

And this relation is neither "it" nor "I." Nor is it in time or space, this relation. What is a relation? In what does it take place?

Fortunately, I stopped there. Another step and I should have had to postulate a soul, and the Rationalist Press Association might have got to hear of it—and then?

The boot, and my last link with respectability snapped for ever!

The dawn broke at last, and we resumed the trudge across the sands. "Hassan!" I said earnestly, "you are concealing something! You are keeping back from me the fact that your opinion that the sun is hot (by which of course you only mean that exposure to the rays of the sun produces effects similar to those caused by those bodies which we have agreed to describe as hot) is founded upon the fact that your experience teaches you to associate the visible appearance of yon glorious orb with sensations of heat. You are wrong! I, for example, can testify that one may be exceeding cold in bright sunshine. And, besides, your experience may be very limited."

"Forty-four yeyears, man and boy," he grunted, "ave I druv this 'ere ruddy oont." (I translate freely from his classical Arabic.)

I took no notice. "For instance," I remarked, "suppose you went to London for forty-four years more. You—who know nothing of electricity—would return to Algeria and say that in London bright stars appeared in the streets at nightfall. It would never strike you that those stars would not appear unless men kindled them, and I am just as presumptuous in supposing that the appearance of the sun would take place if (say) the sea dried up!

"You see no connecting links between the arc lamps in Piccadilly and the generating station tucked away somewhere; I see no connection between the sunrise and the existence of the sea—and we both try and trade off our ignorance as knowledge!

"There was (and is) no answer to the problem of the Chinese philosopher, who dreamt that he was a butterfly and, awaking, called his disciples and said: 'I Chwang dreamt that I was a butterfly. Now, is it so, or am I a butterfly that has gone to sleep and is dreaming that it is Chwang?'

"It is the experience of man that the appearance of the evening star heralds the darkness; but the truth is that the darkness causes the appearance of the stars. It is only in the great shadow of the earth that we may behold them, save from the darkness of a well. What a whirl of sophistry and confusion is all