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ON HEREDITY.

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HEREDITY is by no means a new subject, and certain of its aspects were under discussion as far back as the time of Aristotle. The prominence which it has assumed of late years is in connection with its bearing on the Darwinian Theory of Natural Selection, and, consequently, biologists generally have had their attention directed to it. But in its relations to Man, his structure, functions, and diseases, it has long occupied a prominent position in the minds of anatomists, physiologists, and physicians. That certain diseases, for example, are hereditary was recognized by Hippocrates, who stated generally that hereditary diseases are difficult to remove; and the influence which the hereditary transmission of disease exercises upon the duration of life is the subject of a chapter in numerous works on practical medicine, and forms an important element in the valuation of lives for life insurance.

The first aspect of the question which has to be determined is whether any physical basis can be found for Heredity. Is there any evidence that the two parents contribute each a portion of its substance to the production of the offspring, so that a physical continuity is established between successive generations? The careful study, especially during the last few years, of the development of a number of species of animals, mostly but not exclusively among the Invertebrata, by various observers,—of whom I may especially mention Bütschli, Fol, E. Van Beneden, and Hertwig,—has established the important fact that the young animal arises by the fusion within the egg or germ-cell of an extremely minute particle derived from the male parent with an almost equally minute particle derived from the germ-cell produced by the female parent. These particles are technically termed in the former case the *male pronucleus*, in the latter the *female pronucleus*, and the body formed by their fusion is called the *segmentation nucleus*. These nuclei are so small that it seems almost a contradiction in terms to speak of their magnitude; rather one might say their minimitude, for it requires the higher powers of the best microscopes to see them and follow out the process of conjugation. But, notwithstanding their extreme minuteness, the pronuclei and the segmentation nucleus are complex both in chemical and molecular structure. From the segmentation nucleus produced by the fusion of the pronuclei with each other,

and from corresponding changes which occur in the protoplasm of the egg which surrounds it, other cells arise by a process of division, and these in their turn also multiply by division. These cells arrange themselves in course of time into layers, which are termed the germinal or embryonic layers. From these layers arise all the tissues and organs of the body, both in its embryonic and adult stages of life. The starting-point of each individual organism—i.e., of each new generation—is therefore the segmentation nucleus. Every cell in the adult body is derived by descent from that nucleus through repeated division. As the segmentation nucleus is formed by the fusion of material derived from both parents, a physical continuity is established between parents and offspring. But this physical continuity carries with it certain properties which cause the offspring to reproduce, not only the bodily configuration of the parent, but other characters. In the case of Man, we find along with the family likeness in form and features a correspondence in temperament and disposition, in habits and mode of life, and sometimes in the tendency to particular diseases. This transmission of characters from parent to offspring is summarized in the well-known expression that "like begets like," and it rests upon a physical basis.

The size of the particles which are derived from the parents, called the male and female pronuclei, the potentiality of which is so utterly out of proportion to their bulk, is almost inconceivably small when compared with the magnitude of the adult body. Further, by the continual process of division of the cells, the substance of the segmentation nucleus is diffused throughout the body of the new individual produced through its influence, so that each cell contains but an infinitesimal particle of it. The parental dilution, if I may so say, is so attenuated as to surpass the imagination of even the most credulous believer in the attenuation of drugs by dilution. And yet these particles are sufficient to stamp the characters of the parents, of the grandparents, and of still more remote ancestors on the offspring, and to preserve them throughout life, notwithstanding the constant changes to which the cells forming the tissues and organs of the body are subjected in connection with their use and nutrition. So marvellous, indeed, is the whole process, that even the recent contributions to exact knowledge on the fusion of the two pronuclei, instead of diminishing our wonder, have but intensified the force of the expression: "*Magnum hereditatis mysterium.*"

In considering the question of how new individuals are produced, one must keep in mind that it is not every cell in the body which can act as a centre of reproduction for a new generation, but that certain cells, which we name germ-cells and sperm-cells, are appropriated to that purpose. These cells, destined for the production of the next generation, form but a small proportion of the body of the animal in which they are situated. They are, as a rule, marked off from the rest of the cells of its body at an early period of development. The exact stage at which they become specially differentiated for reproductive purposes varies, however, in different organisms. In some organisms, as is said by Balbiani to be the case in *Chironomus*, they apparently become isolated before the formation of the germinal layers is completed; but, as a rule, their

appearance is later, and in the higher organisms not until the development of the body is much more advanced.

The germ-cells, after their isolation, take no part in the growth of the organism in which they arise, and their chief association with the other cells of its body is, that certain of the latter are of service in their nutrition. The problem, therefore, for consideration is the mode in which these germ or reproductive cells become influenced, so that after being isolated from the cells that make up the bulk of the body of the parent they can transmit to the offspring the characters of the parent organism. Various speculations and theories have been advanced by way of explanation. The well-known theory of Pangenesis, which Charles Darwin, with characteristic moderation, put forward as merely a provisional hypothesis, assumes that *gemmules* are thrown off from each different cell or unit throughout the body, which retain the characters of the cells from which they spring; that the *gemmules* aggregate themselves either to form or to become included within the reproductive cells; and that in this manner they and the characters which they convey are capable of being transmitted in a dormant state to successive generations, and to reproduce in them the likeness of their parents, grandparents, and still older ancestors.

In 1872, and four years afterwards, in 1876, Mr. Frances Galton published most suggestive papers on Kinship and Heredity (Proc. Roy. Soc. Lond., 1872, and Jour. Anthr. Inst., v., 1876). In the latter of these papers he developed the idea that "the sum total of the germs, *gemmules*, or whatever they may be called," which are to be found in the newly-fertilized ovum, constitute a *stirp*, or root. That the germs which make up the *stirp* consist of two groups—the one which develops into the bodily structure of the individual, and which constitutes, therefore, the personal structure; the other, which remains latent in the individual, and forms, as it were, an undeveloped residuum. That it is from these latent or residual germs that the sexual elements intended for producing the next generation are derived, and that these germs exercise a predominance in matters of heredity. Further, that the cells which make up the personal structure of the body of the individual exercise only in a very faint degree any influence on the reproductive cells, so that any modifications acquired by the individual are barely, if at all, inherited by the offspring.

Subsequent to the publication of Mr. Galton's essays, valuable contributions to the subject of Heredity have been made by Profs. Brooks, Jaeger, Naegali, Nussbaum, Weismann, and others. Professor Weismann's theory of Heredity embodies the same fundamental idea as that propounded by Mr. Galton; but as he has employed in its elucidation a phraseology which is more in harmony with that generally used by biologists, it has had more immediate attention given to it.

Weismann asks the fundamental question, "How is it that a single cell of the body can contain within itself all the hereditary tendencies of the whole organism?" He at once discards the theory of Pangenesis, and states that in his belief the germ-cell, so far as its essential and characteristic substance is concerned, is not derived at all from the body of the individual in which it is produced, but directly from the parent germ-cell from which the individual

also has arisen. He calls his theory the *Continuity of the Germ-plasm*, and he bases it upon the supposition that in each individual a portion of the specific germ-plasm derived from the germ-cell of the parent is not used up in the construction of the body of that individual, but is reserved unchanged for the formation of the germ-cells of the succeeding generation. Thus, like Mr. Galton, he recognizes that in the stirp or germ there are two classes of cells destined for entirely distinct purposes: the one for the development of the *soma*, or body of the individual, which class he calls the *somatic* cells; the other for the perpetuation of the species, i.e., for reproduction.

In further exposition of his theory Weismann goes on to say, as the process of fertilization is attended by a conjugation of the nuclei of the reproductive cells—the pronuclei previously referred to—that the nuclear substance must be the sole bearer of hereditary tendencies. Each of the two uniting nuclei would contain the germ-plasm of one parent, and this germ-plasm also would contain that of the grandparents as well as that of all previous generations.

To make these somewhat abstract propositions a little clearer, I have devised the following graphic mode of representation:



Let the capital letters, A, B, C, D, etc., express a series of successive generations. Suppose A to be the starting-point, and to represent the somatic or personal structure of an individual; then *a* may stand for the reproductive cells, or germ-plasm, from which the offspring of A, viz. B, is produced. B, like A, has both a personal structure and reproductive cells or germ-plasm, the latter of which is represented by the letters *ab*, which are intended to show that, while belonging to B, they have a line of continuity with A. C stands for an individual of the third generation, in which the reproductive plasm is indicated by *abc*, to express that, though within the body of C, the germ-plasm is continuous with that of both *b* and *a*. D also contains the reproductive cells *abcd*, which are continuous with the germ-plasm of the three preceding generations, and so on.

It follows, therefore, from this theory, that the germ-plasm possesses throughout the same complex chemical and molecular structure, and that it would pass through the same stages when the conditions of development are the same, so that the same final product would arise. Each successive generation, therefore, would have an identical starting-point, so that an identical product would arise from all of them.

Weismann does not absolutely assert that an organism cannot exercise a modifying influence upon the germ-cells within it; yet he limits this influence to such slight effects as that which would arise from the nutrition and growth of the individual, and the reaction of the germ-cell upon changes of nutrition caused by alteration in growth at the periphery, leading to some change in the size, number, and arrangements of its molecular units. But he throws great doubt upon the existence of such a reaction, and he, more emphatically

than Mr. Galton, argues against the idea that the cells which make up the somatic or personal structure of the individual exercise any influence on the reproductive cells. From his point of view, the structural or other properties which characterize a family, a race, or a species are derived solely from the reproductive cells through continuity of their germ-plasm, and are not liable to modification by the action upon them of the organs or tissues of the body of the individual organism in which they are situated. To return for one moment to my graphic illustration in elucidation of this part of the theory. The cells which make up the personal structure of A or B would exercise no effect upon the character of the reproductive cells *a* or *ab* contained within them. These latter would not be modified or changed in their properties by the action of the individual organism A or B. The individual B would be in hereditary descent, not from A + *a*, but only from *a*, with which its germ-plasma *ab* would be continuous, and through which the properties of the family, race, or species would be transmitted to C, and so on to successive generations.

The central idea of Heredity is permanency: that like begets like, or, as Mr. Galton more fitly puts it, that "like tends to produce like." But though the offspring conform with their parents in all their main characteristics, yet, as everyone knows, the child is not absolutely like its parents, but possesses its own character, its own individuality. It is easy for anyone to recognize that differences exist among men when he compares one individual with another; but it is equally easy for those who make a special study of animals to recognize individual differences in them also. Thus, a pigeon or canary fancier distinguishes without fail the various birds in his flock, and a shepherd knows every sheep under his charge. But the anatomist tells us that these differences are more than superficial—that they also pervade the internal structure of the body. In a paper which I read to the meeting of this Association in Birmingham so long ago as 1865, after relating a series of instances of variation in structure observed in the dissection of a number of human bodies, I summarized my conclusion as follows: "Hence, in the development of each individual, a morphological specialization occurs both in internal structure and external form, by which distinctive characters are conferred, so that each man's structural individuality is an expression of the sum of the individual variations of all the constituent parts of his frame."

As in that paper I was discussing the subject only in its morphological relations, I limited myself to that aspect of the question, but I might with equal propriety have also extended my conclusion to the other aspects of man's nature.

Intimately associated, therefore, with the conception of Heredity—that is, the transmission of characters common to both parent and offspring—is that of Variability; that is, the appearance in an organism of certain characters which are unlike those possessed by its parents. Heredity, therefore, may be defined as the "Perpetuation of the Like;" Variability, as the "Production of the Unlike."

And now we may ask, Is it possible to offer any feasible explanation of the mode in which variations in organic structure take their rise in the course of

development of an individual organism? Anything that one may say on this head is of course a matter of speculation, but certain facts may be adduced as offering a basis for the construction of an hypothesis, and on this matter Professor Weismann makes a number of ingenious suggestions.

Prior to the conjugation of the male and female pronuclei to form the segmentation nucleus, a portion of the germ-plasm is extruded from the egg to form what are called the *polar bodies*. Various theories have been advanced to account for the significance of this curious phenomenon. Weismann explains it on the hypothesis that a reduction of the number of ancestral germ-plasms in the nucleus of the egg is a necessary preparation for fertilization and for the development of the young animal. He supposes that by the expulsion of the polar bodies one-half the number of ancestral germ-plasms is removed, and that the original bulk is restored by the addition of the male pronucleus to that which remains. As precisely corresponding molecules of this plasm need not be expelled from each ovum, similar ancestral plasms are not retained in each case; so that diversities would arise even in the same generation and between the offspring of the same parents.

Minute though the segmentation nucleus is, yet microscopic research has shown that it is not a homogeneous, structureless body, but is built up of different parts. Most noteworthy is the presence of extremely delicate threads or fibrils, called the *chromatin filaments*, which are either coiled on each other or intersect to form a network-like arrangement. In the meshes of this network a viscous—and, so far as we yet know, a structureless—substance is situated. Before the process of division begins in the segmentation nucleus, these filaments swell up and then proceed to arrange themselves, at first into one, and then into two star-like figures, before the actual division of the nucleus takes place. It is obvious, therefore, that the molecules which enter into the formation of the segmentation nucleus can move within its substance, and can undergo a readjustment in size, and form, and position. But this readjustment of material is, without doubt, not limited to those relatively coarse particles which can be seen and examined under the microscope, but applies to the entire molecular structure of the segmentation nucleus.

Now, it must be remembered that the cells of the embryo from which all the tissues and organs of the adult body are derived are themselves descendants of the segmentation nucleus, and they will doubtless inherit from it both the power of transmitting definite characters and a certain capacity for readjustment both of their constituent materials and the relative positions which they may assume towards each other. One might conceive, therefore, that if in a succession of organisms derived from common ancestors the molecular particles were to be of the same composition and to arrange themselves in the segmentation nucleus and in the cells derived from it on the same lines, these successive generations would be alike; but if the lines of adjustment and the molecular constitution were to vary in the different generations, then the products would not be quite the same. Variations in structure, and to some extent also in the construction of parts, would arise, and the Unlike would be produced.

In this connection it is also to be kept in mind that in the higher organisms, and, indeed, in multicellular organisms generally, an individual is derived, not from one parent only, but from two parents. Weismann emphasizes this combination as the cause of the production of variations and the transmission of hereditary individual characters. If the proportion of the particles derived from each parent and the forces which they exercise were precisely the same in any individual case, then one could conceive that the product would be a mean of the components provided by the two parents. But if one parent were to contribute a larger proportion than the other to the formation of a particular organism, then the balance would be disturbed, the offspring in its character would incline more to one parent than to the other, according to the proportion contributed by each, and a greater scope for the production of variations would be provided. These differences would be increased in number in the course of generations, owing to new combinations of individual characters arising in each generation.

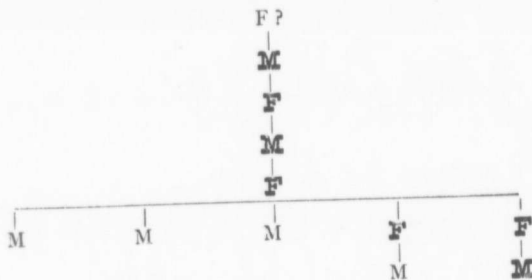
As long as the variations which are produced in an organism are collectively within a certain limitation, they are merely individual variations, and express the range within which such an organism, though exhibiting differences from its neighbors, may yet be classed along with them in the same species. It is in this sense that I have discussed the term Variability up to the present stage of this address. Thus, all those varieties of mankind which, on account of differences in the color of the skin, we speak of as the white, black, yellow races and red-skins are men, and they all belong to that species which the zoologists term *Homo sapiens*.

But the subject of Variation cannot, in the present state of science, be confined in its discussion to the production of individual variations within the limitations of a common species. Since Charles Darwin enunciated the proposition that favorable variations would tend to be preserved and unfavorable ones to be destroyed, and that the result of this double action, by the accumulation of minute existing differences, would be the formation of new species by a process of natural selection, this subject has attained a much wider scope, has acquired increased importance, and has formed the basis of many ingenious speculations and hypotheses. As variations, when once they have arisen, may be hereditarily transmitted, the Darwinian theory might be defined as Heredity modified and influenced by Variation.

This is not the place to enter upon a general discussion of the Darwinian theory, and even if it were the time at our disposal would not admit of it. But there are some aspects of the theory which need to be referred to in connection with the subject now before us. It may be admitted that many variations that may arise in the development of an individual, and which are of service to that individual, would tend to be preserved and perpetuated in its offspring by hereditary transmission. But it is also without question that variations which are of no service, and, indeed, are detrimental to the individual in which they occur, are also capable of being hereditarily transmitted. This statement is amply borne out in the study of those important defects in bodily structure which pathologists group together under the name of Congenital Malforma-

tions. I do not require to go into much detail on this head, or to cite cases in which the congenital defect can only be exposed by dissection, but may refer by way of illustration to one or two examples in which the defect is visible on the surface of the body.

The commonest form of malformation the hereditary transmission of which has been proved is where an increase in the number of digits on the hands or feet, or on both, occurs in certain families, numerous instances of which have now been put on record. But in other families there is an hereditary tendency to a diminution in the number of digits, or to a defect in the development of those existing. As an illustration I may give a case which occurred in the family of one of my pupils, in which the deformity consisted in a shortening or imperfect growth of the metacarpal bone of the ring finger of the left hand, so that the length of that finger was much below the normal. This family defect was traceable through six generations, and perhaps even in a seventh, and was, as a rule, transmitted alternately from the males to the females of the family (*Jour. Anat. and Phys.*, xviii. 463):



In this and the other diagrams M stands for male, F for female, while the black type (**M** or **F**) marks the individual or generation in which the variation occurred).

Another noticeable deformity which is known to be hereditary in some families, is that of imperfect development of the upper lip and roof of the mouth, technically known as hare-lip and cleft palate.

The examples illustrate what may be called the coarser kinds of hereditary deformity, where the redundancies or defects in parts of the body are so gross as at once to attract attention. But modifications or variations in structure that can be transmitted from parent to offspring are by no means limited to changes which can be detected by the naked eye. They are sometimes so minute as to be determined rather by the modification which they occasion in the function of the organ than by the ready recognition of structural variations. One of the most interesting of these is the affection known as Daltonism, or color-blindness, which has been distinctly shown to be hereditary, and which is due apparently in a majority of cases to a defect in the development of the retina, or of the nerve of sight which ends in it, though in some instances it may be occasioned by defective development of the brain itself. Dr. Horner

transmitted through three successive generations, though in some instances the affection passes over one generation to re-appear in the next. He also relates the case of a family of sixteen persons, eight of whom were born deaf and dumb, and one at least of the members of which transmitted the affection to his descendants as far as the third generation. There can be little doubt that congenital deaf-mutism, in the great majority of instances, is associated with a defective development, and therefore a structural variation of the organ of hearing, though in some cases, perhaps, the defect may be in the development of the brain itself.

Although a sufficient number of cases has now been put on record to prove that in some families one or other kind of congenital deformity may be hereditarily transmitted, yet I do not wish it to be supposed that congenital malformations may not arise in individuals in whom no hereditary tendency can be traced. It is undoubtedly true that family histories are in many cases very defective, and frequently cannot be followed back for more than one, or, at the most, two generations; so that it is not unlikely that an hereditary predisposition may exist in many instances where it cannot be proved. Still, allowing even for a considerable proportion of such cases, a sufficient number will remain to warrant the statement that malformations or variations in structure which have not been displayed by their ancestors may arise in individuals belonging to a particular generation.

The variations which I have spoken of as congenital malformations arise, as a rule, before the time of birth, during the early development of the individual; but there is an important class of cases, in which the evidence for hereditary transmission is more or less strong, which may not exhibit their peculiarities until months, or even years, after the birth of the individual. This class is spoken of as Hereditary Diseases, and the structural and functional changes which they produce exercise most momentous influences. Sometimes these diseases may occasion changes in the tissues and organs of the body of considerable magnitude, but at other times the alteration is much more subtle, is molecular in its character, requires the microscope for its determination, or is even incapable of being recognized by that instrument.

Had one been discussing the subject of hereditary disease twenty years ago, the first example probably that would have been adduced would have been tuberculosis, but the additions to our knowledge of late years throw some doubt upon its hereditary character. There can, of course, be no question that tubercular disease propagates itself in numerous families from generation to generation, and that such families show a special susceptibility or tendency to this disease in one or other of its forms. But, while fully admitting the predisposition to it which exists in certain families, there is reason to think that the structural disease itself is not hereditarily transmitted, but that it is directly excited in each individual in whom it appears by a process of external infection due to the action of the tubercle bacillus. Still, if the disease itself be not inherited, a particular temperament which renders the constitution liable to be attacked by it is capable of transmission.

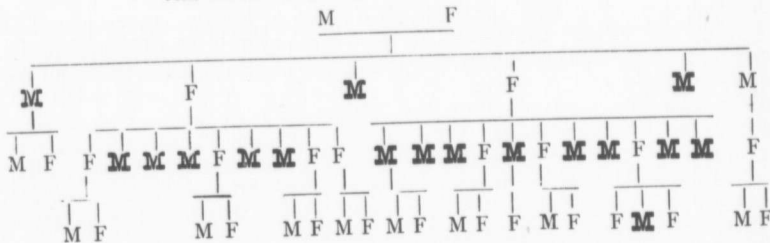
Sir James Paget ("Lect. on Surg. Path.," 3rd ed.), writing on the subject

of cancer, gives statistics to show that about one-fourth of the persons affected were aware of the existence of the same disease in other members of their family, and he cites particular instances in which cancer was present in two and even four generations. He had no doubt that the disease can be inherited, —not, he says, that, strictly speaking, cancer or cancerous material is transmitted, but a tendency to the production of those conditions which will finally manifest themselves in a cancerous growth. The germ from the cancerous parent must be so far different from the normal as after the lapse of years to engender the cancerous condition.

Heredity is also one of the most powerful factors in the production of those affections which we call gout and rheumatism. Sir Dyce Duckworth, the latest systematic writer on gout, states that in those families whose histories are the most complete and trustworthy the influence is strongly shown, and occurs in from 50 to 75 per cent. of the cases; further, that the children of gouty parents show signs of articular gout at an age when they have not assumed those habits of life and peculiarities of diet which are regarded as the exciting causes of the disease.

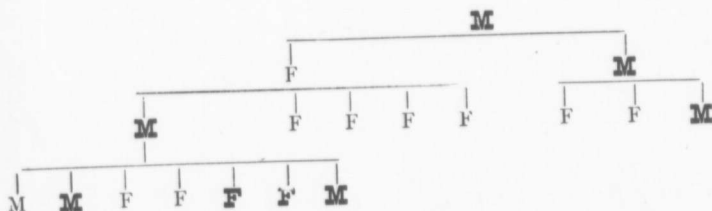
Some interesting and instructive family histories, in which the hereditary transmission of a particular disease through several generations has been worked out, are recorded by Prof. Klebs in his "Allgemeine Pathologie." I may draw from these one or two additional illustrations. Some families exhibit a remarkable tendency to bleed when the surface of the body is injured or bruised, and the bleeding is stopped with difficulty. The hæmorrhagic tendency is not due to the state of the blood, but to a softening or degeneration of the walls of the blood-vessels, so that they are easily torn. In one family, the tree of which is subjoined, this peculiarity showed itself in one generation in three out of four males; in the next generation, in thirteen out of fourteen males; while in the immediately succeeding generation only one out of nine males was affected; so that it would seem as if the tendency was fading away in it. It is remarkable that throughout the series, though the transmission of the affection went through the female members, they themselves remained free from it:

THE FAMILY MAMPEL, RECORDED BY DR. LOSSEN.



Another illustration may be taken from the well-known disease of the eye-ball called cataract. Dr. Appenzeller has given an account of a family which

exhibited so strong a tendency to this affection that the males were affected in four generations, though the females did not entirely escape, as is shown in the subjoined family tree :



In neither of these families can it be said that the structural lesion itself is transmitted, but that the tendency or predisposition to produce it is inherited. The germ-plasm, therefore, in these individuals must have been so modified from the normal as to carry with it certain peculiarities, and to induce the particular disease which showed itself in each family.

In connection with the tendency to the transmissibility of either congenital malformations or diseases, consanguinity in the parents, though by no means a constant occurrence, is a factor which in many cases must be taken into consideration. If we could conceive both parents to be physiologically perfect, then it may be presumed that the offspring would be so also; but if there be a departure in one parent from the plane of physiological perfection, then it may safely be assumed that either the immediate offspring or a succeeding generation will display a corresponding departure in a greater or less degree. Should both parents be physiologically imperfect, we may expect the imperfections, if they are of a like nature, to be intensified in the children. It is in this respect, therefore, that the risk of consanguineous marriages arises, for no family can lay claim to physiological perfection.

When we speak of tendencies, susceptibilities, proclivities, or predisposition to the transmission of characters, whether they be normal or pathological, we employ terms which undoubtedly have a certain vagueness. We are as yet quite unable to recognize, by observation alone, in the germ-plasm any structural change which would enable us to say that a particular tendency or susceptibility will be manifested in an organism derived from it. We can only determine this by following out the life-history of the individual. Still, it is not the less true that these terms express a something of the importance of which we are all conscious. So far as Man is concerned, the evidence in favor of a tendency to the transmission of both structural and functional modifications which are either of dis-service, or positively injurious, or both, is quite as capable of proof as that for the transmission of characters which are likely to be of service. Hence, useless as well as useful characters may be selected and transmitted hereditarily.

(To be concluded.)

THE DEVIL.

BY COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

I.

A LITTLE while ago I delivered a lecture on "Superstition," and in that lecture I took the ground that the Devil was the foundation of Christianity; that the Devil was really the keystone of the arch and that if you took him out the arch fell. I tried to show that demonology was a necessary part of orthodox Christianity, and that to give up the Devil was to throw away Christ.

Several ministers had the goodness to answer me; others had the goodness in short interviews to give their opinion, and some were honest enough and stupid enough to say that they believed in the existence of the Devil; and some were dishonest and "spiritual" enough to say that all allusions to the Devil in the Bible could be easily explained by saying that these devils were personifications of evils. Others were not quite sure whether there was a Devil or not, and proceeded to tell what others believed without saying what their convictions were. But one good man and a kind man said that he believed in the Devil, an actual, living, personal Devil, who was attending to business; and that all the evidence that he needed to convince him of the existence of this Devil was furnished by my life and my lectures. He undoubtedly was a good man; and when I read these sermons and these answers, in spite of myself there came into my mind a line from Heinrich Heine: "Christ rode upon an ass, but now asses ride on Christ."

Now, the questions are, first, where did the idea of the Devil come from? Second, does the Devil really exist? And third, do the sacred scriptures teach the existence of the Devil and of unclean spirits? And fourthly, whether this belief in devils is a necessary part of what is known as "orthodox Christianity?"

Now, where did the idea that a Devil exists come from? Where did man get it? How was it produced?

You must remember that fear is an artist; fear is a sculptor, a painter, and fear is a most wonderful dreamer. You must remember, too, that among all tribes, among all nations, some persons were the sport and prey of natural phenomena; some others were struck by lightning, the bosom blasted and the child left motherless; some were devoured by earthquakes; some were seized with the burnings and freezings of fever; some were overwhelmed by volcanoes, by rivers of fire, and our poor ancestors thought, and naturally thought, that all this was the work of some malicious intelligence, of some frightful fiend, of some enemy of the human race; and this was a natural result of the facts in nature upon the undeveloped savage brain. As I have said a thousand times, every brain is a field where nature with unconscious hand sows the seeds of thought, and the crop depends upon the soil.

Along the banks of the Ganges wandered Asuras, the most powerful of devils, and they warred against the Devas, the good gods; and they were not

only the enemies of the gods but they were the enemies of the human race. There, too, were the ogres, the Jakshas, and they were not only enemies of human beings but they devoured human flesh.

The Persians turned this exactly around, and with them the Devas were the Devils, not the gods, and the Asuras were the good ; and the Persians believed that there was being waged a perpetual war between the good gods and the wicked devils, and many of the Persians believed that the devils at last would be victorious, and others thought that finally the gods would stand victors.

In Egypt this god was Set ; afterwards they called him Typhon, and he fought the good god Osiris, and he fought Isis, the mother ; he fought Horus the babe, and he was the implacable enemy of the human race. It was he who prevented the overflow of the Nile ; it was he that brought the demon Death. Among the Greeks the Titans were the enemies of the gods, and some of them were women, wonderful women. There was Athene, possessed of all the fascinations of the sex, beautiful, subtle, understanding the heart not only of men but of gods, and so great was her fascination, so wonderful her power, that she tempted Zeus and misled the god of gods. She was a wonderful woman in her day.

Now, these ideas about gods and devils often change. In the days of Socrates, a demon was not a devil, but a guardian angel. So from time to time nations and races have changed their thought.

We obtained our devil from the Jews—second-hand, and they got him from Babylon ; and for many centuries the Jews cultivated the science of demonology. They understood "the aristocracy of hell." They knew the cast and the titles of nobility, and they divided the devils into nine kinds ; Beelzebub was the prince of the false gods of other nations ; the Pythian Apollo was the prince of liars ; Belial was the prince of mischief-makers ; Asmodeus was the prince of revengeful devils ; Satan the prince of witches, wizards and sorcerers ; Meresin, the prince of flying devils who caused thunderstorms and plagues ; Abaddon, prince of those who caused tumults, wars and combustions ; Diabolus, the prince of those who drove to despair, and Mammon, the prince of all the tempters. You have no idea the information they had on this subject.

It was believed at that time that these demons, these flying devils, these sorcerers, these witches came together and held "Sabbats," that is to say, orgies ; and it was also known that sorcerers and witches had marks on their bodies that had been imprinted by the Devil, so that he would know his property when he saw the brand.

Of course these devils were all made by the people ; and in these devils we find the prejudices of their makers.

The Europeans had all their devils black, and in central Africa the Devil was white, which was very natural.

So it was believed for many thousands of years that people by the aid of the Devil could assume any shape they wished. They could be changed into dogs, serpents, birds, anything—cats, or into wolves ; and this changing into animal forms was exceedingly common. They made a bargain with the Devil, sold their poor souls ; the contract was in writing ; they put their ignorant mark

to it, used their blood as ink, and then with the assistance of this master they could change themselves to wolves or to any animal.

This was not simply an idle belief. Within two years, from 1598 to 1600, in one district of France, the district of Jura, over six hundred men and women were convicted of having changed themselves with the assistance of the devil into wolves. Every one was convicted. Every one was executed—six hundred within two years. Let me tell you one case. A man went hunting; he was attacked by a wolf; he drew his clasp knife in defending himself and cut off one of the wolf's paws: the wolf howling ran away. He picked up the paw and put it in his pocket. I am giving you the evidence that was submitted at the trial. He went home. His wife was sitting in a chair with her arm bandaged. He asked her what was the matter? She had met with an accident; she had accidentally chopped off her hand. Thereupon he pulled the paw of the wolf out of his pocket and it had changed back into her hand. He had her arrested; the evidence was given, and she confessed her guilt, and thereupon the poor woman was executed.

This is only one instance. I could give you thousands; but there is no time to give the history of this belief in devils. It is sufficient to say that it has been universal; and there was a time when men said that the fact that a belief had been universal was evidence of its truth; but I say to-night that it does not even create a suspicion of its truth. The consequences of this belief have been terrible, beyond the imagination. Millions and millions of men and women, children, fathers and mothers have been sacrificed upon the altar of this ignorant and idiotic belief—infamous—and countless homes have been broken up.

Of course the Christians of to-day do not believe in the devils of the Hindoos, Egyptians, Persians or Babylonians. They believe only in the devil of the Jews. They think that these nations created their own devils as they did their own gods; and yet the Christians of to-day must admit that for many, many centuries Christians did believe in the existence of countless devils; that the Fathers of the Church believed as sincerely in the Devil as they did in Christ, as sincerely in imps and unclean spirits as they did in God.

Now, I want to be fair, and I admit that our poor, ignorant savage ancestors, did whatever they could to account for what they saw, for what they experienced, and I admit that the devils and gods, the ghosts and imps were all naturally produced, the effect of nature on the undeveloped brain. The phenomena of nature filled our ancestors not simply with wonder, but with terror. The miraculous and supernatural, was not only believed in but was constantly expected. A man walking in the woods at night, just a glimmering of the moon, everything shadowy and uncertain, thinks he sees a monstrous form. One arm is raised as if to strike him; his blood runs cold, his hair lifts, and in the gloom he sees the eyes of an ogre, eyes that appear to flame with malice, and he feels that a horror is approaching. He turns and with a cry he seeks safety in flight. He is afraid to look back. He feels that it is pursuing, and at last he falls unconscious at the door of his miserable hut; and when he finally comes to himself he tells his wife and

children that he has seen a devil, and the children know there is a devil "Because father saw one!" They tell their children, and the grandchildren know there is a devil, "Because grandfather saw one, and the devil that he saw pursued him!"

Some old woman sitting by the fire at night alone, a storm raging without, hears the mournful sough of the wind, and to her it becomes a voice; her imagination is touched, and the voice seems to utter words, and out of these words she constructs a message, a warning, a threat or a promise. If the words are good she has heard a blessed angel; if they are malicious she has heard a devil: and she tells this to her children and they believe, and afterwards they say that "Mother's religion is good enough for them." A girl suffering from hysteria falls into a trance, has visions of the infernal world. The priest sprinkles her pallid face with holy water, and in a very solemn voice he says: "She hath a devil! She hath a devil!" A man utters a terrible cry, falls to the ground, foam and blood issue from his mouth, his limbs are convulsed, and the spectators say, "This is the Devil's work."

They were honest, as honest as they were idiotic. And through all the ages people have mistaken dreams and visions for realities. To them the insane were inspired, epileptics were possessed by devils, apoplexy was the work of unclean spirits, and when some poor man had the palsy he was full of devils.

For many centuries people believed not only in these phantoms but that they had seen them, and so thorough, so vivid was this belief that they made pictures of them. They knew exactly how they looked. They drew and chiselled their hoofs, their horns and all of their malicious deformities.

Now, understand, I am not calling their honesty in question, nor the honesty of the savages of to-day in question. I admit that all these monsters were naturally produced by monsters. These people believed that hell was the native land of devils, that the Devil was a king, and that he and his imps were the enemies of men, and curiously enough some of these devils were made out of degraded gods, and naturally enough many devils were made out of the gods of other nations, so that frequently the gods of one people were the devils of another.

In nature there are opposing forces, and some of these forces work for what men call good, and some for what men call evil. Back of these forces our ancestors put intelligence, design. They could not believe that good and evil came from the same being; so back of the Good they put God; back of the evil they put the Devil. All natural.

But there is one question I wish to ask to-night of all believers in the Devil, If the Devil should die would your God make another? Think about it; think about it.

Now the question is, Is this Devil necessary to orthodox Christianity?

To-night I say that the great Atlas who bears upon his shoulder the structure of "our religion" is the Devil. The religion known as Christianity was invented by God himself to repair in part the wreck and ruin that resulted from the Devil's works. Take the Devil from the scheme of salvation, from the atonement, from the dogma of eternal pain, and the foundation is gone.

The Devil inflicted the wounds that Christ came to heal. The Devil corrupted the human race, the human race the Christ came to redeem; and the first question now is, Does the Old Testament teach the existence of this Devil?

Well, it does, if it teaches anything. It teaches the existence of the Devil, of Satan, of the Serpent, the enemy of God and man, of men and women, and these who believe the sacred scriptures are compelled to say that this Devil was created by God. He did not create himself; he did not come by chance; he is the handiwork of the infinite orthodox God, and these Christians are compelled to admit that when God created the Devil he knew exactly what he would do; knew the measure of his success; knew when he made him that he would be a successful rival; knew that he would deceive and corrupt the children of men, and knew that by reason of this devil countless millions of human beings would suffer eternal torment in the prison of pain; and this God also knew when he created the Devil that he, God, would be compelled to leave his throne, be born a babe in Palestine and suffer a cruel death. All this he knew when he created the Devil. Why did he create him? Just think, now; think.

It is no answer to say that this Devil was once an angel of light and fell from his high estate because he was free. God when he made him knew what he would do with his freedom, exactly knew what he would do when he gave him liberty of action, and consequently he must have made him with the intention that he should rebel, with the intention that he should deceive the human race. Knowing what the Devil would do when he made him God is responsible for the acts of the Devil, and if he knew what he would do when he made him then the Devil's acts are the acts of God; and there is no escape. No orthodox Christian has ingenuity enough to dig himself out of that cell. He must have made him with the intention that he should rebel, that he should fall, that he should become a devil, that he should tempt and corrupt the father and mother of the human race, that he should make hell a necessity, and that in consequence of his creation millions of the children of men would suffer eternal pain.

Why did he create him? Let us think. If I had the power to change that glass into a human being and I knew that he would be a murderer and be hung before he could be "born again" and go to hell and suffer forever, hadn't I better leave it glass?

Why would God make a successful rival? We have here in the United States some seventy-five million people. How many belong to the churches? About twenty million. How many joined for political reasons? I don't know. How many joined for business, for social reasons, for fashion? I don't know. Admit that they are all absolutely sincere, humble, contrite followers, twenty million, there are fifty-five million following the Devil, going the broad road to eternal hell; and they call this a Christian country. Why? Because the Devil is ahead? Why did God make a successful rival? Now, admit that God is infinitely wise, has he—and I ask it with great reverence—has he ingenuity enough to frame a reasonable excuse for the creation of the Devil? Just think; just think.

SOME EASTER REFLECTIONS.

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 BY W. M. THOMPSON, EDITOR "REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER."
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EASTER, like Christmas, has now become a popular holiday, rather than a religious festival. Those who can afford it go away to enjoy themselves. The pressure and competition of life is becoming more severe every day; consequently more frequent intervals of rest are needed.

We do not suppose the ecclesiastically-minded will benefit much by Easter. All the world of learned and scientific men have been deeply engaged for many years on inquiries into the authenticity of the Scriptures and the meaning of the universe. So far as the pulpits are concerned these scholars might as well be doing nothing. No echo of their labors is heard in the churches of any denomination. And this for two reasons. One is that the bulk of the clergy are ignorant; another, that they are afraid. One remembers how, a short time ago, an outcry arose from the clergy as to what is known as the Polychrome Bible. This Bible is printed in various colors to indicate that many of the books and chapters which appear to be the work of one hand and one period, have really been written by different men, often at intervals of time measured by hundreds of years. The Bible history of the Creation has been rejected by the leading divines of all churches. The Archbishop of Canterbury himself is in favor of the evolutionary theory as opposed to that of a special creation. In the reformed churches the doctrine of Hell, as a place of torture, has been almost abandoned. You might go into a thousand such churches and never hear Hell once mentioned. The Holy Ghost has almost sunk from view, and God the Father takes quite a secondary place in popular imagination, as compared with God the Son. These are remarkable symptoms of the times; but it is monstrous cowardice on the part of the clergy not to refer to them.

This Easter those who attend places of worship will hear many sermons of the old type preached. Nothing positive will be added to their knowledge. Christ, we are told, ascended from the earth in his body. But in the Bible we are informed that a spirit has no body. It is the duty of the clergy, as the professional religious guides, to explain this puzzle. Christ descended to Hell. What hell? Was it the place of torture? If not, was it the place of departed spirits? If so, this would establish the Roman Catholic doctrine of Purgatory.

Then, it is said, that those who "die in the Lord" will go to heaven at once. If that be so, what is the need of a resurrection? And, besides, what need would a spirit have for a body? It cannot be supposed that a spirit would need a nose to smell, or a stomach to digest, or teeth, or hair, or organs of generation—for there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage in heaven. If the clergy cannot explain these things to earnest and thoughtful men, what are they but ignorant impostors?

We very much fear that it is because they are unable to explain them that they keep silent about them. But this is an eager and inquiring age. The

old platitudes are no longer satisfying. "Have faith" is no answer at all, especially in an era which has discovered so many scientific truths, the mere belief in which three hundred years ago would have induced the clergy to burn the bodies of those who were bold enough to admit the fact.

In the face of such fundamental difficulties one can only look with scorn upon the petty disputes which are tearing asunder the Church established by Parliament in this country. The circumstance that so much difference of opinion exists among the religious experts is enough in itself to show that we have not arrived at anything like religious truth. We do not suppose that God, the maker of the universe, would care one jot about the use of candles, and incense and vestments. But all this only shows the origin of the existing religion. It came from Rome and the East, mingled with the practices of the dying Paganism. The Church altar, what is it but the Pagan altar modernized? The Sacrifice of the Mass, as the Established clergy now call the Communion—in which the very blood and body of Christ are supposed to be drunk and eaten—what is it but the old Hebrew, and Roman, and Grecian burnt offerings, where portions of the victims were eaten by the priests and the people? The processions and ceremonies will be found, by anyone who cares to read about these things, to have a similar origin. Has the time then not come for the people to insist that the clergy shall give a satisfactory answer to these questionings? An Easter week spent on discourses of this kind would be immensely profitable. But we are afraid the congregations will find once more that their bellies are being filled, to use a Scriptural metaphor, with the east wind.

Only second to the base cowardice of the clergy in these respects is the cowardice of the Press. The Press now assumes to talk with authority on nearly every topic. On the question of religion, however, it has entered into a conspiracy of silence with the clergy. It is well known that at least three-fourths of the journalists in this and every country, and at least three-fourths of the members of Parliament, are non-believers in any special form of dogmatic religion. They think themselves obliged to keep up a kind of hypocrisy on the subject, because they argue that the people are so ignorant and so prejudiced with reference to such matters, that they would only incur unnecessary trouble and hostility by referring to them. Is this a healthy sign? The religion that cannot bear examination and discussion must be worth little, and the man who cannot give a satisfactory reason for the belief that is in him cannot really be said to have any belief. He is only a bundle of impressions implanted with his mother's milk.

The importance to the Democracy of this state of things cannot be overrated. So long as the clergy can promise rewards after death, men and women will be less inclined to seek justice on earth. It is, therefore, their duty to dis-cover whether they are being deceived or not. This casts no discredit upon Christianity, or its Founder. As a body of morals, as a sublime figure, neither one nor the other has been excelled. The Atheist or the Agnostic can be a Christian—that is, believe in Christ's ethical teaching, as one would believe in that of Buddha, Confucius, or Plato. And, indeed, it not infre-

quently happens that the non-believer in the supernatural mission of Christ is a better Christian than the smug churchgoer who is meanly trying, for personal considerations, to make the best of both worlds. The great trouble is to make those who profess to be Christians really carry out in their lives the precepts of the Christian religion. There would be little trouble in the world if this were done.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, the distinguished author, summarizes the position very well in his annual address to the Positivists' Society :

"It is curious that rational men can think that they are saving their souls by eating a bit of bread whilst fasting, or by hearing some words uttered by a priest who professes to trace his spiritual descent from a fisherman of Galilee. It is a sign of the general decay of theology, or rather a reversion to primitive fetichism as it is seen on the Congo, in Thibet or Fiji. Rome, in fact, is making way because the Bible and salvation by faith are so widely discredited; and men turn towards something artistic, imposing, external, and material. That is a natural process in the decay of theology. The fact that concerns outsiders and politicians is this : that the Romeward tendency exists chiefly amongst the richer, more cultured, urban classes, to whom modern thought and love of art have penetrated. And these form a minority. The labouring masses, the unrefined and country folk, who are still a majority, hold by the old-fashioned reform, where they are Christian at all. The Romanizers are in hot earnest, and are increasing. It is difficult to see how the same official church can long hold both. And to disestablishment it must ultimately tend."

Hence the first duty of any responsible man is to weigh his belief, to take nothing for granted, to give a reason for the faith that is in him, not by saying, like a parrot, "I believe," but by showing the historical grounds upon which he claims his religion to be the only true one out of the many which exist in the world.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE BIBLE ?

THE Bible is now and has been for many years by far the most extensively circulated book in the world. It is sent forth annually by millions of copies, and among the religious agencies receiving most largely the contributions of the pious throughout the Protestant world are the Bible societies.

The Bible has been translated into hundreds of languages and dialects. Thirty years ago, as given by the British and Foreign Bible Society alone, their number was 173. Missionaries have constructed written languages for many peoples and tribes, with the single object of translating the Bible for their instruction in the way of salvation, and they have performed their pious task at the expense of enormous labor always, oftentimes of great sacrifice, and sometimes of cruel martyrdom. The whole missionary zeal of Protestantism has been inspired by absolute faith in the Bible as the inspired and unerring Word of God.

Now, what will happen if the view of the Bible held and propagated by the Briggs school becomes prevalent? Will not people begin to refuse contributions of money for the circulation of a book which they are taught to regard as human in its errors, more or less spurious in its authorship, largely fictitious, utterly incredible in its assertion of miracles as facts, and altogether misleading? If it is as faulty as Dr. Briggs and his fellow scholars make out, does not fairness to the people require that it should be published with warning explanations of its fallacies, contradictions, inventions and misstatements, so that no one shall be deceived?

Is it wonderful, then, that Col. Ingersoll hailed Dr. Briggs and Bishop Potter last Sunday as allies of Tom Paine in his effort to bring the Bible into discredit?—*N.Y. Sun*, May 13.

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.

IN silent desolation, surrounded by swamps and malaria, there rises in the plain of Pæstum the famous temple of Poseidon, the best preserved of all the extant Hellenic temples. "A tale of the ages olden,"—thus it impressed us as we saw it not long ago in the light of the evening sun. "The sun rules"—such is the expression in modern Greece for the sinking king of day,—a popular expression understood only by one whose eye has seen the color-marvels of evening in the southland, which, proceeding from the throne of that monarch, deck as by magic sea and land, mountain and valley, earth and sky with a chromatic splendor that no artist can imitate—yonder the shimmering sea, the purple-surgings, sacred salt-tide of Homer; here proud mountains veiled in tender violet; between them the soundless plain once famous for its rose-gardens; and in the plain that temple, transfigured by the roseate, odorous haze; above us the sky, blue as when blooming life filled these fields now desolate for centuries, as smiling as when, twenty-four hundred years ago, Hellenic faith erected the temple,—thus we saw that majestic structure, and then left that region, bearing with us deep and imperishable impressions.

The temple at Pæstum is an eloquent surviving witness of struggles of world-wide significance, such as earth has not seen before or since,—we mean the two centuries of conflict beginning with Constantine, in which, as is commonly said, paganism succumbed to victorious Christianity. Two hundred years! A long time,—so long that we cannot possibly assume that from the start Christianity was facing in Paganism a weak, half-dead opponent. It must be that this opponent possessed great vitality if it was only after two

hundred years that he could be declared conquered by a church which was supported by the most powerful of allies—the State.

We speak of a two hundred years' conflict between Christianity and Paganism. Is the expression correct? Was, then, this struggle a purely spiritual struggle, and did the victory consist in a conquest of the spirit of Paganism by the spirit of Christianity? And was there an inner victory won, which resulted in the disappearance of the outward evidences of pagan life, as, for instance, the temples? We speak of a "fall," an "overthrow" of Hellenic-Roman Paganism. Does this mean that those two hundred years destroyed the moral and religious tendencies of Paganism, so that mankind was transformed, first inwardly, and then, as a consequence of this, outwardly?

In the temple of Pæstum we see a lifeless relic of Paganism; the present article will show forth some of its living relics.

With Constantine, the first so-called "Christian" emperor, the power of the State was turned against Paganism. While the Pagan Roman emperors had endeavored to annihilate Christianity by annihilating the individual Christians, the Christian Roman emperors resorted to another method for accomplishing their ends. In order to exterminate Paganism, they directed their attack against Pagan worship, which was the means, according to the Roman point of view, of preserving for all mankind the favor of the guardian gods. The Government attempted to abolish this by violence, in order thus to deprive Paganism of the means of self-manifestation—the very condition of existence. As a matter of course, acts of violence could not abolish the religious spirit and tendency of Paganism; and the fact that two hundred years were required for a by no means complete outward Christianization shows how little virtue there was in violent measures of government.

Measures against the Pagan Roman worship could not fail to strike the temples at the very first. The closing, evacuation, or destruction of temples, as well as their use for the construction of churches and other purposes, began under Constantine and his sons, but did not assume considerable headway until the end of the century of Constantine (the 4th), under Emperor Theodosius. The Church hailed him as a second Joash, of whom the Old Testament says: "And all the people of the land went to the house of Baal and brake it down; his altars and images brake they in pieces thoroughly" (2 Kings 11: 18). At this time the Church began to call out the hosts of her monks for the destruction of the temples, and among the bishops there were not a few who flattered themselves that they possessed the spirit, the power, and the calling of Elijah. Such a one was, for instance, Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, who thoroughly destroyed the world-famed temple of Serapis

at that place, and also destroyed the unapproachable, mysterious, miraculous image of the great Serapis. The Church was filled with rejoicings, for she believed that the fall of this temple was a glorious victory for Christianity. For the vanished Serapis the Church offered compensation in "king" Christ, and the heathen who were converted by such deeds now expected from Christ all that they had formerly hoped and obtained from Serapis. Christ assumed the guardianship of the Nile-gauge which had formerly stood in the temple of Serapis. Such was the dispensation of the Church.

For the honor of Christ and the pursuit of their own salvation, bands of monks, fanatical or instigated by fanatics, undertook in those days regular crusades against the temples, and in Canopus (Egypt), for instance, razed to the ground all the temples, although they made compensation by providing for the construction of Christian sanctuaries and furnishing them with relics of the saints in place of the expelled gods, in whom the whole Church of that time recognized real powers, called "dæmons," which, according to the notions of that time, were subdued by the magic spell of the Church. Such a crusade was undertaken in Syria by the trooper-bishop Marcellus, attended by gladiators, soldiers, and monks; and in Gaul, Bishop Martin, elevated from the camp to be a church official, could not repress his warlike ardor, and directed it against temples and "dæmons." No wonder that the Frankish rulers chose this bishop for their patron saint, and took with them on their crusades as a palladium to guard them and guarantee victory the mitre of Saint Martin. The clergy, who had charge of this palladium at home and on the way, received from the "cappa" (hat, or mitre), referred to the name "cappelani," and the receptacle which contained the palladium was called "cappella" (hat-box). This "cappa," then, served the same purpose for the Christian Frankish princes as for Æneas that palladium which he took with him from Troy (*Æneid*, i. 378), or as that famous "ancile" (shield) which was regarded in Rome as a direct gift of heaven, or as that famous image of Mary in Constantinople which at the beginning of the fifth century was dedicated to public worship by Pulcheria, sister of the Emperor Theodosius II., and in critical times was fastened as a protection to that portion of the wall which was most exposed to hostile attacks. Constantine had the very same expectation of the cross, *celestis signum Dei*, when he substituted it for the Pagan emblems that had been worshipped as divine.

While in the Orient the temples were quite thoroughly cleaned away, in the Occident, and especially in Italy, they received very different treatment. We are told of no scenes of vandalism, nor of trooper-bishops or crusades against the temples of Italy. Monasticism did not appear there until later, and this absence of fanatic mobs of monks preserved the temples from the fate that befell them in the Orient. In Italy, in the course of the two centuries beginning with Constantine, only a small number of the temples were violently destroyed; on the contrary, they were evacuated, closed, and deprived of their revenues, and consequently of their administration. Many, after their pillars

had been taken away for Christian purposes, fell into ruins, many were transformed into churches, many survived these two centuries to meet later one of the fates just mentioned or to be destroyed by earthquakes. Many temples, chiefly in Sicily, have defied the ravages of time until the present day. It is true, the number of theatres preserved is much greater—a fact that is easily explained. For when the temples had long been desolate in Italy the Pagan theatre still flourished, together with beast-baiting and gladiatorial combats, which did not cease in Rome until the beginning of the fifth century. Beast-baiting was permitted as late as the sixth century, and that by the Christian Emperor Justinian, and even the clergy participated at such spectacles. The temples in Naples disappeared almost entirely, but only gradually in the succeeding centuries, likewise in Tarentum (Taranto) and in Palermo. The effects of an earthquake may be seen in the temple ruins of Girgenti and Selinus, in Sicily; and in Calabria more than a hundred years ago a fearful earthquake destroyed many remains of temples. It is remarkable that in two places the Greek word for temple, *Naos*, has been preserved. *Capo di Nao* is the name to-day among the Calabrian people for that promontory on the Gulf of Tarentum where still a single column marks the place of the temple of Hera. Near the modern Monteleone the same word calls attention to the site of a temple.

This extensive sparing of the temples in Italy fifteen hundred years ago proves, on the one hand, that the Christian emperors did not and could not carry out all that they decreed, and, on the other hand, that the people were free from Christian fanaticism. It would have been an easy matter to destroy all the temples of Italy in the course of fifty years, yet what could have been accomplished in a short space of time was not completed in two hundred years. When the Normans took possession of Sicily in the eleventh century they found there numerous Mohammedan sanctuaries, erected by the Arabian conquerors. In Palermo there were several hundred temples and mosques. All these were destroyed in no time at all, by order of the Norman leaders; the same in Bari and elsewhere. Not a trace of such structures is left.

Now, because ruins of temples were once very common things in Southern Italy, it has come about in later centuries that the people in many cases regarded the ruins of secular edifices as remains of temples. Many a time the writer has strayed along the deserted strand of Baia, with its many ruins, praised by Horace as the most charming corner of the earth, and always heard the people there demonstrate the ruins of the baths to be the temples of every possible Roman divinity. On the slope of Posilipo, near Naples, stands the solitary ruin of a Roman bathing villa, known to-day in popular language as the "Castle of the Ghosts." In this title we hear an echo of the ancient belief in "dæmons," which was preserved even by the Ohristians for centuries, and the stronghold of the belief in the mysterious magic of the Pagan Roman world is shown by other ruins on Mount Posilipo, where to this day a piece of ruined wall is entitled the "School of Virgil," that is, the place where Virgil, regarded as a magician, taught his magic arts. In Sulmona, the birth-place of Ovid, popular songs speak of him to this day as a magician.

(To be concluded.)

LOVE AND LABOR.

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.

THE world may well be grateful to Chrysis the Stoic, who seems to have been the first to recognize an occult wisdom beneath the apparently monstrous fables of the poets. Who shall say that certain of the more modern among the *genus irritabile vatum*, who have, in the judgment of their contemporaries, seemed to despise rhyme and reason, have not,—loftily contemning alike this utilitarian age and its mercenary vitiligators,—derived their inspiration from the conviction that future ages will see sweetness and light where to-day even American Browningsocieties are wandering in Egyptian darkness? It is surely re-assuring to know on high authority that on the subject of love there was, among the ancient fabulists, a "confusion of persons," something like that which obtained among theologians prior to the Council of Nice, when the salvation of mankind was, as Gibbon puts it, dependent on a single diphthong. The Eros, offspring of the egg deposited on Chaos, must be carefully distinguished from Cupid the Venus-born, a saucy imp whose malice toward mankind but too often leads to chaos or something worse. It was the latter who, blindly and heedless of consequences, shot the keenest bolt in his quiver into the bosom of Dorothy Teulon, to the lasting perturbation of the maiden's heart. Something inclined to waywardness from her childhood Dorothy, under this new influence, was at times even wilful in her moods and,—fatal symptom this,—became a lover of solitude. Like her father, who took pride in one or two good hunters and whose known wealth was a sufficient passport to the best county society, Dorothy rode well, an accomplishment which during the winter

threw her much into the society of Gilbert and other Nimrods of the district. On the other hand, her sister seldom ventured on horseback, so that it frequently came to pass that, while Eliza Teulon and Amy Varcoe were spending many hours together over books and music, Dorothy, her dark cheek and eyes aglow with health and excitement, was galloping over ploughed land, fallow, and common to the music of "Stole Away!" Being an undeniably good match,—for the whole county knew that the doctor had added to rather than diminished the large fortune he had inherited,—and of a family which, to say the least, was quite equal to that of the ordinary East Anglian squire, Dorothy was by no means without beaux, and being a trifle coquettish she generally, at balls and elsewhere, had half-a-dozen or more victims dangling in her train. Nay, more than this, Sir George Croyland, a Lincolnshire baronet a year or so younger than her own father, was known to have made a formal proposal during a late visit at Drayton Hall, and, on being rejected, to have made an exile of himself somewhere among the Norway fjords.

Generally speaking, the home life at the Priory was very quiet, but of course there were times when Gilbert Arderne was compelled to exercise the hospitality due from a person in his position. On all such occasions Mrs. Arderne insisted that Amy should share in the gaieties and amusements provided for the guests, and when Amy herself would have,—modestly conscious that she was being lifted out of her native sphere,—protested her protectress invariably chided her.

"I did not take you from Cornwall, my dear," she would say, "to be my depend-

ent, or to have you occupy some such equivocal position as that of a poor governess in a house of parvenus. Among my son's guests you will never, I am sure, meet with any superciliousness or arrogant assumption of superiority. I will say this much for them, country-bred though many of them are, that Gilbert's friends are all gentlemen. Now and then, my dear, you may perhaps find some of our own sex to envy your beauty and, I will add, your accomplishments, but even then your modesty and retiring nature will disarm them."

Thus encouraged, Amy rapidly conformed herself to the new life, her progress being facilitated by her friendship with Eliza Teulon. When at length it was determined that the family should move to town Amy, who knew nothing of London and its attractions, heard the news with regret, mainly because she saw in it a prospect of some months' separation from her friend. At their next meeting she could not help expressing this, and she was delighted when Eliza said:

"We are going to London too, Amy; Dorothy has persuaded papa to do so: it will be the first time for, I think, five years. Your people have a fine house in Eaton Square, we shall be content with humbler lodging in Wimpole Street. Dorothy is already in anticipation enjoying herself in the way she likes best,—I believe Mr. Arderne owns what they call a house-boat somewhere up the Thames where there is to be much junketting; I have thought that you and I might manage to escape this part of the affair and take our own quieter pleasure together."

"That would be delightful," said Amy, "we could then spend whole days in the Abbey, the Tower, the British Museum, and—"

"And the wax-works, my dear," interrupted Eliza with a laugh, "in the Chamber of Horrors, where all the rustics go, I am told. Yes, I told Mrs. Arderne the other day that we two, you and I, must be allowed to 'do' London,—I think that is the proper phrase,—after our own manner,

and she consented at once, stipulating that now and then she must be allowed to accompany us. From something she said I have an idea she is somewhat interested in this new fad called Theosophy, and as there are certain priests and priestesses of occultism in town she will probably put herself into communication with them. Who knows? she may possibly take us to some of their meetings? Fancy yourself learning how to transcend the limits of material nature to which, in our present state, we are in some sort bond slaves!"

"Such studies have been regarded as unlawful in the past," replied Amy, "and nothing would induce me to take part in them. Surely, Eliza, that which in ancient times was known as magic is inconsistent with the Christian religion?"

"Really I do not know," said Eliza, "Mrs. Arderne is a good Christian, as even Mr. Summerford allows, but I remember that, soon after her son's return, she had quite a discussion with the rector in this very room on the subject of reconciling the doctrine of re-incarnation with Catholic faith, and, do you know, I think she almost had the best of it? However, Amy, you and I need not fear being led astray into the wilderness of the esoteric philosophy; you being too good a church-woman, and I being too practical, as pa says."

One afternoon about the middle of April Amy was returning to the Priory from a visit to Eliza, the last before leaving for London. The day was unusually warm for so early a season, and Amy, having been kept at home by nearly a week of almost incessant rain, made up her mind to go by way of the Copse, as the wood that lay south of the Priory park was called. This would make her journey at least twice as long, but the prospect of a good walk tempted her to leave the high road just as she reached the foot of the hill by the lych gate of the old churchyard. Across the road a sort of swing-gate, known in Withington as the Kissing Gate, led into the plantation. She had just

passed through when Abel Pilgrim came down the hill and made a respectful salutation. This in some respects churlish man was always polite and goodnatured to Amy, being always ready and even eager to render her any little service in his power. Shortly after passing the lych gate Pilgrim encountered his master, also on his way home from Withington.

"Abel," said Gilbert, "was not that Miss Varcoe who went up the hill just now? did you meet her?"

"Miss Varcoe has been to the doctor's, Master Gilbert," replied Pilgrim; "she has not gone up the hill but through the woods. The young lady is a good walker, sir, but you may soon overtake her. The black mare you rode to the meet on Monday has barked her knee, Master Gilbert, and Hobbs came up from the stable to ask for some liniment. I told him that five oils was the best thing in life for it; but he says no, that the master was to order some doctor stuff at the chemist's."

"You will find it there, Abel," said Gilbert, "some bottles of embrocation. Bring them with you, and let Hobbs have them as soon as you get back."

Looking back, Abel Pilgrim saw his master stand in apparent hesitation beside the Kissing Gate, but only for a moment.

"Ah!" ejaculated the major domo, "I thought he would follow her: I knew he would; I have seen it in his eyes for months. He is, whatever others may be, a true branch of the old stock. It seems a pity, a great pity, but it cannot be helped now."

Whatever skill Abel had as a physiognomist, it was evident that Gilbert Arderne had made up his mind to overtake Amy. The footpath between the road and the plantation was divided from the park by a low bank-hedge, out of which grew black-budded ash trees and a few dwarf elms. The path itself followed the bend of this hedge, so that, although the trees were as yet leafless, Amy was not visible from where Gilbert was standing.

He overtook her, however, almost immediately just as she entered the Copse, and his keen eyes were quick to observe that she flushed slightly at his approach.

"Good afternoon, Miss Varcoe," he said, raising his hat, "this is a fortunate meeting for me. I could almost wish that your old enemy Bruno were here to afford me another opportunity to pose as a rescuer of distressed beauty."

"You must excuse me for not echoing that wish, Mr. Arderne," Amy replied. "I fear I appear at a great disadvantage where savage dogs are concerned."

"You appear as you always do, Miss Varcoe, as your mirror no doubt has long ago taught you; for I cannot believe that so much beauty is wholly unconscious of its own existence."

"We are both speaking like the characters in a book," she said with a smile; "but I think we neither of us can maintain the stilted style very successfully. I scarcely know why I chose to come through the Copse; I supposed I should have a quiet walk to the Priory this way."

"Which is tantamount to saying that you could well dispense with company, Amy," returned Gilbert. "Do not think that I have not seen all your reserve towards me since we have lived together. I have seen it."

"Mr. Arderne," she said, "if you have seen this you ought, as a gentleman, to understand it and to refrain from noticing it. You know my position: I am not a lady born, but, in some sort, a dependent, kindly, considerably treated, but still a dependent. Knowing this, you must also know, you do know, that even the most innocent presumption on my part would be perilous to me."

"Perilous to you?" he asked. "I confess that I know nothing of the sort. Are you not my mother's chosen friend and companion? have we not met before? have we not the right to love if our destiny points that way?"

"To love?" she said. "Surely the lord of all the broad lands around us

here, of that old house there before us, cannot love beneath him?"

"Listen to me a moment, Amy. You are fond of Tennyson. I have seen you reading him a hundred times. Does he not say that

"A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms?"

Well, Amy, I am of his mind in that respect, and I have followed you here to tell you that I love you, love you dearly: that I have, as I am an honest man, loved you from the day of our first meeting in the Bodrugan woods."

The fateful words were uttered,—the declaration he had longed to make, the avowal he had muttered even in his dreams time and again since his return. Amy Varcoe, turning, looked him steadily, searchingly in the face.

"You love me, Gilbert Arderne," she said softly, "with the love of an honest man? Is that so? Wait a moment, and then answer me. You love me so dearly that when we reach the Priory you will go to your mother and repeat those same words to her? How, think you, will she receive them? What will she say to me for having heard them? What will she think of the adventuress who has repaid her kindness with such ingratitude?"

In his eagerness Gilbert noted only the tear which glittered in those lovely eyes when Amy alluded to his mother. Perhaps he misconstrued this sign of maiden weakness, for seizing her hand he carried it to his lips.

"She need not know it," he exclaimed, "that is, not at once. Let us plight our troth here in the sight of God, pledging ourselves to be all in all to each other until the happy day when the prejudice of a sanctimonious world can be satisfied. Amy, such love as I have towards you is higher and holier than all the altars and the mummery practised before them in the name of religion."

Heaven forgive him if he meant basely! While speaking he had drawn her towards

himself, and had bent his head as though to kiss her lips. If such were his intention, he did not execute it, for at that instant a mocking laugh sounded in his ears, and starting back he saw Dorothy Teulon galloping through the Park towards the Priory. As she sped past the Copse she waved a handkerchief gaily in her left hand, and in the present state of the trees, which were all deciduous, Gilbert knew that Dorothy's sharp eyes had taken in the situation. For an instant he felt little of a lover's ardor, but quickly recovering he looked anxiously into Amy's face.

"She, Mrs. Arderne, will soon know it now, at all events," said Amy, very calmly. "Dorothy is watchful of your every action, and I have long seen that she is jealous of me, for, Mr. Arderne, your looks, aye, even your words, have long told me something like that I have just heard from your lips. Now hear what I have to say,—it will perhaps keep you from disgracing your manhood by proposing that I should become your light-o'-love, your mistress, for that is what you mean when you profess to disregard altars and rites. Gilbert Arderne, I can never become your wife,—any other connection between us is impossible. Were you willing, as others have done, to disregard the social gulf between us, still I would not become your wife."

The vision of Dorothy, and still more her mocking laugh, had sorely disconcerted the young man. No longer inclined to heroics he said:

"You would not become my wife? and why not, Amy? I am my own master, with no one to dispute my will,—why not?"

"Because I think I love you too well to draw you down to my lower plane. Yes, Gilbert, I have long known that were you of my own rank in life I should choose you for my husband. Yes, I would have chosen you, perhaps even have wooed you, if you were slow to answer my love. I tell you this because I foresee that the time of our parting is at hand; I

tell you this that you may know that I, too, know what honor means. The time will come when you will be thankful that I have spared you the horror of having either to blush or to apologize for your wife."

It took but a few steps to carry Amy from the edge of the little plantation into the park, within full view of the Priory. Pausing a minute to collect his thoughts, Gilbert resolved to forestall any resolution which his mother might make by openly confessing that he had in some sort made love to Amy and had been rejected. He was too well acquainted with the wilful, capricious nature of Dorothy Teulon to doubt for an instant that she had told Mrs. Arderne what she had seen, and he had every reason to dread that his mother, absurdly proud of her son and of his family pretensions, might summarily dismiss her companion. Thus determining, he hastened to overtake the singular woman who had, while acknowledging her love, rejected the lover, and side by side they entered the old gateway under the tower in time to see Abel Pilgrim, whose journey from the village by the shorter road had been impeded by no lovemaking, coming back from the stables.

Outwardly composed, at any rate, Mrs. Arderne was found awaiting her son in the hall. An old escutcheon, with crossed sword and lance, erst the arms of another Gilbert Arderne, who bore them in his last fight at Lewes in 1264, surmounted the high mantel upon the spandrel of which was carved the proud crest of the family, — a dexter arm embowed wielding a dagger, with the motto *Vulneratus non victus*. Nodding her head, with a smile of evident good will, to Amy as the latter went up the broad staircase to her own rooms, Mrs. Arderne motioned to her son to approach.

"Gilbert," she said, tracing the aforesaid motto with her finger, "your ancestor's quarrel with Simon De Montfort arose from his marrying a vintner's daughter of Norwich. During the siege of Rochester Guy De Montfort, vexed with Sir Gilbert

Arderne for having counselled the Earl of Leicester to moderate the demands made of the king, twitted him with having married a low-born girl, and Sir Gilbert is said to have thrown his gauntlet in Guy's face. The following day he with his retainers went over to the camp of Prince Edward, just in time to share the fate of many other gallant gentlemen who fell at Lewes."

"I have heard the story many times, mother," returned Gilbert. "The stout old knight lived long enough, however, to retrieve his honor; I would rather be a defeated, dying loyalist than a successful traitor. And Amy Varcoe, mother, is not low-born, as the Bodrugans can tell you if you care to ask them. There are peasants in England to-day some of whom own names that once figured in history."

"That may be so, Gilbert," she said, "but nevertheless they are peasants and clowns to-day, not to be saved by the names they have inherited. Think better of this matter, while there is time for thinking. Whatever it might have been in the past, such unions now are followed by regret, misery, and the scorn of the world. Young people sometimes profess to ridicule and despise the opinion of what is called society. Talk is cheap, Gilbert, and seldom does harm, at least in such things; but when one defies society by what he does his absolution is never complete and even his children have to bear the stain."

"That may be so, mother; but if all this seriousness is the result of Dorothy Teulon's watching, let me tell you that you have no cause to be anxious."

"Indeed, Gilbert," said his mother, "then Dorothy was mistaken when she thought she saw some love——?"

"I did not say that," he interrupted; "no doubt the mischievous little puss told only what was true. Mother, I made love to Amy Varcoe, and was rejected."

"Rejected!" she said, "do you mean that you offered to marry her and was refused?"

"Something like that, if you will know all about it, mother, with just a little *reservatio mentalis*, as the Jesuits say, perhaps. I have loved her, I think, since the day I first met her down in Cornwall,—a sort of natural love it may be, that might, I thought, have had its fruition without benison or formula. But the dream is over, mother. I have a taint of hereditary vice in my nature which sometimes gets the better of my reason and my manliness, but Amy Varcoe and impurity cannot live together. It is over, I assure you: do not let my evil thoughts be visited on her head. And now, let me go, you see I am wounded, not conquered; you shall see that I am able to conquer myself."

He went off to the library with a step jaunty enough, but his mother shook her head while listening to his footsteps. "I see how it is," she said to herself, "she has only made him ten times more ardent. It may be that the mirror in this, too, reflected the decree of Destiny; if so, I cannot avert it, but at least I can try, and I will, though I have learned to love the girl almost like a daughter."

Mrs. Arderne and her companion were closeted together quite late that evening. After dinner Gilbert had left the Priory to attend the petty sessions, so the time was favorable to his mother's purpose. She did not ask Amy to reveal what had transpired in the Copse, but she spoke gently but firmly her mind on the subject of what she termed Gilbert's infatuation, assuring her that such unequal matches seldom resulted in anything but life-long misery. When, at the close of her homily, Amy ventured to hint that it would be better for her to return to Cornwall, Mrs. Arderne reluctantly consented to her going, "at least for a time, until Gilbert's waywardness should take another turn." In the meantime, she proposed that financially and in respect to the feeling between her and Amy, they should stand on an unchanged footing, so that Amy might regard herself as being on a vacation-visit

to her home, at least during the Ardernes' stay in town. For the time Amy, resolved to minimize the pain that her protectress so evidently felt, assented to this, knowing that she could subsequently free herself by letter.

With great forethought Mrs. Arderne, the next day, drove to the village and returned with Eliza Teulon, thus enabling the two friends to part,—as Eliza thought only for a few weeks,—without Dorothy's animadversions or affected regrets. This last day at the Priory was therefore passed very happily by Amy, whose regret at having to leave her benefactress was counterbalanced by the proud thought that never before had Mrs. Arderne loved and respected her so much. This assurance grew out of a statement made by her to Amy in which she acknowledged that Gilbert himself had told her of his rejection. And so the day, albeit sad, was not at all depressing, although in her heart Amy Varcoe never thought to see Eliza again. With this conviction, she gladly assented to the latter's proposal for a weekly interchange of letters. When, however, she found herself within the seclusion of her room that night Amy could not help shedding a few tears while mentally reviewing the events of the past half-year. It was characteristic of her gentle nature that she did not blame Gilbert. If he loved her unwisely, was it not also true that her affection was placed beyond hope of fruition? To such a noble spirit there could be no better anodyne in trouble than the consciousness that she had been true to herself, true even to him whom she loved so well by refusing to encourage a passion that might tend to his disadvantage.

Abel Pilgrim himself drove her to the station at Watton early next morning. The old man scarcely spoke to her until he saw her seated safely in a first-class carriage of the express. Taking her hand to say goodbye he almost whispered in her ear:

"Keep a good heart, Miss Varcoe,

there's only rank and riches in your way, and these sometimes take wings. Keep a good heart, and goodbye!"

Only rank and riches: yes, old man, but these things sometimes sunder hearts and make this world a hell.

CHAPTER XV.

THE old cloister-bred scholastics seldom knew much of the world by actual experience, but we have high authority for regarding many of them as having been the "keenest and most subtle-witted of men," albeit the greatest among them has left at least a part of his name to stamp the character of every blockhead in our schools and colleges. In a critical age like the present one there may be some who will refuse any merit to that great discovery of the schoolmen, namely, that man in a state of nature is with difficulty able to maintain his rights. It is, however, easy enough to be wise after the event,—since the time of Columbus the world has known how to set up an egg on end without breaking the shell. I pray you, gentle reader, to consider that out of this discovery of the schoolmen was born the corollary expounded by Pinoza in his treatise on Politics,—the thesis that, since man individually would be powerless against all, it is incumbent on him to combine with other men so that by mutual assistance they may vindicate and assert their common rights, "sustain their life and cultivate their mind." Whether or not the next generation will in turn discover that combination carried to excess will stifle individual liberty, and that freedom can be throttled by its own safeguards, let us leave time to settle,—sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

Here, O reader benevolent!—for conscience whispers that thou art in very sooth benevolent and kindly disposed to have accompanied the story-teller thus far,—it was my fixed intention to write various profound paragraphs on the great social revolution that has almost transformed this civilization of ours, right under our very noses, within and during the last twenty years. On the one hand, like a

devil's advocate, I proposed to marshal the arguments of those,—mostly well-to-do folks these,—who occupy the ramparts and stand in the casemates of economic necessity as in a strong citadel; on the other, I thought to plead the cause of the "thousand slaves to Mammon's gains," to urge the claims of

"Yon pale Mechanic bending o'er his loom."

Such, I repeat, was my design, a purpose interdicted by the consideration that its fulfilment would have assuredly consigned this narrative to the dark waters of that ocean where thousands of rejected manuscripts, the Flying Dutchmen of literature, drift, spectral ships laden with blighted hopes, with barnacled sides and mildewed rigging. From such a doom, O ye deities by whom the verdicts of publishers are controlled, protect us! and that it may haply be averted let us, gentle reader, return to our story without further delay.

Acting on the aforesaid maxim of combination, Jack Escott, one evening in May, found himself seated among other delegates on the platform of St. James' Hall. A great, and in some respects a portentous, strike had been declared in the East End, and this meeting had been called to enlist public sympathy and to organize a relief fund for the strikers and their families. It was what is called an overflow meeting, that is to say, the hall, capacious as it was and is, could not accommodate all the sympathizers, numbers of whom had, under the conduct of hastily improvised marshals, betaken themselves to Trafalgar Square. Moreover, it was emphatically an enthusiastic meeting, prompt to offer the grateful incense of applause at the telling periods of every speech. At the lower end of the hall, however, there were a few, a very few, less

ardent allies, representatives of another class or grade of London's vast labor army, men who, by virtue of long-established and flourishing trade unions, were disposed to regard with hypercritical eyes this revolt of their unskilled brethren. Captious though they were, and strangely insistent in demanding that a well known unionist leader should address the meeting, they were soon subdued, as if by magic, when a tall, portly man,—a famous stormy petrel of Agitation,—began to speak. It was really wonderful to note the consummate tact of this person, and to observe how that, from the moment when, raising his hand with forefinger stretched out, he appeared to magnetize his auditors, he held full sway over the passions and the judgment of the vast crowd. At first deprecatory, he gradually became stubbornly, imperatively argumentative, until presto! with a mighty wave of his right hand a hurricane of denunciation fell from his lips. At this stage of his address he paused a moment as if for breath, when a voice from the middle of the hall, a woman's voice, began, at first tremulously, Ernest Jones' spirit-stirring "Song of the Lower Orders." Simultaneously, like a sudden snow-storm, hundreds upon hundreds of small printed handbills were scattered about, so that the whole audience was, in an incredibly brief space of time, in possession of the words. The air was very simple, half complaining, half defiant, but rendered impressive by the number of voices and the even fierce energy with which it was sung. This became even passionate when the final stanza, minatory in its suggestiveness, was reached, one or two excited individuals going so far as to raise clenched fists above their heads.

"We're low, we're low—we're very, very low,
 And yet when the trumpets ring,
 The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
 Thro' the heart of the proudest king!
 We're low, we're low our place we know,
 We're only the rank and file;
 We're not too low to kill the foe,
 But too low to touch the spoil:

We're not too low to kill the foe,
 But too low to touch the spoil.

Content with the success of his stratagem, the orator,—whose early reputation had been built up by tricks like this.—delivered himself of a few sentences by way of peroration and resumed his seat. His place was taken by Jack Escott, whose name and occupation the chairman announced to the meeting. Feeling probably that the chief interest was over, and that but little was to be anticipated from an unknown man, many persons took this opportunity of leaving the hall, but this movement stopped abruptly when Escott began to speak. The opening sentences were short and catchy, pregnant with sarcasm directed against the fat profit sharers who were grinding and goading the people into despair and madness. Assured by the applause which greeted him that he had secured attention, Escott plunged into a vivid portrayal of the actual condition of the modern day laborer. Piling statement upon statement, figures upon figures, contrast upon contrast, seldom or never pausing for a word, this strange man, himself a worker for his bread, grew fearfully eloquent in his arraignment of modern civilization and its economic lies. Men held their breath while he depicted the daily life with which they were, alas! only too familiar, while he spoke of overcrowded, fetid slums wherein rachitis, scrofula, and consumption walked hand-in-hand with filth and hunger, morbid prurience, lechery and incest. His wide blue eyes glittered and his pale cheek glowed when he stigmatized capitalists, manufacturers, and speculators as successors of the mediæval robber knights, and when he said that society had better go to swift and sudden ruin rather than perish by the slow, consuming dry-rot resulting from physiological poverty and innutrition. Turning from this he alluded to what he termed the "grand nostrum" of emigration.

"Canada, Manitoba, and the great North-West," he cried, "I know them all, for I have seen them all. Shall I tell you

what they mean to the London working-man who is tempted by the specious free-grant and Government assistance to try his luck and to go where he can, they say, develop into a landed gentleman? Yes, I will tell you, friends, what they mean,—they mean cold, catarrh, consumption, misery, and death. But there are men in England who ought to succeed as emigrants, men not of impoverished blood nor of enfeebled vital stamina like our city laborers who, Heaven help them, scarcely know the difference between a meadow and a wheat field: I mean the rich landlords, aye, and the manufacturers, for they also have their country seats. These are the men to emigrate, to settle new regions, to make the desert blossom like a garden. They are inured to open-air exercise, they are mighty hunters, to them the factory or the docks would be sure and speedy death. Well, friends, I think the country could spare some of these men, and I advise them to try a little of the medicine which we have been offered. Let us see to it that sooner or later these robust hunters and sportsmen shall be encouraged, aye, compelled, if need be, to do for bread that which hitherto they have done only for amusement."

Again alluding to the social revolution which, he said, was close at hand, Escott denounced as traitors those who encouraged or seemed to encourage violence. There was nothing to hope for in thrusting swords and bayonets into the hearts of kings, nor was it with such weapons that the serfs and vassals of the proletariat were to be emancipated. Already, by the competition of parties in the legislature, the laboring class had been admitted to the franchise; already peers, plutocrats, and parsons were learning to coax and wheedle where they used to domineer; already the Christian beatitudes were being preached in the slums by masters of arts, well-meaning, pious souls, too inexperienced to consider that squalor and abject poverty starve even the better in-

stincts of humanity. Yes, the remedy was in their own hands provided that they were patient, ready and willing cheerfully to endure temporary suffering for the larger good that lay, almost within sight, before them.

This address was undoubtedly the speech of the evening, although at its close there was no acclamation, nothing more than a long-drawn hum of satisfaction. Emerging into the street, Gilbert Arderne, whom curiosity had brought to the meeting, ran up against Mr. Lieu, the notoriety-hunting, pragmatic and egotistic editor of the *Piccadilly Chronicle*.

"Bless me!" cried the journalistic Quixote, "I quite forgot you. Your name is down in my note-book for an account of your mutiny-quelling affair on that India ship, but it was overlooked. No wonder; what with exposing vice in high places, actions for libel, and what not, I declare I am the busiest man in town. Do you know, Arderne, that since that affair in the Bay of Biscay I have interviewed the Czar, drunk coffee with the Sultan, and hobnobbed with the Pope? Fact, I assure you: my paper is a power in the land, for that matter throughout the world. We print a special weekly edition, a *réchauffé* for the Yankees, who are just now entering on an era of Anglomania and good feeling. What do you think of the meeting, eh? I have two men at work upon it, one a paragraphist, the other a boiler-down, an abridger, you know."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Lieu," said Gilbert, when he had a chance to speak; "the meeting was, I suppose, what you would call a success. At any rate, there was enough of it; a whiff of country air would be a refreshing thing after it. Who was that man who spoke towards the close,—that pale-faced fellow with light hair and blue eyes?"

"That was Jack Escott, the Socialist," returned Lieu, "the man chiefly responsible for the strike, they say. I must interview him, he's a rising man. His tongue is his fortune, that's certain; he'll be in the

House at the next general election. What do you think of him?"

"To me," replied Gilbert, "he was the meeting; his convictions shine in his eyes. At first I took him for a firebrand, but he has other and better qualities. If I felt as he does,—I mean if I realized the evils of our social system as he does,—I should kill myself in despair."

"Ah!" said the editor, "he told you landlords some rather unpleasant truths, I fancy."

"He did," assented Gilbert, "and gave us good advice. But what would he do in our position except go with the stream?"

"Go with the stream! ah, if you only knew enough to do that you would remain *beati possidentes* for ever. But you must excuse me just now, Arderne,—what would London do without my editorial to-morrow? If you drop in at the office about five, say on Thursday, we will dine together at the club. Sure to find Blunt there, he lives in the place almost. Well, ta-ta!" and the *influential* journalist, capricious and shallow product of a mercetricious, huckstering generation, went off trippingly down the street.

The Ardernes had been in town nearly three weeks, during which Gilbert had been dull and at times splanetic. Holding his mother in great love and veneration, he had, nevertheless, protested against her treatment of Amy, and by way of marking his displeasure with Dorothy Teulon he had left Norfolk without paying her the slightest attention. Stung to the quick by this disrespect Dorothy, before leaving Withington, had given sundry sly hints among her acquaintances respecting Gilbert's infatuation for one whom she termed a mere lady's companion and an adventuress, hints which spread so rapidly and so widely that good Mr. Summerford, with whom Amy was a prime favorite, had thought it proper to write to Mrs. Arderne for a general denial of the growing rumor. Fortified with this,—for Gilbert's mother immediately authorized the rector to contradict such gossip in the strongest terms,

—Mr. Summerford left his hermitage, the rectory, and his antiquarian researches and spent much time in repairing the mischief caused by Dorothy's tongue. To Eliza Teulon, in Wimpole Street, Mrs. Arderne wrote complaining sharply of Dorothy's want of consideration and hinting broadly that, under the circumstances, she did not care to meet that young lady. As luck would have it Dr. Teulon and Gilbert met face to face the next day in Jermyn Street, and the former, beginning to excuse Dorothy's giddiness, as he called it, contrived to make our hero acquainted with the whole matter. That same evening something very like a scene took place between Mrs. Arderne and her son, the nearest approach to a quarrel they had ever known. It was the day of the great demonstration in St. James' Hall, and Gilbert, vexed with his mother, himself, and with Dorothy, had gone out without any definite purpose. As for his mother, assured from his own mouth that he so loved Amy Varcoe that he could willingly sacrifice position and wealth for her sake, she resolved to resume the style of living which had been discontinued at her husband's death. Now that Gilbert was in law a man and an affluent member of the great squirearchy of England it was his duty to live up to his position, perhaps to go into politics,—although she very much doubted if so confirmed a cynic and so headstrong an individualist could be taught to repeat the shibboleth of party. However this might be, he was still *in werden*, in the formative era, and she felt assured that as new interests and habits developed his boyish passion would abate. It was a fortunate thing that during her widowhood she had not so far withdrawn from society as to neglect its *convenances*; she had only, as it were, to put away her sackcloth and ashes to resume at once her former place in the social world.

Having thus made up her mind, Mrs. Arderne prepared to combat her son's objections, but to her extreme satisfaction he interposed none,—on the contrary his

assent was readily given to an immediate increase of the town establishment. For an instant the apprehension that Gilbert, as other disappointed lovers have done, might lapse into dissipation crossed her mind, but a glance at his proud, intellectual countenance re-assured her. Could she have read further she would have found that Gilbert's ready acquiescence in her plans was in some measure the result of the spirit-stirring words spoken the day previous by the fiery demagogue at St. James' Hall. "What would he do in our position?" was the question the young landowner had asked of the journalist, and while Mrs. Arderne was detailing her scheme her son recognized that at least it provided one method of putting his revenues to their proper use. When on Thursday he called at the office of the *Piccadilly Chronicle*, and was admitted to Mr. Lieu's sanctum, he found the editor closeted with no less a personage than Jack Escott. They had been discussing the great strike,—doubtless with an intention, on the editor's part, of publishing an interview *more Americano*. When, on being introduced, the agitator and socialist found his hand pressed in a firm brotherly embrace he could not hide his gratification, and his face shone with modest pleasure when Gilbert unaffectedly expressed sympathy with the men on strike. By a kind of intuition both men recognized that in the main they were nearly of one mind, although one was a wealthy landlord, the other a working man.

"Mr. Arderne does not know that I was the first person to bring the news of his

being lost at sea to England," said Escott, "and that my blundering way of telling it nearly sent a young woman into hysterics."

"Indeed, no," returned Gilbert, "you make me very curious; surely we never met before?"

"No, I don't think we ever did," said Jack, and seeing that both auditors were expectant he told the story of his landing at Gorran Haven and of the subsequent experience in the house of the widow Varcoe. When the story was ended Mr. Lieu tried to look archly at Gilbert while saying:

"Fainted, eh? Perhaps she knew you, Arderne; I remember you were often at St. Meva while the yacht was windbound there. Sly dogs you young fellows are, even the best of you. Now I could make a paragraph out of this,—Labby would, that's certain, so would Ned,—but I don't joke at a friend's expense"

"The young woman was delicate,—had been ailing some time, I believe," said Jack, "and my blunt way of blurting out ill news just turned the scale. That was it. Well, Mr. Arderne, I have read all about your adventures since then, and, my hand upon it, but you did your part like a man."

Why was it that the roughly-expressed praise of this son of toil, this man of the people, was sweeter to Gilbert Arderne's ear than the lay of a minstrel would have been or a eulogy in the *Piccadilly Chronicle*? Perhaps it was because he knew that Jack Escott was himself a man prompt in emergency, resolute, self-reliant. And men like this are scarce in every age and clime.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE landlord of the Crooked Billet, Withington, Andrew Mousingill by name, sat smoking a long clay pipe by the open window of his own well-sanded kitchen. It had been a busy day, and now that the twilight had come Andrew, divesting himself of the consequential air he had worn since the morning, was taking his ease in his own inn, at intervals moistening his

clay from a pewter pot of Burton that stood conveniently enough on the window ledge. He was in excellent humor, though undeniably very tired, for on this particular day the eleven of Thuxton had done battle with an eleven of the united parishes on the Withington ground,—a well-kept meadow east of the Priory hill and on the border-line of the two parishes,—and had,

thanks to the fine batting of Joe Verrill, the Hilton apothecary's assistant, been defeated almost in the arms of victory. It had been a great day for Withington and, as a matter of consequence, for the Crooked Billet, whose old sign,—suggestive of the old masters in the general indistinctness of its symbolism,—swung to and fro over the door as merrily as its hinges, made when William IV. was king, would tolerate. Generally speaking, the hinges had a habit of creaking, especially at night, but the day previous to the cricket match Andrew Mossingill had sent a boy, provided with oil and a goose feather, up a ladder to lubricate the iron work of the sign, while the landlord himself, type of your men of substance in a well-ordered community, posted his two hundred and twenty-five pounds of avoirdupois at the foot as a precaution against accident.

Now that the last of the cricketers had departed mine host had leisure to deplore that his feet were sore, and to reflect that in this life every piece of good fortune has its attendant drawbacks. Except for a few labourers, come to take their evening pint of beer and to smoke, the house was at last quiet, so that Andrew, with a sigh of relief, changed his boots for an easy pair of brown leather slippers, and drawing an armchair up to the window allowed the cool evening breeze free play through the rather scanty locks of hair which formed a sort of tonsure above his heavy but good-natured face. Through the open window he could see the long dusty road to the market town stretching away on the south-east, and in his present mood Andrew was not at all sorry to observe that it was free from any sign or token of the ubiquitous commercial traveller. As the night closed in the laborers, one after another, left the house until the landlord was finally left alone. Now and then a servant maid would look in from the outer room, which was more properly the kitchen, inasmuch as the cooking of the house was performed there, and at times he could hear his wife's

voice as she superintended the general clearing up there and in the bar parlor. Outside the village was so still that the occasional bark of a dog, probably Dr. Teulon's fox terrier, whose kennel was in the stable yard, was at discord with the general tranquillity, a something to be resented, especially when, as happened now and then, Andrew Mossingill began to nod his head. It was now too dark to see beyond the village, and Andrew, having made up his mind to go to bed, shut the window, laid down his pipe, and crossed the room to announce his intention to his wife. As he stepped into the passage, where a wall-lamp was burning, the figure of a man appeared at the front door of the hostelry, and a single glance sufficed to show that it was a stranger and presumably a guest. By no means overjoyed to see him, the landlord answered his salutation somewhat gruffly.

"I can stay here for the night, I suppose," said the stranger, coming into the passage.

"Yes, sir," was Andrew's answer, "but we have had a busy day,—cricket match,—and if you want supper I am afraid it must be a cold one. There is meat, cold roast beef and mutton, and cheese. In here, if you please."

Opening the door of the bar parlor, a fairly comfortable little room ornamented with engravings of racehorses and prize cattle, Andrew ushered the guest into the apartment and excused himself for a minute while he went for a light. On his return he found the stranger seated, and now that he was able to survey him at better advantage the landlord was satisfied with himself for having refrained from his first impulse to show him into the kitchen. The stranger was simply dressed in a plain short-cut coat of durable material, but his features were high and, as Andrew thought, by no means common. As the landlord, placing the lamp in the centre of the round table, stood anticipating his guest's order, the latter, lifting his head suddenly like one emerging from a reverie, said :

"You are Andrew Mossingill, I think; you have been here a great many years."

A sort of puzzled look of recognition passed over the landlord's round face at being thus addressed

"Yes, sir," he replied, "that is my name sure enough. I was born here, sir, and my father too, for that matter. He came from somewhere up in the north, Cumberland way I've heerd tell. I seem to have seen you somewhere too, sir; where I can't quite make out. Have you been here before, sir?"

"It was many years ago, ten or eleven I should say, when I last saw this house, Mossingill," said the guest, "but you see I remember you. Yes, I am rather sharp-set; bring me what you like, anything, and see to it that I give as little trouble as possible."

Still wearing that troubled expression the landlord retired. "Jane," he said, upon meeting his wife near the bar, "the gentleman will take supper, just a snack of cold mutton or anything in the parlor." Then, lowering his voice, he continued: "Wife, can the dead walk? Hush! not a word: make believe you want to stir the fire and take a look at him."

Andrew's manner made a deep impression on his wife, for the good innkeeper, though sometimes a trifle surly, was seldom so weightily impressive, and after running to the kitchen to order the necessary preparations to be made she followed her husband's counsel to the letter.

"The nights are chilly a little yet, sir," she said, stirring the fire vigorously and looking at the stranger with a penetrating eye.

"Thank you, I am not cold," was the reply; "I am sorry to trouble you so late after so busy a day as I hear you have had."

"No trouble at all, sir," said the landlady, "it is our business. But it has been a busy day, sir, leastwise for us quiet country folks. Did you see the match, sir?"

"I have only just come to the village," returned the guest, "I walked from Watton."

"From Watton, sir? why you must be a good walker, but the road is a good one, though you might have lost your way a mile or two beyond where the crossroads are."

"I could scarcely lose my way about here," said the man, "although I have not been here for some years. The match was on the old ground, I suppose, east of the Priory? They used to call it the Spinney Meadow."

The landlady's answer was interrupted by the entrance of a maidservant with a shoulder of cold mutton and various other accessories to a goodly supper. Rejoining her goodman in the large kitchen Mrs. Mossingill at once began to question him.

"Andrew," she said, twisting the corner of her apron and spoiling its appearance in her excitement, "I have lived in this house forty years as maid and wife, but never yet have I seen anything to beat this. You never kept a secret from me long, Andrew, so don't try to keep this one. Who is it? What does he come here for?"

"Jane," said the husband, "I don't know from Adam, but I have my suspicions. A man's thoughts are his own, wife, but I never heerd that a man was bound to tell all his thoughts. Mebbe 'tis his ghost, though, his ghost."

"Pshaw! you fool, do ghosts eat cold mutton and wash it down with Burton ale? tell me that, Andrew Mossingill."

"Mebbe they don't, Jane, mebbe they don't; not but what they would if they could, my gell, no doubt, 'cept 'twas the ghost of a teetotaller. Ten years sin',— eleven come harvest,—he were standin' in yon room; the squire were away up in Lunnon at th' time. 'Mossingill,' he sez, 'I'm tired o' this confounded place and o' old Summerford wi' his Latin and mathew-maddix, and now that dad's in town I'm goin' on a spree all alone. I've got ma's consent,' he sez, which he 'adn't, for she was up to Lunnon too, 'and I'm agoin.' 'Whatever you do be careful, Master Randall,' sez I, and he laughed gaily. A

fortnit after and they found him somewhere down on the coast, his face all eaten and his poor hands clutching the weeds and marram grass. Then who be this man, Jane? tell me that."

While Andrew was speaking his wife stood twisting her apron, evidently paying slight attention to the words of her liege lord. Roused by his final question, she spoke, and with determination.

"Andrew," she said, "you must saddle the mare and ride up to the Priory at once."

"To the Priory?" exclaimed Andrew, "and at this time o' night! Why, whatever—"

"Never mind the time," she said, "if the mare can stand it to climb the hill wi' sixteen stone on her back surely you can. You must see Mr. Pilgrim and bring him to speech wi' this man to-night. You must, Andrew, you must, for my mind misgives me, my mind misgives me. And, Andrew, take a drop o' summat warm afore you go out, and be sure to ask for Mr. Pilgrim and bring him along."

Thus urged, it seemed that a portion of his wife's eagerness had been communicated to the landlord, who, hurriedly putting on his boots and draining the glass of spirits offered him by his partner, at once went off to the stable. It was nearly ten o'clock when Andrew, who preferred not to waken the lodgekeeper, tied the mare to the park fence and hoisted his own rotund body over the palings almost at the same spot where Gilbert Arderne entered the park on the evening of his return from the continent. The house was dark both in front and rear, but high up in the west wing above the old refectory there glimmered a feeble light. Mossingill knew that the major-domo slept in this part of the house, but the light was too near the roof for him to be quite sure that Pilgrim himself was in the room with it. However, there was no alternative open to him, and Andrew began throwing small pebbles from the terrace. Some time elapsed before one of these struck the casement,

but at length this feat was achieved. At first no result was manifest, but having, as it were, found the range, the innkeeper succeeded in hitting the window four or five times. Then it was that the window, a swinging lattice, was thrown open and a voice, modulated and cautious in pitch, demanded who was there. It was Abel Pilgrim, there could be no doubt of that, and the innkeeper with equal caution replied to the question.

"Me, Mr. Pilgrim, Andrew Mossingill, from the Billet. I want to see you very partic'lar, if you please."

"To see me? all right," returned Pilgrim, and once more the window was shut.

The house-steward was alone in a long, low room, evidently a lumber room, for old pictures, faded furniture, trunks and boxes were ranged along the sides of the place. In the middle of the apartment stood an antique table of unvarnished oak on which stood a small hand lamp and a metal box of about eight inches long. The lid of the box was open, revealing the contents, among which were three or four smaller boxes. These Pilgrim hurriedly took out and put in his pockets, after which he locked the larger box and deposited it in the top drawer of an old cabinet, which he also carefully locked. Then, taking the lamp, he left the room, appearing below at a side door a few minutes afterwards.

"Why, Andrew Mossingill," he said, "what are you here for at this hour? Now that the family is in town we keep good hours at the Priory: surely your business might wait till morning."

"I don't know as 'twould, Mr. Pilgrim," said the innkeeper, "but you're to judge that for yourself. We've got a stranger at the Billet, a man that you ought to see and hear."

"A stranger at the Billet! why, Mossingill, you must have got a bit slewed over the cricket match. What do you keep an inn for but to take in strangers?"

"Well, well, Mr. Pilgrim, this is no time for gabbling, and no place for't

eyther, I reckon. Whose picture is that in the gallery by the painted window? I mind when 'twas hung there."

"Whose picture? Why, you know well enough 'tis Randall Arderne, who was drowned ten years ago. Lord, Lord! to see you so far gone in the trimmings as this, and Mr. Teulon no nearer than London, too. And look at his weight, sixteen stone if a pound, and me an old man too. I must call the groom, he's big enough if there's to be trouble."

"Call the dickens if you like to think I've got the trimmings, Mr. Pilgrim," said Andrew, "but I tell you I'm as sober as a judge. I've been too pushed to-day to take much of aught. But, Mr. Pilgrim," he continued with lowered voice, "I call God to witness that if ye could fancy the picture by the painted window to be grown to that of a man of nearly thirty, you'd have the likeness of the man 'ut I left at th' inn. And he knew me, too; told my wife he could not lose his way 'round here."

"Did you or your wife ask his name, Andrew?"

"No, we asked him naught, Mr. Pilgrim; but Jane said that I was to bring you to speech wi' th' man, for her mind misgives her. You know she is a far-seeing woman, you knowed her for that when she was naught but a serving wench in the Billet. Her mind misgives her, that it do."

Abel Pilgrim seemed to meditate for a minute and then said: "Look here, Mossingill, I've no idea who or what this man is, — he can be nothing to me, that's certain; but since your wife thinks I ought to have speech with him, why I'll go down. Bide here a bit while I get my hat."

When he came out again the steward was careful to lock the door and then try it, while Andrew urged him to make haste.

"Should he have gone to bed we'll have our trouble for nothing, Abel."

"He'll not be in bed," said the landlord with assurance based upon long experience of his better half. "He'll not be in bed;

she'd damp the sheets first. The mare's out yonder, will you ride?"

"Thank'ee, no," replied Abel; "for more than forty year I have walked this road at all times and seasons, I'll walk it now. Get up yourself; a public will give a man the dropsy but it never yet made one a walker."

Andrew Mossingill making no attempt to rebut this slur on his profession, they pursued their way in silence down the hill. As they approached the house they saw the light in the parlor window, indicating that the room was probably still tenanted. While the landlord led the mare back to the stable Abel Pilgrim stood by the door and together they entered the inn. In the second kitchen they found Mrs. Mossingill, who courtesied to Abel, for in her eyes the major-domo was a man of mark.

"I hope you'll excuse me, Mr. Pilgrim," she said, "but when you see him you'll best be able to tell that."

"It's a queer story, the little I've heard of it from Andrew," returned the steward, "but since I am here I suppose you can let me see the man. How'll we manage it? Shall I walk in and order a glass o' toddy?"

"He's smoking a cigar,—he's smoked three already,—wi' his back to the fire," said the landlady. "I'll go in and tell him his room's ready: you step in then as if by chance."

"One word, ma'am," said Abel, detaining her, "whatever you see or hear don't you speak a word: leave me to find out who he is."

When, in pursuance of this plan, Mrs. Mossingill entered the parlor, the guest was once more seated by the fireplace, his face towards the door. In reply to her intimation he said, "Thank you! then I think I'll go to bed," and just then Abel Pilgrim's voice was heard in the passage calling to Andrew. The next instant the steward was in the parlor, closely followed by the landlord. As the old man came forward into the light the stranger, like

one surprised, started to his feet exclaiming, "Abel Pilgrim, by all that's good!"

"Yes, sir, Abel Pilgrim, at your service," replied the steward, "but you have the advantage—God bless me!" he cried, stepping back a foot or two, "who are you?"

"Who I am I hardly know myself," was the stranger's answer, "but ten years ago I was Randall Arderne, your master's son."

"I knowed it, I knowed it!" cried Andrew Mossingill, "I saw it the moment he spoke to me."

"Randall Arderne's body lies in the vault in the church near by," said Pilgrim, without noticing the landlord's words. "I myself brought it up from the coast the day after the crowner and the jury gave their verdict of accidental death."

"Were you sure that it was Randall Arderne you buried in the Church, Abel?" inquired the stranger. "If so, why I must change my name I suppose. To tell you the truth, I would rather not, now that I have resumed it after all these years. I have sowed my wild oats, and have gathered rather a poor crop except experience. I have a mind now to claim what is rightfully my own."

"Is that why you are here?" asked Abel; "why, if you are the man you claim to be, didn't you go elsewhere,—to Master Gilbert in London, or to some respectable lawyer?"

"I did not mean to make myself known here," said the other, "your unexpected appearance made me forget my caution. But, Abel Pilgrim, you know that I am your old master's son, I can see conviction in your eyes. Time and travel may have,—I suppose must have,—changed me somewhat, for when ten years ago, and in this very room, I told Andrew Mossingill that I was about to go away from Mr. Summerford and his tiresome lessons I was only a boy; now I am a man. You yourself are but little changed, Pilgrim. Do you remember the black pony, Betty we called her, and how I used to ridicule

that miser's hand of yours and the Framingham fingers as I sometimes called them?"

The steward looked about for a chair, and seating himself drew a red handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his brow and face

"I remember it all," he ejaculated; "if you are not Randall Arderne you must be the devil. But, sir, this seems to me,—I am no scholar you know, only a servant man,—this seems to me like a page out of the housemaid's *Family Herald*. We only want a lovely young lady and meetings in the conservatory to make a romance out of it."

"The lovely lady can wait, Abel," said the young man with a laugh. "So, for that matter, can I, but I am tired of leading a false life. I shall claim my own, and that soon, be sure of that."

"Claim it, Master Randall," exclaimed the landlady, "I should think you would claim it, for it is yours. I knew you when first my eyes lighted on your face."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mrs. Mossingill," was the reply, "it shows that knocking about the world, and living with some very rough diamonds at times, too, have not altogether corrupted me. And now, Pilgrim, late as it is I must have a word with you in private: I want to hear something about my parents and how they behaved when my death was reported to them."

"Yes, sir, yes Mr. Randall," said Abel, passing his long hand over his forehead and speaking under his breath, "of course. Andrew, I'd like to see you directly in the kitchen, if you'll wait up so long."

Taking the hint, the host and hostess of the Crooked Billet, wide-eyed at the events of the night, left the apartment, shutting the door behind them. When they had gone Abel Pilgrim's manner changed a little. Stepping to the door he dexterously hung his hat on the key, rendering it difficult for any person to look into the room.

"A little caution, Master Randall," he

quietly remarked, "can do no harm. Well, you've come here before going to the lawyers, I expect."

The young man nodded and threw the stub of his cigar into the fire. "Yes," he said, "I had no other alternative."

"And the incumbrance?" inquired the steward, "is that removed?"

"More than a month ago," was the answer, "by way of Harwich and Rotterdam. Glad to go, too. In the prime of life, buxom and good-looking, she may bring the new world to her feet yet."

"Or, better still, she may find a speedy grave in it, Master Randall: 'twas a cursed folly on your part to stoop so low."

"No doubt it was," assented the young man, "but what young man in England is proof against rounded limbs and a fresh complexion? *Nemo mortalium*,"—the last word with the characteristic English sound of *a*.

"I am glad you remember your Latin, Master Randall," said Abel, "or maybe old Summerford would take it into his head to deny the evidence of your face. You know how that Tichborne fellow forgot his French, eh?"

"I remember some of it, at all events, Pilgrim, enough for my wants, I take it."

"Well," returned the steward, drawing three small boxes from his coat pocket, "here are a few trifles, a watch, some rings, and a little Latin book that came into my hands after you were drowned."

"I never was drowned, Abel Pilgrim," said the young man with a frown.

"After your disappearance I mean; no need to take me up so short for so small a slip as that. How they came into my hands is no matter; they are yours now, and if I was you I'd say I'd always kept them by me in my travels."

The young man took the boxes and placed them in the breast pocket of his coat. "And now, Abel," he said, "I have to tell you that I am positively hard up. Packing her off left me bare. You must lend me a little of your savings, old man."

"I thought so," said the steward, "but

I have not lived in your house and off your lands so long to begrudge you a loan at such a time as this. How much will do?"

"Forty pounds will serve my turn; before they are gone I hope to enjoy my own again. Do you think they will fight it out?"

"Not if they are convinced," answered the steward; "there is no more honorable a man in the world than Master Gilbert, and my lady is too proud to act ignobly. Here are fifty pounds, use them with discretion. Go to London, lay the case before the lawyers,—take my advice, go to the family lawyers with your claim, 'twill be best in the long run. And now, I suppose you will leave in the morning?"

"Of course, after I have seen old Summerford. My mind is made up on that point."

"Well, perhaps you are right," observed Pilgrim, "but let your visit be brief. And now, good night, Master Randall, I must have a talk with Andrew and his wife before I go."

The talk with Andrew lasted an hour or more, for their excitement and interest were wonderful to see. Abel Pilgrim, assuming an air of hesitation, scrupled to declare himself absolutely convinced that Randall Arderne was alive and a guest at the Crooked Billet. "If this is Randall," he repeated, "who was that we buried in the family vault?" This position of unwarranted distrust and wavering found no support with the Mossingills; on the contrary, the more that Abel demurred the stronger grew their conviction the other way. Long after the steward's return to the Priory the guest of the Crooked Billet was employed in reading papers in the secrecy of his own room. Being an inveterate smoker, he threw up the window, placed the candlestick on the hob, and suffered the smoke to escape by way of the chimney. He was by these means able to refresh his memory with certain voluminous notes furnished by Pilgrim during a correspondence of some months'

duration, and to enjoy his favorite indulgence without the aroma of the tobacco, by escaping into the passage, revealing the fact of his vigil.

True to his promise, early on the following morning he betook himself to Hilton Parva and called at the rectory. The recognition by Mr. Summerford was not so immediate as that by the Mossingills, but when,—the stranger's story having been told and some of his adventures touched upon,—his visitor put into his hands a well-thumbed Horace, the margins filled with the pencil marks of hasty construing, the rector saw that the volume was that used years before by his pupil, Randall Arderne. Further doubt, even though the good clergyman had been of

a sceptical nature, was impossible; and when, having consented to lunch at the rectory, the young man showed himself to be of cultivated habits, a good talker, and above all a devoted churchman, Mr. Summerford, while sighing for the altered fortune of Gilbert Arderne, thanked Heaven that the prodigal son of the old squire had been providentially spared to return to his ancestral home. Gilbert's uncle, Randall's father, had rescued the clergyman from the arid desert of curatedom, a kindness well worth grateful remembrance however trivial it may seem to my lords the bishops who know not how it feels to wear a threadbare coat on an empty stomach.

(To be continued.)

CASTELAR THE FREETHINKER.

CASTELAR, whose death occurred recently, is much praised in American papers as Spain's best representative of the present century. The praise is not undeserved. Castelar was a man of the highest culture—a journalist, a novelist, a biographer, an historian and an impressive and eloquent orator, the best of his generation. He was the most liberal statesman of Spain and was the president of the short-lived Spanish republic. He was condemned to die by the Spanish Government and escaped death only by flight.

A fact that is not generally known is that Castelar was a Freethinker. He was educated in Catholicism, but outgrew creeds and dogmas and became an unbeliever in Christianity as a system of supernaturalism. He was hated by the Roman hierarchy and was under the espionage of Pope Pius IX, by whom he was once ordered to leave Rome by the first train. "What have I done?" he inquired of the Papal police who waited upon him at the hotel in which he had taken rooms. "You are a heretic," was the reply. He took the first train to escape imprisonment.

When I was manager of the *Open Court*, Chicago, I was arranging with Castelar for a series of articles from his pen. My sudden retirement from that paper, for reasons which it is not necessary now to recall, put an end to the negotiations. But for that unpleasant experience, I should have had Castelar as I had had Max Muller, among the contributors to a journal which was wrecked by private greed.

Quincy, Ill.

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

The more confident you are on *just* grounds of being in the right, the more fearlessly ready should you be to hear all that can be urged on the other side.—*Whateley*.

KNOWLEDGE AND COSMOS.

BY CHARLES E. HOOPER, LONDON, ENG.

My former paper on the subject of "Knowledge and the Unknowable" led up to two aspects of knowledge, termed *transitive* and *intensive* respectively. When this distinction was applied to the vexed question of the unknowable, it was seen that "the unknowable" might mean either of two things: (1) the unanswerability of certain definite questions; (2) something *about* which nothing can be known except the bare fact of its existence. The first sense is purely subjective. It means simply that there are certain speculations or pseudo-speculations never to be resolved, because they do not depend for their solution on better methods of investigation, but on the assumed possibility of a mental standpoint totally foreign to that of human experience and understanding. The second sense is objective. It supposes not merely that there may be, in or behind the universe, something whose nature necessarily baffles knowledge, but that there *is* such a something, known to be unknowable in all respects save the one respect of existence.

It is not my intention to attempt to analyze Herbert Spencer's doctrine, in this connection. The perusal of his "First Principles" has left upon me the impression that he does not distinguish the two senses of "unknowable," and hence attempts to establish objective unknowability by arguments which can at most establish subjective unanswerability. This, however, is only an impression, offered for what it may be worth.

It may be well to state distinctly the view here adopted before attempting to justify it. I think, then, that the term in question is a misnomer, which philosophy can well dispense with by substituting "the Unanswerable" for "the Unknowable" and, at the same time, denying the validity of its objective sense.

There are questions which cannot possibly be answered. It is not that we can set any limits to the growth of knowledge in normal ways; but its increase must come through improving, never through abandoning, the methods of science, which adapt themselves to the familiar facts of human experience. The facts of experience, as apart from special courses of experiment, are essentially the same now as they were in the days of Aristotle. Were they essentially different, the experience would not be human. But since the dawn of science and philosophy men have recurrently asked themselves a set of questions which never get any nearer to solution, because they attempt what is impossible—to see behind these ultimate categories of consciousness. (A

Transcendentalist would say categories of the understanding, and I acknowledge that understanding is necessary to formulate them, but not that it has them otherwise than through experience, in which pure sensation is the primary, physical perception, or reflection *per* sensation, the secondary, and logical reflection upon consciousness itself, the tertiary element.) Of course, we cannot definitely decide what questions are answerable unless we can definitely decide what categories are ultimate, and there are many Agnostics who content themselves with asserting the ultimateness of consciousness, while leaving the categories unsettled. This is only a seemingly simple solution of a really complex problem; for consciousness means anything and everything until we get at its specific modes, and are able to distinguish the truth about it from fallacies about it, both alike being parts of it.

I will take, by way of example, one category of consciousness, which is, perhaps, the most fundamental—namely, *singular* or *historical existence*: the complementary opposite of generalized existence, or nature. When we look back on the stream of experience, and note that a number of conscious states have succeeded one another, we not only remark, concerning a particular state, that it was of this or that kind, but that it occupied a definite time-position in the series, and was, therefore, in reality, perfectly distinct from states which occupied a different time-position, although those states might be wholly undistinguishable from it in quality, character, or nature. One tick of a clock was just as distinct from the next as any two things can ever be. When, through sight and touch, together with muscular and organic sensations, we acquire the knowledge of a world of matter in space, and learn to measure time itself by the march of outward circumstance, we find that every object and every event has space-position (or positions) united to objective time-position. Even our own states of consciousness have a space-position, identical with some at present undetermined portions of our individual nervous systems. This space-position is not position generalized and idealized, as in comparing fixed positions within an equilateral triangle, taken as a sample of all such triangles. It is position determined, so far as terrestrial objects are concerned, geographically, or as within geographical limits, and, so far as celestial objects are concerned, astronomically. Whatever has the combination of real space-position with real time-position exists in the historical mode of existence, or as a unique item of the cosmos; and every class of objects or events, every kind of material, every property, relation, or law, which is scientifically generalized, is generalized from historical instances. Historical existence, then, is an ultimate category of consciousness; not only of consciousness in its aspect of a physio-psychological activity, but of consciousness in its representative or signficatory aspect. If now we ask *why* things exist in the historical mode, we are asking a question which is only answerable on the assumption that we can somehow dispense with that mode as an ultimate datum, or wriggle ourselves outside of its universal sub-modes of time and space. This assumption is false to all experience, and, therefore, the question is unanswerable.

It may, of course, be said that, whenever a question is unanswerable for

reasons like those above given, the question itself is illegitimately asked. This, however, does not obviate the fact that men do continually ask these illegitimate questions; and the practice can never be put a stop to by wholesale condemnation of questions which we *suppose* to be of this sort as "metaphysical." They can only be proved to be of this sort, by exhibiting the various categories in a true light. Some metaphysic of experience is the only possible corrective to the metaphysics of speculative ontology and transcendentalism. But, when all that man can say and do is said and done, it can still be asked, though never known, whether there is anything objectively, and in its own nature, closed to all possible human perception and inference. Thus, there are certain futilities of speculation which must always come under the head of the unanswerable.

Admitting this, we should learn to ask only questions which can be answered; not hanging doubtful mysteries on the outskirts of the universe, but progressively unveiling the mysterious universe itself. Mysterious—yet knowable; for knowledge and mystery never part company, except in the heads of pedants and parrot-taught schoolboys! Mystery is good; it is the very incitement to further knowledge. Only mystification and mysticism are to be avoided, since they make mysteries where there are none, and hug others which might be solved.

The view that "unanswerable" is a legitimate sense of "unknowable" thus leads round to my other point, that an objective Unknowable cannot be substantiated, being simply the purport of one of those futile questions which an efficient philosophy would shelve as unanswerable. Those realities of the cosmos comprehending humanity, which are either directly experienced or inferred to exist in a manner to be experienced, constitute the whole object-matter of knowledge. The ultimate categories of consciousness are the fundamental modes or aspects of existence, as we know it. We have, however, to distinguish between categories of consciousness, as universal signification and categories of consciousness, as a specific functioning of the individual human being. It is the former which are philosophical ultimates; one such being existence in the historical mode, already dwelt upon. This category comprehends equally the object-matter of physical science and that of psychology: all facts and all feelings alike exemplify it. The psychological ultimates, such as sensation and thought (in its ordinary subjective sense), obviously do not comprehend the object-matter of physical science, though they are the necessary means of representing it to ourselves.



SEEING THINGS IN THE RIGHT LIGHT.

BY CHARLES CATTELL.

THE past three years have allowed me many opportunities of conversation on the subject of belief and unbelief on board a steam packet. There, as elsewhere, people can run away from your argument if not from you. I find a very general reluctance to discuss the fundamentals of religion, as being unsuitable to the occasion; but it seems to be always fit, both in time and place, to make assertions about unbelievers, and about those who once went astray but returned to the fold of the faithful.

The two leading articles in these assertions are the stories of one lady, now living, and of one gentleman, now deceased (Mrs. Besant and Thomas Cooper). But it is hardly necessary to give their names, as from these two there is derived a general inference applicable to all Freethinkers—that ultimately they come to see things in the right light. Advanced age is thus quoted as really antagonistic to advanced thought. In other words, it is claimed that the net result of a life spent in inquiry into the truth and utility of Christianity ends in an abandonment of the conclusion arrived at! Supposing this to be true, wherein is there cause for rejoicing? Simply in the fact that the person who suddenly throws overboard the discoveries of an active, healthy intellect, and re-asserts his old errors, is restored to the party to which the one who rejoices belongs.

To me, it appears only as the evidence of a wasted life, of weakness, or of something worse. If any new discoveries had been made by which the old errors became new truths, that might be accepted as a reasonable ground for returning to them, but the results of all the inquiries point to a still further digression from the old idea of infallible truth. The relation of man and the earth to the universe cannot be at once restored to that which early Christians once believed to be true without abandoning the conclusions of demonstrated facts. If Christians at last come to see things in the right light, that is the light of Scripture, they must throw overboard all the leading scientists of the past three hundred years. Finding this view, on being properly analyzed, to be absolutely absurd, we are solicited to take a figurative view, and not a literal rendering of the teachings which pass current as the only true religion.

The general result of a few test questions as to what views the converted unbeliever maintained, and on what facts and arguments he once relied, is the startling discovery that the believer has not even seen any works of the unbelievers, excepting some more or less truthful biography. This true account of the state of the public mind is not confined to young men or Sunday-school teachers, but is applicable to gentlemen, men of the world, men of from forty to eighty years of age. How deeply the belief in the ultimate recantation of all unbelievers must have sunk into the general mind when old men still repeat the story!

I submit that it is a very serious question whether any man who has once

mastered the facts of science, and made himself familiar with the results of historical research, can in any sane moment say that he sincerely disbelieves all he has learned. A man who has never concerned himself about the truth of the dominant faith may subscribe to different aspects of it. On matters of opinion we expect men to change, but that does not apply to physical or logical demonstrations. If it is clearly ascertained that the New Testament is contradictory and its teachings injurious, it is not in our power to recognize the sincerity of one who once declared it, and now declares that it does not lie open to these objections. We can understand it being to a man's apparent interest to say he was mistaken in disbelieving it, like lawyers who affect to be on the side of the client who pays them to defend him.

To treat the matter candidly and seriously, if we must answer the question directly, we do not believe in the existence of a well-informed convert from unbelief to orthodoxy. It is impossible for a mind which has once been open to light and truth to be put back into a state of darkness and falsehood. A man who in the summer sees the ripe apples on the trees in his orchard, may retire into his house and close his eyes, but he will see the apples still. We are now speaking only of a healthy mind operating in a healthy body, and not of one afflicted with jaundice, to which everything appears yellow.

But why should it be believed that only a man in advanced life can see things in the right light? Surely the mind when in its fullest vigor is more competent to form true conclusions on disputed points. An exhausted state of mind is not conducive to clear thinking, any more than is an exhausted physical frame capable of endurance and energy.

There is one fact of great import in the discussion of this question—the general ignorance of what unbelievers believe, and why they believe it.

The apparently insurmountable difficulty is to get people to read freethought views, and exercise their minds in the most neglected art, the art of thinking. It is not only a want of time, but a want of inclination on the part of the general public, to investigate the foundations of what is generally believed. The history of enlightened views shows that the great secret of progress is the doubting of an established deified error known as the Christian religion. In support of this, under various denominations, there is a vast amount of wealth invested, and a large number of interests united on its side, hence its permanent existence. However strongly we may hold the desire to establish a sounder view of life and conduct, the immediate work before us is to popularize a belief that the church teaches palpable errors, and the success obtained will determine the advent of more enlightened views of life and duty.

Any one standing at the door when a fashionable church is being emptied of its congregation, will observe the character of the congregation in so far as external appearances are concerned. It is really an entertainment and a social function, the only available place of meeting. One of its regular attendants on being questioned by me admitted that the principal point in which he agreed with the church was in its declaration that there are not three incomprehensibles, but only one incomprehensible. The Mayor presiding at one of the meetings made the curious observation that many people con-

sidered it a sin to laugh in church, but did not see any harm in going to sleep during the sermon! The unthinking alone can find permanent pleasure in patronizing such an institution, and directly they can be induced to think they will see the thing in the right light. One demand must then be the exclamation of Goethe—"More light! more light!"

MY CHURCH.

YE matin worshippers! flowers bending lowly
 Before the Sun-god's lidless eye!
 Throw from sweet chalices a scented, holy
 Incense on high!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air
 Makes Sabbath to me, and for ever ringeth
 A call to prayer!

Not to a dome where mason's arch and column
 Attest the feebleness of man's vain mind,
 But to a fane more catholic and solemn,
 Where God I find!

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
 Whose endless lamps, stars, sun and moon supply;
 Its choir the winds, waves' plash—it's organ, thunder;
 Its dome the sky.

There, when alone, in thought I love to wander
 Through shady glades, or lie upon the sod,
 And, awed by Nature's ever-wond'rous beauty,
 I pray to God!

Your voiceless lips, dear flowers, are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book;
 You are to me a phalanx of wise teachers
 In this lone nook!

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor,
 "Weep without woe and blush without a crime"
 Oh! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
 Your love sublime!

In these sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
 With which thou paintest thy grand widespread hall,
 What a grand lesson to us thou impartest
 Of love to all!

—Anon.