you will be in Parliament in a year or so."

The Socialist's brow darkened just a little while Gilbert was speaking.

"Friend Arderne," he said, "Lieu probably judges me by the same test that he uses to judge others. The yardstick of individual selfishness will, he thinks, measure all men. He never avows such doctrine, for he has become famous as a well-meaning though crotchety and erratic believer in goodness. No doubt he considers me ambitious, hungry for celebrity and wealth. I would not deceive him, I am content to know that what influence such a man has is generally on my side. But with you it is different; I mean"—here Escott laid his hand familiarly on Gilbert's shoulder—"that I want you, and men like you, to know better. If you should, as I hope you will, see me attain to any office of honor, any place of trust, I want you to recognize that I accept it as the means towards the sole object of my life, the emancipation of the proletariat, of those whose only real liberty is the liberty of starving to death when they rebel against the tyranny of capital. History furnishes no precedent for the slavery of the day laborer, a slavery made all the bitterer by the insolent parade and display of extravagance and luxury by the rich."

"I believe you, Escott," replied Gilbert, "and I hope you will live to see the change for the better. Heaven knows things are about as bad as they can be with the masses everywhere throughout Europe."

"As bad as they can be, yes," said the Socialist, "worse than they ever were before, for luxury is aggressive in our day. It flaunts itself wantonly, tantalizingly in our streets before the eyes of the wretched

denizens of the slums, it uses the very newspapers as means by which the poor may be made to gauge the depth of their own misery by comparison. Worst of all, this economic system, this hideous lie which calls itself the law of wages, has driven God out of the universe and reduced Providence to a myth. And now, since you have joined, or soon will join the great army of producers, I want you to accompany me to a workmen's meeting this evening,—not artisans or mechanics, look you, but common day laborers. Will you go with me?"

They went to the meeting together, Gilbert anticipating a speech from his new friend. Escott, however, was chosen chairman for the night, so that he had mainly to concern himself with introducing the speakers and governing the order of the proceedings. In point of length the speech of the evening was that made by a clergyman of the Church of England, a man said to be full of sympathy with the struggling poor. This address,—so at least our hero thought,—was intended as a theodicy or vindication of the divine wisdom in apportioning and distributing the fruits of the earth and the products of human industry. While the men were encouraged to avail themselves of every legitimate means of improving their condition in life, they were also exhorted to be patient and to avoid the sin of envy. A sort of free-to-all discussion followed this harangue, in the course of which the reverend platitudinarian was rather rudely dealt with.

This was Gilbert Arderne's last Sunday in London. Such preparations as he had to make were got through with in a couple of days, so that Thursday evening found him a passenger in the carrier's van from St. Austell to St. Meva.

CHAPTER XX.

It was an August afternoon and St. Meva, from the coast-guard station on the eastern pier to the old church a mile or more up the coombe, lay quivering and listless in the heat. The sky was without a cloud, and the russet sails of the few luggers in the Pool, - for it was Saturday and but few of the fishermen intended to try their luck to-day, - hung loosely from the yards. Out in the "turns," or seine-boat stations, the empty boats glistened and reflected the light like mirrors as they floated on an unruffled sea, their loose grapnel painters testifying that there was no strain upon them either from wind or current. The Pool was that part of the cove between the harbor proper and the bar, and as it was almost low water the lurkers, - small boats used as tenders by the seiners, - lay there close to the rocks below the coast-guard station awaiting the crews for the larger boats in the turns. Up there on the Cliff groups of fishermen reclined on house-steps or lounged lazily against the parapet wall, meditating, it may be, at least some of them, on the sinfulness of asking a man to exert himself so soon after dinner, and that in the fruit season, when the ovens in the bakehouses fairly groan under the burden of apple, currant, and blackberry pies and pasties. Some among them are politicians, - Radicals to a man, but caring nothing for such Frenchified nonsense as Socialism, mind you. These stand somewhat apart from the others on the slip or slope leading to the wharf, giving undivided attention to one who is reading the Parliamentary proceedings from the previous day's *Daily Telegraph*. In the case of these patriots devotion to the public interest brings a substantial reward, for the slip is in the shade of an old-fashioned house whose overhanging upper storeys make the lounging-place beneath a better retreat than St. Stephen's would be on a day like this.

Up and down the streets of St. Meva the boys attached to the lurkers are hurry-

ing, regardless of heat. Running through passages and alleys, throwing open doors as audaciously as if armed with a royal warrant, they summon each member of their crews by name and with the cry, "Going out!"

The New Road, - now almost a century old, - as it winds up from the coombe to effect a junction with the Truro turnpike and the less pretentious road, white with china clay, to St. Austell, shows clearly enough that it, too, is under the weather. Its high hedges, so recently bright with foxglove, lords and ladies, and shining with the darker sheen of sloe-bushes and bullaces, are now thick with thirst-provoking, buff-colored dust. Farmer Robins' horses, strong as they are and sound in wind and limb, are glad to halt athwart the hill up which they are hauling a heavy tuck net, while the patient farmer, merciful to his beasts, hastens to trust a stone behind the wheel to break the strain. Away to the left, beyond the church and schoolhouse, the Rev. Tanquil Lear is also fain to stop and rest on his way to the vicarage, for the old road, Vicarage Hill they call it, - though cut deeply between the glebe lands on either hand and shaded by elms and hawthorns, is terribly rocky and rugged. Assuredly it is a hot day, almost too hot to think, yet the good vicar finds himself thinking, and in some perplexity too. Only an hour since he met Gilbert Arderne and learned that the young man must henceforward be numbered among his parishioners. There was, so far as the vicar could see, nothing fanciful or quixotic in Gilbert's conduct. Dressed in a light-blue dungaree jacket and brown woollen shirt, there was little that might be thought finical or amateurish in his appearance. As a rule Cornish fishermen are well made, having none of the loutish characteristics of the Wessex peasantry, so that Mr. Lear, when he first saw our hero and old Mr. Lelean standing together on the sand at the

stern of a new lugger, had no reason for suspecting that the sailmaker's companion was anything more than some young fellow of the neighborhood. The boat, a beautiful craft of the largest size, was modelled as finely as a yacht, for which, indeed, had she been fitted with a sloping cutwater and a figure-head, she might easily have been mistaken. Himself no bad judge, and having for years followed the shipwrights and fishermen in their competition in the matter of clipper luggers, Mr. Lear went down the slip from the shipwright's yard and made his way, somewhat gingerly to avoid the pools, across the sands to the boat. The two men turned as he drew near them, and the vicar at once recognized Gilbert. Losing sight of the boat altogether in his astonishment, the good man was barely able to repeat, "Mr. Arderne, what are you doing here?"

"Plain Gilbert Arderne, Mr. Lear," said our hero, "you must have heard that I have come down in the world, surely. Plain Gilbert Arderne, driven to work for his living, and this boat, with her nets, is to be my stock-in-trade. Mr. Lelean here is going to furnish her with sails, and we have been debating the subject of their color. I had a fancy to keep them white, but he has argued me out of that,—they will not stand the continuous wetting and drying without barking, he says, and I have yielded the point. Besides, white sails would probably lead to my being known as the Gentleman Driver,* for I know the Cornubian tendency towards nicknames."

"But have you really and truly, Mr. Arderne, chosen this as your profession?" asked the vicar; "you have no experience of it, and besides having everything to learn you will find it a hard, rough life."

"I have considered all this, Mr. Lear, considered it thoroughly. I am young and

strong, and experience is merely a matter of time."

"But your friend Sir Guy, what of him? how does he regard this plan?" said Mr. Lear, his face pretty clearly showing how doubtful he considered the experiment.

"I have not asked him," answered Gilbert; "it is long since we met or had any communication with one another. Do you remember that Felix Holt disliked to be brought into contact with the gentry? Yes, of course you do. Well, I think I have stronger reasons for holding a similar feeling. Come, Mr. Lear, you have said not a word in praise of the lugger. She was launched two days ago; how do you like her?"

The boat had, while in building, often excited the vicar's admiration on account of her lines, and he said so. The builder, Davis Lelean, the sailmaker's nephew, had put all the resources of his art into the production of a masterpiece, building her, he used to declare, "on spec," feeling convinced all the while that the speculation would not prove a losing one. Across her stern Mr. Lear noted the name in white letters,—St. Meva's Pride,—and standing where he could view the long clean "run" of the boat he thought she merited the distinction claimed for her.

"The name is yours, Gilbert," he said familiarly, with the high-bred gentleman's sense of the eternal fitness of things; "did some fair one's hand christen her for you? I do not, as some do, dislike the phrase. You know what Bishop Wilson did in Man in the direction of sanctifying the calling of the fishermen? Why, too, may we not, as it were, dedicate our boats by launching them in his name who was himself a companion of fishermen?"

Our hero bowed his head in recognition of the spirit of Mr. Lear's speech, professional though it was.

"No," he said, "we broke no bottle over her bows. The name is a good one for her; she will make her title good, I am sure."

"And how long have you been here?"

*In Cornwall drift-fishing is called driving, and a drifting boat is a driving boat and the fisherman a driver.

and why did you not come up to the vicarage? Do you class me among the gentry from whom you are henceforth to be debarred by your silly notions of caste?"

"I have been here just a week," answered Gilbert, "and I have not been at all idle, I assure you. Besides the lugger I have secured all the nets and fittings, and also my hands, two men and a boy. The men are sober, steady fellows,—Richards and Hunkin,—they tell me I can always rely on them."

"Indeed you may," chimed in Mr. Lear; "they are Dissenters I am sorry to say, but sober, honest men whom you may safely trust."

"Bless you, Mr. Lear," cried the old sailmaker, "you can never have seen Mr. Arderne on the water! There is no man in the town that can sail a boat better. You'd be 'mazed to see un at the tiller steering in on the flood over the bar and between the pier heads. Why he's been out with Joe Elvins every night since Monday, and Joe says he wouldn't ax a better man in a boat."

"Indeed, Mr. Lelean," said the hearty old priest, "I am glad to hear you say so. If my young friend will become a pilchard driver he does well to throw his heart into the calling. And now where are you staying, Gilbert?"

"At the Ship, for the time," was the reply. "I suppose I must rent a house of my own though, for a fisherman's hours of work are too variable for him to be a desirable lodger."

"Well, remember that I shall look for you at church in the morning, and shall then compel you to go up to the vicarage to share an old bachelor's dinner. Not a word; I'll have no excuse. God bless you!" and the vicar was gone.

It was rather a toilsome walk from the beach to the Cliff, and Mr. Lear frequently paused to rest while making the ascent. St. Meva harbor,—the *kay* [quay] as it is generally called,—is, as the reader will remember, a small cove at the outlet of an

insignificant brook which, winding through the fertile coombe, here enters the sea. Substantial wharfs, a jetty, and two seawalls or piers, all of Cornish granite, render the little haven secure from storms. Except on the northwest it is enclosed by high cliffs, and indeed, as with all Cornish coast towns, St. Meva is a hilly place. The vicar might have chosen the easier way through the town, but the view from the cliff was all-embracing and the houses threw a grateful shade. Arrived at the top he was compelled to remove his hat and mop his brow with a handkerchief, a proceeding which caused an old fisherman, remarkable for a patriarchal white beard, to laugh aloud. It was a hearty, by no means disrespectful, laugh, for old Joe Elvins, the nestor of the drivers, was a favorite with the vicar and a teacher in the church Sunday school.

"Are you laughing at me, Elvins?" said Mr. Lear. "You think it funny, eh, that the walk up from the beach makes me perspire? Are you a salamander that you take this weather so coolly?"

"Bless your soul, sir," cried the honest old fellow, in a tone that might have been heard across the haven, "all weather's alike to me. When a man's been sixty years followin' the water he gets used to everything. 'Tis the livin' that makes the difference in our ways of standin' hot weather,—I allow this is a hot spell, warmer than I've known since the cholera year. That was in Forty-nine; Mr. Carlyon, the Colonel's uncle, was vicar then."

It was quite common in St. Meva to date events from that dreadful epoch when more than a hundred people of all ages fell before the Destroying Angel in this little Cornish town. The cholera ground, as it is called, goes untouched by mattock or spade, rank with long grass and unsightly weeds, in the old churchyard, and aged men and women still speak of the time when, having evaded the cordon drawn round the valley, they were refused admittance into neighboring towns and

villages and were driven to take refuge in barns and outhouses.

"Was the summer of Forty-nine a hot one, then, Elvins?" inquired the vicar, availing himself of the old man's garrulity to rest awhile in the shade.

"Not so much the summer as the fall of the year," was the reply. "For over a month we seldom saw more of the sun than a big, round, red ball in the heavens. A thick cloud, like a fog, hung over the town most of the time. Some people called it the cholera cloud, but for my part I always thought 'twas the smoke of the tar barrels. They burned hundreds of them, carr'ing 'em up and down the streets; and there being no wind, why the thick smoke was like a blanket overhead. I'm not denyin' that the air was poisoned, for I was one of fower or five men who tried an experiment along about the third week of the 'demnick, and 'twas poisoned right enough."

"You tried an experiment," said Mr. Lear; "what do you mean, Elvins? What did you do?"

"Do? why, we hoisted a quarter of beef between two oars, sir, and carr'd it from the town-bridge to the church, up the Cliff here, and up Tregony Hill and Polkirk. When we come to look at it, after an hour's march or so, the mait was as black as your hat, sir. Some great Lunnon doctor was there when we took the beef down. He shook his head, and seemed frightened, and told us to burn the mait. I can mind his name well enough—Teulon it was; Mr. Arderne says he knows him quite well."

"Mr. Arderne," said the vicar, glad perhaps to change the topic; "I hear that you and he are great friends. He has been out with you, I understand."

"Out every night 'cept Monday," returned old Joe. "and brought us luck too. We'll share three pound a man this week, and that, with the boat's share, is as well as the best. He's bent on l'arning all; look down there, near the jetty-head; see, he's got a tar brush and is helping to pay

the old lugger's bottom with my boys. He'll do well, sir, never fear, in that new lugger of his."

"Do you think so?" asked Mr. Lear, who was wont to rely very much on the old man's experience in his profession. "I'm sure I hope so, although I am puzzled to know what led him to this course of life."

Old Elvins laughed softly to himself: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Lear," he said, "but wi' all your eddication there are some things you can't find out. What led him? why, what should lead him but the same thing as leads us all by the nose once in our lives?"

"I am really at a loss to know what you mean, Elvins," said the vicar, testily,—"the weather was unfavorable to enigmas,—try to speak your mind in plain English, if you please."

"In plain English or High Dutch, 'tis all the same, I take it," returned old Joe. "If I'm not out o' my reck'ning, Mr. Lear, that young Varcoe's pretty face brought him here, nothing else."

"Whew!" Something very like a whistle,—a poor one for Cornwall where the boys are always whistling,—came from the vicar's lips. Without another word he replaced his hat and handkerchief and went on his way. When, some fifteen minutes later, he passed widow Varcoe's house, he was strongly tempted to go in thither, but on second thoughts he resolved to let matters take their course for a time. On his way to the vicarage, however, his mind constantly dwelt on the idea suggested by Elvins, and the more he considered it the more probable it came to appear. What else but love, said the clergyman to himself, would have brought such a man as Gilbert Arderne to so remote a place as St. Meva or have induced so extraordinary a choice of a means of living? Though a confirmed old bachelor, Mr. Lear knew enough of the master passion to confirm him in the notion that, as the proverb has it, it is impossible to be in love and be wise. Life

in a country parsonage is apt to narrow and circumscribe the mind, and the vicar, unable to realize Gilbert's repugnance to the methods of living fostered and sanctioned by modern pence-counting, profit-swelling ethics, was disposed to recognize amatory madness rather than a love of independence and a manly life in the young man's conduct. A dungaree jacket and a tar-brush! what sane mind would choose these in preference to a smart business suit and a desk in some City office? This infatuation of Gilbert's was, thought the vicar, most deplorable, for sooner or later he would turn with disgust and mortification from the touch and smell of tar and fish and regret having sunk his capital, which was probably small, in so unrefined and unsuitable a calling. So many years had elapsed since he had taken his master of arts degree that a scholar of Worcester College might well be excused for failing to remember that passage in the Nicomachean Ethics which defines the relation of the extremes and the mean. Had Mr. Lear kept abreast of the times, had he known something more of wage-slavery and the protest of labor against the tyranny of money, he would perhaps have concluded that, even though the element of love were eliminated, Gilbert Arderne had chosen the golden mean between serfdom and dishonesty. If the soul of a trader shall with difficulty be saved, the farther one removes himself from shopkeeping the better, and that whether the saving be taken to mean the retention of one spark of honest selfhood in this life or the perpetuation and continuance of individual consciousness in a hypothetical happier hereafter. As a Cornish fisherman Gilbert incurred little peril of such a loss, for among all those whose labors provide the community with food the western fisherman is the least tempted to augment his profits by tricks of trade. The price of fish is fixed for him rather than by him by the buyers some hours before his boat reaches the shore, and with a perishable commodity

like his it is impossible, by combining to hold back the sale, to impose his own terms and create a stringency by what gamblers on "Change term" "bulling" the market.

Our hero had been some days at the Ship, and had even concluded his business with the boat-builder, before he called on Amy Varcoe. Of course his presence in the town and his intention of becoming a fisherman were soon known throughout the community, your native Cornubians excelling the ancient Gauls as gatherers and diffusers of news, so that when at length they met Amy was fairly prepared to hear his story. The widow, who had been ailing some time, began to condole with Gilbert on his loss of fortune, but his lighthearted refusal to be commiserated so perplexed her that she judged it proper to drop the subject.

"I have gained, or rather I hope to gain, more than I have lost, Mrs. Varcoe," he said. Then, seeing the good lady to be at a loss to imagine what could possibly counterbalance a fine estate in point of value, he continued:

"You must remember, ma'am, that I was always a little discontented, because I was rich and because there was apparently so little I could do in the world. Now I have an object in life, to get my own living, which, with St. Meva's Pride for my help, I shall do easily, I hope."

"Is that the lugger's name, Mr. Arderne?" inquired Amy.

"Yes," he said; "do you like it? I hope you do; but it is not too late to change it if you think you have one at all preferable."

"Dorothy is a nice name, I think," said Amy, mischievously, "and I am sure no other fisherman has a prior claim to it."

"I detest that name," answered Gilbert. "If you will, the name shall be changed to Amy to-morrow; you know it would please me to have it so."

"Oh dear, Mr. Arderne," cried the widow, "that would never do. You have no idea how fault-finding and suspicious

the townspeople are,—no idea whatever; how should you? They would say at once that your boat was named after my daughter: they would, I assure you."

"I think it likely they would, ma'am," said our hero gravely, but with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "and, do you know? I think they would be justified in saying it. But, Mrs. Varcoe, you ought to be told that without any change at all the lugger stands in much the same case. St. Meva's Pride is Amy Varcoe: I bore this in mind when I gave my boat her name."

A look of genuine surprise came over the widow's countenance as she heard this statement. At bottom, among all ranks and conditions of men, the master passion takes the same line of manifestation, except perhaps in New England where maidens require to be wooed to the sound of Shakespeare and the musical glasses and in attitudes borrowed from the Delsartean system of physical culture. Mrs. Varcoe's memory flew back to the days of her own romance, and she knew at once that Gilbert Arderne had chosen this method of telling his own love story. Ere she could say anything, however, our hero, —who was quick to observe her penetration of his little mystery,—came forward and took her hand.

"I see you have guessed it all," he said. "She has not told you how that once before I wooed her, in the height of my good fortune, as the world regards these things. She refused me then, on the ground that our stations were too unequal. She urged no other objection, and I sometimes think there was no other. However, that objection exists no longer,—unless indeed you think me too poor, for all my wealth has gone into the lugger, all but twenty pounds. She knows why I am here; she must have known it when the good gossips first told of my coming. I wonder what she will say to me now?"

"You know what she will say, Gilbert," said Amy, "for I have told you once before that, had we been otherwise equal, I would have chosen you for my husband.

Yes, mother, Gilbert Arderne the fisherman with but twenty pounds in his possession may ask with confidence where the Squire was denied."

Amy rose while speaking, and Gilbert, seizing her hand, drew her to his bosom and kissed her. As he looked into the depths of those beautiful eyes he realized how much the treasure he had gained transcended the loss of fortune and worldly estate, and his heart throbbed with rapture. Beside her faultless beauty of face and form, the steady, pure brilliancy of Amy's eyes might inspire a craven to the point of heroic fortitude. Some such thought occurred to our hero, for kissing her once again he said, almost in a whisper: "Fate has been very good to me, sweetheart; with you by my side, come what may of success, life will be worth living."

"Will you continue to think so," asked Amy, "when you come in wet and hungry in the mornings, your arms sore from pulling the nets and unmeshing the pilchards? Will the romance survive the novelty, Gilbert?"

"My love," he said, "I have from the first discouraged every suggestion of romance, and for months I have looked at life and living from the side of duty. I am strong of heart to face every possibility."

"I believe you," answered Amy emphatically, "and I have long known that your nature is capable of this and more in the line of true manhood. I think, dear, we shall be able to show our neighbors that wealth does not consist of houses and lands and money. Mother, where are you going?"

"I think I will go up stairs, dear, for the night," returned Mrs. Varcoe, who had risen from the sofa. "Two are company, three are none, I have heard sometimes, and it seems to me that I am in the way just now."

"Nothing of the sort," said Gilbert, handing the old lady to her seat again; "sit down and listen to my plans, and check off my estimate of what I shall be worth twelve months from now. Besides,

you have not yet told me that I may steal Amy from you."

"It is no stealing," replied Mrs. Varcoe, "for I see that she goes of her own accord. But Amy, dear, was it kind to your mother to keep this a secret from me?"

"A secret, mother? What secret do you mean?" Amy asked with a blush.

"Why, that you were in love, as you seem to have been for, goodness me! how long you only can tell, if you would."

"It is no secret now, dear," returned Amy, "and you must remember that the fisherman who has asked me to be his wife did not exist a fortnight ago."

"He was preparing to cast his net, though," said Gilbert, taking a small cubic box of cardboard from his pocket and displaying a circlet of gold with a small gem in the setting. "I wonder will this fit:

let me try. Admirably! They say it is a sign of bondage: Amy, dear, which of us is the thrall?"

"I suppose I am," was her answer, "since it seems I am to carry the symbol."

"How does it feel?" he asked, "burdensome, like the collar of Gurth in the novel?"

"Let me show you:" and Amy pressed the stone upon his forehead, leaving a little star-like indentation of the skin, and thereby provoking Gilbert to a lover's revenge.

"Ah, well," sighed Mrs. Varcoe, "I thought you would find it hard to behave yourselves. Dear me! am I to check off sweethearts' kisses for their stock-in-trade?"

(To be continued.)

NATURE'S FREETHINKER.

—O—

FOR what has he, whose will sees clear,
To do with doubt and faith and fear,
Swift hopes, and slow despondencies?
His heart is equal with the sea's
And with the sea-wind's, and his ear
Is level to the speech of these,
And his soul communes and takes cheer
With the actual earth's equalities—
Air, light, and night, hills, winds, and
streams,—
And seeks not strength from strengthless
dreams.

His soul is even with the sun
Whose spirit and whose eye are one,
Who seeks not stars by day, nor light
And heavy heat of day by night.
Him can no god cast down, whom none
Can lift in hope beyond the height
Of fate and nature, and things done
By the calm rule of might and right
That bids men be, and bear, and do,
And die beneath blind skies or blue.

—Swinburne.