

involved great peril to mental, moral, and physical health. Sir A. Conan Doyle asked every young woman in England to try her hand and see if she could develop into a good medium. As a doctor he knew that he was incurring the gravest responsibility in making such a suggestion as that. He had, unfortunately, admitted in one of his speeches at a *séance* that they could get into touch either with a sprite or an archangel; and it rested with them. With apologies to Sir A. Conan Doyle, that was an eternal truth, and also an eternal lie. It was true they could get into touch with a sprite or an archangel; it was quite untrue that it rested with them because they could not become obsessed with these evil spirits who were doing their utmost to get back into this life, and when they got possession of them they did not go as readily as they came. He gave a number of instances where men and women had become mentally deranged through the influence of

spiritualism. The peril was not an imaginary one, but a terribly real one. What could the Church do in this matter? In the first place the Church could give them not communication, which was doubtful, but communion, which was certain. The Church could tell them that there were voices from the unseen, but that they came not from the medium of the planchette or the *séance*, but through those sacramental channels which had been the channels of communion from Christ's day until now. The Church could tell them of saints whom they might call upon in the name of God to help them in this earthly pilgrimage. The Church was the meeting-place between the living and the dead. He concluded by asking the Church to take the question up and proclaim it with no uncertain voice. He suggested that some committee might be appointed to investigate these matters from a Christian standpoint.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

R. Seton-Watson is an English journalist who holds high rank as an authority on Austro-Hungarian and Balkan affairs.

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W. T. Goode is a staff correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*.

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Henri Bordeaux, critic and novelist, is familiar to many American readers. His novels *The Fear of Living* and *Footprints*

Beneath the Snow are accessible in translation.

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Rabindranath Tagore, poet, novelist, and Nobel prize winner, is likewise no stranger to Americans.

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Harold Cox, standard bearer of the realist and conservative point of view in economics and political theory, is the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

THE OLD MOLE TRAPPER

BY JAMES A. MACKERETH

Earth's very son, as dumbly wise,
The color of the tawny clay,
With flaxen lashes over eyes
Blue as a pool in May;
Hunched, as a heron still, he stands,
On a gnarled ash crook his crossed
gnarled hands.

With drooping head, and waiting ear
Cocked bird-like toward the secret
ground,
Patient he lists as if to hear
The silent soil turn sound.
Far off a troubled pheasant's cry
Rakes the gray quiet of plain and sky.

He heeds not. The quick chuckling
notes
Sailing down sobbing silence die.
Benused with his slow-passing thoughts,
With lingering heart and eye,
Hears he the darkly-delving mole,
Or the ghostly steps of his own soul?

Quiet-limbed and large he seems to be
Thought's image, 'tranced by powers
unknown;
Mid Nature's charmed monotony
A breathing monotone;
The furrowed fields in passive grace
Are mirrored in his furrowed face.

He seems 'gainst wide horizons gray
Kin to yon tempest-humbled thorn,
A being mid large level day
Alone yet not forlorn,
One with grave things that years
pass by
And leave in patience wise to die.

A thing meek mosses gravely dress
He seems, mute mate of mounds
and stones;
A changeless quiet limitless
Drenches him, soul and bones:
So aloof from life, to time so dim,
Thought grows half fear with watching
him.

Somewhere he has a hearth, a home
On a lone land's lornmost lea,
Where lives of the waste in silence
come,

But seldom there goes he:
About his dreams at midnight hour
Earth is a mist and heaven a flower.

In truth I feel that could one come
Here quietly in a thousand years
That hunched old man would still
stand dumb

Among his patient peers —
These furrowed fields, that naked
thorn-tree,
This wide sky's gray passivity.

To-day

THE CHANGELING

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Strayed from some half-remembered
world,
Into a world not mine,
What wonder, while the others thrive,
I dwindle and pine?

Strange is the light upon their earth
And strange in their strange skies,
Through the unfriendly day and night.
Their sun and moon rise.

Earth's pleasant joys and amities
Are theirs and theirs alone;
My fears and my heart's emptiness
And my tears are my own.

To-day

PORTRAIT

BY FRANCIS REEVES

Visage mystique et charnel;
Contradiction apparente,
Ainsi l'instant et l'éternel —
Visage de pensée ardente.

Il se donne et se veut secret;
Son sourire est de fortitude;
Son regard tremble du reflet
D'un univers d'inquiétude.

The Anglo-French Review