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JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

THE Artist appends a title to his performance, places it where all can behold it, and retires, deeming no further introduction necessary. If he has done his best there is no room for apology: whether or not that best be good is for others to judge. Standing aside and overhearing their criticism, haply he may learn somewhat for future guidance.

In the present case the Editor claims to be little more than a Master of the Ceremonies, introducing parties whom he deems worthy of each other's acquaintance, and not obtruding himself more than the occasion requires.

Some eight years have passed since the materials necessary to enable him to perform his part came into his hands, and his task was for the most part fulfilled; but insuperable obstacles intervened to prevent its completion, and he has been compelled to keep his intention in abeyance, while each succeeding year has brought him

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fresh cause for regret at the delay. Watching the progress of the age he has seen the Romantic subsiding into the Familiar, the Prophetic into the Past. Yet he takes courage from the reflection that, as Truthfulness and Earnestness are of all time, this simple record of an actual life of our day—this unaffected picture of a true child of the century and his life in three worlds—will not be found altogether stale and unprofitable through its long seclusion in the studio. To himself, at least, the contemplation of it has been a source of deep gratification and a new Aid to Faith.

London, 1867.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO SECOND EDITION.

THE new portion of this edition consists mainly of some remarks on the dogmatic instruction of children, which the Editor has succeeded in deciphering from Ainslie's notes of a conversation with 'the little Frenchman.'

The Editor takes this opportunity of expressing his deep sense of the obligation under which he lies towards his critics for their careful, candid, and generous recognition and treatment.

He takes leave farther to add only, that such readers as have regarded 'The Pilgrim and the Shrine' as being his own autobiography, pay a far higher compliment to his skill than to his modesty; and one that he feels it incumbent upon him here to disclaim.

July, 1869.

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BOOK I.

‘ EACH man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in the river—he runs against obstructions on every side but one ; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over God’s depths into the infinite sea. This talent and this call depend on his own organisation, or the mode in which the general soul incarnates itself in him.’—R. W. EMERSON, ‘Spiritual Laws.’

‘ Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, unto a land that I will show thee.’—GEN. xii. 1.

THE
PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE.

CHAPTER I.

THE DILEMMA.

‘SURELY if there be any merit in self-sacrifice, mine will not be overlooked. My motive is no mean one; for is it not the desire of sparing pain to those I love? So good as they are, too, in all amenities and duties of life, could only this perpetual jar be removed, we should indeed be a happy family. In fact, as far as they are concerned there is but little alloy; for it is little they dream of the gap that actually separates us. Happy in their ignorance, but at what cost to myself is it maintained! And every week the task grows harder. I shrink from all in which they find delight. Their Sunday services and week-day devotions are alike painful to me, till I feel constrained to declare that I will never go to church again.

‘I should like to have some of the details of the early Christian life: to know how one of them, a member of some devout pagan family, comported himself, when the light of a higher faith dawned upon him, and the joy of

it was succeeded by revulsion, on thinking of the grief his apostasy would cause his good pious old parents.

‘To be of any use to me, I must know how one organised like myself would act in such circumstances. I think I can guess. Having a faculty of reticence and self-control, he would carefully avoid betraying himself until he had sounded them at home; listening to their remarks on the new religion in reference to any of their acquaintances who have joined it, or in answer to his observations. If he found interest excited, and a tone of moderation used in reference to the subject, he would be led on by degrees to lay before them one grand doctrine after another, until their own old creed had, unawares, withered up into nothingness for them, as it had done for him.

‘But if he found scorn and anger lavished upon those who were so presumptuous as to forsake, or even to strive to obtain more comprehensive views of, the gods of their fathers, and an utter unwillingness, if not incapacity, to comprehend the spirit and meaning of the new doctrine,—then, indeed, would he either do as I am doing, or would break away to more congenial associations. For to continue to abide together after having broken silence, to feel himself followed by looks of grief and displeasure as a renegade and an infidel,—this, indeed, would be an impossibility. In either case it would be hard to remain. To stay and be silent,—filled with pity for the errors of those who would so regard him if they knew what was in his mind; and forced to keep within his own bosom the new and glorious hopes that were glowing in him, locked most carefully from those to whom he most longs to declare them. To stay and

..speak, regardless of the consequences: to speak and then depart: or, best of all, perhaps, to go in silence and peace, without leaving behind him bitterness and sorrow.

‘But I meant to describe good pious people; would such reduce a son to these straits? How is this? In what have I misrepresented? It must be that goodness of heart and natural disposition are not incompatible with religious intolerance and narrowness. Perhaps people may be better than their religion; nay, may be morally good in spite of it. Yet it is very curious that the condemnation which Christ would not pronounce on the grossest sinner, should be by his followers so readily inflicted on the honest inquirer.’

To this half soliloquy, half address, of Herbert Ainslie, as he lay stretched on a certain lawn, in a certain midland county, in the long vacation of 1846, his friend Charles Arnold replied,

‘A man filled with burning faith in a new religion which opened heaven to the believer, and reserved hell for its opponents, would not hesitate between the brief gain of a hollow peace and the possibility, however remote, of achieving the conversion of those he loved. All considerations would be minor to this, and would be lost sight of.’

‘Yes,’ answered Herbert, ‘if he admitted the possibility of their conversion. But convinced by an irresistible instinct, backed by both reason and experience, that this cannot be, he would act as I have supposed. Indeed, he could not do otherwise; for men cannot act without motives, and the motive which would be supplied by a chance of success would be absent.’

‘Why so impossible in your particular case?’ •

‘Nature and habit are too strong. A certain versatility of mind and habit of abstract thought are absolutely necessary to enable any one to detach himself from the opinions of a lifetime, and to see things from a different point of view. The belief which comes with the mother’s milk, and is so sedulously clung to ever after, not only without the smallest misgiving, but with a conviction that doubt (which may be an inspiration from above) is only the unmistakable whisper of the fiend,—few, indeed, are they who can struggle out of fetters so riveted.’

‘It certainly is the commonest kind of faith,’ observed Arnold; ‘a belief not in truth, but in that particular statement of it which happens to have been made to oneself.’

‘And the effect,’ said Herbert, ‘of long years of un-deviating habit, ploughing over and over again in the same furrow, fixing the bias beyond all possibility of change, and closing the soul to all influences save those that come through the customary channel. Many avenues have been provided whereby knowledge may come to us; a multiplicity of senses, with reason and imagination superadded, through which, when kept open to the influences everywhere abounding, may stream in the sympathetic wisdom of the universe, disclosing to us innumerable pathways to God. All these we are too often taught to keep fast closed, leaving but a little chink in the shutters through which the light can reach us. And having thus manufactured for themselves the gloom in which they live, men loudly praise the tiny streak of light which they suffer to relieve it.’

‘Let us return to yourself,’ said Arnold. ‘You are prevented from declaring yourself by the conviction that

it will cause unqualified pain: that is, you regard those with whom you have to do as so pre-occupied with one idea as to be incapable of admitting another. You know, I suppose, in what condition of mind people are considered to be whom it is necessary for their own welfare, or that of others, to deceive or keep in ignorance?’

‘It is said,’ replied Herbert, ‘that most people are of unsound mind upon one subject or another. Am I acting as if those with whom I have to do were no exceptions to this rule? Let me think out my thought. There are countless rills from the hills of God, but of one only will they drink. It is one that flows hard by their cottage, through their own little valley, from which they never stir. They love this little stream, but need they hate others? Alas! they also condemn all others, together with those who drink at them. I love to stray far away upon the mountains, and slake my thirst at every stream that flows. They would weep and pray for me if they knew that I tasted of any other waters than those which flow to them. Alas! alas! could I but get them to the hill-tops, to enjoy with me the boundless glories of the uplands! but too long disuse has paralysed both will and power. The conclusion is unavoidable. The fear of hell, that is, the fear of God—of the God of the Evangelicals—makes men monomaniacs.

‘The claim of that sect to inspiration,’ said Arnold, ‘does certainly seem to indicate a kind of madness; and it is not easy to see how to acquit people of it who so firmly believe in their own infallibility.’

‘No,’ said Herbert; ‘for holding it to be of infinite importance what men believe, instead of hesitating long and balancing evidence with the most anxious care, lest

anything should be received that ought to be rejected, their fear is all on one side. So far from fearing to hold dishonourable notions of God by believing too much, their only anxiety is lest they should not believe enough. In short, their most fortunate frame of mind is unlimited credence. "Only believe," no matter what. Yet it is not fair to refuse the same credit to the holders of the other faiths all over the world.'

'Of course not,' added Arnold. 'The child trained in a Christian nursery must receive what is taught it with unquestioning reverence. But the Mahomedan and Hindoo are to see at once the absurdity of their religion, and take the first opportunity of turning Christian. And they refuse to themselves the right to exercise that scepticism and investigation which they regard as the first duty of those who differ from them.'

'Clearly an assumption of infallibility,' observed Herbert; 'and one that arises from that very disposition which would have made these unquestioning Christians equally unquestioning idolaters and cannibals, had they chanced to be born such.'

'Yet,' observed Arnold, 'this disposition to hold unquestioned what they have early received, is not an unmixed evil. A certain amount of *vis inertiae* is absolutely necessary for the general stability.'

'In every instance that I can think of,' continued Herbert, 'the undoubting Christian is exactly the person that would have been the undoubting pagan. Such an one can I fancy—a humble and devout worshipper of the gods, and even finding a blessing in an uncavilling attendance on the ordinances of religion. One in whom imagination has the requisite predominance over reason

to enable him to see a resemblance in things which have no real likenesses or relation to each other. A native of ancient Greece, entering the temple of Pallas, he bows in reverence to the authorised symbol of divine wisdom, and implores the boon of wisdom for himself, accompanying his prayers with gifts and sacrifices on the altar. Say to him, "Fool! this is an idol of stone, and no deity, which you adore." He replies with humility, 'This is the mode of worshipping God revealed to my fathers, and handed down to me by them; and if He will be pleased to accept my prayers and my praises, and the tithes of my wealth, offered in the appointed way, and to grant me a blessing withal, it is not for me to play the infidel and question the divine decrees. Rather should I pity you who prefer the treacherous lights of reason to the divine confidence of faith.'

'Minds,' observed Arnold, 'are so infinitely various in their disposition, that it is as impossible for one to doubt as it is for another to take things for granted. On one is bestowed the faculty of trusting, on another that of inquiring. Each must be himself and act out his own character, for all things, however various, have a place and a purpose in the system of the universe. I grant, however, that each ought to cultivate charity with regard to the other; not merely to tolerate that which has at least an equal right to exist, but to try to understand and appreciate it. Because men differ, it does not necessarily follow that either is wrong. One plant is right to be a rose, but another is not therefore wrong in being a cabbage. Each serves its proper end in the general economy.'

'My keeping silence, then,' said Herbert, 'is quite

consistent with my belief. I do not hold it to be of infinite importance to agree with me. But that if anything be important it is the keeping that frame of mind, that openness of soul, in which one is ever free to receive truth, come from where it may ;—instead of fancying we have got it fast in an iron chest, and fearing to lose it by allowing it to be seen, or to dim its lustre by letting in the light of day upon it. Even truth is no self-luminous crystal retaining its brilliancy when cut off from surrounding light. I suppose, however, that there is some of that same diversity of nature between me and my kindred. I can still appreciate and love them, while they would condemn me, not so much for having brought my reason to bear on these things, as for having been led to different conclusions. So go on in peace, dear ones of the home, for the remainder of your earthly course. No matter how we diverge here, we shall all meet in heaven at last, and then how some of us will rub our eyes as we look round and exclaim, “How different from what we expected ! This is not the heaven we had imagined !”

‘It is curious,’ said Arnold, ‘to see how these ancient difficulties reappear in our modern life. Thousands of years do not change human nature. This very doubt of yours as to how far you are justified in complying with forms which have for you ceased to represent truths, out of regard to the feelings of those who still believe in them, finds an exact counterpart in the case of the Syrian warrior of old. Persecution puts on many forms,—violence, deprivation, social and political. To us it comes in the shape, not less hard to bear, of coldness and reproach from those we love ; well-meaning and sincere, no

doubt, but no less a persecution for conscience' sake. But your reserve hitherto has kept you from this sad experience.'

'Hardly,' answered Herbert; 'for it is the consciousness of these feelings of theirs that compels my silence.'

'What think you,' asked Arnold, 'would be the effect of your putting before them the Syrian's dilemma as your own; if you were to ask them, "would you continue to go to church if you recoiled from the doctrines you heard there, and felt like Naaman in the temple of his abjured gods?"'

'And suggest,' cried Herbert, 'that they to me are as pagans to a Christian? No, no; that would be to destroy the very edifice I am labouring to build, to give the very pain I am suppressing myself to spare them.'

'Even,' said Arnold, 'if you and yours are of two different natures; if to them is given the cultivation of the affections and the decencies of daily life, and to you the investigation of truth,—there can be no real necessity for your clashing, or even for each failing to comprehend the other. The evil must be traceable to the defective education which limits and contracts, instead of enlarging and expanding, our nature. The "anything for a quiet life" doctrine is a great mitigator of differences, and is as often a symptom of moral strength as of the reverse, though in the case of conscience it is not so easy to say how far truth ought to be paramount to all other considerations. At any rate you have decided that the force which enables you to fight your way out is not sufficient to enable you to carry others with you, or at least to moderate if not destroy their opposition. Out-

wardly quiet and inwardly chafing is no wholesome condition of mind; nor can it be a permanent one. Is it not possible to find more harmonious surroundings?’

‘I have thought of this,’ replied Herbert, ‘and am inclined to think flight the better part of valour in my case.’

‘And escape,’ said Arnold, ‘from the tyranny of affection. Well, in our present social development it is oftener those whom we love that bring us grief, than our enemies, as of old. A man’s foes are of his own household, even the sensibilities of his own heart.’

‘There may be weakness on my part,’ said Herbert, ‘but remember it is not for myself I am seeking to secure the “quiet life” you speak of. It may be a weakness to be dependent on circumstances and to be modifiable by the accidents of position. Yet I can scarcely imagine any one so self-enfolded as to be the same always, equally ice to the north wind and the south. Rather are people like plants, more or less sensitive, and incapable of development unless in favourable conditions.’

‘I spoke not reproachfully,’ answered Arnold, ‘but merely descriptively, and perhaps hardly correctly, for the weakness, if such it be, would arise from extra strength in another direction; and after all there is but a temporary suppression of conviction in deference to the dictates of affection.’

‘The one thing needful to me,’ said Herbert, ‘is sympathy, to enable me to fight the battle of life against all comers, be they world, flesh, or devil. Without this I am weak as water; with it I feel as if I could do many mighty works; for sympathy is faith. Only let me get into favourable conditions of existence, that like the oak

on the mountain I may freely respond to every influence, and expand with all the capacity of my nature.'

'Instead of feeling like the clipped shrub in the cit's garden,' said Arnold. 'Though such blasphemy against nature is often regarded as the highest virtue; the whole duty of a man being to suppress himself and be some one else.'

'Once,' observed Herbert, 'I should have made the conventional reply, "Alas, that nature should have so fallen!" and thought with conventional complacency that I had settled the matter; forgetting that the artist's work, in whatever stage of its progress, must thus far be a faithful index to the artist's mind and skill. And this reminds me that a greater difficulty is beginning to loom before me. I fear that I am likely to pass the limits not only of family but of national orthodoxy: and destined as I am for the ministry, and eager to occupy the post in which I can do the most good, I fear lest, when the time comes, I may find myself excluded by inability to conform.'

'There are many most useful clergymen,' said Arnold, 'who by no means coincide with the popular interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles.'

'Possibly,' returned Herbert, 'but I think you will find that their change has taken place after and not before they were irrevocably committed to their profession. No honest man would, with his eyes open, enter on a career requiring a life-long hypocrisy.'

'Really the matter is so important,' said Arnold, 'to all your future prospects that I feel disposed to turn Don at once, and question you *in loco parentis*. Does it never occur to you that you are expecting too much in a pro-

fession, pursuing the phantom of an impossible ideal at the risk of allowing the living reality to escape? Why should a clergyman be entitled to the luxury of a career according with every peculiarity of his nature any more than one who becomes soldier, lawyer, or doctor? The bitter and the sweet must be taken together. Some degree of self-sacrifice is required of all of us, as you said. And nothing seems more likely than that the active realities of a useful career will soon eclipse those abstractions which the world is disposed to regard as mere crotchets. Forgive me for saying this, but unless you have strayed very far beyond what I have any reason to suppose, I do not think that any difficulties you may have are such as ever to obtrude themselves when once you get to work, or that your doubts are upon subjects which it would be edifying to bring forward.'

'Truly not a "spiritual father," but one of the earthliest, have you constituted yourself. My own dear theologically-minded parent would settle my doubts by calling them "wicked;" there may be more of the wisdom of the serpent in your mode of treating the question, but I confess it is a far more practical one than the other.'

'I think, moreover,' added Arnold, 'that the fact of our Church being a national one, provided (in theory at least) by all, and for all, its formularies are intended to include rather than to exclude, so that the greatest latitude of interpretation should be given both to its tenets and to those of its individual members, cleric as well as lay. "Give and take" is the fundamental condition of all human association. Were people to refuse assent to everything on account of their objection to certain petty details, co-operation and even civilisation itself would be

impossible. Only suppose the Church required the same perfection in its members that you look for in it, how many would be suffered to enter the ministry? The set-off is mutual.'

'I can imagine,' said Herbert, 'people for whom such arguments would be supreme. I feel, however, that they neither do nor ought to weigh with me.'

'Of course the same motives cannot sway every one,' continued Arnold. 'The remedy must be adapted to the individual constitution. But let us suppose you are so consistent as to carry your scruples into other relations of life,—into marriage, for instance, which certainly ranks next in importance to that of occupation, whether above or below it. Does it not look as if you ran a great risk of going through life in single harness, unless you succeed in deceiving yourself into a belief that you have found a perfect woman,—a goddess, rather?'

'I, an imperfect individual, having no right to such a luxury? Not a perfect woman, however, but one that perfectly harmonises with myself, is what I shall hope for in that remote contingency.'

'You have formed an idea of your destined calling which does not please you. How would you act if the question, be it of work or of wife, were no longer an open one, and you were fast bound when these doubts make their appearance?'

'I should probably consider that as I had engaged myself for better or for worse, I must make the best of it. It might then be the business of conscience to oppose and stifle feeling.'

'I am not clear,' returned Arnold, 'that there is any fundamental difference. It is a question of self-indulgence

in either case. You are betrothed to your profession, if not actually wedded. At least, so you are supposed to be by those who have thus far guided your life. The disappointment would be a terrible blow for them after all the sacrifices they have made to fit you for a career of your own choosing.'

'And thus will the tyranny of affection doom my whole life to the jarring of a perpetual discord. No, I would rather lead a solitary life with my dreams for my companions, than marry to find them false, and my ideas destroyed by an uncongenial reality.'

'Possibly, so far as a wife is concerned: but work means bread. How about that?'

'I can teach. I can write. Anything rather than be fettered and bound to abandon the search for truth with liberty to follow wherever it may lead me.'

'To teach, you must have scholars, and to obtain them you must be of unimpeached orthodoxy. As for writing, I think you will allow that the best thing a sceptical unsettled man can do is to be silent.'

'You certainly drive me into a corner in a truly parental way. But I know that you feel with me that the search for truth is man's highest duty and privilege, and that there must be a fatal defect in any system that prohibits that search?'

'The Church prohibits the search for truth,—the Church of England?' exclaimed Arnold.

'Not for the truth of its own tenets, but for truth independently of them.'

'Believing its own doctrines to be true, is it to be blamed?'

• 'Surely, because the search it allows is not for truth,

but for proof of its own doctrines. Suppose the same limitation imposed upon the students of any science :— the Astronomer Royal, for instance, retaining his appointment on condition of his maintaining certain stated doctrines, as that of the earth's immobility, so long firmly believed in. Even now that we are so sure the earth does move, it is the duty of astronomers to prove that it does not if they can, and all honour will be done the man who shall succeed in doing so. Similarly I conceive it to be the duty of students in every science to uphold nothing dogmatically, but simply to find out what is true, no matter what existing theory they may demolish. For so only can science be built up on a firm foundation, and truth be glorified.'

'Scientific truths; not religious. Would you apply the same method to the truths of reason and revelation?' asked Arnold.

'We don't know that they are truths of revelation,' answered Herbert, 'until we have applied this method to them. We must treat them as in the first category, before we can assign them a place in the second. Not to do this is to proceed upon assumption, which, if I remember aright, you said most people do; and means nothing less than an assertion of infallibility.'

'Yes, but I was not speaking *in loco parentis* then.'

'Without enlarging the theme,' resumed Herbert, 'by discussing the propriety of severing the unity of God's universe, and parcelling out his truth into antagonistic divisions, I must confess that what I feel to be a necessity of my nature is freedom: even though I might not dissent from the matter of the dogma, I do object to the dogma as such; in exactly the same way as I should

object to the study of astronomy being shackled by any necessity of squaring its conclusions by some received opinions that might or might not be correct. Vast room as there is for advance of religious truth, I see but little hope of progress and agreement until the same method is applied to this as to other branches of knowledge.'

'Do you find these ideas in vogue in your university?' asked Arnold.

'No. There, as at Oxford, vested interests reign supreme. There, all teaching tends, not to actual investigation and real progress, but to building up the existing state of things and opinions. In the spirit of the Koran they exclaim, There is no Church but the Church of England, and no truth but in her 39 Articles.'

'And all examination is forbidden?'

'No, only the conclusions are forecast. It is as in the puffing advertisements of the travelling show-woman, the Archbishop may hold dialogue with the Dissenter about church-rates, and the Emperor of China discuss ethics with the oyster, but all end in urging the reader to lose no time in seeing Mrs Jarley's wax-work.'

'May you not over-estimate the consequences of these restrictions?' suggested Arnold. 'Bandages are necessary for weak limbs, though the strong may dispense with them.'

'But in this case,' returned Herbert, 'the multitude of weaklings appoint limits for the strong. One day at divinity lecture, I was tempted by a remark of the Professor to put a question respecting the nature of the Trinity. The only satisfaction I got was an admonition to accept things as I found them, and not trouble myself with trying to understand them. And this is the system

for training the men of England, for producing master-minds! Say slaves rather! The children of love may wander at will through all their Father's garden. From menials only is any part reserved and shut up. Slaves themselves, they would make all souls as abject as their own. Fencing in a tiny corner with a quickset hedge of thorny dogmas and sharp definitions, they call this God's universe, and proclaim that beyond are man-traps of the evil one: stray not there:—as if, in the spirit of the Manichæans of old, they believed in two Gods—a good and a bad, and in terror do their homage to the latter.'

'I see how it is,' said Arnold; '*Insight versus Authority*. Pity you have not five thousand a year.'

'I am not so sure of that,' replied Herbert; 'my speculations about things in general have sometimes led me to ascribe the origin of thought to an irritation of surfaces, as if there were certain tissues capable of secreting and evolving ideas, giving them out, as the gymnotus its electricity, in proportion to its excitement. So it seems to me possible that in the absence of all exciting causes the mind might be still and stagnant. Indignation is a powerful stimulant, though not the healthiest; and hitherto I have found my perception the clearest and my ideas most vivid when listening to a sermon that shocks and angers me, as most sermons do in some degree.'

'The irritation gives intensity of feeling to the mind, as the acid which the dishonest gambler applies to his finger to increase its sensitiveness so as to be able to detect the minute punctures with which he has marked the cards. In your case, however, one function of the sermon is to supply material for thought. But are you not abandoning your advocacy of sympathy, and favouring the

claim of opposition as the favourable condition of development ?’

• ‘One does not care to live in close contact with one’s irritant,’ answered Herbert; ‘but I think the contradiction is only apparent. They are as the two opposing poles of the magnet; the effect of one is healthy, and of the other unhealthy. What is unpleasant cannot be good, unless nature is an unintelligible mass of contradictions. And I am sure we make more progress in our search after truth when you enact your own natural part, than when you put yourself *in loco parentis*, no matter how shrewdly you may play the character.’

‘In another year you will take your degree, and be called on to sign the Articles.’

‘Ah, yes; but at present I do not allow myself to think of it. All seems so dark and doubtful when I attempt to pry into the future, that I find myself utterly unable to foresee how I shall act when the time comes for decision. This long talk has been a great help to me; relieving feelings long pent up, and giving me a clearer view of my own mind and position. You live so far off that it may be long before we meet again. I shall not hesitate to trouble you when I want to disburden myself, and hope you will find time to answer my letters.’

CHAPTER II.

THE ESCAPE.

NEARLY two years passed without any communication between the two friends, beyond an exchange of letters on the occasion of Herbert's taking his degree. Little or no change had taken place in his mind in respect to the great difficulty that confronted him. He shrank equally from his intended profession, and from revealing to his parents the real state of his mind.

But it was impossible to conceal from them that something was not well with him. The variableness of his manner, between long fits of moody silence and an almost spasmodic cheerfulness, gave rise to surmises that his mind had received a strain from hard study and late hours, which would only yield to rest and the regular habits of home.

Of calm and equable temperament, and unexercised in mental conflicts about religious matters, Herbert's parents could little comprehend the severity or even the nature of those struggles which harass so many of our generation, concerning questions which it was the fashion of all respectable contemporaries of their own to take for granted, or to consider that, like the Ark of the Covenant, it was sacrilege to touch them.

He plunged with apparent eagerness into those amusements and gaieties of society which are so often resorted to as a drug to banish reflection or deaden pain. His parents observed this with grief, fearing their son

was forsaking religion for 'the world.' Herbert saw their regret, and at once gave up all his social excitements for solitary exercises of the most muscular kind. Whereupon they comforted themselves with the thought that he had only been sowing his few wild oats—a necessary part of his great preparation for the ministry—and that he would be all the more exemplary in his calling from having had some personal experience of pomps and vanities. He had graduated nearly a year when Arnold received the following letter :

*'Steamship Great Western,
off Barbadoes, Nov. 1848.*

'You will hardly be surprised, dear friend, at the solution of my difficulty which the above date will at once have suggested to you. The result thus far has entirely justified my somewhat hasty resolution. The clouds and thick darkness that well nigh overwhelmed me while in England have all cleared away, and here, on the broad bosom of the Atlantic, have I first seen the clear sky above and around me, and felt myself no alien but a very part of this glorious universe.

'Though agonised beyond all previous conception for the first week by sea-sickness, the throes of which were as those of birth into a new life, I could not but rejoice in the beauty of the big, bounding, blue billows of Biscay, as they raced along shaking their snowy crests as for very wantonness. There was a strange phenomenon for me (I don't know if others have experienced it) in the intense feeling of exaltation which followed the paroxysms of the malady. The mind seemed to grow vast and luminous in proportion as the body sank in weakness and lassitude. That whole week I was in ecstasy. As if

quite independent of the senses, I seemed possessed of universal intuition, and could jump at a bound over all ordinary steps of reasoning to the just conclusion beyond. Past and future were as near to me as the present. At once prophet, poet, and clairvoyant, and gifted with tongues to boot, all thought expressed itself for me in perfectly rhythmical verse; and in this state of mind I read for the first time Carlyle's Hero-worship.

'I know now what is meant by "revelation." In addition to the wondrous power of the book, there was that in myself that made each sentence spread out into a whole chapter, each page into a volume.

'The book was the book of truth, and the finite contained the infinite.

'My feeling to the author himself was that of a rescued patient to the physician. No fee seemed too large for gratitude. And indeed I have found here not only medicine but food, such as my nature craved. Now I have nourishment that I can digest and assimilate; and now methinks I can grow to the stature of a man! Hail! happy release from those weary years of mental dyspepsia, when growth was arrested, and life kept down at zero, and the whole system crammed and choked with the forced meat of dogmatic theology.

'Never more let me be told that there are good people, much less happy ones, who hold the notions instilled into me. *They don't believe them. I did.* Not that they are hypocrites. But by belief I don't mean mere assent through habit and early education, and the going on indifferently through life, much as they would if they did not believe. No; for me there was a God who made devils as well as men; a hell as well as the fair earth and

heaven ; and who required a sacrifice of blood and agony, ay, even that of the innocent, before he could receive and pardon the poor straying babes of his own begetting. And it was even such a Being as this who made the rainbow and the flowers, and music and laughter. No, no ; there is no real belief until one discerns the necessary harmony between every part of the divine whole.

‘ I think I can tell you, in a few words, the condition of mind that I have been so long craving. I want to get out of the strife—away from the noise, and dust, and confusion of the combatants upon the plain, and to overlook, as from an eminence, the conduct of the whole battle. I want to get away from the atmosphere redolent of opinions, and doctrines, and authority, and technicality, —to breathe the pure air that blows on the old silent hills of God.

‘ It seems that if I can get away from all mention of religion, and pass months without seeing even a Bible, I shall come to understand far more than ever. It is the reverse of faith that has come to me by hearing.

‘ The constant repetition has utterly darkened the meaning of words for me. Some time ago I tried the effect of frequently repeating to myself one of the commonest words, until I became convinced that no such term existed, so entirely did it cease to convey any idea to my mind. It is the same with the technical phrases which so abound in the pulpit, and in the private life of the somewhat narrow circle in which I have lived.

‘ I know your large sympathy will read kindly all the crude jottings I hope to send you from time to time. You will not brand me with the harsh names so freely bestowed by “ good Christian folk ” on all whose intellectual con-

clusions diverge from their own. Often have I thought how little people can know the full value of words, when they give so much pain by their reckless use of hard names. You, on the contrary, can comprehend how scepticism itself may be but a name for a higher faith.

‘But I must not close this letter without telling you of the immediate cause of my departure from England. The year after I took my degree was passed apparently in reading for orders, but really in seeking for a way of escape from the necessity of taking them. Not that I no longer felt the Church to be my truest vocation; but because the Church itself was fitted with such narrow doors that I felt there was no room for me to enter without leaving outside the views which were expanding themselves before me; or, if I entered, to abide there in peace, content with seeing God and nature through a chapel window.

‘And so, after much disquietude to my own mind, and some puzzlement to parents and guardians, from whom I concealed the real state of the case, allowing them to place my restlessness to the score of natural love of adventure and desire to see more of the world, before settling down in one spot probably for life, I have obtained a year’s grace with means to do as I like. So here I am, resolved to enjoy the present and ignore the future. I have undertaken, too, a sort of mission to one of the West India islands, to see what has become of some estates that are, or rather were, in the family; for some years have elapsed since they have been heard of. We are approaching the first land that we have seen for a month. Barbadoes its name; a place associated in my mind with sugar and sharks, yellow fever and dignity

balls. I shall post this letter there, and look for one from you in the post-office at Kingston, Jamaica; at which place, though devoid of any definite plans, I have a strong conviction I shall find myself before many weeks are over.'

CHAPTER III.

THE ISLANDS.

'Jamaica, February, 1849.

'MY DEAR ARNOLD,

'These West Indies are glorious. Their beauty is beyond anything I had imagined of scenery. All my prejudices against them have vanished. So grossly have they been calumniated, that I am perhaps only too ready now to believe all that is here said in their favour. I have visited nearly every island between Barbadoes and Jamaica. A climax of beauty. The former, plainest of all, yet made the deepest impression upon me. It was my first experience of tropical scenery. An unexpected chance, too, was in my favour. Instead of finding myself a stranger on a foreign strand, the very first person who came on board when the steamer dropped anchor was a friend whom I supposed to be far away in England. I was at once "in town," to use the phrase of a Yankee fellow-passenger. Dinner ashore and a bachelors' ball that very evening! Here was good fortune; at once to

see all the youth and beauty of the place in their best clothes. Everything was done in English fashion, with the addition of a general yellowness of complexion, and a tremendous over-dressing on the part of the men.

‘The affairs of the island had long been in a depressed state, Wilberforce and weather having combined to ruin the planters. Years had passed without any heart for gaiety. Now there was an improvement. Prosperity was dawning again, in token whereof the bachelors of the island projected a ball, and with so much spirit did they go into it that an extra allowance of wax was bestowed on the floor of the dancing-room, and several days were spent by the committee in sliding upon it. The result was that several couples tumbled down in the quadrilles, and few had the hardihood to waltz at all.

‘I accepted an invitation to visit a plantation some miles away. The night was far spent when I started with my new friend in an open carriage. The road ran, for some distance near the shore, over the hollow coral, which resounded thunderously beneath the wheels. And the passage through fields of sugar-cane, guinea-corn, orange, tamarind, banana, and manchineel trees, was to me one of perpetual strangeness.

‘The low booming of the waves against the reef, the peculiar balminess of the tropical night with its clear starry sky, and the silent rule over all of the moon, now near its full, made the scene one of such enchantment that I shall never forget that drive.

‘By-and-by the silver light began gradually to withdraw from overspreading the whole heavens, and to concentrate itself in the west, as the glow in the east increased. We had reached a part where the island was

so narrow as to allow the sea to be visible on either hand. And the eastern waves still reposed in darkness as the empire of day dawned above them. There was something almost touching in the gentle dignity with which the moon abdicated her soft sway in favour of the kinglier orb. She vanished below the horizon. And presently, as with a jump, the sun revealed himself, for a moment pillowing his chin upon the edge, and flinging out long golden streamers towards us on the dancing waters, and then bounding upwards on his career of victory.

‘I enjoyed immensely my few days at the plantation. The kindness of the owners and the novelty of the whole scene made it full of delight. One never appreciates the land so much, I fancy, as after a first voyage. The intense pleasure of being still, of lying on the grass, by turns dozing and gazing up into the boundless blue, or watching the blacks at work,—a happy, chattering race, described exactly in some of Captain Marryat’s novels. One day I found myself drawn into a reverie about the “vestiges of creation,” and the development theory, by seeing a monkey rolling a bottle within the limits of his tether, in imitation of the black gardener who was rolling the garden walk. An ascending series indeed,—the monkey, the negro, and myself,—and complacently enough did I speculate as to where was the greatest interval, between the two former or the two latter. If absence of pain be the criterion, thought I, surely the monkey has the best of it. If capacity for pleasure, surely myself. But then, this involved the greatest capacity for pain. And so my thoughts ran on until it appeared to me that the mean or starting-point of all our natures is much the same, only that the higher organis-

ation extends to a greater distance in all directions, involving greater capacity. We are all concentric circles, ellipses rather, but some are larger than others. But I could not solve the question for the development-*alists*. Can the small circle grow into the large one? Can monkey become man? Neither did I take him by the hand, and say, "Hail, brother (or father) monkey!" for I might have got bitten in return. It does not matter though, for, distant as any relationship may be now, trace our pedigrees far enough and we surely have a common ancestor in—God. Moreover, despite the monkey's imitativeness, it does not appear that he is so nearly allied to man in his moral and intellectual faculties as other animals that have less outward resemblance. I was told some extraordinary stories about the force of the wind in the great hurricane of 1831. The loss of life is computed at two thousand, and of property at a million and a half. But when one hears of a woman being cut in two* by a piece of board, of pebbles embedded in rock and hard wood, and of a twelve-pound carronade carried a hundred yards by the wind, it is difficult to reconcile these things with our temperate experience of atmospheric pressure. Add to such a scene the dashing down of meteors like red-hot masses of molten metal, and it is little wonder that the affrighted people fancied the end of the world, or at least of their little portion of it, had indeed come. What tremendous fellows must the indigenous deities of these regions have been!

'I must refer you to my general epistles home for full accounts of the merely objective parts of my progress. Those that I send to yourself are rather as pictures for you to copy on your canvas. Would that I could send you

sketches of the many scenes that strike me as well worth taking likenesses of, which you, with your artistic skill, might develop into real pictures. But, alas! words, words, are all that are at my command.

‘Should you ever need change of air and scene, you cannot do better than take a winter’s cruise in these seas. You would return to the old world, its toils and its troubles, cheered and invigorated by your glimpse of a beauty before unknown, like one who has dreamt of heaven and woke smiling, or the Peri, whose peep into Paradise changed her sadness into joy and hope—(not always the result of looking behind the scenes).

‘The only other picture I shall paint for you this time is of San Domingo. This immense island, as we steamed towards it, was entirely wrapped in clouds, massive, black, and impenetrable, and such rain! Towards noon the veil was slowly lifted, disclosing lovely valleys in among hills covered with perpetual verdure, with innumerable waterfalls tumbling down the sides and glistening like silver threads amid the dark foliage. And then the sun comes out behind us, and beats upon the huge cloud as it still rests upon the hills, and it straightway responds with a rainbow, nay, two, which thread the dark mass, seeming to arch over the entire island, and rest on the sea beyond; and not a momentary glory either, but lasting nearly all the afternoon, moving as we moved, and ever crowning the beautiful isle with more beauty, making a frame and a picture worthy of each other.

‘Nor is San Domingo less lovely in detail. Fancy a narrow valley running for miles between two lines of hills cultivated with all art along its whole length, and for

some little way up the slopes on either side, and immediately above this concession to mortal needs, nature resuming her sway and rioting in all tropical profusion,—flinging, as in playful affection, an abundance of wild tendrils over the farthest tops of the rugged hills.

‘Can it be to the influence of such surroundings that the prevailing lightheartedness is owing?’

‘Dwelling in a little village among a black chattering population, I came across a French marquis of the old school. Long ago despoiled of all inheritance at home, he lives by keeping a little shop, and supplying the negroes with needles and thread, and tape, and such small deer. A man of courtly manners, evidently a gentleman; there he lives among these people, as one of themselves, loquacious and happy, and without a shade of discontent, serving out his wares, and receiving tiny copper coins in exchange with as much apparent satisfaction as if he were at the head-quarters of life and could imagine no superior fate.

‘I wonder if he is always so. There may be natures so equable as never to have a moment of depression or reaction. I cannot help having a theory on the subject: self-consciousness *must* involve intervals of unhappiness: not to be self-conscious is to be as bird or beast, living without knowing it, having no remembrance or anticipation of joy or sorrow. Self-consciousness, too, must involve the consciousness of an ideal or type; a sense of that which nature intended us to be, and how far we fall short of it. To finish my homily, if man be the highest result of Nature’s long effort to become self-conscious, to “know herself;” not to be self-conscious, that is, to be always happy, is to be not one of

Nature's highest results. The "perfect man," then, must be one "acquainted with grief." My French friend may have been "acquainted" with it, but he certainly has long since dropped all knowledge of it; yet does being thoughtful necessarily involve a degree of morbidness?

'Many, many thanks for the letter that awaited me here. I trust to receive many such from you. Truly like the face of a friend in a strange land was it. Your criticisms upon what you are pleased to call my sea-sick theory of Inspiration had already occurred to me. No doubt the spirit is most willing when the flesh is most weak, in matters which require Will rather than deed; or rather not Will, which is the power of Willing, but Fancy. There is a greater power of imagining, or perhaps less power of controlling the imagination, at such times. Music, and other delicate delights, require a light diet. But still I do not see that we need call in the aid of any extraordinary, unnatural faculty to enable man to hold converse with his Maker, or to rise to that height of spiritual intensity which is the necessary condition of inspiration. Are not all who love truth in a like attitude? Each one reaching toward heaven brings down all that comes within his grasp, and he who reaches farthest brings down most.

'The difference is rather one of degree and condition. The same man can at one time rise in the loftiest aspirations towards the invisible, and at another time is so utterly dull and depressed, as to easily believe that it was not himself, but something superadded that was operating in him.

• 'I regard the infinite and eternal as the constant,

always there, and always ready. Man, the inferior, is the variable, only occasionally rising into divine contact. If we must admit caprice (or, as the Calvinists call it, grace); making right the consequence of will, instead of will the consequence of right; let it be on the part of man rather than of God.

‘So you still think that I ought to have made a clean breast of it before leaving England.

‘Vary the phrase, and say that things ought to have been such as to enable me to do so, and I agree with you. But as they were I *could* not do it. There are moral impossibilities as well as physical. The stream cannot flow when chilled into ice. Neither can the sorrow-stricken or the criminal pour his grief or his confession into an ear that he knows to be utterly cold and unsympathising.

‘You cannot realise what it is to encounter the coldness, and the sneer, and the charge of “spiritual pride,” ay, and even of impertinence at presuming to doubt the truth of what has been taught one from childhood. And when on the one side where one has most right to look for help, the cautious suggestion of any difficulty is met with advice to thrust all such thoughts aside as a “temptation of the devil;” and to the simple and implicit faith of the other, the very idea of doubt causes acute pain and dread; surely silence becomes not only excusable, but inevitable. I have not forgotten your ascription of the phenomena to the too common habit people indulge of assuming themselves to be infallible, instead of regarding the world as a school, in which none have finished their education.

‘Besides, how could I be certain that all difficulty would not vanish with time, so that I might return to

fill my post untainted with the charge of youthful "free-thinking."

'I cannot help fancying that you speak more dogmatically than of old about "right" and "wrong," and the danger of individuals judging for themselves when the broad paths of truth and frankness are open to them. I am greatly pleased to hear that you have succeeded to the deanery of your college: but am I wrong in attributing the change I have noted to the influence of your new occupation of lecturing transgressing undergraduates? It must be more "dangerous" *not* to judge for ourselves, and the position of the sharp boundary dividing right and wrong must vary with circumstances. We cannot be wrong in trusting to the analogy between, or rather the unity of, the moral and physical universe here. We find no absolute in nature, but only order or adaptation. "Dirt" in the house, is not "dirt" in the garden. It is only something out of its place. And so no action can be judged by itself, any more than the meaning of a word or a sentence apart from its context.

'And so with everything in life; until we possess all knowledge of a circumstance, "judge not" seems by far the wisest frame of mind. It ought to be the only practicable one. All other is prejudgment, prejudice.

'But I don't apply this sermon to you and your most friendly letter. My usual "subjectivity" has drawn me into a train of thought that hardly grows out of the occasion. Indeed I have rather needed the admonition for myself, for I found it no easy matter to reserve judgment until I had thoroughly completed the task which I had undertaken in this part of the world. The estates have too surely gone out of the family for ever. At first irri-

tated by the huge neglect of which the plantations everywhere bore evidence, and the indifference with which I and my credentials were received, it was with much distaste that I brought myself to make personally the investigation that is usually entrusted to a local agent.

‘The story is, however, simple enough. Absenteeism, followed by emancipation. The manager lived upon the property and devoted himself entirely to it, his remittances on behalf of “profits” becoming small by degrees until they vanished altogether. With his own salary in arrears, he struggled on and worked the estate in hope of preserving it for its owners, and of being repaid when better days should come, receiving no aid from the absent proprietors. And when he at last died, the management naturally fell to his sons, who had no difficulty in proving its indebtedness to their father in more than, in the then depreciated value of property, it would bring in the market. And so it became theirs, and they were soon glad to part with it to the party whom I found in possession.

‘Matter enough for moralising. Sufferers though I and mine be, it is difficult to quarrel with the justice of the retribution thus inflicted on proprietors who forget that property has its duties as well as its privileges. As foremanicipation, it has ruined the negroes as well as the planters.

‘Well meant, it was badly done; and with about as much wisdom as if in love of liberty we were to set loose all the inmates of Bedlam, or invest the denizens of an infant school with the responsibilities of mature life.

‘My next letter will be from some part of South America, for I have resolved to wander on to the full length of my tether, and my inclinations are drawn thither by some fellow-travellers with whom I have fratern-

nised. So please direct your next letter to—I think Panama will be the best place, as I shall leave instructions there as to my whereabouts. Some of my new friends live there, and I shall be sure to get my letters, so don't write sparingly, as with an impression that they may not reach me.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE ISTHMUS.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

Panama.

IN curious time have I lit upon this place, when the old Spanish population are roused from their quiet repose of decay by an irruption of gold-hunters from the North American States, bound for that newly acquired territory which rejoices in the pleasant name of California. The accounts that are constantly arriving are truly marvellous, and yet there is a consistency in them that makes them look so like truth that it is difficult to doubt them. It is curious to observe the contrast between the different races now here, the indolent, easy-going, half-caste Indo-Spanish, and the active, enterprising, self-sufficient Anglo-American. One soon understands how the United States have attained their rapid growth. The Spaniards must have once had similar qualities, but their energy has evaporated, and this new incursion from the hardier

north may be needed to keep the soil from reverting to barbarian hands. Perhaps a succession of races, like a rotation of crops, is part of nature's method for turning the earth to best account. The currents of population so much resemble those of the atmosphere: rising heated from the earth in the tropics, the vacancy is supplied with cool air from the direction of the poles. The great movements of mankind, too, like the trade-winds, are always westwards, as well as towards the equator, and so a perpetual current is established and stagnation prevented.

It was in the face of innumerable adverse reports that I came here. At St Thomas's it was asserted that the cholera was raging both at Jamaica and on the Isthmus.

At Jamaica, that the emigrants were dying like rotten sheep at Chagres, that all respectable people had left Panama, and that three thousand men are waiting there for passage to the gold-fields.

At Santa Martha, that throat-cutting is much in fashion at San Francisco.

Now that I am here I find but little sickness, yet many hundreds of emigrants, almost all from the United States, rough stalwart fellows, well fitted to cope with the difficulties of the wilderness.

The other night I mingled with a group of them who were eagerly listening to a man who said he had just returned from the 'Placers.' He gave a glowing account of their wealth, and said that large fortunes were being made in a single season; that spring was the time for working, the summers being hot and sickly. He had gold-dust in his possession which he said he had himself dug and washed. Certainly if he was merely acting a part

on behalf of the passenger vessels or Californian merchants, he did it admirably. All that he said had an air of veracity about it, and the indifference about trifles with which he exchanged a bag of gold-dust, weighing about three ounces, for a pistol, with one of the crowd, looked natural enough to be genuine. And why should the news be false? I hope, if only for the sake of these poor fellows, many of whom have sold their farms and otherwise mortgaged all their property at home in order to obtain means for the enterprise, that it is true.

The shopkeepers are making the most of the unusual demand for their wares. It is unfortunate for them that their customers are on their way to, instead of from, the gold country. However, they charge all the same as if they were, and take it for granted that every stranger is bound thither. My remonstrances about the enormous price of everything are invariably met with the grinning reply, '*Mucho oro en California.*'

The people here seem to regard their absorption into the United States as inevitable. They are aghast at the overwhelming energy of the new race that is manifestly destined to supersede the Spanish, as the Spanish superseded the aboriginal. And no wonder; for if energy be the proof of life, whatever life these Spanish Americans once had is long ago departed. They are simply cumbering the ground, until, like an old tree, they are grubbed up to make way for something that can make a better use of its advantages.

He who looks upon *wheels* as almost the soul of civilisation, can hardly credit his senses when he finds the highway of nations between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans a mere trail along which a mule can with diffi-

culty pick his way even in the best of seasons. And I am assured that even the great roads leading to the metropolis of Central America, the city of Mexico itself, are not a whit better.

My expeditions are generally made on foot, for then I can carry a gun, and wander away without anxiety on behalf of my quadruped's rations, in case of being benighted, and unable to make home. For myself, there are native huts to be found almost everywhere, and coffee, eggs, and a sort of insipid pancake called 'tortillas,' are always to be had.

I have become quite indifferent to the charms of a bed, rather preferring to sleep in the open air. Doubtless the novelty has something to do with it. But a tropical night (in the fine season) is a glorious thing. Last night there was a degree of ecstasy in it for me. On my way back from Gorgona (a village on the Chagres river, whither I had gone to look after some missing baggage), finding myself benighted, I stopped at a hut which stood alone on the top of a round hill, in a small open space surrounded by a wilderness of trees. The half-dozen inmates were people of uncomfortable, not to say ruffianly, aspect. Neither was the interior of their abode reassuring on the score either of cleanliness or of anything else. So having got what refreshment I needed, I accepted their offer of a bit of canvas, and laid myself down at a little distance, with my gun handy, in case of being visited by any of the wild beasts that infest the forests, over one of which, a jaguar, I had almost stumbled on the previous evening. He did not, however, molest me, but went slowly and sulkily away, and soon disappeared in the thicket.

After a few hours' sound sleep I woke, with the stars shining full in my face, brighter it seemed than ever they shone before. The night and stillness were upon me and all this western world; and a wild joy it was to feel oneself detached from all the ties and strivings of life, with no hedge between me and the Universe of reality, holding silent communion with the stars, and returning gaze for gaze.

Again I slept, and woke with a blast of hot air in my face. Starting up, I found an ox bestriding me, and curiously inspecting the stranger. Huge he looked in the darkness, but a rap on the nose at once sent him scampering. It was no easy matter to get to sleep again, for the howling and chattering of beasts and monkeys in salutation of the expected day.

The third time I woke, and the gentle breath of the early dawn soon fanned away all traces of sleep. The golden light spread along on the hills, and sank in among the dark masses of trees that fringed the horizon; a warning to start without delay, before the heat should become too intense for travelling.

One misses here the sweet country sounds that in England greet one by night and by day.

Resting in the shade of these tall trees covered with luxuriant parasites twining about them in every direction and hanging from the topmost boughs down to the ground, like ship's cables, so regularly and evenly are they twisted; oppressed with the soft languor of the balmy air and the rich beauty of the strange foliage, how delicious it would be to be sung to sleep by the sweet birds of one's own land. Noise in abundance there is, but no music. Overhead fly troops of brilliant-plumaged parroquets and

flamingoes, screaming with harsh discordant voices, and no ear to tell them how harsh. (I wonder if anybody ever finds his own voice disagreeable?) No nightingale ever wakes the echoes of these woods with her soft flowing notes. No songster here soars aloft to greet the morning sun. One mute worshipper, indeed there is in the magnificent blue butterfly, which, on wings each a hand broad, soars high above the trees, as if to match the azure of heaven with its own. For once I find Samuel Rogers a poet to my mind. Had he ever seen such butterflies when he sang thus?

‘ Child of the sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight,
 Mingling with her thou lov’st in fields of light ;
 Or where the flowers of Paradise unfold
 Quaff radiant nectar in their cups of gold :
 There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
 Expand and close in silent ecstasy.
 Yet wert thou once a worm,—a thing that crept
 On the bare earth—then wrought a tomb, and slept.
 And so shall man rise from his cell of clay,
 To burst a seraph on eternal day.’

And all day long, on hill and dale, in sun and shade, the ear is pierced as by innumerable railway whistles by the shrill chicharra, or cicala, of which there may be half a dozen within as many yards, but sought in vain to be seen. Listen ; one is beginning. It commences with a low gurgling sound, which gradually increases in rapidity and volume, like the run taken by the bowler before delivering the ball, and now bursts forth into a clear intense whistle, which lasts a minute or two, and may be heard a mile away. Many a fruitless search have I had for them. Fortunate at last, one leaps across my path, and straightway becomes a captive to my stick. It is

a sort of locust or grasshopper, light green, and about three inches long.

• A rustling in the underwood! What is this gliding along? It looks like the lash of an animated coach-whip of the biggest dimensions and the brightest yellow. An ugly fellow, no doubt, with all his beauty, is that same whip snake. No place this for a noonday nap. Two or three dexterous blows with my trusty stick near the foremost end, at which I suppose the head to be, and all power of mischief is past. He measures eleven feet in length, and is little thicker than my thumb.

And now that I have examined his teeth, I don't think he is a venomous snake. And even if he were, what right had I to kill him? Exactly the same right he had to kill me—the right of the strongest; and the motive the same—fear. I ought to have known better. He too enjoyed life; and this wilderness, which belonged to him more than to me, is surely wide enough for both. But I did not feel afraid of him. There was another reason; even the antipathy against all the serpent tribe, so early instilled as to be reckoned instinctive. I can fancy the ghost of the dead snake quoting Lucretius against me:

'Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!'

O theology! would that thou hadst no other and worse cruelties to answer for! Be this the last feather on thy camel's back. Perhaps, however, it is the instinct that has produced the theology.

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Old Panama.

• And this is the city of Pizarro. Here were planned

the expeditions of the robber chieftain, and hence he sailed on his missions of violence and plunder. Silent enough now. But a pleasant seven-miles' canter by dense wood and palm groves, by open down and sandy shore, from its prosperous supplanter, Old Panama requires a guide to find it. Dead enough, and buried too. Buried so effectually that one may pass within ten paces of its walls and yet discover no city. Fallen, and crumbled, and covered with forest, Old Panama attests Nature's wondrous power of self-repair from the damage inflicted by man. She buries the cities of the East in yellowest dust, and of the West in greenest foliage.

If man is ever doomed to revisit the scene of his earthly deeds, what a city of tombs must the ruffian soul of Pizarro find this!

Yet not ruffian now, perchance. Three centuries of meditation, three centuries of silence, and thoughts may have taken root and sprung up, even as yonder noble tree between those four broken walls, to overshadow and hide the ruins, and replace them with something of life and beauty. How strangely jars the voice of man here, like laughter in a graveyard. Well sings Hood—

‘ Here in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces where man hath been,
Though the dun fox or wild hyæna calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan ;
Here the true silence is self-conscious and alone.’

Sunday.

Here is a place to spend a Sunday morning. My old college delight again, wandering in the meadows beside

the lazy river, instead of listening to the harsh polemics of a University sermon.

• How delicious is this cool upland air, after the toil of climbing a thousand feet and more. A noble reward is this magnificent panorama for one's patient perseverance in not allowing a single backward glance until the summit was gained. Stretching away to right and left are the indented shores of the bay; on either side are the hills, and the town is just below, while the smooth Pacific holds half the horizon in its embrace. The atmosphere is in that state that the horizon appears inconceivably distant.

Sea and sky spread out like two vast parallel plains, gradually approaching each other in the perspective, yet never meeting until infinity has been spanned in the process.

It was such a view of the Pacific from one of these Isthmian hills that first broke upon the astonished Balboa, an omen to his ardent mind of boundless wealth and honour.

To a more subjective nature, to the man of thought rather than of action, it suggests an oppressive sense of littleness. As wave after wave rolls onward in ceaseless undulation, as if deriving its impetus from the infinite unsecn, only to break on the shore below; so man comes, he knows not whence, to work, to wonder, and to vanish. An atom in space, and an atom in time, it is not strange if his wonder culminates in worship. And where better than in such a scene as this can his emotions towards the Infinite find a stimulus and an expression?

How pleasantly does the sound of yonder church bells steal up from below, and fall on the ear,—not as coming

from a single point, but diffused through the whole air and mingling with the landscape.

I looked in as I came along, and saw the painted images decked in the tawdry finery of dirty white satin, artificial flowers, and tinsel. The music, instrumental and vocal, alike vile; and I thought of Southey's words—

‘Go thou, and seek the house of prayer;
I to the woodlands wend, and there
In lovely nature see the God of prayer :’

And of him, too, who denounced church-goers as hypocrites, and went up into a mountain to pray. The Pharisees of old denounced only the plucking the ears of corn on the Sabbath. Those of our day forbid the very walk in the corn-field. Arnold, my friend, would you were here to talk with me. If thy spirit is at my call, I summon thee to my side. Methinks I hear the old well-known tones, with no dean-like twang—

‘Yet* these people must find their devotional feelings excited by their rituals. They must have some kind of faith in them, or why continue them? Man seems to have in his nature a want of something tangible to connect him with the Invisible.’

Myself. ‘The office of symbolism. At first designed to be a sort of half-way house between the finite and the infinite,—a mediator, in fact, invested with its functions by no inherent fitness, but solely by grace of the human imagination,—one has only to look down yonder to see that the symbol has become the slayer and supplanter of the two divine witnesses, Nature and Reason.’

A. ‘Idolatry being defined as being not the use but the worship of symbols.’

Myself. 'Unless there be an identity between the thing symbolised, that is, the Actual, and the Symbol.'

A. 'Hardly possible for the middleman to be the principal; or, as you have just put it, for the half-way station to be the terminus.'

Myself. 'Yet you and all Christians hold that only God is to be worshipped?'

A. 'Of course, the worshippers of a mere mediator cannot escape the charge of idolatry.'

Myself. 'And does the circumstance of Christians calling their symbol God, clear them of the charge? They would not allow the plea to others.'

A. 'You want a theology without mysteries! But to worship, often means only to pay reverence; a homage such as the ambassador may receive on behalf of his master.'

Myself. 'Then, either there is no such thing as idolatry; or else all worshippers, no matter of what, are idolaters.'

A. 'You mean that the difference is in degree and not in kind.'

Myself. 'Yes, and the degree varies with the nature of each individual worshipper; from the rude savage, with his uncouth image symbolising to him all physical energy, even up to the Christian who accepts the Perfectest Man as the express image of the Universal Father.'

A. 'Of course the finite can in no degree represent the Infinite; but having this Unsurpassable One, can we do better than accept Him as our Mediator with God?'

Myself. 'Not only can we not do better, but we cannot do otherwise, so long as we conceive God to be

but the ultimate product of our own faculties : a projection of ourselves, as I think some one has put it, like the image of the wayfarer reflected from the mist upon the Brocken, himself, only huge and indefinite. But surely a still higher reach is possible to us, one in which all personification serves only to obscure our perception of Deity.'

A. 'Until at last it comes to be regarded as a mere abstraction ; an Intelligence, an Energy, but no Person. This was the character of poor Shelley's atheism, as people call it. His conception of Deity was so far removed beyond all power of representation, that it ceased for him to be a person : it was the Pervading Influence, the Spirit or Disposition of Nature, viewed through the medium of his own loving temperament. But how many men can thus gaze out into the infinite ? Men must have a background to their view on which the eye can rest.'

Myself. 'To reflect back their own image, and they call that God?'

A. 'Rather, like the clouds which reflect back the earth's heat, to prevent the warmth of the venerational part of their nature from radiating into space and being lost. But you are the same as ever, rejecting the possible Relative, to grasp at the shadow of the impossible Absolute. As I said long ago, you will never marry till you discover or invent a goddess.'

And with this characteristic *argumentum ad hominem* the Shade of my friend departs, and I descend the mountain alone.

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From a letter to Arnold.

‘ I have caught the infection and my plans are laid. It only remains to succeed, and the thorn is extracted from my life.

“ I am going to California
A digger for to be.”

‘ I defy any one to be here without sharing the general enthusiasm. We quite look down upon the Crusaders of old, whose success could do no one any good, and involved misery and death to myriads, and we run far greater risks in getting to our coveted destination. You see I speak of myself already as one of the noble army of diggers. Fancy six men starting yesterday in a whale boat, hoping, by coasting three or four thousand miles along an unknown shore, some day to reach San Francisco: and not one of the crowd that watched their departure but longed to change places with them. The impatience to be off and at work is almost unbearable, but there are no means of going, everything that can float being taken up. The only possibility of getting onwards is in the chance of trading vessels in the southern ports hearing of the demand and hastening hither for passengers. As I write I hear a shout and a rush to the beach. A ship is in sight, and with English colours. Later, when I finish this, it may be in the capacity of a booked passenger.

‘ It is all right. The consul has secured me a passage—I was going to write berth, but as the vessel is a barque of some 300 tons, and it is intended to fit her with accommodation for about 200 men, who will have to be packed as close as slaves on the “ middle passage,” any-

thing like a berth is obviously out of the question. A rough lot I shall have for associates, judging by the agglomeration here, and I must expect to rough it in more ways than one, but I never was a slave to personal comfort, and with the hope of winning an independence and getting free from all obligation to take orders, I have a hope before me attractive enough to lure me through uglier experiences than ever will-of-the-wisp did unwary follower. In another week I hope to be off, and in the mean time I have to equip myself with all things needful for the wilderness: implements for cooking and digging, physic for probable fevers (which I am assured are the rule in Western America), and materials for a tent which I have to sew together myself. This will be a good ship task; we may be several weeks on the voyage. Pray don't think from my observations above that I have become a bit more "practicable" than of old. I don't shrink from any amount of physical discomfort *for a time*, though it may far exceed any I might have found in an uncongenial profession. I am by no means inclined to confound conscience and comfort, as you seemed to do long ago in our memorable talk; of which, by the way, I afterwards attempted to make some notes. They were unsatisfactory ones, however.'

CHAPTER V.

SEAWEED.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

ON board at last, and well away from port. I begin to shake down tolerably into my place. If I can only retain the privilege of my hammock slung up in the rigging, I shall escape the discomfort of the crowded cabin below. Really this floating box 'Killooney' is as complete a Noah's ark of incongruities as ever swam. We have lawyers from 'down-east,' hunters from the west, farmers from the north, and slave-owners from the south; Texan rangers, Mexican volunteers, doctors and traders, distressed politicians and professed gamblers, both of which occupations seem to be a regular business in the States: two or three English merchants, and a couple of English brothers not very long from school, who have turned their patrimony into cash, and started on venturesome quest for the newest part of the New World, like a couple of sheep seeking their fortune among a pack of wolves. Really one must have a wooden head and an impervious heart if one fails to find infinite instruction and amusement amid this varied association.

The history of 'a day on board the Killooney' would make as spicy a volume as any of Murray's half-crown library. Joining a knot of eager listeners, I have the benefit of the yarn that holds them breathless. An old Texan ranger is telling of his own hair-breadth chances among the warlike Indian tribes. 'We knew nothing,'

he continues after I have joined his audience, ' of the hostility of the Cherokees to the whites. One evening our guide, an old trapper, said he was sure we were being followed ; and if two of us would go back a mile he would undertake to show us Indians. So, after pursuing our trail through the dense wood until we reached a convenient spot for halting, I and another accompanied the guide into the prairie, crawling among the grass for nearly the distance he had named, when two dark forms appeared about half a mile from our hiding-place, reconnoitring the plain. They soon discovered the smoke rising from our camp, upon which they vanished, as if satisfied with the knowledge of our locality. On rejoining our party, we found them waiting our assistance to devour some squirrels which they had shot and cooked in our absence. We then remounted and rode on leisurely in a straight line by the compass, having no fear of being overtaken by the Indians, as they would be obliged to make a circuit of several miles in order to reach us unobserved. Besides, it wasn't likely they would follow us, as they would know from our quitting camp so late that we were on the alarm, and not to be taken by surprise. But I should like to have seen their faces when they found we had gone. Right mad they were, I guess. Well, next evening we arrived at a log-house, the only tenants of which were, to our surprise, an American woman and two children. The Indians had, some few years back, attacked the house ; and when she saw her husband and brother lying dead outside, she hastily closed and fastened the door, and seizing the only remaining gun fired through the window upon her savage foes. There she was all that night, with but a plank be*

tween her children and the murderers of her husband and brother, in horrid suspense as to their intentions. At daylight, apparently content with their devastations, they departed ; and she remained, supporting her family by cultivating a small piece of ground, assisted occasionally by wayfaring hunters. She took a great fancy to a short pipe I was smoking, and inquired if I had another which I would part with. I replied that it was the only one I had, but that it was at her service. She accepted it joyfully, and next morning sent us away with a loaf of bread apiece, refusing any payment, saying that the pipe was ample compensation.'

Here a knot of young fellows are roaring with laughter, as they try to 'cap' each other's stories. One or two of them are worth 'making a note' of.

The renowned Davy Crockett is the theme of one. 'Davy was sauntering in the forest near his clearing one day, when he fell in with a bear climbing a tree; his paws embracing the trunk appeared on the side towards Davy. So, coming up cautiously, keeping the tree between the bear and himself, he caught hold of the animal's feet, and held them there for an hour or so; until his brother coming along, he desired him to run home for his gun. After an unreasonably long absence, the brother returned, observing that as dinner was just ready he had waited for it.

"Well, then," said Davy, "hurry now, and kill this beast, for my arms are aching the worst kind: or, perhaps, I reckon you had better catch hold here, and let me shoot."

'So the brother seized the bear's paws, just as Davy had done.

“Hold fast!” says Davy. “If you let him get loose it’s all up with you!” And then, instead of shooting the bear, he shoulders the gun and walks off, saying, “Now, I guess, I’ll go home and get *my* dinner.”

The story was inimitably told, and the laughter having subsided, another follows suit, and relates how that, at a ball in Kentucky, a well-known bully placed his hat upon the floor, declaring he would punish any one who should dare to touch it. One who entered the room after this happened to kick it over in dancing. His partner told him of the threatened penalty, upon which he at once kicked it across the room, and then placed it on the blazing fire. The owner, coming up, inquired fiercely, ‘Did you put my hat there?’

‘Yes, I did,’ was the reply, in a still fiercer tone; ‘and if you come bothering me about your hat I’ll put you there too!’

‘Ah! that’s your temper, is it?’

‘Yes, that just is my temper.’

‘In that case then I’ll have nothing to do with you.’

But my young countryman yonder seems to be in a scrape. One of the passengers is making a list of the names and occupations of all on board, and this youth has described himself as a ‘gentleman-farmer.’

‘What, in the name of thunder, do you mean by that?’ inquires a big-bearded Yankee of the cowering lad. ‘Do you go for to assert that a farmer isn’t a gentleman? ’Cos if you do—’ I whispered to the fellow, upon which he said, ‘Ah, I can guess what he means; but I’m giving him a lesson, or he’ll find himself insulting some one who won’t treat him so gently.’

It has been remarked that if any number of persons were to give a description of the same occurrence, no two of their accounts would exactly coincide. This seems to be a necessity from the infinite variety of the human mind, which causes each individual to see things from a different point of view. Each lays a stress on some particular item according to his own bias, unconsciously magnifying or diminishing, and therefore distorting certain facts in their proper relation to other facts. I have not the slightest doubt that both my fellow-journalists, who have just favoured me with a view of their notes, firmly believe they have written only the exact truth, when one describes the weather during the voyage as consisting of fresh breezes with but one calm day, while the other (an Irishman, by-the-by), maintains that we have been becalmed all the way.

There has been a discussion about having a religious service on Sundays, but as the company appears to consist of persons of every variety of faith, there is little united interest in the movement, and it has been dropped. Rather curiously, I, the most isolated stranger of the party, have been asked to 'do chaplain,' which, considering that not a soul on board has any idea that I was specially brought up for that very purpose, seems to indicate a natural fitness for the office, at least as far as appearance and demeanour go. I refused decidedly, though not quite clear as to my reasons; perhaps I shall discover them by-and-by. My instinct was strong enough to make all search for reasons quite superfluous. I shrink from all verbal religion, perhaps because I have never known it except as associated with dogma. Could I join and assist these men in simple worship, which is all they want, I would do what they wish; but I don't

know how. There is a marked difference between Sunday and other days, however. We are somewhat more lazy on Sunday. There is less card-playing. Here and there one may be seen reading a Bible instead of a novel. The negro melodies, which seem to form the national music of the United States, are hushed, and a small band of singers supplies the void by hymns and sacred choruses. Neither are we quite without ministrations, for one of the passengers turns out to be a Mormon preacher, who loves to hold forth for the general edification. He is a man of strong character, of a general illiteratism, yet possessing a considerable aptitude for quoting Scripture. Of a passionate and intolerant disposition, he loves to descant on the beauty of goodwill to all men. He enforces his admonitions with 'my brethren, the Bible says so, and I am very glad it does say so, because I am sure it is the truth,' and winds up with 'and that you may all be for ever happy, is the prayer of your humble servant.' He seems careful not to touch upon any of the peculiar tenets of his sect, but deals in such general moralities as are of common acceptance.

Strange and exceptional as are the position and aim of us all, one cannot be here without feeling that one is doing the thing that is fashionable and right. The furor in the States must be of extraordinary intensity. One poor fellow here struck me at once by the profound melancholy which marked him as one apart. He had been married just one week when he was seduced by the equivocal attractions of California. He soon found relief, for he encountered one whose fate is similar, only that he had been married but four and twenty hours before leaving home. The misery of the first paled before that

of the second, and since the hour of his discovery his melancholy has vanished.

•A man was asked to take a hand at whist last Sunday, and refused, saying he wouldn't play cards on Sunday, but he didn't mind laying a dollar on the game. A conscientious Scotchman, I imagine. Not a bad subject for a book would be 'Lines: If, why, how, when, and where they should be drawn.' I suppose they are indispensable for people who have no principles to guide them; but it must require vast ingenuity to define them. I have heard of a Jew banker, who on the Sabbath never opened a letter, or signed his name, but made the postman break the seal and unfold the letter for him to read. He would pay away money too, if it involved no writing. I wonder if we owe this hair-splitting formalism to the Jews, and whether the Scotch inherit it by virtue of any blood descent. I have Scotch blood in me, and my parents are deeply imbued with Jewish theology. Perhaps the ten lost tribes found their way to Scotland and settled there. In my own evangelically nurtured youth, I was allowed to go to the circus, but not to the theatre; to play bagatelle, but not billiards; to eat hot potatoes on Sunday, but not hot meat. And one of our neighbours rebuked his children for going up-stairs two steps at once on that terribly sacred day; and refused to drink milk with his tea because it involved the labour of milking on Sundays:—a proper protest against the negligence of Providence in omitting to create Sabbatical cows to give a double supply on Saturdays: while another, who was regarded as a very pillar of the faith, forbade the opening of the letter which arrived on Sunday morning to announce the result of a son's university degree examination, until after service,

and so kept the poor mother in an agony of anxiety, instead of sending her to church with a heart overflowing with joy and thankfulness for the capital place her son had taken.

This Central American coast is very striking in its abrupt changes from richly cultivated valleys to rugged volcanic peaks. Many of the passengers are trying to sketch the curious outlines, or cut them out on paper. One suggests that the creation of this country must have been begun at half-past eleven on a Saturday night, when there were neither time nor materials for finishing it.

CHAPTER VI.

AN EXCURSION.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

AT sea again, after a delightful week ashore. We put into Realejo, a port of Nicaragua, for water and provisions not a moment too soon. May our fresh supply of the former turn out better than the first. Whether it was the fault of the water itself, or of the new casks in which it was stored, I know not; but its odour was such that a bucket of it brought into the cabin was the signal for every one to rush out upon deck. The captain has a theory of fermentation to account for it, which I don't understand, and says it was wholesome though so nasty. Certainly his own way of mixing was calculated to avert any ill effects from that source;—half rum, half lime juice, and the rest water. Judging by the change these few days ashore have made in us all, I think we must have been undergoing a process of poisoning by it. I don't see why the supply from the broiling harbour of Realejo, with its deadly-looking mangrove swamps and profuse tropical vegetation, should be any better. At first it seemed as if we should not get anything there, for they took us for 'Filibusteros,' and forbade our landing, and even marched a file of soldiers down to the beach; but the idea of citizens of the United States not being able to get what they wanted from these half-caste Nicaraguans, and being opposed by half-naked negro troops,

was too much of a joke. On a couple of boats, filled with passengers well armed with rifles and revolvers, pulling to the beach, the blacks ran away, and the commandant came down and said that if it was quite true there was no cholera on board he would let us have supplies. Some half-dozen of us engage horses and gallop through forty miles of such dust as I never imagined before to the capital, San Leon. It is holy week, and the religious pastimes of a population that is more Indian than Spanish, and more pagan than Christian, though called Catholic, afford both amusement and instruction. The various scenes of the last days of Christ are enacted in the streets, much, I suppose, in the way of the old miracle plays at home, so that one seems simply to have stepped back five hundred years. Going out early on the Thursday morning, I find, hanging by the neck from a pole thrust out of the belfry of the churches, and variously dressed according to the taste of the devout, the figure of a man, who is evidently the equivalent of our Guy Fawkes. Asking a woman what *Hombre Santo* that is, I learn that it is Saint Judas, who thus yearly repeats his fate. Judging from his costume, one is led to suppose that it was a passion for fine clothes that prompted his treachery, for he is here represented in a cocked hat and feathers, blue velvet mantle, red satin jacket, yellow trowsers, and patent leather boots. Mounting the tower of the cathedral, which, like all the buildings in the city, is low and massive, so as to be earthquake proof, I saw in a little chamber huddled together in a heap a pile of dolls of various sizes and degrees of tawdry finery. These, my guide told me, were the images of the saints, waiting the recurrence of their respective

anniversaries to be brought out for the adoration of the faithful.

I expressed some surprise at the images being treated as sacred only on their birthdays, and learnt that there is a mystery about such things which the priests only understand. Not long ago, he said, a man had died very suddenly and been buried without receiving the last rites of the Church. The priests thereupon assured the son that his father had no chance of happiness, unless a wax image of him was made, and the extreme unction administered to it as it ought to have been to the father. It was a costly operation, but the priests had their way, and there was no longer any obstacle to the dead man's eternal blessedness. The story may be true or false, but I see nothing here to make it improbable. It is easy to see how the original theory of vicarious atonement can be extended to all the minutiae of religion. For a priesthood in the least given to priestcraft it would be an invaluable means of extorting gain. To be able to sin oneself and repent by proxy must for many people impart a vast charm to religion. It is so much easier for the rich to pay than to pray. Such a representative system, too, creates a general reciprocity between clergy and laity, whereby each becomes necessary to the other, and secures the Church being duly honoured. Mounting to the flat roof of the cathedral, the man directed my attention to a neighbouring church, having a stone crucifixion over the gateway. In the recent revolution, he said, cannon were planted by the opposing parties on the roofs of the two churches, and a French artilleryman on the cathedral made a bet that he would hit the good thief on the other church, and won it.

I wonder why the good thief. Perhaps he thought the other has been punished enough; perhaps for the same reason that increased the majority against Aristides by one—he was tired of hearing him called ‘good.’

I found in Nicaragua a Scotchman who has lived there many years, and is engaged in gold-washing. It does not seem to be a very thriving business there, the gold being exceedingly fine and scarce. He took me by a picturesque road among volcanic hills to a region of earlier formation, where he has a rancho and a number of Indians working for him. He does not seem to think much of our chances in California, but I suspect there are other reasons for his not going there. In the huts around his own many of the younger generation are of a lighter complexion than is common to the country, and he is evidently looked up to with a sort of patriarchal respect. A pretty picture would one fair girl make whom I found swinging in a grass hammock slung between two shady trees, her long black hair hanging over one end almost to the ground, and her tiny whity-brown feet hanging bare over the other, while she was intent upon the wreaths of smoke rising from her cigarette. Women have no education here beyond that of nature, as they are believed capable of but one idea—that of love. She took delight in questioning me about my own home and my travels, and wished she could see the world if it could be done without leaving her own country; for that is a thing the women here never do; even if married to foreigners the laws make it very difficult for the husband to take his wife away.

I was surprised to learn from a simple-hearted old Padre who took the rancho in his rounds, that the ancient

paganism is still maintained by the Indians of Central America, with idols and sacrifices as of old, though they take care that no white man shall see them. 'I talk to my Indians about it,' he said, 'and tell them how superior our religion is to theirs, but they seem to treat religion as a matter of constitution or race, for they say ours may be the best for us, but theirs is the best for them. And when I thought I had persuaded one of the best of them to come into the Church, and was telling him how little change he need really make, just to give up those nasty ugly idols and worship the blessed saints and so on, he said, "If the difference be so slight, Padre mio, it is hardly worth while to make the change."'

From the little I have seen I should judge the Spanish part of the population to be rather the lower in intelligence of the two races. I wonder if Englishmen could ever sink so low. Perhaps if they were cut off from all connection with the mother country, and associated only with an inferior race, they would gradually descend to their level. It may thus be the very independence of these republics that has ruined them, and the same thing might befall the United States if the supply of fresh blood was stopped, especially if the white and black races became blended. Here the very climate tends to encourage laziness of mind and body: there is no literature, and little stimulus to physical exertion. If a tree falls across the high-road it is left there till it rots away, and in the mean time all vehicles have to go round it. Indeed I am inclined to think that half the power of the priests is derived from the people being too indolent to resist, and so allowing themselves to be plundered freely. My host in the capital had a notice of indulg-

ence posted on his door, promising the remittance of a third part of his sins to the purchaser. I asked why, if he believed in the promise, he did not get three and so have all his sins remitted. He answered with a shrug that every good Christian is expected to buy one—it costs little and does no harm. A sharp Yankee fellow-traveler, hearing this conversation, observed that there would still remain a residuum of sin no matter how many indulgences were bought, for that each remits only a third of the remainder. I had to tell the host, therefore, that to get rid of all his sins it was necessary to buy the three indulgences all exactly at the same moment. But, alas! this emergency also has been foreseen and guarded against. The sinner can buy indulgences as often as he pleases, but only one at a time! His liabilities may by repeated purchases become ‘small by degrees and beautifully fine,’ but there is no place here below for one altogether sinless.

The night before we left San Leon there was a shock of an earthquake, slight but yet sufficient to send the women out into the streets, where they fell on their knees and told their beads, and cried ‘Ave Maria purissima,’ which was no doubt a great comfort to them under the circumstances. It suggested to me a new view of the proverb that says ‘A drowning man will catch at a straw.’ It is true that the straw cannot help him, but it may comfort him to catch at it. At any rate he has the satisfaction of feeling that he is doing his best: he is acting up to the light that is in him.

And now that we are on board once more, with a stock of water, provisions, and health, which ought to be ample for the rest of the voyage to the Golden Gate of

the New Dorado, the captain is no longer creeping along the coast, but has put out to sea in search of fair and steady winds. One character that I have fallen in with interests me much. He is known only as 'The Major.' His reserved and melancholy disposition has kept him during the earlier part of the voyage so much in the fore part of the ship, near his own berth, that I should not have observed him but for his magnificent height and build, and his dark gipsy-like eyes. Just before re-embarking at Realejo I saw him kick off his shoes and give them to a sailor who had got tipsy and lost his own, saying he was used to going barefoot on his own Welsh hills. Finding another sailor in the boat without a hat he insisted on giving him his own during the nine miles heavy pull under that frightful sun, making only the same observation that he was 'used to it.' And when I had twisted into a turban, and dipped into the water, and clapped upon his head a towel that I have learnt always to carry with me when journeying in these regions, he looked at me with a gleam of strange tenderness in his eyes, and asked why I should take any trouble about him. To which I replied by asking why he should risk his life for those sailors. 'Oh, my life is of no consequence,' he said, 'I should be rather glad to be rid of it than otherwise.' 'That may be,' I answered, 'but I have no wish to nurse you through a brain fever on board.' He again darted on me a singular look, and presently murmured to himself, 'You'll do.'

He is by no means a man of ungenial temperament, but seems to have some secret over which he broods.

CHAPTER VII.

MORE SEAWEED.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

APRIL has nearly passed, and we are entangled in the calm latitudes that lie some six hundred miles south of Mazatlan. All the books are read to pieces, all the stories are past further repetition, all the cards are worn out, energy is wanting for learning Spanish, and no wood remains for whittling.

There is something very beautiful in a calm at sea ; one of these perfect and thorough calms that are so frequent of late. Entirely isolated from any care and responsibility, the state must very nearly resemble that of a disembodied spirit in the interval before commencing its new career, resting from the toils of life and quietly awaiting its next development. Asleep, and conscious of it. There is absolutely nothing to be done but to wait. Indolence and languor rule the day, as stretched beneath the awning we doze the hours away, or gaze listlessly over the side, watching the gambols of the strange monsters that come up to visit us ; a whale upblowing his fountain, or a huge blackfish snorting and plunging by ; now a shoal of porpoises leaping along preceded by myriads of flying-fish ; then the sea-birds swooping to their roost on the motionless rigging. Sometimes when gazing into the translucent depths spread below, one is seized with an irresistible impulse to plunge into them.

Off with shirt and shoes, and down, down, till the black ship is dimly visible overhead. Down, down,

‘To the blue depth of waters
Where the wave hath no strife ;
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath life.’

Down, down, till the waters around grow dark, and fresh breath becomes necessary, and then with a bound shoot rapidly to the surface, rising half out of the water with the impetus, taking care to be well clear of the vessel. What can be more delicious? Then the reaction that comes when on board again, sometimes almost to swooning, and one feels as if a fever were for ever impossible. How easy would death thus be, melting out of life! Evening comes. What gorgeous sunsets are in this torrid zone! No twilight here; the nightly sky shines out at once in all its wondrous brilliancy, girdled with the *via lactea* as with a rainbow of constellations. Each star is clearly mirrored in the deep: no undulations break the long lines of light reflected from the water. So entire is the calm that the sails have ceased to flap.

‘No stir in the air ; no stir in the sea ;
The ship is still as it can be :
Her sails from heaven receive no motion ;
Her keel is steady in the ocean.’

And then the moon glides slowly upwards above the clear horizon. It is a little past the full, and yellow as any harvest-moon. The least possible undulation in the water changes her wake from an unbroken line like the outpouring of molten gold, to a succession of regular bars of the same rich appearance, such as fancy might

depict for the visionary ladder of the sleeping patriarch ;
—although a golden ladder to heaven is among the de-
clared impossibilities, and

‘ We must not own a notion so unholy
As thinking that the rich by easy trips
May go to heaven,—whereas the poor and lowly
Must work their passage, as we do in ships.’

The murmur of many voices has ceased, and the deck is strewn with the slumbering forms of my fellow-voyagers. Mounting to my favourite station in the maintop, there to watch the stars and muse, one seems to dilate, and become transfused into the infinite expanse spread above and around. I wonder not at the enthusiastic vagaries of the astrolaters of old. How they would sit alone and vigilant when the world was asleep, and, forgetful of the strivings of the outward life, hold communion with the stars until they felt their souls detached from the organism and were able to realise the idea of a distinct spirituality. A daily connection with the world and its engrossments ; a constant implication in the acts and relations of mankind, creates a tendency to materialism which here finds an antidote. For here the soul makes itself felt in its entire individuality. Freely expanding to the farthest range of its capacity, and placing itself *en rapport* with all spiritual existences,

‘ It hears a voice we cannot hear,
It sees a hand we cannot see,’

while we remain in contact with mere temporalities. In this state of exaltation the unseen becomes the seen, the impossible becomes the necessary. Man approaches so near to God that he becomes one with him : the part is

in harmony with the whole. Who shall say how many of its religious faiths the work-a-day world owes to the ecstasitic dreamer?

May 2nd. Airs light and variable. Signs of wind every evening and at day-break; but all signs fail. We have crept on till our position is $13^{\circ} 30'$ north, 104° west. For the last few days there has been much discussion forward about the ship's course and the supplies: we being 400 miles from the nearest land, still steering west, with 15 days' water on board (reduced allowance), in a latitude liable to calms for an indefinite period. At last the other passengers request us of the cabin to demand the Captain's intentions, adding that such is the character of many forward, that if they are placed upon a short allowance of water, they will force open the spirit casks, get drunk, and fire the ship. The result is an explosion in the cabin. The Captain offers the command of the ship to any one who can manage her better, and states his intention of making Cape San Lucas as soon as possible. A breeze springing up, the dispute terminates.

May 9th. About 50 miles from Cloud Island, having passed near Socorro without seeing it. This name indicates that former navigators have here been in like straits and here found succour. There are still about a thousand gallons of water on board. The allowance is further reduced to three pints a day. Half of this is given in the shape of tea and coffee. Each individual receives a pint in a bottle, and the remaining half-pint is used in cooking. The staple of our food consists of rice and beans, which are boiled in sea-water, and the little meat we have being also salt, a thirst is produced which re-

quires more water than ever. It is amusing to see the allowance doled out, and how every one watches his neighbour. Thus in the cabin one morning one F. *loq.* "

'Captain, you borrowed half-a-tumbler full of me this morning.'

'Carlos, give Mr F. an extra half-tumbler full,' says the Captain.

'And, Carlos, don't forget to give the Captain so much less!' cries an old Yankee shipmaster.

'Carlos, you have filled my bottle,' says the Captain; 'put half-a-glass back again.'

'Si Senor.' So Carlos returns the quantity under discussion from the Captain's bottle to the ship's tank.

May 10th. Wind dead against us.

Great excitement this afternoon about a passenger who has been discovered using his allowance for washing instead of drinking, and a court-martial was held to try the offender. At first the irritation was so strong against him that he seemed to have no chance of propitiating the crowd, and escaping whatever penalty they might think of inflicting, which probably would have been no slight one. The suggestion of a regular trial rather diverted the general feeling from one of anger to one of curiosity, and a judge and jury being appointed, the accused asked me to defend him, a task which I undertook, but rather shrunk from when I found how excited the audience became as the counsel for the prosecution, a practised advocate, described in harrowing terms the horrors of the situation, and the extreme heinousness of wasting a drop of that which was already so scarce and so necessary to support life. 'If one of us dies for want of water the prisoner at the bar is his murderer, and a wilful murderer'

too,' was the conclusion to a most vehement harangue. I found myself so interested in the proceedings and so put on my mettle to get the man off, that I was quite indifferent to the many eyes which were then turned upon me, and which at any other time would have called forth all my native shyness. So the cries of ' Good, good : that's the talk,' had not abated when I shouted,

' Yes, gentlemen, I too, though on the prisoner's side, can say "good" also. For most true it is that if the prisoner be the wilful cause of any one's death he is a murderer. But is any one dead? and can we call a man a murderer till he has at least tried to kill some one? In common justice, then, we must wait till the mischief is done before we proceed to punish the author of it. But my eloquent opponent has forgotten that property has its rights as well as its duties, and he has not attempted to show that the pint of water daily doled out to each of us belongs to any but the person who receives it. His position is that that water is given to us either to be drunk or to be returned to the common stock. The prisoner's defence is that each may do as he likes with his own. Are you prepared to say you may not? We have heard a truthful description of the horrors of thirst, but nothing has been said about the misery of feeling oneself thickly encrusted with a coating of dry and sticky salt, which clings to one's skin and stiffens all the muscles of one's face. My client declares that he suffered so much from this hitherto unmentioned annoyance; that from daily washing in sea-water both himself and his towel for so long a period, the brine has so thickly accumulated on both that the one cannot remove it from the other, so that he is made to feel as if rubbed all over with

tar or molasses: and that in this predicament he resolved to apply a portion of his allowance to removing the coating of brine from his face and hands, even at the risk of suffering additional thirst. Now I assure you that in this resolution I myself can deeply sympathise with him, for my greatest discomfort during this voyage has arisen from the very same cause, from feeling perpetually clammy and sticky. Yet bad as it is with me, it is far worse with him, for I happen to have a larger stock of towels with me. I appeal then to all those of you who are in the habit of washing yourselves for a favourable verdict on my client. If condemned, he will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it is only by the unwashed among you.' There was some laughing, which I took for a good sign, and the judge observed that the fact being admitted, the only question was as to whether any wrong had been done, and as there was no law bearing on the case for him to expound, he would leave it to the jury to decide if the law had been broken. Here a sudden shift of wind made it necessary to break up the court in order to tack ship, and as we were presently speeding along in the desired direction the case closed without any verdict being recorded.

May 12th. We have made about 150 miles since the last entry. A week's water is left at the present rate of consumption, which by no means supplies the daily evaporation of each recipient. A dead calm all day makes the people rather savage, and they fight over their rations so as to remind me of feeding-time at the Zoological Gardens. Several have broken out with horrible boils from coarse food and want of fluids. No doubt scurvy will soon make its appearance unless we all die of thirst

first. If the calm lasts a week we shall be *nowhere*.

May 13th. Sunday. The Mormon preacher has done the state some service to-day, for he has given us something to laugh about. It appears that some thirsty soul, finding his own allowance insufficient to satisfy his cravings, and selfish enough to disregard those of others, helped himself in the night to the contents of several bottles of water while their owners were sleeping. One of the individuals thus wronged was the Mormon. When the time for holding forth arrived he delivered a long address inculcating general good humour and resignation, as being great Christian virtues at all times and especially under the present circumstances. After speaking thus in allusion to the quarrelling over the rations of yesterday, he strongly animadverted on the practice of stealing as 'one of the meanest things a man can do,' and concluded with the following startling climax: 'And as for the nasty sneaking thief who goes prowling about the ship at night stealing the drop of water that men have laid by for their necessities,—if such a one as that was in trouble, was sick and afflicted, do you think I would go to him and aid him and comfort him? No, he might die and be damned!' Tremendous was the emphasis, and tremendous the laughter that followed, as may be readily imagined from the nature of the audience.

These calms, picturesque though they be, are terribly ill-timed just now. A strong faith in one's destiny is necessary to counteract the prevailing gloomy forebodings. What shall I do for a pastime? How extract sweets from this bitter? The blessed poets! Without denouncing the man who has no ear or soul for music to the same extent as our great high priest of nature, it is

difficult to give him who has no poetry in his soul credit for possessing a whole one. He is minus one great means of enjoyment ; he has, in fact, one sense the less. You were a true prophet, O Author of the 'Ancient Mariner,' if, having never experienced such a predicament, you thus exactly described it :

'Down dropped the breeze ; the sails dropped down ;
 'Twas sad as sad could be,
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky,
 The blood-red sun at noon
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.'

Here from my eyrie in the maintop do I invoke thee, bard of the silvery tongue, to minister to my relief, and win me from my woes. Thine is a right royal prerogative, Imagination ! for thou hast power to ignore the hunger and thirst of the body, and lap the soul in Elysium. Entranced by thee were martyrs and heroes of old insensible to their sufferings. Ever mayest thou maintain thy sway over the spirits of thy votaries. Yonder poor humanities scattered below, moody, and apart from each other, with tongues too dry and hearts too heavy to converse—tell them that some day they may look back upon their present experiences and even derive pleasure from the reminiscence, and you will be regarded as one that mocks.

‘Day after day, day after day, they, sitting there alone,
Vex the inconstant wave with their perpetual moan.’

What can be done for them? come, thou singer of
sweet songs, together let us invoke the favouring breeze.

‘O southern wind,
Long hast thou lingered midst those islands fair,
That lie like jewels on the Indian deep,
On green waves all asleep,
Fed by the summer suns and azure air ;
O sweetest southern wind,
Wilt thou not now unbind
Thy dark and crownèd hair?’

May 14th. Still the inexorable calm. In order to avoid the reproaches of the thirsty ones, the Captain keeps close in his cabin, visiting the deck only at night. Suddenly he remembers that it is possible to transmute salt-water into fresh. Sending for the carpenter he gives directions for the construction of a wooden retort. The passengers derive much satisfaction from watching its progress until the question is raised as to where the fuel is to come from,—a question to be asked but not to be answered; for on my suggesting the same to the artisan, he raised his head from his work, looked me in the face for some moments, and, without replying a single word, put down his tools and walked away, the materials upon which he was then employed being the last available for burning left in the ship.

May 16th. A thunderstorm to the rescue! What a change is this fresh, cheerful, sparkling, breezy air, from the heavy, lurid, over-charged, motionless atmosphere of yesterday! The situation, too, how changed! It is like a reprieve after a sentence of death. How

slowly and silently the cloud gathered over us; not coming up from a distance, but actually forming and taking existence over and among us. There was a singular strangeness in the sensations of all on board during the day,—a consciousness of being in contact with something weird, mysterious, and awful. We were all thrown off our electric equilibrium, and felt it would be a relief when the evidently impending catastrophe should come. Towards evening the gloom thickened into a massive cloud, so black and impenetrable it was impossible to say at what moment night fell. Early in the evening every one was crowding to the side and gazing on the strange freaks of the dolphins darting backwards and forwards under the ship, and drawing after them bright phosphorescent trails. They soon departed, and the blackness grew more and more intense, and not a sound broke the dread silence. Presently some one close beside me said in a subdued but excited voice, ‘Can’t you feel it? I can.’

‘Feel what?’

‘The darkness!’

It was the Major; and as he spoke there came a blinding flash, cleaving the massive cloud, and wrapping everything in intensest flame; followed instantaneously by a crash of thunder that seemed an epitome of all the possibilities of sound, and to bring all heaven down upon our devoted heads. The first conscious impulse was to look up at the rigging, thinking the whole of it must have come down; but the lightning, that now played incessantly, showed that to be all right. And then came the rain, as if another sea poised overhead had given way, and was tumbling upon us in solid

masses of water. A word to the Major, and we both ran to the Captain. The same idea had already struck him, and soon all hands were busy in spreading sails and stopping the scuppers, and filling the casks with the water fresh from heaven's own manufactory. Now was the time for getting rid of the accumulations of brine; so hastening below I reappeared on deck in my shirt, where, so mercilessly did the rain pelt, that it was almost more than I could bear. The idea spread, and with the enthusiasm of young converts, who always outstrip their leaders, the rest of the voyagers stripped themselves to the skin; and presently a hundred white forms were dancing and rolling on the deck, lit fitfully up by the ceaseless flashes of lightning, mingling their shouts of laughter with the pealing thunder, and altogether forming a picture that would defy the combined efforts of an ETTY, a MARTIN, and a TURNER.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PENINSULA.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

AFTER thirty-five days of intense discomfort the barque anchored in the open bay of San José, a small town to the eastward of Cape San Lucas, the extreme end of Lower California. By good fortune, close to the landing-place, we found a well which was sunk by the crew of Her Majesty's frigate 'Constance' but a few months ago. The majority of my fellow-voyagers started at once for the town, nine miles off; but as it was a scorching day, I remained on board till the heat was somewhat abated, and then strolled towards a rancho, where, I was told, the luxury of milk might be obtained. The road, a mere mule track, lay sometimes over the sands, sometimes over rugged rocks of trap and quartz, and hills whose surface is broken and crumbled as if by the forcible upheavings that ushered them forth into the light of day. Nature has afforded this portion of her empire but a scanty allotment of vegetation; scarcely a tree is to be seen, unless the cactus be reckoned as such; and I think the tree-like magnitude it attains certainly entitles it to the rank.

Pitched on a little hill, nearly surrounded by bigger hills, and looking towards the bay, I found the most primitive of dwellings, consisting of a single apartment of bamboo rods tied together with twigs; the sole furni-

ture being a bed of raw hide, an earthenware jug, and a table. A few steps off stood a shed, which was used as a kitchen, in which an iron pot was suspended over a small fire of sticks. Three or four dusky children were playing about, the eldest, which was about six years old, being in charge. These were the sole occupants when I arrived. At first they were rather shy, but soon became familiar, and laughed heartily on my inspecting the iron pot. They said their mother was washing their clothes at a stream hard by. This accounted for their having none on. But it did not trouble them; they were evidently accustomed to wearing their skins outside.

Soon the mother returned, seeming in no way astonished at finding a stranger stretched upon the bed. She was a fine specimen of the Mexican-Indian race, and manifestly proud of the strapping little fellows that called her 'Madre.' She spoke very positively of the suddenly developed wealth of Alta California; said that the whole of this country is deserted by its male inhabitants for the placers of the Sacramento; and that letters have been received from them confirming the most extravagant reports of their success.

The sun sinking behind the hills, I was compelled to hurry away in order to avoid being benighted in those wild uplands. Passing over the summit of the highest hill that lay in my road, my attention was arrested by the scene around, and I could not but pause to contemplate it. Here I was in a country that from my earliest years has attracted me. Its inaccessibility, I believe, has been its principal charm. No one knew anything about it. No one could tell me how to get to it. Even the *Cyclopedia* confessed its ignorance; and on the admitted

principle of '*omne ignotum pro magnifico*,' I have always been imbued with corresponding ideas of its wildness and strangeness. The desire obtained, I have not been disappointed.

Not a breath of air was stirring. The birds, if any there were, had retired to their silent eyries; the shrill chicharra was hushed, and even the restless lizard was still between the clefts of the rocks. My station was on a precipitous hill that overtopped the innumerable other hills which, like itself, rose abruptly from the shore. Nothing was in sight to tell that the region had ever been trodden by man. It was to such a place that Coleridge imagined the first murderer to have wandered. 'Taking your stand upon any of the rugged volcanic peaks that tower aloft from the sea-shore, the scene around is desolate; as far as the eye can reach it is desolate. The bare rocks face each other, and leave a long, wide interval of thin white sand. One may wander on, and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks, and discover nothing that acknowledges the influence of the seasons,—no spring, no summer, no autumn; and winter's snow, that would be lovely, falls not upon these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never has morning lark poised himself over this desert; but here the vulture screams and the serpent hisses.'

In the west a silvery light, uninterrupted by a cloud, pervaded the whole region of the setting sun. In the opposite half of the heavens, resting upon the horizon and parallel with it, was a broad belt of deep purple, and above it all the colours of the prism in order, imperceptibly melting into each other. From the centre, radiating upwards to the zenith, were innumerable auroral

streaks of many-coloured light, as if a flight of rainbows were being shot up from beneath the sea; while a few clouds above, catching the last rays of the departing sun, were glowing like liquid metal in a fierce furnace.

So might the first sunrise have opened upon a hitherto rayless world. So may the sky appear when the earth itself is dissolved and the heavens melt with fervent heat. Such the last sunset, with Campbell's 'Last Man' gazing upon it.

'What kept you so long upon the hills? You are very lucky to find your way back in the dark,' said the Major.

'I have been gazing upon a real Turner, my friend, a most magnificent Turner!'

The next day I visited San José, where I found my fellow-voyagers already quite at home, and already showing symptoms of recovery from the effects of their recent privations. There are no inns, as the people are not used to travellers or given to locomotion; but every house was converted into an inn for our benefit; and there is a delightful simplicity in their domestic arrangements. At one end of a large room are three or four stretchers, on which recline the hostesses, while the floor at the other end is covered with the shake-downs of the guests, who care little about sleeping luxuriously, so long as they can run about at liberty, and have plenty to eat and drink. I found quarters in the house of an old Italian who is married to a remarkably handsome Mexican girl. If ever there was a jealous husband, poor Doña Tula, it is thine! Never would the old fellow allow her for one moment to be out of his sight. If he went into an adjoining room, or into the garden, the door must be

left open, that he may see her ; and if she chanced to move away out of his sight, he would call out for her to return. At first I thought it might be only the doting affection of an old man, until I heard him rating her in his vile Spanish-Genoese dialect ; ‘ Ah, you need not think to make a fool of me. I am an Italian, I am.’

I wandered about, entering into conversation with these dusky daughters of the sun, as they sat at the door of their adobé cottages, smoking cigarettes, or writing letters to the relations who were absent at the placers. Family after family I found to consist entirely of women and children. The shops are entirely closed, and at least one-fourth of the houses are deserted, or left to the sole occupancy of a cat or a pig. I saw several letters from the absentees, confirming and even exceeding the most exorbitant accounts of the wealth of the country to which they have gone. One young damsel told me she is anxiously expecting the return of her brother, who has promised to endow her with ten thousand dollars out of his earnings. They were all eager to avail themselves of the offer to take letters ; and it surprised me to find so many able to write, for books and post-offices are little in their way. Every pen in the town was put in requisition, and every here and there might be seen a group of three or four anxiously engaged in concocting a despatch. Curiously enough, they could not do it within doors, but always sat in the verandahs with the paper in their laps. Unaccustomed to strangers, they are quite free from shyness or reserve, and with an engaging artlessness they would request assistance from a passer-by, making no secret of the family affairs on which they were writing. These people, with their

simple habits and unaspiring ideas, will be quite at a loss how to employ their newly-gotten wealth. Money is a scarce article with them; the little they possess being chiefly derived from occasional trade with whalers, and some three or four hundred ounces of gold annually collected from the neighbouring ravines.

San José is situated in a charming little valley, which is watered by a charming little stream on whose banks are charming gardens and vineyards. Such is the character of this strange peninsula,—a desert of rugged peaks, with here and there, at wide intervals, an oasis down in a cleft, looking exquisitely delightful from the contrast. All the waters here glitter strangely with yellow mica. After such a month at sea, wandering here at will,

‘By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;’

lying down either by the water or in it; letting it run through one’s fingers as a miser his gold, this fresh and sparkling fluid seems to be the real *summum bonum*, as any one may discover for himself when panting beneath a tropical sun with

‘Water, water everywhere,
Yet not a drop to drink.’

Here, too, I have learnt how the Mexicans become such excellent horsemen, and acquire their expertness with the lasso. Children of three or four years old gallop about on the sands on bare-backed horses, with a bridle of string, chasing and pulling each other from their seats, yet rarely falling to the ground; and, when they do, climbing up again by the mane or tail. They love to

practise with lassos of small cord, and soon acquire a wonderful knack of catching the goats, pigs, and even chickens by the leg. •

With regret I bade adieu to my fair hostess, hoping her curmudgeon of a spouse may become, if not younger, yet more kind. Adieu also to the fair vale, with thanks for its pleasing addition to the picture-gallery of my remembrances. May I preserve as grateful memories of all other places to which my destiny may lead me.

CHAPTER IX.

PACIFIC POLEMICS.

• *From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.*

WE have gained an addition to our numbers in a small party of Americans, who came over from Acapulco on hearing there was a vessel off San José. They have left their homes in Ohio on the same quest as ourselves, and have walked across Mexico on the chance of finding a ship on this side. Among them is an Episcopalian clergyman named Meade, who is henceforth to exercise his office on Sundays. He is a man of cultivated mind and singularly gentle disposition, and the passengers generally seem to expect better luck with him on board. One thing is certain, we can't have much worse, and we are getting into latitudes where the wind is pretty sure to blow one way or another. I can't fancy our new

chaplain in the diggings, there is such a 'tea-meeting' look about him; and he, too, says that I shall never do for a trader if I give away things I might sell, as he saw me doing this morning. One of the passengers having taken a fancy to something of mine asked if I would sell it. I said I would give it to him, as I had another; whereupon he thrust his hands into his pockets, and gave me a long scrutinising look, as if that was quite a new idea to him, and could only be prompted by an intention to get something out of him in return,—a regular '*timeo-Danaos-et-dona-ferentes*' look, in fact. Seeing that he was rather put out by my unintentional attempt to place him under an obligation to me, I hastened to tell him what it cost, and how much I considered its value enhanced by its transport thus far; upon which he brightened up, and handed me the dollars, saying he was always ready for a trade, but didn't understand the other thing.

I gather from some conversations with Mr Meade that he belongs to a party that is modelled after the English Evangelicals, and copies them closely in all things, except, perhaps, their bitterness against Popery; which exception he accounts for naturally by the facts that the population of the States is composed of people of many different religions; that all have an equal right to exercise their religion; and that all are found to be equally good citizens, no matter what their religion. In fact, that no one set of opinions is considered more respectable than another. Ecclesiastical systems are there all internal to the State; as much so as a mutual benefit society or a joint stock company: they are private to the members who compose them. All contribute to the support of

the State; all are equally citizens; and their respective religions are matters of private concern. Government has no more to do with religious than with scientific or medical differences. And it would be considered as absurd to entrust the selection of a religion for the people to the general government as to a local body, such as a mayor and corporation. He considers the Church of England to be a political body, originally established to form a barrier against Papal domination; but that it has served its time, and must gradually subside into a purely ecclesiastical organisation. Its clergy, as a working and preaching body, he says, are held in the highest respect in America; and in many parts it is as common to hear a British sermon preached as a native one. I certainly might have heard the only sermon he has yet given us without coming all this way from home. I hoped that a denizen of another country, reared among different scenes and associations, and preaching to such a congregation, under such circumstances, would have travelled in a somewhat different track than the one I had been all my life accustomed to; and given me, at least, a fresh argument or a novel illustration. But as it was, the Man vanished in the Parson, and a perfunctory repetition of trite, threadbare Evangelicalisms was all that he could treat us with.

It strikes me as very odd and repulsive that there should be such a total absence of anything like earnestness or enthusiasm in a man who has taken up such a profession by choice. He seems to look upon himself and fellow-clergy as merely a sort of tradesmen to supply a particular sort of article for which there is a demand. He allows that there is more activity in some other sects,

especially the Baptists and Methodists, and even more than these the Universalists, or people who believe in the ultimate salvation of everybody. It is easy to understand that people who have such really good tidings to tell should be enthusiastic propagators of their faith. The nearest approach to strong feeling shown by my clerical friend is in reference to this party, for he says they are in reality enemies of all religion by teaching that none is necessary, inasmuch as all men will reach heaven at last. The Bible teaches that it is as necessary to believe in the devil and hell as in God and heaven, and the Universalists practically deny the former. I reminded him that even the Bible affords them some ground for their doctrine, when it says, 'He is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe;' but he said that no one understands that passage, unless it means that there is a hell to be saved from, whereas all the rest are plain enough. He does not seem to care to talk about these matters, and recommends me to read the books of a Universalist preacher, named Theodore Parker, if I want to know more about their tenets. He says that, however wrong he is, his power, eloquence, and originality are wonderful.

June 15. Another tedious calm has been followed by a three days' gale, during which we drove along under double-reefed topsails at a north-east course. Yesterday at noon the captain reckoned that we were in lat. 34, and about 150 miles from the coast of Upper California, but no observation could be taken. Towards night the wind increased, and a thick fog rendered invisible any object a few yards off. A change of colour in the water made many think we were much nearer

land than the captain affirmed. It promised to be a thoroughly dirty night, and was pitch-dark but for the luminosity of the sea. The waves were all broken into foam, and each breaker was a billow of light tumbling and tossing about, and ever and again from their breaking crests shot forth brilliant sprays and streams of light like flashes from a luminous snowdrift, the whole scene calling up the idea of the awful lake of the Apocalyptic visions. The cold driving mist soon sent below the few who ventured up to gaze, and soon after nine all were stowed away for the night, but it was impossible to sleep without holding on. About one I saw the mate coming down-stairs, and the captain immediately hurrying trowserless on deck. Then followed rapid orders to tack ship, and a cry of 'land ahead' was heard. I hastened up with a few others, and found that the fog had lifted and disclosed the moon just risen over high land right ahead of us, at what distance it was impossible to say, but the guesses varied from two to seven miles, the latter being the captain's. Anyhow it looked startlingly close. With some difficulty the ship was got round, all on deck lending a hand. I never felt anything colder than the ropes as I handled them. It was like grasping the open blades of razors, yet I don't think there was any ice on them. The wind hauling round a little we made a good offing, and were soon back in the thick mist which, had it extended to the shore, would have concealed it from view till too late to escape going on it.

Sunday. Certainly it was not for me that it was said 'faith cometh by hearing.' The pleasant feelings induced by the sense of a danger escaped have been

altogether dissipated since Mr Meade endeavoured to 'improve the occasion.' What an illogical use people make of the term 'providence.' As they only apply it to something which they themselves like and approve, I wonder to what they ascribe the disagreeable and calamitous. 'Man's carelessness or ignorance brings him into danger, and the hand of Providence is straightway held out to rescue him,' says the preacher. But are not man's shortcomings, which lead him into the danger, equally 'providential'? And what becomes of the hand of Providence in the myriad instances where there is no escape? If one be 'providentially' saved, is not the other 'providentially' lost?

The whole is a vast riddle, and he does only mischief who attempts to explain it. An all-abiding sense of inexorable law takes possession of one who broadly contemplates the universe, and only the presumptuous will declare that the 'finger of God' is anywhere specially present. There must be a kind of double consciousness which enables the class to which the chaplain belongs to exist and enjoy life. I cannot otherwise account for the wide difference in the two characters he has by turns to maintain. As a clergyman he not only holds but teaches a number of tenets which, as an educated thinking man, he utterly repudiates. And all the time he is as clearly unconscious of being open to any charge on the score of dishonesty, or even inconsistency, as if he consisted of two distinct selves of which one slept while the other is vigilant. I had ascribed the existence at home of such a phenomenon to the action of a State-supported Church, but I am now inclined to suppose that the fact that a respectable position and maintenance

can be derived from teaching any particular set of opinions, induces many to profess those opinions without really holding them. *Multi famam, Conscientiam pauci verentur*, as Pliny says.

I quite forgot that Mr M. was an Evangelical parson committed to the Mosaic view of the world's creation while we were discussing the various geological phenomena and theories one Saturday evening. He spoke with so much knowledge and intelligence of the system apparent in the earth's construction and gradual development, and quoted Professor Philip's remark about the folly of people thinking that the eternity of the future is somehow endangered by an admission of the immensity of the past ; and was actually delighted with my saying that the old orthodox system represents God not as the 'Father of Lights' but as a maker of puzzles ; for that if the universe, in spite of its evidences of growth and change lasting through countless ages, ought to be regarded as a sudden creation at a specific moment, we have no proof that this very ship is the slow product of human labour, gradually built up one part after another ; and even more, that we cannot be certain that our own individual past has had any actual existence, for that we may all have been this very moment called into existence with the impressions on our minds, which we take for memories of a real history, ready made. And next morning he not only reads us the first chapter of Genesis, but preaches of the six days' work of creation as if he, or we, had just come out of the nursery. I have a great mind to ask him how he does it.

The advocates of the plenary inspiration of Scripture surely incur the charge of fixing a frightful act of in-

justice on God, when they represent a man's eternal welfare as depending upon the conclusions he may come to respecting the origin, authenticity, and meaning of a number of ancient manuscripts written no one knows when or by whom.

I got a curious suggestion from the Mormon. Evading all catechising about their practice of polygamy, he said he didn't see why Providence shouldn't provide extraordinary means to attract population to those great central solitudes of North America, for the purpose of connecting the East and West. And he did not see how without Mormonism it could be done.

One hundred days from Panama, and we enter the Golden Gate. The pilot tells us of a schooner which we can charter to take us up the Sacramento. The Major and I have agreed to keep together. Several others wish to join us, so we shall proceed in a large party to the Diggings. The custom-house officer recommends the plan, and says our principal enemies will be Indians and mosquitoes. All are eager to be off. Hope reigns supreme. The promised land lies before us. A few meals of fresh meat and vegetables in yonder city of tents, and then farewell for ever to the Killooney.

BOOK II.

‘A man’s genius determines for him the character of the Universe. As a man thinketh, so he is. A man is a method, a selecting principle, gathering his like to him wherever he goes.

* * * * *

‘He takes only his own out of the multiplicity that sweeps and circles around him.’—R. W. EMERSON’S ‘Spiritual Laws.’

CHAPTER I.

EL DORADO.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

August 30, 1849.

I AM certainly gaining strength. This is a pleasant interval of rest. While alone I cannot do better than to recommence my journal. Curious, how short and disconnectedly the sentences come—like my breathing. My fingers can hardly grasp the pencil. They are become strangers—there is no *rapport* between them. Perchance the pencil has a perception of its own, and sees in me one unexpectedly returned from the confines of another world, and trembles at the contact. No matter: effort though it be, perseverance will soon make us better acquainted.

How delicious after the burning day is the calm and cool of this oasis in the vast prairie desert. Were it not for the sake of the others I should wish that the strayed cattle might not be found for a week. May be they will never be found. Hungry Indians, or hungrier travellers, may have made roast beef of them by this time. What would I not give for some roast beef too! Beside this lagoon, and under these shady trees, with yonder waggon for my fortress of retreat from wild beasts, I could gladly remain here so long as the provisions last. I little thought when I descried the greenness of this spot through the heated exhalations of the

weary, weary plain, that it would be my home so long. This is the third day of rest. The strength I have gained since I left the diggings, on the river, encourages me to hope it may not be very long before I can get to work again. The waggon reminded me of a coffin when they lifted me into it. Certainly a corpse could hardly have been more helpless. I am sure the doctor meant me when he shook his head and said something to the Major about not lasting many days. But even at my worst I have had no notion of dying in this country—I have another destiny than that:—then the jolting and struggling up that dreadful hill,—yet the mere breathing of the air on the top was like champagne to me. I wonder if the exhalations from the river are poisonous. I have certainly taken a new lease of life since I left it. My food seems to do me some good now—perhaps leaving off physic has something to do with it. How I loathed that dreadful salt pork, and those tough greasy slapjacks. If healthy men get the scurvy upon them, small hope of my recovering my health with nothing else to eat. How fortunate I was in being able to buy these hams, and what an inspiration was the idea of substituting boiling for that perpetual frying. And now with the addition of the Major's venison, and bread made of sweet flour, all I want is time. And then to work again; to draw forth from the banks of mother earth the rich deposits that there await my draft.

The labour is harder than I had any idea of, but the gold is there. What a predicament we should now be in if it had not been! What with the cost of travelling up from the coast, and provisions and tools, we were almost penniless on reaching the mines. And most of

the party were still worse off, and I have made no provision for obtaining money from England. I little thought to be the first to benefit by the rule I insisted upon as a condition of partnership. I believe the two brothers left the party in consequence of it. Yet what could be more fair, independently of its humanity, than that a sick man should receive a half-share of the produce in consideration of his ownership in the claim? How full of hope were we all during the first fortnight when we all worked together, and how pleasant the excitement of guessing at the result of the day's washings previous to weighing it. Nearly one hundred ounces were divided between the four in the first fortnight, and the ground was getting richer. Then came that terrible sunstroke. Shall I ever forget the horror of the burning fever and the stifling tent, when all sense of time ceased, and I was conscious only of an intense longing to get cool. The early sensations were exactly opposite to those I felt once on board ship after sleeping exposed to the full moonlight. Then my head felt light, and deprived of the force necessary for controlling my movements whether mental or physical. I lost all power of application. The brain seemed shrunk or partially paralysed, but the effect passed away in two or three days. The first action of the sunstroke was to make me throw myself on the ground in an exceedingly ill temper, and break into tears. The head seemed suddenly filled to bursting, and I longed for some one to draw off the superfluous electricity, or whatever I was surcharged with, by making mesmeric passes over me. That I felt would cure me at once. Certainly, so far as sensations go, I have proved the truth of the mesmeric theory of

the opposite nature of the magnetic influence of the sun and moon. The one is positive and imparts force, and the other negative and withdraws it.

How kind the Major has been all through my illness, sticking to me, and declaring he won't leave me till I can take care of myself, and not even then unless I wish it. I verily believe the fever would have burnt me up during the three worst days, but for the perpetual buckets of cold water which he carried up from the river and flung over me. Even that could not cool me: it seemed to fly off as from a hot iron. I am sure that second and worst attack was brought on by the morphine the doctor gave me. If I had not always taken a great interest in mental phenomena those spectral illusions would have driven me wild with terror. But I knew what they were, and could think of Abercrombie's book while watching them. It seemed akin to magic that the eye should see whatever the mind thought of, and I delighted in exercising the power. They only came one night. Though distinct and bright, I could, by gazing intently, look completely through them, and see the side of the tent beyond. I could always lose sight of them by changing the focus of the eyes to a greater or less distance. After the first few changes they got beyond my control. I could not call them up or change them at will, and certainly some of them were horrid enough to scare any one out of his senses who did not keep in mind their unreality. Whether it was a shot really fired or not that suggested the vision I don't know, but I fancied I saw a fight between a party of Mexicans and Indians, and then two big ferocious-looking savages marched slowly by me carrying on their shoulders a half-killed

Mexican, whose tongue was hanging out black and swollen, and his eyes starting from their sockets, and as they carried him along they bit large mouthfuls of flesh out of their writhing captive, and chewed them with delight. I recognised the Mexican's face. It was one that had haunted my childhood in a picture of a sailor with the black vomit being flung overboard while yet living. This horrid vision was dispelled by a movement of the tent wall close beside me. Turning towards it I saw it gently lifted up, and a figure enveloped in a dark cloak crept in and lay down beside me. I raised the cloak and discovered a headless trunk. Then the tent seemed full of water running rapidly past me, an illusion probably caused by the sound of the river, as it was the most persistent of the illusions, ever recurring in the interval of the others. Then the ground was covered with huge ants, busily digging and bringing up large grains of gold, which they deposited on the surface, and then went down for more. And then I saw through the openings they made that the soil below was all gold, and gold, and gold without end. Presently a bright light appeared in the air, and as it descended towards me, took the appearance of a wreath of flowers, and in the midst of the wreath were two hands clasped, and two initial letters over them; and while I wondered what this could mean (for although I knew some one bearing those initials, I never was in love with her, though I used to fancy I might easily become so), the wreath vanished, and the light diffused itself, lighting up the whole tent, so that I could see my companions sleeping beside me, and the arms stacked against the pole, almost as distinctly as by daylight. In two or three minutes all was dark

again. I sank back exhausted, and slept. The action of the drug had reached another stage. The sleep was not one of refreshment, but was filled with dreams so terrific that my cries roused my companions from the depth of their weary slumbers. I can remember every particular of my waking visions, but I cannot recall the dreams. Only the vague sense of their horror remains with me. During the next three days raged the fever, from being consumed by which the Major preserved me by buckets of water. Here they come with a hare, or, as the teamster calls it, a 'jackass rabbit,' and some grey squirrels, but no oxen. This writing has quite exhausted me, but I must at least save them the trouble of making coffee.

31st. The major and the teamster are off again in the prairie. Thinking over my notes of yesterday, as I lay awake and feverish last night, it occurred to me that it must be utterly impossible for any one to be certain that the source from which he gets visions and revelations is a supernatural or extraordinary one. The whole of such recorded wonders may, like my illusions, be due to pressure on the brain from the excitement of fever or inflammation. The agent in the sudden conversion of St Paul may have been a sunstroke acting on a mind already in a state of extreme tension, as we know his was. A slight fact affords sufficient foundation for a vast fabric of legend. The whole proof that can exist for any man is only a strong impression on his mind. Its indelibility is no proof of its truth. To assert that anything is supernatural, is to assert that we know all that is in nature, and also something of that which lies beyond. It seems to me to be absolutely impossible for

any man to be certain that he has held direct communication with God. Man may have an overwhelming sense that something claiming to be God has spoken to him; but unless he has a prior and personal knowledge of God, he knows not but that it may be a demon assuming the garb of light, or a fantastic creation of his own excited fancy. It still behoves him to judge the communication by its own intrinsic character, and to deliberate upon the actions to which it impels him. Thus reason must be the judge of revelation. The principles of our nature are for us the only sure revelation. Supposing one impelled without provocation to take the life of the innocent, and ascribing the impulse to God. What shall be said of him? A jury of his countrymen might have recommended Abraham to mercy on the ground of insanity, but they would surely have advised that he be locked up for the general security;—supposing the story of Isaac to be more than a mere legend, or a moral fable, illustrating the superiority of second thoughts over hasty impressions. There can be little doubt however, that, whether true or not, it was written to inculcate the duty of unquestioning obedience to whatever might be deemed a divine command, without making oneself a judge of the propriety of the action, and written therefore with an immoral purpose. But though it bears this upon the face of it, the narrative may yet have had another signification, and one suited to those times—namely, that human sacrifice is not acceptable to the Deity; for Abraham was arrested in the act of offering it. A condemnation, by the way, of the Calvinistic theory of the atonement.

Our teamster is a native of Missouri. He has never

seen the sea, never tasted porter, and does not know what an orange is. But he is even more astonished at the limited character of my experiences than I am at that of his. He can scarcely credit that I had never ridden in a bullock waggon before I rode in his. He takes the time lost in hunting for his cattle wonderfully easily, considering that time is indeed money to him ; but it seems that a backwoodsman generally spends at least half his life in the same pursuit. I inquired if the prevailing salt pork was the staple food in Missouri? 'No, Sirr,' was the indignant response ; 'there we have good fat bacon, and plenty of it !' I wish we could have worked out our claim instead of selling it. If that American had not fallen ill just as I began to mend, it might have been done. But I should never have got well there. The Major might have made a good thing of it by hiring hands to work it out, and I could still have retained my share, for I should feel no hesitation in trusting my interests with him. Even though he cannot take care of his own money, so reckless and profuse is he,—and he knows it himself, for he insisted on my taking charge of all he had, before we left the ship,—still I feel sure that he would be scrupulously careful of anybody else's interest. And the fact of feeling in honour bound to be careful, would be good discipline for him. However, he insisted on selling out too, saying that he could return to the mines when I got well. Or if I am tired of the country, he will go home, or anywhere else with me. He recommends the Sandwich Islands, and says I shall certainly die of consumption if I remain the winter in this country. On this point we differ, for I feel that all I want is cool bracing weather to set me up again.

He reminds me that the year for which I told him I came abroad is nearly over—will be up, in fact, by the time I can get home. Shall I go? and for what? To be a nine days' wonder among my friends, and to be ordained. I am in honour bound to take orders if I return. It is the only way in which I can make any return for the expense both of my education and of this year's grace.

No. I shall never take orders till I either change my opinions or am disposed to perjure myself. That settles the question of returning to England. Here will I remain until I am rich enough to be able to profess my own opinions, or at least not to act contrary to them, whenever I may go home. Living out of the world of action as my parents and all their friends do, I have no chance of finding any occupation which will afford me a living, except that for which I was brought up.

What a bitter satire upon my native country have I just written. But so it must be while the vested interests of society prefer their own aggrandisement to truth. Oaths, oaths; on all sides oaths. Oaths political and oaths ecclesiastical; all to maintain the existing fabric of opinion and custom. If they really believe that whatever is is really best, and can be demonstrated to be so, why so anxious to bind men forcibly not to change it, unless to render all progress impossible? What can be more demoralising than to make the very bread of whole classes depend upon their either suppressing their real opinions, or having none, and acting a sham instead?

Looking at the young men of the best class I have known in England, I can see that the necessity of squaring their conclusions according to a fixed set of opinions,

either blunts that fine sense of honour which would make them maintain truth above all things, or dulls their whole perception of the divine harmony of the universe. The common feeling of the people with regard to the teachings of the clergy may be expressed thus : ‘ Oh, of course ; they are bound to say so, whether they think it or not. And if they really do believe all they say, why the more fools they.’ Thus a Church with a creed makes a nation of atheists, or dissenters, unless when the people are absolutely unintelligent or credulous. Truly it may be said of England, ‘ Because of swearing the land mourneth.’

The people who live there don’t see it. But neither do fish know that the sea is salt, till they taste fresh water. (Is all knowledge by contrast ?)

‘ Here I am free, as Nature first made man,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran,
Ere the base laws of servitude began :’

servitude of mind as well as of body ; and here will I remain so long as I can hope to win an independence. Strange that the feeling of home-sickness should be so strong, when I can so clearly see that to return would be to forfeit the liberty of my whole life. I hope it will pass off as I get stronger.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRAIRIE.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

I CAN'T help fancying that something preys upon the Major's mind ; something that he broods morbidly over. With all his confidingness and openness of character, he is very reserved about that part of his history that relates to his leaving home. He enjoys telling of his feats in swimming and hunting. How, in a terrible flood, it was 'such fun' plunging into the current and catching his poor neighbours' sheep by their tails, and propelling them ashore. How he used to lie out in swamps whole nights watching for wild fowl, and how he had rescued his cousin from drowning, at the narrow risk of his own life. And he tells all without a particle of boasting, from a mere exuberant relish for everything partaking of danger and excitement. Full of tenderness and consideration for others, he can do nothing for himself. Perfectly careless of his own comfort or health, he flings himself down to sleep on sharp rocks or wet ground, unless I spread something for him. He cannot bear the details of a camp life, such as cooking his food, and will eat nothing unless provided for him, saying he is strong enough to go without food for days. He is just the man who would join a tribe of Indians, and enjoy their wandering life, working tremendously hard in procuring game, and then after roasting it upon the embers and

tearing it with his teeth, would sleep as hard, until compelled by hunger to the next exertion. I can fancy I see him already such an one, roaming through the forests with his rifle, his black hair hanging long and matted down his shoulders, and as wild, and genial, and guileless as ever was unsophisticated savage, and probably as unable to resist the excessive use of ardent spirits, if they came in his way, as the most impulsive of red-skins. I must not complain of his reserve, for I am much the same. In answer to his wonder at my staying in such a country when I might be in a snug living, I have only told him that I am in no hurry to give up my liberty and settle down. And he quite agrees with me that it is much better to come for a year's travel to the vigorous new world of the West, than to go to the worn-out old deserts of the East, as I once thought of doing; and that when I do 'become a parson, a little Californian gold will not come amiss in the parish, if I can get it.'

One of our fellow-passengers slept at our camp last night on his way to the city for articles of trade with the Indians. We learn from him that Mr Meade took one look at the mines and 'made tracks' for home again. A capital specimen of the subtle 'downeaster' is this man. (The same who preferred purchasing to accepting a gift from me on board ship.) Having had experience of the Indians in the States, he tells us he was not afraid to venture alone among them here with some mules laden with such things as they love. Finding them without gold, he sent them off to dig some. 'In dealing with them,' he said, 'I always make a point of carefully weighing their gold, and returning some of it, however little there is, so that they think me the honest-

est white man in California, though I take good care to help myself.' He is certainly wiser in his generation than a party of Irishmen who, finding the Indians on Bear River had a good deal of gold, caught one and threatened to kill him unless he led them to the place where they found it. Pretending to yield to their threats, he led them away into the hills, till they suddenly found themselves close upon a large body of armed Indians; upon which the Irishmen were glad to put spurs to their horses and gallop away as fast as they could.

Here are the cattle at last. So to-morrow we shall be on the road again. I shall be sorry to leave this spot. It seems like a home. And I have got so much stronger while here, I hope to be able to walk part of the way, and perhaps get a shot at something.

Vernon. A pleasant spot this, at the junction of these two fine streams. The new town consists at present of two tents and a waggon. My strength has returned rapidly in the last week; so that even the Major has hopes of me. The wished-for shot at something the other morning was nearly coming off in a manner anything but desirable. We were woke by a surly grumbling noise down by the water, which proceeded from a bear. The Major wanted to get up and shoot, which, in the dark, would have been madness. 'But he's coming towards us,' said he. 'Bears don't care for blankets that I know of. Lie still and cover yourself up,' I whispered. Presently we heard the beast's heavy breathing as he came nearer, and walked round and round to inspect us. I felt that the Major was in a tremor of eagerness to make an onslaught, and I was equally anxious lest he should

move. The bear, as if perplexed, slowly returned to the water, and there held a grumbling colloquy with himself. Weak and exhausted, I fell asleep. In the morning I learnt that the bear had again returned, and walked round and round, fairly mounting guard over us for at least two mortal hours, until warned off by approach of day. The grass close to us—for we lay upon the ground—was all trampled down by his great wet heavy paws, and on commencing our day's march, we were able to track him along our route, to the edge of a thicket, into which he had evidently turned. We were walking with our guns in advance of the waggon, and on peering into the wood the Major exclaimed, 'There he is.' And I could see a black shaggy head apparently crouching behind a bush some seventy yards off. I stepped a little on one side to get a better view, and agreed to reserve my shots until they were wanted in close quarters. The Major was taking a steady aim when I called to him to hold, as it was no bear but an Indian. He lowered his rifle, when the owner of the shaggy head jumped up with a yell and darted away into the wood, so that we saw him no more. When the waggon came up, the driver was actually angry at the Indian's escape, saying, 'they ought to be shot down like vermin wherever they are seen. That the two races can never agree, and that now the whites have got the country, and can turn it to account, the sooner it is cleared of them the better.' This seems to be the feeling of all Western Americans. They regard the Indian but as one of the wild beasts, or wild plants, whose business it is only to occupy the soil until wanted for cultivation. I reminded him that if we had killed this Indian, even though we ourselves might

escape from his tribe, the next white men who came in their way would undoubtedly pay the penalty for us, and so we should be their murderers.' He thought 'such doctrine might do for the old country, but here it is every man for himself.' I was talking on one occasion with a trapper and hunter from the Rocky Mountains about rifles, and he said that for small things, such as rabbits and squirrels, he preferred the Kentucky pea rifle; but for buffalos, Indians, and other large game, he wanted something that carried a bigger ball.

The Major has been quite downhearted ever since. He seems to feel, perhaps more seriously than the occasion warrants, his narrow escape from killing a man. Of late he has been very anxious to hear from home, and it is settled that I am to go down to the Bay for letters and sea air, while he amuses himself here fishing. After which we intend to return to the mines for the winter.

CHAPTER III.

DEATH'S DOOR.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

San Francisco. THERE seems to be a doom on me in this country. And the climate was said to be so healthy. The last fortnight I have been again knocking at death's door. These bitter cold sea breezes, or rather gales, from the north were too much for me in the weak state in which I arrived here. In one hour I was struck down with acute inflammation. I am on a stretcher in a wooden hotel, my room consisting of one of the small compartments into which the story is divided by canvas partitions.

If the other inmates can hear me as well as I can hear every movement of theirs, what a nuisance I must have been in the house. I remember now seeing the door occasionally opened and a head thrust in, and after an inquisitive look, hastily withdrawn on catching a sight of me. They probably thought me past help, and that a little while would end it. And well they might if my dim recollections of how I have gone on be correct. Though I cannot stand, and this is the first day I have retained a particle of food for—I don't know how long,—I will ask the doctor when he comes how long I have been ill,—yet I have never thought of dying,—perhaps because I have been too exhausted to think of anything.

September 30th. The doctor has been here. He

tells me that he has been with me two or three times a day for a fortnight, but that I was often unconscious of his presence, and he did not disturb me.

He is an English physician; I remember now I told them to get me an English doctor if there was one to be found. He came here, he tells me, to go to the mines. But a merchant to whom he had an introduction asked him if he had 'ever worked as a railway navvy, because if he hadn't, and didn't want to begin, he had better stay, and practise his profession in the city. There would be lots of sickness, and all the miners who had any gold would be sure to come there to be doctored.' So he remained, and is doing capitally. He promises to inquire for my letters and the Major's.

October 4th. Got my letters yesterday. The doctor has had them in his pocket for a week, but says I was too weak to read them. There are none for the Major. All well at the dear old home, and their letters are full of affection. My letters from Nicaragua took them to a strange part of the world, and they were obliged to consult the atlas. How it would shock them to see me now without being able to help me.

They don't know yet that I am in California, but they are terribly alarmed at the idea of my coming here. It appears that the papers are full of dreadful accounts of murders and lynchings. I dare say this country does look bad from a distance, and I believe that in the southern mines, where the Mexicans are, things are in a much more disturbed state than where I have been. They remind me that the year is nearly up, and caution me against going so far from home that my money will not hold out to take me back. What will they say when

they know that I am actually here! and twice almost given up for dead. My poor mother! fortunately I have not told them the worst until it has been over, and I could joke about the wonderful effects of 'making an effort,' as Mrs Chick said Mrs Dombey ought to do: and how I made a point of recovering because I knew that my mother would never forgive my doing so mean a thing as to go and die in such an uncivilised place.

By the by, I have never had any of those thoughts which I have always been told crowd upon people when face to face with death. I have had neither fear nor curiosity; my consciousness has rather been of unconsciousness — of not thinking at all. I have been quiescent, and impatient only of being disturbed. How easily in this state I might have glided out of life. I may do so yet, for my hold upon it feels very slight. Yet the thought excites no apprehension. Perhaps most people when they die from disease are reduced to that condition that they don't care about it. So that death is not the evil to them that it seems to one in the full enjoyment of health. It has never occurred to me to fear the future. Why is this? Is it the peculiar triumph of Christianity, or rather of Orthodoxy, to impart to death the sting of terror?

They would call me ungrateful because I express no thankfulness for my preservation. I am *glad*, because life and health to me mean enjoyment, but ought I to be thankful until I know for what I am preserved? There's a Socratic sentiment!

5th. Strange property of a bit of paper to be able
' thus to annihilate time and space and transport me

thousands of miles. Ever since those letters came I seem to have been bodily at home. How wonderful is the power of the subjective element in man. Who shall say that the ideal is not the more real of the two? At this moment I can distinctly fancy myself there in the old situation and with all my old feelings, and the same longing to escape that I had before I left. I see myself enduring all I before endured; bearing in silence all that shocked me; passing my life in constant self-suppression, scarcely daring to associate with any one, and never dreaming of becoming really attached to any one. Why, what decent girl that I have any chance of meeting there would marry an 'Infidel'? And, of course, I could not marry without telling her my opinions. Though the term 'Infidel' only really means that I have formed views of the divine nature and method which differ considerably from theirs, yet to them it conveys something full of horror. And a *poor* Infidel too! If I can get tolerably rich, I may find other circles of acquaintance where people think differently. I don't like those who don't think at all. I have never heard of any rich men in England objecting to the popular faith. Are all rich men indifferent, or do they suppress their feelings out of deference or fear? Fear! I fancy if I were alone in the world—and had none who would be grieved to the heart by my apostasy, it would be my glory to stand like Paul to denounce the prevailing superstition and idolatry of priests and people.

But what would I give them instead?

Sweep away the clouds and the sun will shine out of itself! Yes, I would at least do something to clear away the solid mass of paganism that still interposes to

veil from view the God whom they so ignorantly, so degradingly worship. Yes, I too would be an iconoclast, and break to pieces the hideous idol they have set up, and by removing the fetters of bigotry, set humanity free to develop itself to the utmost capacity of its nature.

But I have no mission to break my father's heart,—or my mother's.

Would it break them ?

They would sorrow intensely and pray without ceasing. And with what result ? My mother would feel, though hardly owning it to herself, ' If the Almighty has a mother's heart he will consider that perhaps the intention of her erring son is not bad ; that he believes himself to be right, poor fellow, but has some strange twist of mind.' But it would be to her a perpetual suffering.

And my father ?—

He would resign himself with a sigh to the inscrutable divine decree that makes a son of his a reprobate, and try to comfort himself with the belief that it is all for the glory of God ; and therefore a cause of ultimate rejoicing to everybody, except myself ; who by getting my deserts hereafter for my sinfulness, will glorify God by my torments. Pity they don't allow the poor damned ones some mitigation of their penalty in consideration of the amount of glory they are the means of contributing to the divine stock. If this be blasphemy, who are the blasphemers ?

No, no—I cannot return home. Here where I am free ; free to obey the natural laws of my being : here where there are no disguises to pierce through to discover God ; where He dwells, not in the accumulated conven-

tionalties of ages, but in his own direct workings ever going on in the forest and the prairie, in the mountains and the rivers, in my own unbiased self, and in all the manifestations of his power : here where I can feel myself face to face with Him, and there is no man to come between and obstruct my view : here too where I can with my own hands extract from the earth all that I need for all bodily wants by fear or favour of no man :— here will I remain, a hermit in the desert of nature unredeemed, because needing no redemption, being still primitive and unexhausted ; here will I remain, to hope, to work, and to win—or die. Better to do even that, to die outright here, than to return to commit moral and intellectual suicide there.

And they at home, knowing only this of me, shall say, ‘ He was no coward or changeling. Having put his hand to the plough, he looked not back. And in our grief at losing him, we are comforted by thinking of his courage and perseverance, and trust to meet in joy hereafter.’

October 6th. The doctor says he is sorry he gave me the letters, as I have considerable fever to-day. I rather think he is right.

CHAPTER IV.

NO SURRENDER.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

THE die is cast. I am on my way up the Sacramento again. I have written home to say that I feel myself entirely unfit for the profession for which I have been brought up : that I hope they will forgive my disappointing their hopes in that respect ; and that my prospects in this country are so good that by remaining a few years I may reasonably look forward to being no further expense to them. And that, as for the living, I hope that my younger brother may prove more worthy of it than myself.

I had a curious dream the night after writing home. We were all at breakfast together as usual, and my father was expressing great indignation at a horrible account he had just been reading in the paper about the King of Dahomey sacrificing a thousand human victims to his gods. 'It would not take much to make him a Christian,' I observed, 'for he already believes in a god that requires a sacrifice of agony and blood, before he can receive and pardon his erring children.'

'Your remark is worthy of an Infidel,' said my father, 'and while under my roof, I beg you will make no more of that nature.'

'But supposing an Infidel to hit upon the truth ? Truth is truth wherever it comes from.'

'Such a perverted notion of truth could only have

occurred to one who was half an Infidel already. If you are such, the sooner we part the better. It would cut me to the heart to think a child of mine held such opinions, and I could not bear to be constantly reminded of it by seeing him.'

With a persistence unusual to me when at home, and which showed me that it was of my present, and not of my past, self I was dreaming, I replied, 'But even an Infidel honestly believes his opinions to be true. Supposing I was such, you would be persecuting me for conscience' sake. Is that a Christian duty?'

The rest of the dream is lost in a confused sense of anger and irritation. But the whole was a singularly natural and vivid realisation of what my position would be if I went home, and served to confirm me in my resolution.

What a magnificent stream is this to me. The Americans are accustomed to such immense rivers that they think little of it. Not three months ago I came up here in a canoe—a week's voyage under constant torture from the unremitting attentions of the mosquitoes. Now, a single day is sufficient. When I went down in this steamer last month one of the passengers declined paying for his ticket, on the plea that he had no money. They threatened to put him ashore. He said that of course they could do so if they pleased, but he should starve to death, or be devoured alive by mosquitoes in those endless swamps, and he didn't suppose it was worth murdering a man for ten dollars. He had friends in the city who might advance him the money, if they would wait till he could find them. At last it was determined to search him, when a splendid-

looking specimen of gold and quartz was found upon him, which was, of course, impounded. The man showed great distress, saying he could not possibly part with that ; it belonged to a friend up country, who had entrusted him with it to send home, and he should be in a terrible strait if they took it from him ; that he had no idea they would not give a poor fellow a passage or trust him if he was hard up ; and so he went on till there was a strong feeling of commiseration excited for him among the passengers. However, the specimen was weighed and valued, and the passage money being deducted, the balance was paid him in cash, amounting to some sixty dollars, he refusing for some time to take it, saying he should be making himself a party to the robbery of his friend. On the arrival of the steamer he went ashore, and was seen no more. I learn now that on testing the specimen it proved to be an artificial composition of brass and quartz, and of course utterly worthless. The cunning Yankee had taken this mode of passing it without risk to himself. He did not offer it—didn't want them to take it ; but they would have it, and forced it from him. Altogether it was an inimitable piece of acting.

Vernon. The Major is terribly disappointed about his letters. In vain I tell him the current stories of post-office mismanagement, and that they may have been taken out by some one of the same name. He lies awake at night groaning and talking to himself about no one caring for him now, and the sooner he is dead the better ; and once I caught the words ' heavy punishment for an accident.' The sooner I get him to a more active life the better,

CHAPTER V.

A LETTER HOME.

A LETTER to his youngest brother fills up the gap in Herbert's history for the next six months.

'As you are a British boy I take it for granted that you long to be a Robinson Crusoe as much as I did at your age. In this country we are all Robinson Crusoes. And I will tell you how I spent my Christmas. The Major (of whom you have already heard) and I were prevented by the bad weather and flooded rivers from reaching the part of the mountains where we wanted to winter. So we stopped at the ford on a stream named Deer Creek, where an English gentleman has a trading post. As we had large supplies with us we joined our stores to his, and while my business was to help him in the disposal of them, the Major looked after some gold-washing operations a few miles off, with a number of hired men. When Christmas-day came I was alone in the camp, with one man. Having discovered the night before that we had nothing to eat except flour and beans, I sent him to the nearest settlement for some fresh meat, and took my gun and looked round near the camp, but could not find even a squirrel. Evening came, but no man or beef. So I sat down somewhat sulkily to a mess of stewed beans, and in due time went to bed. My man came back next day, somewhat ashamed of himself, but the attractions of the settlement had proved too strong for him.

‘The evenings being too long to admit of sitting up to see the new year in, I determined to see the first sunrise. So about five o’clock, the moon shining brightly, I took my gun, and wended towards the top of a neighbouring hill where I had before killed deer, and hoped to distinguish the day by feasting on venison.

‘Arrived at the top, I sat down on a great grey rock, whence I could descry on one side the distant valley, with its many streams and sheets of water glistening in the moonlight, and on the other the snowy hill-tops. I waited long and quietly, making short excursions around, but no deer appeared. By-and-by the wind began to howl in the pine-tree tops, and the clouds scoured along the hills, and rain fell, and pitchy darkness hid the very ground from sight. A rustling in the brush, then a step, coming nearer and nearer, then a rush close by me of some heavy animal ; I instinctively raised my gun, but all was invisible, and soon the sound had died away in the distance. No use remaining there any longer, and no easy matter to return to the camp. However, I got back at last, after stumbling over fallen trees and sharp rocks, one moment stepping into a ravine of rushing water, and the next entangled in the boughs of a tree, and narrowly copying the evil example of Absalom. There was no sunrise that morning.

‘There are a great many Indians in that part of the country. The way some of them spent Christmas was a very sad one for them. They had been stealing cattle from the white men, and molesting parties of miners, and when some of their number had been shot in return, they took revenge upon a harmless old Baptist minister, shooting him to death with arrows, as he sat working his

cradle in a lonely ravine. So the day after Christmas-day three parties went out to punish them. One marched before daylight to an Indian village, and shot several Indians, including, I am sorry to say, some women, and burnt their winter stores of acorns and roots. Another party took an Indian prisoner, and led him bound past my tent to the next settlement to be tried. An ugly-looking fellow he was, and quite capable, to judge by his looks, of murdering some dozen white men, as they said he had. The jury listened to what could be said about him, and gave their verdict that "he was one of the meanest Indians round, and ought to be hung anyhow." So they took him to the top of a hill, and while they put a rope round his neck, an Indian of a tribe friendly to the whites taunted him, but the poor wretch took no notice of him, but looked eagerly round in the distance as if to see if help was near. Seeing none, he met his fate bravely enough.

'The other party took three prisoners, who confessed, and boasted of their share in the outrages. The first who was hung cried out loudly; the other two were perfectly calm. The rope of one broke before he was quite dead, upon which an old Texan ranger seized it, and putting his foot on the Indian's body, hauled it tight, saying, "There, you thundering rascal, I guess you won't shoot another partner of mine." The bodies, which were buried there, were afterwards dug up by their tribe. The one who had cried out was left on the ground for the wolves, and the other two were taken away to be burnt with all honours.

'In the midst of all this, however, I felt no alarm, for I always found the Indians grateful for kindness. They

soon learn to distinguish between the Americans and the English, and to look upon the latter as their friends. You would often have found me without another white man near, surrounded by a crowd of them, and exchanging flour, beads, and blankets, for gold dust. The only beads they care for are the very small white ones, and of blankets red ones. I wished I had more of the beads, for they willingly gave their weight in gold for them. They string them into necklaces and bracelets, and they are at least as valuable to them as diamonds and pearls to the people at home ; and when you consider what we have gone through to get those beads there to them, you won't think them dear at the price. I make a point of never giving spirits to an Indian. One day one of them seeing a black bottle begged for brandy. It happened to be vinegar. I gave him some, hoping it would cure him of wanting brandy. He swallowed it, making many faces, and declared it was "mucho bueno." But he never asked me for brandy again.

'One day when I was out hunting, and threading the forest in an absent sort of manner, I came suddenly upon a creature wrinkled, and haggard, and chattering. I at once cocked my gun, thinking that though it might be only the long "missing link," its ignorance of our relationship might render it dangerous. I had never heard that there are any apes in the country, yet the features were exactly those of one of the baboons in your "Beast book." On closer inspection, however, it proved to be only an Indian squaw, almost blind with age, and hideous and repulsive-looking in the extreme, just what I believe some poet has described as having "none of the charms of Eve except her nakedness." Indeed it was

not until I perceived upon her head the remains of the pitch which is always worn as mourning by the Indians that I was quite sure of her womanity.

‘One day an American came to me and complained that his almanac was wrong. He had wished to influence the Indians as Columbus did once by predicting an eclipse of the moon, and dreadfully small he said he felt when, after making great pretensions to knowledge, and getting the whole tribe out to watch the moon’s disappearance, it went on shining just the same. He quite forgot that he was two thousand miles away from the place where the eclipse was visible.

‘This man considers himself a great astronomer. He was telling me one day of the difference between his native State in the East and the Pacific side, and how much longer the days are here. The latitude being the same, I suggested that that might be because he gets up earlier here.

“‘Oh no,” he said; “it’s because the farther West one goes the longer the days are.” I thought of saying, “How very long, then, they must be when one gets all the way round,” but thought it better to leave him in his happy, contented ignorance.

‘One evening a party of Indians came to my camp and sat down by the fire. Presently they produced a number of field mice, nearly as big as rats, which, without any preparation, they buried in the ashes of my wood fire, and heaped live embers over them. In about half an hour, the Indians, considering them done, took them out, and commenced eating them, skin, bone, cinders, and all, putting them into their mouths head foremost, and munching them gradually up to the tips of

the tails. I did not continue to watch them closely, but it sounded very like eating walnuts.

‘They procure them by watching, bow in hand, close to their holes; and the instant the mouse puts his head out it is pierced almost to a certainty by an arrow.

‘When the frost came the rivers fell, and we came up here. It was a tremendous journey, but we were anxious to choose a good spot for the summer before the whole country was overrun. In one part of the way the ground was so rotten that we were perpetually digging our mules out. It took nine days to make twelve miles. The last forty miles our road lay over mountain-ridges covered with deep snow. Some considerable streams also had to be crossed. The mode of operation is as follows:—On reaching a river, some commence unloading the mules, while others select the largest pine near the edge, and cut it down so as to fall across the stream. All the baggage is carried over upon the log, and the animals swim across and are reloaded on the other side. On reaching a good spot for camping, all hands go to work unloading, cutting poles for tents and wood for fire, and, if the snow be deep, a tree for the beasts to browse on, making bread and cooking meat. So that in an hour from halting we are all comfortably feeding round a blazing fire. Then the prospects of success are discussed, songs are sung, and stories told, those by the old trappers and backwoodsmen being exceedingly curious and characteristic. These men have an immense deal of quaint humour in them.

‘One morning as we were camped by one of the branches of the Yuba, one of the party looking out early saw a herd of deer beside the water. We jumped up

with our guns and secured five of them. All hands fell to, skinning and cutting them up, with the exception of myself, who preferred the office of making a fire, and rigging a grating of boughs over it for drying the meat in Mexican fashion, so as to preserve it for several weeks.

‘ You may think it difficult to camp in deep snow. But knowledge is comfort. In half an hour’s digging a spot is cleared at the foot of some huge pine tree ; a few chips are cut from a dry stick and lit at its foot, and presently the rich old tree flares up with such fury that one cannot go near it till the flames subside. What more could be wanted than to be thus comfortably surrounded by a rampart of snow high enough to keep off cold winds.

‘ The novelty and freedom of this life make it very delightful, for a time at least. Though occasionally the charm is rudely shaken by such an incident as coming, when hunting, upon the body of some poor murdered miner, stowed away in the bushes, and half-eaten by wolves ; murdered perhaps by his own partner when carrying his hard earnings to the home where wife and children are waiting to welcome him who will return to them no more. Every man here may be said to carry his life in his waistcoat pocket. He must take care of it himself. The only law is lynch-law ; even that is much better than none. We hear terrible stories of sudden justice inflicted in other parts of the country. Here there is but a scanty population, and all is quiet as yet.

‘ I wish you could see me. You would find me dwelling like “ truth, at the bottom of a well,” and a very deep one too, for it is necessary to climb some 3000

feet up an angle of 70° to get out. Our men are at work on a small "bar," which is only partly uncovered by water. There is no level ground on which we can pitch a tent, so we are perched upon a ledge some thirty feet up the hill-side, to which we ascend by a staircase of rocks, the whole looking very much like a robber's cave, and somewhat dangerous for somnambulists. Our month's work here has paid pretty well, but nothing to what we expect when the water falls, and we can turn the river and work in the channel. If ever you or any of your friends want to know if you are well off at home, come to California. Our only shelter is a tent, just big enough to sit or sleep in. If you want provisions you must pack them on your back and trudge over rocks, and hills, and rivers, and snows, for miles. When hungry, wood must be cut, fire made, and food cooked by yourself before you can eat. You get wet through, and must remain so till the weather clears. You want clean clothes, and must wash them yourself in the freezing stream. Climbing up and down the frozen hills you tear your hands with the brush, and almost set yourself on fire with sliding. And if you wish to know what good things potatoes are, you should come here and be glad to get them for twelve shillings a pound.'

CHAPTER VI.

A SEVERANCE.

April, 1850.

AGAIN the scene changes. The snows are melting under the warm rains of spring. The rivers are far over their banks, and the valley of the Sacramento is one vast sea. Boats, and even steamers, go about the streets of the ill-fated cities of the plain. Here and there is a piece of ground somewhat higher than the rest, to which the flood does not reach. Between the junction of the Yuba and Feather rivers, a considerable space is thus left dry. On the bank of one of these streams is a rancho, or cattle station, belonging to some Spaniards, who intend to start a town there. Many miners have taken refuge here. Having nothing to do but to wait until the waters subside, they pass their time chiefly in drinking, gambling, and fighting. The noise of their revels reaches to a little copse, a mile or more away, beside the now rushing Feather river. A small steeple-shaped tent is pitched there. Its only tenants are two sick men, who have been stopped on their way to the bay by the rapid flooding of the prairies. One of them may be occasionally seen, in the intervals of his ague fits, wandering slowly and feebly along the bank with a rifle, seeking for a rabbit or a bird, which, if he is fortunate enough to obtain it, he takes home and cooks for the other inmate of the little tent. One looking in at such a moment would see the wreck of what had evidently

been a splendid man,—tall, dark, and strong, but now pale and emaciated; and the other rousing him from his lethargy and gently persuading him to take some food. A few mouthfuls—no more; a look beaming with grateful affection; a vain attempt to articulate; and he sinks back into his stupor. He has long since told his story to his friend; there is now no reserve between them, and his mind is at ease. Poor, simple, and yet great-souled Major; blameless in every action of thy life towards others, it was indeed ‘a heavy penalty to pay for an accident;’ and many and bitter will be the tears that flow for thee when Herbert’s next letter reaches its destination at thy distant home. Betrothed to a fair girl, for whom he was indeed a hero, he had but a short time before that appointed for the wedding, taken her young and only brother out to shoot wild-fowl by night. Posting the youth in a favourable position, and giving him strict charge not to move from it, he himself went a little farther round the pool, in order to place the game nearly between them. The lad, eager and volatile, waded in among the reeds to take, as he fancied, a better position, and the startled birds flew close over his head. A hasty shot from the Major, who had little idea he was there, indeed brought down some of them; but a single shot entered the poor boy’s head, and he was taken home a corpse. In her boundless distress, the mother declared she could never again bear the sight of him who had been the innocent cause of her child’s death. To her, indeed, time seemed to bring no alleviation of feeling; but the first shock over, it was felt by others that the misfortune was too heavy in itself, without the added wreck of the happiness of two lives. In

this feeling the true-hearted girl shared. The more she had loved her brother, the more she felt pity for the unhappy cause of his death. The first time the poor Major had held his head up since the accident was when she forgot her own grief in his, and assured him that their mutual misfortune should only bind them closer together. As a ray from the centre of infinite compassion was this declaration of her sympathy. He had supposed such a thing impossible. Willingly he now acceded to the proposal that he should go abroad for a time, and live in hope.

She promised to write; but no letters ever reached him. Determined not to return until called back by her, for a year and a half he continued to wander and to hope. He then gave way to a settled despondency. At length, he revealed his history to Herbert. A gleam of hope revived in him, as he admitted the probability of the suggestion that the mother had positively forbidden the correspondence, or that letters might easily miss him in his wanderings; or that, as he owned that he had never written to her, she might think he no longer cared for her; or again, that even now there might be letters awaiting him at San Francisco, for he had adopted Herbert's advice, and written to his relatives, begging for the fullest information, and desiring them to add the name of his native place after his own name in the address, so that none other might receive it in mistake.

'Let us get this work done,' said he, 'and then I will go down myself. We shall have money enough then for the journey home, and something more, too; and you, my boy, will go with me.'

'And this, alas, is the end of his hopes! Now is the

strong man stricken down, and tended in his turn by him whom he had nursed even at death's door. With blood impoverished, and the whole frame weakened by scurvy,—fatal to how many thousands in that country,—the result of cold and wet, and of scanty nourishment; and in addition to this, with acute inflammation of the chest, the poor Major has too late discovered that the armour of even his constitution is not proof against all assaults. In vain is aid sought from one sojourning at the rancho, and styling himself doctor. 'It is nothing; a touch of scurvy and a cold. Good food and care only are necessary.'

No use longing to reach the settlements now, more than if they were upon an island in the ocean and had no boat. There they are, and there they must remain until either the dry land re-appears, or the soul of at least one of them wings its flight over the waste of waters to regions even more strange than the wilds of California. Yes, to this it must come. The outworks are taken; the inmost citadel of the house of life is mined, and the fortress is no longer tenable. Worst of all signs, the very will to resist lies dormant. So silently and rapidly has the enemy won his way that Herbert's first serious alarm is also his last one. He returns one day from his wonted hunt for such delicate diet as their corner of the prairie may afford, to find the cold beads of death standing upon the forehead of his friend. Seizing him by the shoulders he called out loudly to him. The dying man opened his eyes, rose a little from his bed, gleamed once wildly upon him, and grasped his arm as in a vice, and then fell back to rise no more.

Yes; the strong, brave, tender man is dead. Over

him weeps the sole friend in all that far-off wilderness. He needs a friend now, most when he least knows it ; for who else will place him in his last home of rest, where the waters shall not bear him away, or the wild beasts make merry over him. Without is the wind sighing over the rushing waters, and the harsh mirth of the distant revellers ; within is silence, and sorrow, and sacred death.

* * * *

‘Oh that I knew what thou knowest now. Thou hast solved the mystery of death. Thou hast thy flight now through realms forbidden to me, and dost read the problem of God and the universe. And thou hast satisfaction therein ; for is not deep calm and content written in thy face ? and death does not lie. The dead know all things. Why then should I live ?’

* * * *

And so intensest curiosity takes the lead of all other feelings as Herbert lies that night beside his dead comrade. Not yet does he comprehend his loneliness, for are they not still together ? Nay, as night wears on does he not hear a breathing, a movement ? Starting up in eager hope, he reaches out his hand in the darkness and places it upon the Major’s forehead. Cold, cold. The sleep was kinder than the waking, had the dream only lasted.

To dig a grave was beyond Herbert’s strength. Aid must be obtained from the rancho. It must be told to the credit of those reckless Californians, that they never grudge help in this last sad office. Money could procure materials and labour to fashion them into a coffin. All the rest was granted freely. They even come to the burial in a large party, occupying two waggons, some of

them even nearly sober. And having carried the dead to his resting-place, and replaced the earth amid a certain silence and aspect of wonderment, they remount their waggons, begging Herbert to 'come and have something to drink.' Then as fast as their half-broken horses can take them they race back, their shouts and laughter ringing over the prairie, making sad discord to poor Herbert's mood. Then he remembers for the first time that it is customary to repeat prayers over the dead, in order to constitute what is called 'Christian burial.' 'Prayers: and for whom? For the dead? oh no. For the living? for *them*? What are prayers to them? For myself? I can grieve without putting my grief into words. And I can wish, without making my wish into prayers. Indeed I know not exactly for what I wish, or for what I should pray. The uppermost feeling is that he should be restored to me. Prayers, then, would be a mockery here, and no mockery shall desecrate the tomb of one so simple and so true.'

* * * *

'It is impossible not to fancy him still living *somewhere*, while the image of him lives so clearly in the mind. A few weeks, and the prairies are a vast carpet of beauty. The sea of water changes to a sea of flowers which wave gently in the soft breath of the summer airs that called them forth. Life is change, and death is change. Life and death are one.

* * * *

'Nature suffers no loss. Her redundancy and infinite resource has no need of us that we should be preserved in our individuality for ever. From the ashes of the dead does she produce the living. From decay, the

beauty of flowers. From living memories, souls. Men go; man remains. Just as we waste a sheet to try a pen, so nature works. So many men are spoiled in trying—— What?

* * * * *

‘Can so much excellence perish? Can a soul so noble and true fail to endure for ever? Can God bear to be perpetually losing those whom he loves?’ Alas, does not the beauty of everything fade and depart; the bright hues of the cloud and the aurora; the loveliness of bird and flower; and the noble grandeur of trees?

* * * * *

‘Just such a beauty may be human excellence in the Infinite eyes. Its memory may exist when the beautiful thing itself is no more. For what else is individual excellence than a temporary manifestation of eternal goodness? As well may the drops in the rainbow deem each other’s beauty as worthy to endure for ever, as for man to expect immortality for any excellence he can perceive in man. The informing Spirit may indeed be eternal, but forms are ever changing and passing away.’

BOOK III.

‘Even doubts are often instructive, for hasty conclusions may be avoided when we are assured either that what we know is little beyond probable surmise, or that our knowledge is only a few degrees removed from mere ignorance.’—SATURDAY REVIEW, July 21, 1866, p. 84.

CHAPTER I.

ANARCHY.

IT is a summer morning, and Herbert is riding through the picturesque hills that skirt the valley of the Sacramento, to a spot that has before attracted him as likely to repay labour. He is alone, and well-armed, for violence is now common in the land. Travellers approaching from opposite directions waive each other off the road. If one insists on coming too close, usage permits him to be shot down without waiting for an attack. Bandits from Upper Mexico are abroad; barbarians of wondrous skill in horsemanship, who at full gallop fling the terrible lasso with unerring certainty over the helpless traveller, and drag him to death at full speed. There are fearful reports in the settlements about these murderous gangs. The conversation at the wayside inn where Herbert put up last night was all about them. An American, who has been in the Mexican war, there tells how that many were made prisoners in that way. And how an officer of his regiment was caught, but being better mounted than his captor he outrode him and shot him down with his revolver; but the lasso being made fast to the saddle, the affrighted horse still galloped on, and a long chase was necessary before he too could be shot down, and the officer could release himself. They talk also of how the miners dwelling in lonely places, barricade their log-huts and prepare loop-holes for their rifles. Herbert's road lies

through a district believed to be infested, but he thinks the danger not greater there than in other parts of the country. He has ridden far and met with no one, and his thoughts gradually turn from danger to other subjects. He has been to the Bay and deposited the money he took down from the mines in the city banks, having written to the Major's relations to tell them his fate, and to ask for instructions respecting the disposal of his share. He has found and read the long-delayed letters. Poor Major, thou art happier thus. Thy bride waits not for thee. Death has been busy in that careful land as well as here. Now are ye united, and all doubts are cleared up for ever. And there is one less to weep for thee at home.

The inclination of his horse towards a rich plot of grass reminds Herbert that it is near noon, and therefore time for rest and refreshment. Horse and rider occupy themselves accordingly. A delightful little hollow it is, adorned with mountain oaks and splendid tiger lilies, whose red and speckled blossoms hang heavily in the noon-day heat. Pleasant reposing in such a spot, watching the tiny humming-birds shedding soft murmurs as they dart through the air, and hover around the tiger-lilies, poising themselves a moment on their quivering wings, and then diving up into the overhanging petals; and even wheeling close round Herbert as he sits motionless in order to tempt their approach.

And so from the sweet scenes of nature, and perhaps suggested by the very contrast, his thoughts recurred to the city he had just visited and the wild deeds there enacted. There he has seen all the order of things completely inverted; private citizens protecting themselves,

and punishing crime, while constituted authorities aided and abetted it. He has seen the streets patrolled day and night by bankers, lawyers, merchants, and shopkeepers, all carrying arms, and doing with their own hands that which the appointed guardians of society conspired to prevent. He has seen men seized in the act of robbery, the citizens summoned by the ringing of an alarm bell, and the offender executed on the spot. He has seen a mob, composed of the principal citizens, assault the gaol, take out the felons confined there, and hang them in the street, because they had been placed there for immunity, and not for justice. In the necessity for thus acting he sees the penalty for their own neglect of all the duties of citizenship for the frantic engrossment of money-making. With full power to be governed in the most perfect manner they could devise, and to select the best agents, they have left all to the worst classes of society, forgetting that Liberty not only confers privileges, but also imposes duties. From the lowest police, through officers, sheriffs, and, it is said, up to the judges and governor of the State, all offices have been filled with ruffians elected by ruffians assembled from all parts of the earth, and leagued together for plunder and rapine,—a terrible disease indeed, and threatening speedy dissolution to society. The remedy must be sharp in proportion. There was something majestic in the determined attitude of the better classes, when thoroughly aroused to a sense of their danger and their duty.

With that faculty for organisation which the American system seems to bestow as a birthright upon its children, committees of vigilance are everywhere ap-

pointed, either to see that justice is done, or to do it themselves. Sharp watch is kept, and detection followed by instant execution; little compassion being bestowed on men who commit their depredations with their eyes open, and in full knowledge of what their fate will be;— for men who steal, not because there is no work awaiting them with ample reward, but from pure preference for stealing to working. The effect is magical. The state is saved. Driven from the settlements, crime now haunts the unpeopled districts through which travellers must pass.

Herbert's tendency to philosophise naturally leads him to thinking about punishment and its meaning. In this simplest form of society he thinks can best be found the true theory of human association, as physiologists seek among the simplest organisms for theories of life and health. Punishment, when not mere revenge, is only in self-defence. Justice means only restitution; not vengeance, or retaliation. Man, that is, civilised man, has nothing to do with that. There is but one limit to a man's liberty of action, namely, the liberty of other men. We have no right to punish or prevent any action except in so far as it militates against our own liberty. The nature and quality of punishment must be determined by, and is an indication of, the stage at which any society has arrived, in its progress towards civilisation. Here in its early stage, and where the offenders against liberty form a large proportion of the whole, is actually a condition of civil war. The upholders of order, that is, those who do not infringe upon the liberties of others, cannot afford to make prisoners, for they have no means of guarding them; far less of reforming them. They can

therefore give no quarter. Death is no deliberate capital punishment: it occurs in the fight for existence. To punish implies unquestioned superiority. Here it is as yet doubtful which side is the stronger. To spare, therefore, would be suicidal. By and by, when life and property are respected by the vast majority, and crime becomes rare, security, leisure, and experience may suggest a mode of disposing of offenders with advantage to both parties. Judicious treatment may even make them useful members of society, and by being remunerative, prove even cheaper than hanging. But what may be cheap then is ruinously expensive, even impossible, now. The infliction of death, then, is neither right nor wrong in the abstract, but is determined entirely by the condition of each society. The ruder and simpler society is, the ruder and simpler must be its modes of defence against aggression. The reformation of criminals (a very different thing to their punishment) is a luxury to be reserved for a wealthier and securer society, with more advanced and complex civilisation.

CHAPTER II.

A VICTIM.

THE arms examined, the sharp knife loosened in its sheath, as the only possible defence against the encircling lasso, Herbert resumes his journey—a sample of many journeys made by him and others in that country. He has reduced the chances of danger by leaving the ordinary track, but neglects no precaution. He rides along making as little noise as possible, and wherever there are trees he keeps near them, remembering that the lasso is useless without free scope to fling it in. Night finds him far from any settlement; but this is a contingency expected and provided against. A little rivulet of clearest water, and a patch of grass, supply all the traveller's necessities, be he man or horse. A tree to sleep under out of the dew is a luxury. The horse feeds around until it is time to sleep. He is then picketed out with a long rope carried for the purpose. His master rolls himself in a blanket, and with his hollow Mexican saddle for a pillow, soon falls asleep. Happy life, with its dreams by day of hope, and by night of realisation. Pleasant contrast this quiet starry night makes to some of Herbert's late winter experiences, when camped out in the forest, with the storm driving through the trees, and sending their big branches crashing down on all sides, and the roar of the wind mingled with the howling of wild beasts, and the rain falling in torrents covered the ground with running water, which gradually

won its way even through the indian-rubber blanket in which the traveller enveloped himself on such occasions.

But even then Herbert managed to get through a good deal of sound sleeping, even when the night was such that his poor mule fell across him, chilled to death by the bitterness of the blasts.

Once perhaps the sleeper wakes, looks to see that his horse is all right; looks at the stars, and thinks how much more picturesque he must be than the worthy citizen shut in four walls, decorated with a night-cap, and buried to the nose in a feather-bed. He thinks that heart could not wish for more, had he but some one to care for beside himself. Yes, he feels lonely, but thrusts it away somewhat in this fashion: 'Never mind; let me but succeed, and it will all come—some day. But the luxury of having some one who would enjoy battling it out with me; who would make part of my history, instead of merely listening to it afterwards! I suppose there are such beyond the circle of my limited experience. It seems to me as if I had never really known anybody;—only a few prim, timid, contracted phantoms, made up of conventionality and theology, shrinking from the thought of their own nature, and wearing a perpetual mask, as if to hide their reality even from themselves; the sole visible aim of their lives being to dry up all human sympathy into the spiritual selfishness of devotees. Oh for one whose rich abounding soul dared to be true, and real, and loving: one to whom I might reveal all of myself, and who would glory in revealing all to me! What heights of being might we not tread together! But these are new thoughts for me. Since I lost the poor Major I find myself longing for a companion who would

indeed be a friend, and my fancy as usual frames an ideal, and this time changes it into a woman. It certainly is not good for man to be always alone. Alone he may be, even in a crowd of intimate acquaintances, from whom all the deeper thoughts and feelings which constitute his actual self, are entirely concealed. Thus, he becomes morbid. Alone with none to care for or consider beside himself. Thus, he becomes selfish. Selfish pleasure is only half pleasure. Happiness doubles by reflection. Self-sacrifice is a necessary result of the law of duality, and verily it hath its reward. That is, self-sacrifice for the good of another; not for its own sake, for then it is a vice, a rebuke to the bounty of nature, and a surly rejection of the good things provided for our enjoyment.'

Herbert continues his reverie as he rides along. 'Is it possible to be absolutely alone, one and sole in space, a conscious unit without any existence external to itself? A subject, with no object—necessarily ignorant of all, and even of self? for self must be dual to act on self. Knowledge of self implies duality of parts, one of which is conscious of the existence of the other, and thence of its own. If the whole be individual there can be no self-consciousness. Man communes with himself by reflecting on his impressions. But these come from without. If there was no without, there would be no impression. Ideas all result from experience, experience of something external, and perhaps internal, to oneself. Absolute loneliness, or oneness, is non-existence. Had God ever been alone creation had never been: that is, there would have been no God. Was it the perception of this necessity that led the subtle Hindoos and the later Christians to the ecclesiastical figment of multiplicity in

the divine personality?—one sole existence necessitating a duality, and this again resulting in a third existence:—the prime essence, or “Father,” impelled by his breath, disposition, or “Spirit,” and uttering the Word, or “Son:” the Self, the not-self, and the effect of one upon the other. And so the triune God appears as a logical necessity. And the divine self-sacrifice appears as no mere happy thought, or mechanical adjustment, but as a necessary result of the law of reflection, and founded inevitably in the nature of things; and Unconscious Selfishness as the basis of all morals.

‘I think the different theories of modern sects may be classified thus. The Romish deifies the family. The Calvinist the two opposing principles of Good and Evil, after the Pythagoreans. To this latter the “Evangelicals” superadd the principle of atonement and propitiation by sacrifice, borrowed from the Levitical code. And the true worshipper, (can I call him “Christian”?) acknowledges one God, who is the universal Spirit, to be “worshipped in spirit and in truth,” accessible without Mediator, symbol, or ceremonial.’

And now Herbert’s curiosity is excited by observing a broad fresh-looking trail through the long grass across the line of his route. A trivial circumstance, until it be remembered that a trail does not make itself; and who was there to make that one? Examining it, he finds no footstep of man or beast, but the grass is laid smooth into a long narrow trough, as if by something being drawn along. A thought strikes him. He draws a pistol and cocks it, and rides cautiously along the trail; a foolish thing perhaps to do in a country where every man is for himself; but he does it. It leads toward a

thicket. There are indications that the trail is one, perhaps two days old. Never mind, he will see the end of it. Certainty is better than apprehension. And certainty he soon has, though the murderers are probably far enough away now from the wretched victim that lies there, all torn and mangled, dragged to death, and flung into the bush to rot. A miner evidently,¹ but with features indistinguishable and pockets torn out, and nothing to be done but hastily tear down boughs, and cover the ghastly dead from sight, and then to horse again and away, first, however, examining the tracks to see which way the bandits have taken. Not his way it appears, but out of the valley by the shortest cut, over the hills to the rear of the thicket. Herbert returns to his route casting many a sharp glance around under the trees and to the ridges of the hills, and deep wrath amounting to exasperation takes possession of his mind, driving away all thought of fear on his own account. So that he even longs to fall in with the assassins, and take vengeance for the foul deed. It would be a relief to him.

By night he has put many a mile of hill, and valley, and forest, and river between himself and the thicket. Within a mile or two of his destination, he finds, to his disappointment, a new settlement. The spot he has come so far to survey may not, however, have been disturbed. The miners gather round him, and ask what news from the city. He has a newspaper or two, which are welcome indeed; and he tells the tale of the murdered man in the wood. There are eager inquiries from men who are expecting comrades; but there is little satisfactory to be told. Will he go back with a party and bury him?

Yes; the day after to-morrow will be Sunday, an idle day, and his horse will be fit for the journey, for it is a long way there and back. Let all who have horses arm themselves, and bring a couple of spades, and come. He inquires about the diggings. They are new, but promise well. There is no one else in their neighbourhood. There is work on the spot for all there, and it is hardly safe to be away from a settlement. They hope he will stay with them, for they like the looks of him, though he is a Britisher, and they guess he knows more than they do, though they shouldn't have taken him for a miner. 'Can he do any doctoring?' for there are two or three sick men, and they don't know what to give them. Herbert does not wish to divulge his intention by seeming in haste, so he passes next day in the camp, looks round the diggings, and performs the required 'doctoring.' He carries medicines always, and in cases of ague and dysentery will back himself against any regular practitioner. They offer payment. Remembering his former experience, he does not altogether decline, but says wait till they get well, and then they shall pay him something: that he does not profess to doctor, but likes to be neighbourly. Next day the party sets out. The dead man is buried unrecognised, and Herbert returns to execute his plan.

CHAPTER III.

THE CLAIM.

THE trial proved satisfactory and Herbert is settled in his new location ; and with the aid of some men, whom he manages to hire, is engaged in washing out the gold that lies scattered through the soil of a small valley lying some 3500 feet above the sea. It is a pleasant spot, adorned with oaks and firs in park-like order. Higher up on the mountain-side runs a vein of quartz, of which vast quantities have been broken off and decomposed in the course of ages, enriching all the lower ground with the gold thus detached. The soil, nowhere more than three feet in depth, is loose, black, and rich, and covered with roses now in full bloom, wild cherries, pea-vines, mint, and what the miners call the soap plant, from the root of it, when rubbed in water, making a white lather. A singular plant this last, being somewhat like a large onion covered by a wig of black shaggy hair. 'Ah, there's some poor fellow's scalp,' was the exclamation of one on first seeing the soap plant. Altogether a beautiful bit of garden ground, with little lumps of bright gold scattered evenly throughout, from the very grass roots to the rock beneath. Herbert cannot help regretting the destruction of such a spot for all purposes of future use and beauty. By means of a small stream of water directed through a series of wooden troughs, he and his men are causing the whole of the soil to disappear by putting it into the troughs to be

washed away. The weight of the gold causes it to remain behind, and by this simple process it is secured. An ideal place for gold digging, the labour is so easy; but they work very hard, notwithstanding, for time is indeed money to the miner, and Herbert pays his men according to the number of hours they work; and none of them wish to remain in California longer than is necessary to make the desired sum with which to return home. It seems that one or two thousand dollars is the aim of most workers there; an important sum to a mechanic or labouring man in the United States, but altogether below Herbert's notions. There are three Americans in the party, a Scotch sailor, who has left his ship at San Francisco, and an Irishman who has deserted from the United States army. The best educated of them is a 'full-blooded Yankee,' whom Herbert has made his foreman,—a witty fellow, whose great delight is to 'do the judicious misrepresentation' for too inquisitive inquirers; for a foreigner holds his claim only by grace of his neighbours; and if it be a good one, it is as well that they should not know it. Herbert's security lies in the friendly terms he has established, and in there being abundant room for all comers. So universal, however, is the habit of misrepresenting the quality of a claim, that the surest way of deceiving is to tell the exact truth, and to make a show of being very exact in telling it.

CHAPTER IV.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

SUNDAY comes, and is prized as they alone can prize it who have toiled all the week from early dawn to dewy eve beneath a hot sun, who have, in fact, worked extra hard on the strength of the day of rest. His men have gone to the settlement, according to miners' wont, to spend the day in anything but work; and Herbert betakes himself, with his gun and his note book, to the recesses of the forest. Though high noon under the sun of a Californian summer, and the air is magically clear and bright as it only can be at a height of some three or four thousand feet, there is gloom and coolness down among the thick pines. Herbert often feels lonely, for he finds no companionship such as he desires among those who surround him. It is a relief to get away from them, good fellows though they be, with their small and oft-repeated jokes, and noisy mirth, to the society of the tall trees who now bear him solemn company. In this respect he dares to differ from Plato, who preferred town to country on the plea that more is to be learnt from men than from trees. From some men, perhaps. In these lofty pines he sees grand old heroes of many a hard-fought battle with wind and lightning, thrusting their venerable heads far up into heaven, and bringing down revelations of Nature and her doings altogether incomprehensible to the tiny roses that cluster so lovingly at their feet, content there to shed the

fragrance of their lives as in grateful return for the shelter and the home. He loves to listen to the low hum of Nature purring over her endless work of transmutation, serving as it does only to intensify the deep stillness, which is now and then broken by the sharp tapping of the woodpecker on some giant stem. Lying there with his ear close to the ground it is difficult to avoid fancying he can feel the throbbing of the great heart of earth, the mother of himself, as of those trees, and of the grey squirrels that play in their branches. At times, indeed, the feeling of loneliness becomes terribly oppressive. The indefiniteness of his future; the abandonment of the cherished intention of his whole earlier life; the severance of every tie of kindred, severed even less by remoteness of place than by difference of sentiment; the loss of the one companion to whom he had attached himself; and the possibility of failing in his present quest,—all combine to make him feel acutely his present isolation. Able to call no man friend, or brother, he looks out into infinity and there finds none whom he can call Father. In his weariness and solitude the universe is for him a blank. His bark is launched upon the mighty ocean, with neither chart nor compass for a guide: he is drifting he knows not whither. Yet he will not invent a fiction to bear him company. A fiction? Has it come to that? Yes, he sees nowhere in nature, room for such a being as men call God. He sees growth and change, but nowhere creation. Uniform succession of phenomena, but nowhere will, or caprice. He has traced the flower and the tree, the insect and the animal, and even the earth itself, back step by step to their possible earliest forms, and resolved them into their component

atoms. He says, 'Give me only matter and motion and all things, even to mine own self, are accounted for. Matter struggles into life, and life into consciousness. But whence the matter, and its law of motion? Must there not be a Maker and a Lawgiver? No,' he says, 'for whence the Maker and whence the Lawgiver? Had nothing ever existed, nothing would still exist. Matter is certainly eternal, and it is far easier to believe in that than in the complex deity of the priests. Say they that all things have existed from all eternity in God? That is only to deify matter, or at least to make it a part of God. If matter be self-existent, why not also its inherent law of the mutual tendency of its atoms? In all growth I can discover only a process of accretion varying with its conditions. All things tend towards those for which they have the strongest attraction. Such inclination is part of their nature, and they are in no wise able to alter it. Even man, who claims to be something apart from all other beings, is only free to obey the strongest motive, to follow that which attracts him most.

'Where then is responsibility? What is that "Sin" of which so much account is made by our instructors? Can anything act in variance to its own nature? Surely not; and no one is the author of his own nature. Thus it would seem that there is no merit or desert, no punishment, no reward. There are *consequences* that grow naturally out of previous conditions; and which are more or less pleasant to the individual in proportion as they are in harmony with his nature and conditions. Man may have a perception of the conditions most favourable to him, and act so as to obtain the greatest amount of happiness of which his nature is capable.

But he must be previously endowed with such powers of perception, and is in no way blameable for being without them. To blame the nature of anything is to blame the source from which that nature proceeds. The past has produced the present, and the present is producing the future. There is a kind of pantheism which represents all things as a manifestation of a Supreme Being that underlies all phenomena, and which teaches that these manifestations vary with the divine will, and depend in no way upon one another. In the most obvious sense such a theory is a deification of caprice, but it is not necessarily so, for even the Supreme Will cannot act without motives, and those motives must have their basis in the nature and condition of things. So that in this manner, also, the sequence of events appears governed by constant laws. What men mean by one being "wicked" is that he does not act in accordance with what they believe to be their greatest convenience, and his own greatest satisfaction. That is, they believe that they know better than he does what is the best course for him to follow. Every man must act so as to please himself according to the best knowledge he has. He cannot help doing so; for that which seems to him to produce for him the most happiness is his strongest motive, and he cannot do otherwise than follow that. To assert that the best men are governed by a sense of duty rather than of pleasure, is not to contravene this argument; it is only to assert that there are men to whom the performance of duty gives the most pleasure.

'The only sin then is ignorance; ignorance of the conditions of our being, and of the things most suitable to its largest development. What blasphemy it would be

against the intelligence and justice of any being to charge him with entertaining infinite wrath against creatures to whom he has given existence, because they are ignorant, he not having given them the knowledge, or the impulse, disposition, or power to acquire the knowledge, of the best proportion in which they can use the things provided for them. Yet this is what Christians believe in with respect to their God. I speak of Christians as if I were not one. Am I not? I don't know, but I sometimes think that others have forfeited their claim to the title more than myself. I feel that I have *faith*, though no *belief*. While my heart draws me towards an ideal of perfection, my intellect is unable to show me that such a being has any objective personal existence. Most people seem to me to have a belief, but no faith. No faith either in man, or in the God in whom they profess to believe. They regard him as an enemy ever watching for an opportunity to take advantage of any slips of theirs to do them a mischief. They speak of "tempting Providence," as if Providence were some monster waiting to spring upon them the instant their watchfulness is relaxed. If they believed in God as a friend and father, they would hardly talk of tempting their friend or father to do them an injury. Ordinary Christians, so far from granting me the title, would call me atheist. Yet it seems to me that none deserve the name more than themselves. At least all whom I have ever known seem to me to be such, and I think it can be put so clearly as to convince themselves. I will imagine a right, proper Christian, not Charles Arnold, but an evangelical one, and ask him what he means by "God." He answers, "A being infinite, eternal, perfect. The sole maker. The supreme

ruler. The just judge. Whose nature is love, and whose will is law."

'And you appeal to the inmost consciousness of every man to recognise the harmony between such a being and the articles of your belief?'

'Most confidently; for I firmly believe that by no other scheme than the Christian one can the existence of evil and the various attributes of God be reconciled.'

'Bear with me, while I put your belief into plain language, and correct me if I misrepresent it. The being whom you believe to be God, having chosen to make the universe, when he might have remained alone in ineffable repose, finds himself baffled by his own creation—'

'No; baffled by sin, but only momentarily. He did not make sin.'

'Then something beside God, and independent of him, existed prior to the creation? I think you mislead yourself by making sin an entity. By sin you really mean a going wrong.' 'Well.' 'Well, God's creation goes wrong. He has to struggle long with difficulties, and strive by schemes and contrivances to save the countless host of his children from the deadly malice of one whom he hath himself made, and made too in full fore-knowledge (on the Maker's part) of all the mischief he would do, and what it would cost to subdue him. And after all He succeeds in rescuing but a small fraction from the Evil One's hands. For you hold the gate of hell to be wide, so that many walk into it unawares, and that of heaven to be narrow and easily missed. Thus far I am unable to recognise either the wisdom, the power, the beneficence, or the justice of your God.'

‘ You forget that, having made man free, He could not control his use of his freedom.’

‘ I remember that, having made his children weak and ignorant of what was best for them, you hold that He placed them in a garden of forbidden delights, and required of them an obedience which, by your deification of Christ, you admit could not be rendered by mere man, however perfect, and when they yielded to the first temptation to transgress a little, He condemned them and their unborn offspring to unspeakable tortures for evermore. That is, having made them finite and imperfect, He damned them for not being infinite and perfect, and would only be propitiated towards them by the blood and agony of the only innocent one, the only one who had never offended Him in his life. No human father requires a sacrifice or compensation before he can pardon a repentant child. Is man more tender than God, and is the thing made an unfaithful index to the character of the Maker ?

‘ Again, when man punishes he has in view the reformation of the offender as well as self-defence, whereas the punishment inflicted by your God, having for its end, not the benefit, but the increasing reprobation of the sufferer, can proceed only from the bitterest feelings of revenge, worthy the most malignant fiend the imagination can conceive.’

‘ What, does not the glory of a pure God demand the infinite punishment of sin ?’

‘ Do as you please with the sin. I am speaking of the sinner. According to your doctrine he perpetuates, not destroys it. If He be so infinitely pure as to detest that which you call sin, how came He to admit its de-

filement into His work? If so infinitely just, how comes He to make the work of His own hands responsible for the flaws of its construction? If so infinitely merciful and loving, why so averse to pardon His erring children? If so infinitely powerful, why allow an evil demon to devastate the fair domains of His creation? Why, your doctrine deposes God from His high place, and makes the devil triumphant to all eternity. "Calvinism, in spite of your calling it "Evangelical Christianity," is devil-worship. Calvinism is Atheism. It is thus precisely because I accept your definition of God, that I cannot accept your account of His dealings.'

'But the revelation He has given us in His word?'

'A man's meaning is ever better known by his deeds than his words. Were an angel from heaven to come and tell me such things of a being whom I loved and respected, I should reject it as a slander and a lie. But what you call a revelation is an impossibility, for it necessitates a prior knowledge of the divine in order to know that anything is divinely predicated. All that a man can know is that he has a strong, an overpowering impression, it may be: but of the source of that impression he can know nothing. And of its nature he can only judge by comparing it with his ordinary experience. An infallible revelation requires an infallible interpreter, and both are useless without an infallible understanding to comprehend the interpretation.'

CHAPTER V.

OLD GROUND.

THUS the God and the revelation of his youth and of his kindred abandoned, and their place in his imagination as yet unfilled, Herbert writes to Arnold about the time that the above notes are dated:—‘I cannot find any innate or intuitive perception of what men call Deity. Is this my peculiar feeling, or is it universal? I can with others reason back to find a First Cause for all that exists, and call that by the name of God. But I cannot see that He has a necessary existence in space, except as a solution to the problem of the universe, or rather as a single hypothesis to save us from many assumptions. So far from perceiving the necessity of His existence, unless to account for my own, it seems to me that I can with much greater ease imagine an infinite vacuum, an utter void. I have thus no perception of the necessity of God; and of course none of that sense of a father’s feeling towards me which a child is said to have of its parent. In all my attempts to form a conception of God as a person, I feel that I am only deifying the final product of my own faculties. The lowest rock we call God. You know the story:—the child inquired of its grandmother what supported the ground? Rocks, answered the old lady. And what supports the rocks? Why other rocks, to be sure. But what is there under all the rocks? Why, bless the child, there are rocks *all the way down.*

‘ You will say, happy is the man who finds “ rocks all the way down.” He has firm standing ground : he can spring up.

‘ I am thus, you see, swimming in a deep sea, “ an atom between two infinities.” Above is the illimitable sky; below is the bottomless, no, not bottomless, fathomless ocean. But I want to feel the bottom; not to have to take it for granted that it must be there to support the sea. Could I once touch it, once gain this certainty, methinks I could spring up. But as it is, I can only float on, sometimes a little more above water than at others, and hope some day to reach the verge where all meet.

‘ But ought we not to be able to demonstrate the necessary existence of God, independently of all secondary and derived existences? to be able to reason from Him to them, instead of from them to Him?

‘ But in the absence of such intuition, I strive, though I fear in vain, after the lofty results ascribed by Pope to

“ The poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind ;”

—a result, it seems to me, unattained by any Christian I have known. But the poet is mistaken. The Indian sees, not God, but gods, or rather big invisible men. Every natural operation is to him the work of a separate personage. That is, every operation that is not constant, or that seems to his ignorance to indicate exceptional power and force; an eclipse, or a thunderstorm. Curiously enough, the regular and benign course of nature is taken as a matter of course, and excites no feel-

ings of joy or wonder, of thankfulness, or even of admiration. A party of Indians came up to me one day while I was gazing with delight on a hollow in a hillside covered with a carpet of flowers of most exquisite colours, a perfect marvel of beauty, which I tried in vain to make them see and appreciate; but I could get nothing out of them, but that it was always so at that spring-season, and that the flowers were not good to eat. Only the more special providences indicate the action of the savages' gods. It was much the same with the ancient Greeks and Romans. They had no god of the air unless it was in motion: a god of the gale and another of the breeze, but none of the absolute calm. I want to find the one God: the universal unity that underlies and harmonises all manifestations.'

So Herbert, in the welcome intervals of rest, lies in the forest and ponders, and makes note of his ponderings; allowing his thoughts to wander whither they will without fear of trespass or losing his way. At length he begins to feel that he is not altogether without a guide. Though without a Belief he still has Faith. Otherwise why should he care to know? Reviewing his mental condition, he congratulates himself on having outstripped the phantoms that haunted his youth and threatened to engulf his soul. He has struggled out of the Slough of Despond, out of the dismal swamp of Calvinistic theology. His eyes are cleared of obstructions from that source. He knows not whither he will wend his way, but he sees the vast plain of truth spread out before him, and anything is better than that from which he has escaped. Something is done towards the new edifice when the rubbish of the old one is cleared from the

ground. So he drives away the feeling of loneliness and goes on his way rejoicing. He claims brotherhood with all living things, and accepts all for his teachers. Watching yon eagles soaring far up in the glowing sunlight, he thinks how his old instructors, to be consistent, must bid them clip their wings and no longer dare to soar aloft, but to cower down among the valleys and the mists. They would tell them that they ought not to trust their own pinions, and to gaze on heaven with their own eyes; because that, forsooth, centuries ago certain ancient eagles soared higher than any modern eagles can hope to soar, and brought down all that can be known of the upper regions of light, and that they must be content with those portions of their accounts which have survived to their time. So he learns that man can behold God and truth as well now as in the days that are gone; and that the experiences of others should be used, not to supersede and obstruct, but to encourage and aid our own efforts. He sees that to assert that God has revealed himself once for all, is to limit him to a time and to a speech, and to expel him from his works, from nature, that is, from his own revelation of himself in deeds. To place God and nature in antagonism is to set up two Gods; that is, none.

So, look at it how he will, he finds all mankind liable to the charge for which they would anathematise him. 'Then why,' he wonders, 'should they be so incensed against me?'

'Out of the thousand religions of the earth, they believe all to be false except one. I go but a very little farther. I believe one more to be false than they do. That is, the whole thousand.'

‘Very remarkable is the presumption of men who require me to limit and shape my conception of the divine nature and method of working, so as to agree with theirs. They require God to limit his revelation of himself to me to the degree vouchsafed to them. Not to themselves but, as far as our English churchmen are concerned, to that of sundry individuals who lived some 300 years ago. The fact is they endow the reformers of the 16th century with infallibility. Had these gone farther and rejected yet more of the Romish doctrine and practice, their conclusions would still have been implicitly accepted. Then why blame me for going farther on my own account, unless they believe the reformers infallible, and themselves infallibly right in believing so ?

‘But I find myself too much engaged in these retrospections. I want the clash of other minds more advanced than myself to help me forward. I wish I could get books here. I am in danger of becoming like Lot’s wife, petrified in looking back ; ever contemplating the ruins of the past. Heaven knows, not with any longing towards that past ; yet out of their ruins would I reconstruct a habitation for my soul. The name of God is a tower of strength. For me he is indeed living and pervading all things, and is not merely a being apart. Man has a trinity of wants : a Faith, an Occupation, and a Home. The last means something to love. Let me have patience.’

CHAPTER VI.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

HERBERT does not restrict his chances of making a fortune to his own personal operations. Extensive preparations have been made by companies of miners for turning the neighbouring river out of its bed at various points.

The wealth found in the banks has raised sanguine expectations that the bed will prove enormously rich, and many a miner has embarked the whole of his earnings in the venture. At a great price Herbert has obtained shares in some of these undertakings. The skill and energy displayed by the Americans, the manner in which, with so few appliances, they compel the wilderness to minister to their wants, strike him as most admirable. Huge trees are felled, and sawn into planks, and shot down into the steep cañons of the river. Long wooden channels, by them called 'Flumes,' are constructed, and strong dams are made to turn the whole of the water into them. At length, after several months of hard work, and impatient waiting for the water to fall sufficiently low, the bed is laid dry. Alas for those who had been eagerly looking forward to spending next Christmas in the home to which their fortunate venture shall have brought affluence and comfort. Instead of the bed of clay glittering throughout with scales and lumps of gold, nought appears but bare granite, smooth and polished by the ceaseless rushing of the waters. It

is thus in every case in which Herbert is interested. His prospect of leaving California with a competence is indefinitely postponed, and his sanguine temperament feels the disappointment keenly. But to many the shock is more than they can bear. To most dispositions adversity is more demoralising than prosperity. While one class of miners at once seeks fresh scenes of labour, reckless drunkenness is the resource of another; and one poor fellow takes refuge in suicide.

Herbert went over to the settlement the Sunday after the failure was declared. He finds the men all lounging listlessly about, not knowing what to do next, and not sufficiently recovered from the shock to feel energy for anything; so enormous is the amount of labour thrown away, and so high have hopes been raised. A little interest is awakened by the arrival of a preacher, of whom Herbert has already heard from his men, who comes to deliver his usual weekly discourse. Herbert listens with the rest. Strange, it strikes him, is the clinging to dogma and the ignoring of the heart's real feelings, which mark most preachers of all denominations. This man, a shrewd genial man enough in his ordinary life, no sooner begins to teach others than he begins to say what he does not feel, and cannot really believe. Why will preachers think that inhuman sentiments cease to be inhuman and become divine if uttered in a sermon? Herbert gets angry when, in attempting to 'improve' the incident of the poor suicide, the preacher finds no pity or sympathy, but only denunciation. 'For filthy lucre.'

He waits until it is over, and then, while all are listening, he asks how he knew that 'poor Harry

had rushed unbidden into the presence of his Maker?’

‘Why, didn’t he shoot himself?’

‘Yes, but how are you and I to know that that was not the very mode in which his Maker desired him to appear before him? Had life been reft from him by illness or accident, you would have regarded these as ministers of God to do his will; what less claim have the circumstances which drove him to this deed, and the nature upon which they so acted, to be considered divinely ordained? He did not make his own sensitive disposition, or cause his own disappointment.’

‘Then you don’t condemn him for putting an end to himself?’

‘It is not my business to condemn anybody. I only think that if he could have looked forward two or three years, he would have found his future self saying how foolish he was to take his disappointment so much to heart. At that distance of time the whole matter will seem a small one.’

Some of the miners thank him afterwards for that last remark. ‘It is bad enough now, but they guess they wont care so much about it after a bit, if they can only hold on till then.’

A few days, and all are busy again on new ground, hope revives, and misfortunes are forgotten. So runs the gold-hunter’s life. Fascinating in its uncertainty as that of the gambler, but without the demoralisation; the hard labour saves it from that, and still more the consciousness that the success of one is not the ruin of another.—At nobody’s expense save that of mother carth, and she is willing enough.

Herbert himself will have soon to seek other scenes

of labour, for not only is his present claim nearly worked out, but the supply of water is rapidly failing. He feels much regret at the prospect of quitting that neighbourhood, for he has had many pleasant experiences there. His intercourse with his neighbours, rough and unlettered though they are, has taught him to form a higher estimate altogether of individuals; not, perhaps, of their wisdom or moral excellence, but he has learnt thoroughly to discard the carefully inculcated notion of the total depravity of everybody. And, as some of the notes made before quitting this spot will show, he thinks he has succeeded in discovering how it is that men accept a belief so contrary both to reason and to experience. He writes :—

‘As the tendency of a wound is to heal, so the general bias of human nature seems to be towards good.

‘I have found that the miners when they have come to borrow any of my few books, have generally asked for “something true.” The country is inundated with novels, mostly translations from the French, lively and clever, but of low rank in the scale of morals. But even these have in several instances served a good end, for they have attracted many to read who would otherwise never have looked into a book. These highly-seasoned romances have served to awaken many a torpid intellect to a sense of its powers. Once awakened, the mind soon finds that such food cloy without nourishing, and demands something more satisfactory. The habit of reading and the desire for knowledge once formed, the transition is easy and natural to more useful knowledge. At least, many of these practical backwoods’-men have

found it so. The only question they ask when borrowing of me is, "Is it true?"

'If indeed the mind remains satisfied with light or low reading; if the individual sinks into a mere novel reader, it is probably a proof, not of the necessarily bad effects of such literature, but of the mental imbecility of the individual. Such an one would never have done any good. I confess that to myself it is an immense delight and relaxation to get hold of one of Dumas' exciting novels. For many an hour of pleasant and wholesome refreshment am I indebted to "Monte Christo," and the wonderful series which begins with the "Three Musketeers." Perhaps these hardly deserve the name of light reading. There is an element of grandeur in them that places them far higher in the scale. The death of poor Porthos is itself an epic, and truly Homeric. And the picture of a man making himself a providence and a fate to others is not unsuggestive of a moral.

'I am sure it is a great mistake to condemn whatever is not adapted to the highest parts of our nature, or the most advanced stages of its development. And it is a mistake constantly made by those who ignore the fact that man has many sides to his nature, and that the lower are as necessary a part of him as the higher.

'Not to those who most need it is the gospel preached, but to the select few who already have, or pretend to, a lofty spirituality, such as the mass of mankind are quite unable to comprehend. Calling themselves the elect, they hold that the "scheme of salvation" was contrived only for them, and complacently regard everybody without their little circle as reprobate. How completely does any miscellaneous assemblage of men give the lie to these

notions. Among the crowd upon a race-course at home, or in the ship that brought me here, or with these miners, it is impossible not to feel that some far larger theory of God and of the meaning of the universe must be adopted if it is to be applicable to more than one out of many thousands of the human race. How many a clergyman have I known in England who shuts himself up to the society of a select few who flatter and humour him, and consult him about delicate mental, or rather emotional, phenomena, and mutually flatter each other into believing that they are the saints, and abandon all who remain without their little coterie to the "uncovenanted mercies of God," but never venture among them for fear of having to enlarge their theory and lessen their own complacency. It is so pleasant to think ourselves the special objects of divine favour; and so hard to believe in injustice when our own merits are so fully recognised.

'The poor Major's library consisted of a cookery book and a Bible. An American, seeing the latter in my hut the other day, remarked, "Excellent work that; there are some first-rate things in it."

'I envied him his frame of mind, it was so evidently free from any slavish superstition or prejudice. Truly in its simple narratives may be found a complete revelation of *man*. In it he is drawn in all the extent of his nature, without the alteration of a single feature. From the lowest depths to the loftiest attainments of which he is capable, from Ahab to Jesus, all degrees are represented there. It is a gallery in which all the pictures are life-like; but the subjects are so varied that none are too gross for admission. A revelation of God is

impossible to our faculties, but the Bible reveals man's idea of God in the various stages of its growth. It consequently represents Him under characters as widely different as were the men themselves who recorded their conceptions; from the "jealous," unscrupulous, Jewish patriot-God Jehovah, to the universal loving Father. Men cannot imagine God to be other than that which they themselves appreciate. A "revelation of God," therefore, is a revelation, not of God, but of man, inasmuch as man's ideal is the index to his own character.'

CHAPTER VII.

PROGRESS.

HERBERT'S chief delight is in his meditations among the pine trees. He is wandering farther and farther from the tracks of his youth. He has got into a world of thought so wide that he can nowhere dash himself against its boundaries; out of the concrete into the abstract. The predominant sensation is one of joy. Like an escaped captive just free from his prison and his chains, he hardly knows yet whither to betake himself. The joy of being free is enough for the present. Why hurry to a conclusion? All things are progressive. If there is the infinite to be studied, there is eternity for the task. Why not linger among the delights of the road?

Something has been gained of late; for he no longer feels in danger of being overwhelmed by the deep waters in which he is floating. He no longer requires to touch the bottom in order to spring up. He feels that in the very ocean around him is ever-present the universal Divinity, as much as in any other place. And so he writes, 'There is no nucleus of Deity; God being infinite, his centre must be everywhere. He is here, above, below, and around; where the two infinities of earth and sky, like life and death, ever kiss each other, as much here as in the unattainable abyss.' And again, 'There is no absolute, no perfection. All things must be progressive. Does progression necessarily involve

termini? or can we have any idea of progression in the infinite? Yet, had absolute perfection existed prior to the "creation," the universe* had never been. For why create, unless to produce a state of things better than before existed? For the greater glory of God? Then His glory was capable of increase, and therefore was not complete. Therefore there was no perfection; therefore no God! Into this maze of contradiction do the theologians lead us, by detaching God from the universe, and making Him a being apart. Abolish degrees in anything, and it vanishes altogether. The only absolute is annihilation. In evil, it must destroy itself and vanish. In perfection also it is absolute nothingness.

‘A condition in which there are no degrees and no contrasts is a condition of negation. All light would be no light. All goodness would be no goodness. No distance can be great absolutely, but only as compared with a less distance. It is the imperfection necessary to the finite that theologians confound with sin. Hence comes their doctrine of the total depravity of human nature. They mistake imperfection for wickedness. Existence is a scale whose extremes are infinitely distant, for it may be divided into degrees infinitely small. All things are somewhere between those two extremes. In any condition of existence whatever, however high and excellent, however low and base, it is possible for those dwelling there to conceive something still better, still worse. Let us be placed where we may we can still see a Beyond. Those who have won the highest place in heaven itself have only won the ability to perceive something far higher and better towards which they may aspire. They have only enlarged the circle of their

desires, and their actual place is one with which they are dissatisfied, and which they long to transcend. The popular idea of perfection necessitates the power to imagine a worse, but none to imagine a better, state of being. The distance from God will ever seem the greatest to those who have the highest faculties for appreciating Him. The highest in heaven will thus feel themselves the lowest. They may even thus feel themselves so far from God that heaven will be no heaven to them; and they may have less pleasure in existence than the tenants of hell itself. For in order to exist continuously in any place the nature of the individual must harmonise to such a degree with the conditions of the place as to derive a certain satisfaction from the mere fulfilling of those conditions. Unmitigated suffering, therefore, cannot long exist. There must be some degree of satisfaction, some pleasure, wherever there is life. Hell is defined to be a state of separation from God. But, as appears above, this is a condition of which the tenants of heaven are better able to appreciate the evil. So that even these dread extremes meet, and heaven and hell are one!

‘A simple statement, however, disposes of the orthodox tenet on this head. The principles of our nature must ever be our guide. We can imagine no good being to be perfectly happy while any are hopelessly wretched. If there is a hell, therefore, there can be no heaven. If a heaven, no hell. The ideas are of necessity mutually destructive. What St Augustine wrote to the contrary was written by him as a theologian, not as a man. And truly inhuman was a theology which could make the contemplation of the torments of the damned one of the

principal delights of the saved. This earth, indeed, may comprise the elements of both in itself. If a condition of hopeful progress towards the loftiest end be the happiest possible for intelligent beings, surely there are many such in this world, and to them it is indeed a heaven. If remorse and hopelessness be the lot of the most miserable, there are those who find their hell here. The vast majority are between these extremes. The question for them is to which do they tend? Whereabouts on the infinite ladder am I, and in which direction do I tend? I know no man who can tell me, and I have nothing to guide me aright if I tend awrong; save only the instincts of my nature, and the influence of the things that surround me. Is more vouchsafed to any? Have any a right to demand more; to require an infallible guide that shall supersede all necessity of exertion and watchfulness on their part? Out upon the old notions that would detach me from the Universe of which I am a part, and send me wandering through space in search of a distinct, isolated, impossible God! No, no: the Universe is Alive, and He is its Life: "The Life of the world." O ye trees, living columns in these sombre aisles, be not incommunicable to me who seek to learn from you. Reveal to me the mystery of your own being, and perchance I shall discover the secret of mine. Answer for me the question that haunts me; for of late, wherever I have turned my steps, whether busy at my work, or following with my gun in the tracks of the stag, or wrapped in my blanket at night, the question hath continually rung in my ears: 'What is thine end and aim?' And I am disquieted in my mind, for I cannot answer it. I seem to myself to be no more than

yon lizard that dies after a life spent in the pursuit and digestion of insects. Or even as yourselves, who, after contending for a few seasons with the blasts, fall and become a prey to the fires of the wild man, and whiten the ground with your ashes. What do I here? and what do ye here? Do ye, like some of us men, work, and wonder, and add to your wonder worship? or do ye, like other of us, simply enjoy without thinking or even being conscious of it? I see much that ye may enjoy, in the air, and the light, and the moisture; in the shedding your pollen for a future generation, and in protecting your slender pinelings, and the flowers that grow between. But is this all?

‘And it seemed to me that in the murmur of the breeze through their topmost branches, they sighed down for answer, “We follow the impulse of our nature. The deeper we strike our roots into earth, the higher we rise towards heaven.”’

CHAPTER VIII.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

IT is of no use to remain longer where he is. So, previous to making a fresh start, Herbert visits the Bay. He there finds letters from home, exhibiting mingled feelings of anxiety for his health and safety in that wild land, and mortification at his desertion of his profession, tempered, however, by half-suppressed satisfaction at his prospects of success, which Herbert now fears he may have drawn in too bright colours. For the time his chronic home-sickness is checked; not that his affection is in any way diminished, but letters and papers from a place we know often seem to transport us thither, in such a measure as to satisfy our longing to be there. From the poor Major's family, also, he receives the warmest acknowledgment of his care and friendship for their lost relative, with an urgent request that he will accept the money made by him in California. They feel that Herbert has a 'better claim to it than anybody else, for they are certain the poor fellow would never have made a sixpence by himself.' These two or three hundred pounds, for it does not appear to have been more, made a welcome addition to Herbert's little capital; and the kindly tone of the communication produces a glow of pleasure that he feels to be a sufficient compensation for much hardship.

He enjoys this visit to the city more than any previous one. It is getting more settled and civilised.

Indeed in no respect, save in position, is it the same city. For San Francisco has been burnt down two or three times of late. The canvas city gave place to a wooden one; and the wooden city has given place to one of brick, and stone, and iron. He meets people whose society is pleasant to him. There are many women and children now dwelling there, and a child's cry is to him the sweetest music, after his sojourn in the wilderness. School-houses and churches are beginning to rear their heads. With one of the latter he seems specially pleased, for it is the joint property of three different sects who have united their means to build it, agreeing to use it in turn at different times of the day. He becomes intimate with a New England family, all the members of which are occupied in the same business, but belong to different sects; one or more of them attending each of the services in the joint-stock chapel. Herbert notes that on most ordinary topics, on all affecting their personal relations in life, they are agreed, but on Sunday they diverge each to his own communion, and meet at the supper-table in the evening in harmony so perfect and natural that he cannot but contrast with it the bitterness and gloom that such difference of opinion would engender in every family of his acquaintance in England. Speaking of this one day to the father, a homely square-built man, full of strong good sense, he answered: 'I guess now, in the old country your fathers there just want their children to look upon them as possessing popish infallibility, and so won't let them have any mind of their own. Now, you see, if I was to begin with my youngsters in that way, our Yankee children are so keen that they would soon

find out that I was no more infallible than they are. And when they found me pretending to be what I ain't really, they would set me down as a humbug. I can't stand that, so I let them know the first thing that I have only been in the world a trifle longer than themselves, just enough to get a class or two above them in the big school. That I'll tell them all I know, and the more they can find out for themselves the better. I do my best. I teach them to be *mòre* afraid of doing wrong than of offending me; but I don't set up for a pattern for them in thinking, any more than I do in looks. Some of them take after me, and some after their mother. You ought to have known that woman. Such a right down clever one, and so fond of me,—often said she wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for me. Well, if they ain't all alike in looks, I don't see why they should be all alike in their ways of thinking. There's Amos, there, he's death on punkins, and he keeps healthy and strong on 'em, while they knock me right down if I just touch the least morsel. Well, our minds differ just about as much, but we are none the worse friends for that. I guess your old country fathers go on a different sort of tack; but I reckon they haven't got a better set of boys than mine.'

Sometimes the supper is enlivened by a comparison of the various discourses they have heard during the day, and a discussion about their respective doctrines, but always in perfect charity, as if each one felt that though his belief was the best for him, yet it was not necessarily so for the others. The only approach to bigotry is on the part of an uncle, who sometimes joins the party; a hard-featured descendant of the Puritans, and who still

clings to their rigid faith and practice. His presence is generally the signal for a dogmatic turn to the conversation. Of an ascetic temperament, he looked with great distrust on all who gave any scope to their natural capacity for enjoyment. He could not understand how a person could frequent theatres and other places of amusement, and yet be a sincere Christian, with hope in the future. He loved to dilate on what he had read about the evil of such places, the temptations and light company, especially of the theatre. He was thankful that he had never tempted Providence by going thither ; but he knew enough by description to cause him to fear greatly for those who did go. It was to such a tirade that one of the party, a young man whose eye and brow bespoke him an artist of no mean order, made answer :

‘ My uncle, I never lose a chance of going to the theatre when there is to be a good representation ; but I know nothing of the things whereof you seem to have heard so much. No doubt there is evil everywhere for those who look out for it, but not necessarily in a theatre any more than in a church. I go to enjoy the lofty language of the poet, and the actor’s delineation of nature. So far from getting harm there, I fancy I learn something of good ; at least my capacity for enjoyment, which I presume has been given me to be used, is satisfied, and I come away thankful both for the faculty and for the means of gratifying it.’

Another declared that, as far as he was concerned, a broad farce at which he could laugh heartily put him in good humour with himself and all the world for a week afterwards ; and in his opinion there was no religion like

the religion of good humour. He didn't at all believe in people who thought they were pious when they were only bilious.

To this the Puritan uncle rejoined: 'Your new-fangled notions just make this world everything to you; a place for working, resting, and playing, in turn. Now, I like to follow what the Bible says, and work here while it is day, and look for the wages elsewhere. The harder a man works here the more he will enjoy his rest in heaven.'

'I agree a good deal with uncle,' remarked one who had hitherto been silent, 'and think he is quite right to lay himself out the best he knows how, to procure the greatest amount of enjoyment, whether in this life or a future one. But I like to make the best of what I have got, according to that text he so often reminds us of, which says, "Sufficient for the day." So I try to get as much enjoyment as I can out of this world, and when I get into another, I mean to do the same with that; but not to be always counting on it, and losing a chance here for the sake of a better one there. That would be acting just like nine out of ten miners did when I was in the diggings last season,—always thinking there were better diggings farther on. And the farther off any new diggings were, the richer they believed them to be. It would be such a disappointment when one had gone through this world on uncle's plan, to find that there was no more to come. Though I can't help thinking it would only be a fair punishment for refusing all the good things Providence has offered us here because we thought they were not good enough and wanted something better.'

Herbert notes here 'the possibility of brethren dwelling together in unity without uniformity, where due allowance is made for the natural disposition of each: the attempt to secure uniformity, whether in family, church, or state, being but a parody on the famous Procrustean bed. Room for all, and for the development of all, ought, then, to be the guiding principle of every community.'

CHAPTER IX.

BLACK AND WHITE.

HERBERT was much surprised to find the first-mentioned of the sons an approver of slavery; the only New Englander he has ever met who held that opinion. But it seems that a keen appreciation of art, and recognition of the rules of taste, are not incompatible with the most eclectic inconsistency in opinions concerning other matters; and the artist's mind is probably attracted as much by a certain picturesqueness in his conception of the institution as by anything else. Taking Herbert into his sleeping-room, which is also his studio, he exhibits a water-colour representation of 'the design of Providence' respecting the negro. It varies from the old pyramidal theory of society in making the broadest basis consist of the whole animal kingdom, instead of the labouring classes of men; and in having a white man instead of a Sovereign for its apex. In the intermediate links he has placed the chimpanzee next to the negro, the whole scale representing a gradual ascent to the highly cultivated European. He has replied to Herbert's argument from the mischievous effects of irresponsible power upon the governing class by saying that all men possess it in respect of other animals, without being the worse for it; and now he points triumphantly to his drawing.

'There's my answer to those who impugn what I believe to be a merciful provision of Providence for the

improvement and protection of an inferior race. Look at that table of degrees, and point out to me where, guided by evident resemblance, you would draw a line which shall have the animal on one side and the human on the other.'

The spectator cannot but admit that in facial aspect the negro resembles the race below more than that above him, but denies the inference drawn from that resemblance, saying that the question of humanity rests upon psychological even more than upon anatomical qualities, and he suggests that the argument might as well be carried farther, and a scale drawn of the various classes of white men, having for its basis those engaged in the lowest and most degrading occupations, and the most ignorant and depraved classes in town and country, all in their ordinary condition of costume, and above these the various grades up to the highly cultivated and refined gentleman, who should be represented as clean shaved and in full evening dress. Where, he asks, in such a scale would appearances suggest the placing of a line between those who are fit to rule and those who require ruling. His friend says that practically it is impossible to draw a line between one white man and another, and that each finds his place in the social scale according to his opportunities and natural fitness. That the white is capable of self-improvement. Not so the negro, who never will be fit for other than menial offices.

'If that be indeed true,' asks Herbert, 'does it not seem superfluous to supplement nature's irreversible decree by human enactments restricting him to a sphere he is already incapacitated by his very nature from leaving? You don't legislate to prevent horses and

dogs from assuming human functions. To do so with the negro seems to imply distrust of your theory respecting his real place in the scale. A theory it is difficult to imagine people can really hold who have allowed the two races to mingle until a very large proportion of the slaves have almost as much white blood in them as their owners.' He admits that this is indeed a crime and a sin, invalidating the claims of the planters to any consideration, but not affecting the abstract question; and Herbert adds to his notes the reflection that 'all systems of legislation which restrain classes to certain spheres of action are wrong, inasmuch as they imply either a distrust of the assertion that such classes are naturally incapable, or a conviction that they can improve upon the order of nature. Our laws about women come under this category. The just position of all is determinable only by their natural capacity. If the negro *can* rival the white, if the woman *can* do the man's work, they have a natural right to do it. What is called the man's sphere ceases to be exclusively his. No fear of any real trespass where nature has assigned a real difference. It only shows that man is not in his own peculiar sphere of action when he finds himself encroached on by woman. And not only is the attempt to supersede the inherent laws of things absurd and impious, but it is the wretchedest policy, at once destroying the beautifully adjusted natural relations of the parties, and placing them in a position of antagonism, producing envy, hatred, and strife, towards each other.

'The future remedy of slavery will be found neither in the expulsion of the blacks, nor in their amalgamation with the whites, but in such advance of social knowledge

and right feeling as shall permit the two races to be free-dwellers in one State, each preserving its integrity distinct, and fulfilling its own separate function. If the negro prefer servitude for his inheritance he will be free to occupy that rank in the social scale, and there being no compulsion or jealousy to excite opposition, all parties will accept their natural position and willingly acknowledge their mutual obligation and dependence.'

'But how about the blacks having citizens' franchise, and an equal share in the government? As freemen they would be entitled to that.'

'And it may be added: and how about women having it? Alas for the white man's superior intelligence if it is unrecognisable by the black; and alas for that of the man if he cannot convince the woman!'

'Then why not universal suffrage in England?'

'Ah, why not, except that the people don't show themselves anxious for it? Perhaps they think that they would not govern the country any better. But what says your father to your slavery principles?'

'Well, that is a rather sore subject. But he contents himself with quoting the golden rule, and says I should not like to be a slave myself. To which my answer is that I didn't like being taught or punished when I was a child, but it was done nevertheless, and I am not sure that it did me any harm. I shut up uncle, however, by telling him that it is an easy thing to be an Abolitionist in respect of another person's property. I pity the slaves if ever they do come to being deprived of their masters. Whatever our Union is in practice, in theory it is impossible so long as the two great sections differ in their definition of MAN.'

The conversation at supper that evening turned upon negroes and their future in the States.

‘They will follow the Indians and vanish some day,’ said Herbert.

‘They’ll have votes first,’ growled the Puritan uncle.

‘Never!’ exclaimed one of the brothers; ‘there are reasons physical, and reasons phrenological, against that.’

‘Phrenological!’ sneered the uncle.

‘Yes, phrenological,’ returned the other. ‘A white man’s brain is divided into cells and compartments, each of which has its own particular faculty, and is capable of any amount of development; but a nigger has nothing of the kind, no more than a brute beast. A nigger’s brain is one conglomerated mass of fat.’

‘Don’t believe a bit of it,’ said the uncle: ‘I hate the very name of that mock science which makes a man’s mind and soul depend upon the shape or amount of a bit of flesh. And I don’t believe there’s an atom of truth in Phrenology.’

‘Then the world has been very much mistaken for a vast number of ages,’ observed the artist-brother.

‘How so, when it’s a new invention?’ asked the uncle.

‘Because there has always been a popular belief in the connection between a man’s character and the shape of his head. You yourself acknowledge that much when you call one man “long”-headed, another “thick”-headed, another “bullet”-headed; and when you praise the “splendid forehead” of one, and describe another as having “all his head behind his ears.” And the com-

parative anatomists allow that the moral qualities even of beasts are indicated by the form of their heads.'

'Ah, the general shape, I allow, may have something to do with character, just as one judges by the form and size of a muscle whether it has any power in it.'

'I do not see,' observed Herbert, 'why organisation should stop at the eyebrows. I have never heard of any such difference between the inside of a black man's head and a white one's, and am inclined to think that if there be any difference, it is rather in the quality of the brain than in its arrangement. But I do not find it so difficult to suppose that various parts of the brain can be endowed with different faculties, when I find that the various parts of the face are so endowed. One part sees, and another part smells, and another tastes, and another hears; yet if we dissect the membranes or nerves of sensation belonging to those parts, we can discover no difference of form or material to account for the difference of function.'

'Of course if you dissect it, you remove it from its position and destroy its form, which I take to be the principal causes of its different action,' said the artist. 'We are all like steam-engines, more or less, and it is only when the whole is combined and animated by a motive force that each part does its own separate work, though the material of each part may be exactly the same.'

'You were looking a very long way ahead, it strikes me,' said the father to Herbert, 'when you talked of the negroes dying out. They are increasing now pretty fast. It would be the best thing that could happen to the States, I do believe, but I should like to know how you mean to bring it about.'

‘Why the best thing?’ asked Herbert.

‘Because wherever there are negroes labour is not respectable for the white man, and I take an idle white man to be worse than an industrious nigger.’

‘Slavery, then, is more degrading to the whites than to the blacks, and the whites know it?’ asked Herbert.

‘It is so. Slave or free, the white man won’t work with the black.’

‘And who are increasing the fastest?’

‘Oh, the whites, out and out.’

‘And you believe they will never be reconciled to each other?’

‘Never.’

‘Then the result is as necessary as that of a mathematical problem. The negroes must at last get crowded into a corner by the whites who detest them.’

‘Not while slavery lasts. That’s the real safeguard of the negro in the States, wicked though it be,’ said the father.

‘Nigger’s best friend,’ said the artist.

‘Cursed institution,’ said the uncle.

‘What’s to end it?’ asked Herbert.

‘Buy ’em out,’ said the father.

‘Give the slaves arms, and let them free themselves,’ said the uncle.

‘Free the niggers and they are done for,’ said the artist.

‘Who, which are done for,’ asked Herbert, ‘negroes or owners?’

‘Both,’ shouted all at once: except the uncle, who said nothing.

CHAPTER X.

RED AND BLACK.

ONE of the marvels of San Francisco is its instant transformation at a certain hour each evening from a place of business into a city of hells. The closing of the offices and stores is the signal for the opening of a host of gambling saloons. They are all on the ground floor, well lit, opening on the streets, and so numerous as to excite wonder at night as to where the stores can be, and by day where the saloons are. These are the usual evening resort of all classes. And there are few who do not at least occasionally attempt to win some of the piles of gold and silver that glitter on the tables. Herbert found himself strongly attracted by the thought that it might be possible to cut his labour short by a few fortunate ventures, but he had not done much in one direction or the other when he found himself playing at a table where one of his fellow-passengers was dealing. As he had barely observed the man on board he was rather surprised by his whispering to him in an interval of the game,

‘Keep your money in your pocket, and meet me outside at noon to-morrow, and I can do you a good turn.’

‘You came here to make money I suppose,’ was the greeting when they met next day.

‘Certainly.’

‘Then take my advice and don’t play.’

‘Why, is it so difficult to win?’ asked Herbert, laughing.

‘Difficult! it’s impossible.’

‘But when the chances are so nearly even, surely the interval between the minimum and maximum stake is great enough to allow almost a certainty of winning.’

‘Not a bit of it,’ was the answer, ‘no matter how you arrange your stakes, in the long run it’s just the same as if they were all of one size; you’ll win as many as you lose, and have the per centage of the bank against you.’

‘Then all those systems and calculations which I see people following are a delusion?’

‘Entirely so. They are merely playing against a certain event which is bound, in the long run, to happen just once in the time it takes for them to win as much as they lose when the event happens, so that they can make nothing by it.’

‘But surely some events are far rarer than others and may be considered impossible,’ observed Herbert.

‘Nothing is impossible to the cards, because the events don’t depend on each other,’ was the answer; and he continued,

‘This dollar has only two sides. Suppose I toss it up and you guess wrong, does that make you any more likely to guess right next time? certainly not; I’ve seen men guess wrong more than twenty times together. Besides, if you play only against a very rare event your winnings will be proportionably small; and consequently, in order to double your capital, you must play so long as to give the event a good chance of happening. Supposing you play against losing ten times running, you

can tell exactly how often you will do so by reckoning how much your stake becomes if left on to win ten times running. One piece doubling up ten times becomes a thousand and twenty-four, therefore just once in that number of coups you must lose or win ten times running; and you must play that number of coups to win as much as you lose when it comes. The game can't be played without risking to lose as much as you can win, and the best way of doing that is to put down the whole sum at once. You have just as good a chance of doubling it as by any way of dividing it into small stakes, and you don't expose it to being dribbled away in per centages to the bank. But if you are wise you won't touch the thing at all. I noticed you in the Killooney, and though we never spoke that I recollect, I took a liking to you, and I don't mind telling you that you are too good for the business. If you have won keep what you have got, and if you have lost put up with it. No gambler is ever the richer for winning, and many a good man becomes a scoundrel through it.'

'Two or three further conversations with my professional friend,' writes Herbert in his notes, 'and a careful analysis of the chances in figures, convince me that he is right as to the impossibility of winning by systematic play. Any system may win for a time, but all must lose eventually. In a game of pure chance luck is everything: and in the long run that must equalise itself. In the mean time the bank is gaining a certain steady profit, and the maximum stake is placed so low as to prevent any extraordinary event from inflicting a serious loss upon it. I have discovered that I am no gambler, since I do not care to play unless I think I have

a certainty of winning. I can quite understand any one being interested in constructing various systems to play by until the discovery comes that none are infallible. I have made several, and examined many more, each of which at first seemed as if they must win for ever; but, fortunately, instead of testing them by actual experience, I showed them to my professional friend, who soon demonstrated their weak point. He says that when I thoroughly understand the chances I shall leave off figuring. He says the very fact of a chance being even makes it impossible to beat it, otherwise it wouldn't be even. It is a great pity. It would be such an easy way of making a fortune if one could sit down for a few hours a-day, and, without risk or labour, make a certain sum. I don't see why there should be such a prejudice against "gambling" in itself. Every undertaking in life is a venture, more or less doubtful. All these merchants here are liable to fail. Every profession, marriage itself, is a lottery, in which the future happiness of a life depends on an experiment that cannot be undone. This Californian expedition of mine is nothing less. Perhaps the necessity of labour and judgment are redeeming points in all but mere chance speculations. Probably the real evil of gambling consists in its looking only to the end or reward, and affording no employment for the higher faculties in the pursuit. It is impossible to fancy any artist attaining a high degree of inspiration who thinks solely of the money he is to get for his work. I see how it is with me. In this, as in all my other engrossments, I have been seeking for the Absolute. It seems to me a species of Atheism to say that there is no infallible system, even for playing Monté.'

'The remark that "in the long run nothing is impossible because the events do not depend on each other," seems capable of being applied to a very different line of thought. If in the long run of events all things can happen, there can be no demonstration of a special providence, neither can a man who believes in the absence of a controlling Will or Character, have any reason for objecting to any system of religion on the score of its improbability. However great may be the chances against an event, those chances are only against its occurring at any given moment. If the opportunity be repeated exactly as often as there are chances against the event, it is an even chance that it occurs once in that number of times. If oftener, the chances are actually in favour of its happening. It is an even chance every time whether red or black wins; yet I am told that one has been known to win thirty times together. The odds against such a series are over a thousand millions to one; but in that number of attempts it becomes an even chance that it occurs. And, inasmuch as the past and future are entirely independent of each other, the most improbable event may show itself directly the game begins, and may be repeated many times in rapid succession. Moreover, an event is brought no nearer to happening after the game has gone on for an indefinite time without its coming. It does not become more likely after, or less likely before, many hands have been dealt. Under the government of chance, therefore, the most violently improbable event not only may, but must, sooner or later occur. But the term improbable cannot be properly applied to that which is inevitable. It must be expunged from the vocabulary of chance, or

restricted to signify only *rare*, and that only in proportion to other events which are less so. There is no "improbability" in infinity. If, then, the fortuitous concourse of atoms, unguided by any instinct, ungoverned by any law of uniformity, has resulted in millions of systems and worlds compounded in varying proportions and existing under varying conditions, there must be as many sets of circumstances for these worlds to exist in, as there are worlds: and one of these combinations may form what is called the "Christian scheme." Or, if there be but one world, and an indefinite number of possible schemes, some one of these must have been hit on for that world in spite of the number of chances against it, and that one might be the Christian scheme. Its being violently improbable has been shown to be no reason against it, since, some one being inevitable, all had a chance. The Atheist, or believer in chance, therefore, has no argument against Christianity, or any other form of religion, on the ground of *a priori* improbability. He may, consistently with his creed, be a believer, if not a devout one, in the system that comprises the Fall and the Incarnation, Salvation and Damnation. For the believer in a God of unvarying and consistent character, whose visible creation bears the impress of his mind, it is different. Such an one must argue from what is good in a human sense to what is good in a divine sense. Seeing that power, and justice, and tenderness, and purity are among the highest attributes of the most perfect human nature, he necessarily infers that they exist in the greatest perfection in the divine nature. He is therefore unable to recognise as God one who is feeble and baffled, unjust, implacable, and the sustainer of the perpetual pollution of a hell:

for all these attributes are indubitably indicated by the details of the orthodox faith. The believer in One God and Father of all, cannot be a believer in the Christianity of the churches. The Atheist, or believer in blind chance, alone can consistently be a "good Christian;" alone can receive as a grave verity the sublime irony of the Athanasian Creed. I think it is Babbage who has applied the doctrine of chances to the support of the Christian faith. I wonder whether his argument and conclusions at all coincide with mine.'

BOOK IV.

‘ Sometimes his religion seemed to me
Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods,
Who to the model of his own pure heart
Shaped his belief as grace divine inspired,
Or human reason dictated with awe.’

WORDSWORTH’S ‘Excursion.’

CHAPTER I.

A MINING SETTLEMENT.

RUMOURS are reaching California that a great rival to her has started up in the far South:—that in Australia have been found gold-fields equal to hers. So flattering are the accounts, both of the richness of the mines and of the condition of society in them, it being said to consist not of men only, but of whole families, that Herbert is strongly tempted thither. The experience he has gained will be most valuable there, and he feels a yearning to be among his own countrymen again. He determines, however, to try one more winter in the Sierra Nevada, in company with an English doctor, with whom he has fraternised, who has lived long in South America, and has for the last year been mining in California.

Herbert and his new companion 'make tracks' from the Bay straight for a far distant settlement, near the source of the Yuba. It is called Downieville, and is surrounded by diggings of extraordinary richness. Lying at the bottom, as it were, of a tremendous well, so steep and lofty are the mountains which immediately close it in, it is difficult of access even on foot. American energy and ingenuity however contrive to supply a considerable population with food. By lashing trees to their waggons, and making their oxen pull back up the hill in order to retard their downward progress, the feat of carriage is safely performed. Certainly it is a rich spot,—yielding

its gold in no tiny specks, but in beautiful large lumps. But the ground is all occupied, and the two new comers can only look enviously on as they walk among the claims and see in one hole a couple of sailors picking out eight or ten pounds weight a day, and in another men not overstating their gains at a hundred dollars for every hour they choose to work.

Herbert and the doctor at once commence a search among the neighbouring ravines for similar spots. While thus engaged Herbert does not omit to make a few notes illustrative of the state of society in the settlement. People generally are too well off to steal; they all possess something of their own, and can therefore respect the property of others. Violence is more common, arising out of quarrels over drink and gambling. One day, however, a man is taken before the Justice for stealing sundry pairs of boots. He is found guilty, and adjudged to restore the stolen property, and by way of fine, to 'treat all hands.'

Whereupon the officers of the court, accompanied by his Worship and the whole crowd present, adjourn to the nearest tavern (which by a singular coincidence happens to belong to the Justice in question), and, together with the culprit, drink at his expense. He gets so laughed at that he probably will never steal again, few things being harder to bear than ridicule. Such is the moral that circulates with the liquor through the jovial assemblage. Indeed they enjoy the joke so much, and are so desirous of exhibiting their detestation of thieving, that they stop and drink several times on the same score. The Justice himself becomes somewhat excited; so much

ing a far heavier fine than the prisoner can pay. When at last the score is reckoned up and payment required, not only is the money not forthcoming, but the man also is missing, having taken advantage of the general engrossment to slip out, and pack up his wardrobe, and make the best of his start to escape over the hills and far away! Unfortunate Justice, who better than thyself can now tell how hard to bear is ridicule? to say nothing of the fine which thou hast inflicted upon—thine own pocket!

Perhaps it would be well if judges were more frequently to taste the effects of their own sentences. The comedy over, but a short interval passes before the curtain rises for a tragedy.

There is a party of Mexicans in Downieville, one of whom, a woman, receives some bitter provocation from an American. In her fury she stabs him, so that he dies. So great was the provocation that some admit that had the murder been committed by an American it would have merited little reprobation. But the Mexicans are in bad odour throughout the country. And the friends of the dead man are furious, and work up the rest until it is determined to hang her. Herbert begs the Justice to use his influence to save her. 'It would cost him his place,' he says.

'But you know perfectly well that they are going to hang her for being a Mexican.'

'May be, but I advise you not to say that outside.'

'At any rate you can get it postponed until the people cool down?'

'Can't be done. They keep from work, and guard

her day and night, and there will be hardly a sober man in the place until it is over.'

Herbert talks to a few others, among them to a candidate who happens to be present canvassing for his election to the legislature. They admit the justice of his remonstrances, but remind him that in the United States everything is decided by the majority, and the majority can do no wrong. He finds it difficult to convince them that justice is altogether independent of majorities; that might does not make right, and so forth.

'May be, but here the majority govern. You have only got to get them to think with you.'

Entering into a general conversation with the crowd in a saloon, he ventures to urge its postponement for a week, that justice might be done in cool blood: otherwise it will be mere revenge, of which they may be ashamed when too late. Being recognised as a 'Britisher' his interference rather enrages them than otherwise. And his attempt ends in his learning that the American populace, in spite of their pretensions, have no more real conception of true liberty than the members of an English trades' union. They cannot imagine it possible for a majority of the people to act tyrannically. To make it tyranny, they think it must be the act of one or a few.

He was a consistent American therefore who had said to Herbert in Central America on seeing a priest walking in the streets in his canonicals;—

'There, Sir, he couldn't do that in New York. Ours is a free country, and the majority won't allow it.'

‘A free country, indeed!’ was the rejoinder; ‘where a man can’t wear what clothes he pleases.’

The appointed time arrives. The poor Mexican is brought to the place of execution. Her dark eyes flash round exultingly on the crowd as she declares in broken English, that she would do the same again to any man who should treat her in the same way.

Taking her long black hair in her hands, she holds it up carefully at arm’s length so as to allow the rope to be adjusted beneath it, and then allows it to hang its whole length downwards, and so dies without an effort.

CHAPTER II.

HIGHER STILL AND HIGHER.

MEANWHILE Herbert and his companion are laboriously arriving at the conviction that all the good ground in that vicinity is occupied. The doctor has proved a capital fellow for the kind of life, working like a horse when there is anything to be done, and smoking like a factory chimney at all other seasons. He does a little doctoring too; and having due appreciation of the superiority of his own British qualifications over those of all Americans whatever, does not fail to demand ample remuneration for the exercise of his skill. To patients who remonstrate with him on the exorbitance of his charge, he loves to reply, ‘Think what my medical

education cost; that has to be paid for!' which from one canny Scotchman elicits the retort, 'Certainly, doctor, that's only fair; but not all at once.'

Disappointed in the diggings, and little pleased with the people, they determine to strike out into a new country. Discoveries of amazing richness are reported, some two hundred miles away, near the boundaries of Oregon, and but few persons have as yet reached the spot. The journey thither is a formidable one; that is, it would be to any but gold-hunters. But this pursuit seems to endow its devotees with a power of despising dangers and subduing difficulties, altogether unimaginable to ordinary stay-at-home mortals; physical difficulties, at least: as for moral ones, people at home are probably quite as ready to surmount any such that may lie in the way of their making money. A fixed idea is apt to blind its possessor to everything except itself. Not without method, however, do the two adventurers go about their purpose. There are no maps, but they know the general conformation of the mountain-ranges; that the rivers all run in parallel lines from the main range of the Sierra Nevada, which lies in a tolerably straight course between north and south, projecting at right angles and equal intervals long lines of hills, between which run the rivers towards the western ocean. The place of their destination is high up on the northernmost of these streams, within the Californian territory. Starting therefore from their present position, their journey must be parallel to the main mountain-range, but right across the great ridges and their intervening rivers. How rugged and steep these ridges may be, or how rapid and deep the rivers, or how many and fierce

the Indian tribes by the way, they know not. But the ridges they will surmount; the precipices they will scale or go round; the rivers they will ford or swim; and the Indians they will avoid, parley with, or, if need be, fight. So, with two stout horses carrying a month's supply of provisions, consisting mainly of dried meat, flour, rice, and such things as are most compact and lightest, packed on their saddles, Herbert and the doctor, armed with knives and pistols, climb the steep hill at the back of Downieville while the morning is still dark. For Downieville is a dangerous place for men to be seen leaving; and those suspected of having money are sometimes followed and attacked.

The rising sun greets them while breathing their horses on the hill-top after an ascent of some four thousand feet. Here the hills appear broken into a confused collection of ridges in which no regular plan is apparent, and making it impossible long together to follow any set direction. Looking down upon them are two mountains that, from their height and peculiar form, will serve as landmarks through many a long day's journey. One is called the Saddle Mountain, from the shape of its summit, and the other 'Los Dedos,' the fingers, from its resemblance to a hand pointing upwards. There is no forest here to impede their view or their progress. All is rough broken rock, as bare as on the day when it first emerged from the abyss, with the exception of a few stunted shrubs. There is no trail of white man or red. Their destination lies due north; and the sun rising on the right hand alone indicates their course.

No sooner up than down again. Each leading his horse, they cross the ridge and commence a rapid de-

scent. At the bottom, at the same depth as that from which they had already started that morning, is a stream, which their horses are able to ford. They then commence climbing the most promising parts of the mountain before them. In places it is very steep, so that they can only get their horses up by carrying their picket-ropes forwards, planting themselves behind jutting rocks, and fairly hauling them up. Much of the ground is covered with loose angular rocks, which turn over when stepped upon; and sometimes the brush is so thick as to be almost impenetrable. Herbert, in his letter home, describes this part of their route to be like passing over the tops of houses, climbing down the sides, crossing the streets, and climbing up the opposite side.

The first evening they come upon a charming little hollow in the summit of a mountain, circled round the edges with a bank of snow, and richly carpeted with grass in the centre, and flowers growing at the very edge of the snow. Here they bivouack under some dry pines, to one of which they set fire, first ascertaining that they all incline from them. The fire soon spreads from one to the other; and during the night they are guarded from the presence of obnoxious Grislys by nine tall columns of flame. In the morning, however, there is ice all around them. Reaching one of the southern branches of the Feather river, they encamp in a fine valley, well grassed and somewhat too well watered, for the doctor gets a severe attack of fever and ague. This necessitates a pause, and while the doctor is alternately burning and shivering, Herbert prospects the country round, but finds nothing more exchangeable than granite. While here, the hopes they have built upon the new

diggings meet with a sudden dash ; for they fall in with men coming from the very spot for which they are bound, who report that the new gold-field is so limited in extent that a thousand men have hunted through the whole neighbourhood and found nothing, and that the road is, if possible, worse than that which they have already passed over. They decide, therefore, to go no farther in that direction, but to follow up the stream on which they are, to its source, prospecting as they go ; and then, if nothing be found to induce them to stay, to mount the main range of the Sierra Nevada, and travel along the ridge back to the Yuba, hoping thus to avoid the break-neck country already traversed. They are able to purchase fresh beef of the men they have met. This, cut into strips and dried in the sun, furnishes provision for some time. A week sees the doctor able to travel again. Their steeds also are thoroughly renovated, and they start up the stream. Though disappointed in the immediate object of their expedition, they are by no means depressed ; for is not the whole mountain-range before them, in which it is generally supposed that the gold has its origin ? There is certainly some reason for the belief, for experience has already shown that the lumps in which gold is found are larger and larger the farther up in the hills it is sought for ; and it is almost an article of faith with miners, as well, writes Herbert, as with seekers for truth, that if they only go far enough they will find the solid parent mass from which, with hammer and chisel, they can cut off as much as they desire.

Without quite entertaining such an idea, it is little wonder that the hopes of the two travellers are raised on reaching a mountain of quartz, so white and massive

as to appear like snow at a little distance; for gold is always found associated with quartz. It forms the matrix in which the precious metal was originally formed,—the mould in which it was cast.

Before commencing any search for gold, the first thing to be found is grass and water. A small sheltered hollow, studded with immense masses of milk-white rock, affords all that is needed in these respects; and a careful search is commenced in the mountain-side, and ravines, and all places in which gold ordinarily lodges. It proves however a barren mountain, too isolated in its white purity to produce even the divine metal, and leading Herbert to suspect that, even in the mineral system, duality is necessary to fruitfulness; all the quartz in which he has found gold containing also iron in the form of pyrites, and being often exquisitely coloured by it. These damp, grassy hollows prove unwholesome sleeping places. Fever and ague again make their appearance; and this time Herbert is the victim. During a week's inactivity the magic bark of Peru accomplishes its work, and the travellers set themselves towards the last great rise of the Sierra Nevada. Their stock of provisions is so far diminished that they can both ride, whenever the country admits of riding; and they begin somewhat anxiously to think that it will be well to look out for a replenishment, in the shape of some venison. Once on the top of the mountain, a week's journey ought to take them back into a more settled district. The idea of retracing their steps is not for a moment entertained; such is the invincible charm of mystery and adventure. Indeed Herbert is amused by noting of himself how the same peculiarity of disposition which

impels him to uncontrolled excursiveness of thought, seems to govern also his actual career. 'Character,' says Emerson, 'is destiny.' No doubt, when once formed. But how about the destiny that precedes and determines the character? What Herbert specially marks in his own case is the precise unison between the two parts of his nature—the physical and the mental. He fancies he discerns in this some proof that what is called man's higher or spiritual nature, is but a result of his physical organism; or, at least, that the two are so closely connected and interdependent that their separate existence is by no means imaginable to us. As the summer has seen him plunging into the remotest reaches of thought, in search of absolute and unattainable truth, with no guide or safeguard but his own perceptions,—so the fall of the year finds him wandering in the wildest and most terrible wilderness of the New World; leaving the places of certain, though limited, remuneration, in search of the uncertain and unlimited: with no knowledge of the country, beyond a vague theory of its formation, and no guide or compass beyond the sun and stars. 'For once,' he thinks, 'I am but doing as I have been taught. For what else do they who reject the certain though limited pleasures of this life, for the uncertain and unlimited ones of another?'

CHAPTER III.

A DESCENT.

IT is near sun-down when the wanderers reach the summit of the mountain. They find themselves in a large basin, crowded with vegetation, groves of trees with thick underwood, and plenty of grass and water, and abundant tracks of deer and other animals. No signs of Indians have been seen for so long that they deem themselves secure from molestation from that quarter, and are therefore unconcerned about the tremendous blaze made by some dozen dry pines to which their fire extends. Next morning, while riding slowly across the basin, a herd of deer appear feeding under the trees some two hundred yards off. Herbert gives his rein to the doctor, cautioning him not to move, and, pistol in hand, (for they had deemed rifles too cumbrous in the rough country they expected to traverse), advanced stealthily from tree to tree until within shot. He had made his selection and was in the act of taking aim, when a shout from the doctor called his attention to two Indians who were approaching in a menacing attitude from another direction. The startled deer at once take themselves off, and he hastens towards the doctor and the horses to be in readiness for flight or action. Seeing the two white men quietly awaiting them, the Indians, who were armed with bows and spears, paused about fifty paces distant, and made signs to Herbert, who was still on foot, to advance and meet one of them half way, the

doctor and the other Indian remaining where they were; a natural precaution against treachery. So Herbert went forward to hold a colloquy with the Indian. Knowing that a confident bearing would be interpreted as a conviction of certain superiority, he walks straight up to the savage, smiles at him, and shakes hands, not doubting that he has heard that such is the custom of the whites, and asks if he is hungry. Was there ever a red-skin that was not hungry near the hour of sun-rise? 'Come along and have something to eat then.' So the two Indians seeing it is peace, which is evidently a great relief to their minds, as it no doubt is to the rest of the party, come up to the doctor, and fall to upon some bread and boiled beans, and take a pull at the doctor's pipe, and through excess of courtesy or timidity, even pretend that they like it. They have some words in common with the other tribes, and so are tolerably intelligible to Herbert. It appears that last night's fire attracted their attention and astonishment, and being in the midst of their favourite hunting-ground, had excited the anger of the whole tribe. Suspecting the presence of a hostile tribe, they had sent out small parties in different directions to reconnoitre, agreeing to meet at the place of the fire. Their rancheria was on the western side of the mountain, and they advise the intruders to cross over and descend into the valley on the other side before the rest of the tribe come up. Herbert intimates that they have come there with no desire to frighten away the game, but merely to travel along the ridge towards the white men's settlements.

The manifest anxiety of the Indians to get rid of them appears too real to be assumed, and they ascribe it

to a desire to prevent a collision with the rest of the tribe, the issue of which their ignorance of the white man's resources renders doubtful. They therefore signify to the Indians their intention of quitting the mountain, and, desirous of concealing their exact route, caution them not to follow them.

The two Indians remain rooted to the spot until the horsemen are hidden behind a dense thicket. Certain that they can no longer be observed, Herbert and the doctor then change their course, and proceed along the edge of the mountain until they can obtain a view of the country beyond. Clear of the trees, they behold a vast plain stretching out from the base of the range and extending on each side farther than the eye can reach; a sea of grass it seems at that height, unbroken by tree or rock. If obliged to descend, they can make good travelling in the valley by keeping near the foot of the hills. But hoping to elude the Indians, they continue along just below the brow for some distance, intending to return and pursue their way along the top when out of their immediate territory.

They are thus but a short way down the hill-side when they perceive that they are being watched from above. Vain hope, to outwit the wild man on his own ground. No doubt it is the same pair with whom they have already spoken, and who have since invisibly dogged every step of their way. But these have been joined by two others. Without betraying that they have discovered the Indians, Herbert and the doctor change their course for a more downward one, until hidden in an almost impenetrable thicket of brushwood. Here they pause and hold counsel. On the rough and tangled

ridge they are evidently at the mercy of the savages, for there the speed of their horses can avail them nothing. While in the plain the greater distance will be compensated by greater ease in travelling; and if attacked, they will at least be able to run away. So the resolve is taken to descend into the vast valley below, and follow the base of the mountain until they judge themselves opposite the head of the Yuba, and then remount the ridge and follow the stream down to the settlements.

The first thing to be done, therefore, is to reach the bottom. At present the descent is gradual enough, but it is impossible to say what precipices await them lower down. Already much care is necessary in leading their horses among the sharp rocks, and thorny bushes, and fallen trees, that encumber the mountain-side, for should one of them become lamed their predicament is indeed an awkward one. Indeed it is beginning to look bad enough now, for the spur of the mountain by which they are descending, instead of sloping gradually into the valley, ends abruptly in a hideous precipice while they are scarcely half way down. From the brink of the cliff they can see another spur which promises a safe descent if they can reach it. To do this it is necessary to retrace their path for a little way, and then clamber along the mountain-side for about a quarter of a mile. With much toil about half this distance is accomplished, when farther progress is arrested by the ravine that divides the two spurs. Down this rushes a torrent, making vast noise and splash as it leaps over the perpendicular rock far overhead, and dashes down among a huge tangled mass of trees fallen and stripped, and inextricably knotted together with the thorny growth of many seasons,

the whole forming an impenetrable barrier. On the farther side the rock continues its perpendicular front, but along the base of it runs a narrow ledge which seems to open out after a little into easier ground. By climbing over the fallen trees they get on this ledge and find the path passable enough if they can only get their horses over to it. Just below their standing-ground the ravine is crossed by the trunk of a pine some three feet in diameter, the root of which rests on the ledge opposite, and the end slopes down to their own side, reaching it about ten yards below them. Herbert walks back over this log after exploring the path. The bark is all off, and the surface is sound, and white, and slippery, but it yields beneath his tread as if rotten inside. If they can only get the horses over they can get on well enough, and this log is the only bridge. With the spade and pick-axe carried for mining, he tests the trunk and finds the wood sufficiently soft for working. The doctor joins him, and in about an hour a broad strip of the outer surface is removed, and the brown rotten interior partially scooped out or trodden down, so as to form a trough reaching right across the gulf. The noise of the torrent has probably concealed the sound of their working from the savages who are no doubt accumulating above them. After some trouble one of the horses is induced to step upon the log, Herbert going first leading him by the rein, and the doctor steadying him by holding the tail. Their united weight tries the strength of the bridge rather severely, but the thin outer shell being of a tubular form and therefore not likely to break, only suggests to Herbert a joke about their being in 'many straits' together, which he propounds for the doctor's

encouragement. Approaching the centre the vibrations increase, and the chasm below assumes an exceedingly uncomfortable aspect. It is impossible to turn back, and there is nowhere to go to if they could. So, pausing a moment, Herbert uncoils the rope from the animal's neck and goes forward with it to the end, and then draws the poor horse towards him. Seeing all go well the doctor steps back, and the log, relieved of the weight of the two men, proves equal to its work; and the two horses are safely landed on the desired ledge, which soon opens upon a gradually sloping spur, affording an easy descent into the valley. Here the horses are allowed to fill themselves with rich, sweet grass, while their riders, less fortunate, for they have sacrificed the principal portion of their day's allowance in order to propitiate the Indians, content themselves with a few mouthfuls of bread and meat, and resolve to ride some twenty miles farther before stopping for the night, so as to be quite clear of the tribe in the mountain. They can both ride now, for the horses have little else to carry. The delays caused by the sickness, first of one, and then of the other, have made sad havoc with the stock of provisions; and now that they have left the mountain there is not the same chance of meeting with deer, or getting within pistol-shot of them. On camping for the night they take stock of their provisions, and are dismayed to find how small the quantity has become. By limiting their daily ration to about six ounces apiece, they will hold out for eight or ten days. Before going to sleep they cook enough to last two days, making this time a very small fire indeed. The doctor gets into a state of consternation on finding how low his supply of tobacco has

got, and the discovery is also made that in coming through the brush the package containing ammunition has been torn open, and nearly all the powder has run out. Half a dozen charges may remain, certainly not more.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NOTHING occurs to interrupt the night's rest; and the rising sun reveals a large lake, reaching almost to the foot of the hills, and melting away in the distance. Pursuing their onward course, they make a detour towards the lake; for they have fish-hooks and lines, and a piece of water of that size cannot be without fish. The ground over which they are riding is covered with long grass, and to their surprise, they go two or three miles out into the plain without reaching the water. At some distance ahead it seems to bend towards the hills again; so they resume their course, in order to get round its extremity. Reaching the foot of the hills, they ascend a little way, so as to overlook the valley. The lake is there sure enough, covered with a thin blue mist, and far beyond a line of hills is dimly visible above it. By night they have gone some forty miles, but still without being able to get close to the lake. Herbert assuages his hunger as they ride along by chewing the ears of the tall grass; and the doctor, in order to make the remnant

of his tobacco last as long as possible, sucks at his empty pipe.

They make no fire that night, but sup upon a small cake of flour which had been baked over-night ; and for breakfast they warm up a small quantity of beans. The horses, however, feed gloriously. Two or three hours on their backs makes their riders feel as if they had not breakfasted at all ; and it is determined to make an early noon, and try the effect of boiling a small quantity of grass. They have never heard of anybody eating grass since the days of Nebuchadnezzar ; but it seems to have agreed with him : why should it not agree with them ? What is all grain but a species of grass, with merely altered proportions of ear and stalk ? And really, when boiled and the water is poured off, it looks much like spinach, and with a little salt, is not so very insipid to the taste. The discovery puts them in good spirits ; but a few hours' riding reminds them that even horses cannot with impunity change to a grass diet, and long before supper-time arrives, both Herbert and the doctor are forced to the conclusion that the experiment is a decided failure. They determine, however, to try it again after a day or two, with the addition of oak leaves, or bark, to make it more astringent. The next day, after riding a few miles, they perceive a smoke rising from among the trees. There are trails in the grass, showing the neighbourhood of some tribe ; and, too hungry to hesitate, they ride up in hope of finding some Indians, and getting fish from them. But they find the fire abandoned, and no signs to indicate what has been cooked by it.

The next day a couple of shots are thrown away after

some deer, there being no cover to allow a near approach. Towards sunset, when selecting a spot for camping, a grouse or 'prairie hen' gets up in front of Herbert. Drawing his pistol from the holster, he fires at it. The bird flies about a hundred yards and drops head foremost, evidently dead. Doctor shouts joyously in anticipation of his supper, and rides to pick it up. There is a good deal of brushwood about, and they hunt for it until quite dark, and at length have to lie down with nothing more than their ordinary morsel—'five teaspoonsful of boiled beans each.' At dawn the search is renewed, but with no better success. They are so hungry that the disappointment is felt most bitterly.

The valley now begins to get narrowed by the closing in of the farther range of hills. All appearance of the great lake has vanished, and they ride on in doubt as to whether it was really a lake or only a mirage that had deceived them. It is about ten o'clock when something appears, moving in the distance before them. Coming nearer, it proves to be a man on horseback,—a solitary horseman, who does not shun them. It must be a white man, and they are getting *somewhere* at last.

No; it is an Indian, with a bow in his hand, a splendid-looking fellow, who rides up close without hesitation, and commences to chat in a very unintelligible dialect. He is clad in a deer-skin, thrown with careless elegance over his shoulders. His rein is a strip of the same material. Without any saddle, he sits his horse in easy and graceful manner, and now and then gallops off a little way in search of game; occasionally drawing up his arrow nearly to the head, as if to keep his arm in practice.

The native bow of California is a very handy one for

use on horse-back, being only some thirty inches long ; the wood of the country not affording length for the ordinary long bow.

In this manner he guides them through a difficult swamp to his rancheria. Here, dwelling in bush huts they find a small family of Indians, consisting of a couple,—old, almost blind, and wrinkled as baboons,—and three fine young men, with their wives and children. The men come out boldly, while the women and children peer curiously through the bushes at the strangers. The old man examines the blankets and clothes, and takes especial pleasure in stroking the panther-skin covers of Herbert's holsters, with which he appears greatly impressed ; turning away at last with a broad, satisfied grin of delight upon his face, as if indicating that having seen a white man he can now depart in peace. The usual present of fish-hooks and string is made, the Indians showing their comprehension of their use by immediately putting them into their own mouths, and making as if they had hooked themselves.

The whole family are so friendly that the two wanderers determine to rest with them, and recruit themselves, provided they can get some food from them. On signifying their need, the Indians produce some swamp-roots from a heap in one of the huts, intimating that when roasted they are very good. Remembering their recent experience, Herbert and the doctor examine and taste them somewhat distrustfully, and at length determine to cook them. There is no fire in the camp, so they begin to collect some sticks, which the Indians no sooner see than they despatch two of the children, who run towards the hill, and soon return with dry

brushwood, which they lay before their guests, and with the rest of the family stand round to watch their proceedings, evidently anticipating a vast difficulty in lighting the requisite fire. Making a small pile of broken twigs, and placing some dry leaves beneath, Herbert draws forth a small tin box, and takes out a match. At this point the interest becomes intense. Drawing the match sharply over the rough side of the box, a slight report is heard, and the match appears in a blaze, which being applied to the dry leaves, the fire is kindled. The excitement now is general. The children caper about and the men run to the huts, and report to the old couple and the women the wonderful ease with which the white men have made fire. The roasted roots are bitter, but by no means bad. On asking for something more substantial, the Indians consult together, and intimate that by the time the sun gets low they hope to procure something else. Two of them take their bows and arrows, and are absent all the afternoon, during which the doctor dresses the hand of the third man, which is much swollen by a large thorn being deeply buried in it. The production of a pocket-case of surgical instruments is the signal for much curiosity, and the whole tribe manifests a degree of awe at the prowess of the mighty medicine-man of the pale faces, as he inspects the wound, solemnly commands the patient to lie down and look the other way, and directs Herbert to hold the arm still while he makes an incision with a lancet, and then with a minute pair of tweezers draws forth the offending thorn, and exhibits it to the admiring spectators. The Indian bears the pain of the operation, which must have been considerable, with fortitude, but cannot help

wincing under the terrible squeeze with which the doctor expels the last drop of blood and matter that exudes from the wound. Rarely does man look happier than the poor patient as he sits bathing his hand in cold water until all pain is gone, assured that now he will soon be quite well, and able to join his brothers in the chase. The whole party share in his joy, running forward to meet and tell the hunters, as they return with their spoil, consisting of a number of field-mice, and a couple of squirrels, which they place at their guests' disposal. Somewhat to the surprise of the Indians, they take only the squirrels. The matches are again in requisition; this time the entire family crowding round to witness the magic process of ignition. The whole of the game is then roasted in the embers, and the party feast merrily together. Next morning the travellers take leave of the kind-hearted savages with mutual regret, conferring on them unbounded wealth by giving them a small stock of matches, having shown them how to ignite them on a flat stone, and explained that they must be kept dry.

Two of the Indians run before them on the trail along the valley, every now and then discharging an arrow at some small bird, which, though they shoot with marvellous precision, generally contrives to get out of the way before the arrow reaches it, as if too well acquainted with the missile to care to wait for it. Presently they approach a small pool surrounded by reeds. Motioning to the riders to keep back, the Indians creep through the rushes to the edge, and letting fly at the same moment, one of them shoots a duck through the body, and the other shoots one through the head. These they

present to their white friends, and before parting with them endeavour to dissuade them from continuing their present course, and energetically point over the hills to the west. Not comprehending their object, and judging that they must go yet farther before they reach that part of the mountain which is opposite to the settlements, Herbert and the doctor continue along the valley. The two Indians, on seeing this, insist on accompanying them, still pointing to the hills on the right. At length, finding all their remonstrances vain, they pause, and with looks of deep dejection and sorrow stand watching them until out of sight.

CHAPTER V.

LOST.

ON waking next morning the travellers are surprised to find a strange horse and mule feeding beside their own. The doctor thinks that the mule, being the fattest, may afford them a supply of meat, but is met by the objection that their owners are probably not far off and will resent any such appropriation. Presently two Indians are seen approaching to take the animals. They betray unbounded astonishment at the sight of the white men. With some trouble they are induced to come near, and after receiving a small present they return with their animals. Having, as they hope, propitiated the tribe through these two emissaries, Herbert and the doctor

soon follow in the same direction. They have gone about two miles when they are met by some forty Indians, the largest and fiercest-looking savages they have yet seen, all devoid of clothing, and armed with bows and spears. They at once close round the travellers and examine them, and everything they have, making signs that they want them. A gift of fish-hooks and string seems only to whet their appetite.

Not liking the looks of the savages, who keep increasing in number, the two horsemen trot on at a smart pace, accompanied by the whole troop; some seizing their bridles, and all whooping and leaping over the rocks and bushes as they rush along in full career, until they come in sight of the rancheria. Then they set up a yell, which is responded to by the rest of the tribe, who are awaiting their return. They evidently consider Herbert and the doctor as captives conducted in triumph to their village. There is still a space of two or three hundred yards between the two bodies when this occurs to Herbert. They may be acting only as a guard of honour to the strangers, but the appearance of their escort is by no means prepossessing. So Herbert desires the two Indians who are running at his horse's head to fall back. They only grasp the bridle more tightly, and he calls out to the doctor, who is close behind him, to put spurs to his horse and get clear of their present escort before they can effect a junction with the party in front. Doctor says,

‘All right! but which way?’

‘Straight ahead! through the village and along the valley, for they will soon catch us if we turn into the hills!’

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Then suddenly snatching his bridle out of the Indians' hands, Herbert plunges his spurs into his horse's sides, leaps clear of them, and gallops on. The doctor does the same, and presently the whole troop is left behind, with the exception of two, who still run on before at a tremendous pace. As they reach the village the whole tribe swarm out like bees, and while the men are nocking their arrows and looking for a signal from the other party, and the women are screaming and pulling their children out of the way, they dash through, leaping over or capsizing whatever hinders, until they find themselves entirely clear. Glancing round they see the savages all standing talking excitedly, and looking after them, evidently in high dudgeon, but not attempting to pursue them farther. They scarcely draw rein for the next ten miles, and then they pause to recruit their good steeds. It is plain now why their friends of yesterday were so anxious to change the direction of their journey, and they congratulate themselves on escaping so serious a danger.

CHAPTER VI.

SAVED.

A CAREFUL estimate of the distance they have ridden, shows that it is now time to leave the valley and steer westwards. On turning to the right, to carry out his intention, the doctor declares that by the position of the sun they must be going in exactly the wrong direction.

‘How so?’ asks Herbert: ‘it is noon, and by leaving the sun to the left we must be going to the west.’ The doctor is very positive, and at length relieves his comrade’s perplexity as to the cause of the divergence of opinion by saying, ‘Well, do as you like, but I am quite sure that for the last twelve years I have always considered that the sun at noon is due north, and consequently—’

‘Oh, I see,’ cries Herbert, ‘you think yourself still in South America instead of at forty degrees north latitude.’

After the hilarity that followed the discovery of the doctor’s blunder, and the suggestion that it would be a good thing if people who differed could always as easily comprehend each other’s stand-point, they commence to scale the mountain. The first ascent is long and steep, and so weakened are they by want of food, that they can hardly drag themselves up. Towards evening they look for a camping ground. Down in a hollow appears a patch of grass and water, but the only way to it is over large slabs of granite, smooth and polished, down which the horses slide with their feet close together. After much difficulty and risk they reach the bottom in safety. A hare runs across their path, and Herbert fires at it their last charge but one. Wounding it in the leg, he flings himself off his horse to catch it, but it is still too nimble, and escapes. The horses again feed magnificently on rich green grass that reaches to their backs, so that they can stand and fill themselves without stirring. After measuring out their five teaspoonsful of beans, the travellers lie down to sleep; the doctor for the first time showing despondency. It is not food he cares for, but

tobacco. So long as that lasted he didn't care ; and his pipe now has lost the very flavour of tobacco. As for perishing in the mountains, he says he does not so much mind that. He is not responsible. Herbert is guide, and that is his business. And as for singing, Horace talked nonsense when he said 'Cantabit vacuus.' He defies an empty man to sing.

Herbert remarks that it was Juvenal who made that observation, but they do not talk much as they ride along, and when they do talk it is all about food. For some nights past their dreams have all been of magnificent banquets, and in the mornings they compare notes as to what they have been feasting on in their sleep. One day while still upon the mountain, they come to a small heap of something white, or rather pale yellow, lying on the ground. To their astonishment it proves to be flour, which has evidently been spilt there months ago. Carefully scraping it up, they obtain about a pound which is tolerably clean. In the evening they make it into a cake and proceed to eat it. It is so sour that Herbert cannot manage to swallow much of his share. The doctor is more fortunate and finishes it.

The ridge upon which they are travelling turns out to be only a spur of the main range, and they have to descend and cross a long stretch of low country where there is not a drop of water. Hitherto they have drunk freely at every spring, but now that they cannot fill the vacuum even with water, they learn that the pains of hunger are a trifle compared with those of thirst.

What is that large animal in the distance ? Surely

not an ox? If so, there must be not only water, but there is meat, and there may be men, white men.

It is an ox, thin and lame, and feeding near a river that flows eastwards: a river so large and rapid that they must be still far from its sources in the Sierra Nevada:—still on the wrong side of the mountain, and still very far from any white man's abode.

Matters indeed look bad, for they know not where they are, and their whole stock of food does not weigh a pound. Herbert remembers having heard the emigrants speak of a river called the 'Truckee' which has to be crossed several times on the route from the western States to California.

If this is it, the great western train may pass somewhere near them; and this ox may have been abandoned by some party as too lame to travel farther. Its shyness, on their attempting to approach it, shows that it has been alone for some time.

Making an enclosure by passing their ropes round some trees, they succeed in driving it in. Herbert makes a careful examination of his pistol. It is the last charge: and if that fails—

The poor beast is very quiet and eyes him wistfully, as, standing by a tree, he leans the barrel against it, and looks steadily along it, aiming at the curl on the forehead. The doctor says in a low tone, 'Don't shoot him there, the skull is too thick for a pistol-shot. Take him sideways under the ear.' Herbert shifts his position, bringing his aim to bear on the back of the head just below the root of the ear, and pulls the trigger. With a convulsive start the ox falls dead, and the two famine

stricken wanderers speak not a word, but look at each other with the aspect of men who have just escaped an imminent danger. The first steak proves too tough to be eaten : not unlikely, when the animal had lately come off a journey of two thousand miles over rocky mountains and salt deserts. They will try stewing. The coffee-pot is filled with small pieces, and boiled for several hours. The meat is still uneatably tough, and indescribably nauseous for the want of salt. By turns they keep the pot simmering all night. In the morning they might as well have attempted to eat their boots. Chopping it up into very small pieces, and bruising it between stones, they are able to get enough down to keep body and soul together. With a large piece in their saddle-bags they follow up the course of the river, the water of which is so cold, and the current so rapid, that they are persuaded it can contain no fish. Soon, tracks become abundant, first of cattle, then of wheels ; and presently they come upon a broad dusty road, with signs of recent travel. Then the remains of a fire, and a date upon a tree, telling that emigrants have rested there that morning. Yes, there is no doubt of it. There is a train of waggons upon the road, and but a little way in advance. Pressing on eagerly, they soon come up with a large party of men 'nooning' beneath some trees. They are all eating their mid-day meal, and eye the two wanderers somewhat coldly.

'Can we buy food of you? for we are starving,' they ask, eyeing, not the men, but the bread in their hands.

'No, we are on short allowance ourselves,' is the answer. 'Where do you come from?' At first they

are incredulous that Herbert and the doctor are from the diggings, and have been wandering for more than a month in the mountains. They take them for emigrants who have pushed ahead of their party, on the chance of their being able to sponge upon those whom they might overtake. For there is great scarcity of food among all the emigrants that season.

Once assured that they have really come from the mines the emigrants show them no little kindness. Each man breaks off a small piece from the bread he is eating, and gives it to them. A little contribution of coffee is made from each pannikin. They are about thirty in number, so that Herbert and the doctor make the best meal they have had for many a day. And now the emigrants ply them with questions about the mines.

They have come nearly two thousand miles by land to dig for gold. There are some sixty thousand on the way. The amount of provisions necessary for the journey has generally been under-estimated, and famine and cholera have lined the road with graves. They are now at the gates of the golden hills. The whole region of California is before them. Any information which will enable them to get to work without delay on entering the country, will be most acceptable. Nay, if Herbert and the doctor will guide them to such a spot, they will gladly share their rations with them for the rest of the journey. Their desires being moderate, Herbert thinks he knows a locality which will suit them. So they journey on together, the doctor tending the sick and wounded, and happy in once more having something to put into his pipe. In ten days more, for bullock waggons travel slowly, the Sierra Nevada is crossed

and Herbert has conducted them to a pleasant location near the lower Yuba, where he has before found gold in sufficient quantities to yield four or five dollars a day. His friends are well pleased with the place, which is, however, hardly rich enough to induce him to settle upon it also. But the first thing to do is to procure a supply of provisions, and recruit their wasted bodies. And this the doctor does with so much energy that he nearly kills himself with a colic.

CHAPTER VII.

A LAST TRIAL.

THE autumn being by this time far advanced, the two companions are no sooner fit for work than they seek a spot whereon to fix themselves for the winter. Herbert wrote but few notes of this winter's operations. It seems to have been passed in extraordinary hard work, far up in the snowy ranges, sometimes by themselves, sometimes with the aid of hired men.

Tolerably successful, they return in the spring to the Bay, having narrowly escaped being robbed of their winter's earnings at a road-side house.

On reaching San Francisco Herbert discovers that one of the houses in which he has deposited money has failed, leaving him but little better off for the last season's work. He finds also a letter from his father mentioning the Australian discoveries and the rapid development of

that country in consequence, and offering him a small allowance if he will go there and abandon his 'vagabond' life. He reminds him also that his education and college testimonials will still be available, should he think proper to enter the ministry in that colony. Herbert writes a grateful acknowledgment, expressing his hope that he may still get on without burdening his family, and his satisfaction at knowing that his intention of going to Australia will meet with approbation at home; but he does not add that he is not ashamed to dig, but would rather starve than beg to be put into one of the priest's offices that he may eat a piece of bread! That thought he reserves for his private note-book, from which also the following extracts will serve to indicate the stage and direction of his mind's progress during that winter.

'Necessity does not vanish from the universe before the supremacy of Will. God *must* act for the best. Of various courses he is not at liberty to select that which is least for his own "glory." If at any period he has foreseen the whole future course of events, he can only carry it out without the change of one smallest item in the infinite programme. Although already realised in the divine imagination as exactly as if they had occurred, the events of eternity must yet be all re-enacted in their living reality. Surely, rather than this, it is easier to believe that the existing series of things is the actual first thought, or life of God. "Matter is mind precipitated?" otherwise to the infinite foreknowledge all is stale certainty: there is no trust, and no hope. Man is happier than God, for he does not know the future. (Does the charm of curves consist in this, that they pre-

vent us from seeing all at once? for I entirely mistrust the association theory.)

* * * *

‘A species of fatalism may be found in music, or any other art. If the music be what we call good, each note and phrase follows its predecessor inevitably. There is no choice about it. Any other would seem forced and misplaced. Thus, all great works are evolutions from some simple theme, out of which they grow naturally and necessarily in a unique and concordant whole. As it is bad composition in which any change can be made that is not for the worse; so in the chain of circumstances from the beginning until now, no single event could have been otherwise without marring the effect and disposition of the whole universe.

* * * *

‘To be able to say that anything is imperfect involves a knowledge of the end for which it is designed. Do we know our own end?

‘“For the glory of God,” says the theologian, and so far with truth. But he adds, “we do not fulfil that end as we might and ought.”

‘How does he know that? We cannot call a work divine, unless it is adapted to fulfil the divine purpose. The fact is that men imagine for themselves an end, and condemn the work for not answering the end they have imagined. Man’s God is man, not God. If the end of creation be the highest happiness of all its parts, and that happiness is only attainable through such a course of instruction or development as we find going on in the world, who dare say that man falls short of fulfilling the divine intention? Man’s idea of perfection is equili-

brium, rest, annihilation. He would attain it at once, and cease.

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‘Is the initial chaos of human ignorance struggling towards the light, more blameable for its excesses and blunders than the primal chaos of the physical world?’

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‘There is a uniformity in the divine method in nature; first, physical, then moral order, each evolved gradually out of primitive confusion. Being required for further use, in the realisation of future perfectibility, the materials must not be destroyed. They are not faulty; they have only not yet reached the highest development of which they are capable. It is not part of the divine method to produce this at once. There is no real confusion; only an earlier stage of the process. Chaos is a fiction. We really mean by it a condition of things not adapted for *man’s* well-being. “Embryo” better expresses what is meant.

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‘By perfection, whether here or elsewhere, is only meant the adaptation of our nature to our conditions.

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‘One of the men working for us this winter, a sober, staid New Englander from the State of Maine, is deeply impressed by the accounts he has received from home about a practice called “Spirit-rapping.” He tells the most wonderful stories of communications received from the dead by the medium of knocks upon the table, and states that “quite a number” of Americans believe in their reality and divinity. The doctor scoffs most un-

mercifully at it all, and wonders how I can listen to such trash. He says it is "just like me; incredulous about what everybody else believes, and yet ready to swallow anything." I know that this is a charge often brought against sceptics. But I think the inconsistency is only apparent. I can listen with a mind open to conviction to narratives of the wonders of Mesmerism, or even this new Spirit-rapping, because so long as they claim nothing beyond the limits of nature, their phenomena come within our legitimate sphere of inquiry. But directly I hear assertions regarding anything pretending to be supernatural, my whole reason rises against it as an impossible monstrosity. Nature, with me, including all that is.

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'Talking with the doctor about the distribution of gold, which has long puzzled me, he says that he has no doubt one of the agents has been ice. The country was once probably much colder, either by difference in the earth's climate, or from having been once at a greater elevation, and may have contained such glaciers as he has seen in the Cordilleras of the Andes, which by grinding against the sides of the hills detach the surface materials, and transport without farther attrition whatever has been collected by the ice to the valleys below, and then, by melting, gently deposit it upon the surface of the soil. This is more probable than the common notion of the miners, that the gold has been thrown up from a volcano, and remains much where it has chanced to fall.'

BOOK V.

‘ My purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars—
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.’

TENNYSON'S ‘ Ulysses.’

CHAPTER I.

SOUTHWARDS HO!

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

AWAY from the land of vain labour and baffled hope. Away from the land where the elements of human society yet seethe and boil up in reckless violence and unmitigated self-seeking. Away, still farther away from the home of my youth. Ten thousand miles away, yet onward still! A new and, perchance, a better world beckons me towards it,—the New World of the South Seas. There, among my own countrymen, will I renew my quest; there seek the means of returning once more to see the inmates of the old home. Wherefore this perpetual clinging to home? Is it thus with all men, even when provided with wife and children and interests to absorb them? Home must be ever the place of the dearest ties; and I have no new ties: therefore am I lonely, and cling to the old memories. It seems as if one must have concrete personal attachments. I want rest, for I am very weary. This voyage will renew my strength. A new world, without one face I have ever seen before, needs some fulness of hope and energy to confront it. Ah me! would heaven be heaven without some of the old faces to cluster round, and smile a welcome on one's arrival? There can be no heaven while still full of regrets for those left behind, and none to greet us there.

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Beneath the soft trade winds we are gliding over smooth seas rarely divided by a keel, in a capital yacht-like little craft, whose three owners—an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Frenchman, are all on board. It is laden with a cargo of varieties, with which they intend to trade with some of the islands for such articles as palm oil, tortoiseshell, sandal-wood, and beche-le-mer, the latter being a sort of sea-slug, which, when manufactured into soup, is esteemed a huge delicacy by Chinese Mandarins. All these things find a ready market in Sydney; and to that capital of the southern ocean are we bound, when the Island cruise and its purpose are accomplished. My companions are agreeable, especially the Frenchman, who is a lively little fellow, with a good deal of enthusiasm. Time goes as in a dream. There is just enough of consciousness to feel the work of renovation going on. I have one book with me, purchased in San Francisco, which is to me a new Apocalypse. It is Bailey's poem of 'Festus.' Over this I ponder with a degree of delight almost equal to that with which I first read Carlyle's 'Hero Worship' in the Bay of Biscay. It seems to me that all my greatest pleasures have been derived from books. The first work of imagination beyond the ordinary reading of children that I remember, was Southey's 'Thalaba.' It was to me superhuman. No mere mortal, I thought, could possess such a faculty of imagining. The next work, after a long interval, that intensely attracted me was 'Jane Eyre.' In it I learned to appreciate the sanctity of the affections, and their superiority over mere conventionality. Then the 'Hero Worship,' suggesting the possibility of the divine in the human

idea. Bulwer's 'Caxtons' next strangely affected me. It has been the tenant of my saddle-bags in many a long ride, and for months I cared to read nothing else. The two noble brothers, so simple, and high, and pure; the beauty of the relation between the father and the son; and the wondrous delicacy of the scene where the former details his own most painful experiences for his boy's benefit, touched me so that even now I am unable to read the book aloud. Would that all fathers established the same relations with their children. And now 'Festus' is my bible; no other book ever 'found' me, to use Coleridge's phrase, in so many parts of my nature. And this is the only proof we have of the truth, whether in a book or in anything else,—the finding oneself in it. No revelation could be inspired for us unless it coincided with our nature and wants; and if it does thus coincide with humanity, why should it not be a human product? to this list I must add Emerson's Essays, which have been for me a never-failing spring of refreshing, and fountain of wisdom.

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The sensation of indolent contentment fostered by this kind of life in these latitudes is very pleasant. I find it singularly antagonistic to all ideas of duty or ambition. Under its prolonged influence I can fancy myself becoming an oyster,—another proof of the identity of perfection and negation. Yet I am not without much to think about; nor are my companions undeserving of a niche in my note-book.

The English owner is also our captain; a good-natured fellow in act, though of the most dogged contradictory disposition in words. Nothing can be said in

a simple conversation that does not excite his combativeness. At last, guessing the secret of his universal opposition, I asked him, during one of its exhibitions, if, supposing he were clearly shown to his own satisfaction to be wrong, he would own it;—‘No,’ he replied, ‘I’d die first.’

The Frenchman is a curious compound, (though not curious perhaps for a Frenchman,) of volatility and earnestness. He is as thoroughly free from any prepossession in favour of Christianity, as if he had been born in a Turkish Harem.

He has carried his acquaintance with the ancient mythologies to a remarkable extent, and has come to regard Christianity as but a refined Pagan eclecticism. He admires the prudence of the Romish Church in keeping the original records of their faith out of sight, on the ground that people will not be long content to read the Bible without investigating the history of its composition, ‘and when once they do that, adieu to Christianity.’

For Protestantism he has a vast contempt, as ‘the product of an unnatural alliance between faith and knowledge; a hybrid compounded of equal parts of darkness and light, having no vital principle of its own, and only possible as a transition to one or the other extreme.’

In his view, ‘Priestism’ is stronger in modern Europe than ever it was in old times, for ‘the priests have thrown away the keys, and have come to believe their own lie:—at least many of them do.’ The only religion he professes is that of ‘Solidarité,’ or community of interest, which he confidently expects, sooner

or later, to take the place of all other principles of action. His imperfect English and lively manner are very piquant.

‘When any person tries to Christianise me, I say to them, “Beware! you are a Novice, and I am one of the Initiated. Will you, who are only allowed to enter the outer court, teach a high priest who has been behind the veil, and seen all the holy mysteries?” And when they contend that they are indeed true believers, I do beam on them and cry out “Ah, you have a good heart.” But I do not tell them what I know, for it is good for them to think true what they teach; and if I convert them they would lose their good heart (i. e. act dishonestly), or they would starve; and it is pain to me when people starve or have a bad heart.’

His theory is that every religion was originally a worship of the sun, and that Christianity is the product of a union between certain astronomical and philosophical conclusions. In support thereof he enumerates some curious parallelisms.

Hercules, Apollo, Bacchus, Æsculapius, and other classical divinities, the Hindoo Krishna, the Egyptian Osiris, Pythagoras, and the Jewish Christ, he regards as being all mere personifications of the Sun; and won't hear of any of the details which their histories have in common, being derived from the Gospels. Quoting the prophecy of Æsculapius in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, he exhibits the identity of its details with what afterwards was believed by Christians. He adduces also Justin Martyr's acknowledgment that the Christians claimed little more for their Jesus than the Pagans for their Æsculapius: and states that to him also were applied the epithets of

‘God the Saviour,’ the ‘healer of men,’ and ‘conqueror of death.’ He makes a great point of the coincidence between the creed and the course of the Sun ; how that it passes through the constellation Virgo ; descends below the earth ; rises again and ascends into heaven ; revealing the kingdom of heaven, or summer ; and after passing through Aries, as the lamb of God takes away the sin of the world, that is, repairs the ravages of winter. The twelve apostles through which his light is spread, are the twelve months ; Judas being February, which ‘transgresses,’ or passes over a day, and so falls into his proper place, as stated in Acts i. 25.

More curious still is the astrological function he assigns to John the Baptist, the patron or ‘génie’ of June 24th. He considers him as regarding from one pole of the year the infant Jesus, the ‘génie’ of December 25th, at the other pole. The saying of John, ‘He must increase, but I must decrease,’ having reference to the fact that the days begin to lengthen from Christmas day, and to shorten from June 24th. To the shortest day, December 21st, is assigned the doubting apostle Thomas as patron : for then the year, having reached the lowest depths of its darkness, may be supposed to fear lest its Lord, the Sun, can never rise again.

Besides Voltaire, whom he styles ‘the greatest of Biblical critics,’ there is an English book, he tells me, in which I can find all this and a vast deal more concerning the origin of Christianity well worked out. The author was a ‘Marteer,’ whose name he thinks was Taylor. But the great text-book is Dupuis’.

According to his theory, the calendar should be reversed in the southern hemisphere.

It is very certain that the subject of Christian Evidences has not been dealt fairly with. The selection of any one period of history, however remote, and the collation of all that is known or believed about it, must necessarily cause the period and the events ascribed to it to stand out distinctly and separately from the surrounding time and circumstances, and to assume a prominence by no means properly belonging to them. So that what is in reality a single link in a great chain of transitions, may thus be made to outweigh and eclipse the whole series of facts to which it belongs.

What we require is a history of philosophy and religion at the time immediately prior to the origin of Christianity.

In short, I want to see the human history of the world dealt with as geologists are dealing with the Earth's physical history.

Theologians seem to think that Catastrophe is the only possible evidence of divine handiwork, and that if all things went on smoothly and without jerks, the Universe would afford no proof of God's existence. But it is probably only because we have knowledge of the results merely of different eras, and not of the details of the periods of transition that connect them, that the notion has grown up that history has jumped from one summit, as it were, to another, and that each complete period has been the product of a separate miraculous action, instead of having grown naturally out of the periods which have preceded it. The progress of Geology is certainly tending towards this conclusion in respect to the earth, and I am strongly inclined to think that if we only could get at the real history of the period between

the Old and New Testaments, and especially that of the condition of Judæa and its relation to Egypt and to Egyptian schools of thought at the time of Christ's birth, we should find that He was as much a natural product of his age and country as any other representative man.

The vicious habit of restricting history to kings and wars, may account for the scantiness of our knowledge on this head, but it is not unlikely that the founders of the Ecclesiastical System destroyed, or at least willingly suffered to perish, very many documents that would have thrown light on this subject, and that it is to the design of those founders rather than to the facts themselves, that Christianity owes its apparent preternatural isolation and independence. As they held that the Earth leaped into being from the void, so they represent Christianity as having suddenly started into existence out of a complete blank ; like the tremendous winter of Northern America out of the dreamy hush of the ' Indian Summer ' that precedes it.

Very curious is the effect of this Frenchman's conversation on these subjects. Listening to his enumeration of one coincidence after another between the fables of Pagan Mythology and the traditions of the Church, the character of Jesus comes to appear so shadowy and legendary that there would be little difficulty in disbelieving any such person to have existed at all, were it not for the impossibility of otherwise accounting for the ascription of these relations to one of his era and nation.

I agree with him that these questions must all be reopened in order to be settled one way or the other.

They have never really been settled, but only ignored, and inquiry denounced. He says there is evidence enough to convince any unbiased mind, notwithstanding that the successful majority in the early ages of the Church always destroyed as much as they could of the evidences brought against them.

CHAPTER II.

THE HAPPY ISLES.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

WE glide on as in a pleasant dream. Such days, such nights of beauty. We have passed the sun, and our noon-day shadows point to the south. Higher and higher in the nightly sky rides the Southern Cross; soon will the Southern Isles appear. An end to dreaming now, for much caution is necessary to thread with safety the coral labyrinths of these seas. Sometimes in a moment the deep blue of fathomless ocean gives place to an almost milky white, and at a short distance appears a cluster of little circles of coral, presenting their rims just above the water, and looking like so many white fairy rings enclosing lagoons of stillest water. This when the sea is calm; but in boisterous weather the waves dash madly over them, and woe to the ship that is cast upon their teeth. Rings, then indeed, they prove, to wed the unhappy mariner to his death. One, two islands are passed, mere knolls of

palin trees, apparently growing out of the ocean. At last higher land appears in sight. A few hours more and we glide along a reef-bound shore, catching glimpses of lovely valleys in among hills covered with unfading green. Soon we descry a movement on the land, and a canoe comes off, paddled by half a dozen natives, and steered by a white man. This is a pilot, who has lived half a life in these seas. He guides us through an opening in the reef, between the long lines of surf, to a safe anchorage in still water. It is so clear, that gazing many a fathom down we can see the branching coral of white and red, and gaily coloured fishes darting about, or pausing among the boughs as birds in a tree.

Now we are surrounded by canoes laden with tropical fruits and poultry, and are deafened by the clamour of the natives, rich copper-coloured fellows, girt with cinctures of sea-weed. A noble-looking race, with handsome Grecian features, and pleasant, gentle manners. I get into a canoe and am paddled ashore, with the little Frenchman. It is a beautiful little bay, edged with a narrow strip of white beach which slopes down to waters ever smooth and clear; for the encircling reef keeps afar off the roar and tumult of ocean. The shore is lined with groves of orange and citron, bananas, cocoa-nut, and bread-fruit trees. Under the shade of these are ranged the huts of the natives, spacious and well-built. Walking down to meet us on our landing, comes a fair girl of some fifteen summers, or rather of one summer fifteen years long, and beautiful as a dream, with soft dark eyes, and long glossy black ringlets hanging down her glowing shoulders, and revealing a bust and figure of most perfect form. Her smooth shining skin

is of lighter hue than the other natives. She is clad with the prevailing cincture of weeds from the waist nearly to the knees, and is now in the full perfection of fresh womanhood and beauty. Serene and dignified as an empress, and yet purely artless and unconscious, she advances towards us. I think of 'vera incessu patuit Dea;' and the little Frenchman throws up his arms and exclaims—

'This is an Arabian Night.'

There are missionaries and other white men on the island, so she may have learnt a little English.

'What is your name?'

'Maleia,' is the response, in soft Samoan accents; for we are upon the island of Opolo, one of the Navigator's or Samoa group. Beautiful Maleia thus understanding me, we soon become friends, and I decorate her fair neck with some trinkets I had been careful to bring with me. Directed by her, the little Frenchman seeks the abodes of the white men; and she leads me in search of fruit to the adjoining banana grove. Evidently a kind and gentle-hearted damsel, though very sparing of her words: comprehending pretty well what I say, but averse to answering except in her native Samoan; a singularly soft language, in which it is difficult to detect any consonants. Here Maleia selects for me the finest bananas, and when I have enough of these, shakes down a green cocoa-nut, and opening it carefully, gives me a draught of milk, sweet, refreshing, and delicious. The white kernel is soft as thick cream, very different from the hard indigestible stuff so dear to British schoolboys. Here, reclining under the great banana leaves, the moist and balmy air, laden with fragrance and indescribable

richness, throws a mantle of oblivion over all the past, shrouding all its cherished schemes in far indistinctness, and inducing a longing to dream away the remainder of life undisturbed alike by regret and desire. Here one learns to sympathise with Adam in his garden of delights, and to feel that he would have been a heartless wretch, what Yankees call 'a mean man,' had he refused the apple at Eve's hand. He would have shown a fussy moral activity inconsistent with any largeness of nature, and with the serene influence of the place; and a ready consciousness of evil that ill harmonised with real innocence.

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Maleia has told me her history. She is proud to claim kindred with white men, for her father is one. When, quite a baby he left her to the care of her native mother and the missionaries. She must move homeward now for the day is nearly done. Even as we thread our way through the grove, the sun is gone, and as we pace along the smooth white beach the heavens burst into stars. The very sea does the same, for the clear reef-bound waters, free from all motion, reflect each orb in lustre unbroken and undiminished. O Poet, I have realised thy dream! and until sleep comes that night, do the luscious stanzas of 'Locksley Hall' ring in my ears, making sweetest harmony with the time and the place. Yes, I too have

'Burst all links of habit, and have wandered far away,
On from island unto island, at the gateways of the day.

'Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadth of tropic shade, and palms in cluster, knots of paradise.

‘ Droops the heavy blossomed bower, hangs the heavy fruited tree,
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

‘ Here the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and
breathing-space ;

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.’

And perchance this glorious dusky damsel, more
beautiful than ever poet dreamed, will not refuse to fulfil
her part in the destiny!

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTIAN AND CANNIBAL.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

NEXT morning I wander on shore again, and while the owners busy themselves in traffic, I find out some of the missionaries, and chat with them. Pleasant, easy-going men, sent out by the great London Society ; living in comfortable European-fashioned houses, with wives and pale-looking children, wishing for nothing but a little more society. Instantly noticeable is the utter absence of the chronic excitement which pervades all missionary reports. One does not talk long with them without perceiving that they have settled down, and that somewhat listlessly, to their work, with minds little occupied by expectation of ever making anything of the islanders ; who, they say, readily acknowledge the superiority of the white man, and learn to imitate his habits even to the details of church ceremony.

Looking into the chapel on Sunday, I see this for myself. Everything is done in the decorous English meeting-house fashion. The service is in the native tongue. Some two hundred are present,—but a small portion of the population,—dressed in what they consider their Sunday best. Generally huge rolls of tappa, a white native cloth, looking Roman and graceful enough, were it not for the addition of English incongruities—a tawdry bonnet or coloured shirt. As with all savages, as well as with some who do not profess to be in the least savages, their weak side is dress. Of course, in order to acquire influence over them the missionaries must act upon such motives as they find to exist. And going to the mission chapel is a duty paramount over all the harmony and beauty in the world. Their imitative-ness is shown in the service. There is the average amount of apparent attention; the usual absence of all enthusiasm or eagerness; tolerable singing of hymns, and an orderly departure when all is over; and even the same appearance of relief as from a task performed.

Even to the abstinence of the chapel-goers from other appearance in public on Sunday, is everywhere notable the aim to patch with cold northern formalism the garb of unconscious simplicity hitherto by nature deemed sufficient for these islanders. Beholding this wherever the missionary influence extends, I feel annoyed. Why always this trying to prevent people from being themselves, and to make them some one else quite different?

Close by the mission chapel is the grave of the first missionary to these islands, John Williams, who after many years of successful adventure against idol-worship,

met his death in 'tempting Providence' by rashly venturing alone among a tribe fiercer than any he had before visited. Interesting stories the missionaries tell me of the conversion of these Samoans. It seems that they were always a race of gentle manners, and though not unwarlike generally eschew human flesh. One of the islands, Manono, though by no means the largest, claims a sort of political superiority over the whole group. Enclosed within the same reef, it is so easy of access from Opolo that the inhabitants have often been surprised and driven from their island.

On these occasions they betake themselves to a natural fortress that at a short distance from their shores rises abruptly from the sea. This is a rock, steep, rugged, and barren: a hopeless-looking spot as one approaches it, and sails round and round without seeing any opening whereby the interior can be gained. A passage, however, there is, narrow and overhung by precipices. But on entering this, the scene changes as by magic. The rock is a hollow basin, of which the whole inside at once appears, sloping regularly and gently from the centre up to the edge of the encircling hill, and all covered with most glorious verdure of food-yielding trees, with here and there clusters of native dwellings resting under their shades. It is evidently the crater of an extinct volcano, and is aptly termed by the Samoans, *Aborima*,—the hollow of the hand. Accessible only by the narrow and easily-defended aperture in the lip of the volcano, and bountifully supplied with food and water, *Aborima* is proof against the attacks both of man and of the elements. The hurricane sweeps in vain round its rugged sides, while the low and sheltered centre

rests undisturbed. In a motionless atmosphere, and with a vertical sun, the heat would here be intolerable, were it not that the whole climate of these islands is deliciously tempered by the constant trade-winds. The interest of Manono for the missionary is due to the circumstance that it was mainly instrumental in bringing about the abandonment of the old religion by the Samoans. Its old chief, Malietoa, after listening to the accounts given by the missionaries of the superiority of 'Jehovah' to the gods of the islanders, and seeing the many conveniences possessed by his followers, determined to put the matter to a test that to him appeared conclusive. Calling his people together, he told them that in order to try whose gods were the strongest, he intended to worship 'Jehovah' for six weeks. And if at the end of that time no calamity had befallen him, they should all become Christians. This was agreed to. And during the period of probation the excitement is said to have been intense; bulletins being constantly despatched to all parts of the islands, announcing the progress of the contest between the rival deities. Before the time had half expired, the people, who were already well disposed towards the whites, were tired of waiting, and the proposed change was made at once. The missionaries themselves, who had not objected to the test, coolly accepted the safety of Malietoa as proof of their God's interference and omnipotence. They admit that if anything had happened to him, their own lives would have been sacrificed. It is little wonder that a religion thus rested on a certain supernatural action, should be endangered when other supposed supernatural action less favourable in its character occurred.

A subsequent series of calamities, sickness, fire, and hurricane, was of course interpreted by the natives as proofs of the displeasure of their old gods at being forsaken. Many relapsed into heathenism, and it required all the wit of the missionaries to counteract the hostile feeling. In doing this they were much aided by the presents they were able to make out of their stores of a variety of European tools, axes, saws, &c., articles of which all savages have an intense appreciation.

At first sight it would seem as if the missionaries practised a wilful deceit upon the natives, in representing all the advantages and conveniences of civilisation as boons bestowed upon them by 'Jehovah' in return for their preference of Him to other gods, when, by a truer statement, it would appear that the same acuteness of intellect that led them to have higher ideas of God, or, which is nearly the same thing, ideas of a higher God, would also enable them to invent superior appliances of physical comfort. But the belief in special providences is so interwoven with their whole system of thought, that they appear quite unconscious of the misapprehensions concerning the connection between the operations of the elements and their own religious belief which they foster in the native mind. I do not, however, interrupt their narratives or disturb their complacency with any such reflections of my own.

The various English societies, they tell me, have agreed not to interfere with each other's fields of operation, and, no doubt, they are wise in this, for the native mind will quite soon enough discern difficulties and inconsistencies in the doctrines of their teachers, without their being paraded before them by a diversity of sects.

In Opolo, however, are a couple of French priests, who have been for some time trying to gain sway over the natives, though as yet with but little success. Even more incongruous than the formalism of the English missionaries appear these men, in their long black serge habits. One of them is styled bishop, and the chapel he is building of hewn blocks of white coral is called cathedral. They seem to care more to convert Protestants into Romanists, than cannibals into Christians; perhaps because it is the more difficult task.

CHAPTER IV.

LOTOS EATING.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

PLEASANT is it to get away from all these signs of 'civilisation,' and mix with the yet unsophisticated natives. Not that they are without strange, and even absurd, customs of their own. The men, for instance, hold their hair in high reverence, and it is a profanation to touch it. They delight to make each hair stand straight out from the head, like that of an electric doll when excited. They put lime upon it, which turns it of a reddish hue. Just after our arrival, I found the Irish owner declaiming against the impertinence of some natives, who were greatly attracted by his flaming locks, and begged to know his recipe for making it that beautiful

colour. He thought they were making fun of him. Near the village, filtering through the beach into the sea, is a beautiful little stream of purest water, in which the whole population bathes two or three times a day. A little way back it becomes a considerable pool, overshadowed by large trees. This is a scene of huge merriment and delight, when, crawling along the overhanging limbs, men and boys come dropping down in swarms, and diving away to marvellous distances. Every one swims. Mothers take their babies in with them, and the little things paddle away long before they can walk. No troublesome toilette for any of us after bathing. The slight amount of clothing required by the climate is no inconvenience to either man or woman in swimming. A shirt, duck-trousers, and shoes I find both ample and picturesque. Maleia and I are great friends. Somehow, she is rarely far off. She is by no means demonstrative, but does not conceal her partiality for the light brown curls that are somewhat profusely scattered over my head. The missionaries are all straight-haired men. She comes early from her home, in one of the mission-houses, to be my companion and guide in the intricate ways through the banana groves to the neighbouring villages. I find tobacco everywhere the welcomest present, and therefore carry some with me. Every family possesses its own plot of ground, containing the staple food of life,—bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees. The former is a most beautiful tree, in largeness of leaf and depth of colour resembling, but exceeding, the fig. It is to the islanders what the cow is to the European; all parts of it serving some necessary end. The natives generally place their huts close to one or more of them; and in their shade

we rest on arriving at any village, and I dispense my tobacco, and we all smoke a friendly pipe, Maleia herself not disdaining the delicate paper cigarita. Sometimes, in a light canoe, we paddle at evening along the inner side of the reef to see the fishing by torch-light. The topmost edge of the reef, is level with the water, and a perpetual surf breaks upon it. A strange effect is produced by the dark figures of the natives, with spear in one hand and a blazing torch of reeds in the other, treading the white lines of foam, which gleam and flash brightly in the moving lights, as, with many a shout and splashing into deep water, they alternately attract and scare the fish into becoming an easy prey.

Maleia herself swims like a mermaid, so that, when wandering on shore, the rivers do not impede us; for, hand in hand, we tread the depths, and merrily pass to the other side. And when I have been away with my trading companions, cruising among the islands that skirt the horizon, I am always sure of a bright look from her on my return.

Between two of the islands there is war. From the schooner-decks I witness a hostile invasion. Paddling over in immense canoes, the enemy attempt to land. A combat ensues, partly on shore, partly on the water and in the water. With spears, and darts, and clubs, the attempt is repulsed; and, laden with the 'casualties,' the canoes paddle back in mournful procession to whence they came. There will be much lamentation on their return, for a great chief is slain. None of the old horrors are now enacted with the prisoners; so far has twenty years' contact with white men mitigated their cruelty. In fighting and dancing they find their chief

excitements. The missionaries have done their best to discourage both; but where the physical energies have so long been alone exercised, it is not easy to arouse the mental, or to make intellectual pursuits successful rivals of the animal, even if the missionaries were the right men for the task.

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How absurd to judge these children of the sun by the ascetic standard of the cold north! No necessity for effort is here to sharpen their wits. Friction denied, how can they make progress? No harsh climate impels to the accumulation of comforts. Their food springs spontaneously from the earth, and all they have to do is to enjoy its bounties and continue their race. I find myself looking back with wonder to the old world, and its life of anxious wear and tear; its hastening to be rich, its emulation between man and man, and its vast interval between the extremes of life. If heaven be conscious rest, surely I have it here,—so delightful from its contrast with the weary past! Why should I ever leave it? Where shall I find a simpler solution of the problem of life than among these careless islanders? Are they so ‘low in the scale’? Surely it is envy that has so placed them. They stretch forth their hands for fruit, and are filled. They drink at the stream, and are satisfied. They know no cold, and if heat assail them they have but to lie still in the thick shade of their trees. They love, and have children; and sickness makes little havoc in their dwellings. They can avenge injuries, be grateful for kindness, and give thanks for their blessings according to their knowledge; for their religious rites, uncouth and childish though they may seem to strangers,

do certainly not spring from ingratitude. What conditions, then, are wanting to make the traditionary Eden? The most innocent children playing in a garden will occasionally squabble, and enact unconsciously many antics that, to the self-regarding, deliberate man, seem horrible distortions. Alas, that their guilelessness is doomed, and that European serpents should come so far to convince them of sin!

Surely I have reached the Happy Isles.

‘How weary seems the sea,—the wandering fields of barren foam. I will return no more. My island home is far beyond the sea. No longer will I roam.’

Why should I? The soft influences of the place are lulling to sleep all intellectual energy. My physical being is renewed by every breath I inhale. All impulses are becoming sensuous. I toss up my cap and cry, ‘*Vive la bête!*’

CHAPTER V.

A FAREWELL.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

‘SO soon! how the weeks have flown.’ ‘Yes, there is no more cargo to be got in the Navigator’s, so tomorrow we sail, and after touching at the Feejees, make straight course for Port Jackson, and white English faces again.’

The delight of my comrades at the prospect startles

me as from a dream. Thoughts of the long-cherished plans of busy life, ambition, and the return home some day, crowd upon me. Is the old Adam still so strong in me drawing me towards my kindred?

Shall I go or stay? Maleia has taught me what it is I want to fulfil the complement of my nature. To remain and live with her—how great a happiness—and she is willing. How selfish I shall appear to her! It never occurred to me that she was old enough to have feelings also. How inexplicable to her wild simple nature must be the feelings that call me away! Will it be for the happiness of either if I remain? Will the future be in accordance with the present? Can she ever respond to aught but the simple pleasures known to her race, or sympathise with the higher and more complex emotions of which I feel capable? Ah me, I fear me it is too plain. This would not be the perfect marriage of which I have dreamt; in which all parts of my nature, moral, intellectual, as well as physical, can meet perfect sympathy and accord. I must not linger here. It is not the highest thing I can do. This is but the gateway of the day. The dawn has come, discovering to me my want. But the day does not stand still. I must press on to the full fruition and accomplishment of my higher nature.

So far with regard to myself:—but Maleia. True and natural as she is, she will not conceal her sorrow. Young and light-hearted, probably no feeling can be very deep-seated. I will tell her that it would be for the happiness of neither of us for me to remain. She would soon discover that there is little really in common between us, and feel a longing for the companionship of

one of her own race : and I should feel that I was neglecting duties elsewhere, and be unhappy in the thought.

* * * *

I have told her this. With a quiet thoughtful air she listened as if not fully comprehending me, and then said, first proudly,

‘Maleia got white blood too. Maleia no Samoan ; then sadly and reproachfully,

‘Why go when you fond of Maleia ? Go when you tired of her.’

And this is all she said until I reached the end of my explanations, when she replied, ‘Maleia no understand, but Maleia sorry.’

I wonder if I am a brute. I am sure I did not mean to be one. I am another proof that

‘Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart.’

CHAPTER VI.

COOLING REFLECTIONS.

IN the interval before reaching the Feejees, Herbert solaces himself with his note-book. The islands and the missionaries afford much to be reflected upon. The following seems to consist as much of his after-thoughts as of actual conversations :—

‘The English are a greater and a better people than

you Samoans. By doing as the English do, you too will become greater and better.'

'Very doubtful to me is this first assertion of yours, as I think of our reeking manufacturing dens of great English cities, and contrast them with this paradise of ease and simplicity. And as for your second, ah, friend missionary, is this all you know of nature and her many types? Would you feed with oats and put saddle on yonder fat pigs of yours, because a horse is "greater and better" than a pig? Believe me, the pig has his place and his uses in it. Would you turn all the wild roses into vegetables? Even with individual men, each man should be himself, not the copy of another, however admirable in his line that other may be. And so with races of men. I know you say every one ought to try to be like Christ. No doubt, but not as you mean. Rather in being his own best; in acting up to the best that he finds in him, even as Christ did. Truly you cannot find a better example. As he acted out his own character, so ought we to act out ours; to be true and natural and not ape others. For the perfection of nature consists in infinite variety of patterns, and in their harmony with the conditions surrounding them. She loves not to see frogs striving to become oxen. Say you, if one be right all others must be wrong? In the Absolute, concerning which we can know nothing, it may be so. But in man, and his circumstances, I see it not. Would you exhort the reed to follow the example of the oak, to be strong and unyielding and a tree? Would you have quaker-like rainbows, all one colour, which is no colour? Why not? if red be a right colour, blue is a wrong one. And if Nature delights in a rainbow of

human varieties, would you charge her with bad taste, and spoil her handiwork by abolishing the variety ? ’

‘ Place and fitness ? ’

‘ Truly we begin to be agreed ; but you ask what would you have us do. How make Christians of these savages ? How make them believe in the one Name given under heaven whereby they can be saved ? Can you not do all this, make them Christian or Christ-like without bonnets and breeches ? How have you gone to work ? as I have read in your publications (for be it known to you that I too come of evangelical stock and was fearfully bored with your Reports in my youth)—by denunciation of everything you found, themselves, and their habits, and their religion, and their laws. Nothing good, no not one. And so your whole experience is one of difficulty and discouragement. Methinks, if I had been a missionary, it would have been my satisfaction to recount how that when I had gone among tribes who had never seen a white man, I told them that in the farthest part of the round earth I had heard that they knew and believed things different from what I knew and believed ; and that if they would teach them to me I would teach them in turn what they did not know, so that the exchange might be for the benefit of both. How that on seeing their idol-worship I told them that my people also resembled them in this, distant and unlike as they were in many things. For that we too had a consciousness of a powerful Being whom we could not see, to whom we gave such offerings as we believed to be pleasant to him. And, on thus discovering that they already possessed a religious faculty, and could comprehend my meaning, I was careful not to abuse but to

use this faculty, and endeavoured to cultivate it, and so lead them up gradually to a higher ideal of faith and worship, not by the assertion of things strange and incomprehensible to them, but by the development of that which they already had. And when I saw them fighting, killing, and eating each other, I took the opportunity to tell them that where I came from there were creatures called wild beasts, which their beautiful islands were quite free from, and that we left these brutes to do all such barbarous things, and were ashamed to imitate them. That the white men aimed at being happy, and making others so, and to that end laboured to discover all the secrets of the world, to turn them to good account. That instead of attributing any misfortune that befalls them to a malignant deity, they should regard it rather as a consequence of their own mistakes, or as a necessary part of a scheme which, on the whole, works for their good; like that last terrible hurricane, which, though it destroyed their habitations and coconut trees, yet cleared away the disease which was killing their children, the disease itself being the natural consequence of their own neglect or ignorance. That natural phenomena are not the capricious acts of their deities, but are consequences necessarily connected together, affording them fitting exercise for their faculties in extracting the good, or avoiding the mischief they bring. That instead of fierce, ugly demons, we worshipped one more like what we ourselves wished to be; a powerful and benevolent Being, believing that every quality we esteem best belongs to him in the highest degree. That long ago our fathers had made and worshipped images just as they did now, but had learnt that none

could be made like God, who was better understood by the things that he had himself made; by the sun and stars, the earth and all the beautiful and grand things upon it, by human souls and bodies, and the great powers of nature; but that the best likeness was the best man, and so we revered that the most of all things, and worshipped none but God himself as we saw him in our own highest thought; while each one of us tried to be the best man according to our disposition and ability. And I doubt not that I should have to finish my story by telling how that these savages listened, and thought it would be better, instead of destroying each other and practising cruel ceremonies, to help in securing their crops, and to have their wives and children safe, and to live in harmony together with joyous festivals and dances; never fighting but when they were attacked, and then showing their enemies that they only wished to be left in quiet.

‘Do you, friend missionary, say that your zeal for God would prevent your treating idol-worship with such soft words? Methinks you would more effectually destroy it than by the means you have employed. The only way to destroy an error is to show that it is an error, and how it is an error; and to make its holders understand how something else is better. So far as I can see, you have not done this. You have not shown them in what the Christian doctrine is better suited to their needs than their own. You have simply taken advantage of your prestige as white men to declare that your talisman is better than their talisman, that your fetich is Christ, and is stronger than their fetich. Of the inherent excellence of your system you have taught

them nothing. But what, after all, is this same idol-worship for which you have such wholesome horror and indignation, but a misdirection of the religious faculty; misdirection through ignorance? Can you be sure that the sacrifice of these poor heathen is not accepted even as the widow's mite, in that they do their best, and act up to the light that is in them? Do you say that they seem rather to do their worst? I fear me ye be but blind leaders of the blind. Are not all men inevitably attracted by that which seems best to them? You think to make them Christians without cultivating their intelligence. All you wish to do is to get them to substitute your dogmas for their own. Beware lest when you have taken away their gods, and taught them to pay reverence to a name, they continue to worship under the new name the very same idea that they worshipped in the old image. Without a real accession of intelligence, a development of the idea of excellence, the image is but transferred from the bodily sight to the mind's eye. So that if idolaters before, they are idolaters still, even when worshipping in your mission chapel. What but children are they, with fair capacity and full of rude force? You would not treat a child's intellectual blunders with harsh denouncement. You would strive by gentle degrees to enlarge his understanding and teach him better. If religion be what some have defined it, "man bringing to his Maker the homage of his heart," least of all would a father reprobate his child for showing its reverence to him in some foolish, childish mode, so long as it did it out of reverence. It might be different if the child did not reverence its parent;—if the savage was not even an idolater. Though in the former

case we should blame the parent either for having concealed himself from his child, or for having treated it so as to forfeit its regard. And in the latter how much you would think gained if the savage became an idolater : just as you would regard it as a vast step in the scale of intelligence on the part of any animal, were it to show its consciousness of a superior being by laying its homage and offerings before an image of it. And, after all, this horror of yours towards images is only a dogmatic sentiment. It is adopted and not real. When you want to make an idea clear to a child, if words fail, you try pictures ; and where the intellectual perceptions are so dim as to be unable to comprehend pictures, you must have recourse to images. What else is the whole theory of the doll ? So that the grosser sense of feeling may, as with a blind man, be the blessed medium between God and the soul. The spiritual world is not so very far removed from the physical. Mental blindness requires as tender treatment as bodily blindness.

“ Who would rush at a benighted man,
And give him two black eyes for being blind ? ”

asks one who has yet to be recognised as one of the wisest of modern philosophers. And not without reason does poor Hood put the question. For instead of consulting your own natural feelings in your treatment of these heathen, you have rather adopted the temper and imitated the conduct of the Jews of old, as told in their sacred books. Proud of the lofty refinement of your own perceptions of Deity, and unable to imagine yourselves so low down in the scale of intelligence as to think like savages, you denounce them as wilful dishonourers of

God, and would destroy, or if you will, "improve them" off the face of the earth, when all the time they may be acting up more nearly to their light than yourselves, or even than the ferocious old Jews whom you so delight to honour.'

'But these worship not God, but devils, and hideous images of devils. They think that the kind being who sends them the gentle breeze and showers, and makes the fruit to grow and the fish to swarm, and causes all their happiness and prosperity, does not exact costly offerings from them. These they reserve for the cruel beings who send the hurricane and the famine, in order to avert their wrath, and purchase their forbearance. What is this but devil-worship?'

'What indeed! Well, well. Among Christians too I have heard something of a doctrine of propitiation. Among Christians I have heard something of a powerful being who brought all the evil and misery into the world. Of course people will pay most attention to that which they think most powerful to do them good or harm. I have known even Christian children inquire why, if God was the strongest, he did not kill the devil, and Christian mothers were unable to answer the question to their satisfaction. So that it is little wonder that these poor people seem to pay most homage where they think they have most reason to fear.

'"Cannibalism"? A most uncomfortable practice for us even to think of, and one that shows how men crave for animal food. The craving exists. No teaching or denunciation can get rid of that, or of any other propensity. It must be recognised and controlled, and its proper satisfaction provided for. Men's lusts, as you

technically term those natural desires, the abuse of which produces the greatest personal demoralisation and social inconvenience, are not bad things in themselves. They only require proper means of gratification. Give cannibals good wholesome meat, and they will soon cease to care to eat each other.

‘Polygamy one of your greatest difficulties? I can readily believe that this jump from patriarchal habits is too great to be made at once. By insisting on the repudiation of all wives but one, may you not, in addition to inflicting a cruel injustice on the poor women themselves, be also confounding European customs with Christian essentials?’

‘I do not wonder at your feeling discouraged, but it is somewhat remarkable how you have contrived to keep your reports published at home free from betraying this feeling. You admit that the reality falls far short of the exorbitant ideas there. You say that you are expected to do more in a single generation for these savages than Christianity has done in eighteen centuries for the Europeans. But have you been careful not to excite and foster this unreasonable expectation?’

‘Fault of human nature! people must be worked up into giving their money! Besides, what is here but a simple statement about a strange race, may there appear exciting from its very novelty; and it is difficult to make it otherwise.’

‘Perhaps. But notwithstanding your theory that earth is but a nursery for heaven, and that your business is only to produce conditions favourable to the saving of souls, it is plain that you suffer the despondency consequent on your conviction that you are striving to elevate

a vanishing race. You mark the gradual decline of the population. Why it is, you know not. In these islands at least there is no apparent cause, no disease or fatal habit introduced to account for it. Wherever the white man sets his foot, the aborigine disappears. Like wild beasts disturbed in their lairs, they go away, they cease to breed. The natives are instinctively aware of this. They await their extinction as a thing that sooner or later must happen. And thus they lack the most powerful inducement a people can have to elevate itself,—that of bequeathing a glorious nationality to posterity.’

Such on various occasions was the upshot of many chats with the missionaries, when joining them in their repast of fruit and cocoa-nut milk, a jug of which, fresh and cool, is always on the table at meals; or in accompanying them either on foot over the hills, or by water in a canoe to some remote station.

* * * *

Our missionaries object to the Romish ones that they merely substitute one set of idols for another, and so give the natives a religion not essentially differing from their own. I think it may be equally objected to our missionaries that they offer to the worship of the savages no other deity than they already recognise, but maintain the heathen conception of a God who requires to be propitiated and appeased by sacrifice and blood. They thus propagate the Jewish and Pagan idea of atonements, and confirm their disciples in their belief in a God who requires the blood of the guiltless to enable him to pardon the guilty. It is possible that Christianity, or the abolition of the belief in propitiatory sacrifice, if such be its proper definition, has still all its way to make.

That the Church itself is not yet Christian, but Jewish : the Law still in force, and the Gospel a dead letter. If so, the contest will come some day, and will be a severe one when it comes. The vast majority holding to the old idea will fight hard, and the new reformation will doubtless have its martyrs. I don't see how it can take place *within* the Church of England. There must be another Exodus.

* * * *

If the above idea be correct, in recommending the religion of Christ to the Jews, the Apostles, and especially St Paul, must have gone too far in accommodating it to Jewish prepossessions by representing his death as a substitute for their sacrifices. St Paul's language, distinct as it seems to us, may really have only meant, 'If you must have a sacrifice and a victim, accept this as one. You cannot find a nobler and more unblemished.' He may have said this to win them over, without meaning that Christ's death really had such a signification. And if he did mean it, it is not necessarily a truth for all time.

* * * *

Probably the best effect of our missionaries is the example they afford of domesticity. Content with one wife who lives on terms of equality with her husband, and finding happiness in the culture of their children, they far transcend their Romish rivals, whose lonely lives seem intended to teach that obedience to the laws of our being is incompatible with true holiness. The celibate missionary may make the best proselytes, but the married one will make the best men and women.

Our missionaries have also done the islanders a great

service in reducing their language to writing, and so laying the foundations of a native literature. The language, however, is necessarily limited to the number of objects with which the natives are conversant. The missionaries, therefore, found no words in which to express things strange to them. In translating the New Testament the difficulty was constantly experienced in rendering into Samoan not only the various terms relating to spiritual matters, but the names of animals, and other names familiar elsewhere. Thus, for many years, the only quadrupeds known on the islands were the pigs left there by the first navigators. 'Pig,' therefore, became the generic term for all animals with four legs. The cow is the 'large lowing milk pig.' The horse is the 'great fast-running pig.' The sheep is the 'hairy pig'—a phrase that proved particularly awkward, when, in translating the Testament, it became necessary to find a Samoan equivalent for 'Lamb of God.' I wonder how many theological dogmas owe their origin to a similar poverty of language.

* * * *

It would be a curious study to trace the variety in language to differences of climate. All warm countries have soft dialects. That of the islands is almost devoid of consonants, witness the names of the Sandwich Islands, Oahoo, Honolulu, Owhyhee; as well as all those of the South Seas. The consonants inserted by the missionaries in writing are hardly detectable in the speech of a native.

They surpass the Italians in their horror of mutes, and barely indicate even the liquid sounds. The guttural tones of the North would seem to have originated in

throats rough and voices thick from perpetual colds, when all the north of Europe was marsh and damp forest. What a contrast are the labial languages of the South. Compare Italian with German !

* * * *

It is probable that a little investigation would discover a meaning and a truth under the rites and symbols even of the rudest savages. The hideous Hindoo goddess Kali, all mouths and weapons, girt with human heads and revelling in blood, is, like the Greek Kronos, who devoured his own children, only a poetic personification of Time—'edax rerum.' How much easier would be the task of the missionary were he to try to learn before beginning to teach. To learn the nature of man before dogmatising about that of God.

* * * *

Methinks there are worse idolaters than these poor savages ever were, even those who cling to their conventional symbols long after they have perceived how utterly they fail to represent the Infinite for them.

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW PASSENGER.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

ONE glimpse of the Feejees and we are off again on our course for Sydney. No cargo to be got here, as the natives are busy fighting. They are splendid-looking fellows, darker and fiercer than the Samoans, and in-

veterate cannibals. The practice of man-eating must cause them to regard human nature from a point of view altogether unknown to us. Probably the sight of a stranger excites in them much the same critical feeling that the sight of a bullock does in the cattle farmer. We have gained a passenger, a Roman Catholic missionary. He turns out to be an Irishman, though speaking French by preference and habit,—a genial kind of man, and apparently sincere. But this last it is hard to predicate of any one with whom profession has long been a vocation.

The captain, who is shrewd enough, has already established a bantering relationship with the priest.

‘Better fun out here than among the bogtrotters at home, aye?’ an observation to which the priest, who is contemplating the receding islands, deems a reply unnecessary.

‘I suppose,’ continues the captain, ‘there is as much love of adventure beneath a black coat as any other. And that’s the secret of a good many of you missionaries coming to the islands.’

Priest hopes that they have better motives than that, though such an impulse may be used as an instrument of good.

Captain ‘hopes no offence, but doesn’t see what good it can do to make the savages worship a bit of bread instead of a bit of wood.’

‘Perhaps you have never tried to see it,’ is the mild response.

‘My glass hasn’t got a lens strong enough,’ rejoins the captain.

‘Then as you admit you do not understand these

matters, you will do me a great favour by not speaking irreverently of them.'

'However, I think I can see as far as most men with the naked eye, though I haven't got a patent magnifier,' persisted the captain. 'But I should like to know more about the bit of bread. I can understand a man believing that everything is only part of God, for I have heard the Brahmins in the East Indies argue with our missionaries that, though a drop of water can't float a ship, yet the ocean is made up of drops, and that in the same way all things together make up God. But what puzzles me is why you Catholics should pick out bread as being God, and leave out other things in which man has no hand.'

'You are a sailor, and should know what "obeying orders" means.'

'To be sure, when a man hears them given by his captain.'

'Or when they come from the captain through any superior officer.'

'I see what you are driving at, but it's not quite such plain sailing when you come to matters of priestcraft.'

'Have you ever heard of such a thing as faith?'

'Many a time, but I prefer experience.'

'Nay, have you ever been in these seas before?'

'Never.'

'Then what guide have you to keep you clear of reefs?'

'I've got the best Admiralty charts, and my own eyes into the bargain.'

'You have had no experience of these latitudes or of the charts describing them, and yet you venture your very life upon them. What is this but faith?'

‘Let me ask a question too? You know nothing about the seaworthiness of this craft, or the ability of her master. Why, you might have come aboard a regular pirate for anything you know. When I come to think of it I quite wonder at your rashness.’

‘Oh, with regard to that,’ said the priest laughing, ‘I saw you had got safe so far, and so must be a pretty good sailor. And I have seen too many vessels not to know when they are all right.’

‘There now,’ exclaimed the captain, in a tone of mock disappointment, ‘I was going to give you credit for faith, and I find it’s only experience after all.’

The priest bit his lip on seeing the trap he had fallen into, but asked quietly, ‘Do you make any account of other men’s experience, or use your own only?’

‘Oh, I use all I can get that seems dependable.’

‘But what enables you to decide what is dependable? Things may have happened to other people quite different from anything you have seen.’

‘I judge if they are dependable in other respects, and if what they say is natural and likely, and whether they have any interest in deceiving me.’

‘And you regard as false all testimony to events which pass ordinary comprehension?’

‘I only say that I judge by experience.’

‘But the events to which I allude, though they contradict your experience, did not contradict that of others.’

‘Those who saw them have a right to believe them. But that is just what you want people not to do, when you say a bit of bread is changed into God; when all

the time neither I nor anybody else can see a particle of difference in it.'

Baffled a second time, the priest took advantage of some interruption to allow the discussion to drop, and it occurred to me that no amount of reasoning will do any good in opening the popular mind, until the true history of Christianity is written, exhibiting the utter absence of anything like real evidence to justify the popular belief. Even then, until far enough advanced to recognise the Divine in the grand harmony and invariable order of nature, people will only believe that those particular interruptions did not take place; not that all interruption is impossible.

I don't want to get engaged in these controversies. The priest has a good deal of interesting information on other subjects connected with these seas. Anybody who wants to know about the islands should read this book of Melville's, 'Typee,' which the captain has just lent me. How vivid are his descriptions. His 'Fayaway' must have been something like my poor Maleia. It completely carries me back to the island.

I suspect that if the truth were known of the conduct of white sailors in the Pacific islands, we should not wonder so much at the barbarous massacres that sometimes take place. The natives must have come to look upon white men as fiends. One story of a whaler I must make a note of. The priest says he got it from one of the men concerned, and is firmly convinced of its truth :—

'In the year 1827, there were three men named *Brag*, and three named *Bully*, all masters of vessels trading in the South Seas, and all insufferable tyrants.'

‘ One of the Brags once took it into his head that the ship’s cook had the scurvy, or the sulks, and buried him up to his neck in the ship’s ballast. While there, he flung a crowbar at his head and killed him. He then gave out a supply of rum to the crew, and when all hands were drunk made them sign a certificate that the cook had died a natural death, and put the paper carefully by. On reaching home the men gave information of the murder, and the master was tried for it. His counsel asserted that the accusation was the result of a conspiracy on the part of the crew against their captain, and produced the paper with their own signatures in proof. Whereupon he was acquitted. The end of this man was a fitting one. When offended with his crew on one occasion, he swore that as soon as he reached New Zealand he would have them roasted and eaten. Such was his disposition and his influence with the chiefs, that they were terrified at the threat, and determined to get rid of him. So, one morning when the vessel was slowly drawing through the water, the crew agreed to throw him overboard. The majority were mending sails forward, and the captain sat by the taffrail, also sewing. The cook’s going to the cabin to take away breakfast was the signal. Some of the men gathered as if unconcernedly about the captain. Others pinioned the mate, and the captain was in a moment thrown overboard. He swam after the ship, entreating to be taken in. Sometimes he could just touch the rudder, and then he would be a few yards astern again ; and so he was for many minutes, begging to be taken on board. They only replied by throwing to him an empty cask, which turned over and over as he at-

tempted to get upon it, and served merely to prolong his efforts, until he was at last drowned.'

CHAPTER VIII.

NOTCHES.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

CONTRARY to my wish I have had a brief passage at arms with the priest. A general conversation about the islands led him to remark that the belief in the divine origin of sacrifice received confirmation even among cannibals, for it illustrated the Church's maxim, 'Quod semper, ubique, et ab omnibus.'

I replied that not only was the maxim incapable of verification, but that even if any belief could be shown to have been universal among primitive tribes, it would prove nothing. That as for the doctrine of sacrifice, it was gradually losing its hold upon the human mind, the whole Protestant world regarding it as having been accomplished once for all; while there are indications that the most thinking minds of our own age are abandoning the idea altogether as a human figment. And that if universal consent could prove anything, it would prove that the sun goes round the earth.

Hereupon the captain rubbed his hands, and declared he should hand his Reverence over to me for the rest of the voyage.

Without noticing this speech, the priest replied gently that he had little sympathy with the modern

tendency to shift religious faith from its eternal foundations to square with any scientific theory that happened to be uppermost. Faith should be the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, quite regardless of the changes in human opinions about things.

I observed that for my part I could not recognise the necessity of any antagonism between Faith and Fact. That where my choice lay between what other men told me to believe, and my own perceptions, I preferred the latter.

He said that if by the phrase 'other men' I meant the Church, he denied that it was a fair equivalent.

And then I changed the subject, not wishing, though I hardly know why, to establish an habitual controversy with him. It seems to me scarcely fair to argue about what is not an open question for my opponent. All questions are open for me. I am free to follow truth wherever it may lead me, without fear or loss. But it is not so with him. As the little Frenchman said once, he gets his bread by teaching the opinions of his sect. If I convert him, he will either starve, or continue to teach what he has ceased to believe. And I do not wish to be responsible for his doing either. I believe, however, that my reluctance arises from a doubt of his sincerity. With any one who is really anxious to find the truth I should be most delighted to talk; but not with those who desire merely to maintain a foregone conclusion.

I have been greatly amused by hearing the Frenchman defending the priest against the captain, and at the same time covertly attacking the side he had himself espoused. It is the first time he has taken any part in

these sparring matches which the captain so delights to commence. We were all on the poop. I was reading, the Frenchman was fixing a bait for a shark that was following the vessel as she slowly drew through the smooth water, and the other two were talking about I know not what; but the captain was in his usual bantering humour, when the Frenchman exclaimed,

‘And pray how do you know it is not true?’

‘Why,’ said the captain, ‘because it directly contradicts what I do know to be true.’

‘Is that a reason? Do you see that monster? Is not he true? Am not I true? And do we agree together? No! no! When I see a shark, or a tiger, or a snake, or a mosquito, I say to them, “You are divine, for you are made by the same Being that made me, and everything. We are all of us *manifestations* of a divine idea; but we do not agree. I will either kill you, or I will get out of your way.” And so I say to the dogma of the priests: “I do not deny that you are divine and true, but I and my opinion are so also; and as we do not agree, I will have nothing to say to you, but will leave you alone. You may be good friends with the other monsters, but if you come troubling me I will try to destroy you.” Aha! aha! he does bite, now monsieur shark, you are one true shark, and you will find dat is one true hook, and I am one true Frenchman, but we shall not agree very well with you, I do think.’

And so the materials for my note terminate in the excitement of the capture.

* * * *

The very existence of such horrid brutes certainly

makes it very hard to believe in any doctrine of final causes. If sharks, why not devils?

Frenchman says,

‘Ah, why not? it is only a question of evidence.’
 ‘Poor brutes,’ he added, ‘give a man as little to eat in proportion to his appetite, and you will make a devil or a shark of him.’

* * * *

Of a future life he says, ‘It may be, but there are immense difficulties in the way.’

* * * *

I suspect the little Frenchman is a better philosopher than I am. His mind is purely inductive. He does not even assume a theory to enable him to classify his facts. Whereas I am for ever deducing a theory from a rapid survey of facts, and then analysing them to see how far they verify my theory. Yet to have no theory is to be rather empirical than inductive. Probably the particular question just referred to is one of definition rather than of theory. What is meant by a ‘devil’? A being entirely at variance with the laws of its Creator. But those laws impose the conditions of its being. In utter violation of those conditions it cannot continue to exist. Unmitigated evil, it has been said, must destroy itself. A devil, then, is that which by our very definition of it cannot exist. If it exists it must be some other kind of being, namely, one that does not altogether oppose God’s laws. Then it is no devil, and my instinctive disbelief in such a creature is founded in truth. Perhaps this verdict was intended as a compromise between impossibility and orthodoxy—‘the devil is not so black as he is painted.’

* * * *

The belief in the necessity of sacrificing to the Deity seems to be the earliest form taken by that fear of the Unknown which we call superstition. It is probably founded both on the difficulty man finds in forgiving or foregoing his own revenge without some compensation or equivalent, and on his own aptness for being propitiated by gifts.

‘The popular theory of Christianity is singularly illogical. If mercy and forgiveness be virtues, it entirely deprives the Deity of the merit of possessing them. If the debt be paid there is no room for forgiveness. So long as the creditor gets his money it is nothing to him where it comes from.’

‘But in this consists the mercy of God. He himself pays the penalty for our transgression.’

‘That is, it is not paid at all. It is only as if I transferred my money from one of my pockets to another.’

‘It is profane to reason concerning a mystery which faith alone can comprehend.’

‘Yet you hold it up to my admiration! No, no, I must first exercise my reason upon it in order to ascertain that it is a matter which requires to be referred to the category of faith.’ Theologians always appeal to faith when reason fails them. They do not, however, fail to employ reason so long as it is on their own side. I wonder what state of things I shall find in Australia. The priest’s account agrees with what the other missionaries told me, that religious faction ran high before the gold discovery.

* * * *

Yonder curious outlines, one peak and two hummocks, bearing north-west about twenty miles off, are Ball's pyramid and Lord Howes' Island. How it has blown for the last ten days! Most of the time we have been lying to, with heavy seas breaking over the ship, making it impossible to cook anything.

There is something about the priest that I like much. He has stuck to his rubber with the rest of us through the whole of the hurricane. Certainly whist is a capital pastime at sea, requiring no additional excitement of gambling.

What an odd spectacle for a landsman filled with the traditional terrors of the sea, would be this fragile wooden vessel, banged furiously about by the huge waves, lying now on one side, now on the other, now plunging head foremost into the trough of the sea as if on the point of being irrevocably overwhelmed, and now actually submerged beneath the broken waters which rush in a torrent over the decks, and in a little compartment, four men quietly engaged in a game at cards, dealing with one hand and holding on with the other, quite regardless of the dreadful pother of the elements without.

—A spectacle not unyielding of a moral. Horace's ode '*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,*' may be rendered in sailor phraseology, 'Make all snug within, and let the gale blow itself out.'

* * * *

It is curious to see how void of all conception of what we English call 'duty,' the little Frenchman is. I was talking with him about the opposition and enmity incurred by those who, having perceived new truths, en-

deavour to perform their duty in promulgating them. He observed that he could recognise no such obligation. People who discover a truth may be led by a generous impulse to publish it, in the hope of doing away with some evil caused by a falsehood; but their benevolence will generally meet with ingratitude on the part of those whom they would benefit. He believes that ultimately the publication of truth will do good, that is, make mankind happier. But its first and immediate effect is to create confusion and dismay. The benevolent theorist finds his reward in contemplating the future. If men are honestly impelled to submit to martyrdom, they doubtless find their compensation in their satisfaction at having obeyed the true impulses of their nature. •

As for disturbing the popular faith of a country, he thinks it quite impossible to say that it ought or ought not to be done. When the man appears who is capable and eager to make a revolution, he will do so, and quite as grave a responsibility rests upon those who resist the innovation, as upon him who makes it. They indeed may resist, and generally do resist, from mere indolent habit; but he comes with what may be new light from the eternal source, for he has not got it from them. Until proved wrong he is a prophet, and the bitterest antagonist of the prophet is the priest.

‘You know of course,’ I said, laughing, ‘where our orthodox folks would say he and his light came from?’

‘Ah, no, there is only one source for everything.’

‘You forget the devil—’

‘Ah, I do beg his pardon. I forgot the Christian’s bad god. Satan is his name, I remember, now.’

He added this caution,—

‘You are eager to open people’s eyes and to show them what you have seen yourself. Mark me, people do not want to have their eyes opened, not in Australia, nor in Europe. They are accustomed to a certain light, and they have come to like it. If you go against their priests, you who tell me you belong to a clergyman’s family, they will attack you as a traitor to their order, who, after being initiated into their secrets, turns round upon them and exposes them. Think how *enragés* would be the priests of any religion, if one of their number published to the world that their sacred books, which they had taught men to believe to come from the gods and be infallible, were written by men and full of mistakes and contradictions! If you are so benevolent that you must speak out, try to wait till you are in a safe position where nobody can make you starve. Besides, they will be more likely to believe a man when he has five thousand pounds *rente*. You do not belong to a free country where a man can speak out a strange opinion and not suffer. Your English people are great bigots. They are ignorant of all things outside of themselves, and ignorant people are always bigots, for they do not know how little they know, but think that little is everything. You may have to go to Paris for a wife, unless you pay great respects to English prejudices.’

Serious threats these, starvation and a French wife! The first I have tried and did not like at all. The second would equally disagree with me, if my idea of French women be correct.

* * * * *

The Frenchman says, ‘God has given us infallibility in nothing except mathematics.’ Can it be said that

we have it there, when feeling is the only basis of demonstration ?

He says, he 'does not see why we should expect perfection in the world. It may be one of the earliest attempts at creation, and only practice can make perfect.'

He gives a new reason for the celibacy of the clergy. 'The Church must sooner or later fall when the priests have families who know as much about the system as the priests themselves know, and have not the same interest in maintaining it.' But he believes that celibacy was originally instituted in order to free priests from the moral restraints of regular ties.

Talking of the Americans, he said that France is freest socially, England politically, and America religiously. England and France have much to learn from each other, and some day will learn it. But he does not believe in the Americans. 'Their civilisation is not real, springing from the character of the people themselves; it is merely remembered, or imitative. They have no notion of discipline, and he wouldn't be surprised at anything that may happen to them. Whenever a serious crisis or convulsion comes, the lawyers will have it all their own way; and woe betide a people governed by lawyers, for they have no sense of right and justice in the abstract, but only in relation to the statute book. A thing is made right and proper for them by being enacted by authority. So that when they do get the upper hand they will enact anything to suit their own purposes; and it will take soldiers to put down the lawyers. So attorney-like is the nation's mind that the people themselves generally hold that a good lie, well stuck to, is better than the truth. A man

by telling the truth exposes his game and puts himself at a disadvantage.'

I remarked that I had certainly heard it said that truth is too sacred a thing to be used except on emergencies, but that of course was in joke. But with reference to slavery it seemed clear to me that the negroes had a terrible revenge for their oppression, for that whatever of national degeneration the Americans were suffering, they owed it to the influences of slavery.

Frenchman said he was not quite so sure of that. He knows the States well, and the only gentlemen are the planters. The Northerners are all politically cowards, as all traders are, afraid to have any opinions of their own, or to express them if they have. A Frenchman or Englishman does not care if he stands alone in his opinion, he will utter it in defiance of the whole world. But a Yankee depends on the public opinion of his party. He does not believe he is right unless recognised by newspapers.

I said I had heard more than one Southerner express admiration of Louis Napoleon, and wish for a despotic government in America; but I thought that a slave-owner, though he might like to be absolute over his slaves, would scarcely like a despot over himself.

'Quite the contrary,' said the Frenchman; 'a strong government would be a new sensation for many Americans, and they would delight in it, especially if it released them from the popular tyranny they have now. The respectable classes would then be in a better position.'

But this strikes me as a peculiarly shrewd remark.

‘that with a mixed race a republic is an impossibility unless one be dominant. The blacks, if free, must have their share in the government. The whites cannot suffer this. Wherefore, the total abolition of slavery and of political inequality will lead to the destruction of the republic and the substitution of a despotism. For a single race a representative government is best; for a mixed population it is impossible. Autocracy, or slavery.’

BOOK VI.

‘ Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness, that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world rather than that my friend should overstep by a word or by a look his real sympathy. I am equally baulked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease for an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine is that the not mine is mine.’—R. W. EMERSON’S ‘ Friendship.’

‘ But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in nature’s mint ;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.’
TENNYSON’S ‘ In Memoriam.’

CHAPTER I.

THE ANTIPODES.

*To Charles Arnold.**Sydney.*

DEAR FRIEND,

I have delayed writing to you until my plans and ideas should have time to take some definite form.

You cannot think what a treat it is to be among one's own countrymen again. Everything is so English. The colonists have reproduced the old home so exactly that I felt on first walking through Sydney as if I could have turned up any street and gone home in a few minutes. There were such fearful accounts in San Francisco of the anarchy and violence prevailing here, that it was matter of serious discussion before our arrival whether we should go ashore armed. The others were in favour of doing so, but I said, 'No, no, we are going among our own countrymen, and I for one will not distrust them until forced to do so,' and the pilot laughed them out of the notion before landing. As far as I can now judge, there is not a more peaceable population in the world.

Coming here a total stranger and without a single introduction, I was most fortunate in lighting upon some friends and even connections of my family, and so placed as to give me the opportunity of seeing the people and the country to the best advantage. The hospitality I

meet with is doubly grateful after all my wanderings and privations. Just now I am staying in a house that stands on an eminence overlooking the harbour. The mornings I am at present devoting to reading or writing ; but half the time is lost in looking out of the window—yet not lost, the prospect is so lovely. It is worth a voyage round the world to see this Sydney bay. The deep blue of the water, fringed with the innumerable indentations of a shore rising abruptly from it and covered with vegetation, with here and there beautiful little islets, paradises for picnics, and, over all, the soft dreamy haze we used to admire so in Finden's views of the American lakes, and white sails moving about in all directions, form altogether a scene of such enchanting beauty, as to move one even to tears when alone and gazing on it. Why such should be the effect of surpassing beauty in a landscape, I know not. But I have always found a feeling of profound melancholy come over me at such a time. The melancholy being always proportionate to the sense of beauty, when the beauty is soft and harmonious, not rugged and sublime.

Does the conviction that there is infinitely more beauty than one can appreciate produce mortification at our inability to grasp the whole—a 'divine despair' at our own incapacity? Or is it that the brain becomes so acutely impressed as to require the relief of tears, its tension producing a fever of which tears are the relieving perspiration? But this only accounts for the tears, not for the melancholy. That, I take it, arises from a sense of unsatisfied desire—unsatisfied although filled to overflowing, inasmuch as all beauty is most beautiful when most suggestive of something more than, something be-

yond, beauty; as a human face is fairest when it indicates most lovable qualities.

I have seen faces of which I could not but admire the form of the features and the complexion, but though possessing all the external qualifications for beauty, they were not beautiful, for they were no index to beauty of soul lying beneath. It is no beauty that is only skin-deep; for true beauty is no external accident, but a revelation of that which is within. Yet if the eye can only see that which it has the power of seeing, the beauty of the object will vary with the perception of the beholder. Like taste and smell, it does not exist in the object, but is the result or sensation caused by combination or contact with one's own faculty of perception:—an effect, not a quality. The feeling for beauty must be an indication of a certain amount of moral vigour. To be dead to that is to be dead to all things. They are not wholly dead to whom Persius applies that remarkable line:—

'Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ.'

But you will be retorting my Latin upon me, and saying, 'Cœlum non animum mutat.'

The Sunday after my arrival, I, for the first time since leaving England, went to church. It was so curious: just like being metamorphosed backwards into a previous state of existence. Everything was exactly what I have been accustomed to at home. The women in their smartest silks rustling into their little rectangular boxes of pews:—the men in what a back-woodsman would call their 'Sunday-go-to-meeting trowserloons,' putting their faces into the hats out of which they had

just taken their heads; the flutter of leaves, the murmur of responses, the glib routine assent to incomprehensible dogmas; the rapid transitions from the utterances of sorrow and contrition to those of joy and praise, and back again; the sitting, standing, and kneeling, everything was so absurdly identical that I felt myself expanding into an all-pervading smile at the ludicrous accuracy of the imitation. Much as one might be supposed to do if in after life one could witness one's own juvenile self enacting the vagaries of one's own childhood, but without the childish feeling to prompt them. Being one of the principal churches in Sydney, it was not unnatural to look for some degree of intelligence in the preaching department. It was thoughtless of me, I own, but until I heard that sermon I had failed to realise the vastness of the gulf that separates me from my former self, and from my kindred generally. That simple utterance of woe, 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me,' the preacher—a pleasant though delicate and sentimental-looking young fellow—told us incontrovertibly established the existence of a future life, and David's belief in it. It proved also that our faculty of recognising those whom we have loved and lost on earth will be greatly increased there. 'For David evidently looked forward with pleasure to seeing his child in heaven; but the changes that would be made in its appearance by its translation from the royal nursery to the society of glorified angels, would prevent his recognising it unless his faculties were greatly improved; especially as old men do not generally take notice of infants so as to know them apart.' I assure you, upon my honour, that this is, as nearly as I can remember it,

word for word what the preacher said. And when on coming out of church I looked round among the congregation for expressions of indignation at his daring to talk such nonsense to grown-up men and women, I actually saw people turn up their eyes and exclaim, 'What a lovely discourse!' So that it seems to have been good enough for them. For myself I shall not trust myself to go again. It irritates me.

In the pew with me was a young lady who, when the service had been going on for some time, perceived my lack of a prayer-book, and lent me one; but after several vain attempts to find the places I laid it down. The air of mingled wonderment and amusement with which she regarded me showed that she took me for a sort of white savage. But seeing, I suppose, that I did not look dangerous, she very good-naturedly found all the places for me. Her veil prevented me from seeing her face very distinctly, but from the tall graceful figure, and the rich auburn hair lying on the back of the neck, and, above all, the voice when joining in the singing, a voice so rich and full of feeling, and, rarest of all qualities, so capable of making others feel, convince me that she must be both beautiful and good. Her manner, when finding the places for me, was almost motherly, indicating no self-consciousness, but only anxiety to do a service. But, whether beautiful or not, I must own that her presence diffused a sort of charm around, which you will doubtless ascribe to the fact that I am an uncivilised gold-digger, and she a woman (though by no means necessarily *the* woman).

During the sermon I detected myself indignantly uttering the word 'stuff.' I did not know I had done

so audibly until I saw her start and look towards me, as if roused from a reverie. She then seemed to listen for a few moments, when I am almost certain I heard her say to herself, 'Why, so it is.'

I had no idea of the amazing power of early associations until I found myself so strangely affected at first by everything that reminded me of the old home. People coming here direct from England note rather the difference than the likeness. But for me, habituated to Spanish, American, and South Sea characteristics, everything human is very English. I can understand now how the mind, in times of great weakness and depression, can find intense comfort in recurring to the convictions of childhood, especially after a life spent at variance with the feelings then instilled; and how, indeed, it cannot help flying back to them with a force proportioned to the barrenness and neglect of the intervening period,—just as the effect of atmospheric pressure outside a hollow sphere depends upon the completeness of the vacuum within. Not in those cases where early principles have been deliberately and with intellectual labour exchanged for, or developed into, higher and truer perceptions of the nature of things, do we find the notions of the nursery and school-room recurring with such overwhelming power as to destroy all that has been gained in after life; unless, indeed, disease has come to obliterate the later acquisitions of the intellect, sparing only the memory of the earliest and most deeply impressed.

But in cases where the early principles have been overlooked in the extravagance of a mere animal existence, the exhaustion of animal vigour leaves the field clear for the return to power of the old habits of feeling

and thinking. Poor dying old Falstaff, 'babbling of green fields,' strikes me as one of the truest touches of nature in all Shakspeare. It is ignorance of this natural law that leads people to marvel at the rapid alternations of piety and recklessness to which men of strong, uncontrolled passions sometimes give way; and to exult over the death-bed return of the prodigal to the sentiments of his youth, as a confirmation of the dogmas he has been taught.

It is not at such a time, when in exhaustion, agony, or terror, that the judgment is fittest to decide what is truth; and I sometimes think that I shall leave a written memorandum to the effect that, if ever I am found to have returned to the old paths of my early religious sentiments, it will probably be found that my brain has given away, and become no longer able to retain any impressions but those of childhood: so that no physical weakness of mine may afford a triumph to the enemies of free thought.

You will be thinking that this is a far-fetched disquisition to be led into by so simple a matter as the resemblance of things in Sydney to things in England. But the whole tendency of my speculations for some time past has been to trace the connection between things apparently remote from each other, in the belief that all things are but links in the same chain or steps in the same process, only some are farther advanced than others; so that the most complicated phenomena may be referred back to causes at once simple and related to each other. The more I am able to see into the nature of the things with which we have to do, whether moral or physical, the more evident does it become to me that

the advance of knowledge consists, not in the multiplication of agencies, but in their reduction to unity. I believe that the whole system of psychology and morality is truly deducible from the one governing law of our nature, Selfishness,—a word that may be used in a good, as well as in a bad sense. With his own consciousness for centre, and the Indefinite for distance, it is for man to describe a circle of knowledge ever increasing with his own experiences.

In the great cause of Experience *versus* Authority, judgment, with costs, is given against the latter; and I find myself no longer harassed by the perplexities incidental to the theory of a revelation external to, and irrespective of, my own perceptions, inasmuch as it is self-evident that it requires a prior knowledge of the Absolute in order to be able to predicate of any information that it is thence immediately derived. When we have said that God is the moving force or life of things, we have said all that we can possibly know or imagine of Him; and this is only a definition or repetition of terms. All real knowledge is not of Him, but of His Method: so inevitably and utterly is the Absolute beyond the reach of all limited beings, that it may be said that for us there is no Absolute; for by the Absolute we can only mean that which is finished and perfect. Whereas the God of our comprehension never rested, never rests, from his work; nor will he do so until nature ceases, and annihilation prevails.

Our experience can be only of the Finite, which cannot in any way represent the Infinite. If man was made in the image of God, surely he has returned the compliment, and made God in the image of himself, endowing

Him with all the faculties he himself deems best and greatest. The God of all ages, peoples, and individuals, varies with the stage of their progress in knowledge, and will ever continue to do so; becoming more elevated and refined in the conception of men until they reach that point when they can bow in reverence to the Inscrutable, and own that the theology of every age is but the product and measure of man's knowledge of himself.

The interest you have ever taken in my mental pilgrimage has thus led me to tell you more about my thoughts than about the country or my plans in it. My next letter shall be after I have been into the interior, and, I hope, got to work at something; for my holiday has now lasted several months, and independently of money reasons, I really long to be at work again. Having escaped from the Samoan Capua, I must not make another one of this pleasant place.

One thing I want you to do for me, and that is to tell me the names of any good books on the subjects which occupy me; not volumes of hearsays, the shops here are abundantly supplied with them, but men's own experience in the domains of life. Humboldt's 'Cosmos' I am now reading. It is a grand collection of physical facts; but I want to see the facts classified, and the process of evolution of the moral from the physical life traced,—books which help one to comprehend the vast harmony and tendency of the universe. From what my little French friend said of Comte's '*Philosophie Positive*,' it seems to be one of the books I should read.

CHAPTER II.

THE COLONY.

To Charles Arnold.

INNUMERABLE thanks, dear friend, for the letter and the books. It is a glorious selection, and exactly what I wanted. I had no idea that such books existed. Surely they betoken a vast revolution of opinion in England ;—nothing less than the advent of an age of free thought, delivered from the tyranny of foregone conclusions, and unfettered by aught but love of truth. It is intensely pleasant to find other minds, starting from different points and travelling by different paths, approach the same conclusions that I myself, by simply thinking and feeling, have reached. I have as yet only glanced at most of the volumes, reserving the regular reading of them until I can find time ; and as I read I shall not fail to bear in mind your caution, and endeavour to ascertain what element there is in human nature which they omit from their account. At present I confess myself at a loss to discern it. I am unable to admit the existence of a spiritual element altogether external to, and independent of, the material, because I do not know the limits or functions of the latter. Once granted the faculty of thought or consciousness, and I do not see what more is wanted to account for all human phenomena, even including the existence of moral evil.

Your argument from the existence of the imagination is certainly one to be kept in mind. It is only the

narrowest feeling that would prohibit the use, for fear of the abuse, of anything. To ignore the proper functions of the imagination lest it betray us into superstition, is only to fall into the same error as the religionist who through dread of scepticism ignores his reason. But if by the imagination you mean some transcendental faculty capable of acquiring knowledge independently of experience, it seems to me that you are at once assuming the whole question and deposing reason from the exercise of any office whatever. For whatever conclusions reason may come to, they must all be abandoned at the bidding of the imagination; whereas it seems to me that the latter should be the handmaid and coadjutor of the reason, not its supplanter. But surely all these complications are only the result of a vicious metaphysics. The reason and the imagination are, after all, but modes of thought, and it is a very defective capacity that can only think in one way.

I have come across one book in this country that seems to contain the root of all possible thought on these subjects. As it was by a somewhat singular chance, I shall give it to you in its proper place in the narrative of my colonial experiences. The months since my last letter, have seen me, first a gold-digger for some months; till I knocked up with the heat, having gained little beside getting thoroughly *en rapport* with the country: the hard work taking off all sense of strangeness, and completely naturalising me to Australia. The mines much resemble those of California, but are less convenient for working, owing to the irregularity of the water supply. Since that, I have become a government official, holding a post connected with the mines,

and in that capacity I have to travel often between them and Sydney. I undertook the post in compliance with the urgent advice of my friends, who assured me I should lose all I have if I trusted to my own resources. I suspect, however, though I don't tell them so, that certain old-country notions about manual labour being 'un-respectable' had a good deal to do with the advice.

Mounted, and on the road with a couple of hundred miles of mountain and forest, or, as it is called here, 'Bush,' before me, I could fancy myself back in America again. But the illusion is soon dispelled by the difference of the foliage. After the solemn magnificence of the pine-forest, these dingy untidy gum-trees, with leaves so small and scanty as to produce no shade, have a very dismal aspect. But for all that, the country has a capacity which the colonists have not been slow to take advantage of. Now and then one comes to an open plain with fields and farms and cheerful habitations, looking all the more charming for their contrast with the surrounding wilderness of gum-trees. Thus, at the end of the first day's ride from Sydney, the Nepean river breaks from a barrier of tremendous sandstone cliffs, and winds through the beautiful vale of Mulgoa, with its rich meadow-lands, vineyards, orangeries, and gardens of fruits and flowers enclosing really handsome dwellings:—a very oasis lying at the foot of the Blue Mountains, and which I always contrive to make my stopping place, having been so fortunate as to meet some of the proprietors of this paradise in Sydney. And their hospitality is conferred with such kindness, as to make it appear that they are the favoured party.

On one of my journeys I thought I knew the country

well enough to take a short cut through the bush, and got lost. After passing the night among the gum-trees, I and my horse were travelling on exceedingly famished and uncomfortable, knowing only that our general direction was eastwards. Meeting a shepherd, I learnt that I was very far from everywhere except the head station of his master, whose name I knew as that of one of the principal settlers in that district. Towards this I bent my way, and after some miles came to a fine, open, undulating country, with fields and cottages, and a handsome stone house standing apart. The whole having such an aspect of comfort and refinement, that, hungry as I was, I sought a hidden place on the river that skirted the plain, and took a bath before presenting myself at the house. On introducing myself, the proprietor, a pleasant elderly gentleman, at once asked me in to join him at breakfast, and called a man to take my horse to the stable. We chatted away and soon became good friends. He seemed as much pleased to have a visitor as I was with my own good fortune, and evidently enjoyed the glances that, in spite of my eager appetite, I could not help casting at the drawings on the walls, and the delicately worked ornaments of the room. The whole had an aspect so different from anything I had before seen in the far bush-land. Not merely a refined and feminine aspect, but indicating such supreme good taste and high breeding. Everything was good. I suppose I must have looked occasionally towards the door, as if expecting some one else, for my host remarked that although there was no one but himself to entertain me, he hoped I would not think of going before next day. So I stayed, and learnt that he had long

been a widower with an only daughter, who had lived there until the gold discovery ; that he had ceased to live there now, but came occasionally to visit the station.

He was evidently filled with a sense of his daughter's perfections, for he delighted in showing her handiwork and in hearing my expressions of approbation, which were really warm and unfeigned, and quite won his heart, for he took me into his own room and showed me triumphantly a portrait of a fair young girl of exceeding loveliness, whom he called his sunbeam, until I fancied that even I felt a sweet influence pervading the whole dwelling. Nor was the fancy dispelled when we went out into her flower-garden, or when in passing near the cottages, ('huts' they are called here), the women came out and asked with evident affection after 'Miss Mary.' But this is a long story, with no other object than to introduce the book of which I spoke, and which I found in the library, and, being attracted by the title, looked over. It was D'Holbach's '*Système de la Nature*,' a book as old as the French Revolution, and yet laying the foundation for all future thought, as far as I can foresee its probable course. A curious book to light upon in the bush, where the chief cost of everything is its carriage. Seeing how I was attracted by it my host said I must return some day and finish it. He gave me his address near Sydney, where his daughter is living together with an invalid aunt. So that I may yet see the original of the portrait.

I was prepared to find Australian institutions much like those of England ; but I was rather astonished on discovering that the colonists so dearly cherish the connection between Church and State, as to have no less

than four State-paid religions, consisting of the most numerous sects, including the Roman Catholic. Of course there are many who are dissatisfied with this arrangement; but these are said generally to belong to some of the unrecognised sects, who get none of the money. 'Endow all or none,' is their demand. Yet, absurd as the present arrangement may appear, is it not less so than that assumption of infallibility by which a government considers itself justified in selecting some *one* set of rites and opinions, and taxing the whole community to support them? Here, indeed, the government does not pretend to pronounce which is the true faith; but accepting success as the most tangible test, it subsidises the clergy of the largest denominations as a sort of theological police, necessary to the preservation of social order; and they, so long as they get the money, are content to be in this position.

The more I see of the contrast between the American system and ours, the more I admire the simplicity of the former. Theirs, being founded upon first principles, is in fact a recognition of an universal truth and justice, existing independently of shifting policy. Ours, on the contrary, is a deification of the most miserable short-sighted expediency. We take possession of a wilderness, and forthwith transfer to it governors, and bishops, and all the weighty encumbrances of the Old World; and when the emigrant seeks a fresher air and soil, and simpler conditions of existence, he finds himself still confined and fettered by the tangled growth of by-gone ages.

I can anticipate your defence of the institutions I am finding fault with. You will say that men will be apt to leave perfect ones to work themselves, and so neglect

the duties, and lose the virtues, of citizens : while the consciousness of imperfection in the system, and therefore of the necessity of care in its administration to prevent a dead-lock, induces moderation and forbearance among different classes : that experience is the only test, and that when a thing is found to work well in practice no amount of theory ought to weigh against it. We have talked of these matters in the olden time, and while now, as then, I partly agree, I see more clearly than ever that, in order to maintain the less perfect forms of society, it is necessary to mix with education a certain amount of prejudice to make the individual fit for the system. But however this may be, it is no matter of wonder to me that the colonial government is involved in numerous perplexities through its usurpation of functions which do not properly belong to it. I was in the legislative council one day during the passing of the estimates. The annual grant for orphan asylums caused a good deal of discussion, as well it might, for the government is committed to the support of two,—one for Protestant and the other for Roman Catholic orphans ! The next item was for the lunatic asylum, when I shocked my neighbour by inquiring if there were not two,—one for the Protestant and the other for Roman Catholic lunatics. I am convinced by what I see here that the support of religion and charity by the State has a necessary tendency to destroy them among the people. Even if the contrary were the case, the government would not be justified in undertaking these offices, for it seems to me incontestable that the true purpose of a State is, not to promote *directly* the moral or physical good of society, but to secure the greatest possible liberty for every one to do as

he pleases ;—to follow religion, wealth, amusement, or anything else ; the sole limitation to his liberty being the equal liberty of everybody else. No doubt such freedom will conduce to the highest good of which society is capable ; not to believe this is the most palpable Atheism : —but whether it does or not, is no business of the government. There are indications that the people here are beginning to have some perception of this ; but vested interests have become strong under the present system, and the general absorption in money-making causes people to be only too glad to get their charities performed by machinery, without occupying their time or distressing their feelings.

I see a great opening for doing good here. The mass is not so enormous as to swamp the unit, and it is possible sensibly to influence for good the future destinies of this young empire. The prospect of some such career will do much to reconcile me to a prolonged stay in the colony ; for prolonged my stay must to all appearance be, if I hold to my resolution of not returning to England until I have achieved a competency. And to what end should I return sooner ?

CHAPTER III.

A NEW WORLD INDEED.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

I MET my host of the bush in Sydney and promised to ride over and see him in what he calls his town house.

He was quite right in saying I should have some difficulty in finding it. It is where the perpendicular cliffs subside into a little bay opening on the broad Pacific, and is concealed by thick bush from the traveller on the road. I got upon the sands without discovering any habitation. At the end of the curve the sea was breaking over some hollow rocks with great noise, and just out of its reach upon a sandstone ledge sat a lady in black, sketching. Tying my horse to a tree, I clambered over the rocks in order to inquire my way. Reaching the sketcher from behind, I had time to recognise in the drawing the same hand that so pleased me in the bush, ere she perceived me.

‘The noise of the sea,’ I said, apologetically, ‘prevented my giving you warning of my approach.’ But I rather thought that she was so absorbed in her work that she would have been equally unaware of it without the sea. As I spoke she looked up and slightly started. I know not what possessed me, but without a word I sat down on a ledge of rock near her feet. I can see now that it was a somewhat extraordinary action, and would have frightened most women out of their senses. But it seemed at the moment to be a matter of course; and so she took it, for she did not appear the least surprised or disconcerted.

I said, ‘I came to ask the way to your father’s house. I little thought I should find an old friend here.’

‘Why, how long have you known me?’

‘Ever since I lost my way in the bush, and was hospitably entertained at Yarradale. By the help of a portrait I tried to fancy the author of all the pretty things

there. And now that I see you, it seems as if I had known you all my life.'

She seemed to be repressing some emotion, and then said quietly, almost meditatively,

'I think I have known you longer than that; I mean before you were at Yarradale.'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed.

'Have you learnt to find the places at church yet?'

With an indescribable archness, and yet with a manner indicating intense fear of causing pain, she said this.

'So it was you,' I exclaimed; 'you wore an impenetrable veil. But I feel that I should very soon have found it out if you had not mentioned it.'

She looked at me wonderingly and asked how.

'Partly by the voice, and the glimpse of your auburn hair. But mostly by a certain feeling of being perfectly at ease, so rare to me with a stranger, and which I then felt for the first time in my life, and now for the second. Do you know what I mean?'

'Perhaps.'

'What a savage you must have thought me.'

'You listened to the sermon.'

'Is that so rare?'

'Perhaps I ought not to say such a thing, but I never observed any one, at least any of our squatters, for such I took you to be, listening to one before.'

'You know then that I am not a squatter?'

'Oh yes, my father told me—at least I guessed from his account of his visitor at Yarradale, that—— but I will show you the way to the house. He will be so glad to see you. He was delighted with your description of

your travels. He has such a passion for adventure. You will cheer him, for he has felt much the loss of his only sister, who lived with us.'

How the stranger at church and her father's guest in the bush came to form one idea in her mind, and why she should be so confused, formed a mystery I was puzzling myself to solve when we reached the garden. Nor was it at all lessened when, after a most cordial greeting from Mr Travers whom we found there, he said to his daughter, 'Well, Mary, what do you think of the likeness now?' and she, muttering an inaudible reply, ran into the house and did not appear again until dinner-time.

There was the same perfect look of home about the place that had so much struck me at Yarradale. The same spirit and the same influence pervaded the house and its inmates, producing a feeling of intense and yet calm satisfaction and perfect contentment, which to me, who had been so long a stranger to the settled sensation of home and its certainties, was exquisitely delightful. And there was no mistaking its source; for as she sat at the table in the evening showing me her portfolio of drawings and paintings, it seemed to exhale from her very presence, shedding a dreamy blissfulness both upon her father, who sat apart watching her, and upon me; resembling, as nearly as I can describe it, a combination of the spirit that pervades Tennyson's 'Lotus-eaters,' with the condition known to mesmerists as that of being *en rapport*.

The drawings indicated a mind tinged with the loftiest romance, mingled with a deep sentiment of re-

ligiousness. There were Madonnas and Magdalens, angels and demigods, which, as I gazed upon them, excited in me a feeling of awe at the wondrous purity and power of the artist's soul. One face seemed to be a favourite of hers, for it recurred two or three times in the later drawings; the most striking instances being in an unfinished one of Don Quixote, and a painting, after Guido, of the Archangel's conquest of Satan. The Don was sitting on the root of an aged tree; his cloak, which had shielded him through the night, was cast aside, and his face was turned towards the east to watch for the rising sun, which already is darting one bright gleam into the forest depth, lighting up his wan countenance, and revealing a face half joyous in the anticipation of high achievements, and half saddened by the consciousness of isolation and the world's scorn. It was a new revelation to me of the knight-errant; shorn entirely of the coarse and the ludicrous, and transfused into a high religious symbol.

I was wondering where I had seen the face of Michael before, so familiar to me, when all at once I discovered that it was a likeness of myself; so highly idealised indeed as to be most appropriate to the subject, but there was no mistaking the type, though filled up more as nature perhaps intended mine to be, than with the anxious weather-beaten aspect that I, alas, am too conscious of having acquired. The mystery was soon solved. The father after receiving me at Yarradale saw the picture, and mentioned its resemblance to his benighted guest, and was told that it was suggested by a face she had once seen at church. It was by thus com-

paring notes she had come to the conclusion that the stranger at church and the guest in the bush were one and the same person.

I inquired why Satan appeared in the picture without a face, and learnt that he had once possessed a most diabolical countenance, but it happened to be so like a well-known colonial character that the gentle artist spoilt her picture rather than be liable to the charge of unkindness. She promised to carry out my suggestion, and represent him with the face crushed into the dust.

In my highly-strung state of feeling that evening, every trifle seemed to assume grand dimensions, and to cluster in a halo of charms around this Australian maiden. If such was the intense yet subdued delight of the evening, what shall I say of the singing glories of the morning? There was rain and gloom without, but her entrance into the breakfast-room seemed to bring with it a full bright burst of summer morn.

In her presence there is no need of any effort to seem, to be, or to understand. One seems to know all things by sympathy. There is a largeness of nature about her that entirely transcends the notion of what is called cleverness. For cleverness or adroitness implies effort, and that involves limitation. But with her there is nothing to suggest the idea of limitation. Power without effort, suppressed energy, concealment of method, economy of strength, are phrases that suggested themselves to me as I rode back to Sydney, endeavouring to comprehend the secret of her undefinable grace. In nothing does her peculiar character show itself more than in her singing. It is intense without loudness, dramatic without any approach to ranting. Her music does not attempt to

rival or outdo the words, but only interprets and enforces them. Her method is that of the magnifying-glass that enlarges the object without being itself obtrusive.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FRIENDS.

IT soon became a rare thing for Herbert to go to Sydney without paying a visit to Bondi, for so the little bay was named. Mr Travers was always warm in his welcome. It had long been a subject of regret with him that his daughter manifested so much reserve and indifference for what is called society; unless, indeed, any one required her assistance, and then nothing could surpass her self-denying benevolence, or her gentle tact and wisdom.

Her intercourse with Herbert was free and unconstrained, as that of persons who are thrown together for a short time, and who care only to derive as much pleasure and profit as possible from each other before they are separated. It is in such circumstances probably that people best learn each other. Where neither side has any ulterior end in view, there is no motive for concealment or pretence, and the nature of each is allowed to appear without any disturbance of its true proportions.

Though this household was the one oasis in Herbert's colonial life, his heart was still in England. It had never occurred to him as possible that he could make a home or a permanent resting-place elsewhere. Con-

versing with her, and together studying their favourite books, they soon discovered a perfect identity of taste and sentiment. But in what consisted the real charm for both seems to have been little suspected by either of them. Miss Travers acknowledged some peculiarity about Herbert, for so far from ever paying her the slightest compliment, as all other men to her intense annoyance persisted in doing, he seemed scarcely to know that she was a woman. There was the same self-contained quiet deference in his manner to her as to everybody else, but an utter unconsciousness of any difference of sex; and so she on her part forgot that he was a man, or, if a man, that he was not her brother, and both were thrown off their guard, as not knowing there was anything to be guarded against. There is probably nothing more delightful to a perfectly true and pure-hearted woman than to be thus treated by an intelligent man as a friend and equal. Such conduct is in itself the most delicate compliment to her mind and disposition, which such a woman ever regards as the best parts of her nature, whatever men in general may think to the contrary.

One entry in Miss Travers' diary shows how narrowly her pleasure in Herbert's society escaped disturbance.

'I wish Mrs M. would not take the trouble to come to see me. She always contrives to say something that annoys me. Such a strange notion too. She said that she considered Mr Ainslie a most dangerous man. She qualified it afterwards by adding "at least he would be so if he knew his power." She saw how surprised I was, and graciously explained, "Yes, my dear, you are too young yet to have discovered that a woman is never so liable to be impressed by a man as when he makes

her forget that she is a woman. He pays no compliment, bestows upon her no small talk; in short, does nothing to show he is aware of any difference. So that one is undermined and taken before one has found out that an enemy is near."

'Poor Herbert, how amused he would have been at this description of himself. But I would not for the world destroy the charm of unconsciousness in him. I see now that we have been as comrades, or as brother and sister to each other. I have often longed for a brother, and am well content with him. Yet why should he choose me for his sister? I hardly talk before him; not much to him. I think of a hundred things, but he always says them before they reach my lips. It must be that he feels an affinity of mind, and enjoys it without requiring utterance from me. I can speak more easily, more brilliantly, as novels say, to anybody, than to him or in his presence. He produces in me a feeling of content or repose. Action, exertion, seem as superfluous as if all desirable results had been already achieved, or were at his bidding.'

Herbert saw in Miss Travers a soul open to all the universe, and capable of the largest sympathies, but these had as yet found but few opportunities of exercise, save among the families of the labourers on her father's station, and by them she was regarded as an angel of kindness. To Herbert her character seemed that of a universal sister, a personification of all beauty, goodness, and truth, the resting-place of divinest charity and compassion, extending to the erring as well as to the suffering. He was tempted one day by some flagrant folly on the part of some public man to pen a bitter satire on

its perpetrator. It duly appeared in print, and he showed it to his friend. She was greatly distressed by it, but added, 'Men are so different from us. I suppose I am not able to judge.' Such was Mary Travers; unable to do any wrong herself, when any whom she believed in seemed to her to err, she would say 'There must be something I do not understand,' and still trust on.

The young are always patriotic, and nowhere more than in a new country, where the absence of historical associations permits the mind to dwell more on the future. Miss Travers' attachment to her native land was very strong. She loved to form an ideal of its future, and to think of the glorious harmony that might be evolved even out of such a chaos as that from which Australia was emerging. How that with a history unsullied by national crime, and a soil unstained by cruel wars, the new southern world might grow to become the exemplar of the world and the hope of all the earth. Ever seeking some means of aiding her country's development, she perceives in Herbert powers capable of being used for much good, and will so to apply them, clear insight, and high feeling. In their many conversations at home, wandering by the sea-side, or in long country rides, he has revealed to her his system of thought and his personal history, without reserve, for she was one who compelled the entire confidence of all who approached her. None felt any fear of stumbling against the boundaries of her nature, or transcending either her comprehension or her charity. In her the intellectual and the moral natures rivalled each other in their development. And Herbert feels that in his relations to

her there must be no halfness; no tabooed subjects on which they are agreed to differ and be silent. Ever in search of the true, he cannot now enact a lie, and obtain her friendship by suffering her to remain in ignorance of his real opinions. If she is one whom they would shock, or to whom they would be unintelligible, she cannot be the friend for whom he has longed. He will seek farther. Better spend life in dreaming of a true ideal than embitter it by descending to a false real.

CHAPTER V.

CONVERSE.

IT was early in their acquaintance, when talking about their first meeting, that Mary learnt that Herbert had never been to church since. She felt that the mere fact of his having been long in a country where there was no church to go to, would, rather than destroy a habit acquired in early life, create an eagerness to resume it, unless there were other reasons for abstinence.

‘You a musician,’ he exclaimed, in answer to her queries, ‘and wonder at my never going to church! Think how you would like to go to a concert where every one seemed to you to play out of time and tune. Exactly so does it jar upon me to hear men asserting doctrines that I perceive to be false, and inconsistent, not only with my own views, but with each other; and to listen to them vilifying human nature and exalting

the monstrous product of their own imaginations into the place of God, and denouncing all who do not fall down and worship the image they so brazenly set up.'

Miss Travers supposes it is for man to worship intelligently, and woman emotionally; he with the head, she with the heart, suffering her feelings to be drawn upwards without criticising, or indeed being conscious of the agency which moves her. She does not remember listening to a sermon critically before she saw Herbert do so. She has always done it since, and has got less benefit from them than previously. No doubt to one fresh from his communings with God and nature face to face in the prairie and the forest, on mountain and by river, listening to most sermons must seem like going into the nursery again.

'A happy alchemy yours,' he says, 'that turns everything into gold. But your mood in church seems to me to be rather one of reverie, than of actual worship;—such a state as really good music excites in me, while a sermon, whether good or bad, is able to produce it in you. But you are not the first who believes most when listening least. Away from sermon-makers and dogmatists, I have ever felt far more religious faith and feeling than when listening to their elaborate expositions. All is human while I hear them. All is divine when they are not by. I fear that it can rarely be said nowadays that "Faith cometh by hearing."''

Miss Travers thinks she listens to music in a very different way to that in which she hears a sermon.

'We are probably close,' he resumes, 'upon the secret of the vitality shown by all religions, no matter how intrinsically absurd they may be. Caught young and

trained rigidly, it does not occur to people to question anything that tallies with their first impressions. Fortunately, men are better than their creeds, and their religious aspirations are excited by the early associations connected with the place and the rite, quite independently of the truth or propriety of the details. The good you get at church is not from what you hear there, but from your own thoughts.'

'But are they not suggested by what is said?'

'Is it Emerson who says that many an excellent discourse is heard in church of which the preacher has little notion?'

'Oh yes, and it is so true. The text, or something, often sets me off in a train of thought which I do not get out of until the sermon is over, and I come away without having heard a word of it. But even in things evil there is a soul of goodness; and if you refuse to acknowledge in their faith and worship the highest and best of which people are capable, are you not liable to recognise the existence of only the inferior side of their nature? What I mean is, that the intention may deserve respect, though the performance falls short. And they surely *intend* their worship to express all their best feelings of piety and reverence, though it may do so imperfectly;—though they are, as Tennyson's most profound poem says :

'But children crying in the night,
And with no language but a cry.'

'I recognise good in everything,' said Herbert, 'except in Phariseeism. But you have truly named the grounds on which one looks with a degree of satisfac-

tion on the various modes by which all nations and tribes endeavour to express their sense of dependence on a Supreme Being. In so far as their religion is what it was defined to be by the most anathematised writer of the revolutionary period, "Man bringing to his Maker of the fruits of his heart,"—no one honours it more than I do. But who will say that the harsh dogmas of the Churches are the fruits of aught but the metaphysical and illogical heads, not the hearts, of men?'

'I think,' said Miss Travers, 'I know where you found that beautiful definition of religion.'

'Is it possible that you have read Paine's "Rights of Man!"''

'My life has been a peculiar one. My mother died when I was a child; and, left very much to myself, I devoured every book that came in my way. There was no one to guide my choice, except my invalid aunt, and my father always said that I might do as I liked, for nothing would harm me. He had a few strange books, the remains of a relative's library. I read them all, and enjoyed that one especially, its logic seemed so splendid. I suppose I ought to be ashamed to own it.'

'The people who would be most shocked at the avowal are not those who have read the book,' replied Herbert. 'It is in his other writings, I believe, that Paine's coarseness appears; and I doubt whether they would be considered too coarse, if applied to the rival mythologies instead of to our own. No one dreams of disputing in our days, though few admit, that to his dauntless courage and keen perceptions we owe the suggestion of every modern reform in Church and State.'

'And how beautifully,' said Miss Travers, 'he follows

up his definition by the illustration of a parent receiving tokens of affection from his children, each bringing what his heart prompts,—a fruit, a flower, or any other gift, and all meeting with acceptance as the offering of affection.’

‘A most uneclesiastical sentiment,’ exclaimed Herbert. ‘But how often it has happened that the martyr or blasphemer of one age is the prophet of the next.’

‘We bestow much pity,’ she observed, ‘upon martyrs ; but I can understand how that the vision of truth and the anticipation of the gratitude of posterity, to say nothing of their assurance of the divine approbation, must be rewards really greater than those of compliance and conformity. But is it so to one who values sympathy as you do?’

‘All who love truth must value sympathy,’ returned Herbert ; ‘though, no doubt, many have to be content with that of their own Ideal, which is to them the approbation of God.’

‘Can one do better? Next to my father, my principal friends have been my books and my pencil. Occasionally some one has come whom I at first liked, and put upon a pedestal in my imagination ; but on a closer acquaintance they always tumbled down, to my disappointment ; and I was left, like Leila in that beautiful story in Southey’s “Thalaba.” The companions made of snow by the magician for his daughter soon melted away, and left her doubly lonely.’

‘The illustration is probably apter than you are aware of,’ answered Herbert. ‘Your own imagination is a magician that transforms all who approach you into something that they are not in themselves. Like clouds

at sunset, their splendour vanishes when your rays are withdrawn.'

'And I unkindly blame the poor, dull, grey clouds, for not having brighter hues of their own,' she said, laughing.

'Or, perhaps,' he added, 'wishing to earn your approbation, they, tradesman-like, put their best in the window; and you have been disappointed at the inferiority of the stock within.'

'Well, I must not complain, if done from a desire to please me.'

CHAPTER VI.

CONVERSE.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

I OFTEN find myself gliding into subjects that I never expected to talk about to any young lady. Her thoughtful disposition and peculiar line of reading, especially in German, have accustomed her to ideas that I, in my lonely wanderings, had fancied belonged to myself alone. She renewed the question of church-going, and I asked if she had ever heard a beautiful air sung to indifferent words.

'Oh yes; and always wished that the words had been in some unknown tongue, that the music might be left to express its own real meaning: and this,' she thought, 'must be one of the charms of the foreign

opera. The music is always better than the words, and people either do not understand the language, or do not think of the words, and so are left to the sole influence of the music ; but when we meet with a happy marriage of "perfect music unto noble words," each interpreting and fulfilling the other, making the words mean more when sung than said ;—there was nothing she delighted in so much as a good English ballad.

'You have given me,' I said, 'a solution of a problem that has always puzzled me, namely, why the wise Roman Church insists on its people praying in an unknown tongue. The music of their hearts might be destroyed by plain words at which their understanding could cavil ; a knowledge of the words would destroy the illusion. I, too, can pray, but not in words. Let my prayer be limited to a general aspiration towards a higher and better,—an aspiration that may show itself in the acts of my life ; but do not insist on my ransacking my brain for details of wants to be supplied, or require me to analyse the Divine nature,—to define the infinite,—in order to comprehend the process by which God justifies himself to himself for listening to me. It is the old contest between the spirit and the letter. You get good by not listening. You worship with the heart, while I criticise with the head. It is my misfortune that I cannot help listening ; and when I see people bowing, and responding "I believe" in so-and-so, I cannot help stiffening myself and responding "I don't." In music alone I get devotion without dogma, religion without opinion. The purpose of all worship is to foster the divine ideal in the soul ; to do, not God service, for we cannot benefit Him, but man service, by bringing vividly

before the mind the idea of perfection, and exciting us to strive towards it. In such worship as this, Christian and Atheist alike can join ; for the perfect standard can exist in our minds whether we believe that the Ideal has an objective personal existence or not. One main function of prayer is to concentrate and intensify the faculties, and bring them into a favourable condition for appreciating those spiritual phenomena which transcend ordinary observation. Thus, the only prayer I know is intense wishing.'

'It is much the same with me,' she said, and added in a low tone, 'only I always wish kneeling.'

After a pause, she said, 'I have thought a good deal over what you said one day, that the imagination cannot create. If that be so, is not the fact of our believing in God proof of His existence?'

I asked if she had ever analysed the phrase, 'believing in God,' so as to get a definite conception of what people mean by it?

She said, No, but that she thought all understood the same thing by it.

'Even including those who are called Atheists,' I said.

'How so?' she asked.

'Because by God they all mean simply the cause of that which is, though they differ widely about the nature of that cause. There is, therefore, no such thing as an Atheist, unless there be any who do not believe in cause and effect. We ever reason from what we know to what we do not know. From the small we imagine the great, from the near the remote, from the seen the unseen, from the part the whole, from the effect the cause.'

Finding cause necessary to effect, we reason back till we refer all things to one cause. There we are stopped by the lack of knowledge, and our inability to go farther. We frame a title—First Cause—for the Unimaginable, and gladly overlook the contradiction of its terms;—overlook that a cause itself is but an effect of a prior cause. Summing up the whole infinite series of causes or effects,—for they are the same thing—we call them God; meaning that which is: the great I AM.’

‘How curious,’ she exclaimed, ‘to find oneself thus unexpectedly confronted with the ancient Mosaic name of God! But what, then, is it that we pray to?’ asked she anxiously.

‘So far as I can see,’ I said, ‘I believe that most verbal prayers are, in reality, requests to the general order of things to arrange themselves in a manner favourable to our wishes. Of course to this end the only rational prayer is work to effect what we desire. The exaltation of begging above working, is worthy only of a Church that sends forth mendicant friars.’

‘But how do you reconcile that with the injunction “always to pray”?’

‘I don’t feel bound to reconcile anything I say with anything said by others; but the addition of “and not to faint” converts the sentence into an exhortation against despairing so long as we can make an effort. The illustration that follows, shows that such is its meaning. For the widow is represented as going to work in the only way in which she can hope to move the unjust judge (to whom the Almighty is, with very questionable taste, compared), by giving him no peace of his life until he yields to her importunity. But we

can find many uses for prayer without having recourse to the supernatural. By means of prayer, unwelcome events are brought so vividly before the mind that we at length become accustomed to the contemplation of them, and a conviction of their inevitableness gradually induces a feeling of acquiescence or resignation. In weakness and helplessness we esteem this a desirable frame of mind. When stronger, we feel that misery and calamity are the legitimate offspring of ignorance and mismanagement, and we are roused to do our best to prevent their recurrence, and so to put ourselves and mankind in a better position than before. Prayer, again, is often an irresistible utterance of the soul in agony. After a paroxysm comes relief; but the cry that escapes in the paroxysm does not bring it. Far be it from me to deny the Divine personality. I only assert that while the terms "Infinite" and "Personal" are to us utterly incongruous, we are still by the necessities of our nature compelled to imagine God even such an one altogether as we are; differing not in kind but only in degree. Our theologies are all the victims of an inevitable anthropomorphism. For we can only comprehend anything in so far as we can compare the conditions of its being with those of our own; and by the Absolute we mean that which exists independently of all conditions.'

'I think you will understand,' said Miss Travers, 'a feeling that came over me once. On a bright summer's day I lay on the grass looking up into the blue cloudless sky. It seemed, as I looked, as if my sight kept penetrating farther and farther until I felt as if detached from my bodily self and at large in space. For one instant I seemed to realise what it was to be without limit or

position. All around was a pure void, and, go far as I would, I could discover nothing but space so empty as to contain not even God. I seemed to have got so far from myself as to have lost Him. I was in an agony of desolation. The sensation, brief as it was, was overwhelming, and I felt irresistibly that God himself as a Person can never have existed alone. It was such a relief to come back and find myself surrounded by things that I could see and feel. The very trees had new charms for me, for they were companions to me.'

'Two or three times in my life,' I said, 'I have with like intensity seemed to realise the immensity of time and space, and felt so overwhelmed and lost that it was impossible to endure the sensation for more than an instant. It was like a sense of despair that must drive one mad. But did no after-inference suggest itself to you, affecting your ideas generally?'

'There was one,' she replied, 'that seemed so bold that I dared not entertain it until I met with something like it in my reading. I felt that there must be as it were a substratum of God in man, or there could be no God out of man. I don't think it was a Pantheistic idea, for I did not think everything was God, but that in some way God was in everything.'

'Is it Emerson's essay on the Oversoul that you refer to, where he says, "I the imperfect adore my own Perfect," and speaks of the individual mingling with the universal soul?'

'It was rather the idea that occurs in another part of the same essay: "Jove nods to Jove from behind each of us." But the passage I meant was one in which he says, "The Gods only can recognise the Gods."''

CHAPTER VII.

A SUNDAY RAMBLE.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

I DESPAIR of writing down Miss Travers' conversation. One might as well attempt to describe the fragrance of a rose. In her manner, and the tones of her voice, there is a grace and harmony that suggests so much more than written words can convey. For her large heart and brain the Universe has never been pared down to a narrow circle of hearsays, but she seems to have centred in her mind the ends of the clues of all truths, which she is not afraid of following wherever they may lead. With the loftiest and tenderest poetic sentiment she combines a strictly logical faculty. Her father said one day that had she lived under a *regime* where 'women's rights' were recognised, he should have been puzzled whether to make her a lawyer, a poet, or a nurse. And his estimate of her character is right. She would have been perfect in either capacity. What Emerson quotes of the fair Persian, that such was the redundancy of her nature that all the books of the poets seemed to be written upon her, is true of Mary Travers, with the addition that she seems also capable of having written the poems herself. It is very beautiful to witness her father's faith and trust in her.

Her influence seems to have diffused itself for me over the whole country. I cannot imagine Australia without her. It is scarcely a pun to say it has become

one universal 'Mary-land.' The last time I was on my way up the country, I had been round by Bondi to say good-bye, and had got some distance on my journey when I was joined by some ill-looking fellows, also on their way to the gold-fields, who insisted on keeping me company, and were anything but harmonious to my own thoughts. At most times I should have shown my annoyance, and harshly desired them to leave me to myself. But all evils seem small to one who is blessed with such a friendship as Mary's. The tone and manner of her last greetings were so fresh in my memory, and her influence seemed to have so thoroughly penetrated my whole nature, that I could find no place for an angry feeling. And I found myself talking to them just as she herself might have done. And I believe they were as conscious of the spell as I myself was, so quickly and completely were they won. I could not help being amused by the contrast between their manners when they joined me and the subdued tone of respect with which they presently apologised, and begged me to 'drink something at their expense' on parting at the first public-house. I am sure that any one who knew her would have 'taken knowledge of me that I had been with' Mary.

Sunday Evening. I promised to go to the church at St Leonard's this morning with Mr and Miss Travers. We were to lunch with the incumbent, a man of large heart and acquirements, and Miss Travers promised that the sermon should not shock me.

Last evening was one of immense delight. One of the sweetest songstresses of the day, a woman of high character and feeling, has come to Sydney, and we went

to the theatre to hear her. Mary enjoyed the treat as much as I did. The solemn grandeur of the Psalm-like music of Norma did me more good than a thousand homilies, suffusing one's whole nature with a sense of the sublime and the holy. Then followed some of our own old ballads, expressing all sweet and innocent feeling, and rendered with a simplicity and archness that left nothing to be desired. The intervals were occupied by some admirable instrumental music. This morning Mr Travers was unwell and desired us to go to St Leonard's without him. We drove to Sydney, and crossed the beautiful harbour in a boat, and walked up the hill towards the church. The morning and the scene were surpassingly fair. All the peculiar foliage of Australia being in its full beauty, with its profusion of wild flowers of most brilliant colours, with here and there the strange-looking grass trees. Half-way up the hill we sat down on the milk-white sandstone ledge and gazed around. The deep blue water of the harbour lay below sleeping in a dreamy haze, dotted over with lazy white sails. And over all the landscape seemed to float the delicious strains of last night's music, suffusing all nature with harmony, and making for our souls an universe of light and beauty and tenderness. No need of words when souls are as one, and see all things from the same aspect. Truly, indeed, may it be said of us then that we were 'in the spirit on the Lord's day.' Lingeringly we ascended to the church. No wonder the service was far advanced. To Mary's great disappointment a stranger went into the pulpit. He took advantage of the general interest in the new singer to inveigh against theatres and all public performances; denounced the frivolous world

for giving more money for a seat at a concert than for one in a church; enlarged on the special iniquity of spending Saturday night in such a manner; and drew an elaborate picture of the blessedness of those righteous persons who abstain from all worldly amusement here, in full and certain assurance of having much better music hereafter, when weeping and gnashing of teeth will be the never-ending lot of—— But why detail the hideous nonsense? It was over at last. We left the church, and slowly wended our way in silence down the hill. At length Miss Travers drew a long breath and said, ‘God forgive him. I see now how people are made infidels.’

The sermon was prefaced by the collect for Advent Sunday. It is years since I have heard that collect before, and coming upon me with all the freshness of novelty, I was greatly struck by the amount of subjective truth I found in it. I mentioned this to Miss Travers, and she said that she had long felt that a religion must depend for its credibility and efficacy upon its appeals to the conscience rather than upon any outward signs and wonders; but the idea had never come so clearly before her mind as to make her feel that the supernatural occurrences were any difficulty in the way of belief.

I said that I believed there must be an element of truth in every popular opinion, and that until I have discovered this point of agreement between us, I feel that I have no comprehension of the question at issue. That I believed there are some, even ministers in the Church of England, who agree with me in rejecting all the miraculous portions of the Christian narratives, as mythical, legendary, or emblematical, and account for

them by the fact that the primitive records of every people and religion are full of similar wonders. That I can do this with the whole objective portion of the collect we had just heard, and yet find in it a deep significance and a sublime truth. That what for others are historical facts clustering around the life of some particular individual, are for me facts occurring in the psychological history of all humanity.

‘Yet this collect,’ she said, ‘speaks very distinctly of Christ coming at some future time to judge the quick and dead!’

‘Can you recall,’ I asked, ‘your first conception of perfection in life and conduct; how meagre and imperfect it was; how weak and incompetent to raise and guide your conduct; and how it was strongest in your humility, and weakest when you felt best pleased with yourself?’

‘Oh yes, and the very contemplation of what I ought to be made me feel mortified by the contrast.’

‘Accepting Christ, then, as our ideal, the collect describes him truly as “coming in humility,” both in outward condition and in real power. But the standard is never fixed. It grows with our growth, and takes entire possession of our minds, ever drawing us up higher towards itself, and still ever increasing the distance between us and it; until when life is well nigh spent, and we look back upon the little we have been able to achieve, we are utterly shocked and self-condemned on beholding the vast interval between our performance and our standard. “And so he cometh to judge the world.” The law of consciousness abides for ever, and by that we must be judged.’

‘A truth,’ she observed, ‘that exists independently of any historical record or circumstance. But how difficult it is to understand how people should require for inward truth the authority of outward signs.’

‘Especially when it seems self-evident that no power of working wonders can possibly prove more than that the worker possessed such power; not that he speaks the truth.’

‘We read too,’ she said, ‘of “lying wonders,” and Jesus cautioned his disciples not to be led away by them.’

‘Wherefore we may believe,’ I added, ‘that He never worked any miracles in proof of his doctrine, but trusted to its appeal to the hearts and minds of men.’

We had crossed the harbour and were driving home, when she asked if I found any one in the bush who cared to talk on such subjects.

I said, no, I reserved all my metaphysics for her, and feared sometimes that I must be tiresome; but she could little imagine the relief it was to me to allow my thoughts to overflow to one who could understand them so well.

Her answer was, like herself, all that was most kind and sisterly, and I thought I perceived a degree of emotion, and almost tearfulness, while she spoke.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS TRAVERS' JOURNAL.

‘IN every little action of Herbert’s life he unconsciously carries out his “greatest happiness” theory. This, and his ardent love of inquiry, seem to be his chief characteristics. He reminds me of Emerson’s Experimenter, to whom no facts are sacred, none profane; an endless seeker with no past at his back. Or of the patriarch of old obeying the divine call, “Get thee out from thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, to a land that I will show thee,” a land of free thought and new ideas. What a painful dilemma it must have been to one of his disposition to be placed between the necessity of paining his parents, or belying his own convictions. It was very hard to avoid betraying how deeply I was touched by the simple narrative of his unconscious heroism in abandoning all the bright prospects of his life, leaving the Egypt where comfort and honour abounded, and going forth to die if need be in the wilderness. Yet what was this but following the injunction of Christ, to leave all and follow him, the ideal perfection? Not to be rich, not to be happy, but to bear witness to the truth.

‘How singularly clear he makes many parts of the Bible to me, and so human. As he told my dear father and myself all his story that evening, sitting on the little bench under the acacias, I could hardly help throwing my arms round his neck and kissing him, and telling

him I would be his sister and try to make him feel that he was not utterly alone in the world. How unfeeling he must have thought me when I got up so abruptly and went away. Yet I don't think he thought so; for sometimes it seems to me as if he read my very thoughts. How startled I was last night at the theatre when listening to that delicious music, forgetful of the place, and thinking only of the old violinist and the scene at the opera in Bulwer's wonderful "Zanoni." He was sitting behind me and leant forward and whispered "Do you remember old Pisani?" It was like an echo from my own thought. The magician himself could not have read my mind more clearly.

'And this morning, when I was provoked with myself for having made him go and hear that dreadful sermon, instead of saying a word to increase my vexation, he led me to talk of something else so kindly and delicately, without in the least showing that he was aware what a service he was doing me. I thanked him to-night before he left us, and asked why the wickedness of that sermon should be so painfully conspicuous, when I had heard others very much like it without noticing it in them. He said, "If you remain in the same room where you have been dining, you do not perceive the smell of the dinner. But if you go out into fresher air, and then return, the odour is exceedingly unpleasant. We have been roaming together over the hills of thought, inhaling the pure atmosphere of truth and enjoying the fresh breezes of free inquiry. It is only on coming back to the old haunt of all narrowness and uncharitableness that we learn how close and disagreeable it is."

'I must make a note of that beautiful illustration

which he drew from last night's concert, during our delicious walk up to St Leonard's. We were rather early in arriving, and had to undergo listening to the process of tuning the instruments, a thing carefully avoided by most people, but Herbert said he rather liked it. For that amid all the strange creakings and groanings, and harsh incongruous sounds that seem so utterly and hopelessly at variance with each other, there is a connection and a meaning discoverable by a careful listener. And he takes special delight in marking the gradual change, as sweetest music comes to be evolved out of the chaos of discord, until the whole combines in perfect and fullest harmony; suggesting to him the progress of humanity; the groaning and travailing of creation towards a higher and happier destiny.'

Under a later date she writes,—

'I have been reading the marvellous poem of "Festus" again. I do not wonder at Herbert's liking it so much, but I think I can find a reason for it independently of its great breadth and boldness. He has sympathy with a character unconsciously resembling his own. Under similar circumstances he would have enacted much the same part. Indeed when I think of his stories of the islands and the beautiful girl—But no: his is one of those natures that never spoil. Like the traveller of whom it was said he had gone round the world without ever going into it, Herbert has passed through scenes which would have destroyed or soiled a weaker or coarser nature, and has come out not merely uninjured, but actually refined and purified by them. It is not in avoiding temptation, but in safely passing through it, that virtue is attained. This must be what Herbert

meant when he said that temptation was only another name for experience.

‘With all other men I have known, success in the world has been the aim of their lives. Herbert makes this subordinate to his love of truth. So firmly is he fixed in this direction that I believe he would give up his greatest friend if he found him artificial and unreal; but is he not, therefore, incapable of that friendship which would be firm under all trials, all disappointments, in character as well as in deed? Does friendship require this?’

‘One chooses a friend from sympathy with his noble qualities. If he be ignoble, one has formed a friendship for a phantom; and phantoms fly before the day’s revealing light. My friend may do wrongly, even wickedly; but so long as his fault does not indicate a low or coarse nature, so long as it proceeds from weakness rather than from meanness, he is still my friend, and shall have my sympathy and affection the more he suffers under the consciousness of his error. Herbert’s character helps me to comprehend better the force of that beautiful sentiment of Lovelace—

“I could not love thee, dear, so well,
Loved I not honour more.”

True love, true friendship, can only exist in a true nature.

‘I wish I could help Herbert to find a sphere worthy of him, both for his own sake and my country’s. It is not his particular opinions so much as his character that I wish to see transfused into every class. There is an universality about him that is the great charm of Shakespeare. Not for an age, or nations, but for all times and

places. Unlocal. This, perhaps, is the meaning of the phrase, "Son of Man." Son of humanity. Our favourite, Emerson, says that "Common souls pay with what they do; nobler ones, with what they are." He convinces me of his power without doing. Yet I am sure he would be happier in doing also; and more would benefit thereby. I am glad to find he regards his present appointment as only a stepping-stone. I love the ambition of a noble soul.'

CHAPTER IX.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS.

UNDER nearly the same date Herbert writes:—Miss Travers is anxious about her country. She rejoices in the prospect of its obtaining a responsible government, but fears that personal motives actuate too many of those who are engaged in framing the new Constitution which is expected to do so much. Certainly the attempts that are being made to establish hereditary dignities, a non-elective Legislature, a State Church, an exclusive University, and even a national debt as a good thing in itself, betray the conviction that by clothing Australia in all the encumbrances of the mother country they will secure for it as great a career. As precedent, not justice, is the principle of the law courts, so 'imitation, not fitness,' is the motto of the colonial statesmen.

The loftiest building requires the best-laid foundation.

While the weight is light and the altitude low, inequalities and weaknesses do not appear. It is when the edifice begins to tower aloft in massiveness and grandeur that the defects of the foundation become apparent, and threaten the stability of the whole structure. If only a low state of civilisation be aimed at, low motives of action may form a sufficient basis for society. Motives founded on selfish prudence and temporary expediency, have been found tolerably adequate to the attainment of such civilisation as the world has yet seen. If man is ever to advance so far beyond his primitive savageness as to become perfectly fitted for a state of association; if ever 'the kingdom of heaven' is indeed to be realised on earth, it is plain that none but the highest motives and the truest principles must be employed in laying the foundation and building up the edifice of such a civilisation. Without these, Australia will but go the way of all nations, and in her turn vanish and give place to others.

I was saying something of this kind to Mr Travers and his daughter, when he replied that it might be all very good in abstract theory; but that he thought experience showed that certain restrictions and limitations are necessary in a young community, which may be dispensed with afterwards. He used to read a good deal when he was a younger man, and remembered reading in a book of which he had forgotten the name, that the Bible taught the same thing. Low and earthly motives of action were given to the early world, and the character of the Creator, and his mode of working, were told in ways adapted to the undeveloped comprehensions of primitive nations; and it had considerably modified his

free-thinking tendencies to find that the Bible was intended to teach, not all truth, but only such as could be appreciated ; varying the nature of its statements so as to adapt them to the growth of the human mind. I said I should very much like to read that book ; but on such an hypothesis it would be difficult to show that such gradual development of truth in the Bible-history was not merely the result of man's own mental growth.

True, he said ; he had not thought of that : but the question was whether society could be constituted without any other basis than man's own common sense and experience. I observed that the popular belief is that it has been so with all nations except the Jews ; but to make any exception is to admit that it can be done. At any rate the Jews are hardly an instance of success under the advantages claimed for them. One thing alone seems very certain, namely, that no matter how perfect in theory any system may be, it cannot work itself. The Americans, for instance, seem to me so well satisfied with their theoretically faultless constitution that they think it will govern them without any effort on their own part ; whereas we are so conscious of the locks and jars between its different parts, to which our constitution is liable, that all parties are constantly careful to exercise a degree of self-control sufficient to prevent their occurring. Thus, an indifferent system, well administered, works better than the most perfect one badly administered ; and, indeed, the consciousness of the necessity for caution is a discipline in itself.

Mr Travers said that, without any of the old English prejudices against France, he thought there must be some reason, independently of knowledge, which both

possessed about equally, to account for the stability of the one and the fickleness of the other nation.

I remarked that ardent Protestants are ready enough to attribute any superiority the English may have to the free circulation of the Scriptures; omitting to reckon that native independence of character which led our ancestors to insist on enjoying freedom of thought. Regarding the Bible with a superstitious reverence, as a sort of talisman, they do not see that it is rather to the Bible as a Representative Book, free and open to all, that is, to free thought and knowledge, the credit is due.

Mr Travers observed that when experience has shown that a country reaches the highest civilisation under certain forms of society and government, it might be the best thing for a new community to copy those forms. For instance, if it is sufficiently proved that the best system for an agricultural country is one under which society is divided into a sort of trinity composed of labourers, tenant farmers, and large proprietors, Legislation ought to aim at creating such a system.

I said that, on the contrary, I believed if such a condition was best suited to any country, the inhabitants would soon find it out and follow it without compulsion. That experience is first necessary to ascertain whether the institutions of one country are adapted to another. And that it would be as reasonable to maintain that as in all highly-civilised communities the land is distributed into open country, villages, and cities, therefore there should be laws compelling and arranging the details of such a division. The bane of all governments, I thought, was over-legislation. It grows out of the old mistrust of nature and of the harmony of the Divine method.

The idea of revelation, or knowledge independent of experience, has the same basis. And the very practice of supplementing human instincts by artificial laws is a like confession of atheism, or infidelity in the natural order of things. Our law of primogeniture may be quoted as a curious instance of this. It is maintained on two opposite and mutually destructive grounds. One, that it is the common wish of mankind to found and perpetuate families. And the other, that men must be in a measure compelled by law to do so, because they do not wish it sufficiently to take steps as individuals towards that end.

In answer to a question of Miss Travers about the causes of national characteristics, I observed that they were sometimes attributed to diversity of origin, in opposition to the unity of the species; but that there seemed to be quite enough in difference of climate and position, food and customs, acting through many ages, to produce very wide differences among men. I had found it most interesting to try and track the cause of their various religious temperaments. Tropical religions, for instance, recognise deities ardent as their own sun, furious and hasty as their hurricanes, governed by the most extravagant caprice, and entirely devoid of rational sequence. The sharp skies and scanty soil of Scotland, on the other hand, produce a deity governing on principles of cold relentless logic, whose devotees must have all truth crystallised into dogmas, sharp, clearly defined, and harsh as the tones of their national bagpipes. Calvinism and cocoa-nuts cannot flourish in the same latitudes. Infallibility, however, is claimed everywhere, and intolerance is the law of all priesthoods; they at least have a community of sentiment on this point, if

not of origin and practice. In speculating on the consequences of a number of persons arriving simultaneously and congregating upon an unoccupied soil, it is evident that mutual forbearance and toleration must be their prime condition of association. Each party wishes to retain, of course, as much as possible of its peculiarities, so that the first thing they do, provided they have sufficient intelligence to avoid quarrelling and fighting, must be to enact rules for their mutual protection. I had seen in California a state founded under very nearly such circumstances. But I should like to see the sort of principles which, reasoning abstractedly, we should lay down in such a case. The first thing, of course, would be to determine who should have a voice in the arrangement of the terms on which they are to dwell together.

‘Why, everybody,’ said Mr Travers, ‘for all are equally interested; and if any be omitted he is no party to the contract, and is not bound by the agreement.’

‘The suffrage must therefore be universal.’

‘Of course the children and women can’t vote,’ he said.

‘Nor the paupers?’ I asked.

‘Why, in the case you have put, only the people have as yet landed; their goods are still afloat, so that it does not appear who is and who is not a pauper.’

‘But ought not the families to have been left on board for the present too?’ asked Mary.

‘We may suppose,’ I said, ‘that the parties had all agreed to keep the peace. But, being landed, it seems that they must, in virtue of their being persons, and

not property, take an equal share in what is going on.'

'If there are any Turks among them they will have left their women shut up until they have houses to hide them in,' suggested Mary.

'I don't like the women voting,' said Mr Travers. 'They had better let their husbands settle it for them.'

'Supposing they all have husbands,' I said. 'But to use compulsion would be to make the strongest the ruler, and if might is to make right the sooner our new community begins to fight it out the sooner things will be settled.'

'None but a few strong-minded spinsters would want votes,' observed Mr Travers. 'What say you, Mary?'

'Oh, I would give them all votes, and the women having trusted their husbands so far as to marry and emigrate with them, would intrust their votes also to them. Every married man would thus count for twice as much as the bachelor. I am only doubtful about the children. Perhaps the parents ought to have votes in proportion to the number of their children. The larger the family the greater the interest in the welfare of the State, and it seems as if everybody ought to be represented.'

'So you would give coachman John, and his nine squallers, five times as much influence as to me with my one golden Mary? No, no, give the preponderance to property rather than to mere breeding power, or you rate the rat above the elephant, the herring above the whale. Unless, indeed, you go by weight instead of numbers.'

'But you would talk John over, dear father, and add his votes to yours.'

‘So that after all,’ I said, ‘we come to the reign of intelligence. Not of the rich; not of the strong; but of those who are most successful in talking the others over; that is, those who best can put before their fellow-citizens the principles of truth and justice so clearly as to compel their assent.’

‘Men are selfish, my good sir.’

‘And therefore desirous of improvement. We are so happily constituted, that when we once see clearly that anything better than what we have is within our reach, we never rest until we get it. Selfishness is no bad thing in itself. Capable of unlimited abuse, it is nevertheless Nature’s one great agent for the improvement of humanity.’

‘A novel doctrine this of yours, is it not?’ asked Mr Travers. ‘I should like to hear you work it out more fully.’

‘Another time I will try to do so, but let us stick for the present to our colony. We have seen that the suffrage is likely to be a fruitful source of contention, for even we cannot arrive at any clear principle respecting it. I think generally, however, the married women would be too much occupied in domestic matters to be able to take part in public ones. The remaining principles of their association seem more easily fixed. All parties would have an equal claim to the maintenance of their previous customs in all respects that did not infringe on the equal rights of the others. So that protection for person and property would be the principal aim of the government.’

‘Good,’ ejaculated Mr Travers. ‘Then its work is simple enough.’

‘And it would seem no easy matter to find a cause for division and bitter party-spirit?’ I asked. ‘Let us see. Of course each would practise his own religious rites. The Romanist would be entitled to his cloister, the Chinaman to his idols, the Jew to his synagogue, the Scotchman to his Sabbath and his whisky, and the Mormon and the Turk to their harems, and so on, provided, of course, they considered all these as matters private to themselves; for it would be monstrous to make the Romanist contribute towards the support of the polygamist’s religion, or the Jew pay for the rites of the idolater.’

‘This is supposing no party to have an overwhelming preponderance in the State,’ said Mr Travers; ‘but I strongly suspect that if any one were in a great majority, it would swamp the others and make them pay for its own purposes. I agree with you, however, that this would be injustice, and the oppression of the few by the many. Supposing all to be of one party the difficulty would vanish, and the government might aid religion or not as it pleased. In the other case, if it aids one it must in strict justice aid all.’

I gave as a reason against aiding religion in any case, that it must have the effect of binding opinion and prohibiting progress, for that there can be no greater obstacle to Truth than religious endowments.

Mr Travers thought that if the parties attempted to settle all points about their future government before embarking, they would probably never emigrate at all. He added, that he took more interest in questions of this kind since under the forthcoming new Constitution they promised to become practical ones, and he should

like to know how the American system of secret voting had struck me.

I said that I had only seen it in operation in California before there had been any registration of voters, and that the result of the elections there showed that there were very many more votes than voters; for any man could go and deposit his paper in the ballot-box over and over again. In fact, men went riding in bands all over the country voting at every polling-place they came to. No one dreamt of making a secret of his politics, for no one was afraid of anybody out there. How it might be in the old and more settled States I did not know, but from what I could gather from the expressions and demeanour of the people, it seemed to me as if the Ballot had destroyed the necessity for the Ballot. It had made it of no use to try coercion or intimidation, because no one could be quite certain how any one had voted, and the consequence was that the very idea of compulsion had so died out that Americans made no secret of how they voted.

Mr Travers said he quite hated the idea of performing a public duty in stealth and secrecy, as if men were ashamed of what they were doing.

I said that to me the Ballot was like correcting one fault by another; and that however much one should detest secret voting in public matters, one should still more detest the state of things which made the voter desire such protection. It was not the Ballot, but the need of the Ballot, that was to me such an odious proof of the low state of the public ideas of right and justice. It is a monstrous grievance that tradesmen and workmen should be intimidated by their customers and employers

into voting, or abstaining from voting, contrary to their opinions; and if the law gave votes to persons who could not afford to exercise them independently, the least the law could do was to give them protection in the exercise of their right.

Mr Travers thought the cure might be worse than the disease, and that people who were such cowards as to be intimidated out of a right did not deserve consideration.

I said that if I was right in supposing that in America the Ballot had destroyed the necessity for the Ballot, it had acted like a wholesome tonic and given the constitution strength to do without it.

Miss Travers, who had been listening in silence all the while, asked why people should not have their choice of voting openly or secretly as they pleased. And we all agreed that it would be a proud day for a constituency when it could throw off the Ballot and say there was no longer any necessity for it in that district. It would be like throwing away a crutch or a swimming-belt as no longer needed because one could now go without it.

Whereupon Mr Travers exclaimed, 'Then make it penal, and inflict secret voting upon every constituency in which there has been bribery, intimidation, or rioting. Let these, if you will, be disgraced by losing the privilege of registering their opinions openly before the world.'

I added that it would be a curious experiment to have half the members elected by secret and half by open voting, in order to see what difference it made in the kind of men returned; and then the conversation turned to the subject of persecution for opinion's sake

in general, in which I somewhat surprised Mr Travers by the strong description I gave of the misery that pervades most English families through religious dissensions.

The following is an attempt of Herbert's to note down a dialogue about the 'Selfish Theory' which some one started.

'I said that I thought that if we consulted our own inmost motives of action we should find the Selfish Theory of Morals a true one. It needs no proof that the greatest amount of happiness must be the aim of the universe and of every living being in it, for by happiness we only mean the attainment of that which we desire to have. It is a low, and in the long run a self-defeating, form of selfishness that would secure happiness at the expense of others. The highest and best selfishness will find most intense satisfaction in the happiness of others, even though it involve self-denial. Self-consciousness is the first condition of intelligence, and from that all motives for action necessarily spring. Even theologians teach this when they describe the Deity as acting for his own glory. And they show that they partake of the growing civilisation of humanity when they make God's glory to consist in the salvation, rather than the destruction, of the sinner. And so strong is the conviction becoming that the Divine happiness cannot be complete while any are hopelessly suffering, that the dogma of eternal punishment is fast losing ground even in churches having it as part of their fixed creed. Real Christianity I understand to be but the apotheosis of self-sacrifice for the welfare of others; that is, Love.'

'And so you make out that Love and Selfishness

are really one and the same thing,' exclaimed Mr Travers.

'I see now,' said Mary, 'exactly the meaning of the word you used one day, anthropomorphism. Men compound a Being of what they consider their own best qualities, and call it God, and this Being, or the idea of it, changes and advances with man's own development.'

'And then,' I said, 'they ascribe their possession of those qualities not to the intention of the Creator to fit them for certain conditions of being, but to his intention to make man like himself.'

'So that the Divine Being, as imagined by man, instead of having made man in his own image, may be said to be indebted to man both for his attributes and for his very existence,' said Mary.

'And necessarily so, inasmuch as we have no faculty whereby we can transcend our faculties. We can comprehend nothing that lies entirely outside of our experience. Wherefore all our attempts to imagine the Infinite and the Absolute can only result in indefinite extensions of that which we ourselves are.'

'No matter then how far we may get, we can never really know God or truth. Well, there is scripture for that, and there is scripture against it,' observed Mr Travers, meditatively.

'I like so much,' said Mary, 'that line in "Festus," describing the soul's progress :

"For ever nearer, never near, to God."

Ever hoping, and striving, and attaining. Always a higher and a better in view, however lofty the point already attained.'

‘The upshot of your meaning,’ said Mr Travers, ‘I take to be that men are to look within and not to something beyond themselves for their principles and guidance, both in public and private concerns. I am inclined to think that had you seen as much as I have of the old times in this country, you would be less hopeful of men coming to good when left to their own evil passions. Soon after I came here with my regiment I was sent up the country with a detachment to guard the prisoners who were making the great western road. Sir, it seemed to me as if I had got into hell where all were devils together. I dare not describe the condition either of the convicts or their overseers. No sight or sound was there of aught but murderous hatred, obscenity, and the rattling of chains. The very bullocks working in the teams would obey no word of command but the vilest oaths. I shall never forget one occasion when a waggon stuck fast, and all the efforts of men and oxen were insufficient to move it. The leader of the gang at last came to me and said,

“‘Beg pardon, sir, but the fact is we can’t make the cattle pull while you are by.’”

“‘What on earth do you mean?’” I asked.

“‘Why, sir, they have been used to particular words which we shall be punished for using if they are overheard. ‘If you will just ride on a bit, I’ll engage we’ll get the waggon out in a twinkling.’” He added with a grin that they would draw it as mild as they could. I rode on, but had not got out of hearing when the bush resounded with such awful volleys of blasphemy and filth, mingled with screechings of men, and crackling of their stock whips, as if the doors of hell’s torture

chamber had been suddenly thrown open. I was fain to put spurs to my horse and my fingers in my ears. They got the waggon out though. I never go along that road without thinking what fearful tales every rock and tree could tell of injustice, oppression, and reckless brutal cruelty. If the secret history of England's penal settlements was written, the world would shudder at the story of a worse reign of terror and irresponsibility than it has ever imagined or heard of. Thanks to Heaven for this gold discovery, and the thousands of strangers it brings here, who will soon swamp the old state of things, and make it as a forgotten nightmare.'

'You said "injustice." Do you mean that the prisoners were innocent men, and did not deserve their punishment?'

'I defy any man to be so guilty as to deserve the punishment he got here. It was one life-long torture, until they lost every human quality, and became no better than furious maniacs.'

'But some, I understand, were assigned as servants to settlers in the country. Surely they and their lot were not so bad?'

'It all depended on the master they got. When I sold out and got a grant of land, I had several prisoners assigned to me. I take no credit for it; I merely acted to them as any one with the ordinary feelings of a gentleman would, and never was man better served. One day I was stopped by bush-rangers, and they were in the act of emptying my pockets, when one of them saw my name on a letter. "What, are you Captain Travers of Yarradale?" he said. "Yes, I am," I replied. "Jim," said he to his companion, "put them

things back. Beg your honour's pardon; but you are a good master, and we don't rob you." That the masters did not all get off so well you may easily understand when you know that they were nearly all magistrates, and that, though prohibited from flogging their own servants, they had full liberty to flog each other's. The usual plan was to send the offender to the nearest neighbour, with a note requesting that so many lashes might be administered to the bearer. Injustice! Why the very first man who found gold in this country—it was years ago—was flogged on the mere suspicion of having stolen a watch and melted it down and told a lie to account for the possession of the metal. Thank Heaven, I say, for the gold discovery, if for no other reason than that it will entirely swamp the old state of things. I dare say you have often heard the Sydney folk complain that society is broken up. As if the clique of government officials and military gaolers which formed our colonial society was worth a special effort to preserve it.'

'A state of rapid transition,' I observed, 'is no doubt always unpleasant, but the feeling that it is a transition to something better ought to do much to reconcile them to the inconvenience.'

'No doubt, but society here was not quite free from some of that lower kind of selfishness which we were talking of just now. A transition to anything worse was impossible so far as the colony was concerned; while it might not be so for themselves.'

'I don't quite see,' said Mary, 'how you make out your theory that men possess in themselves a sufficient basis of society, especially after the sort of men my father has shown us there are in the world.'

‘It is no part of nature’s method to conduct every germ to perfection,’ I replied. ‘One might almost as well make a selection of dead seeds, and expect to plant a flourishing garden with them, as look for the elements of self-preservation among such people as he has described. Unmitigated evil must destroy itself. Only that which ought not to live, which has not in itself the power of continuance and reproduction, dies out, and gives place to something better. In all life, vegetable or animal, physical or mental, the same law holds good. It is the law of the individual and also of society. Nature’s solicitude is not for the individual. She reserves it all for the race. Yet after all there must have been some good left in men who would not rob a good master. And even the worst villains generally show that they have some appreciation of the bonds which hold men together. They act well towards each other, else even a gang of pirates could not exist. But they are in a state of warfare with the rest of mankind. Their own organisation is complete as far as they themselves are concerned. They realise their own ideal of society.’

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSIONS.

From Herbert Ainslie’s Journal.

IN the evening Mr Travers led to a renewal of the conversation by observing that it was a pity we had no person present to fight for the doctrine of special providences.

I said that 'when they could bring one instance of disconnection between cause and effect it would be time enough to listen to them. The old practice of asserting that every event is miraculously caused, of which the real cause is unknown to us, is too illogical to be worth serious refutation. To be able to predicate of anything that it is supernatural implies that we know the limits of nature. To predicate of anything that it proceeds directly from a Supreme Being involves a claim to an *a priori* knowledge of God, that is, to knowledge independent of experience. People doubt whether men's impulses are a sufficient bond of society, and bind traditions upon us, which traditions they deny to be mere results of previous experience. Our impulses, they say, may come from below. So may the traditions. How are we to know whether they are good or bad, save by their agreement with our own ideas of right?'

'Do you remember,' asked Mary, 'that sentence of Emerson, "If I am the devil's child, I will live as from the devil. No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature." I was shocked by it when I first read it; but it seems plain that nothing can act contrary to its nature, or complain that its nature is bad, without bringing a charge against the author of it.'

'See what an enormous field of thought you have opened! To denounce anything as bad in the sight of God is clearly to pretend to know its final cause and the design of the Creator. It was only the other day I fell into conversation with a clergyman who has devoted himself to the task of regenerating the blacks. He said that they are proof to him of the Fall; for that nothing but a curse could have sunk them so low.'

‘And pray how did you account for it?’ asked Mr Travers.

‘I did not attempt to account for it. I only remarked that I always felt, in reference to savage tribes, a difficulty in blaming them, because I had not yet quite succeeded in discovering the exact end they were intended to fulfil in the divine economy; but that it might be possible that wild men really had no other purpose than to occupy the earth in company with wild vegetation and wild animals, enjoying life in their own wild way, until the soil was wanted for races of greater capacity.’

‘Well, and what said he to that?’

‘Why, he seemed rather startled, and plunged into some hobble about “souls,” out of which I made no attempt to extricate him. But it certainly is a snare we are all very liable to fall into, that of abusing things for not answering to God’s idea, when it is only our idea of God’s idea that they do not come up to.’

‘Evil itself may be good, then,’ said Mary; ‘only we call it evil because we do not like it.’

‘True, we exist under certain conditions of being. Whatever goes counter to those conditions gives us pain, and we call it evil; but to a being who is not subject to conditions it may have no existence.’

‘Nor good either?’

‘And therefore our own nature is our only law.’

‘There,’ said Mr Travers, ‘I think among us we have pretty well dissected the map of the universe to-day. If Mr Ainslie wishes to make an early start to-morrow it is about time to think of bed. Can you reckon on your fingers, Mary, how many different subjects you have talked about?’

I said that everything seemed so connected that one insensibly led to another. Once get hold of the right end of the clue, and we are conducted easily through the most intricate labyrinths.

‘And that end is—’

‘The nearest. Sound knowledge is like the hard-wood trees in your bush, exogenous—growing from within outwards. Each season’s experience adds a ring, so long as the heart remains firm and sound. All their nourishment, however, comes from without. I understand that a new school of philosophy has appeared in Europe, claiming the title of “Positive.” It is in direct opposition to the old speculative method of investigation, which passes by the near and plunges into the farthest remote; and thence returns, if it ever does return, to the near. The Positive method starts from the first universal fact of which we have cognisance,—our own consciousness; and gradually arranges in harmonious order the facts accumulated by experience, without theorising upon them, and asserting that they ought to be otherwise.

‘The speculative method, on the other hand, commences by scaling heaven, and asserting that, God being so-and-so, everything else must be so-and-so, to correspond. The Positive philosopher, as I comprehend him, seeks to reach the Creator through the mediation of his works, presuming neither to guess at nor to judge either. The speculative, on the contrary, frames a certain ideal of what he deems perfection, and straightway condemns the whole work as defective, because it does not agree with what he thinks must be the Divine intention.’

‘But is not that very much the difference between what is called induction and deduction?’ asked Mary.

‘Yes, the Positivist does not claim to have invented a new method of reasoning, but only to be the first to apply to all subjects, mental, social, and theological, the method which has hitherto been confined to physical science.’

‘I sometimes think that we women are most given to the deductive mode of reasoning.’

‘Or, perhaps,’ I said, laughing, ‘of not reasoning, but rather of jumping from a little knowledge to remote conclusions, which, to be sure, is the very meaning of deduction. The keener your sympathies, or sense of harmony, the fewer mistakes you make.’

‘But even the greatest speculators,’ said Mr Travers, ‘must have some knowledge to go upon, or how could they guess at all?’

‘But instead of stopping to examine carefully that little, they use it only as a stand from which to take flight into the infinite. Thus all theology is but a hasty generalisation from the one fact of the existence of evil.’

‘How so?’

‘A man of a theological turn of mind feels a pain. Instead of investigating his own constitution, and the conditions of health of the violation of which the pain is a symptom, and recognising the appointed order of things, and the ignorance he has shown in disobeying it, he argues thus: Pain is an evil thing. The best condition I can imagine is one that is free from the evil of pain. God, being the best of beings, cannot be the cause of evil; therefore evil must have some origin independent of God.’

‘But do not the Positive gentlemen limit the power

of the Almighty in denying that He can impart knowledge to us directly?' asked Mr Travers.

'By no means. They only hold that we are so constructed as to be incapable of obtaining any knowledge except by means of experience, or impressions made upon our minds.'

'But impressions may be made upon our minds by God Himself, as well as by the things he has made?'

'True. But how are we to know which of our impressions come directly from God, unless we have some previous knowledge of Him; that is, knowledge prior to experience; that is, impressions prior to impressions?'

'Are there no such things then as innate ideas?' said Mary.

'Even if there were, they would only be impressions received previous to birth, in some former state of existence. And the mere fact of our having them would not prove their divinity. They might still be impulses from below.'

'I see,' said Mr Travers, 'we must still fall back upon our experience of good and bad in order to judge even revelation itself. We won't talk any more now. It is getting so late, and I like to keep an idea when I have got it. You have made some things plainer to me than all the hearsay teachers could do. If this is the result of thinking in the forest, I shall recommend students to burn their books, and go into the backwoods instead of the University we are to have.'

'Oh, you must not do that,' said Mary, 'Herbert was at Cambridge before he went into the forest. Had

his mind been vacant he would have had nothing to think about.'

'True,' said her father, 'a man must eat his dinner before he can digest it. Young men get pretty well crammed with knowledge at the University, but I fear they don't often digest it afterwards.'

Here Herbert adds this note: 'I am indebted to Mary for this report of our long interlocution. Her diary contained a far better account of it than I had been able to produce.'

CHAPTER XI.

ON DUTY.

SOON after his return to the gold-fields Herbert writes thus to Arnold:—

I find but little to say about the principal portion of my time, which is passed in the mines. My duty brings me much into contact with the diggers, and I am often amused at their expressions of astonishment at my knowing more of their business than themselves; for I have not thought it necessary to acquaint them with the sources of my knowledge. One man, the foreman of a large party, came to deposit their gold with me. There happened to be some colonial wine on the table, so I gave him a glass. Whereupon, his tongue being loosened, he said with much embarrassment of manner, 'Please, sir, may I make bold to ask if you be a new

chum or an old hand in the colony? for I and my mates had a regular argument about it, after you had set our sluice different, and showed us how to save the fine gold. Says one, "He'll get spoilt like the rest, when he's been long enough in the country." I dare say you know, sir, that the government gentlemen are a bit high-handed with us poor working men. "Well," says I, "if he's but just come to the colony, how does he know enough to teach us?" "P'raps he's been in the South Americay or Californy diggings." "He in Californy!" cries big Bob. (Your honour knows big Bob, who went over and was nigh getting hung by the lynch lawyers for letting out he was a Sydney duck.) "No, no," he says, "none of his sort could live there. Why none of you ever seed him the worse for grog. He's not been in Californy, I'll warrant."

'Well, and how did you settle it among you?' I asked.

'Why, your honour, we didn't settle it at all; and I thought your honour wouldn't eat me if I made bold to ax.'

'Did you ever hear of such a thing as common sense?'

'Surelie, your honour!'

'Well, common sense taught me that as I should like people to behave to me, so I should behave to them; and common sense taught me that by putting the last box of the sluice nearly level, and covering the bottom of it with large stones, just as the bed of the river is, the finest gold would sink into the crevices, and be kept from being washed away.'

He looked somewhat incredulous, and went away,

saying, 'Well, if that be common sense, a lot of people I knows of has a precious deal of uncommon sense.'

It is a new sensation to me, this being in receipt of a regular income for regular work. Could I resign myself to giving up all hope of going home again, and to being a government officer all my life, this absence of all anxiety about the means of living would be a positive enjoyment ; but the pay only enables one to live, not to save. Sickness, for any length of time, would mean starvation ; and even with health, it involves a degree of slavery ; for what else is it, to be compelled to remain always at work, without the power of visiting any part of the world one pleases ? That is my idea of the Millennium, which a witty friend of mine supposes to mean a thousand a year for everybody. Fortunately, most people do not feel their chains, or are content to do their travelling in books. I do not think that, as far as money-making is concerned, my time here has been wasted ; for in my visits to different stations I have gained knowledge that may be turned to good account as soon as an opportunity offers for investing what money I have. I decidedly lean towards sheep. Properly managed, and on a good run, they pay prodigiously—sometimes as much as forty per cent. ; but there are several risks to be encountered, especially if one cannot superintend in person. My present idea is to buy sheep and entrust them to some Squatter whose run is not fully stocked ; sharing the profits with him, and retaining my appointment. The plan is not an uncommon one ; but it is necessary to be careful in selecting an honest and competent partner, and a healthy district. For so great is the difference in soil and grasses

that a man is ruined in one place while another makes his fortune a few miles off.

My visits to Sydney are a most delightful change from the mines. Many friendly houses there are always open to me ; but I fear I rather neglect all for my friends in the little bay. I have before mentioned Mr and Miss Travers to you. They are greatly respected, but have lived almost in seclusion for several years, since the mother's death ; yet they are anything but unsociable. I observe a considerable change of late in the father. He seems to be throwing off a sort of moody love of solitude, and joins in our talks with considerable shrewdness and clearness of thought. There is something in his character that strikes me as very fine. Under favourable circumstances he could be a hero. What he most of all impresses me with is an unlimited confidence in his judgment. I long to ask his advice about purchasing sheep ; but beyond acquainting him generally with my history, my circumstances have never been touched on between us, and I fear to dissipate the fine, delicate flavour of our mutual regard by introducing the least element of money.

To form an idea of Miss Travers, you must do as I have done lately, read Shakspeare again. As I renewed my acquaintance with Miranda, Viola, Beatrice, and Cordelia, each character assumed her form, as if she had been in each case the bard's original. Gaze upon her from whatever aspect one may, the combination of innocence, truth, nobleness, intellect, and devotion, appears so perfect and harmonious that every other woman seems to be of an altogether smaller and poorer nature. I can fancy her in turn Madonna and Magdalen, in infinite

purity capable of sacrificing all to love. A Martha, too, as well as a Mary; only serving much without seeming to be troubled about it. In short, the more I see of this remarkable girl—and yet the word ‘remarkable’ conveys a false idea, for it generally implies some distinguishable peculiarity which is really a violation of proportion. She is rather to be compared to my old favourite chapel at King’s, whose whole wondrous beauty, in the absence of any too prominent feature which can be taken in at once, dawns only gradually upon the mind. Epithets cannot describe her. She is the quality itself. Not beautiful, but Beauty; not religious, but Religion.

Most things seem intended by nature to be seen at certain focal distances. A too close view discovers coarseness and disproportion. At a too distant one they dwindle to insignificance. Only from one distance and aspect do they appear at their best. Mary Travers is an exception to all such limitations. At all distances she is in perfect focus. From all points of view she looks her best. Like her namesake in the beautiful old song—

‘She’s like the keystone to an arch,
That consummates all beauty.
She’s like the music to a march,
That sheds a joy on duty.’

But I must not prolong this letter. If these friends of mine carry out their design of visiting Europe next year, I shall feel more lonely in Australia than I have felt since I left England; not excepting the dismal time that followed the poor Major’s death in California. It is not unlikely that I may vary my occupations shortly by

writing in the newspapers on behalf of the University about to be founded in Sydney. Miss Travers is a warm patriot, and has communicated her interest in the matter to me.

CHAPTER XII.

INFLUENCE.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

MY first article on the proposed University appeared in the — newspaper to-day. I rode over to Bondi to show it to Miss Travers. How amply she repays the slightest thing esteemed a service, and done for her. It contains little more than a simple enunciation of the first principles of human association. After reading it she said,

‘How strange! Those few sentences make me wonder how I could ever have had a moment’s perplexity. They take me out of the noise and confusion of the contest, and put me in the position of a by-stander, able to overlook everything, and to form a dispassionate judgment.’

I said I thought it one of the greatest mistakes of public men that they do not live enough alone, and apart from the affairs and the people with which they are engaged, so as to be able to look at their own career from a distance. A man ought to try to be his own by-stander and posterity, and see himself as they will see him.

She said, 'It must be very difficult to avoid being so entirely engrossed by party-feelings and interests as to lose the very capacity for taking a comprehensive survey of things. But that she thought it was not so much a view of himself and of his part in the work that a man needed, as of the ideal or standard which originally prompted him to action. That, indeed, might become lowered or obscured, and require renovating by a process of earnest contemplation. Whereas to be thinking about himself and what other people might think of him, could only lead a man either to vanity or to disgust.'

I told her she had expressed my meaning far better than I had done, and she added,

'You do not disapprove of anonymous writing, I see. I fancied it would have had your name to it.'

I told her that 'if it had been anything of a personal nature imposing any responsibility, or requiring to be verified by authority, or in any way depending for its value on the writer's character, the name would of course be indispensable. But where the statement appeals for evidence of its truth to the inmost conscience and reason of every man, what matters it where the appeal comes from? I should as soon have thought of the solution of a problem in geometry requiring authentication by a signature, as that paper. No, if a statement be indeed a gleam of light Divine from the fountain-head of eternal right, let it come home to every man as a voice from God himself, with no weakening admixture of human authority. Truth is only true when impersonal. Add a name and it becomes only somebody's opinion.'

She said she 'fancied a woman's opinions were always more or less personal. She often skipped things because they were only so and so's, or read them because they were by some one else.'

'Yes, and if I were well enough known in the colony, and wrote in my own name, heaps of people would skip the article as being only mine.'

'Perhaps more would pay attention to it for that very reason.'

'Even thus an evil would arise. Conclusions, which ought to be the result of conviction, would be accepted upon the authority of an individual.'

'If all showed the same self-abnegation, there would be no great names in literature. I like my friend, too, to have the credit of his work.'

'Well, when I am no longer in a subordinate position and have written enough, I may republish them with my name.'

'Do you consider the circumstance of your being under government one reason for withholding your name now?'

'Yes: I am expected to devote all my energies to carrying out their instructions, without trying to instruct my superiors.'

But I will try and recall the conversation which led to my taking up the cause of the Sydney University. It was in answer to Miss Travers saying that my only objects in life seemed to be independence and self-culture, that I told her 'that I hope to get into a position which will enable me to return to England and be useful there. That at present my heart is set upon doing something towards freeing my countrymen from the grievous

superstitions which embittered my own early life. No doubt many would call the grievance to which I refer, a merely sentimental one, and affecting only weak, credulous minds. However that may be, it is one which brings acute misery into three-fourths of British families of the better class, whose youth are subjected to having their religious sensibilities excited till they become morbid almost to madness. For them everything that God has made is tainted with a miserable spirit of detraction. The world, its pleasures and beauties, they are taught to regard as foul and degraded, and temptations only of the evil one. From earliest childhood they are impressed with the agonising belief that they are ever suspended as by a thread over the abyss of hell, whence nought that they can do serves one jot to rescue them, and that God himself is powerless to do so, seeing that their destiny has been ordained from everlasting. Never can I forget or forgive the misery of my own childhood, vividly impressed as I was by the ever-present terror, of which we were even taught to sing in church by way of praising God,—

“ A point of time, a moment’s space,
Removes us to the heavenly place,
Or shuts us up in hell.”

I believe, too, that the most serious obstacles to any radical improvement in the terrible condition of the poorest of our classes is to be found in these doctrines.’

She said she ‘ should have thought such evils must be owing to some prior cause, such as the generally low level of the popular mind ; and that the best way to do any good is not so much by attacking any particular manifestation of the evil, as by improving the general

tone of feeling, of the low state of which these evils are only symptoms.'

'No doubt,' I said; 'but it seems to me hopeless to excite to activity those who are so heavily fettered as to be actually unable to stir. My plan is to first remove some of the heaviest chains, and so put the captives in a position to help themselves.'

She said that she was no lover of the popular theology, but yet was at a loss to see how it operated so perniciously.

'In this way,' I answered. 'It is the apotheosis of selfishness and caprice. It indeed admits that God has sacrificed Himself to save sinners, but it represents Him as first making those sinners and then limiting the benefit of the sacrifice to a small number of them. Its arguments in favour of moral excellence are all of a low prudential character. As it represents God as doing everything, even to damning almost the whole human race, with a view to "His own glory;" so it urges man not to do what is right in itself without regard to consequences, but to act solely with a view to saving his own soul. Calvinism is also fatalism, and that of an appalling, a crushing kind. The constant contemplation of hell makes the evils of this life small by comparison, and the very belief in heaven is turned into a curse by making people careless about the removal of misery on earth. In short, the whole theory of life is perverted by the notion of the fall of man. For the belief that disease and misfortune are inherent and inevitable induces the belief that to seek to remove them altogether is to disobey the Divine command. A verse in Genesis is a sufficient argument against the mitigation of suffer-

ing; and the observation that the poor shall never cease out of the land, justifies their indolent acquiescence in a state of society that perpetuates the horrors of pauperism.

‘I cannot help thinking that if people were less certain of a happy hereafter for themselves they would be more careful to pass happier lives here; and if they were less certain of future misery for the vast majority, they would not excuse themselves from improving their condition on the plea that misery is the penalty of sin, and that they deserve all they get of it. But without having lived in what is called the religious world in England or Scotland, it is impossible for you to imagine the extent and intensity of the evil I would aid in removing.

‘Starting with the assumption of total depravity, Calvinism repudiates nature and seeks to suppress individuality. Its perfection consists in absorption into the Deity by means of spiritual contemplation; a state that is so utterly unadapted to this world, that a person is unfitted for the duties of life exactly in proportion to his success in attaining it. Whatever breaks the chain of his mental abstraction destroys the communion between him and his God. Hence every detail of life that requires attention or confers pleasure, is accounted “a snare.” Holiness is a trance, and sin is the awakening. The entrance of knowledge, or consciousness, is the introduction of evil. I will give you an illustration. In my youth I was warned against my love of music. It was a snare that my saintly adviser was thankful that he was spared, for he could rejoice that he did not know one tune from another. I, of course, replied that if our senses were so many snares, the deaf, dumb, and

blind had much to be thankful for. They were saved many temptations, and would doubtless become still more perfect were their consciousness altogether annihilated.'

'Such a person,' observed Mary, 'has not only one sense and one means of enjoyment and instruction the less; but he surely loses one field of exercise for his virtue, and a means of probation in his proper use of the faculty. He has consequently a smaller reward for his right use of it.'

To her question as to how I would go to work, I said 'that it is my ambition to write a book which shall strike away the foundation of all these superstitions. That my own experience may be useful if I can recall and describe its various steps, for that I myself had been, Achilles-like, plunged into the Stygian pool, and also had one small spot left vulnerable to truth. Some such title as "The Way Out" would indicate the method and purpose of the book.'

She asked for whom such a book would be designed; whether for the young or the old, for scholars or for ordinary folks: because it was a serious responsibility to attack the faith of a nation, and undermine the principles of domestic religion and morality. She knew I was not one who, under the guise of mere harmless amusement, would seek to influence the young contrary to the wishes of their natural guides. And yet if the book carried its purpose on the face of it, it would be so effectually banned as to fail entirely of its end.

I thanked her for the suggestion of these considerations, as it would prevent me from doing blindly what I might afterwards regret; and added that 'at present

it seems to me that, like any other kind of artist, all have to do is to create the truest, highest, and most needed work I can imagine, and leave it to find its own audience, and speak its own message, without troubling myself about possible results. Such is the course dictated by the highest faith. My father once sent me, when a boy, with a sermon to somebody's house, and was so particular in charging me not to leave it at the wrong door that I was tempted to ask if he was afraid of its converting the wrong person and saving the wrong soul.

'If asked for whom did Shakespeare write, or for whom was the Bible written, what could objectors reply when both contain so much that is unsuited for universal reading?

'It is probably with human creations, with ideas, books, pictures, and statues, as well as all instruments of mechanical use, as with the productions of nature. Not flowers and trees only, but the most deadly poisons, all have their purpose, and at length find their place in the general economy. Parents will not allow their children to have access to what they deem noxious books more than to other noxious things. A book, if not stillborn, will soon speak for itself, and it is not for the author to say who shall, or who shall not, read what he has written. As for attacking people's faith, that is only what every missionary does, and it can scarcely be objected to on that score by those who support missions. So mine shall be a missionary book. For I doubt if it be a greater responsibility to deny than to affirm the truth of any belief. And, after all, "shaking a person's faith" is only the ecclesiastical synonyme for affording such additional information upon religious subjects as

will induce a change of opinion. I don't know if I shall be able to do it, but I am anxious to describe not results merely but processes of thought; to lay down steps by which others may follow.'

'Steps, whence and whither?' she asked musingly.

'The first,' I said, 'is easily stated. It shall be the autobiography of a soul's progress from Calvinism to—towards Christianity I might say if people were agreed in identifying it with the highest development of which our nature is capable. It is in the spirit of Christ, as I imagine the perfectest man, that I would attack the religion of the Evangelical.'

'His spirit being love,' said Mary, 'what is the essence of the party you would denounce?'

'Selfishness of the basest kind, and abject fear.'

'Then let "perfect love casteth out fear" be your text, and, "from Fear to Love" your title. Yet,' she added hesitatingly, 'I cannot help likening an attack upon people's religion to an attack upon their friends, for most people do look upon their religion as an old friend, and resent any slight accordingly.'

I answered, 'that if people only dealt by their religion as they do by their friends, they would find no antagonist in me. No one dreams of vaunting his friends over all the rest of the world's, and calling on mankind to abandon theirs for his. We love our friends too well to expose them to criticism in that way. And so if they only said of their religion "it suits us and we love it," it would be wanton cruelty to meddle with it. But it is only accepting a boasting challenge to scrutinise claims to infallibility and superiority over all others, accompanied as it is by furious denunciations against all

who refuse to acknowledge its incomparable merits. But it is no feeling of that kind that so strongly prompts me. Knowing, as I have too good reason to know, the fearful amount of mental suffering, especially among the young, that is caused by their religion, it is only common humanity to show them a way of escape, even as I myself have escaped. And I should like to take for my motto that sentence of St Paul's, "Now is our salvation nearer *than when* we believed!" In short, my aim should be to elevate men by raising before them an ideal that should draw all unto it.'

To her inquiry whether there are any parties in the Church operating to counteract the evil influence of the Evangelical, I replied that of the two other schools, one indeed might be accepted as a promise of better things, but that at present popular prejudice has branded it with the term Neologian on account of its sympathy with the broad German school of thought; and the other, commonly called the Oxford School, bids fair to do more harm than good by its plan of riveting upon mere Mythologic sentimentalities and Church formulas those regards which with the Evangelicals are devoted to spiritual abstractions.

She thought for a while, and then said,

'But whatever the task you have set yourself on returning home, surely you would gain more power for its achievement by a more systematic mode of exercising your mind than you at present have. You cannot think us so perfect here that there is no opportunity for you to begin to turn your talents as a reformer to account. You appear to me to be making a foray over the globe, gathering here and there your harvest of the Useful and

the True, to carry it all away to your own home at the ends of the earth, leaving us poor colonists doubly poor : dropping no single grain of all your garnered wealth of thought to take root and fructify among us. Besides, is it not a mistake in reference to yourself and your work ? A student and a dreamer here, you will hardly become a successful doer there.'

I wish I could paint her as she looked when speaking these words ; the nobleness of her whole aspect, and the moisture gathering in her eyes for very earnestness, showed how deeply she felt what she said. I begged her to tell me all her thought.

' I, as an Australian,' she said, ' am as deeply interested in the welfare of my country as you are in that of England. Few questions seem to me more important to us than that of the new University, which is still being so fiercely agitated.'

' And which side do you take ?' I inquired.

' I am in perplexity between the two parties. I feel that there ought to be an University, but I cannot determine the principle of its formation. I suppose what you call my native religiousness induces me to side with the clerical party ; while my sense of justice to all compels me to lean towards a purely secular institution.'

' Government is neither a schoolmaster nor a parent. What, then, has it to do with establishing an University, which is only a higher sort of school ?'

' But Mr Macaulay says that the right to punish confers the right to teach.'

' If the right to punish offences,' I said, ' implies the right to prevent them, it implies the right to devise and enforce all possible restrictions, in every detail and

situation in life, until the citizen is deprived of all freedom and independence of thought and action. For, the principle once infringed, who is to say where the line is to be drawn? Besides, Universities are not generally intended for the criminal classes.'

'In this country,' she said, 'we always expect the government to meet us half way. However willing the people may be to found any public institution, unless the government comes forward nothing is done. It is settled that we are to have the University, so the question only remains as I have told you.'

'You are deeply interested in it?'

'O yes. I think of the glorious old foundations of the fatherland, with their rolls of great names and high examples; and I long for some such elevating influences here, to raise men from their mad absorbing race after wealth; to teach them that there is something in the world better than money. So may be created a soul under the ribs of the golden death that is coming upon us.'

I remarked, that the government being no pope, claiming infallibility, it was difficult to see how it could rightly take cognisance of theological opinions; and promised to think over the subject, and do what seemed practicable.

The following note seems to have been suggested by a recent conversation.

A good deal of confusion in metaphysics is caused by the double, or rather treble, use of the word 'selfishness.' Inasmuch as all our emotions have their root in ourselves, selfishness prompts every feeling and action. It is the source alike of all good and of all evil, in the moral as

well as in the physical world. But for the good side of selfishness we have the term sympathy, while for the bad only the term selfishness.

Miss Travers wonders at my seeking to analyse feeling. Perhaps it is because my anti-theological prejudices make me anxious to disprove the existence of any such thing as merit. I suspect that the charm of the Calvinistic theory consists, for most men, in its exaltation of will over right and reason. It is specially adapted to those dispositions in which the desire to do as they like prevails over their regard to the wishes of others. The more highly developed the sympathetic portion of our nature, that portion which enables one to put himself in the place of another, the less Calvinistic do we become. That creed flourishes best in northerly, bracing climates; as if the will became too relaxed in the tropics. As man is, so he fancies deity to be. Probably I am myself constitutionally anti-Calvinistic. I like the golden rule of acting by others as I wish them to act by me, and cannot imagine any equitable being human or divine, ignoring it.

CHAPTER XIII.

EFFECTS.

HERBERT soon became deeply interested in the University question. The struggle between the sectarian partisans and the advocates of unbiased thought was already long and bitter. The former outnumbered their

opponents, but were weakened by their own divisions. The latter were few but compact. The absurdity of an University directly teaching several different sets of theological opinions was felt even by those who could not, or would not, acknowledge that it was equally absurd for the same government to subsidise them all. While, therefore, the religious parties would not suffer any one of themselves to be selected for exclusive patronage, they loudly protested against the establishment of a creedless University. So far as they were concerned the dilemma was invincible, and an University impossible. Happily for the project there were some who saw the evil of all State interference with religious opinions, and who were resolved to do their utmost to prevent its perpetuation in a new guise. These demanded that the University should be one in reality and not in name only, giving a right of studentship founded on no sectarian profession, but open to all, without question as to faith or dogma. No need to tell Englishmen of the stir that arose among the vested interests; of the bitter hostility and denunciations of 'godless,' 'infidel,' and the like; or how chief priests and Pharisees banded themselves together, as of old, against the True and the Holy, again to rend the seamless garment of God; or rather, for it has long been in tatters, to perpetuate in that new world the impossibility of repairing it.

Herbert did not long deliberate. He has wandered long in the wilderness of thought, and now he has reached the longed-for land of action. The contest he perceived to be, not of persons and names, but of principles. He believes in the rectitude of the popular instinct, when unbiased by immediate personal considerations. Let

once the standard of Truth and Justice be lifted up before the people, and all whose allegiance is not vowed to other masters will flock to it.

And now is heard a new voice from the desert, rising high above the din of the fray. The gauntlet of defiance flung anew to that modern form of bigotry called 'Tolerance' none dare pick up.

'Two souls meet in God's universe, and one says to the other, "I tolerate you. I permit you to exist. I also permit the Almighty to receive the homage of your heart." This is Tolerance.' And none, there at least, show themselves bold enough to deny the right of all men to worship God as they think best, or the right of the universal Father to accept the homage of His children, be it offered in whatever form their affection may prompt.

The charge of atheism he retorts upon those who bring it. 'You, without knowing it, are the real atheists. Your finality banishes God from the future, as your creeds banish Him from the present. For what is a creed but man's view of truth at the time it is drawn up,—a mark to denote the height of the flood of the Divine presence? To enforce any creed is to arrest progress, to forbid the revelation of more truth, or the further development of that which we have. If truth be the revelation of God to the human soul, to fix belief is to prohibit God from all further revelation of Himself.'

Again, 'A true Church has no creed. Endow thought, if ye will. Truth is infinite as the universe, and eternal as God; but oh, endow not opinions, which are only those of men. Let your posterity, at least, not have this burden thrust upon them, of contending with

men who have a vested interest in maintaining, not what is right, not what is true, but only what exists.'

Enforced by such appeals in newspaper and in pamphlet, the cause of freedom at length won the day, and the Sydney University was established on a basis broad as Truth itself, and capable of enduring to all time. And the sectarians consoled themselves with the prospect of being permitted to have their own exclusive colleges, which, being affiliated to the University, might perchance in time come to overshadow and stifle it with their noxious growth.

BOOK VII.

‘We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell :
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster.’

TENNYSON, ‘In Memoriam.’

CHAPTER I.

MISS TRAVERS' JOURNAL.

MY father said to me this morning,

‘Here, Mary, is a letter from your friend. Tell me what you think of it.’

‘Oh I am so glad,’ I said, ‘I have long thought he wished to consult you, but he is so averse to troubling his friends about money matters. So I showed him a passage in “Emerson,” saying that real friendships are solid things and not to be treated daintily.’

‘I am afraid,’ said my father, ‘that he is altogether too delicate in his ideas to do much in this country.’

‘The more reason why his friends should help him, is it not, dear father?’

‘What do you think of his accepting that offer and turning his money into sheep, and putting them with the person he mentions?’

‘I think—I think’—and here I stopped, puzzled by my father’s manner. ‘Is there any need for him to go to strangers at all? I have heard you say that your runs are not crowded. Why should he not put his sheep upon them? of course, I mean, in a regular business way. He would not accept it in any other.’

My father said he had been rather reducing his operations of late in order to be free to take me to Europe; and added, ‘By the by I have not heard you talk about it lately so much as you used to do.’

I said that when a thing was once settled I was con-

tent to wait patiently for its fulfilment ; and added, that I should be very glad if he could be of any service to Herbert. We had some more conversation, in the course of which my father expressed great regard for Herbert and said he would think about it. But I could not get out of my mind his remark that I have shown less anxiety than formerly to go to Europe. I believe it is quite true. I do not care now to visit all the scenes which I have so long loved to read about and imagine. It seems now to me as if, amid the galleries of the Vatican and the Pitti, and the glories of Naples and Venice, I should feel the want of something—of some one—yes, I will not shrink from writing the whole truth :—I do not care to see anything of beauty in Nature or Art without Herbert to enjoy it with me ; to tell me all its meaning and the thoughts it suggests to him. Dear Herbert, he little knows how much I prize his friendship. I fear I have seemed very cold and even ungrateful to him, when I owe him so much for the pains he has taken to develop and enrich my mind with his own carefully-gathered stores of thought. His disposition is but ill suited for the rough, solitary life he is leading. Yet how bravely he bears it, and makes the best of everything ; concealing his suffering, which must have been long and acute. He must have suffered, or he could not have thought so deeply. That observation upon repentance,—when I said I wished everybody to know how well he worked for the freedom of the University,—laid open a whole world of dearly-bought experience. I wish I had always made a point of writing down our conversations, or at least his part in them. I should have had quite a collection of ‘ guesses at truth,’

yet not guesses, but rather glimpses, for his conclusions always seem to appeal so plainly to the fundamental principles of our nature, that they are the result of seeing rather than of guessing. It never occurred to me before that people could repent of their good deeds, as well as of their bad ones. Yet it is certainly true that as one may scale a dizzy height, or perform any dangerous exploit, under the sustaining influence of excitement, and afterwards in cold blood shudder at the recollection, so people may be worked up to perform actions far above themselves, and when they return to the ordinary level of their nature, repent of the achievements of their exalted feelings, and shrink from a repetition of them. I trust this will not be the case with the new University. Yet Herbert spoke but despondingly of its prospects when he said that the enmity of its opponents will probably reappear with greater effect when the flood of high feeling that led to its establishment shall have subsided.

How admirable is his definition of the right kind of repentance; the recognition of a higher ideal, or perception of the contrast between our actual and our possible. While the strength of our regret for misdeeds must be in proportion to our consciousness of power generally to act otherwise and of the mischief which they have caused.

I so much like these verses he has sent me on Miss ——'s refusal of our colonial bard Mr ——. I did not notice on the first reading that they are not in rhyme. Herbert has idealised the gentleman in question. Probably if he had known him he would hardly have attained such an inspiration. I did not know before that he was himself a poet. Yet I am not the least surprised. Of

course he is a poet; and these verses might with infinitely more truth be written of himself—except—except that I don't think Miss —— would have rejected him; but neither do I think he would have asked her.

THE POET'S REPRISALS.

To ——

'They call thee rich ; but I am wealthier far
 Than earth-born fancy e'er can guess or dream ;
 For I am dowered with the Universe,
 With glorious hopes and aspirations bright,
 Such as I ne'er would yield for other gains :
 And what hast thou ?

'Fed by the teeming stars, the bounteous earth,
 The wingèd winds, and all things beautiful,
 My affluent soul, filled with celestial fire,
 Can make mankind its debtor, pouring out
 Rich thoughts like sunbeams o'er the darkened world :
 And what canst thou ?

'Hast jewels, gold, domains, and palaces ?
 Can jewels make thy soul more beautiful ?
 Canst buy with gold a moment's real delight ?
 Canst drink in rapture from thy fair domains ?
 Or welcome death amid thy stately halls ?
 Then why this vaunt ?

'I've jewels that cost nought, and are all joy :
 Each dewdrop trembling on a leafy spray,
 Lit by the morning sun, a diamond is ;
 And each bright star that gems the nightly sky
 Doth lend a ray of beauty to my soul :
 What more can thine ?

'All nature spread around is my domain ;
 Mine own peculiar park through which I pass,
 To cull rich thoughts from her redundant breast,

Hold converse grave with dark mysterious woods,
And gaily banter with the fluttering winds :

Thus all are mine,

' Where flowers grow, sun shines, and trees make shade,
Where waters flow, rains fall, and winds refresh ;
Green earth, blue sky, and ever-changing sea,
And the grand rolling music of the clouds ;
I have a right in all I ne'er would yield
For ten times thine.

' Hast thou a heart to enter poor men's cots,
And charm away the tear of wretchedness ?
To feed the starving and to win the base ?
Thou may'st possess it, but gold bought it not.
Perchance a word from me can more avail
Then all thou hast.

' Methought thy soul was beautiful and high,
And fit to greet and company with mine :
One that would hail a teacher and a friend,
As well as lover, in life's pilgrimage.
But thou art right ! Thou art no mate for me,
So fare thee well.'

CHAPTER II.

MISS TRAVERS' JOURNAL.

At a later date.

ONCE again on the shores of the blue Pacific ; yet how different ! though the air is delicious ; though the waves lull me almost into sleep. The sun has set in crimson and yellow, but its glory is not all departed. The sky

still glows with the gold and the rose, hope and love; while, higher yet, the azure, faith, broods calmly, eternally, over all. The sea is full of memories. Happily it has none that can disturb me. On this very rock I sat when he—when Herbert first came to me unperceived, and noiselessly sat down at my feet. How strange I should have thought such an action in another! Yet it did not seem so in him. In what consists the charm of manner? I have heard him say that everything depends not on what one does, but on how one does it; not the action, but the manner of it. Every action, then, has a fitting mode, apart from which it cannot be judged. ‘One may do anything provided it be done in the right manner.’ A dangerous maxim, methinks, but probably meaning really that time, place, and proportion constitute grace; and that that which cannot be done gracefully had better be left undone. ‘A time for all things,’ as the proverb says.

But this journal of mine is not performing the task I require of it. It does not banish too active thought and restore my old quiet course of living. I used not to long for his presence. I was very happy when he came, and not unhappy when he went away. Why is it painful to be alone now? I have tried music. That was agony. It fixed my thoughts and intensified them into a longing impossible to be endured. The only relief I have found is in drawing. That alone banishes memory, and fixes all thought on itself. In music my hands performed their task mechanically, and my mind was left to roam where it pleased. But that was not study: it was reverie. I must be ill. It cannot be to friendship that such peculiarities are attached. That was always delight-

fully calm and untroubled. I was content to know that somewhere in the world was a soul that answered to mine own, and to wait; knowing that when the time came we should meet, and respond to each other's thought. Is my trust less perfect than it was? I wonder why it is so long since I have seen or heard from Herbert. Surely he is not one who forgets his friends, yet I fancied an unwonted shyness in his manner at the beginning of his last visit to us. But it soon vanished and he was his own hearty self again. I think that visit to ——, and meeting Mrs M. have helped to cause my present discomfort. How foolish and weak of me to be influenced by such a woman. Yet I never see her without hearing something that I had rather not have heard. She is not ill-natured in act. Yet, though she never does an unkind thing, she rarely says a kind one.

Among other things, Mrs M. scolded me for not going into what she called 'society.' She says it is a duty to do all one can to please 'society.' That nearly all the pleasures of life are derived from it, and it is ungrateful not to reciprocate its kindness. She added, that my aversion might be a great hindrance to me in life, because it is 'society' that provides husbands for young ladies. She was quite out of patience when I told her that none of my pleasures are derived from this same 'society;' so that there can be no ingratitude in my neglecting it. On saying that I preferred one friend to all the acquaintances in the world, she replied, that one advantage of acquaintances is that there are so many more to choose one's friends from. Possibly: but the annoyance of being with uncongenial people is a high

price to pay for the remote chance of finding a friend. It was not in society I found Herbert. I am glad of that. Mrs M. means kindly. What an odd girl she must think me. Herbert says she is great fun, but hopes I shall never attain what he calls her keen sense of impropriety.

Of course people in general would not understand Herbert. Those paradoxical utterances of his puzzle them. 'A gentlemanly young man, but of a sceptical turn of mind.' How astonished they were at the indignant way in which I declared that I knew no one else who had half so much religious faith and feeling. It must be the influence of people who are *antipathique* to me that has produced this change in me. I think one word, one glance from him would put all back in the pleasant old channel.

Is life so unreal? and does everything depend for its charm upon ourselves? My books, pictures, songs, nature itself has lost its glow. And I wander, seeking in vain for the old beauty.

I wonder if he knows the feeling. The absence of one kind voice; the light of one affectionate eye. Can men feel as we do?

They seem to pass through all with unaltered brow, and kind polite mien. Yet we too can do this—do it when the heart is full to bursting.

They say woman's instinct never deceives her, save where she loves. How fatal an exception! There, on the wide sea on which her all of happiness is cast, to be left without even that frail guide.

I wonder if he is, as people think him, fickle, un-

settled, in affection as well as in opinion; if it is his nature, even admitting a deeper feeling under all,

‘When far from the lips that he loves,
To make love to the lips that are near.’

If so, I have dreamed indeed; but I will not, do not, believe it.

And yet he calls himself ‘Optimist’: meaning thereby, not that he believes that things happen for the best, but that he endeavours to make the best of things.

That story of his life in the islands—was there more in it than he confessed? And may there not be philosophy in thus taking life? No, a thousand times no; for it must incapacitate at last for what must be the highest, purest, and most rapturous of feelings, the *one* love, the one love still through youth and through age, through good and through ill.

But again, what the heart is incapable of feeling, it cannot grieve for: and if ignorance be bliss—No, the capacity for that one love were well gained by self-denial, and its purity and intensity may well repay the weary longing of its sadder hours.

I will interpret my friend by my own best. I will believe in my instinct even where I love. Faith, Love, and Trust cannot be meted like aught less precious. They are light itself.

CHAPTER III.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

From Herbert Ainslie to Miss Travers.

‘ Dec., 1853.

‘ IT is a very great disappointment to me, dear friend, to be unable to accept your father’s kind invitation to spend Christmas with you. My late increase of duty makes it impossible for me to be absent from the mines for more than three or four days together. My colleagues, too, are nearly all away for a holiday, leaving me to do their work, and to listen like Peri at the gate of Paradise, to the seasonable, though somewhat coarse, revelries which have already commenced, without being able to share in them. You can well imagine, without the aid of Dickens, what “Christmas in the Diggings” is like. As the sound of noisy healths to “sweethearts and wives,” or “absent friends,” mingled with rough choruses of “The old folks at home,” beat all night upon the thin walls of my tent, I find my thoughts, no longer purely homesick for old England, clustering about a certain little bay, and conjuring up visions of a certain ledge of rocks, with one sitting beside the sounding sea, so intent upon her task as to allow a stranger to come close unperceived; then of kind greetings and hospitalities; of music, and church bells, and fair landscapes; and all the boundless blessing of a friendship that has become to me sweeter than aught else the world holds.

‘Without returning to the formal porch of ecclesiasticism, I may still suffer the flood of feeling that at this time comes over Christendom to bear me out of the regular current of ordinary expression into something that better corresponds with the warmth of my feeling.

‘Dear Mary,—for once I may call you what you always are in my thoughts,—what do I not owe to you? Latest and best revelation to me of an Infinite and Divine in nature, it is you who have preserved me from becoming utterly sceptical of good between the materialising tendencies of my own speculations and the hard Phariseism that prevails here.

‘Let me tell you an anecdote of which I heard something from my French friend at sea, and which has come out to me anew in a book from England.

‘The great French thinker, Auguste Comte, after devoting years of lonely meditation to the production of his system of philosophy, fell in love with a woman of remarkable character, and in peculiar and unhappy circumstances. One year of purest and most exquisite affection taught him to feel intensely what he had before only held theoretically, that the affections are supreme over all the rest of nature. That the heart is superior to the intellect; the emotions to science. In short, that God is Love. Thus grown religious, he aspired to raise mankind to a new faith,—faith in Humanity. For one year, it is told of him, he knew the happiness of a profound attachment; then the consolation of his life was withdrawn. The angel who had appeared in his solitude, opening the gates of heaven to his eager gaze, vanished and left him once more to his loneliness. But though

her presence was no longer there, a train of luminous glory, left behind in the heart of the bereaved man, sufficed to make him bear his burden and dedicate his days to that great mission which her love had sanctified.

‘To ourselves I dare to apply this story. The angel thou, and I the man.

‘A few short weeks, and the consolation of your friendship will be withdrawn from me, and the ceaseless ocean will be bearing you onwards to a new series of associations, to the lands of all deed, and song, and story, to the haven of all the aspirations of the children of this new world. Will the years bring you back again? Meanwhile, the influence of your presence shall ever remain with me, sweetening the toils of life, and ripening my heart and understanding for whatever mission of good I may ultimately devote myself to.

‘Your father will have told you that I wrote to him lately about some details of the arrangements he so kindly suggested to me. About eighteen months ago I first met him at Yarradale. My sheep are now feeding there, side by side with his.

‘Next to coming to you, it would give me most pleasure to pass Christmas day at Yarradale. Am I taking too great a liberty in asking his permission to do so? What a year has this last been! It seems to hold my life.’

CHAPTER IV.

MISS TRAVERS' JOURNAL.

WHAT a dear father mine is. I was reading Herbert's letter this morning when he came in. I did not know I was crying until I looked up at him. He said, 'Well, Mary,' in such a kind tone, that without speaking a word, I put the letter into his hand. He seemed moved when he read it, but only said, 'When you write to Mr Ainslie, tell him that he will find orthodox fare awaiting him on the 25th at Yarradale should he continue in the same mind.'

What difficulty I have found in sending that simple message. It is not the first time I have written to him. I suppose it is the introduction of a personal element that caused so much hesitation. Our previous letters have all referred to more abstract subjects. If I have really been to him what he says, the obligation is not all on one side. I think I can trace a change in his sentiments, or rather in their expression, just as in my drawings sometimes the outline and features remain unaltered, while the slightest touch infuses a soul and a character into them. He himself said once that sentiment is to the universe what expression is to the countenance, or atmosphere to a landscape.

I quite feel myself his pupil. The treasures of European art will be all lost upon me without him to interpret them for me. I wish my father would put off going. Yet to what end should I propose it, and what reason can I give?—And to leave Herbert in the bush

more lonely than ever ; for I know he will hardly ever come to Sydney then. His enjoyment with us is so evident, showing no sign of only partial sympathy. And though fêted and caressed by all our best society he certainly leaves it all to be with us.

He used to say how when he had won an independence he would return to his own country and seek some fair English girl with capacity sufficient to prevent her from being shocked at his heresies, and yet foolish enough to fancy herself in love with him. This he deems more essential to a woman's happiness than to a man's. I wonder why? A man has other engrossments. But a woman also can make occupation for herself—at least, I can, or rather could once, for of late I have been very idle: everything I have done has had some reference to his tastes and wishes. I have been dependent upon him for every impulse. Perhaps it is best I should go, and recover my old independence of character. And in my travels should I see any noble-hearted and beautiful girl that seems to me to be worthy of him, I may tell her of the friend I have left in Australia, and persuade her to come and be his wife. How happy it would make me to be the cause of his happiness. And I would be a sister to both.—I hope he will not think my letter cold and formal. I do not think he will, for I did not feel so ; and I wrote naturally and from my heart.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Yarradale. Christmas Eve.

How full of delicacy and tenderness is my dear father. The morning after I sent his message to Herbert, he asked me if I should like to ask any friends over from Sydney

to spend Christmas-day with us. I said there was no one I particularly cared about, and added that a party would not seem complete without our usual guest. He said he thought Herbert would find it very dull at the station, and as he had once surprised him with his company there, it was only fair to return the surprise, and he had business up the country, and should I like to go?

To-morrow he will come. I must be up early and visit all my old protégés first.

CHAPTER V.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

Herbert to Arnold.

January, 1854.

READ and rejoice with me, my friend.

I rode over on Christmas morning to Yarradale, Mr Travers' head station, preferring a quiet day there to the revelries of the diggings. I had written to Sydney to ask permission, and was told that I should find proper fare awaiting me. In all my relations with the Travers there has been a brimfulness of feeling, an accord and unity of sentiment such as can only proceed from entire sympathy and mutual respect. The prospect of soon losing them made things look very dismal to me, taking the glow from the future and robbing the very landscapes of their charms. I had learnt that one

friend is worth a hundred acquaintances, and perhaps was beginning to suspect that one love is worth a hundred friendships, and for the first time a sense of weariness and despondency came over me when I thought of being alone again. Riding up to Yarradale I was able to realise intensely the desolation I should feel when I knew that my friends were no longer in the country. The feeling came upon me suddenly and completely as when, after a beautiful tropical sunset, the rosy glow has faded from the sky, and in a moment all is dun and gray. And I felt constrained to cry aloud, 'This is more than friendship, it must be love.' Love: the thought I have ever studiously thrust from me until the time should come for crowning my life with all ecstasy. I knew that I loved Miss Travers—was her truly affectionate friend, but not that I was *in love* with her. If ever such an idea had obtruded itself I should have rejected it as one that she herself would have disapproved of, and really felt that she would have looked sadly and reproachfully upon me for depriving her of a friend by converting him into a lover. Indeed she had almost come to believe men incapable of friendship, for no sooner did she come to know any than they always wanted, she once told me, to marry her. It was long after I first knew them I overheard some people speaking of 'the rich Captain Travers and his beautiful daughter,' and how they seemed to think no one in the colony was good enough for them;—ascribing their seclusion to pride. It had never occurred to me before that he was rich. They lived so quietly, I rather believed the contrary; and it is a common thing here for men to have extensive flocks and herds, and at the same time to have

heavy mortgages upon them. I knew well that they were not proud, and people might be equally mistaken about their being rich. However, the idea annoyed me, and made me for some time shy of visiting them so much.

I felt that the purity of my friendship was liable to impeachment. I felt, too, that there was a barrier between the poor wanderer and the Australian heiress,—if heiress she really was. My theories also about the discipline of poverty for women were all up in arms. But going to see them after an attack of such feelings, all would be dispelled by the truth, and depth, and sweetness, which seemed to have there their chosen home. And I presently despised myself for exalting money to that bad eminence whence it could overshadow the divinest, and sever me from the best that the universe has revealed to me of itself.

Besides, was I not denying to them the credit I took to myself of being above being influenced by money considerations? There was no consciousness of any condescension on their part; perhaps it was a morbid feeling that betrayed me into such fancies. All this was over, however, and an absence of unusual length, with the expectation of but one short meeting previous to their departure for Europe, led me to a perception of the vastness of the blessing I had enjoyed in Miss Travers' friendship. The mere contemplation of such a character I felt was the loftiest education I could receive; and when to this was added her affectionate regard, I felt that I had received an impetus from the Divine sufficient to influence and direct my whole life.

Thoroughly penetrated by this conviction, I wrote in

anticipation of the season to express my sorrow at being unable to join them, and to make some acknowledgment of my indebtedness to her. I wrote warmly, as I felt; and, not perceiving as I now perceive, as none but a lover could have written. Her answer was—like herself. It was to enjoy the influence of her presence that I wished to go to Yarradale, for though I had never seen her there it was her birthplace and home of her youth, and all things bore witness of her.

Well, I reached the gate and gave up my horse to a servant who seemed to be expecting me, and walked slowly through the garden, her own old flower-garden, to the door. Looking towards the house I beheld her standing in the porch beside her father! Surely an illusion, I thought, and advanced with my arms unconsciously extended. Another moment and she was clasped in them. One embrace, one kiss, and I be-thought myself of her father.

‘Sir, Sir, do not be angry with me. I could not help it.’ He turned away smiling! and went into the house. ‘He is not angry with me, Mary. Are you?’

‘My father loves you, Herbert.’

‘Does his daughter share the feeling?’

‘Can you ask?—What else do I here?’

‘It was true. She was still in my arms.’

‘Too good to be true. Too good to be true,’ I murmured. ‘And he gives you to me?’

‘Ah, you do not know him. There is no halfness in his nature.’

And so, and so,—you may guess the rest.

I want you, dear old friend, to know and love her too. That blessed afternoon, after a long and most pleasant

conversation with her father, we passed in wandering through garden and bush, losing ourselves

‘In that new world which is the old,’

and talking of the multitudinous mysteries of which love is the only revealer. But I forget; you are not a lover—yet: so, for the present, farewell.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have received the sad news of my father’s death. This is a most unexpected blow to me. It had never occurred to me that we might never meet again. He would have rejoiced so in my happy prospects; for his heart was really a tender one, in spite of the warp of that cursed religion which made a division between us. My mother writes proudly that he was faithful to the last, expressing his confidence in the atonement made for sin, as leaving God no excuse for refusing to receive him into bliss. ‘But for that blessed sacrifice,’ he said, ‘what a wretch should I be now!’ And so he died, seeing in God, not the loving Father of all, but only an avenger baffled of his victim. Would that I had been there to urge him to put his trust in God, instead of in the miserable logic of his party.

You will be glad to learn that I inherit sufficient to make me feel myself no longer an adventurer. •

CHAPTER VI.

AN INTERVAL.

UNDER the myrtle and the orange; in the soft moonlight of an Australian midsummer; in faint hearing of the bleating of folded sheep, and the call of the night-hawk and cuckoo from the bush,—they sit, a happy trio. Listen; Herbert is telling of the last Christmas evening he had spent among the snows of the Californian Sierra; a topic suggested by the season and the contrast.

‘I was alone the whole day, my companion, the doctor, having gone in the morning to see a sick man many miles off. At night he had not returned. Before going to bed I went out of the hut and stood upon the frozen snow. The stars were shining as I had never seen, never imagined, them to shine before. The sky was black, oh, so intensely black, from the contrast with the earth’s white covering, and the stars seemed to be actually projected from it, so marvellously did they stand out in their wondrous brilliancy, like great eyes starting from the head of space. And all was still with an intense stillness. The great pines, laden with snow till their boughs hung slanting downwards, neither creaked, nor groaned, nor moved; and the long depending icicles glistened in the starlight in a strange weird manner. And as I gazed, entranced with the beauty of all things, the thought struck through me that this earth is one of that family of stars which gaze so intently upon me; that I too am in heaven, standing upon a star, a cold, bright

star, looking all around into the many glittering eyes of infinity ; but none respond to me ; they only gaze hard at me. I am alone ; a soul wandered far from its kind, far out into the expanse beyond the zone of warmth and life. Here is the outermost edge of space, where all is coldness, and darkness, and silence, and death.

‘ Oh, the intensity of the chill that struck to my heart ! With the shudder consciousness returned. To stay here is, indeed, death. The morrow and the doctor will find me, too, an icicle. The hut was soon gained ; and brightly and cheerily burnt the fire as I heaped on fresh pine logs, rich in exuding pitch, and the clear flame darted up the chimney with a roar, lighting up the forest, and warning all wild beasts that there was at least one animal in those icy wastes who knew how to be comfortable on that bitter night.’

Lightly sleep hearts so heavily laden with joy and hope. A clear voice singing amid the flowers draws Herbert early to his window. Together they pass to the cottages on the farm ; and he looks on with delight as the children run out and cluster around his Mary, and hears a new tone in her voice as she speaks to them, a tone of deepest tenderness and compassion, that wins the rudest of them to be her most submissive slave. Blessings on her from all lips. From the young mother, whose infant she had nursed through a long night of suffering, and from the aged crone to whose tales of woe she had ever listened with untiring sympathy. ‘ Any hope of their young mistress coming back to live among them ? The children never learnt half so fast as when she was their teacher.’ And Mary answers their affectionate questionings by a smile and a blush.

One shadow darkens the brightness. Her father : how can she leave him? Herbert feels this, feels himself unkind to rob him of his sole companion and solace. Not that Mr Travers himself shows any reluctance. He laughs, and says that now he is freed from the care of a troublesome girl he shall go and hunt up his relations in England ; perhaps take a young wife himself ; perhaps travel all over the world. They see through the affected jocularly of the brave, tender old man, and heartily beseech him to believe that he has gained and not lost a child or a home. In all things Herbert sees fresh proofs of consideration and delicacy. Not overburdening him with a sense of money obligations, he suggests that it may suit him to make his head-quarters at Yarradale, and look after the flock that is already his own, and the others also, if he likes.

CHAPTER VII.

REALISATION.

IN busy young countries engagements are rarely suffered to linger and grow old. Two months of frequent partings and happy meetings ; and, sweetest solace of lovers and cementers of love, those written revelations of affection in which heart wells up to heart across the gulfs of space.

No matter how well lovers understand each other, there is always plenty to be explained. Incredulous of

his good fortune, Herbert feels that there is no self-sacrifice of which Mary is not capable. May she not have divined the intensity of his love for her, and feared that she might be the means of wrecking his whole life by her refusal? What love has not prompted, may it not be thus granted to compassion? His disquietude urges him to ask if she is impelled towards him as he towards her. She fancies that there is a difference between a man's and a woman's feeling. She longs to be with him and to bless him ever. She is conscious of no other—yet. He is content with the assurance that her feeling for him differs from any she has before known. With smiles and hesitation she says, 'You will laugh at me, but I think my predominant feeling is that if you were ill it would be my greatest happiness to nurse you; and if I were ill, to be nursed by you.'

And so, and so, on swift and noiseless wings the moments fly, until time itself seems to vanish in one boundless eternity of love—full, entire, and complete.

And thus their lives, which have hitherto flowed apart, like two streams gradually approaching each other, at last meet, and, gently blending into one, henceforth flow on in the self-same channel, a fair and affluent river, inseparable for evermore.

Is it a wonder that he sings thus, when, with bewitching hesitancy, his bride, half fearing that her happiness is too great to be real, asks if he has nothing to regret in the loss of his liberty?

'What have I lost? my life has been
A mountain torrent running all to waste,
A flashing streamlet, merely picturesque.

What have I gained ? Life now will be
 A noble river gliding calmly on,
 Enriching all the land through which it flows ;'

—for, with such an helpmeet, no mark seems too high to be attained, no mission of usefulness too hard to be accomplished.

He may show her this also, now that she has learnt that love is a prophecy, and can understand the interpretation thereof.

'No more I'll roam, but sit me down and rest
 From all my toils in some fair spot like this.
 May I but hope to be beloved and blest,
 I will not ransack earth for other bliss.

These trees o'ershadowing my love and me,
 Shall hear us reckon oft our pleasures through.
 Yon bounteous river, swelling to the sea,
 Shall type our love's increase and constant flow.

And all day long, in sunshine and in shade,
 Among yon groves, and here upon this lawn,
 With dimpled mirth and garlands bright arrayed,
 Our children shall disport their life's glad morn.'

CHAPTER VIII.

PROSPECTS.

THE months pass too swiftly. A letter to Arnold allows a glimpse of the happy pair and their Eden of the South.

'I, too, am an idolater now. This picture of my fair saint I kiss and gaze upon with all my soul's rap-

ture. Who has a right to say I do not adore the image, but only her whom it represents to me ; or that in my worship of her I do not worship herself, but the infinite Being her boundless love and tenderness represent to me ?

‘ Is not this true, that wherever we find an element of infinity, there, to us, is the Divine,—is God ? The child finds it in his parent ; the lover in his mistress.

‘ Do not think I am idle in this my Paradise. Even the garden of Eden required tilling ; otherwise Adam might ere long have discovered that a man who does not know what to do with himself, does not know what to do with a wife. Idleness must be fatal to love ; as it is to self-respect. The intensity of my happiness seems to intensify every faculty, and make easy the solution of the various social problems with which I am occupying myself. You cannot think how utterly absurd seem all vows to those who love. My promising to love Mary all my life seemed about as superfluous as a promise not to jump over the moon. It seems so impossible ever to come asunder ; and, indeed, with many dispositions I should think few things could be better devised for promoting a revulsion of feeling than such artificial bonds of union. They seem to betoken much such want of confidence in the laws of our being, as if we should fasten ourselves to the ground for fear gravitation should fail sufficiently to attach us. I suppose, however, that laws generally are made to suit the worst organisations, who find no law in themselves. “ Whom God hath joined together let none put asunder,” is the teaching of all true love ; but how many are joined together by God ? Whom passion, convenience, folly, and ignorance of their own and each other’s

natures have joined together, let them come asunder when and where they please. It is no man's business to weld the iron and the clay. God hath not joined them. "The Church?" That is not God, though it may sit in his temple making itself God; and that is exactly what it tries to do when it supersedes or supplements the ordinances of nature with its own. Bind property, insure the means of living, as you will—but persons and hearts? Even these young communities out here are not without a leaven of the priestcraft that so trammels the Old World. There are not wanting those who assert that a parent has no right to educate his own child; that, they say, is the Church's duty. The Church, that is, other people, with certain opinions; so that, if their theory be true, other people have a better right to teach a child than its parent has.

'How to remove the veil which habit has bound over men's eyes, and get them to recognise the true principles of human association,—this is the hardest of problems. There is much room, however, for hope, so long as the colonists preserve their strong, resolute, British feeling in favour of thinking and acting for themselves.

'They are now taking measures for getting the government of the country into their own sole management. The struggles they will have to go through when they get it, will be an admirable education, involving probably a complete break-up of the system hitherto existing, and even plunging them into a chaos from which order will emerge but painfully and slowly.

'It *will* emerge, however, provided the community possesses sufficient vitality, without which the most paternal government can only prolong a sickly constitu-

tion. My desire is to see the people of this new world enjoying an organic development in accordance with their natural conditions, instead of being made mere servile repetitions of that which exists elsewhere.

‘An agitation for the revision of the calendar, and its local adaptation to the astronomical phenomena upon which it is founded, might lead to great changes, and which would not stop short at matters ecclesiastical. At present throughout the whole southern hemisphere the birth of the year is celebrated in the longest days, and the Easter and Ascension in the fall!

‘The habit of judging all civilisations by our own European standard seems to me a great mistake, founded on the old assumption that we are absolutely right, and that therefore all who differ are wrong. Whereas the real perfection exhibited by nature consists in perfect adaptation. So vivid sometimes is our perception of this that we can hardly avoid thinking the Creator must be altogether such an one as ourselves; working as we do; forming an idea, or experiencing a want, and then framing means to meet it.

‘As in this country the conditions are so varied as to cause all forms of life, whether in the vegetable or animal kingdom, to differ greatly from their European equivalents, it seems folly for man and his institutions to expect to be constant. Such considerations make me regard with leniency those aberrations from the Old World prototypes which mark the course of all American and other colonial communities. They show an effort of nature to throw out of the system all that is foreign to it, and does not spring naturally out of its circumstances. In some cases, as in that of the Spanish

How well says Emerson, Love must create. Lovers do not know it, but they unconsciously love, not each other, or their own present pleasure, but the future that shall grow out of their affection; the future in which each appears ever more blended with the other, and they can no more imagine themselves separately.

It makes one so orthodox having this first child. Our little trio fills infinity for us. It is an epitome of the Trinity. Never more let men say 'Three are bad company.' I find myself blandly regarding the dogmatists. The nativity of Jesus is no fiction, no miracle, but true of all mankind who love. Even the latest dogma of Rome is a fact in nature. Who dare say that purity is incompatible with maternity? Woe to the blasphemer of nature for whom these things are not so! Poor, sensitive, great-hearted David was indeed in low spirits, even to hypochondria, when he fancied himself 'conceived in sin.' To attach a stain to any natural act is to stigmatise the Author of Nature. There is sin in the cold-blooded bartering of youth and beauty; in unions where there is no mutual pervading heart-felt necessity for each other's companionship. But in the universal poem, 'the Divine Drama' of Nature, there is no more beautiful canto than that in which a pure, noble-hearted girl yields herself to the man she loves.

I used always to look up to you as my senior, but now I feel that I am yours. Our places are reversed. Husband and father, am I not doubly promoted over your head?

You should see the devotion of the mother to the child—her child, for she almost grudges me any property in it, while regarding me with a kind of puzzled grati-

tude. I verily believe she looks upon her babe as the paragon of mankind, destined to be the patriot reformer of his race. Already is he the real master of the house. Everything must give way to 'baby.' I am made of as little account as Joseph himself, as if I were only the reputed father. And dearly do I enjoy the poetry of all this.

Nay, it seems to be in some sense true; for the father's share in the matter really seems to be nothing compared with the mother's. Who dare limit the drama of the 'Holy Family' to one single representation?

Now I dare say that to you, dweller in populous places and accustomed to regard the exercise of the affections as commonplace and a matter of course, such interpretation of cherished mysteries may appear very shocking. Whereas to me it is the only intelligible one. The only blasphemy I can recognise is irreverence towards Nature; and I speak with deepest reverence of these things, even as those who in old times wrote them;—secluded, hermit-like men, dwelling, as I have done, apart from all communion save with their inmost selves, and accustomed in their loneliness to regard all things relating to the production of a human soul as divine mysteries, and immediately referable to Divine agency. Thus Prometheus-like do I scale Olympus, and restore to man the divine element of which his greedy gods have robbed him.

Love is in truth the key to the universe, unlocking mysteries that before seemed inscrutable. Friendship is content in absence. Content to feel that there is one on whose faith we can repose, and to whom we can fly whenever our need presses. But the magic touch of love once felt, separation becomes unendurable.

Love is the key of the universe. What else is the mutual tendency of atoms but the 'love' of its smallest particles? Attraction, whether mechanical, animal, or spiritual, is no other than love. Everywhere identical in essence, all things are nourished by it; for for what else is the reception and assimilation of food into the body, and the absorption of a lower life into a higher?

The intense attraction and agonised yearning towards each other of two natures, as if striving to become fused into one, has its result in the production of a third, in which, while they retain their individuality, both are yet blended, and in which they can contemplate each other and themselves. Barren and illegitimate is the love that cannot produce a future in accordance with itself, a future that is lovely to look upon in anticipation. The pleasures of true and pure affection are cumulative; rising ever higher and higher in intensity towards that ideal of perfect bliss for which the soul ever yearns. To live so that they become dulled by repetition, and a pastime of a moment, must indeed be self-destruction of the worst kind. All existence is a perpetual ebb and flow. In order to attain a far higher height of being than we can yet imagine, it is necessary to avoid too frequently calling into action the acutest sensations of our nature. The capacity for pleasure must be husbanded, like any other treasure, or it becomes exhausted. Love is the key of the universe, and when man has worn out or lost that, he says with poor *blasé* old Solomon, 'Creation is a vanity and a blunder, for I have transcended it.' And was he the wisest man?

Were there no ebb there would be no flow; all would be motionless and stagnant. The self-existent is an ocean, not a river. It is impossible always to be at the

same height, at the top of being, without losing the sense of being at an elevation at all. Without valleys, can be no hills. A world of mountain-tops would be all level plain. A consolation to me these thoughts in the occasional separations forced upon me. 'Incorrigible optimist,' you will say, when I inflict them thus upon you.

To you alone I write of these things. And if I seem to enunciate as novelties thoughts long familiar to yourself, pray ascribe it to my theological education, which, content with inculcating the supreme necessity of a certain theory of the supernatural, left everything natural for me to discover for myself.

Is not this the right interpretation of the charming old allegory of Cupid and Psyche,—that the beginning of love is the birth of the soul in man and woman? And that a certain degree of mystery is necessary to preserve the sacred flame in woman, while knowledge can be safely borne by man alone? Apuleius is not the only one who has held that woman's innocence consists in ignorance—that analysis is a masculine function.

CHAPTER X.

A GLIMPSE.

ANOTHER glimpse of the fair lives of the wedded pair. It is at the moment when Britain is engaged in a vast struggle on behalf of the weak and the oppressed.

Throughout that far country every kindred bosom thrills at the report of the achievements of her soldiers. To help in the conflict is not given them ; but they can aid the widow and the orphan of the brave dead. No niggard is Australia of her gold, as is testified by her contributions to the Patriotic Fund, which far exceeded those of any other community of equal size. And not in gold only does the far south-land prove the strength of her sympathies. In the verandah at happy Yarradale sits the young mother, not so entirely absorbed in her new office as to have lost her love for her favourite art, or to have forgotten the use of her pencil. The canvas before her shows the outline of the picture that is to be her greatest achievement, for is it not a labour of love, and a token of sympathy with heroism ? There are the gates of heaven through which pours a bright splendour, indicating the unutterable glories within ; and arrayed without are the souls of the fallen in fight, showing their wounds and their broken weapons, and mutely appealing to these evidences of their devotion, in justification of their claims to admission. And above and around them gathers a luminous mist rising from the dwellers below. These are the prayers of their countrymen and of the delivered peoples pleading for their deliverers.

The story of the battle of Inkermann, ‘ the soldier’s battle,’ has thrilled to the inmost heart of Australia ; and Mary is illustrating this ode which Herbert has written for her.

NOVEMBER 5TH, 1854.

Fresh from fight, with gory faces,
Gaping wounds and notchèd blades,

Claiming at the heavenly places
Each a wreath that never fades :

Stood they there with aspect fearful,
Stern, heroic, undismayed :
Mortals once,—weak, erring, tearful :
Now for them their death-deeds prayed.

Prayed in silence ; each the token
Holding forth that spoke his fame ;
Sword and lance in battle broken,
Helmet crushed, but deathless name.

And a halo gathered o'er them
Brighter far than burst of morn ;
Countless voices praying for them,
To the throne of God are borne.

They their country loved and cherished,
Thoughtless though sometime of good ;
They for country fought and perished ;
In the ranks they nobly stood,

Stood and dropped without regretting,
Breast to breast in deadly fight ;
Rooted rocks their bosoms setting
'Gainst the frantic torrent's might.

Wintry torrents fiercely pouring,
Mass on mass, and tide on tide ;
Waves of darkness, madly roaring,
Hurled they back, and, hurling, died.

Take they now the highest stations
In the mansions of delight,
With the prayers of grateful nations
Broidered on their garments bright.

May they win archangels' places,
Win the heights of holiest love,
Gaining all divinest graces ;
Heroes here, and kings above.

CHAPTER XI.

REPORTING PROGRESS.

Herbert to Arnold.

YOU cannot think how monstrous to me now seems the folly of the old Hermits, and you Fellows of Colleges, their unnatural descendants, in withdrawing from all human association in order to seek that virtue which is only possible through the affections. The same spirit of asceticism that has led Pagans and Christians alike to despise the body, vitiates all modern theology. People christen things 'material' and 'animal,' and forthwith detach from them all love and reverence, forgetting that to true love nothing is common or unclean. They are kindred absurdities, the trying to imagine man prior to, or independent of, his organic body, and Deity apart from the universe. Yet is not this the usual mode of thinking?

It is a magnificent book which you last sent me,—Spencer's 'Social Statics.' He is indeed the Euclid of ethics. It will be of great use to me in my endeavour to recommend a simpler state of things in our colonial system. One sentence epitomises all I have been long thinking on these subjects. 'Morality is essentially one with physical truth. It is a kind of transcendental physiology.' The highest morality and happiness spring from the strictest fulfilment of the physical laws of our being, one of the most important of which is sympathy. The ascetic method was to paralyse the social faculties

by total abstinence, instead of strengthening them by moderate and healthy exercise. I thought once that I had found in California a condition in which I was free to develop and act out my own nature. But it was the freedom of isolation. The only faculties there necessarily developed, are those which fit men for a wild and aboriginal mode of life, the real secret, I fancy, of the form society has assumed throughout Western America. That I was not myself an instance of this theory was because I did not limit my future to the existing state of things. For the development of the best parts of our nature intimate human relations are indispensable. And thus I see in the beautiful legend of the Holy Family, in the bond between father, mother, and child, a revelation of domestic happiness as the highest we can attain to. It is amusing to see how insensibly one falls into the habit of regarding our own best as divine. I may be excused for doing it when so clear and acute a thinker as Herbert Spencer does the same. Seeking out the broadest and plainest principle that the universe exhibits to him, he calls that the 'Divine Idea.' Meaning only thereby that it is the best and truest that *he* can discover. Well, I suppose that the best we can comprehend must ever be the Divine for us; and necessarily so by the very constitution of our nature. For we must ever interpret that which is without by that which is within. In going through the Bible with Mary of late, we have been much struck by the subjective character of all that really appertains to religion in both Old and New Testaments. Constantly is the inner ideal dwelt upon without any necessary reference to corresponding external objects. Think you it was the law as written in

the books of Moses that was a delight to the mind and a guide to the feet of the Kingly Psalmist? No, no; it was something that appealed much more nearly to his inmost soul, even 'the law of God in his heart.' And what else was meant by 'Christ *in you* the hope of glory'? The *idea* of a perfect standard is all that can be in us. The question whether or not it has any external personal existence in history, does not affect the efficacy of the idea in raising us up towards itself. God, the Absolute, is altogether past finding out. Wherefore we elevate the best we can imagine into the Divine, and worship that:—the perfect man or perfect woman, surely it is no matter which, since it is the Character and not the Person that is adored. The Divine character is one and the same, whoever be the medium of its revelation to the individual. Happy the man who finds it in his wife: happy the woman who finds it in her husband. Few, if any, are capable of pure Deism, or worship of the Absolute. Men must have a background to infinity to save the strain on their eyesight, or rather a foreground to hide infinity from them. If you have ever perceived the difference between gazing on an object in the heavens, a cloud for example, and gazing into the heavens themselves, you will at once comprehend my meaning. Christianity is a worship of the divinest character as exemplified in a human form.

I love to seek a meaning in things that so many people have so long believed, and so dearly cherished. It is painful to have to regard it all as pure nonsense, and to have to look upon the world as little better than an asylum for idiots. Every discovery of a coincidence between us brings us nearer together, and makes us more

intelligible to each other; so I am inclined to believe that in the doctrines and rites of every religion there is a kindred and mystic meaning which has been generally forgotten or materialised; a meaning derived from some universal fact in our own nature. Thus the water, bread, and wine of the Christian sacraments are interpretable as representing for us all the constituent elements which nature yields for our sustenance. 'Water is the prime element;' 'the blood is the life.' Who shall determine how far the religions of the world are but the result of a mingling of the phenomena of earth and sky; 'sons of God' 'with daughters of men'?

I began making a book of biblical *adversaria*, without the least notion how enormously extended a list they would make, even those in our translation; and I understand that in the original there are far more, and more important discrepancies.

I have given up the task as a barren one for myself; but every bibliolater should undertake a similar one before asserting the theory of plenary inspiration. I defy any one to study the Bible in this way, and then maintain its verbal or, indeed, its moral infallibility. Men use their educated moral sense to extract the good and reject the evil; but they seem to lay it aside when they declare that the whole is good at the very moment they are explaining away the obvious meaning of passages that shock them. In addition to the discrepancies between the various accounts of the same events, such as the different numbers ascribed by the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles to the men engaged and killed in the same battles, I collated such passages as these, where it is said in one place 'the Lord moved,' and in another,

‘the devil provoked,’ David to number Israel. The instances of the indiscriminate punishment of many for the fault of a few, ascribed to Divine vengeance,—‘I, the Lord, create evil;’ ‘I gave you statutes that were not good.’ (Does this include the ten commandments?) That most horrible narrative in 2 Sam. xxi. where the divine command is made directly responsible for David’s murder of the seven sons of Saul; and ‘the Lord’ is represented as being propitiated, and the famine stayed, by human sacrifices: ‘They hanged them in the hill before the Lord.—And God was intreated for the land.’ And the erroneous expectation pervading the New Testament, of the immediate return of Christ, restricting its moral teaching to the supposed exigencies created by the ‘approaching day of the Lord,’ in place of contemplating the future development of mankind. If the Bible *will* say such things it cannot be our duty to ignore them, and ascribe to it the uniform infallibility it so evidently disclaims for itself.

It is curious to note how a later and less prejudiced re-perusal of these old records sometimes transforms the heroes of one’s childhood into deceivers and tyrants. The history of Samuel affords me a notable instance. His pious childhood, and his prophetic old age, seemed to give a unity to a character which looms out of the ancient obscurity as one of the greatest and noblest in history; yet I cannot now read of his conduct in regard to Agag, without seeing in him the arrogant and overbearing priest, setting at nought his sovereign’s clemency, coming down at the head of his college of priests, and taking the prisoner whom the king had spared, and murdering him. And then, on discovering that Saul

was no longer entirely subservient to the order that had set him on the throne, he denounces him as a sinner against God, and covers his own mistaken expectations of the man by saying 'the Lord repents having made thee king over Israel.' The priest is infallible; and if there is any error of judgment, the mistake is not his but the Lord's!

I am not disposed, however, to throw all blame upon the priests. People insist on having infallibility somewhere, either in an oracle, a man, a church, or a book; and in one or the other they will find a concrete object for them to worship. Yet, if anything is deducible from the Bible, polygamy and slavery, as well as Calvinism, find there a justification. One of the Gospels represents Jesus as ascending into heaven with a curse almost upon his lips. 'He that believeth not,' that is, who does not that which is altogether beyond his own power to control,—the marvellous assertions of a few ignorant peasants, 'shall be damned.' But I do not the less admire the grandeur and beauty of his life and character because in after-ages a fanatic partisan attributed to him an atrocious sentiment; for well I know that such love and devotion as followed him throughout would never have been won by an unjust, hard, or intolerant character. Surely even Christians have a right to imitate St Paul's rejection of all slavishness in these matters, and judge for themselves what is essential, without being the less Christians. There is no proof that the apostles believed the New Testament, which was to come after them. Wonders are not necessarily miracles. Even we do not know the limits of the natural. Enthusiastic zeal will account for much exag-

geration, and many of Christ's warmest admirers were women. Those who know anything of mesmerism and 'spirit-rapping' can understand the delusions to which their hysterical susceptibilities make them specially liable. If such a basis seem to you too trivial to have so momentous an argument founded on it, I would remind you that but for the success of Christianity we should probably never have heard of its wonders; and if success be worth anything as a criterion of truth, you would be wrong to ignore the marvellous spread of this new faith and practice. Not merely the number, but the characters of the adherents of 'spiritualism' demand for it a patient and rigid scrutiny, for no religion ever succeeded like it. I have listened much to persons who are familiar with its workings in both Europe and America; and I have, when in Sydney, taken every opportunity of examining our colonial reproductions of its phenomena. What, more than anything else, has led me to take this trouble is the weakness of the reasons alleged against it. I found that the most ardent disbelievers in and contemners of its claims, are just the very persons who, by their professed faith, ought to be most ready to receive it as, at least, a possibility. It is just those persons who believe most firmly in the existence and power of spirits good and bad, that are most incredulous about it prior to examination. For myself, I approached the subject with all my faculties on the alert, and my prejudices in abeyance; and I have retired from its investigation utterly distrusting the genuineness of its phenomena, and considerably enlightened on the subject of miracle-making.

I have rarely been more painfully struck than by the

wondrous contempt for veracity exhibited by the performers in general. These, the 'mediums,' are almost exclusively females, and no amount of conviction of their dishonesty seems able to win a confession of trickery from them. Now I cannot bring myself to believe that there is so much conscious falsehood in the world, especially among persons who are ordinarily truthful; and I have observed symptoms that lead me to ascribe much that is said and done to their being under the influence of a certain excitement or exaltation, arising, perhaps, from the idea of contact with the denizens of another world. As with the subjects of Mesmerism and Electro-biology, they seem liable to hallucinations more or less hysterical, which render them quite unconscious of the nature of their acts and assertions. I am confirmed in my theory on this point by observing that persons in whom perfect honesty, and a power of calm self-control, are distinguishing characteristics, never succeed in becoming 'mediums,' no matter how earnestly they may desire to possess the power in order either to hold communion with departed friends, or to demonstrate the after-life. The possession of a high degree of intellectuality and sensibility is apparently a fatal objection with the 'spirits;' they will only visit those organisations in which a certain degree of cunning seems to be combined with a liability to hysterical affections. Yet a new religion, founded on such materials, has won its votaries by myriads, including men of understanding, learning, and station, who declare that if the evidences of its truth be insufficient, all historical testimony to the truth of anything whatever is utterly worthless. What I have seen in this connection has suggested to

me an explanation of much that has perplexed me in the world's history. Emerson says that we owe the religions of the world to the ejaculations of a few imaginative men. I suspect that we owe its miracles to the exaggerations of a good many fanciful women. Even you allow that 'error has crept into the palace of truth' since the publication of the Gospels. How much more likely that it should have crept in *before*, while the only source of information was oral, and therefore shifting. We differ only about the period of its introduction and the amount introduced.

In so far as I can judge, the main qualification of a 'medium' consists in an acute sensitiveness to all variations of pressure on the table, and to all hints or indications of what is passing in the minds of those present. This, where the answers are given by tilting a light table,—the case in which there is most room for unconscious deception. The interrogator, expecting a certain reply, unconsciously ceases to follow the table's vibrations when the expected letter is reached. The medium, detecting the diminution of pressure, allows the table to stop at that point, attributing, perhaps, that diminution to spiritual agency; while the interrogator, finding his very thought spelt out, does the same: and so the deception is mutual. Where answers are given by raps, the deception is gross and intentional; though even in this case, the medium might plead that, though produced by ordinary muscular exertion, they are prompted by spiritual suggestion. To this explanation has my process of gauging colonial spirits led me. Perhaps those of Old World manufacture would baffle* my scrutiny; but there are two divisions of the question which must be kept quite distinct.

The first thing is to prove the genuineness of the phenomena. The second is to account for them, if genuine. You see that I have not yet arrived at a belief in the first. Doubtless it would be a grand thing to bring into the region of Demonstration that which has hitherto been confined to the region of Faith,—the separate existence of the soul, and the reality of the after-life. I have heard of hard-headed sceptics being transformed into tender-hearted Christians by this new influence. Such a result, of course, proves nothing, however desirable. People may be deceived to their own good.

Even were I to hold that a man may be damned for his beliefs, methinks I should incur more risk by accepting than by rejecting the popular notions. It may really be a great sin of which Christians are guilty, in rendering to their teacher and example the divine honours which are due only to God: in likening their Deity to those of the pagans, by representing Him as condescending to an earthly maiden; in endowing Him with a disposition that was incapable of forgiving his repentant children, whom he had created weak and ignorant and liable to err, without a compensation of agony and blood. What more natural than for a new religion, commencing in an unscientific and superstitious age, to have a mythology like all others? The wonder would have been if it had not. It would have indicated that the disciples and their followers were equal to their master. Whereas the very ascription to Jesus of supernatural attributes shows their incapacity to appreciate the grandeur and simplicity of his character, and their desire to win for him the respect of mankind by exhibiting him as an equal of their deities in every popu-

lar respect. The real charm of Calvinism consists in its pretension to logical sequence. But that charm fails where the logical faculty is more than half developed. It pretends to solve the problem how a sinless God can forgive sinners. But the solution rests on most contradictory premises; for in claiming to satisfy the inconsistent attributes of justice and mercy, it actually represents God as unjust enough to require perfection from creatures whom he has made so imperfect that the very best of them succumbed to the first and smallest temptation, a fault to be washed out only by the life-blood of the innocent. The very ascription of Deity to Jesus involves the injustice of God, for it implies that he required of man what was utterly beyond mere human power to perform. If any opinions are 'wicked,' surely it must be those which I am repudiating, and, at any rate, it would be wicked in me to profess them while thus regarding them. With respect to the Bible, my endeavour is to interpret the letter by the spirit instead of the spirit by the letter, to use it without abusing it; regarding it not as an infallible history, but as a history containing accounts and utterances of men gifted with lofty character and clear insight into moral and spiritual questions. They may aid me in more clearly discerning the truth, but my own experiences touch me more nearly than theirs. I do not 'create my religion out of my own inner consciousness,' as you say, any more than in exercising the faculty of taste I create the flavour which I perceive. Neither do I find my religion in the external world, any more than I find the flavour in the thing tasted. To attribute saltness, for instance, to the salt itself, is the same as to place the pain of a puncture in

the pin that pricks one. Neither the feeling nor the religion exists merely objectively or subjectively. But as the sensation called saltness is the result of a combination, whether chemical or mechanical, between my own organs of taste and the salt; that is, is the name given to the effect produced on myself by the contact;—so is true religion the result of a harmonious combination between the soul and the universe of being: all other is habit and hearsay.

With reference to the sermon you sent me on man being made in God's image, it seems to me that if any creature is entitled to regard his own nature as the special type and exemplar of the Divine, *all* are alike entitled to do the same. The coarse, sensual, brutal man, as well as the noblest and purest. The very animals may put in their claim. The deity of the tiger and shark would be an impersonation of unavoidable agility and relentless ferocity, much like that of savage human tribes, whose gods are governed by caprice without regard to any of those sentiments of justice and benevolence which *we* regard as necessary to higher natures, and therefore assign pre-eminently to our Deity. The very earth itself would be justified in referring all its qualities and phenomena to their counterpart in the Creator, and in imagining his character as liable to a succession of moods resembling the hurricanes and calms, heat and cold, that alternate upon its own surface. If the highest best conceivable by some natures is to be regarded as the nearest index to the Divine for them, so must the highest best of others be for them. And it is evident to what utterly mistaken conceptions this method of finding out God must lead, when it is remembered

that by the highest best of every being we only mean the character or condition best adapted to promote the greatest happiness of that particular being:—the Divine idea or intention in reference to it, but affording no clue to the Divine nature itself.

As the belief of the idolatrous savage seems to us a blasphemous libel upon the Deity, so may our best conceptions be similarly regarded by the higher intelligence of other or future beings.

But however advanced any intelligence may be, so long as it is a finite one, it is by the very nature of things impossible for it to form any conception whatever of the Absolute; or, in endeavouring to form such conception, to do aught but draw its own lineaments in exaggerated proportions. That God is thus the ideal of our species is the key to the whole doctrine of the Incarnation. Men have been led by certain beauty of life and manner, around which has clustered, after the manner of the age, a halo of legends,—to think that the Ideal has once been realised. And they fall down and worship their own potential self, first projecting it into the Godhead to avoid the charge of idolatry.

Here then is one main result of my mental pilgrimage. From the verge of the Infinite have I returned with the conviction that within the limits of the finite and the knowable lie the whole duty and happiness of man. All that we can know, and all that therefore it is good for us to learn, is comprised within that series of appearances or phenomena which is appreciable by our faculties. Nourished by impressions whose source is external to us, our growth must be exogenous, from within outwards.

On this point, therefore, I reach a conclusion different from yours. The impossibility of our reaching the Absolute is to me no 'reason for accepting as divinely infallible any statement purporting to have come across the gulf.' It must come *to*, or *through*, a fallible perception, and derive its authority from some strong impression made upon the mind of the recipient. It is true the impression may be so overwhelmingly strong as to leave him no option about obeying it, but that does not prove its inspired origin, for such are the impressions of hypochondriacs and fanatics, or enable him to communicate his conviction to others. Our impression of its falsehood may be equally strong, and equally infallible for us. The evidence that convinces him cannot convince us, for we have it not, but only his narration of it. Consequently we can do no otherwise than judge his statements by our own knowledge and experience. For a man to assert a thing to be inspired and infallibly true without offering tangible evidence of it, is for him to say, 'the impression is so strong on my mind that you must admit it as irresistible to yours.' An American once said to me of some incredible story that it was so true I might say I saw it myself. And this seems to be just what is done by those who have a strong belief in narratives of marvellous occurrences. They have enacted the scene so often in their imaginations that it becomes as easy and familiar as if they had really seen it themselves. Hence one great value of pictures in aid of a belief in the miraculous and legendary.

Of course all questions ultimately resolve themselves into questions of evidence. But, granted the truth of miracles, what is proved thereby except a power to work

them? Certainly not the truth of any doctrine: that after all is referred to our own judgment.

Pray see if there are any works on Christianity and its esoteric meaning which are likely to help to a solution of these problems. I am inclined to think that a correct history of Philo and his school in Alexandria would afford a clue to the origin of many of the doctrines superadded to the actual teaching of Christ and incorporated with Christianity. I do not care to waste time in working out problems already solved by others. My wish is to use all that is really known as a foundation for farther progress.

One word more on this interesting 'Plurality of Worlds' controversy. Whewell's book (if it is his) seems to me a remarkable instance of intellectual perversity. His moral argument 'that the history of man is unique and incapable of repetition,' is founded on the shallow theological hypothesis of the nature and origin of evil. While his physical argument ignores the whole history of this planet which shows that it is the essential nature and tendency of life everywhere to seek higher and more complex forms of organism, so that wherever there is life, the degree of its development is only a question of time. And who shall say that the very motion of the heavenly bodies is not a kind of life, and the impetus that lies at the root of all farther vital development. As for Brewster's book, the very title is a compound falsehood. That there are 'more worlds than one' of the kind referred to, is neither 'the creed of the philosopher' in any sense in which the word *creed* can be used; nor 'the hope of the Christian.' At least I never heard of any Christian who looked forward

to a residence upon Mars, Jupiter, or any other of the heavenly bodies after leaving this one. The attempt by men of such eminence to import 'authority' into a question of pure induction deserves the strongest reprobation. The way in which it has been received shows the low standard at which public opinion still remains.

I am reading Gibbon for the first time in my life. I found it in my father-in-law's library here—the same which first led to my mentioning Yarradale to you. I should have been saved much time and puzzlement had I read it years ago. Not because I accept his statements about the foundation of Christianity implicitly; but because they prove incontestably that the more elaborate are one's researches into historical evidence, the more difficult it is to arrive at any certainty in favour of the popular belief. This fact, added to my irresistible conviction that the grounds of a faith on which human 'salvation' depends must be in their nature infinitely simpler, plainer, and more accessible than can ever be the case with those of any historical event, only serves to confirm me in rejecting all external testimony as a basis of religious belief, save that which is gathered from an experience which is possible to the present and the past alike. As with legislation we want to get rid of existing rather than enact fresh statutes, so with religion, we want to get rid of theological dogmas, and try simple natural development. Over-legislation is the bane of society in both relations, spiritual and civil. Your account of the growing change of feeling at home in reference to historical evidences greatly interests me. I gather from it that this conviction of mine—an old one, you will remember—is forcing its way into other minds.

But I cannot comprehend how the objective element can be eliminated from the faith of a Churchman (for this is the real meaning of such a conviction), without an abandonment of nearly all that the Church insists upon. In saying that the Church has in every age the right of interpretation,—do you mean that individual members have such a right—even those who have signed her Articles? Of course, if she were honest in her renunciation of infallibility, she would have no right to object to anybody's interpretation, or even selection of dogmas. And in that case you may hold and teach what you please without transgressing her limits, for she has none; and I myself am a good Churchman. But so long as articles of faith are imposed, I cannot see either that the Church renounces infallibility, or how any can retain membership while rejecting those articles. Your defence of the new school, if I understand you rightly, amounts to this. Holding all things as divine; all spiritual knowledge, whether in Jewish Scriptures or elsewhere, as a revelation from God, who is ever leading man forward; ever progressively manifesting Himself in man's heart and mind,—there will ever be a wide interval in belief between the average majority and the advanced few: and it cannot be the Church's intention to confine its members to one stage of this progress; much less to expel the most advanced believers.

Why then, I ask, have articles of faith at all? and who, or what, do you mean by 'the Church'? It seems to me that consistently with the above statement you can only reply, 'The living generation of Churchmen;' that is, the opinion of the majority. But if this majority declares that you have surpassed the limits of ortho-

doxy, to whom is your appeal? You can only say, 'If they insist, we must come out. But we will first try to show them that we do not really differ from them, but are only farther advanced on the same road.' But your difficulty is caused by your having already failed to convince them of this, for the majority cry out against you, and would do so much more loudly if they knew your real opinions. For is there a word of the second and third articles, for instance, that is believed by what is called the rationalistic school?

I should like to propound the question, as you put it, to the bench of bishops. 'Is the Church an association for the discovery and propagation of spiritual truth; or merely for the preservation of certain crystallised doctrines?' You well know that one and all would choose the latter definition; in effect, deciding it to be rather a tomb containing embalmed dogmas, than the living and growing body which you find it to be. Without attempting to settle the question whether a bishop with the learning he is supposed to have can be an honest man, I cannot but be struck by observing how very conservative a comfortable and assured position is apt to make a man. When has the necessity for reform in any system ever been admitted by the officials whom the system feeds? All plead finality, even those whose own system owes its existence to the right to change; and what existing system does not? The reformers of the sixteenth century are invested with infallibility, and their work, instead of being regarded as only a great step in the right direction, is arrested midway, and what they decreed is to be law for all time. Can there be any doubt as to how a new Luther would be received now

by the clergy and their partisans, should one come forward and appeal to his brethren for their aid in making some fundamental reform in the Church of which he and they are alike members? Is it not certain that, so far from granting him even a serious hearing, their only reply would be a scornful bidding to leave the Church if it did not suit him, and a threat of expulsion if he did not go of his own accord? Happy for you so long as you can mistake what the Church is for what it ought to be. But have you never found yourself putting the Cause before the Truth?

The question lies in a nutshell. You may think as you like, and yet remain in the Church, provided you get a large party to agree with you; otherwise you are unfaithful to your vows, and must quit. No use declaring that in another generation or two everybody will be of your opinion. It is with the Church or Churchmen of the present, not of the future or past, that you have to deal. The only test of your being in the right is your success in persuading others that either they agree with you, or you with them. I mean this, of course, in reference to your popular relations. In your ecclesiastical ones, it is clear that, labour as you may to convert the present narrow edifice into a spacious mansion, so long as the Church of England is an article Church it can make no allowance for those who chafe at her restrictions. You may be right in saying that it is not for any to quit voluntarily while believing that the Church possesses an inherent capacity for expansion. Far be it from me to condemn those who think they can reform it from within. For myself the Articles and Creeds oppose an impassable barrier. They may break, but can

never stretch; and I never cease to rejoice at having made my escape from the dilemma once and for ever. I am amused at your saying I am a Christian in spite of myself, for I have long claimed you as one of the noble army of free-thinkers, in spite of your profession. Yet not quite. You have not yet offered your sacrifice to Truth. Will it ever be that the cause of truth and reform must have its martyrs? Alas, then, for those who would save their Church and their emoluments also! If by Christianity you mean a belief in the indefinite improvement of humanity through the development of the intellect and affections in the pure spirit of Christ, you may be right about me; but if you mean that I ascribe to Deity faculties and methods which are merely human, I certainly am far from deserving the title. Will you accord it to one who follows Christ, however far off, but refuses to worship him? In this respect we are alike. Neither of us is stationary. You, after being attracted towards the High-Church, or mythological party, by their earnestness and the definiteness of their aims, now sympathise with broader views. Your logical faculty compels this; but your position leads you to seek breadth within the Church, while I am free to seek it without. It was at a great price that I obtained this freedom, and perhaps I value it more than those who are born free; but I have my reward. What chats we would have if you were out here! Our University would have just suited you. It is not yet a great success as to numbers. Perhaps it is still somewhat in advance of our wants. We have a capital man at its head, a contemporary of yours. No pedant or bigot, though both schoolmaster and parson; but filled with an enthusiasm

for all humanity most refreshing to meet with. Do you remember John Woolley, of University College?

CHAPTER XII.

EPISODES.

To Arnold.

IF it be true that habit is a great reconciler, to my disuse and unfamiliarity with the practical world of society it may be owing that I find myself objecting to one after another of the time-honoured customs which come under my notice. I have been lately made a J.P., in spite of my declaration that I know nothing of law. I was told that common sense and fairness are the principal requisites in a magistrate. In my new capacity I attend the police office and sessions, at present rather to learn than to take a part. I have been most painfully struck by the dreadful congregation of countenances assembled in the rear of the court. It is here, and only here, I am told, that the remnant of the old outcast population of the colony is still to be seen. Degraded by life-long familiarity with crime and vice of the lowest kind, these terribly brutalised faces form as great a contrast to the rest of the population as the blacks do to the whites. Where they hide themselves, how they live, none but the police know; but by the traction of their old associations they invariably turn up to watch, with unabated interest, the

investigation of crime, and the operation of the law. A few years, however, and all this will have vanished; and the souls of even these poor wretches, perhaps, prove of some account in manuring the spiritual universe, and so helping it to yield a better crop in the future.

Mary has read the last sentence over my shoulder, and declares that I am nearly as bad as the preacher we heard last Sunday, who came out so strong on the text, 'He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.' 'Poor chaff!' she was provoked to say; 'even in the burning it may serve to warm us, and it is not the chaff's fault if we can do nothing better with it than burn it. We may yet discover a good use for it; but rather than reproach it for its worthlessness, let us remember how necessary it has been to the grain. Where would our wheat have been but for its touching self-abnegation, which led it to devote its whole existence to enfolding and cherishing the seed, bearing the brunt of the heat and the storm, yielding all the joy and the honour to another, and accepting contempt and neglect for its own share.' Have not I taught her to listen to a sermon with profit?

But it is our system of judicial swearing that has struck me as so exceedingly curious. Pray do not publish the fact, but it is a fact, that though a magistrate myself, I am not competent to give evidence in a court of justice! If an advocate chose to question me about my theological belief he could reject me as an untrustworthy witness, through my having come to certain unpopular conclusions either respecting the origin of those ancient historical documents known as the New Testament, or in my metaphysical speculations concerning the Absolute. My

very love of truth spoils me in the eye of the law for being a trustworthy witness. I was brought to this startling discovery when watching a case that illustrates in more ways than one the singular condition of this country in matters of justice. It was a case of horse-stealing, the commonest of offences here; and a Victorian squatter, who had been summoned as witness, had travelled round by sea and land over a thousand miles to the trial, and rode back home five hundred miles afterwards. His evidence was essential and satisfactory; but the lawyer who was on the other side very nearly succeeded in rejecting it, and was only foiled by the singular wit of the witness. He was reputed to be what is called an 'infidel,' whatever that may be, and on his entering the witness-box the counsel stopped the clerk who was about to administer the oath, saying that he wished to ask the witness a few questions about his religious opinions. The witness observed that when sworn he should be most happy to answer any questions about the case before the court, but that his opinions concerned nobody but himself; they were not evidence, and nothing he could say unsworn could be evidence; he hoped, therefore, his honour, the judge, would save him from any irrelevant curiosity. The judge, however, answered what seemed to me a most reasonable appeal by intimating that it was necessary to answer the counsel's questions.

'Perhaps, then,' said the witness, 'I may be informed if, not being sworn, I am bound to speak the truth.'

'Not legally,' said the judge.

'And there is no penalty if I lie?'

Witness thanked the judge, and turning to the counsel said, 'Now then, Sir, you may just ask me what you please, and I'll endeavour to frame my answers to suit you.'

Seeing that an examination under such circumstances would be a farce, the lawyer requested that the oath might be administered. This done he again commenced,

'Now that you are legally bound to speak the truth I desire to know if you believe in the New Testament on which you have been sworn?'

Turning to the judge with an expression of mock humility, witness said,

'I pray your honour's protection.'

The judge told him to answer the question.

'But, your honour, it's not fair. He wants to make me commit myself because he knows my evidence will tell against him.'

'Exactly so,' said the counsel, blandly bowing.

'What,' asked the judge, 'do you mean by making you commit yourself?'

'Why, your honour, he wants me to disqualify myself for being sworn as a witness by acknowledging that I believe in the Divine authority of a book that contains a positive injunction against swearing at all!'

On hearing this most unexpected reply the lawyer answered the judge's inquiring smile by throwing himself back in his seat, and declining further to oppose the witness.

Does it not seem strange that the very truthfulness which would induce a man to acknowledge his disbelief should be used to discredit him? I am told that in

for declaring his disbelief in a God ; though I can hardly imagine any one doing so ; for as my little French fellow-voyager once said, ‘ No man is an atheist who believes in cause and effect, and every one who is not a downright idiot believes in that.’ The atheist, then, is he who has unpopular notions respecting the *nature* of the first cause. No one disbelieves the existence thereof. It seems to me absolutely certain that a little advance in the public intelligence will cause the oath to be discarded altogether. As an appeal to the supernatural it really means nothing ; and as a legal contract it might be made equally binding and less objectionable. A choice might even be given to the witness, and if he admitted that an oath was necessary to compel him to speak the truth, or that he held a simple affirmation less binding than a sworn one, the oath might in that case be administered. So long as the present system lasts we cannot claim the credit of guaranteeing equal rights to all our citizens without respect to opinion. We make orthodoxy a consideration superior to justice ; nay, we outdo the Americans, who, in disqualifying the blacks, make colour, instead of opinion, the test of credibility. Surely the abuse has not escaped the eyes of English reformers. Yet I have never seen any mention made of it among the multitude of matters needing correction. It is difficult to say which most excites my indignation,—the logical absurdity, or the practical injustice, of the present system of judicial oaths. *Because* a man speaks the truth when questioned about his opinions while under no legal obligation to do so, (that is, prior to his being sworn,) *therefore* his testimony is valueless, even with the additional guarantee of an oath and its legal penalties ! His very veracity main-

tained in the face of the most serious inconveniences is converted into a proof of his utter mendacity. Very convenient this must be for an unscrupulous and reluctant witness. A hint to the counsel, and the bare assertion of certain sentiments, will excuse him from giving evidence. In the former case the simple truth prevents a man being believed on oath; and in the latter, a simple falsehood enables him to escape from giving evidence. If sworn testimony alone is valuable, what an absurdity to allow the bare assertion of certain opinions to relieve from the obligation of giving it.

The class to whom the religious obligation of an oath is essential must be but a small one, at least I hope so, in proportion to the rest of the population. There cannot be very many people who are such idiots as to hold that the obligation to bear true witness depends upon the form of words in which the obligation is acknowledged, rather than upon a fundamental duty existing independently of all forms whatever. Such Fetichism would indicate a moral sense low enough to exclude them from the witness-box, but does not justify the preservation of an unjust enactment on their behalf. As, then, it is not the pledge, be it in the form of oath or affirmation, that imposes the obligation to speak the truth, all that is requisite is the acknowledgment of the obligation to enable the law to deal with the violator of it as with one who breaks a legal contract. The present law rests on the falsehood that the manner of the contract is of more importance than its matter; that the letter is everything; the spirit and intention nothing.

Were I in the position of a doubtful witness, and interrogated concerning my belief in God and retribution,

I think I should answer, 'I believe that if I commit perjury and repent, God will forgive me; but that the law will punish me whether I repent or not.' I think of writing a little tract on the question, to be called 'The Swearer's Assistant; ' a short catechism of questions and answers for the witness-box, something like this:

Lawyer.—'Pray, Sir, do you believe in a Future State?'

Witness.—'Why, don't you!'

The squatter in question came and dined with me after the court was over, and we had a good deal of amusing chat. He is clever and eccentric, with considerable common sense in his crotchets. He told me that on the census being taken, in the column 'Religion,' he wrote of himself, 'I worship God;' so that the colony appeared by the registrar's report to contain so many hundred thousand Church of Englanders, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and others, but only one who worshipped God.

Among other things he said, 'I don't go to church myself, but I am very tolerant to those who do.'

He tells with glee of a child of his who was questioned concerning his religious knowledge before being allowed to give evidence, but whom he had trained in anticipation. The judge asked him if 'he knew where people who tell lies go to.

'No, Sir, please Sir, but I shall be very glad to learn.'

'To Hell,' said the judge.

'Oh yes, Sir, I know the *name* they give the place, but I don't know *where* it is.'

And the judge was fain to confess that neither did he.

My French fellow-passenger has lately spent a couple of days with us. He is prosperously following the avocation of a tobacco merchant among the colonies, for which he says all his countrymen have a natural aptitude owing to its æsthetic character. He came into my district to inspect a property with a view to taking a mortgage upon it. He and Mary are delighted with each other. He declares that she is the original of all the Madonnas of the painters, only with more fun in her; and that hers is just the face to send Italian peasants down on their knees. He prides himself on being a physiognomist, and says it is essential in his business, which depends upon the honesty of the agents whom he selects and sets up in the different towns. But he does not seem to have restricted his studies of faces to persons eligible for selling cigars. He declares that he can always read the history of a married couple in the expression of the wife's face. 'I do not tell all my friends of my gift,' he said, 'for some of them would not be so glad to see me, especially the widows. I am very fond of widows, and I always know by their expression if they and their husbands have been happy together, and, if not, who was in fault. Ah, it is a great risk marrying any but a widow. I would have all women born widows. Marriage is such a transformer, and so few can stand well the test. It is not often that a former lover does not congratulate himself on his escape when he sees the lady a year or two after her marriage. The face is a great index. As people live, so they look. If all the world considered that, people would pay more respect to what they think and do. Not the grosser sentiments only, but selfishness and hypocrisy all write their names

there if habitually indulged in. Why, sometimes I see folks in the street and in society who almost make me jump and cry out, "How dare you expose your indecent face to other people? Do not believe that because you do not such and such things openly, they cannot all be seen just as plainly in your countenance." The preachers say that in the world of spirits every one will fear to have an evil thought, because all can see through and read each other. I believe we might make this a spirit world too if we would try.'

And then he turned to me and said,

'You have practised my art to good purpose ;' and to Mary,

'Ah, you need not fear to meet your old lovers. It is they who will need to be pitied.'

Being curious to know what so shrewd and practical a man could suggest about the vexed question of our national education, I told him of the difficulties which beset the solution of the problem. His first remark was,

'Don't call it education. That is the work of life. Call it instruction, and you get rid of one great obstacle—the priests. It is no business of theirs to teach reading and writing, and geography and arithmetic.'

Being told that many doubt the right of the State to interfere between parent and child, he cried, 'What, hold that the child's mind is of less value than its body! If a parent ill-treat and starve his child's body the police will interfere, and he will be punished, and the child taken from him. And shall he be left free to cruelly outrage its mind by starving and destroying its intellectual and its moral life? No, no; if the State has the

right to prevent or to punish child-murder, it has the right to insist on every child having its mental life cared for: and every child can claim, as a member of the State, the right of instruction as well as of protection. I say not that Government should provide schools, but it ought to say to every idle child, "You may be-taught where you please, but taught you must be." And it ought to say to every parent, "You have no more right to let loose upon society a pack of ignorant young savages than a herd of wild beasts." If you persist in doing so, you will find that soon it will cost you more for prisons, and policemen, and hangman's ropes, than you would have had to pay for schooling. The people of these colonies boast of their "mounted police force," and no doubt it has done good service, but I say it is nothing to what a mounted force of teachers would do who would range through all the thin people of this wide land, and instruct everywhere the children.'

Being told that the main difficulty arises from the refusal of the religious sects to agree upon an uniform system even of secular instruction, and to allow their children to be taught together, he said,

'Ah, yes, they are like some charitable people who found a lad perishing of hunger, and took him in, and set before him food, but would not allow him to eat until they had said grace; and they were so long quarrelling about what should be said and who should say it, that he died before he could eat. No, your Government must ride with a high hand over all such bad folly. The State has a right to act in self-defence, and if it does not destroy ruffianism, ruffianism will destroy it. England has given up transporting away her criminals. Mark

my words, her criminals will one day get to be too strong, and it will take almost a civil war to put them down. I know London well. The people there live upon a worse volcano than that of Naples, and have no beauty of scenery to compensate for the danger. Now, while this country is young, and before the priests become powerful, and while the people are not yet accustomed to poverty and crime, the task is easy. Why do your Australian horses practise that *pas diabolique* that you call the 'Buckjump?' It is because you do not break them in till they are five or six years old, and they have acquired bad habits, and are too old to lose them. Take care lest some day the ignorant and the criminals do not buckjump your Government and your civilisation off their backs. If there are no schools to which all children can go, the Government must create some, and teach them what is their duty in the world. And if the parents or the priests are not content, it may please them to be allowed to send their missionaries at times into the schools to instil their favourite superstitions into the children of their own sect. And if they are discontented with that, and still want to bring up their children in discord with each other, they must be disregarded as bad citizens. No teacher of religion has a right to consider himself more than a missionary, and he ought to be very rejoiced to be free to spread his opinions. As for giving him influence in the government, more than belongs to him as a simple citizen, it is making suicide of your liberties. No man must make laws in virtue of his calling. Not your priest, more than your doctor, or your tailor; and least of all any man who professes some interest superior to that of the State, for he will

not hesitate to weaken and injure the State in order to serve his own sect.'

Little Fitz (for we named our child Fitzroy after our late amiable Governor-General, who was a good friend to me,) came in and took his seat on the Frenchman's knee as we were talking of these matters.

'And what are you going to teach this little one?' he asked.

I said that I cared more for character than for acquirements, and therefore wished first of all to make him a gentleman.

'Meaning thereby—?'

'Gentle and manly.'

'Good. And what,' turning to Mary, 'is the first virtue you will inculcate in master Fitz?'

'Truthfulness, unquestionably.'

'And the second?'

After a moment's pause she answered again, 'Truthfulness.'

'Well, but how about Justice, and Courage, and Purity, and Tenderness, and all the other beatitudes? Do you not wish these also for him?'

'Oh yes, yes; but I think that with Truthfulness all the rest will follow; for, hating deceit and concealment, he will be ashamed to do or to feel anything that he dares not tell.'

'Happy little lad,' cried the Frenchman, dancing the child on his knee. 'You will have money, you will afford to be honest; you may think and say what you believe to be true, and no one will make you starve. May no big serpent, no father of lies, ever crawl into this Eden! Ha! ha! thus does a woman at last appear

who is the enemy of the priests, to bruise their heads !’

‘Please, how?’ asked Mary, vastly amused by his vivacity.

‘Why, if people were agreed to make Truthfulness the parent of all the virtues, what would become of the sectarians? The essence of sectarianism is to assert positively concerning that which cannot be known certainly. It is a necessity of their condition ever to be liable to commit falsehood.’

‘By sectarians, you mean all the divisions of religionists?’

‘Yes, all, large and small; from Catholic to Comtist. I have learnt the word sectarian in the colony. It is charming. Wherever Dogmas are held, there is lying.’

‘Meaning,’ I said, ‘by Dogma a positive assertion about that which is incomprehensible, or at least unknown; and therefore an assertion which may be false; and therefore an assertion which is inconsistent with a spirit of truthfulness.’

Here Mary got up and went to the library, and presently returned bringing two lexicons, an English and a Greek one. Giving me the latter, she told me to look out Dogma there, while she found it in the other.

‘The Greek,’ I said, showing her the place, ‘makes the matter worse for the Dogmatists, for it shows the word to be derived from one that signifies *seeming*; so that they are guilty of making authoritative assertions of the truth of that which only seems to them, and is incapable of verification.’

‘It requires too much humility,’ remarked our visitor, ‘for most people to admit the philosophy of the *may be*. Yet in the practice of this life we are often forced to

own ignorance. Why then should we be ashamed to allow that we do not know all about the invisible world?’

‘I suspect,’ said Mary, laughing, ‘that many of our teachers have acted very much like parents who, when their children ask difficult questions, do not like to appear ignorant, and therefore invent answers.’

‘Pray do not teach your child that he will have money and be able to do as he likes when he is a man,’ exclaimed the Frenchman. ‘For that would make him discontented with his childhood, and would spoil his youth, and his manhood too. Besides, you do not know he will ever live to be a man. And so I do not think it can be right to make people in this world feel sure that there is for them another world where everything will be much better than in this one. If it turn out to be a fact, it is with it as with a child’s manhood,—better for us not to be too sure of it, or to know, or even to think, too much about it beforehand. Hope and trust are among our greatest delights; and certainty destroys both, and makes the present seem poor by comparison. So I say, let children be children as regards the expectation of their manhood, and let us all be children as regards our expectation of a future life. If it be a fact we do not know it, and whether it is or is not, it is best for us not to know it for certain. The present alone is ours, but it is wise to live as if our future may grow out of it.’

‘And therefore it must be important,’ I added, ‘to avoid contracting habits or opinions that may be at variance with what we shall find to be the nature of that future existence and detrimental to us therein: except, of course, in so far as is required by the exigencies of

our present state. Not that I can imagine dogmatic opinions to be a necessity anywhere.'

'My word!' cried the Frenchman, using a favourite colonial expression. 'My word! how will some of the saints, who have lived and died for their strong opinions, feel uncomfortable when they find themselves in the ideal world of spirits, where all have to think, not according to their own tempers, or the nursery they happen to have been brought up in, but according to the truth. It will be a great disappointment to some of your sectarians to discover that the Almighty Father is not a Papist, or a Lutheran, or a Mussulman, or an Orangeman, or even a Positivist?'

'A sort of general sloughing process must be always going on there,' I said. 'Bigotries, which are vices of the mind, will have to be shed and abandoned, just as much as physical impurities, before the constitution is in a fit state to follow a healthy development. When I had tertian ague in America the doctors always gave me calomel before they allowed me to take quinine.'

Here Mary struck in by telling the Frenchman that her only fear was 'lest a child brought up to have no certain belief in the religious opinions of the world, might some day feel himself estranged from the sympathies of his companions, and be looked on coldly and suspiciously by society for regarding their most cherished beliefs as false.'

'Oh, you must not teach him that they are absolutely false,' returned the Frenchman, 'or he will be apt to tell people so, and they will think him uncivil. Only bring him up to have the habit of delaying to form his own opinion until he has sufficient evidence, and not to have

anxiety to believe one way or another, and in the mean time to respect the foibles of other people. Very few are strong enough to swim against the general stream. Only those indeed who have had strength to fight their own way out of the crowd can be expected to keep long in their own path. The true faith of a strong soul-alone is self-supporting. Weak and timid ones must fall in and march with the ranks :—must obey orders, and not aim at independent action.'

'Would you have me teach baby creeds and catechisms, and all that kind of thing?' asked Mary.

'Yes, when he is old enough to learn and has some understanding of his own, I would teach him these things; not as being actually true, but as being things that some people believe, and therefore entitled to as much respect as he can find it in himself to pay them. It is not fair to a child that a parent's belief or disbelief should operate to its disadvantage in life. Teach him these things as you will teach him the dictionary of Monsieur Lemprière, and the other graceful mythologies of past times; as part of the literature of the age and country. It will never do for him to know about Jupiter, and Venus, and Hercules, and Bacchus, and Osiris, and Hades, and Elysium, and sacrifices, and auguries, and all the fancies of the ancients, without knowing too about Mary, and Jonah, and the Scarlet Lady, and hell-fire, and all the religious rites of the modern priesthoods, which are based upon the ancient ones. It may be a great pity that so much time is taken up in teaching children fairy tales, but so long as mankind are children, what can one do? Some day, a long time off, the world will wonder that such things could ever have

raised a serious thought. For the present we must stick to Mother Hubbard and Cinderella.'

'You have not quite removed my difficulty,' said Mary. 'Children will ask if things are true; and if told that they are not true, they would be sure to say so to their schoolfellows, which would get them into trouble, and cause them to be tabooed as dangerous companions. And besides, it would have the bad effect of making them conceited, by thinking they know better than those around them.'

'It is a difficulty,' returned the Frenchman, 'and one that will remain until parents cease to teach their children what they themselves no longer believe. I think it very cruel,' he said, turning to me, 'to put our children to the same pain of struggling out of early superstitions, that their parents have undergone before them. They ought to start from the point at which we have arrived. The world would get on much faster that way. But still it would be as cruel to bring them up so differently from others. On the whole, as things are now, I do not think you can do better, when they ask about the truth of the Dogmas they find in their lessons, than to say, "There is a truth concealed in them, but you cannot yet understand it. And people have so many different opinions about it, that I think it enough to teach you only the words until you are grown up and can examine for yourself. It is a matter of very deep philosophy, and you can be a good child without knowing its meaning." Will not that do?'

'I think I should be guided,' I said, 'by a child's own character. If of a strongly emotional temperament, I should endeavour to counteract what might grow to be

a morbid sense of religion by cultivating an analytic disposition ; and if self-sufficient and lacking in reverence, I should endeavour to correct him by showing how much there is that he cannot understand. It is very much a question of balance and proportion, after all.’

My friend has lately been on a second trading-voÿage to the Islands. I inquired if he had seen anything of my little friend Maleia.

‘ Ah, yes, Maria has grown very fat, and lives with an English sailor in a house of their own near the village. She has a white baby, and is very content.’

‘ You call her Maria?’ I observed.

‘ Yes, that is the name the missionaries gave her, but the natives cannot pronounce the *r*, and sound it like *l*.’

On taking his leave he said to me with an arch look, ‘ Not every *martyr* finds his crown of reward in this life.’

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GOAL.

To Arnold.

THANKS, dear Arnold, for your continued letters and suggestions. It is most curious to me to find in one book after another that I take up, the same thoughts that have occurred to me in my solitude. The fact of so many independent minds starting from different points, and arriving at the same results, seems indeed to show that

there is a considerable element of truth in their conclusions; certainly, at least, that there is an unity in human intellect. I am not conscious of having had any end in view beyond the discovery of truth; no pet theory to establish, but only to find out what is. I think another proof of our being on the right path is to be found in our explaining, rather than rejecting or ignoring, the doctrines which have hitherto prevailed. An error is surely best refuted when the cause of it is exposed. Let me give you an instance. The clergyman just appointed to itinerate this district stays with me when he comes to hold his monthly service. His first sermon to us was delivered last Sunday. It was on the Fall. He treated the text from Genesis in the usual manner, as a narrative of events that might just as easily have been otherwise, and, indeed, more easily, so far as man was concerned; for his transgression arose from no necessity of his nature,—that was perfect. Yet somehow, though this perfect man was so culpable as to have earned everlasting torments for himself and all his progeny, it was all pre-intended for the greater glory of the Creator. The whole discourse was one grand mystification, tending mainly to exhibit God as being capricious, selfish, and cruel, as any Hindoo deity; making his Will the measure of right, instead of Right the basis of his Will. It was pleasant, however, to see how the people, who came from far and near, enjoyed the opportunity. It brought back old home associations and kindled feelings of kindness among them, and possibly even aroused long dormant feelings of devotion.

Now, the meaning of this allegory,—it seems to me unmistakably clear and simple now that I have my own

child for my interpreter. What else is it than a representation of the growth of consciousness, and equally true of every intelligent being that ever was born? Life is at first merely vegetable existence, until the accumulation of sensations in the memory induces comparison, reflection, and judgment. The first perception of less and more, better and worse, right and wrong, is the moment of the giving of the law, of the eyes being opened. The perception of contrast or difference, before the attainment of experience to guide the choice, necessarily renders the individual liable to error in his choice; and this is evidently the leading idea in Hawthorne's remarkable romances, only he superadds remorse as a redeeming and elevating agent. Finite in knowledge, we must needs sometimes choose that which proves afterwards to be the less good. But such a condition is far above one in which we are not free to choose; in which we are as automata unconsciously obeying an irresistible instinct.

The Fall is a rise.

Self-knowledge is the first condition of improvement. No longer an unreasoning animal, my child now knows its right hand from its left. Henceforth there is a law for him, even the ideal standard of such perfection as he can imagine. When once he is able to imagine anything better than he can do, he rises to the dignity of a 'sinner,' for there is a short-coming in his performance, and he is aware of it. Thus, 'by the law is the knowledge of sin,' (the theological term for the imperfect, the finite, the non-absolute in morals). The simplicity of the test applied to Adam, and his whole conduct under the circumstances, (not to go into the probable signifi-

cation of certain details,) is plainly intended to exhibit the low and infantile level of his mental nature. It is an allegory for all time ; and for eternity also. For, as the birth of human consciousness was the introduction of sin into the world, so the birth of the Divine Consciousness was the introduction of Evil into the Universe.

The question of the origin of evil is nothing else than the question of the origin of all things, even of thought itself. This is admirably put in an anonymous little tract I have met with, bearing the singular title of 'The Infinite Republic.' The 'Absolute Perfection' of the schools is shown to be nothing else than annihilation,—the attainment of a state in which, nothing being left to be desired, hope, activity, change, must cease. The Universe had never existed unless something better were possible than that which existed previously. The very act of deliberation involved a choice between two things, of which one was better than the other.

'To be, or not to be,' was a question which might have been determined otherwise than it was, even by the non-existence of the universe, on the theological hypothesis of the relations between God and nature.

In the absence of other evidence, we must have recourse to analogy. As in man the vegetative and animal existence precedes the sentient, so must the physical universe ever appear to us to precede the spiritual. We cannot think of the universe except as a body containing mind and evolving thought. If not made out of the Divine substance, of what else can it be composed? If aught else than God was self-existent, He ceases to be God. All that is not Pantheistic, therefore, is Atheistic. The idea of God, or the Divine Mind, existing

prior to His substance is as impossible to us as that of man so existing. Wherefore it would appear that the only way in which 'God' can be called the 'Maker' and ruler of all things is that in which man is often described as forming his own character and position. In other words, our definition of nature must be enlarged so as to include the tendency, character, and power, in short, all that is commonly ascribed to Deity.

Conscious existence being once granted, good and evil as relative terms follow as necessarily as all other degrees of comparison. We cannot eliminate one from a true science of God without eliminating all; just as we cannot separate the idea of *more* from that of *less*. No sooner do we call Him exclusively good, than we depose Him from the sole sovereignty, and exalt evil to another and an equal throne. We put a good God at one extreme of the universe, and a bad one at the other, and divide the dominion between them. The only intelligible idea of God is that which includes all extremes of existence. Not good, not evil, but the great I AM. The ALL and IN ALL. By good we only mean human good. By evil, human evil. That which does, and that which does not, coincide with the conditions of our own being. That which operates to prevent life from attaining its highest development. The only sin against God is sin against ourselves. The only way to serve God is to serve man, and man is only to be served by being aided to adapt himself and his conditions to each other, and to cultivate his capacity for greater appreciation and enjoyment. Thus there is no inconsistency between the highest spirituality in character, and the most rigid Positivism in method. Science and religion are not

adversaries, for the truest scientific disposition is that which proceeds in humility and reverence to the investigation of the mysteries of our being.

You say that I seem to you to limit the power of God to make a revelation to man. Whereas it was rather man's incapacity to know anything infallibly that I maintained. The fact being so, it is for us not to kick against it, but to make the best use of our faculties, and prove all things as well as we can; always starting from our own consciousness as the only impression sufficiently universal to constitute the basis of a general agreement.

I was fixing a kaleidoscope the other day for Mary's school on the farm, and in default of the proper materials filled it with bits of broken bottle, a quill, a pin, a button, a piece of lace, a rose leaf, and other odds and ends; the effect of all which, when held up to the sun, and combined and multiplied by reflection, was really most curious and rich. And it struck me that this universe, disjointed, irregular, and ill-assorted as its parts may appear to us separately, may yet appear to one who can behold all things from the right point of view, exquisitely varied, complete, and beautiful. Why should there not be a picturesque in the moral as well as in the physical world? And who of us can judge how far the poorest and most crooked ingredient contributes to the general effect? Do you quarrel with my inference that it is not for us to shape things as if we could view their general effect from the universal focus? That it is not for man to attempt to see or judge things from God's point of view, but only from their human aspect—in their relations to man? But instead of allowing our

standard of right to be a human ideal, we deify it, and then represent the Deity as estimating sin, not by the nature of the sinner who commits it, but by that of Himself who does not and cannot! To make God estimate our actions by the standard of his own perfection, and not according to the sinner's imperfect nature and circumstances, is to make Him unjust in the extreme. What would be thought of punishing a child that is hardly equal to the rule of three, for not understanding the differential calculus? That which would be an impossibly low and evil course for a pure and lofty being, may in reality be a noble and elevated one for a weak and tempted creature. Remember the story of the widow's mite.

Is it for a part to complain that it cannot comprehend the whole? It seems to me that it ought to be a sufficient source of satisfaction to feel oneself homogeneous with all of the universe that comes within our range. 'One with God.'

I like your suggestion that it is a question how far the difference between Theism and Pantheism is a matter of temperament. Perhaps both may be true even for the same individual; the emotional part of our nature requiring one, and the logical part the other. But henceforth I mean to strive against striving for the Absolute. It is a sea without shores or bottom, and one may literally lose oneself in God.

Our preacher added an admonition against procrastination in accepting the proffered salvation, dwelling upon 'to-day' and 'the night cometh' when He will no longer listen and forgive, till Mary became indignant, asking if God changed, and maintaining that it cannot

be so. The sun shines ever the same: it is ourselves who are turned away. Not while He will, but while we can, is the true way of putting it.

There is certainly much virtue in texts. Everybody likes to have his knowledge cast in little solid bullets handy for use, especially for flinging at the heads of others. Proverbs are the concentrated essence of experience. I find myself never satisfied that I understand anything until I have succeeded in thus reducing it to a condition so simple as to be self-evident. I am now casting a stock for battering our colonial school system. Here is a sample of my ammunition.

‘The most perfect legislation is that which combines the greatest personal liberty with the greatest personal security.’ (It is astonishing how few people know this.)

‘It is an act of injustice to apply funds derived from the whole community, to the promotion of the opinions of any portion of it.’

‘The admission of any distinctive tenet is a sentence of exclusion against all who do not hold that tenet.’

‘The first duty of a State is equal justice to all its members, without reference to their opinions, religious or political.’

‘Ecclesiastical systems are *internal* to the State. Like joint-stock or other exclusive societies, they are private to the members who compose them.’

‘The existing State system excludes from its benefits all who do not profess the Christian religion. This involves the admission either that those persons need not be good citizens, or that they can be so without either Christianity or education.’

In working out this question I have found Herbert Spencer's theoretical conclusions utterly irresistible ; that education is no part of a government's duty. Society is a growth, and not a manufacture, and to be healthy its development must be spontaneous. And I know that Chevalier Bunsen's practical experiences of its effects in Prussia have set him strongly against State education, as in the long run weakening more than it strengthens, keeping the people in perpetual tutelage, and repressing all healthy independent political life. But the people here are as yet far from comprehending this, and the Government is so far committed to the cause that I can only hope at present to counteract in some degree its endeavours to foment and perpetuate religious differences. Better, however, that Government should do that than attempt to enforce religious uniformity.

As you are vacating your fellowship for a living, I presume and trust the usual consequences will follow. In this view I commend the following anecdote to your consideration. In a conversation at dinner with some neighbours about the new Constitution act, I happened to say that there is something in the character of the English which would enable them to flourish under any form of government. They understand the system of compromises, and, so long as there is a balance in favour of order and security, are not inclined to push their claim for abstract rights. One of the guests, wife of a rich squatter who is reputed to be of a somewhat imperious temperament, said rather pointedly that it would be a good thing if Englishmen would carry out the principle in private life instead of indemnifying themselves there, for their moderation elsewhere. The conversation

resumed its course, but the remark and the tone of it stuck to me, and at last prompted the reflection that the maintenance of all happy relations, whether in public or domestic life, must depend upon the temper maintained by the related parties towards each other. Fancy my 'asserting rights' over Mary! Oh, husbands, show yourselves as grateful for the smallest favour granted by your wives as if they were still your sweethearts. So will ye continue lovers to the end. Much negro-slavery, I fear me, there is among us. The wife is 'property,' and her owner is unthankful.

Our guests having left us, Mary tells me that Mrs —— (the lady above alluded to) has taken her aside and imparted her conviction that the secret of happiness in married life consists in a woman never letting her husband know how much she cares for him. Mary affects to be alarmed at this piece of information, fearing that she has committed this great mistake, and wants to know if I should have cared so very much more for her if she had concealed her affection from me.

I have heard the maxim before, but never heeded it. What truth is there in it? It can only be this: a woman may love, but not pursue. In love the man has the active part, the woman is the recipient. The excitement of being the attacking party is necessary to produce the confidence essential to the full fruition of love. Let them change places,—let the woman undertake the pursuit and the assault, and the man is thrown back upon himself and paralysed. I once saw Juliet acted with such vigour that Romeo couldn't get a word in edgewise. The poor fellow was quite cowed by the maiden's energy. She seemed to know so much more about it

than he did. No. Let her love with all her soul, and let him know the precious jewel of affection that lies hidden in the casket of her heart ; otherwise he may deem that it is not there, that there is no rich spoil to be gained by his enterprise.

But all that we can do to help others to a share of the happiness with which we are blest, seems lamentably incommensurate with the intensity of the feeling that prompts us. To Mary I owe it that my whole being is pervaded and fused with one soft dreamy atmosphere of love.

Self-denial for others is no longer a sacrifice but the highest pleasure. Love is the fulfilment of the highest law of our being. An universe without that would be motionless, stagnant, dead. 'God is love' is a higher revelation than 'love is a god.' If it be that we are but portions of the infinite consciousness, endowed with a brief individuality, again to return and be merged in the great whole,—tentacula put forth to gain experiences for the Universal Parent,—when we return with memories loaded with ecstasies which become part of the Universal Experience, and thrill through the very centre of all sensation, how complacently will the infinite regard us as the agents of so much delight to Himself! Especially if our joy has been alloyed by no admixture of pain to others; for that too would be transmitted, and be counted a set-off against our contribution of pleasure. Feeling is above doctrine. All lines of definition melt and vanish in the crucible of Love. And this is the highest morality, for it unconsciously compels the utmost circumspection lest we do aught that may cause after-regret. The idea of justice vanishes before

our ignorance of the sensational compensations of each individual. Merit and desert are equally phantoms. *We are*, and it is better to be than not to be. We question not about immortality, for our love can anticipate no end. While here, our work is here, and its reward also. Whatever lasts as long as we last, is eternal for us.

The future life is utterly beyond demonstration, because whatever proof be presented to the senses we cannot be sure that we are not labouring under hallucination in regard to it. It is a matter of feeling, and belongs therefore to the province of faith rather than to that of belief. When weak and despairing, man longs to end altogether, deeming it impossible to continue to exist much longer, and having no desire to do so. When full of life and hope he is equally unable to imagine his discontinuance. All that logic can do is to convince of the eternity of the *whole*. For it, *the universe is alive*, but it knows nothing of the immortality of the parts.

Well, what say you? that much loving has made me mad? Would that you and all were so then, for with Love there is worship. Hitherto excursive in mind and body, I have at length found a haven of content and a shrine at which I may kneel. For a Holy Mary she indeed is, mother of all good in me, and inspirer of all best aspirations throughout my whole life, past, present, and to come. The Ideal so long unconsciously desired, and ignorantly worshipped, before ever I saw her, and now the realised perfection, rekindling in me the very faculty of worship once so nearly extinguished by my education.

Your wonder as to what would have been my religion had I not found such a woman shows that you have as yet failed to understand me. What was it before I found her, and what will it be after I lose her?—if indeed such a calamity can happen without crushing life or reason out of me. Still the worship of Perfection beyond all powers of imagining:—Perfection ever believed in and striven towards, even when no thought of thus realising it had occurred to me. As there is an identity of belief between the Jew and Christian, only that the latter has found what the former is still looking for;—so, between my past and present faith is an identity which you have failed to perceive. Who can blame me if I worship the Infinite as revealed to me in the most perfect finite? Do not even the Christians the same? Nay, is not this Christianity itself to recognise the Creator through the medium (or mediation) of His perfectest embodiment—that is, the embodiment which *I* recognise as most perfect? What matter whether it be man or woman, Jesus or Máry? There is no sex in Deity. Character is of all genders.

Here then is my answer to the question, ‘What was the exact work of Christ?’ It was to give men a law for their government transcending any previously generally recognised. Ignoring alike the military ruler, the priest, and the civil magistrate, he virtually denounced physical force, spiritual terror, and legal penalties as the compelling motives for virtue. The system whereby he would make men perfect even as their Father in heaven is perfect, was by developing the higher moral law implanted in every man’s breast, and so cultivating the idea of God in the soul. The ‘law of God in the heart,’

was no original conception of his. It had been recognised by many long before, and had raised them to the dignity of prophets, saints, and martyrs. Its sway, though incapable of gaining in intensity, is wider now than ever, till the poet of our day must be one who is deeply imbued with it; no mere surface-painter like his predecessors, however renowned, but having a spiritual insight which makes him at once poet and prophet. The founding of an organised society having various grades of ecclesiastical rank, and definite rules of faith, does not seem to me to have formed any part of Christ's idea. His plan was rather to scatter broadcast the beauty of his thought, and let it take root and spring up where it could. Recognising intensely as he did the all-winning loveliness of his idea, he felt that it would never lack ardent disciples to propagate it, and he left it to each age to devise such means as the varying character of the times might suggest. The 'Christian Church,' therefore, for me consists of all who follow a Christian ideal of character, no matter whether, or in whom they believe that ideal to have been personified.

Under present influences, I fancy, I am undergoing a sort of psychological transformation. I find myself seeing the highest reformer no longer either in the preacher of repentance, or in the denouncer of abuses, or in the demonstrator of abstract rights; but in the Artist—he who records and exhibits to mankind the best imaginations to which his experience has given birth, and so teaches by examples rather than by precepts. Christ transcended all other reformers inasmuch as he lived his example instead of merely writing or painting it; but where would Christianity be if he had had no

reporters? The Artist is the true follower of his Maker, causing the invisible to be clearly seen, whether his idea be expressed through marble, canvas, or paper. Sculptor and painter, preacher and poet, dramatist and novelist, each is a prophet of the people, revealing in his own degree the threefold unity of Beauty, Goodness, and Truth, that underlies the moral Universe. Sculpture culminated long ago in Greece. Painting has declined from the zenith it attained some three hundred years ago; and through them Form and Colour did their part in the education of mankind. The drama has dwindled since Shakespeare. Poetry, eternal as language, rhythm, and feeling, exhibits no weakness of childhood in the days of Job or Homer, or decrepitude of age in these of Tennyson. The special artist of our day is the novelist, whose mission is identical with the poet's, but whose task, though easier than the poet's in that he is uncramped by the exigencies of verse, is yet higher and harder in that he is therefore called on to delineate far more complex scenes of life, and wider diversities of thought, feeling, and action, than can be exhibited through any other agency. While his brother artists display simple figures or groups of figures in unchanging attitude, or single actions and their immediate results, to the novelist alone it belongs to exhibit the development of character, the conflict of motives, the remote springs and results of actions: for the novelist alone is in possession of a field wide enough for the marshalling and array of so large a force. The mission of all is the same, and the same spirit animates all. Every true artist is poet and prophet, revealer of the divine in the human, of the infinite in the finite. The highest teach-

ing of our age is not to be found in sermons, for Humanity has outlived Dogma; Faith has survived Belief. By a curious, yet logical, process, the most practical intellect in the world, that of Protestant England, has unconsciously adopted the spirit while scoffing at the letter of Mariolatry; and her novelists, prose and poet, unite to exhibit the character of a pure, true, compassionate woman as the best and nearest revelation of the Divine in nature; the 'Mother of God' in man, remaining herself 'ever virgin,' inasmuch as she puts his good before her own desires.

As I write, the clear, sweet, rich notes of Mary's voice are pouring through the open windows, and spreading over the sunny landscape. I can see the children on the farm and their mothers, stealthily and with finger on lip, listening under the roses that form our garden hedge; while our little one, soon we trust to have a playmate, is balancing itself beside its mother, and gazing steadfastly up into the heaven of her face.

The song is one that I wrote for her, and she has set it (*I think most beautifully*) to music.

Here it is.

Recit.

I found a flower pining on the heights and sang :

Song.

Oh flower, wasting in the wild,
 Oh flower, stricken by the storm,
 Come to my home, be tended by my care,
 For I have love in store,
 And yet am lonely there.

' No longer drooping in the noon,
 No longer shrinking in the night,
 Forsake the wild where joy is none for thee :
 Forsake the wilderness,
 And come, be glad with me.

Recit.

And after happy years had passed I sang again :

Song.

' Oh happy home ! oh blessed flower !
 And happy buds that bloom around !
 And shade of leaves inlaid with breaks of sun !
 And store of love that grows
 With all the years that run !'

Mary does not quite own to having been the pining flower, but gives in her unreserved adherence to the last verse. And so, practising the lesson of the pine-trees, we find that the deeper we strike our roots into earth, the higher we rise towards heaven.

In Love alone, in pure and unreserving Love, does all questioning find answer. At once Tree of knowledge and Tree of life, fortunate are they who can eat thereof with pass and without penalty. Believe me, my friends, those only who feel—know. And, where Love is, there is no Dogma.

THE END.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

‘It is seldom the critic has the pleasure of reviewing a work so original, thoughtful, and entertaining. Whether we regard it as a book of travels, or the true history of a romantic life, or a thoughtful and philosophical essay, it is equally remarkable and attractive; and not the least charm of the work is the elegant and scholarlike style in which it is written. . . It is not our intention to describe these travels, nor to tell the history of his life. We can only say that they are deeply interesting and admirably told in the book itself, to which we refer the reader. . . The gradual change from the state of doubt to the final adoption of disbelief is revealed in such a manly and honest style, that the reader is compelled to sympathize with and love the man, however much the opinions expressed in the work may hurt the feelings. There is no sneer at orthodoxy throughout, but simply a desire and love of truth for its own sake. . . The book is not one to be neglected, or its opinions pooh-poohed, for there is no disguising the fact that Mr Herbert Ainslie’s ideas on Christianity, or some very similar, are held by a vast number of the most able men of the day, and certainly by a number of the best degree-men both at Oxford and Cambridge.’—*Athenæum*.

‘The best way to give an idea of this remarkable book would be to reprint as much of it as could be got within the limits of an article, and leave it to tell its own story.

‘The main line of the book is—the passage of a soul from superstition to faith. . . Both in power and in artistic merit we must hold the *Pilgrim and the Shrine* to be very superior to the *Nemesis of Faith*. The captive is freed in time, and his after-pilgrimage is from strength to strength, till it ends in exultation and not in remorse. . . We have dwelt so long on the story, simple as it is, that we cannot treat with anything like justice the really important part of the book, the mental pilgrimage that runs parallel with Herbert’s actual wanderings. All throughout is this dualism, this subtle connection between the physical and the mental parts of his nature. It is as if he had declared for the extreme physiological school of philosophy, so close does he make the link between his mind’s and his body’s progress. . . Nor are we willing to grant the conclusions which these remarks might suggest, that with all its subtleties and its vigorous reasoning, with all the enthusiasm that lightens up its pages, the book is for a novel a trifle dull. The writer has a higher

purpose than to supply an afternoon's excitement, or even than to make the fortune of the circulating library. He idealises his own calling as he idealises everything; and the words in which he states his faith in it, ideal as they are, sound refreshing as well as lofty in these days of weariful sensationalism. . . From the day when all our novelists shall recognise such an ideal as this, we fear we are as yet a great way off. But doubtless there were bad sculptors in the days of Phidias; certainly there were bad painters in Raffaele's day, and bad dramatists in Shakespeare's. . . We have plenty of cleverness, plenty of real power and skill in writing. If here and there some one arises who weds to these a sense of moral responsibility, who is, in fact, true artist as well as novelist, we must be satisfied. We need not say more than we have already said to show that in the case before us we are abundantly satisfied, and that we recognise in the author of the *Pilgrim and the Shrine* an artist who approaches very near to the ideal that his brilliant pages disclose.'—*Saturday Review*, February 8, 1868.

'This significant book would have been given to the world eight years ago had not insuperable obstacles compelled the Editor to postpone its publication. . . It now affects us as an epilogue: it would once have affected us as a prologue. It might have been a herald trumpet: its music now is rather that of a dying echo. . . The work, however, is still a significant work, is still related to the times, has still a face turned towards the future. . . Its merit consists, its interest lies, in the sincere statement and attempted solution of the cardinal problem in our own day, how to reconcile the claims of individual conviction with the claims of social duty; how, in the surrender of the old traditional belief, to retain a devout faith, to regard the world as the true sphere of our action, yet to live above the world in its worldlier aspects; to be at once the practical man that works and enjoys, the contemplative man that knows the order and the uses of the world, and the religious man in whom knowledge and work have not extinguished the sentiment of a holy ideal. The effort, successful or not, to show how the sceptic may face and lay his doubts, to portray the growth of believing thought, and to present a possible solution of the great question which is agitating almost every reflecting man and woman, is, in the form selected, a courageous and original effort. . . We welcome the graceful and temperate expression of the new tendencies which we find in these 'Passages.' . . Herbert Ainslie argues calmly, analyses with a logical composure, and is playful, witty, and humorous when occasion permits. . . He is rich in experiences gathered from converse with outward life, or harvested by quiet meditation. If in some passages we find a record of grim adventures, in others are chronicled happy meetings, pleasant memories, sallies of exulting faith. . . It is the recital of the hero's mental pilgrimage that is

the true charm of the book. But in addition to the attraction that many will find in this tale of intellectual adventure, less speculative and more entertaining matter will also be found—pictures of scenery, sketches of wild life, graphic descriptions. In its pages we meet with sagacious comment, bold conjecture, pleasant anecdote, or witty remark. The repose of the book is like that of the “noble grandeur” of the trees which our traveller invokes. The style is transparently clear, the language pure, natural, and of Greek-like beauty. The author has tried to realise his ideal of the novelist’s mission. We hope to meet him again, and to see him approximate still more closely to his high standard, in the delineation of more complex scenes of life and wider diversities of thought, feeling, and action.’—*Westminster Review*, April, 1868, Art. 2.

‘Its obviously autobiographic sincerity gives this story almost all its interest. There is a certain vividness in some of its pictures of life and scenery, an unquestionable truthfulness in its descriptions of mental states and religious musings, a curious shrewdness now and then in its practical criticisms, and everywhere perfect purity and naturalness of feeling. . . The pictures of Californian and Australian scenery are singularly vivid, and traced with a great deal of poetical feeling.’—*Spectator*, February 13, 1868.

‘Adventures with miners and Indians in California are told with plenty of vigour and simplicity. There are some descriptive passages of singular force and vividness. . . These *sub jove* meditations, conducted for the most part independently of books, may be said to be stimulating and interesting. . . They are hardly likely to penetrate those whose cruel creeds and chilly, dismal lives the author with a fine enthusiasm desires to change.’—*Fortnightly Review*, March, 1868.

‘The real interest and chief merit of the book lie in its delineation of certain opinions. These opinions, which are expressed with much force and felicity of language, and with remarkable boldness and unreserve, treat of topics which are of the highest interest and importance to every human being. . . The sketches of scenery and of the incidents of travel are extremely vivid and picturesque. Indeed, if all the theology and metaphysics were cut bodily out of the book, there would remain a residuum of spirit-stirring adventure, such as any one would be glad to read. . . His speculations are nowhere dragged in awkwardly; they are almost always aroused by the scenery, and people with whom he is surrounded, or by the incidents in which he is taking part. . . However much some of our readers may disagree with the conclusions at which he arrives, they will certainly allow that he writes clearly and vigorously. . . This is a powerful and original work, and one which can rise from its perusal without having ob-

