

UC-NRLF



\$B 109 294

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.
GIFT OF

J B Davy

Received

July

, 1897.

Accession No. 66813

Class No.

ONESIMUS TEMPLETON

A PSYCHICAL ROMANCE

BY

W. J. COLVILLE

AUTHOR OF

"DASHED AGAINST THE ROCK," "STUDIES IN THEOSOPHY," "TEXT-BOOK OF
MENTAL THERAPEUTICS," AND NUMEROUS METAPHYSICAL
AND OTHER WORKS.



BOSTON:

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.,
9 BOSWORTH STREET.

ONESIMUS TEMPLETON

A PSYCHICAL ROMANCE

BY
W. J. COLVILLE

EDITOR OF
THE "PROBLEM OF LIFE"

AUTHOR OF
"DASHED AGAINST THE ROCK," "STUDIES IN THEOSOPHY," "TEXT BOOK
OF MENTAL THERAPEUTICS," AND NUMEROUS METAPHYSICAL AND
OTHER WORKS



NEW YORK
EDWARD LOVELL

142 WORTH STREET

51006

Cle

NOV 17 1966

RECEIVED

66814

NOV 17 1966

5 107 402

11. 11. 1966

11. 11. 1966



BP605
06

ONESIMUS TEMPLETON.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

ON a bright summer evening in 1887, a party of friends were gathered on the balcony in front of an old-fashioned but comfortable house on Sycamore Avenue, almost in the heart of the business centre of New York. The house, though a very large and roomy one, attracts but little attention from the busy throng, as it is situated on one of those little frequented thoroughfares which still remain as mementoes of the old Dutch settlement of a by-gone day.

No. 312 Sycamore Avenue is at least one hundred years old, and has a wonderful, though but little known history. Like many residences of similar type, it has the reputation of being haunted, and for that reason the present tenant, Dr. Bernard Maxwell, is allowed to occupy a house of twenty-three rooms on payment of an annual rent of \$750. The owner is a quaint old German with astrological proclivities, and though he is rarely in the city, between proprietor and tenant a feeling of generous friendship subsists though the two men are about as unlike in appearance, disposition and sentiment as two human beings can well be.

Gerald Gustav Mackenberger (the owner of the property) is a man over sixty, delighting in solitude and given over to the most ardent advocacy of stellar fatalism, while his tenant, Dr. Maxwell, is a handsome, cheerful, healthy man of forty, looking scarcely more than thirty. On the eventful evening

when our story opens, Dr. Maxwell, a rising physician of the Electric School was entertaining a party of friends from Vermont, prominent among whom might have been discerned the striking and by no means unpleasing figure of the Rev. Onesimus Templeton, pastor of the Baptist Church at Saddle-rock, Vermont. Mr. Templeton was the possessor of a face which could not but attract attention, for though not beautiful, it was strong and earnest, and the eyes shone with a yearning pleading light, as though an unsatisfied but aspiring soul was ever reaching through them to catch some knowledge from the heavenly spheres as yet denied it. In general appearance Mr. Templeton might be described as tall (five feet, ten inches or thereabouts), slender, narrow-chested, and inclined to stoop; hair and eyes very dark; hands small and delicate for one so tall, but not lacking in nervous power or sinuous determination. Raising his voice above the voices of his companions, who were all buzzing together after the manner of people gathered outside a drawing-room window after dinner on a summer's night, his whole attitude one of earnestness and deep conviction—the reverend Onesimus, addressing a portly lady at his side, exclaims: “My dear Mrs. O’Shannon, I tell you there never was and there never can be such a phenomenon as the one you have just described. The law of nature renders it impossible, unless (lowering his voice to an awe-struck, and certainly impressive undertone), which, heaven forbid, some imp of darkness should have been permitted to read the thought in your misguided daughter’s mind.”

“I tell you what it is, Mr. Templeton,” replied the lady thus vehemently and awfully addressed, “if you are going to insinuate that my daughter Matilda is in league with the Evil One, you may as well stop your endeavors to convert me to your opinions on any subject; for a better, purer girl than my child you won’t find this side the Atlantic, though I do say it, who being her mother should let others sound her praises.”

“What’s all this loud talking about between you two this evening,” breaks in a cheery, rich, round voice and Dr. Bernard Maxwell, turning an amused glance on the excited combatants who were evidently amusing the passers-by, suggests that for the present, at least, all heated discussions on psychology shall be abandoned, and the evening devoted to more rational and edifying enjoyment, “for (said the good doctor, smiling), when any two persons set out to convince each other by means of verbal strife, no possible progress in the work of mutual conviction can be made, as the needful conditions for making ideas plain to the understanding are of necessity absent, when either party is excited or in the least belligerent.”

By way of turning the subject into a more attractive and gracious channel, without, however, altering the tide of the discourse, Dr. Maxwell (who was a brilliant conversationalist as well as a man of rare scientific and literary attainment), began to relate an incident of his recent voyage from Paris on the magnificent steamer, *La Gascogne* of the justly celebrated *Transatlantique* line. He spoke as follows:

“As I was sitting on deck one gorgeous evening in May, the sun slowly sinking beneath the waters as one never sees it set on land, I heard, or thought I heard a low, sweet, girlish voice whispering in my ear, ‘Bernard, take care, I implore you, or the electric battery for which you paid 6,000 francs in Paris will be utterly destroyed. I can see where it is, if you cannot!’ The voice, and more than that, the thrill accompanying the mystic utterance, so powerfully impressed me that I was being addressed by Heloise De Montmarte (the daughter of the dearest friend I have in all the world, and the man to whom I owe almost all my present success in my life’s undertakings), that I hastened to my stateroom, and immediately discovered that my most valuable instruments and apparatus were in immediate danger of ruin by water. Hastily calling a steward, who quickly stopped the leakage from the wash bowl, I just prevented the water from

soaking into the very place of all others from which I was particularly anxious to exclude all dampness. Ruminating on this extraordinary incident, I returned to my folding chair on deck, and resuming my old position, gazing out upon the water which the moon's soft rays were just beginning to glorify, I fell to meditating on the wonderfully complex problem of mental interaction never wholly absent from the minds of students of the nervous systems of men and animals, which has been for many years my specialty. As I pondered with ever increasing surprise upon this most timely experience which enabled me in the very nick of time, to save my battery from serious injury, I saw a thin blue cloud cross the sky, and from this cloud (apparently of ether), small but intensely bright electric sparks proceeded. Thinking it might be merely an optical delusion, I rubbed my eyes and looked again, determined this time not to be mistaken, when a soft, silvery laugh sounded at my elbow, and the clear, sweet tones of Heloise De Montmarte's peculiarly liquid and unmistakable voice sounded clearly enough to me, though I am convinced no other person heard any sound. She said, 'Why, Bernard, have you forgotten what papa told you when we parted that I should always be able to warn you when anything specially needed your attention? and here I am to fulfil my father's word.'

"Almost dumbfounded, I answered her in thought, my lips, however, moved but in inarticulate utterance: 'But pray tell me where you are now and what you are doing?' No sooner had I given the words (mentally) to the ether, than a reply came close to my ear: 'Why, here, of course, talking to you. Papa's entertaining company in our salon, and I've retired early; my body is slumbering as peacefully as usual in my own room in the house you know so well, 33 Avenue de l'Imperatrice, but I can't stay any longer now, so good-bye, Bernard, and don't forget the alligator.' With these words the voice became silent and the mysterious presence had vanished from my side. I was alone, intensely alone it

seemed after this experience, though the deck was well filled with passengers walking slowly and talking quickly as steamer passengers usually do on a balmy moonlight night in Spring."

"Oh, do tell us about the alligator," broke in Lydia O'Shannon (a graceful girl of eighteen summers), "I do so love queer pets. Is there an alligator in the house, and how did you get him?"

"Well (said Dr. Maxwell, laughing), if you are a good girl, you shall see him to morrow; he's asleep now in my aunt's bath-tub; he and she are great friends. Prof. De Montmarte gave him to me three years ago when we were travelling together in Florida. He seems to have grown up as a member of our family, never snaps or tries to bite, but why should he, when we treat him kindly and hold him under due restraint; is it not man's prerogative to hold the lower creation in subjection? What say *you* to this, Mr. Templeton, does the theology of the Baptist Church tolerate so much of theosophy?"

"I really cannot decide such a question without giving it long and prayerful consideration," responded the minister addressed, "but anyway, I shall be delighted to see your alligator whenever it is convenient to you to show him to me. Can we not step inside now and have a little music? Your electric system of lighting is such an improvement over old methods, we don't dread the heat generated by it."

So saying, Mr. Templeton, accompanied by Mrs. and the Misses O'Shannon, moved into the large, roomy *salon* devoted to almost every conceivable modern use. Elegantly but simply furnished, it portrayed clearly the disposition of the man who rented it; no sign of niggardliness on any hand, neither any presumptuous display; all things solid, substantial, comfortable, cheerful, and withal beautiful.

Just as the friends were composing themselves and assuming a listening attitude, for Miss Lydia O'Shannon was taking her seat at the grand piano, which was one of Leven-

stein's very best, a bright, handsome boy of twelve devoted to Dr. Maxwell, who had been more than a father to him when he was left an abandoned orphan eight years earlier, threw open the door and announced, "Monsieur Alphonse de Kabriet." Immediately following the announcement of the name, a dashing but not particularly refined young man about twenty-five years of age sauntered into the room, and seated himself without invitation in the most spacious and comfortable arm-chair in the apartment; of course he bowed and murmured "good evening," on entering, but seeing no one present who impressed him with any sense of special dignity, he took no pains to alter his usual nonchalant manner, which seemed to say more plainly than any words could express: "I honor you by condescending to address you!"

Mons. Alphonse was of French descent, born and educated in New Orleans, accustomed to the theatrical stage and particularly to the box office, almost from infancy; exceedingly conceited, somewhat imposing in general appearance and with an amazing amount of self-possession not unmixed with a good supply of genuine "smartness." By means of these qualifications he had always managed to elbow his way either by sheer effrontery or subtle diplomacy, into the most exclusive circles of society. Having no very decided views on any subject, and knowing how to get on the right side of almost every susceptible person he encountered, extremely versatile in mediocre accomplishments, and speaking three languages, English, French, and Spanish fluently, if not always grammatically, he found himself by reason of no special merit, and no one knew exactly how or why, in the very midst of the most literary people in New York. The object of his present visit to Dr. Maxwell was to interest that gentleman in a series of lectures on Mental Science, for which he was endeavoring to secure a distinguished audience. These were to be delivered by Mrs. Felina Catsleigh, who having grown tired of unsuccessful theatrical ventures, had taken up *Metaphysics* as a means of livelihood.

Addressing Dr. Maxwell in his usual familiar manner, Alphonse begins, "This Mrs. Catsleigh beats all you've ever heard; you'll rave over her the first time you hear her, and isn't she a taking woman in a drawing-room! I don't pretend to follow her all the time, she's often too deep for me; but it's sound reasoning, I tell you, you ought to get her before the Medical Board; she'd open their eyes for them," and with this fervid eulogy of the new aspirant to fame in the ranks of "Mental Science Healing," Alphonse took from his pocket a parcel of circulars (at least 200), elegantly printed on toned paper, and about 100 tickets, pretty little conceits in embroidered cardboard, bearing the following inscription:

"*Conversations Extraordinaires*, Mme. Felina Catsleigh (of Paris) will give twelve lessons in Mental Science, teaching you how you need never be sick or unhappy, according to the latest revelation of Truth, at Poodleton Hall, W. Minerva Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Four weeks. First lesson, Tuesday, July 21, at 3 P.M. Tuition fee, \$25."

"Considering the season is off, the terms are very low. All the other metaphysicians charge \$50 and many of them \$100," said Alphonse, patronizingly, "you would be foolish indeed, interested as you are in such things, to miss this unique opportunity."

"Well, I will take six tickets," said Dr. Maxwell, and straightway, that gentleman put \$150 into the palm of the courteous Alphonse, who still remained seated, and who after remarking, "mighty good bargain," handed a receipt.

Mr. Templeton watching this transaction from his corner opposite the new-comer, eyed him severely, and sternly observed: "The new gospel is not as free as the old, I take it. \$25 for twelve lectures is not a very small price to ask, I must say."

Though this remark was not intended for the ears of Alphonse, that gentleman who had cultivated his hearing as well as his sight to an unusual degree of perfection in his favorite capacity of trained spy and confidential private

detective, rose from his languorous position, and drawing himself to his full height, sneeringly replied, with a contemptuous jeer in his voice:

“You parsons are nice people to talk about a free gospel. What with your fine churches hardly ever open, and your big salaries for which you do next to nothing (I mean no offense to you personally, sir, for I don't know you), you may well try and keep people from every place of amusement, and even endeavor to stop them from hearing lectures; it's all a blind, I say, you are afraid if they gave a dollar to anybody else you would go short. As to religion, that is well enough; but when it comes to taking the bread out of the mouths of those who work hard for it, as you never do, it's another matter. What say you, Dr. Maxwell?”

“My dear sir,” said the gentleman addressed, “Mr. Templeton is a minister and our guest, consequently, I think it ill becomes you to assail the profession he honors, in our house and in his presence. You cannot render a service to your own ideas by such displays of feeling. I must reserve my own opinion for a more suitable occasion, however, as I have been appealed to, I confess I do not think Mrs. Catsleigh's terms exorbitant; and I feel certain we shall receive more than our money's worth in listening to her instructions. But pardon me, we were about to have some music when you entered. Will you not stay, and as I think it probable you are yourself a singer, may I ask you to favor us after Miss O'Shannon has given us that lovely gem of melody, Lambiotta's *chef d'œuvre*, ‘O Give Me Wings’?”

Miss O'Shannon's voice was clear, sweet and musical,—not very highly cultivated, but tenderly expressive; and though she often appeared a light, frivolous girl, when she sang, her whole manner was altered; it seemed as though some wondrous inspiration fell upon her, lifting her entirely above her ordinary self, transforming her into a gifted seeress, blessed with the divine power of touching the deepest springs of human feeling through the avenues of song. When the

touching strains had ended, and the breathless silence which had fallen on the company was breaking, as the fair young damsel resumed her ottoman at her mother's side, Alphonse stepped forward, and extending his hand to the lady, said in his most persuasive accents: "My dear Ma'amselle, will you not accompany me in 'Toreador?'" Receiving an approving nod from Dr. Maxwell, and "go, my child," from her mother, the gentle Lydia allowed herself to be led to the piano by Alphonse, who looking admiringly at himself in a pier glass opposite, twisted the ends of his moustache, and adjusted his tie and watch chain, quite unnecessarily, while his accompanist was dashing off the prelude. Then bracing himself as though a bull fight were in reality about to commence, he shouted the boisterous composition of Bizet as though he was singing to an immense audience in a great opera house, apostrophizing the chandelier and waving a red silk handkerchief in his determination to act the song as well as sing it, he fairly persecuted the ear drums of his audience, who moved quickly to the furthest corners of the room while the performance lasted. Applause followed, and only too ready to accept an encore, he gave his own peculiar version of "Home Sweet Home," in a style that savored of bathos rather than pathos. His voice was undeniably powerful, and many of his tones were firm and good, but far too loud for a drawing-room, while his excessive mannerism greatly marred the effect of a vocally creditable effort. Looking unutterable things out of his coal-black eyes at the company whom he had so graciously *deigned to delight* (to use the language he invariably employed when puffing himself in those of the society journals to whose columns he could gain an entrance), he subsided into comparative repose on a neighboring sofa, where stretching himself at full length, he exclaimed:

"That is hard work, I tell you, I am hungry and thirsty and tired into the bargain, I suppose you have something nice going."

At these extraordinary remarks from a total stranger,

Dr. Maxwell touched an electric knob, and almost instantly a page appeared bearing a tray of choice but not extravagant edibles; the conversation then took a gastronomic turn, and one of the ladies addressed Alphonse in the following terms:

"I have heard, but do not of course know how true it is, that metaphysicians can eat anything; now I'm a martyr to indigestion and have just commenced to take electric treatment from our host, but he doesn't allow me any meat even. I am permitted to eat nothing but fruits and cereals, while my principal beverage is hot water; what does Mrs. Catsleigh say on this subject?"

"Well," responded that lady's representative, "you must ask her yourself, blessed if I know. When we dine together we have quail on toast, and lots of other delicacies, but sometimes when people are too nervous, she does tell them not to eat pork and shell-fish and some other things discarded by the Hebrews, of whom she seems very fond, especially when they are free with their coin."

"Excuse my interrupting you," broke in the well-modulated accents of Dr. Maxwell's always winning voice, "I do not think either of you understand what I feel to be the true position on the diet question. Mrs. O'Shannon concludes that I attach as much importance to the simple question of diet as those physicians who make obesity a specialty. I do nothing of the kind, but my studies with the learned and excellent Prof. Jerome de Montmarte in Paris, have led me to study the science of correspondences in a way slightly differing from that in which it is usually studied by the reputed disciples of Swedenborg,—a sage and seer for whom I confess unbounded respect and admiration. I feel it to be an essential factor in human development that we should accrete and absorb such of the forces of the invisible kingdoms of nature as correspond to those mental and moral traits we seek to develop, avoiding all indulgence in such appetites as tend earthward instead of heavenward. I am no advocate of

long fasts, except in exceptional cases where a temporary rest from the work of physical assimilation is imperative, but I do indeed contend that the ordinary diet of artificialization,—miscalled civilization, is simply barbaric, it having neither justification in reason nor sanction in morals.”

“But what is a fellow to eat?” questioned Alphonse, excitedly. “You don’t expect us to subsist on roots and uncooked grains like some people who called at our rooms the other day and asked me to distribute ‘Korokoo-heshun’ literature among Mrs. Catsleigh’s students?”

“Pardon me, my dear sir,” replied the doctor, smiling. “I have no sympathy with fanatical extremists, and I consider cooked food in proper quantities and of the right kind, advantageous to us all as we are at present situated. I do not even banish meats entirely from my table, though I very rarely eat meat myself, and I induce all my patients to gradually break away from it, but the point I am aiming at is that there is a science of feeding as well as of everything else, and this science like all true sciences, has its foundation in *spiritual* not in *physical* chemistry. I hold that under extreme pressure of need, or in a state of unusually exalted spiritual feeling, the influence of anything and everything usually deleterious in its effects upon the human organism, can be successfully resisted; but under ordinary circumstances it is disorderly and absurd to tell people to eat and drink *anything* and *everything* because such words to the majority justify unlimited physical license. I do not say that the teachers and practitioners of ‘Christian Science,’ are other than extremely temperate in their demands and habits in such respects, but if they are bent on elevating the race, they must seek to wean people from excesses, not teach so as to imply their justification. I shall take the liberty of questioning Mrs. Catsleigh on these points as soon as she gives me an opening by raising them in her lessons, which I shall attend faithfully, with a view of learning all I possibly can of the system, of which, from all I hear, she is a brilliant and successful advocate.”

"Oh, you and she will get on first rate," responded her agent, enthusiastically, "she always enjoys talking with doctors who know something, and I don't see that you and she are far apart in theory, whatever you may be in practice, but, bless me, it's 10:30, I must be going; I've three more engagements to-night, so *ta ta*." And with this unceremonious leave-taking, accompanied, however, by a profound and not ungraceful bow, the irrepressible Alphonse departed for pastures new.

As soon as he was gone the party drew themselves together in the pretty room, which was unusually attractive when softly illumined by electricity, and as though feeling some subtle sense of an invisible presence brooding near, all sat in profound silence for about five minutes, after which a soft, bird-like voice was heard piping in the room as though a telephone connected the apartment with some distant *salon*. No material telephone however, communicated with Prof. de Montmarte's Parisian residence, and it was the voice of his charming daughter, Heloise, which vibrated through the room in clear, penetrating accents. Mr. Templeton appeared thunderstruck; Mrs. O'Shannon visibly started. Dr. Maxwell listened quietly as though thoroughly used to such experiences, while Lydia gently rose, and taking her seat at the piano, began playing as she had never played before, a soft, dreamy composition of Schumann, the favorite composer of the lovely Heloise, whom she had never seen.*

As soon as Lydia rose from the instrument, the mystical, yet quite natural tones of the unseen visitor's voice spoke in the following words:

"I who am bodily asleep in Paris have been commissioned to visit you this evening and declare my presence thus, that our new friend (indicating Mr. Templeton) may know that

*The reader must bear in mind that the O'Shannon's were on a visit to Dr. Maxwell, and knew none of his European friends, indeed, they had never crossed the Atlantic. Heloise and her father had never met them in America.

the deep secret of his soul is not a secret to those who constitute the circle to which he belongs, though quite unconsciously to himself, save when an occasional glimpse behind the veil of man-made dogma permits him to gaze upon the spiritual temple of which the purest visible church is but a shadow. In a few months from now the bonds will be broken, the letter will be cast aside and the spirit revealed. You, my friend (addressing Mr. Templeton personally), have been reading Swedenborg in secret. You have pondered and prayed over the *Arcana Coelestia* and *Apocalypse Unveiled*; you have struggled with doubts innumerable, and have counted it sin to question the interpretation put upon Scripture by your own and other evangelical sects; but light is to come to you very shortly, and through your own individual experience will you be led to cast aside all fetters of dead literalism. and preach the gospel as its spirit is revealed to you."

To say that Mr. Templeton was startled would be to utterly fail to describe a tithe of his palpable emotion. He was literally convulsed with wonder; his agitation knew no bounds, and rising suddenly to his feet, he cried impetuously in his loudest tone, "My God, if this be true, how blind I have been in fighting it. Swedenborg's works, the very volumes alluded to by this mysterious, unseen speaker, are in my bureau drawer at home in Saddlerock, Vermont. I took them from a member of my congregation unknowingly, for when she moved to Boston she gave me all her theological library; these two books were among her collection; they were uncut and had evidently never been read—hardly noticed. Not feeling they were suitable for general perusal by my visitors, I took them to my chamber and locked them up among my private papers. They some way fascinated me, and I have been for some time past reading them nightly prior to retiring. This practice I only discontinued three days ago when I came to visit you on my summer vacation while my church is closed for renovation."

Once again the clear voice rang out through the apart-

ment, "Have no fear, truth will not ask any of you to be its martyrs, though it calls on you all to be its fearless, tireless advocates. My father requests you to assemble here next Sunday at 10 P.M., to hold an electric *seance*, when I trust the truth of spiritual telegraphy will be yet more convincingly revealed to you. God's blessing is over you. I do not invoke it, I declare it."

As the clear, bell-like utterance subsided into silence, the household at 312 Sycamore Avenue felt a delightful sensation of rest steal over its every member, and seeking their respective couches did not find "balmy slumber" difficult to woo.

CHAPTER II.

A PRIMARY LESSON IN SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

“ Ah ! might I soar beyond the sky,
And learning truth which ne'er can die,
Press on and on and never tire,
While listening to the angelic lyre,
Till comprehending music there,
Learn to make this small star more fair.”

THE day following that on which our story opened was the occasion of the commencement of Mrs. Catsleigh's course of Metaphysical teachings, for which Dr. Maxwell had purchased six tickets, that he might invite his guests to share the profit of the instruction with him. As not unfrequently happens in New York city, during the heated term, this Tuesday morning was mild and breezy. A delightful wind was stirring, bearing with it “the odor of brine from the ocean,” and so far relieving the tedium of midsummer heat, as to induce quite a crowd of persons usually too fatigued to stir, to become pedestrians.

Dr. Maxwell who was always an early riser, was out before 7, in company with Mr. Templeton who always rose at that hour in winter, and at a still earlier hour in summer. Sauntering along in Fuschia Park (one of those charming little oases in the city, which makes New York next to Paris, the most delightful of all metropolitan cities), the two gentlemen fell to conversing eagerly on the subject of the previous night's remarkable experience.

“How can we account for it,” said the Rev. Onesimus, “unless we accept your interpretation, which is that the

phenomenon owes its origin to its alleged cause? I cannot see how it can be otherwise. Imposition in your house is impossible and how could the cleverest impostor even though a superb ventriloquist, or master of a concealed telephone, or even phonograph, have known about those two volumes of Swedenborg in my private possession under lock and key, several hundred miles away. The circumstance is so startling, novel, and withal so exasperatingly inexplicable from the standpoint of my former prejudices that I cannot but believe we are on the verge of some discoveries in the field of mental science, whose importance to the world I do not dare to estimate even in fancy."

"My dear Mr. Templeton," responded Dr. Maxwell, "to me these singular occurrences have become so familiar, I no longer wonder at them any more than at the triumphs of electrical science. I experience communion with the unseen world as naturally as I breathe or discharge any of the duties pertaining to my avocation, all of which are startling and incomprehensible to the inexperienced in such matters. I never shared your prejudice against Spiritualism, and I never knew what it was to fear any other devil than the lower passions of our nature, which tempt us continually to err until we have subdued them to the spirit. My father and mother were both very liberal in their views, they never tried to force me to accept any special religious dogma; I was allowed to think and reason for myself. I went to a Unitarian Sunday-school regularly for seven years, where the superintendent and all the teachers were at one with the excellent minister Dr. Bellows, in urging us to cultivate our own moral instincts. I never knew a religion of fear, could never understand why people had such dread of the Almighty, and though the Unitarians with whom I was brought up were not Spiritualists, my aunt who is now residing with me, and who has an alligator for a pet, was during my boyhood a private clairvoyant. Her circumstances were fortunately such that she never needed to ask money for her services, she never

advertised, and her possession of a rare psychic gift was known only to her intimate friends; only those of their acquaintance who by expressing themselves as anxious to investigate Spiritualism privately, were introduced to her. She never *tried* to obtain communications for anybody; the lower forms of '*fortune-telling*' she detests, as I am sure you and I do; but frequently in the midst of ordinary conversation on the most indifferent matters, her fine expressive face will grow suddenly illuminated and her whole manner change. Then in a few exquisitely chosen sentences, she will point out to her amazed and reverent listeners, exactly how they should act in some important crisis.

Again and again, when a boy between twelve and fifteen, I have sat spellbound on a footstool at her feet, receiving counsel, wiser by far than even she (wise woman though she is) could give me in her ordinary state. How she detests the words 'control' and 'abnormal,' along with other common phrases used to express the subjugation of one *will* to the coercive dominance of another, with her it has always been *illumination, inspiration, prophetic insight*, anything you choose to call it; provided the word or phrase expresses *exaltation* not *depression* of humanity."

"But," interrupted Mr. Templeton suddenly, "how can your aunt then be in any sense a spiritualist or a medium, she cannot suppose herself enlightened by individual human minds, she must receive or think she receives a *divine afflatus* lifting her completely above the ordinary plane of normal consciousness to a much higher level of perception?"

"Permit me to explain," resumed the doctor, "there are distinctly two, if not more, spiritualistic schools. One school indeed does depress the individual, by attributing everything to the action of the 'disembodied' acting through the 'embodied,' as water pours through an unresisting pipe; but this school is as a rule, ignorant and bigoted, and has contributed nothing but iconoclasm and platitude to the literature of the day. It is to this school you must look for wretchedly ungram-

matical speeches from the greatest grammarians who ever lived, and for direct messages from Osiris, Buddha, Plato, Confucius, and of course Jesus and his apostles, couched in language so ridiculous and conveying so little that one can scarcely wonder at the ridicule heaped on its advocates by a scoffing public. There is, however, another and ever enlarging school of truly intellectual and spiritually minded men and women who look to *spiritual communion* rather than to *spirit control* as the means of gaining genuine access to the realities of the invisible universe.

“Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, whom I heard in New York before I went to college, impressed me as the *beau ideal* of intellectual womanhood; she never for an instant repudiated Spiritualism, though she constantly urged mediumistic persons not to neglect self-culture. My aunt and Mrs. Britten were once great friends, and when that lady was Miss Hardinge, they were frequently companions in psychical research. My aunt is a natural clairvoyant, whose gifts displayed themselves spontaneously in childhood; they were never of a physical order, tables and chairs were never agitated in her presence; but advice, warning, prophetic exhortation, and most marvelous insight into the past and future of those about her, distinguished her as a possessor of the rare gift of spiritual divination, which some of the most enlightened among orientals possessed in Bible times; and speaking of the Bible, I shall hope, Mr. Templeton, that you will join and assist us in our Bible-class, which meets at my house every Wednesday afternoon. We are now discussing the life of Joseph in the light of present day experiences, and I shall have something to say on two diametrically opposite kinds of divination mentioned in the story of his career, that I am sure will interest you. Persons of all shades of opinion fill my rooms to overflowing every week in the full season; as it is now late in July many of our usual frequenters have left the city, but several who are at Manhattan Beach and other accessible places come over as usual every Wednesday. I

hope you will not get tired of so much argument. Mrs. Catsleigh this afternoon (who, by the way, I have an intense curiosity to watch and study as well as hear), and our Bible reading to-morrow—but, you told me you wanted to use your present holiday in investigating *psychism*, as you expressed it in your letter. I am, I think, as good as my word, if not better, in affording you facilities; my house is a perfect rendezvous for persons who are studying the ‘occult;’ a word, by the way, which I greatly dislike, though I can understand it as signifying to many people an endeavor to bring hidden things to light; perhaps it is permissible, though I think decidedly infelicitous.”

As Mr. Templeton expressed himself as only too glad and indeed most anxious to see and hear as much as possible between that day and September 1st, when he must return to Saddlerock, a neighboring clock sounded the hour of nine, so the two friends hastened their steps homeward to join the rest of our party at the breakfast table. They entered the breakfast-room just as Mrs. Priscilla Finchley (Dr. Maxwell’s aunt and housekeeper) was pouring out the coffee and distributing the eggs. It was an invariable rule at 312 Sycamore avenue that no one should wait for anybody else. Meals commenced at the appointed hour punctually, those who heard the gong and responded, took their seats at the table; those who were out or engaged came in when it suited them. This arrangement was necessary to the Doctor’s comfort and convenience, as his numerous professional duties made it impossible for him to be a slave to tabular conventionalities, and it suited every inmate of his household to perfection. Visitors were never under the necessity of hurrying home to get something to eat at a particular moment; the Doctor kept “open house” literally, and simple but delicious food was always ready for any one who wanted it, a few minutes after such need was expressed.

Whenever the whole party could assemble at the table they invariably did so, for nothing is so charming as to eat

leisurely in pleasant company. Mrs. Finchley was a model housekeeper; though a true "Mary," she had enough "Martha" in her disposition to prevent her from ever forgetting the physical necessities of those for whom it was her delight to provide. She was perfectly in sympathy with her nephew and understood him thoroughly as well as he understood himself, and the greatest charm of his development was that he had reached a point where he had made his own acquaintance; he thus knew exactly what he wanted, and so did not manifest caprice.

Mrs. Finchley had just passed fifty-eight when we were first introduced to her. Her hair was soft silver gray, ornamented with a simple lace head-dress, quite unpretentious but of attractive design; her complexion was youthful in the extreme; no paints, powders, lotions or cosmetics (foul relics of barbarism), had been allowed to injure her exquisite white skin; her hands and face were entirely free from wrinkles, and in her soft cashmere gown, ornamented with a single spray of heliotrope at the throat, she appeared like an elder sister of her handsome nephew. He looked thirty, she scarcely over forty; their ages were forty and fifty-eight respectively. Workers they were and had ever been, but worriers they were not. They rested in work, by working restfully and resting actively they solved the problem of health and contentment; though always occupied they were rarely if ever even slightly fatigued.

Miss Lydia O'Shannon looked very sweet and *spirituelle* in a snow-white muslin gown decorated with pink rosebuds, while her portly mother, in her elaborate *robe de chambre*, which she insisted on wearing at the breakfast table, looked like what she was,—a very good-natured, but not exceedingly reposeful Irishwoman of not quite the highest type.

Matilda O'Shannon was a gentle, nestling creature, perfectly enamored of Mrs. Finchley, by whose side she sat in quiet happiness, scarcely exchanging a word with anybody at the table, but evidently enjoying her coffee, toast and egg,

with fresh watercress, more than many a princess surrounded by her courtiers, enjoys a sumptuous palace banquet. During breakfast the party was talkative, as all parties should be when eating. One of Dr. Maxwell's inflexible rules for his patients was, "Never eat rapidly, never eat when your mind is unquiet, never eat in gloomy silence, never think of what you are eating." If this rule, a practical lesson in four brief sentences, is studied and acted upon by dyspeptics, dyspepsia will soon be no more.

After breakfast, the doctor having patients to see and letters to write, the ladies with Mr. Templeton as their escort, took a walk in the direction of Central Park. They started up Fifth Avenue, talking pleasantly all the way, till they found themselves within the park enclosure, ready to appreciate the shade of the lofty trees after their long walk. Mr. Templeton said to Mrs. Finchley: "Your nephew and I have been freely discussing you this morning. He tells me you have been a clairvoyant from childhood, but never attempt to use your gift except when some inspiration comes to you unbidden. I only want to say that if ever you feel like giving me a message I shall be truly grateful, as since last evening my mind has undergone considerable change toward all such matters. I never scoffed, but I doubted and feared until last night; the impression left upon me by that astounding revelation, has killed my prejudice, considerably allayed my fears, and made me intensely desirous of studying for myself the mysteries of the borderland which I begin to feel are not so mysterious to some of you as they have always appeared to me."

While he was yet speaking, a sudden flash of light seemed to flit over Mrs. Finchley's fine, intellectual forehead, and answering him almost before his voice had died away, she said, "Chosen of heaven, thou hast a mission of love to fulfill. The world is thy church, and thy congregation shall know the truth through thee as they have never heard it before; six weeks shall prove enough to open thine inward

eyes, and at the end of thy vacation here thou shalt return to the scene of thy former labors to break fresh bread and present new wine to thy flock; changes are before thee; these in due course shall be explained. *Rest!* REST! REST! Let not thy mind be anxious, nor thy heart grow sad; there is for thee reserved a noble chair in the prophetic college to which thy willing steps shall soon be led. *Trust!* TRUST! TRUST! All will be well. Daily thy bread shall come and to-morrow's work cannot be portrayed to-day."

Words are dead, lifeless things on paper oftentimes, but when from the lips of an inspired speaker accents fall glowingly with living power, the human voice seems indeed a telephone transmitting to earthly ears sounds begotten in a higher world. So felt Mr. Templeton when Mrs. Finchley ceased speaking, and the sudden accession of brightness left her brow, and all relapsed into sweet meditative silence in which more of truth perhaps is often realized by receptive minds, than the most impassioned eloquence can express. Slowly and peacefully wending their way back to the park gates and through them to the nearest station of the elevated road, the party wended their course back to Sycamore avenue where a light collation awaited them at 1:30.

By three o'clock they were all in their seats at Poodleton Hall, awaiting the appearance of Mrs. Felina Catsleigh. About seventy-five people were present, fifty at least of them middle-aged ladies of thoughtful mien and soberly attired. A few gentlemen were scattered among the audience, mostly literary and professional men; two or three young medical students gave variety to the scene, as they were evidently present to take notes and air their own superior knowledge when the question hour gave them an opportunity.

Mons. Alphonse flashily dressed, sporting some very large diamonds and generally to all appearance intent on impressing everybody with his importance, bustled hither and thither, talking loudly as he showed people to vacant chairs, adjusted the light and made himself useful in twenty

ways at once. At five minutes past three the curtain rose (the hall was often used for theatrical purposes), and seated on the stage in a reposeful attitude, her bare arm leaning on a table decorated with a few books and papers, a choice bouquet of roses in a very handsome porcelain vase, a lace handkerchief and a large white feather fan, appeared the heroine of the hour, clad in blue silk trimmed with white lace, her raven hair and finely shaped hands glittering with rubies. Slowly rising from her peaceful attitude, bowing and smiling to her audience, Mrs. Catsleigh advanced to the front of the platform holding a dainty manuscript in her hands:

“My very dear friends,” she began in well modulated accents, “we are here to investigate and if possible to solve the problem of life immortal. Man is a thought of Deity, *we* are not the clay of which our bodies are formed; we are living, spiritual, eternal entities. God is good, and so are we. Sweet friends, can we ever reach the sad, the suffering, the toil-worn masses of mankind, until we realize the unity of life and allow human brotherhood to mean for us infinitely more than a stock expression. We must know ourselves to know our neighbors, and when I think of the beautiful graciousness which is ever indicative of a true reformer, I venture to say if man is liberated at all from the bonds of error which now oppress the race, it will only be through the blessed matchless instrumentality of divine human love.”

A murmur of applause ran through the room. Dr. Maxwell and Mrs. Finchley smiled and exchanged approving glances. Mr. Templeton looked both surprised and delighted. Many of the “blue stockings” clapped, and one or two elderly gentlemen tapped the floor with their walking-sticks, and said, “Hear, hear!”

Proceeding for exactly an hour in a similar strain, Mrs. Catsleigh defined the distinction between spiritual, mental and medical therapeutics, and ended by inviting questions from the audience. As the audience was a very inquiring as well as intellectual one, many persons availed themselves of

her offer which was most cordially extended to all present.

"We left our friends alone in the ground when we were materialists," exclaimed an elderly gentleman in the rear of the hall, "but now, since the light of immortality has been revealed to us, we know they can never die; at least, I speak for myself and many friends of mine. Do I understand you to say, Madam, that *mediumship* is a mortal delusion, and that the departed never communicate with earth?"

Mrs. Catsleigh immediately answered as follows: "My dear sir, I do not think you have quite understood the drift of my discourse; or, perhaps you have attributed to me the opinions of some one else. I am no one's echo, I have studied with three or four of the most widely known Christian and Mental Scientists, and I have dipped somewhat into Theosophy. I am myself an independent thinker, and though I quote from others, and often refer to something I have read, I never dogmatize on what I do not understand; and for the life of me I cannot see how any intelligent advocate of metaphysical healing is going to successfully refute the philosophy of Spiritualism. As to the phenomena, that is another matter, and I don't care to discuss it with my class because I want to keep to my subject on the twelve afternoons we are to spend here, and that is 'How to get well when you are ill,' and what is more important yet, 'How to keep well when you are not ill.'"

Herewith one of the medical students arose and put the following essay-question to the fair lecturer: "We know disease is in the air, it is a living creature, we can see it through the microscope. Now, how is your thought or mine or anybody's going to keep parasites out of the blood or eject them after they have once entered? I grant you nervous fancies can be dispelled by mental methods, but we all know that, and in our college studies we learn to practice mentally whenever mental cure is practicable. The regular school to which I belong is the only truly eclectic school in the world; it is neither alopatic or homœopathic, all 'pathies are

irregular, and all 'pathists are therefore quacks. Now how are you going to improve on our methods or teach us anything we do not already know? You are simply taking a fraction out of our perfect system and holding that up as the whole."

Having delivered himself of this grandiloquent effusion, Mr. Horatio Bonen resumed his seat with an air which caused his companion, who evidently thought him a lion, to whisper not by any means inaudibly (whispers are rarely unheard at a distance), "She is squelched this time."

"Is that a question or an essay?" began Mrs. Catsleigh in reply. "If we have many of equal length our exercises will certainly not have the fault of undue brevity, but comments aside, I will answer you. My experience with medical men has taught me two things. First, very few doctors even attempt to teach the science of health to their patients, probably because a fashionable *clientele* could rarely be maintained if truth were very plainly spoken to aristocratic invalids; second, doctors do not always know quite as much as they think they do, and sometimes, what with mistakes in diagnosing, prescribing, and ultimately in the compounding of prescriptions, a large unnecessary mortality takes place. If I am feeling unwell and take a dose of medicine, I learn nothing, I do not know what occasioned my illness, I do not know what I have been taking to remove it; for, I am not a Latin scholar, nor have I served as an apothecary; I do not know how the evil is overcome, nor how to ward off similar attacks in future. I personally am not a physician but a teacher, and *doctor* correctly translated means teacher and nothing else. Now granting your regular practice is all you claim it to be, it may cure me at a certain time of a pain or local ailment, but it does not instruct me in the science of life. I was an invalid four years, often had to be helped off the stage, and then took to my bed for weeks at a time, but I never knew what ailed me until I was introduced to Mrs. Amy Pushing, whom no doubt some of you know well. After six weeks treatment from her I was well, and now I can defy

the elements and eat everything I please. Six weeks with Mrs. Pushing did for me what four years painful experience with, I cannot tell how many eminent physicians, never began to accomplish."

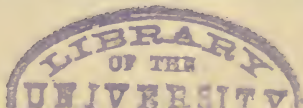
Applause ran through the audience at this testimony. Some of Mrs. Pushing's friends, of whom there were several present, became quite excited and cheered lustily, when the discussion began to take a new turn. Rising slowly, at the back of the hall, and speaking in quiet but ringing accents, Dr. Enamel Plategold, President of the Crowningfalse Dental University, a great authority on occult matters as well as on dentistry, said: "Do you know that you are doing very wrong in seeking to interfere with the operation of inexorable Karma justice; to seek to hinder the working out of anybody's Karma is a fatal error fraught with disastrous consequences to all parties implicated?"

Mrs. Catsleigh was equal to the occasion, for, literally springing to the edge of the platform, her countenance suffused with animation, her eyes glittering like gems, she replied in positive and thrilling tones: "Does my would-be opponent not clearly see that his absurd misapplication of the law of restitution or compensation, rules out his practice and that of all dentists, surgeons and physicians, fully as much as mine or that of any Mental Scientist; if every pain we suffer is a result of Karma and we must suffer to the bitter end? Why extract a decayed tooth which gives pain to its possessor? Why apply ether, nitrous-oxide gas, or any other anæsthetic to deaden sensation during the extraction? Why permit the surgeon's knife, or the physician's or nurse's pill, powder, lotion or plaster to relieve bodily distress? And (warming to the subject as she made a yet stronger point, and gave a more effectual reply to her interlocutor), why not put down education, for instruction such as I give is mental unfoldment. I teach you Karmaites how to become capable of making good Karma wherewith to replace evil, to use your own favorite Sanskrit word, which the majority of English-

speaking people apprehend but dimly. If past existences have yielded to us the fruits of suffering, so long as we remain ignorant of truth, so long shall we suffer; whereas, the moment new light breaks in upon our hitherto darkened minds, we shall learn how not to *evade* but *conquer* Karma." This answer was very warmly received by nearly every one present, though it appeared to have little or no effect upon Dr. Platgold who was evidently sincere, but so utterly wedded to the curious theories of a certain cult which seems to see no good outside of Hinduism, that he could not understand how Mrs. Catsleigh's answer met the case. Like many others, he persuaded himself that she was a gifted sophist, and though he could not repudiate her conclusion, there and then in adequate phrases, he fully expected to be able to shiver it to atoms before the next lesson. The tide now began to turn in a distinctly theological direction. The speaker in her remarks had spoken of the divine indwelling light in the soul of man, this she had styled man's veritable savior. Mr. Templeton was naturally anxious to know how a woman of her views would deal with the orthodox plan of salvation; and therefore in no carping spirit, but eagerly seeking information, the Baptist minister addressed her in effect as follows:

"You have told us that we have within us the means of salvation from sin, sickness and death, you have spoken glibly of the *essential* Christ which seems to me the platonic but not the Christian *logos*, and though you have freely quoted from the Gospels and said nothing whatever against any portion of the sacred Scriptures, I fail to see how you explain redemption satisfactorily without a personal redeemer, who was as truly a historic person as Julius Caesar."

"Well, I confess I don't know everything, and I am not seeking to overturn anybody's religious convictions unless they can be proved detrimental to human welfare. I cannot accept the orthodox interpretation of vicarious atonement; it has always struck me as dreadfully unjust, and are not your



ablest ministers and bishops to-day putting quite new interpretations upon old creeds and catechisms? Now as I understand the matter, God is never angry, we fancy He is when we rebel against the light within, then when we adjust ourselves harmoniously to the universe by means of a correct understanding of truth and the practice of what we know, we discover that our ideas of God's anger have arisen entirely from our own fears and mental darkness. Of course, I cannot cover the whole field of theology in an answer to a question, but I think I have given you the key so that you may unlock the subject at your leisure on the line I have indicated."

"Are you never ill?" broke in a harsh, rasping voice from the centre of the room, and all eyes instinctively turned in the direction of a sallow, spectacled cynic, a critic employed by the *Weekly Venomspleen*, a paper devoted to scurrilous attacks on personal reputations in the pretended interest of immaculate morality.

"Are you ever well?" queried Mrs. Catsleigh of her sickly-looking questioner; "the way to be well is to think no evil, speak no evil, talk no evil, and WRITE no evil of anybody or anything. We are none of us perfect; I know I am still very imperfect, therefore I do not enjoy entire immunity from distress, but contrasting my mental and physical condition to-day with what it was a year ago, I may say truly, I am well. I was never so well before, never so capable of sustaining exertion without fatigue, never so happy and light-hearted as at the present moment; and while I thank God for everything, I owe my recovery, humanly speaking, to my dear friend and teacher, Mrs. Pushing, whom I hope you will all meet and learn to know and love as I do."

"What do you mean by God? I don't know of any God; Nature's enough for me," queried Mr. Henry Jackdaw, a man of considerable ability, but weighted down with an intolerable burden of egotism; sub-editor of the *Buried Age*, and vice-President of the "International Society for De-constitutionalizing Religion."

“What is Nature?” asked Mrs. Catsleigh. “Nature means that which is born as well as that which gives birth. When I use the word God, I do not try to fix in my mind the idea of a big man, I mean to imply simply that all is GOOD, and as good cannot be conceived of in its highest sense apart from consciousness, I agree with Bulwer (Lord Lytton) in believing that the Coming Race will style the Infinite all-pervasive Mind which rules the universe, the All-Good. God means the Good One, and I affirm that without a focal point at which to rivet thought, philosophy is chaos and we are all simply arguing in a circle or a maze. ‘All is Good, there is no Evil,’ will be the subject of my next lesson, then I shall hope to discuss the subject with you far more fully; it is already 5:30, and from two to three hours is quite long enough for any single session, even though the questions are diversified and represent many phases of thought. I do not wish to be regarded as a dogmatist, I do not ask any one to accept my conclusions; consideration is all I ask for my feeble words. Not through oratory, but by an appeal to the intelligence and heart of all before me, shall I ever seek to explain as far as my limited knowledge will permit, the truth of man’s real being. I thank you more than I can express for your kind and gracious attention here to-day; you have, many of you, supported me more than I can make you understand in my somewhat arduous task of opening classes in mid-summer in a new place before an unknown audience. Those who come to learn will, I hope, be edified by an interchange of thought; those who know everything can of course learn nothing more, and I rather wonder they waste their precious time in this assembly. I invite you all to my reception on Friday evening at the Quicksilver Hotel; you all know where it is, corner of Lemon Avenue and Orange Street. Come as soon as you can, not later than 8 o’clock, and stay as long as you are disposed to talk; we’ll try and have a social time together. I always like to become personally acquainted with my students, but I cannot call upon them all, they are

too numerous, and live too far apart, and I am far too busy. My agent, Mons. Alphonse de Kabriet, who awaits you at the door, will furnish you with all information you may require. Again thanking you, *au revoir* till Thursday at 3 o'clock *prompt*."

The curtain fell noiselessly as it had risen, and Mrs. Felina Catsleigh disappeared, bowing and smiling behind its advancing folds.

"Well, what do you think of her?" was Dr. Maxwell's exclamation as soon as he and his friends were on the street; "she astonishes me, I cannot comprehend how such a woman as she appears to be can give such amazingly profound spiritual instruction. I would not have you imagine for a moment that I think her an objectionable woman, but she appears very worldly. Look at her general get-up; we know she has been an actress, but I think stage dresses and effects a little out of place at a Metaphysical matinee."

"I more than agree with you," responded Mr. Templeton. "I confess I was almost shocked at first, she was, in my opinion, most unbecomingly attired, and then her affected mannerisms were completely out of keeping with the time, place, and circumstances; but of course you noticed how quickly the most conspicuous of them left her when she was without her notes and warmed up to her subject; you I know are something of a Spiritualist and your aunt is avowedly a medium of a very exceptional order; do you think she is under any 'influence' while speaking, or do you agree with Hartman in his work on 'Magic,' in which he attributes an orator's supposed inspiration to the mental conditions of the audience and quite ridicules the agency of 'spirits' in the matter? you see I've been looking at some of the books on your table."

"My dear friend, I am very glad to know you are reading in this line; the book to which you refer gives much salutary advice, and were I to eliminate its objectionable portions I would gladly put it into the hands of all enquirers, but as it

stands, I must take decided exception to such statements as the one you have specially referred to. Most specialists read but one side and look at matters from one point of view only. I find this a great drawback to the merit and reliability of their teachings. Professor Huxley, for instance, whose Lay Sermons embody much of the deepest wisdom I have come across in modern literature, allows prejudice to completely warp his judgment when he treats on Spiritualism. The Seybert Commissioners of Philadelphia made a perfect wreck of their investigations from the same cause; it is not logical to declaim against prejudice in the strongest terms, and then manifest it immediately afterwards; but this is exactly what many educated persons are continually doing whose inconsistency is evidently not apparent to themselves. I cannot see how an unbiased man can attribute to the mental efflux of an audience, ideas and sentiments entirely foreign to the opinions of that audience in all respects; to go no further than my own family, my aunt Mrs. Finchley, has frequently persisted in giving communications to her friends utterly at variance with their opinions and entirely beyond the scope of her own experience, while that queen of platform orators, Mrs. Britten, who was for many years my aunt's particular friend, has been known repeatedly to go before large and bigoted companies of people, and pour forth burning tides of eloquence in direct opposition to their darling theories, to the astonishment of all who heard her. I never accept anything without proof, but to dismiss a great subject with satirical flippancy and attempt to explain it away by means of a statement utterly at variance with an enormous mass of thoroughly authentic fact, is to impose on popular credulity and betray one's own weakness. I repeat what I have said many times, the simple philosophy of Spiritualism unadulterated with cant and untarnished with absurd pretensions, is to me the only philosophy which does or can solve the problem of life here and hereafter. I believe the action of mind upon mind to be in many cases utterly independent of the corporeal

organism which mind uses as a workman employs a tool, or a musician an ingeniously constructed instrument. When Sunday evening comes and we hold our promised circle, I shall hope to initiate you much farther into the truth as we perceive it on all those subjects; now it is time for dinner, and as we have had a good deal of mental food to-day which we can digest at our leisure, I propose that after a light but satisfying repast, we run over to Coney Island and see the fireworks; we can get there by 8:30 and be home again at midnight."

"I for one, shall be delighted," responded Mr. Templeton, with alacrity, and the rest of the party chiming in, they quickened their pace homeward, then speedily adjusted their toilets and after a delicious but exceedingly simple dinner found themselves crossing the water under the light of the silvery moon which was then at its full and just rising, in ample time to reach the island for a display of pyrotechnic skill, which to those who, like Mr. Templeton, had lived all his days in quiet seclusion from popular gayeties, must appear as a feat almost beyond man's unaided power to accomplish.

CHAPTER III.

SPIRIT AND LETTER.

“ I seek for Truth where'er 'tis found,
On Christian or on Pagan ground ;
The Truth alone can set us free
And lead us, Oh, our God to thee.”

THOSE of our readers who have ever visited Coney Island in summer, know how supremely beautiful is the whole enchanting scene. The rolling of old ocean, the superb strains of the incomparable band, the brilliant electric illumination of the island, the gorgeousness of the palatial hotels, and to cap the climax the unequalled pyrotechnic display in the late evening, contribute to render the scene a veritable realization of childhood's dreams of fairyland. Suddenly transported from scenes of sober thought and strenuous argument to this gay haunt of what should be pure and innocent enjoyment, the minister from Vermont was affected more strangely than he had ever been in his life before. On the way home he was quiet to taciturnity, and seeing that his mood was reflective instead of talkative, Dr. Maxwell, Mrs. Finchley, and the three O'Shannon's fell to talking briskly among themselves about the prospects of the world in the 20th century, if the present pace of improvement in mechanical skill should become accelerated during the next few years.

Mr. Templeton, in his semi-recumbent posture on the steamer deck, apparently dozing in an obscure corner, though he had no wish to talk, listened with breathless wonder to some of his host's astounding statements concerning man's power over the elements. The fireworks had led Mrs.

O'Shannon to question Mrs. Finchley as to the possibility of bringing rain from the clouds in periods of dearth, by means of pyrotechnic display; "for," said she, "I have always observed, when fireworks have been let off in great quantities, showers have fallen soon after." This remark was called out by a slight sprinkling of rain which led the party to seek a more sheltered corner on the boat.

Dr. Maxwell, after listening to his aunt's brief reply to her friend's question, volunteered some amazing information he had collected when in France, from members of the Academy, to the effect that rain can be produced at will by human ingenuity; for provided Governments are willing to make sufficiently large appropriations, scientists now living are quite ready to construct and set in motion electrical rain-producing apparatus, as they are also prepared to perfect long talked of schemes of aerial navigation. Bulwer's wings on his *Vril-Ya* in the "Coming Race," are simple and quite practical mechanical contrivances; but until a new industrial system is in vogue, these great inventions cannot be fairly tested for lack of means, as the wealth of no individual is apt to be available for such purposes, whose first cost would be necessarily enormous. However, when co-operation shall become universal, science will not be fettered as it now is for lack of means, and in the next century education will doubtless have made such rapid strides that the incredulity now so prevalent whenever such subjects are broached will have almost entirely disappeared. In the natural evolution of events, unless some remarkable backward current sets in, it cannot be another half century before many of the most utopian expectations of the world's *savans* will be fully realized,—first in America and then in Europe. America will doubtless take precedence even when European scientists are the projectors of the schemes, not because of the superior intelligence of the American nation, so much as on account of the readiness of a newer country to try measures which the conservatism of the old world would wish to see fully per-

fect ed elsewhere before favoring their introduction into European countries. Talking in this strain with considerable animation till the boat landed at the Twenty-third Street pier, our friends regaled themselves with encouraging foregleams of happier days in store, days we must not only hope and pray for, but WORK for with all our might. By 1 A.M. the household at 312 Sycamore Avenue was again rocked in the peaceful arms of Morpheus, and it was late on the following morning before any one awoke.

During the night Mr. Templeton had a singular prophetic dream, and when he presented himself at breakfast just as the others were about to rise from the table, his countenance wore an unusually thoughtful expression. He was rather silent, but not at all morose, nor did he seem mentally disturbed, only intensely anxious to learn more of the mysterious science on whose threshold he felt himself palpably standing. Dr. Maxwell, divining his unspoken wish for a private confidential talk, said pleasantly: "Come into the library about 11; I shall be disengaged for an hour then; I have a good deal to say to you. Now go, all of you, and visit the alligator." The parties to whom the alligator had been mentioned before (Lydia O'Shannon in particular) were all anxiety to see the wonderful creature which dwelt in Mrs. Finchley's private bath-room.

The house was one of those comfortable roomy ones, built when land was cheap and people had no idea of squeezing twenty people into a house too small for ten. The best bed-rooms had private dressing-rooms attached, not little closets, but good-sized rooms, much larger than the "elegant hall chambers" so often let to single persons at fabulous rents all over the city, and which are considered large if they are as roomy as fair-sized dog-kennels. Mrs. Finchley's room was over the drawing-room; Dr. Maxwell's was a flight above. Either of those rooms would have comfortably seated one hundred and fifty persons had the furniture been displaced by benches, and then there would have been room for a good

sized platform at one end. Leading out of the main room was a dressing-room more like a conservatory than a bath-room. Ferns and tropical plants were growing freely there; one side of the wall was entirely of glass and looked directly out upon the spacious garden which extended for quite a distance in the rear of the house. In a bath-tub reposed a small alligator from Florida, who awoke with a gentle start and looked up with quite an intelligent expression when his mistress called: "Jefferson, show yourself to these good people."

"He is quite tame and never offers to snap," said Mrs. Finchley, as slight signs of alarm began to be depicted on the countenances of her guests, "now, get up, Jeffy, and fetch the paper." The obedient creature slowly climbed over the side of the tank, and following the lady like a lazy dog, slowly advanced into the adjoining room, where picking up the morning *Times*, handed it to her as though he fully understood his business. She took it from his jaw just as she would have done from the mouth of a favorite dog; she then fed him with varieties of vegetation upon which members of his species thrive. He took his food from her hand with all the docility of a well-trained horse, and then followed her back to his own chamber, where he peacefully reclined on a bank specially constructed for his accommodation on the edge of the water. "Human electricity, that is all," smilingly explained Mrs. Finchley, in answer to numerous inquiries from those who had witnessed the performance. "Prof. de Montmarte assured me the words of the Apostle James are literally accurate according to his experience: 'Every kind of beasts and birds, of creeping things and things of the sea, is tamed by mankind.' (JAMES iii., verse 7, revised version.) When true theosophy breaks through the encumbering mass of oriental legend and superstition which now envelops it, and when theosophists *live* as well as *preach* what Gautama taught; and when Christians put the precepts of the gospel into *practice*, it will not be long before another Paul may

shake a viper from his unharmed hand, and man in the image of Deity may exercise as well as claim divine prerogatives and show himself the 'lord of nature all.' I am a very humble and untutored disciple of truth, but poor though my attainments, and many my weaknesses, I have learned by curbing my own rising anger and other base emotions, to subdue in some measure the lower animals to my will; as a child, nothing grieved and angered me more than to see a dumb creature ill-used. I used to collect pennies from the children in my class when I taught in a Sunday-school, to send to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a noble society of which my nephew is a distinguished member. When that dastardly villainy known as vivisection dared to expose its viperish head clad in the borrowed plumes of science in the college where he was studying, my nephew (then only twenty-one) refuted the ablest professor on his own ground and won a gold medal for the finest essay ever presented on the subject. We will rule by kindness or not at all; that is our motto. We leave cruelty to brutes and savages, and in them we seek to overcome it.

"I was at one time in the presence of Dr. Anna Kingsford in London; she and I had more soul communion in one hour than I have enjoyed with any other woman in a lifetime. I shall never forget her. Fragile in body, but beautiful withal—beyond the ordinary beauty of fair women—strong in intellect, tender in heart, noble beyond description in the purpose of her life; this gentle, graceful heroine fought and conquered the most virulent opposition on the anti-vivisection platform, and was to the French Academicians a star beaming with celestial lustre. Dear, brave, noble, saintly woman, her memory will live in the grateful hearts of humanity when time shall be no more."

Visibly affected by Mrs. Finchley's emotion, her guests repaired slowly to their various enjoyments. Mr. Templeton had a long chat with Dr. Maxwell in the library; and the O'Shannons took books and fancy work into the garden. At

1:30 they were all again at the table enjoying a well-cooked lunch and pleurably anticipating the Bible class which commenced precisely as the clock struck three. Dr. Maxwell and all the inmates of his household filed into the large drawing-room which every Wednesday afternoon assumed the appearance of a singularly attractive lecture room. At one end on a small movable platform stood a handsome eagle lectern containing a large open Bible, near by stood a fine, sweet toned cabinet organ, and in its vicinity, a number of young ladies who raised their tuneful voices to the accompaniment of the music, and sang very melodiously Samuel Longfellow's beautiful and inspiring hymn, commencing:

"God of ages and of nations,
Every race and every clime,
Hath received thine inspirations
Glimpses of thy truth sublime."

During the singing no one entered, and no one committed the atrocious vulgarity of whispering, much less of talking aloud. When the hymn ceased, Dr. Maxwell offered a short, fervent aspiration, one could hardly call it a prayer, for it did not at all resemble the ordinary prayer one is accustomed to hear at religious gatherings, in which the Almighty is informed of what He is and told how to act for the good of the universe. An *act of trust* would better describe this helpful utterance, which harmonized the thoughts of all present, and so unified the atmosphere of the room, that a stranger entering could not fail to be impressed with a delightful sense of *one accord*. After this exercise, a young lady with a pure, cultivated voice, sang "O, Rest in the Lord." During the solo breathless silence pervaded the apartment; by due attention to these opening exercises, all minds were attuned for the instruction which followed. The door which had remained closed during the fifteen minutes occupied by the two musical selections and the aspiration, was then opened for a moment, and a few late-comers quietly slipped in and occupied seats at the rear end of the room. No one embraced them or made himself

officious by turning round to stare ; and noiselessly as he had opened it, the page closed it again, and listened as attentively as any one in the assembly to Dr. Maxwell's clear and forcible reading of the 44th chapter of Genesis, which contains the singular story of the placing of Joseph's divining cup in the sack of his youngest brother Benjamin, and the consternation occasioned by its recovery in such a place.

For the benefit of the new-comers, Dr. Maxwell reviewed briefly the events of the preceding chapters which had formed the basis of past lessons, and then went on to explain the divining cup and its use among the ancients.

"Cup-bearers," said the doctor, "were very influential persons at oriental courts ; to be the king's cup-bearer was to hold an office of peculiar dignity, for the sovereign's cup was not simply a vessel out of which he drank, but one by means of which he divined."

Reading an extract from Theophilus O'Hague's "Mysteries of Egypt," he proceeded as follows, almost in the words of that writer. "Wine, in the days of old, as drank in palaces by men of renown, and in temples by participants in the mysteries, was freshly produced just before it was partaken of. Rich, ripe clusters of the choicest grapes were brought, fresh gathered from the vines ; the juice of these was squeezed into a golden or crystal goblet ; cups of gold denoted the civil rank of those who drank from them ; crystal vessels were for the use of seers or those possessed with the faculty usually called *clairvoyance*. As the juice of the grape in the crystal cup was held to the light by the cup-bearer who knelt before the throne on which the distinguished sage or sovereign sat, the great master would often see and describe events taking place in various parts of the kingdom, and sometimes in distant countries ; by means of such discernment many impending catastrophes were warded off, for this fore-knowledge did indeed enable the wise men to make provision against being surprised by enemies, and also by this means did they prepare themselves to meet on-coming

storms; foreseeing the approaching agitation of the elements, the diviner would cause knowledge to extend through the empire, in obedience to which, military preparations would be made against foreign invasion; vessels, moreover, would be detained in port, as heavy gales and angry seas were foreseen.

“So pacific in result was this most hallowed divination that when the spies from neighboring countries came to see how the land lay, they reported the well-armed condition of its inhabitants, and through these tidings many premeditated wars were nipped at their commencement. The crystal cup of divination was, moreover, employed in courts of law, or rather, in the Supreme Court, where a great and mighty master presided, and his verdict was invariably correct, for a most excellent spirit of wisdom and prophecy doth animate those who were called gods, and these were none other than the enlightened ones or *illuminati* who had by dint of much cultivation of the soul and subjection of the flesh, rendered their inward vision clear so that the secrets of nature were revealed to them.”

“To place the divining cup in the sack of his youngest brother, was Joseph’s method of testing and proving to the world the fitness of that brother to associate with him in the work of government and direction of the people.”

It was always the object of the leader of the class to call out the opinions of the members; discussion invariably took a practical turn, useless controversies being always avoided. “For,” said Dr. Maxwell, on such occasions, “we cannot always decide on matters of genealogy where scholars differ widely; and if we could accurately determine the precise time and place of every event of which we read, how much the wiser should we be? I use the Bible not as an infallible text book to be accepted as absolutely free from error from beginning to end. I find it, however, the most compendious and instructive as well as by far the most easily available collection of documents extant, in which we may find, if we

do but search for it, the jewel of eternal truth; deeply buried sometimes, I grant you, beneath a mass of legendary lore, but even the most mystical portions contain many direct allusions to matters of vital moment to us all."

Mr. Templeton, who had often conducted Bible classes in his church at home, listened with ever-increasing wonder to the wealth of meaning Dr. Maxwell extracted from even the harshest and obscurest passages, and not feeling like asking questions, he listened quietly and attentively to every word, whether it proceeded from a student or the teacher. What struck him most forcibly was the unusual intelligence and freedom of thought displayed by the very youngest of the girls, who in clear, decisive, and yet modest tones, gave her ideas with all the outspokenness of a great divine whose position is so well assured that he fears no opposition. Some of the members of the class were very near to orthodoxy; others were but little more attached to dogmatic theology than was Charles Darwin; occasionally an admirer of Ingersoll would seek to point out a mistake of Moses, and again, an ardent disciple of Swedenborg would insist upon leaving the letter entirely and interpret according to correspondence. What charmed him most was the absolute good feeling which prevailed; not an acrimonious exclamation was made; persons of the most divergent theories came together and compared notes, while Dr. Maxwell firmly but good-naturedly held his ground, fortifying his statements, not so much by referring to "authorities," as by appealing to the reason and moral feeling of all whom he addressed.

"Was Joseph justified in playing a trick upon his brethren?" piped the clear treble of Miss Symphonia Delsarte, a young teacher in a Unitarian Sunday-school, delicately clad in snowy muslin with violets at her breast.

"Do you think his action in the matter could fairly be called a trick?" responded the doctor. "It has never struck me as such. Now, I call people *tricky* when they set traps for others to fall into, and take delight in advancing their

own interests at somebody else's expense. Practical jokes are tricks; any device is a trick which is used as an artifice to beguile the unwary. But I see in Joseph's conduct only a means of hurrying his brothers to a sense of justice and effecting a condition of order otherwise not so easy of attainment. Divine justice is personified in the conduct of Joseph, but his personal conduct to an extent reflects the moral calibre of his age and nation. The lesson we learn is that the wrong-doers suffer for their own best good; thus the sequel to the story proves that the writer's intention was to demonstrate the unfailing triumph of justice."

"But, my dear Dr. Maxwell," broke in the tremulous excited voice of Mrs. Gerald Godfrey Hooper, a distinguished member of Felix Adler's Society for Ethical Culture, "you cannot maintain in the face of what we, alas, know to be the case, viz.: that iniquity frequently triumphs while a just cause is often defeated, that an equitable case is always carried through. My own poor, dear, dead husband lost his life fighting a wrong, and Dr. Adler gave us no comfort at the funeral, but said the event cut him like a knife. Do help us, if you can, out of this perplexity; you don't know how agonizingly it strains many of us."

To this sad questioning, the doctor quietly responded: "I don't know that I can satisfy you, but I will say just what I feel. This present term of existence is but a brief episode in eternity; sometimes events prove conclusively on earth that virtue is its own reward, while vice is its own punishment; but often, I grant you, it seems far otherwise.

"Now, I know what you would say just here, viz.: that theologians have been telling us for centuries that we must be content to suffer here, and await reward hereafter, which many of you, perhaps, think very dubious counsel. I do not agree with either Catholic or Protestant views of the hereafter, as ordinarily presented. I cannot believe in the efficacy of 'indulgences,' or in people being delivered from a state of purgation by purchased prayers; nor can I sanction

the theory of the so-called evangelical, who tells me, if I take his view of the atonement, and put my trust in the Son of God, I shall be at once in glory after I have laid aside this body. No, nor can I endorse what I consider the errors of some of our theosophical brethren, who speak so much of a separation of principles at death. I am convinced, and I have had evidence enough to convince any reasonable being, that this present term of experience we call *earthly life* is but one link in an endless chain, and that when these bodies fall away, we simply go on living. I was very pleased to hear Mrs. Catsleigh agree to this yesterday. Very few who call themselves metaphysicians make this plain. Mrs. Eddy is, to my mind, not at all clear on this subject, and with the exception of some passages in the works of Dr. Evans and Miss Barnett, I have found very little lucidity of statement on this subject. We must try and realize that we do not die and then live again, we simply go on living, and I feel very sure that death is much more a trying experience to those left behind than to those who pass on.

“Now, if we realize that we are precisely the same individuals after we have dropped the flesh that we were before, what occurs to us in one state of existence is just as real and satisfying as though it occurred in another. Let me illustrate: One of us has earned a reward of effort; he is not paid in America, but goes to France and the account is settled there; he receives so many francs instead of so many dollars, but the amount is the same in value; it is thus, whether we receive our reward here or hereafter. My opinion has always been that small results usually follow quickly upon small transactions, while great consequences take longer to become palpably fulfilled.”

“What do you think we had better do to cultivate our psychic powers; do you advise us to sit in circles, or do you repudiate what is known as mediumship? I think it very dangerous,” said Mrs. Balaclava Nelson, a lady of some standing in a well-known Episcopal Church, who had been

slyly visiting clairvoyants, and lost a little money and got herself sometimes muddled by contradictory communications.

"I think," replied the doctor, "we should use proper discretion in all matters; I cannot discountenance speech because I try to put down lying and slander; the remedy is not to cut out the tongue, for by so doing, we should destroy our power to speak truly and kindly. Everything is dangerous in the hands of the unscrupulous. Think of the devastation which might ensue were some of my electrical instruments to be viciously tampered with; but am I to discontinue my scientific studies and refuse to use the electric force which is so mighty to build and to destroy, because danger attends abuse? I think not, for were I to take such a stand, I would but veto every advance in science, and lend my influence toward a return to the barbaric chaos of ancient ignorance. Now, as to the best method of developing, *i. e.*, *calling out* whatever psychic ability any of you may possess, I would say avoid all promiscuous circles; never sit in the dark holding the hands of strangers, and never hold yourselves in a negative attitude of thought ready to be psychologized by any influence temporarily in the ascendent. Sit alone, or with a congenial friend, or a few trusted friends may sit together for spiritual unfoldment; but not only is it desirable to conduct things in an orderly manner on the surface, if we desire enlightenment on any subject, we must agree upon what we seek; there must be unity of purpose, and when this is the case, we draw to us what we steadily attract, for by the focalization of thought on a given object, great results are obtained. This is the secret of divination, and while it is not necessary to gaze into cups or crystals, there are persons who find outward aids valuable, as without some such assistance, they find it difficult to concentrate their thought. Concentration does not mean intellectual vacuity, but quite the reverse. It signifies intense aspiration toward a given center, so that harmonious influence may reach us from the source to which we look for guidance."

Thus ended the questioning.

As Dr. Maxwell ceased speaking, all present rose and sang a new doxology, in three stanzas, written by Mrs. Finchley and set to music by one of the choir. After the exercises were over, tongues began to move rapidly, and it was quite an hour before the front door closed upon the latest of the lingerers. No sooner had the last of the company departed, than a sharp ring at the bell, and a loud rat-a-tat tat on the knocker, announced the arrival of Mrs. Catsleigh and Mons. Alphonse, who had been invited to dinner. As not the faintest intimation of "company" had been breathed, and Dr. Maxwell and all his household expected nothing out of the common, everybody was positively startled to see both the visitors in the most elaborate evening dress; of course, they came in a carriage. Mrs. Catsleigh looked as though she was dressed for a grand ball, or, possibly, for the banquet scene in some elaborate play or opera; her throat, arms and shoulders showed to great advantage, as her firm, white flesh contrasted with the scarlet satin of her long train gown; her abundant raven hair, twisted into a loose knot at the back of her head, was pierced with a gold and diamond arrow of great size and exquisite workmanship; her white ostrich fan, splendid rings, and bracelets, completed a decidedly striking toilet, but not a particularly restful one on a hot July evening.

Mons. Alphonse appeared as though he had no possible object in life but to allow his fine figure to set off expensive clothing to the best advantage. Though loudly, he was handsomely dressed; his evening suit was of the latest London pattern, his linen of the choicest, his patent leather shoes fitted like gloves; his hair was silky and glossy as a raven's wing, while splendid diamonds glistened from his shirt front and his hands like stars on a winter's night.

"Why, what have you been doing here?" exclaimed that gentleman, noticing the number of chairs (nearly 200), which still remained in the drawing-room. Have you had a lecture,

why didn't you let us know? Mrs. Pushing is in town, just run over from Newport; called on us this afternoon and begged permission to meet you this evening; hope I have not intruded, but I have asked her to dine here; she will be here by 6:30 at the latest, and it is after 6 now."

"I shall be delighted to see her," responded Dr. Maxwell, "I'm very glad you asked her, but I wish we had known it sooner; we have a very plain dinner and we are not dressed for company; we really treated you as old friends, though we have only known each other a few days. I hope (turning to Mrs. Catsleigh), you will excuse our appearance, but we had no idea we should have the honor of Mrs. Pushing's company; however, we shall no doubt enjoy ourselves quite as well as though we were more presentable, and as to the dinner, though it's very simple, my cook usually makes things palatable."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the lady, "I should never have got myself up in this rig only Alphonse told me you were going to the opera at ten, and we better be prepared for a front-tier box." Then, suddenly seeing she had astonished her host, she shook her fist at her escort, and said with assumed petulance:

"Is this another of your falsehoods, you naughty fellow? I shall soon send you to the right about, if you can't speak truthfully; this isn't the first time you've made me make a fool of myself."

"I pray you not to blame him," quietly but quickly interposed the doctor, "probably I did say something about the opera, but I have been so much engaged it has quite slipped my mind."

How far this embarrassing episode might have proceeded it is difficult to conjecture, had not another loud ring at the door-bell been quickly followed by the entrance of Mrs. Amy Pushing, accompanied by her dear friend and submissive satellite, Miss Theresa Hockmeir. Mrs. Pushing, be it distinctly understood, was one of the most popular teachers of

Mental Science who had ever visited New York; the previous May she had thirty-seven students in her class who had paid her \$50 each, and though her expenses for the month had amounted to \$350, she had laid away a clear \$1500 as the result of one month's teaching; she was now working at Newport, but having some business to see after in the great city, had run down on a flying visit. Being on friendly terms with Mrs. Catsleigh, and knowing she was at a pretty good hotel, she had written to her to secure a room at the *Quicksilver*. Immediately on arrival, learning of the interest being taken in her one subject by Dr. Maxwell and his friends, she had expressed a wish to accompany her "sister in the science" to that gentleman's residence, and was not at all disposed to leave her factotum, Miss Hockmeir, behind her.

Mrs. Pushing was a woman who never for an instant forgot her dignity or lost sight of her own importance. A Boston woman by birth and education, she impressed all who met her as a person of culture as well as shrewd business ability. In appearance she was rather commanding, of good height, rather slender build, with piercing black eyes, small and restless like a bird's; her hair, which was not much thicker than a cobweb, was very carefully arranged, being evenly parted in front and tightly drawn up from behind to the crown, where it was carefully combed over a silk pad of exactly the same color. In front of this diminutive chignon, which was worn exactly on the top of the head, was a very handsome gold band studded with five large diamonds. Her dress was of rich black silk ornamented with Mechlin lace of fine quality. Her jewelry was valuable but not gaudy.

Miss Hockmeir was a quiet little body about ten years younger than Mrs. Pushing, who followed the elder lady like her shadow. This unobtrusive but useful little personage did everything for her employer; managed her business as far as possible, attended to correspondence, interviewed callers, and took the whole brunt of life upon herself. For

these services she was fed and clothed, but very rarely had even a dollar to call her own.

Dinner was served at seven, and a very pleasant meal it proved to be, though Mrs. Pushing talked incessantly, and entirely of herself and her doings. She related instance after instance where she had literally "*snatched from the jaws of the grave,*" distinguished persons whom the best physicians had pronounced incurable.

Miss Hockmeir occasionally ventured a sentence to add still further to the effect of Mrs. Pushing's self-laudation, though we must never forget that both ladies completely disowned having any share in the work other than that of being "Truth's trumpeters."

Mrs. Catsleigh and Alphonse appeared hungry, and did full justice to the dinner, which was a very choice one. Everything was perfectly cooked; the courses were, however, only four, and there was no attempt at display or excessive garniture. At eight they rose from the table, and re-entering the drawing-room, which had been cleared of its extra seats and made very attractive, music was proposed as a relief from excessive conversation. Miss Lydia O'Shannon sang more sweetly even than on any previous occasion, her voice seemed to grow richer and fuller with every fresh attempt she made to exercise it.

"The dear child," said Mrs. Pushing, "I wish I might have her with me for a week by the sea. I have a most delightful little cottage, and Newport is charming at this season. In my company she would grow so strong you would hardly know her on her return. Judge Firefly's daughter is visiting me at present, and her father says the change is incredible, and only three weeks since she was prostrate with pneumonia."

"May I ask you how you treat? I do not fully understand your system. Sometimes I have severe headaches and feel very weary after mental effort. I wish you could tell me how to shake off these unpleasant feelings?" inquired Mr.

Templeton, who was very anxious to hear more of the new science for which so much had been claimed.

“Certainly,” said Mrs. Pushing. “I will give you an outline of my system, as far as I can, in a few sentences. I see you are a minister, and you ought to give this truth to your people. I treat all cases alike. I utterly deny sin, sickness and death, which are but mental illusions, errors of belief. I deny the possibility of sickness. I deny that I can feel pain or be in any way affected by material things, for we are all spirit and there is no matter. I do not want to know what ails a patient, or anything about him. I can treat people thousands of miles off as readily as though they were in my presence, for mind makes nothing of time and distance. I simply affirm that *all is spirit*, that *all is good*, and then deny the opposite. I negative the affirmation of disease, calling the disease by name in the act of denial when it has been named to me; otherwise I simply affirm with emphasis, ‘God is well, and so are you.’ Nothing and no one can withstand the power of invincible truth; read the New Testament without prejudice, and you will see that we are the only genuine Christians.”

“What you say sounds very beautiful, but I must say I cannot understand its application to cases of physical ailment. Take, for instance, a broken bone or dislocated joint, how can thought heal in such cases?” rejoined Mr. Templeton.

“Spirit is everything,” replied the lady, “and though at present we have not fully learned to perfectly demonstrate the science, if we are but faithful, the time will quickly come when surgery as well as medicine will be entirely needless. But there is a life to live as well as a gospel to proclaim. We must practice the science individually.”

To say that Mr. Templeton was satisfied with these replies would be to claim too much for the effect of Mrs. Pushing’s eloquence, though she was a most effective speaker

and gesticulated gracefully and freely, but introduced fewer theatrical moves than Mrs. Catsleigh. Mr. Templeton was, however, impressed, and when the visitors departed at a rather late hour, he sought his couch not so much to sleep as to pray and think over all he had heard that day. New light was coming to him, but as yet it was but dimly breaking.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAGICIAN AND HIS WARD.

THE week ended pleasantly as it began; Mr. Templeton grew more and more satisfied that spiritual force was far more directly operative in the affairs of earth than he had hitherto imagined, and though his early training and mental proclivities, intensified by a long course of special effort in a determined direction, all led him to resist the encroachment of new conceptions of life here and hereafter, the ice of prejudice and ignorance was rapidly melting around his heart and brain, and where hitherto the skies had been dark above him, they were now becoming rapidly illumined with the breaking dawn of a new and brighter day.

To a sensitive nature, many of the tenets of "*orthodoxy*" are always appalling; the dogma of endless punishment, that hideous nightmare of theology which holds so large a class of Christians in its gloomy and frightful embrace, together with a view of *atonement* utterly irreconcilable with every ennobling conception of divine or human justice, leads some to despair and many to infidelity; Mr. Templeton had never suffered to the extent that many affectionate natures suffer when contemplating these awful themes, but there had been constantly with him a sense of sorrow and unrest as he dwelt on the slender chance which "*orthodoxy*" concedes to the great multitude of human beings of ever reaching the celestial regions.

The fate of the heathen and of unbaptized infants had often sorely perplexed him, and through Swedenborg's

"Arcana Cœlestia," and "Apocalypse Unveiled," had considerably influenced him, he found that though the wondrous seer of Sweden threw bright light on difficulties, there were still many mysteries which remained obscure. In his last sermon previous to his departure for his summer vacation, two or three of the more progressive minds in his audience had noticed a faint tinge of "advanced thought," and these had decided within themselves that their preacher might ere long, come out a little more broadly on the liberal platform; but with the exception of a very few sentences, there had been nothing to indicate any approaching change of base. How astonished then would those good people, hidden snugly away among the green hills of Vermont have been, could they have seen their much-respected and steady-going pastor, the very next Sunday at a Unitarian Church in the morning, at a Catholic Cathedral in the afternoon, and oh, whisper it with bated breath, at a *seance*, yes, positively at a *seance* in the evening.

Sunday morning had been devoted to attending the ministrations of a celebrated Unitarian minister from England, who was preaching at All Souls' Church on Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, in the absence of the regular pastor. The whole service was impressive and the sermon an excellent one; but as the Rev. Paget Hope is not a man given to cloaking his convictions or apologizing for them either, the Rev. Onesimus heard some sentiments which rather startled him. The text was from the 8th chapter of Romans, and was a complete refutation of the Calvinistic interpretation of that remarkable and difficult chapter of St. Paul's most brilliant and scholarly epistle; this however Mr. Templeton could easily harmonize with, as the denomination to which he belonged was not given to belief in *preterition*, his wing of the Baptist Church being that known as *general or free will*; but when it came to an advocacy of evolution, a denial of special creation, a sharp criticism on the historical accuracy of some portions of the gospels, and

to cap the climax, a decided allusion to Jesus as an *excellent* but not *infallible* example to mankind, our hero winced inwardly; he was, however, greatly pleased with Mr. Hope's kind and gracious toleration of the views of those who disagreed with him, and could not but contrast this loving and honest spirit of forbearance, with the spiteful acrimony he had often seen displayed in other quarters.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral, he had been principally impressed with the grandeur and solidity of the massive edifice and the perfectly harmonious singing of the boys in the sanctuary choir. The service consisted of vespers and benediction, the sermon being omitted in the afternoon at that season of the year. The great organ in the gallery was silent, and the operatic soloists who sing in front of it were scattered at summer watering-places and else where. When the last strains of the closing psalm "*Laudate Dominum*" had died away, and the chancel organ was pouring forth a melodious postlude, Dr. Maxwell proposed to his friend that they should stroll round the church and inspect its treasures. As they were examining some exquisite carving behind one of the altars, they were greatly startled at beholding two individuals as utterly unlike as any two could be, the one standing, the other kneeling in front of a beautiful shrine erected in the Lady chapel.

The standing figure was a singularly handsome, but most extraordinary looking man in the full glory of a splendid young maturity; tall, shapely and faultlessly attired, his head adorned with a magnificent crown of rich, bright golden hair, his eyes green as emeralds, green as the deepest hue of the Irish sea, green as the grass in early spring or as the shamrock of old Ireland—dazzling, fascinating, winning, repelling, terrifying, alluring, commanding eyes, eyes that could flash lightning from their emerald depths, eyes whose glance could cause the strongest opponent to cower before them, eyes that could draw with irresistible magnetic force whoever could be found susceptible to their imperious beauty; eyes that

betokened strength perchance born of some great magician's skill, but whose darting rays had no tale to tell of soft emotions or of tender love.

The other figure was a boy not over fourteen, of slender, supple form, with jet black locks, and dark brown eyes, full of pleading, yearning wistfulness as they were riveted upon the statue of the mother of Christ. With a brief imperial touch of the tip of one finger on the kneeling boy's shoulder, the stately man caused him to rise instantly and accompany him down the aisle and out of the church. Though previously absorbed in devotion and quite oblivious to his surroundings, the child instantly responded to his master's will, as a dumb animal might obey the slightest gesture of a powerful human hand whose lightest touch could never be resisted by the subject creature. This singular couple so impressed Dr. Maxwell and his friend that they soon followed the mysterious pair out of the church and walked for some distance behind them, down Fifth Avenue, observing the perfect compliance of the child with his director's every movement. The boy wore on his head a scarlet cap, after a fashion rarely seen except in Greece and the islands of the Mediterranean; his stately companion wore a straw hat of light and fanciful design which rested carelessly on his abundant shimmering hair.

"What can be the relation between those two?" exclaimed the doctor, "they are so utterly unlike; the man must be a Russian and the boy a Greek, they cannot be related. Surely, the child is not a servant, he appears of noble, at all events, of gentle birth; and his haughty, masterful attendant cannot surely be his tutor. They excite my interest, they constitute a psychological phenomenon. I would like to investigate. That handsome man is certainly a tyrant; those eyes are utterly devoid of mercy or compassion; he suggests to me a god of Norse mythology, dressed by a London tailor and holding command over a Russian army. It strikes me

he is a Russian nobleman, but how the boy comes to be associated with him is a marvel."

"His eyes are simply horrible," broke in Mr. Templeton, "they positively made me shudder; I shall never forget the expression which came into them, and suddenly vanished when he saw we were observing him; conscious power, egotism, vanity, disdain, all gleamed forth at once, he looked at me as though I were a noxious reptile; his glance in your direction was somewhat less disapproving. I have a feeling that we shall meet that man and boy when we least expect it, and if we are not careful we may be led into some trouble; a man with those eyes would stop at nothing. In Mrs. Catleigh's agent, Alphonse, we witness a combination of the low cunning of the monkey with the vanity of the peacock; but in this mysterious Russian, I can discern the tiger and the serpent, which you will grant is not a very safe combination."

"You're waxing eloquent, my friend, in a direction which has always interested me intensely," responded Dr. Maxwell. "When I was a child I traced resemblances between my schoolmates and all sorts of creatures, and seeking to verify my fancies I studied the traits and habits of various birds, animals and fishes, and found in almost every instance that when I could trace a likeness to some lower creature in a human being, the person in whom I traced it, behaved very much like the animal he favored in appearance. But we are now at our own door and I have a few preparations to make for our gathering and experiments this evening, you will therefore excuse me till 9 o'clock, when I shall join you in the drawing room. Mrs. Finchley will preside at the dinner table. Before a *seance* such as the one we are to hold this evening, I eat nothing but fruit and bread, with pure water for a beverage, which I take alone in my study. I advise you all to dine lightly, but you are none of you gourmands, so my advice is not much needed."

By 8:30, Mrs. Finchley, the O'Shannons, and Mr. Templeton were in the drawing-room awaiting the arrival of

guests. Only those who were well-known to our host, and fully in sympathy with his views were ever invited to take part in any circle under his roof; for, unlike foolish proselyters he knew how dire were the results following upon the introduction of an element of discord into "psychical research." Shortly before 9 o'clock, five persons entered the room together; they were Prof. Kiddersley, a man fully seventy years old, but in the best of physical as well as mental health; a gentleman of the highest culture and truest refinement, one moreover, who had been led to investigate Spiritualism in consequence of startling demonstrations in his own family; Dr. and Mrs. Jarvis-Forbes, a singularly well matched couple, who worked together in the direction of hygienic and other reforms with perfect equanimity; Mrs. Emily Gore Angusthorpe, an English lady of exalted social position; and her younger brother, fresh from his studies and pastimes at Cambridge University, the Honourable Freddie Pugge Gore.

After a few minutes spent in pleasant social conversation Dr. Maxwell entered, bowing and smiling to all his friends and addressing some pleasant and appropriate word of greeting to each, but shaking hands with nobody. "Now," said he, "let us commence the first portion of our exercises; we need to collect our thoughts and direct our aspirations unitedly to the common fount whence all good proceeds before arranging ourselves into the circle which we have been directed to form at 10 o'clock precisely. I feel a very agreeable sense of harmony pervading the atmosphere to-night, and I doubt not we shall witness something truly remarkable." Then giving his arm to Miss Lydia O'Shannon he led her to the piano and whispering, "Schumann's Eighth Nocturne, if you please," left her at the instrument and took a seat by himself in a distant corner of the room. During the exquisite music, a gentle electric current was felt passing through the room; this was due to an atmospheric distribution of electricity well known to some scientists and perfectly understood by Prof. de Montmarte, Dr. Maxwell's instructor in science

While the current was gradually equalizing and purifying the atmosphere, Miss O'Shannon, whose voice as well as touch was daily increasing in firmness and purity, sang three of Heinrich's beautiful German melodies in that fine composer's native tongue. Just as the hour was approaching 10, and the music about to cease, the front door-bell sounded imperatively, and after a minute's interval a page knocked timidly on the door, which was however opened immediately with a firm hand, when the mysterious stranger of the afternoon walked decisively to the center of the room, followed by the Greek lad who acted like his shadow. Not apologizing in the slightest for his intrusion but on the contrary expressing in every movement a sense of unbounded superiority, he handed a note to Dr. Maxwell whom he had only glanced at in the Cathedral that afternoon, with the air of an old acquaintance, or to speak more correctly, with that of some distinguished nobleman who consented graciously to patronize a poor physician. On opening the letter the doctor's countenance immediately took on an animated and cordial expression, for he instantly recognized the well-known caligraphy of his preceptor. The letter ran thus :

"DEAR BERNARD:—I introduce to you, Count Katolowynski, who will I know be able to assist you in your studies; he is attended by his protege, a singularly fine *lucide*.

Yours in the true Bond,

JEROME DE M.

PARIS, July 6, '87."

"How long have you been in New York?" enquired Mrs. Finchley of the haughty Count, after the usual formalities of introduction had been abruptly curtailed by that gentleman's saying "introductions are needless, I know you all."

"Three days," he replied, curtly, "we arrived on Thursday from Paris. Now, if you wish this evening to be other than wasted, we will commence at once with the business we have in hand."

“Zenophon, lie down on that rug,” (addressing the boy and pointing to a tiger skin on the floor). “Now, be still all of you, don’t move after you have drawn your chairs around this centre. There, that is right, just a natural circle; and no one nearer than six feet from the centre. No matter how you place yourselves so long as you are comfortable. Play a reverie Mademoiselle (turning to Miss O’Shannon, who took her place near the piano). Now, doctor, tell me where you wish Zenophon to go, anywhere you like, and I’ll send him?”

To say that some of the company were startled would be to express their feelings far too mildly, they were awed as animals are apt to be immediately before a tremendous electric storm, then after their agitation they sink into a silent, awful expectancy of they know not what. Dr. Maxwell was deeply interested, but otherwise unmoved; Mrs. Finchley felt rather nervous, but endeavored not to show it; Mr. Freddie Pugge Gore felt uncanny and squirmed in his chair; the other ladies and gentlemen felt they were about to witness something they would rather not have faced, still their curiosity was aroused and they felt an undercurrent of eager longing to see all that could possibly be shown them. Mr. Templeton felt some of his old fear of witchcraft rising within him, and began to feel that perhaps after all he had been consorting with the devil, disguised as an angel of light during the past week. The reverie which was one of Guardicelli’s sweet mystic compositions, ended in “a low moaning prayer to the angel of music, to baptize the earth with the waters of melody from the fountain of Asphodel in the Elysian fields,” to quote from a criticism of the composition in a fashionable musical review.

“Send him to our mutual friend,” said Dr. Maxwell to the Count immediately the music ceased. Instantly Count Katolowynski walked round the recumbent boy three times, then breathed on his eyes and into his nostrils seven times, keeping his own lips tightly compressed while Zenophon turned round upon the soft fur on which he lay, and after

breathing a deep and heavy sigh, seemed to be riven from his form by some all potent spell; his lustrous eyes dilated and his lips began to move, uttering faint, inarticulate sounds.

"What is it, quick," said the Count, as he watched the pleased expression on the sleeping lad's illumined features.

"I see" clearly responded the entranced boy, "a beautiful lady, with rippling golden hair, eyes as blue as sapphires, and skin like the lillies fair; she is beside a painting of the Madonna like the one in this room, she has arisen early from her couch and is at prayer; her soul is far away from her flesh. In the room across the spacious corridor into which all the doors open, is a man of venerable but almost juvenile appearance; he must be fifty-five at least but he looks quite young; the lovely girl is his only daughter, and between them exists a subtle fluid chain of electric ether. Listen! I hear a voice, it says "await the coming of the Master from across the sea, he comes to-night from far Afghanistan, yea from his holy temple there sequestered 'mid the hills, and he tells you to be free." Freedom is the boon I crave, I am a slave."

At these last words the classic features of the Count became convulsed with wrath; darting his eyes upon the innocent victim of his displeasure he literally scorched him with their burning rays. Not deigning to explain anything to the wonder struck observers, he struck the boy a sharp blow across the chest, then addressing Dr. Maxwell, said: "Now ask your Parisian friends any questions you like, the wire of communication is laid and you will receive responses just as though they were actually in your bodily presence, this *you* understand, I simply mention the fact for the benefit of the vulgar." At hearing herself denominated vulgar, though the word was used only in the classic sense, Mrs. Angusthorpe grew livid, but a spell being on her, as well as on all the others, she kept her feelings to herself. The doctor first asked "Can Heloise inform me when I shall perfect my process for so electrifying my office that my

patients will not need external treatment at my hands?" "To-morrow," answered the boy, "the Master is here to-night to celebrate your victory over the cruder elements of the atmosphere against which you have so long been battling; to-morrow morning at 10 a woman suffering from paralysis will be cured in your sanctum without any physical action or mental force of yours; Heloise is here now in spirit, she smiles on me, but frowns on my director."

Against Count Katolowynski flushed with rage, for this was another pointed allusion to the subject upon which he and Prof. de Montmarte and Heloise had decidedly disagreed in Paris only three weeks before. The Montmartes had insisted that Zenophon was to be liberated from his subjugator's will and that higher powers were about to take him fully under their protection. The Count had resented this prediction with positive vindictiveness and on the occasion of their last meeting a fierce altercation had ensued. Heloise had defied her stately antagonist and had commanded him to yield up his prey and give the captive boy his freedom. She had indeed assured him that she could and would rescue the child whom he had in her presence lashed with a horsewhip till he was insensible, and then restored by a magnetic process only just before it was too late. Disgusted with such despotism, and being herself a living embodiment of electric force she actually fastened the Count's feet to the floor in the presence of a domestic by her WILL, and then calling the trembling boy to her side, said with the majesty of a queen conferring liberty on a captive subject, "I release you." The boy looked at her with eyes full of gratitude and love, but turning away his face, sadly replied, "I love my master, and to him I shall ever belong."

Rightly indignant at this response and feeling certain the mesmeric influence of the Count was the sole cause of such an answer, she lifted her eyes and straightened her form till she appeared an incarnation of divine justice resist-

ing human tyranny and called aloud—"Azoriel we await your judgment."

Even the Count, magician though he was trembled when he heard a heavenly voice vibrating clearly through the room, "Zenophon, henceforth I am thy guardian." The boy covered his face with his hands, then addressing Heloise said, "I have seen your guardian angel; he is mine also."

Knowing how needless it would have been to interfere any longer between the Count and the child, as a higher power had interposed, she bade the man a cold, and the lad a most gracious farewell; and left the matter in the hands of the unseen but glorious and mighty intelligence whom she well knew to be the prompter of her father's greatest discoveries in science as well as her own protector in every time of need. Count Katolowynski never forgave her for this scene and vowed he never would; but knowing the affair to be no farce, he was really afraid lest the boy, who brought him a fortune through his clairvoyant gift (and whom he really loved in a brutal way despite his cruelty), should be removed beyond his reach by some supernatural agency against which bolts and bars afford no sort of protection. In the voyage across the Atlantic, Zenophon had been submissive and affectionate in the extreme, rendering him all the prostrate homage he exacted; reclining at his feet and gazing up into his face, the little fellow would assure him that heaven would be hell were not his sovereign there to rule him; but now for the first time since their arrival in America that he had undertaken to experiment with the boy, though as of old the mesmeric spell took full effect, in his trance the child divulged unpleasant facts concerning their mutual relations, expressing discontent with slavery and declaring himself as soon to be released from his now irksome bondage. These circumstances were sufficient to goad him to desperation, and as people usually jeopardize their own interests sorely, when they allow passion to run away with reason, Count Katolowynski by his very determination to hold all

and win more, staked all and lost, as the sequel will amply prove.

The boy awoke feverish and fatigued, something quite unusual, for he had lain in a dead stupor sometimes for days at a time without eating or drinking anything while revealing startling facts to a long succession of visitors almost without intermission, and then awoke on the third or fourth day bright and strong, beaming with affection on his master. Now he was evidently under another influence and the power of the Count was no longer in the ascendant. Thinking it advisable to adopt decisive measures then and there, he threw himself upon the child and by sheer force of will compelled him to return to the magnetic state, which he did instantly; but no sooner was the boy asleep than everybody in the room felt a strange electric shock, which to some was delightful and invigorating in the extreme, but to others somewhat disagreeable, according to the state of each recipient; electric sparks were seen in all parts of the apartment and the air seemed alive with an unseen presence. Zenophon started in his slumbers, exclaiming "*the Master! the Master!*" Then instantly a clear, resonant voice rang through the air accompanied by a sweet and powerful treble which those who had heard it before recognized as the mystic voice of Heloise.

The boy rose erect and clasping his hands upon his breast, with eyes upturned, his whole frame and every feature quivering with delight, murmured "at last I am free," and with these words sank back on the tiger fur and was soon breathing heavily as children do when sleeping sweetly after unusual tension of the nerves.

The Count sat down and watched the proceedings with glowering displeasure, but he knew too well how absurd it would have been for him to have attempted to direct the current of events. The boy was now clearly beyond his psychical embrace, but he trusted that though all fear and enforced submission were over, love would yet continue to

dictate that absolutely willing surrender to another's will, which enables the psychologist to succeed far better than when the subject's will is coerced in his interest. Contenting himself as best he could with this anticipation, he affected haughty, almost insolent indifference to all that transpired; and at length, as the voices completely absorbed the attention of all present except himself, he noiselessly left the room and wandered into the library. Other than the lights and voices, there were no phenomena, and these voices were those of people still living and actively engaged on earth, though their *psychic selves* were for the time liberated from their ordinary physical environment.

Mr. Templeton, who had never seen or heard anything of the wonders of the hidden realm prior to his visit to New York,—if we except a low and ridiculous take-off of Spiritualism, in the shape of bogus materializations palmed off by itinerant show-people on the credulous villagers of Vermont,—was at last convinced that whatever explanations might be given of the wonders now displayed, fraud *could* not account for them. Ventriloquism was out of the question, as the information given in answer to his own questions precluded the possibility of the ventriloquist's art supplying the responses, while mechanical electricity, with all its potency, cannot reasonably be regarded as the source of definite human intelligence. "And then," queried the minister, "what right have we, whatever theologians may say to the contrary, to give the devil credit for truthful, accurate information and advice which if followed by us all would soon transform this earth into a paradise. But yet," he queried, "how is it *possible* for a girl in Paris, and a *savan* in Afghanistan to make their voices heard in a New York drawing-room?" Let this quotation from a rare old treatise on "The Faculties of the Superior Man," suggest an explanation if it cannot fully solve the riddle.

Theophilus O'Hague says: "So complicated and yet so simple is the mechanism of the psychic form and so perfectly

intelligible is the law which governs it, that though unknown to the most of men, all adepts are aware that there is a vibrating cord of vitality between the corporeal structure and the travelling psychic; while the will force of any twice-born man is quite sufficient to guide his psychic body to the place where he would be, leaving his earthly tenement asleep upon his bed. When the travelling psychic can control surrounding ether to a sufficient extent, he can produce sounds and sights audible and visible to those whom he visits psychically. Would'st thou, oh tyro, on the threshold of the mysteries, attain this skill, thou must thy rising anger well restrain, and holding thyself above the allurements of dull sense, so live superior to the fetid aura of a world of sin that thou canst defy the unnatural limits sin imposed on the human race."

CHAPTER V.

DIVINE HEALING.

THE following morning, notwithstanding the exciting events of the previous night and the late hour at which our friends had retired, they were all seated at the breakfast table by 9 o'clock, and though a close observer would have noticed an unusual thoughtfulness in the expression of all, an unobserving stranger would have detected nothing out of the ordinary. The extraordinary events of the previous night had thrown a weird and almost uncanny glamour over the whole aspect of affairs, in the mind of Mr. Templeton. For some time past he had been giving thought to mystical matters, now things he had hitherto deemed impossible had been absolutely verified in his own experience; he had now passed the rubicon of doubt and could no longer remain a skeptic toward what had been so abundantly demonstrated to him; but to a Baptist minister to whom a very real personal devil had been a familiar figure almost from infancy, the likelihood of what he had witnessed having emanated from his Satanic Majesty seemed a possible though not probable contingency.

The singular conduct of Count Katolowynski had excited in his mind the strangest emotions. That gentleman had returned to the drawing-room at the conclusion of the seance, partaken of refreshments and chatted affably, but his whole demeanor revealed to the perspicuous, his offended dignity, desperate resolve, and scarce admitted *fear*. Zenophon had remained in Dr. Maxwell's house all night and was still sleeping soundly; the Count went to his hotel about 1 A.M.,

outwardly polite, but inwardly muttering vengeance. Dr. Maxwell was unable to conceal a slight trembling of expectancy as 10 o'clock approached, when (if the prediction so singularly made was to prove true) he would meet a sufferer from paralysis who would pay him a simple professional call and there and then be restored to health and vigor. "To doubt would be disloyalty," this line of Faber's beautiful hymn kept running through his mind, and as in the past he had received many verifications of almost equally wonderful prophecies, he felt pretty well assured that this day was to prove a singularly eventful one to him and to Mr. Templeton whom he determined to invite into his study to witness all that transpired.

Ten o'clock came, and just as the gong in the hall was sounding the hour, the door-bell rang. The summons being quickly answered by the ever ready page, a lady about fifty years of age, with a pale drawn face, evidently with no use of her lower limbs, was slowly carried into the house by two attendants. As soon as these assistants had deposited her in an easy chair in the doctor's office and had begun to detail the symptoms and history of her case, she was abruptly stopped in her narrative by experiencing a decided electric thrill; we purposely avoid the word shock, as the *true* electric system of practice never causes patients to suffer from the violent action of the remedial agent which in its fiercer moods is often destructive and dangerous rather than constructive and beneficial. Whence came the thrill? No treatment was administered from any visible battery or in any external manner whatsoever, and neither Dr. Maxwell, Mrs. Finchley nor Mr. Templeton who were all in the room, felt anything. A succession of thrills one after the other, following in rapid sequence caused the invalid to exclaim, "What *are* you doing to me, oh! can it be true that miracles are performed to-day as they were of old? Father Franciscati at the Hoboken Monastery told us they were now possible and saints could perform them; he said so when I was carried into the church

and placed in a special reclining chair near the privileged altar, but I was one of the many who had to be content with the assurance that my affliction was for my good and therefore God would not remove it; several people were healed during the novena in honor of S. Stanislaus, but I left the church a little happier in mind, a little more resigned to my condition, but none the abler to walk than when I entered it; but now I feel something, oh, so different from what I ever felt before. I've been ill three years, I was struck the day my only son was shot in Virginia; nothing and no one could help me. I've been *everywhere* and tried *everything*, and should never have come to you had I not been recommended to try Christian Science. I was directed to Mrs. Catsleigh who said she never healed while she was teaching and she directed me to you. What is this force? Do tell me, I can't understand it. I feel my son standing at my elbow but I see nothing; Oh! now he beckons me. Gregoire take me to you if you can;" and the lady sank into a deep motionless slumber from which she did not awake till after 3 P.M.

When she awoke the change which had come over her was so miraculous that even Dr. Maxwell,—accustomed though he had been in Paris to similar demonstrations of electric power,—could not believe his eyes when he saw the once wretched-looking and prematurely aged woman, get up without the slightest difficulty from her chair and walk across the room as blithely as a girl. To say she was *completely* cured by this one treatment would be to exaggerate, but she had recovered perfect freedom in the use of her limbs; her system might need some days for recuperation before it would be wise for her to return home, but to all appearance she was as well as she had ever been in her life. Not realizing that she had been in an electric trance for five consecutive hours, she looked about her in a half-dazed manner, and seeing the clock on the mantel point to 3:30, consulted her watch which greatly astonished her by pointing to the same hour.

“Where have I been and what has happened?” was her first inquiry. “I saw Gregoire just for an instant, he took me somewhere, I can’t say where. I felt a cold, invigorating current pass through my frame, then I dozed and woke to find you all here just as you were when I fell asleep.” The doctor endeavored to explain to her that he knew by means of electrical diagnosis that her difficulties had all arisen from her deep grief at the sudden loss of her only son, and consequently that no treatment could prove availing which did not set her mind at rest in that direction. Electricity, though a medium of communication between the “two worlds,” is not self-intelligent; it is however, the externalized force of life, which vibrates responsive to intelligence, it is therefore employed to accommodate truth to human consciousness; it is indeed the creative force in all nature and the destructive agent also. The Brahminical *Siva* who is both destroyer and reproducer is a symbol of divine electricity, this is known to deep students of cosmogony.

When an apartment is properly electrified, conditions are ripe for a manifestation of spirit, just as light streams in through an open window, but is shut out by closed ones. We bar the doors of our minds against the entrance of life by follies and sins, and it needs that errors should be *destroyed* ere we can consciously participate in the health which is universally free to all who comply with the conditions necessary to realize it. While the lady was engaged in conversation with the doctor (she was greatly refreshed and strengthened by this converse), Mr. Templeton retained the attitude of attentive listener; he had not a word to say and could not quite perceive how electricity could be the instrument in accomplishing the restoration of paralyzed limbs when no ostensible treatment was given. The explanations given by Mrs. Catsleigh in her classes, which were mostly echoes of Mrs. Pushing’s theories, did not cover the ground to his mind, for both these ladies taught that nothing had any power to benefit or injure us except as we thought or believed

it had. The terms *universal mind* and *race belief* were used to answer questions otherwise unanswerable, but until a larger idea was shown him, he could never see how belief *started*, or how poisons ever became such even in belief.

For the particular benefit of Mrs. Macmarcy (the lady who had just recovered under this mysterious influence), Dr. Maxwell took from his desk a precious MS. given to him by Prof. de Montmarte, from which he copied the following for her use.

“Electricity is everywhere throughout nature, and is the only life of the world; it is the true *anima mundi* of which we read much in the writings of mystics; while not itself a conscious agent, it is the perpetual emanation from God to all degrees and grades of life, and is the only channel through which Creative Force works to ultimate expression. The physical form of man is permeated with electricity, or it could show no sign of life; when a derangement occurs in the flow of the currents through the system, disorganization ensues. In cases of paralysis, an electric shock has been received, and after it, the electric force has been prevented from flowing freely or sufficiently to the parts affected. When one discovers the exact cause of this derangement, it is necessary to place the patient in an atmosphere completely free from all antagonizing currents, and let him rest there under the soothing spell of the recreative influence.

“Mind is inter-communicative on all planes of expression, and as no soul perishes during its transit through the various states it successively enters, it is possible to introduce friends into the presence of those they specially love, by establishing mental telegraphy. *Harmony in thought is imperatively necessary*, without it no worthy results can be achieved; mental discord would result in greatly intensifying the ailment.”

This and much more, the doctor read in a clear, well-modulated tone to his delighted and much affected auditors; when he had closed the roll and returned it to his desk,

Mrs. Macmarcy said, "I'm very hungry, may I eat something?"

From a closet in which he kept the few very simple but immensely powerful medicines he employed in his practice as a physician, he handed her a glass of what looked like ordinary wine, but was very different, though made freshly every morning in his own kitchen, from the juices of choice fruit; this she eagerly drank and felt satisfied. At 6 o'clock she joined the family at dinner, and no restrictions were placed upon her quite considerable appetite.

The evening passed pleasantly in music and deep conversation till 10 o'clock, when Mrs. Macmarcy was informed that her room was ready and she must consign herself to the care of Mrs. Finchley, for whom she had already conceived a warm attachment. Mrs. Finchley conducted her to a pleasant chamber next her own, where a bath was in readiness; then after bidding her a sweet good-night, and telling her to get into bed immediately after bathing, left her with a few kind words of assurance and heartfelt blessing to enjoy a truly refreshing slumber.

Though usually a very light sleeper, and of late subject to much pain at night; notwithstanding the excited, though happy mental condition she was in, she fell asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow, not to awake till high noon on the following day, when she found the sun shining brightly into the cozy apartment, beautiful flowers and luscious fruit on a table beside her, and Mrs. Finchley entering with steaming chocolate, delicious rolls and fresh dairy butter.

"Oh, how well I feel!" she exclaimed, as her hostess deposited the tray and embraced her. "I have not only slept soundly all these hours, but have had a lovely vision. I must tell you about it; it was so heavenly, so sweet, so grand! I feel as though I could never doubt anything again."

"Well," replied Mrs. Finchley, "you must take your breakfast now, and then come down to the library and tell us all; we are quite united in this house, and though some of

our guests haven't had our experiences, they are very anxious to receive light on *all* topics."

"Oh, I'll tell them all if you wish, but it's some of it so strange I want to tell you first, then I can take your advice afterward."

"Will it astonish you very much to know that both the doctor and I know all about your dream, indeed we are certain it was not an ordinary dream at all, but a veritable vision. Now, to make a long story short, you first went to Paris and then to Heaven. You were introduced first to friends yet living, who assisted at your restoration yesterday, though you cannot quite understand how 3,000 miles is no obstacle to a doctor's treatment of his patients; then you saw your son again, and he and you went together to those bright realms of light for which he is now being prepared. You went with him beyond the orbit of this planet and saw a star which in your childhood always fascinated you, and there you learned much you could not learn from any books you have read or sermons to which you have listened."

The astonishment depicted on Mrs. Macmarcy's countenance can be better imagined than described; she could not perceive how other persons could be familiar with her dream, for was not her vision mere imagination, a result of highly wrought nerves?

Perceiving her thought, Mrs. Finchley answered by positively reiterating what she had previously affirmed, viz.: that this vision was an actual experience, and one withal vastly more real than are the transitory experiences of our waking hours, when dresses, bonnets, calls and dinners occupy so much of the feminine mind, while business cares absorb the masculine. Explaining much of the law which governs the interaction of minds in natural sympathy, she taught her willing, eager pupil a great deal in a short time concerning why in one case a doctor will be supereminently successful and in another similar instance ignominiously defeated after all his best endeavors; this is regulated

entirely by natural affinities which material science unaided can never explain. "Mrs. Macmarcy," she exclaimed, speaking with singular impressiveness, "you have been led here by Azoriel, whom you saw in your vision, and who conducted you in your starry journey. Your son could never have scaled those heights had it not been that he was led on and borne up by this most glorious angel, who is at this time revisiting the earth to teach its inhabitants what ancient sages knew right well. In a few days (you must remain here ten at least), you will be strong enough to interpret for yourself the shining courses of the stars, and then those astrological predictions made to you in London seven years ago which have greatly harrassed you, will be interpreted by a higher law than that known to the old man with the lizards in the bottle on his writing table in Princess Street." Here was another allusion to her private experiences by a stranger; that visit to the astrologer she had never divulged except once to a priest in the confessional, who had told her never again to dabble in such mummeries; and here in New York, a woman whom she never saw till the day before, knew all about it. Truly, the ways of mind are marvellous, and the agnostic is at best but a sorry dunce with all his boasted learning.

CHAPTER VI.

A TRIP TO SIRIUS.

“Oh, when shall this dense veil remove,
And we behold the realms of day;
Oh, when shall these dull senses prove,
No obstacles upon our way;
Oh, when shall matter cease to bind,
And earthly limits all depart,
Oh, when shall kindred spirits find.
True unison of mind and heart?

We know not fully here below,
Our souls are yet in fetters bound,
Yet sometimes we can through a rift
Within the veil, the more profound
And glorious wonders of our life,
Discern, to lull to rest our strife.”

Mrs. Macmarcy partook of her lunch and felt quite strong enough after it to accompany Mrs. Finchley to Dr. Maxwell's study, where all the house party was assembled to listen to her extraordinary narrative. As we have already stated, neither the doctor nor his aunt were in ignorance of the nature, or even of the details of her experience, for being themselves in the closest sympathy with the intelligences who were instrumental in her restoration to health, and knowing how true it is that kindred minds communicate in sleep, they had no difficulty in following the progress of her spirit out of the darkness of affliction into the light of joy. Mr. Templeton and the O'Shannons were not thus privileged, to them there-

fore, the recital of her vision was a stupendous and unlooked for revelation.

Feeling the great and marvellous import of this event most keenly, Mrs. Macmarcy unconsciously adopted the air of a person making an important deposition while she told her story, which ran as follows :

No sooner had I laid my head upon my pillow, than I felt conscious of a subtle, but most delightful and intensely powerful presence beside me; no word but *presence* would convey my meaning. I saw nothing, neither did I hear anything, my senses of taste and smell were not appealed to, I was conscious of only one sense, *feeling*. I felt I was not alone, still I could not attribute this feeling of companionship to the idea that any other person was occupying the apartment with me. In this sense of a lovely, yet utterly undefinable presence with me I fell asleep; a delicious feeling of perfect rest stole over me, such as I had never felt in any such degree of fullness since my girlish days. As soon as I was asleep, and I was most vividly conscious of going to sleep, *i. e.*, of passing from an outer to an inner state of consciousness,—I saw a bright, handsome young woman approaching me; I could not feel that she was one who had severed her connection with the physical body, for I perceived what looked to me like a luminous cord of light, very slender, white and fleecy, connecting her with a form exactly like herself, lying in profound repose, in a luxurious bed in a beautiful room.

“The location of the house in which the form was sleeping, I could not define, as I had no sight whatever of anything but that particular apartment. The radiant figure, who approached me with a graceful and tender smile, put both her hands on my shoulders and said to me in pure, strong tones: ‘You are well now, Harriet, and you know it; never again will you suffer as you have done for the past few years, which seemed so long and weary to you, unless you return to your old sad habit of grieving over the loss of your son’s body. You have seen dear Gregoire and you can see him now con-

stantly; but this is a privilege you can enjoy only so long as you do not mourn a fleshly loss and keep the eyes of your affection centered on immortal being.'

"Having delivered herself of this message, she beckoned me to follow her to a most charming spot, a little distance from where we were standing. At that point I perceived a boat, something after the fashion of a Venetian gondola, but seeing no water in the neighborhood I wondered of what use a boat could be in such a place. Almost instantly this beautiful young lady (whom I know now is your friend Heloise), assisted me into it and as soon as she had taken her seat beside me, it began to rise and float through the air as though conducted by some skillful ærial gondolier. Swifter and ever swifter grew the flight of this amazing vehicle. In it we seemed to pass cities and even countries in moments of time, compassing distances almost with the rapidity of thought, I felt a novel sensation of wonder steal over me, but I was not the least afraid. Suddenly the boat stopped and we alighted on the summit of a lofty mountain, from whose height we could look down upon the Earth and see it revolving in its orbit, a small ball enveloped in a dark, murky atmosphere, through which it seemed impossible any great light could penetrate. Other planets were also discernable, some of them far brighter but none darker than the earth; their moons were like fire-flies in attendance on them, so small did their satellites appear. I still felt no sense of fear, only an intense feeling of release, as though I had suddenly gained full deliverance from every yoke of bondage that had ever oppressed me.

"No bird could feel freer than I, when with my graceful companion at my side, I sat on that heavenly hill-top and watched planetary revolutions with the deep enquiring interest I had always felt when an opportunity was afforded me in my youth to look at the stars on a clear night from a hill-top in the neighborhood of my old Irish home. It suddenly occurred to me to ask, where are we? But before the words

were fairly framed in my mind, an answer came from the lips of my companion.

“On Sirius; you know how you always admired the “dog star” when you were little, and asked whether your little pet doggie, who was run over in Dublin over forty years ago had gone there; and how you cried when a priest told you dogs had no souls and you must not ask such questions. This beautiful world where we now are, is peopled with beings whose forms are so radiant and ethereal that you cannot see them though they are all about you. Azoriel, my guardian, is a ruler here, and all the inhabitants love him; He is so great and good that he rules entirely by kindness, and yet were injustice done to any, he would be so terrible to the evil doer, that the sinner would wither beneath his glance, though he would never in anger reproach or condemn him.’ While she was speaking thus to me I felt again, though in much stronger degree, that sense of a *presence* with me which I had felt before sleeping; this time, however, the *feeling* was accompanied with the *sound* of sweet music. Some one was singing perfectly, but I could not discern a syllable of what he sang. I knew instantly that the song was a speech delivered to Heloise and thought it contained references to myself. As the angel was addressing her, her beautiful face lighted up with dazzling, rapturous delight; she appeared as though she might be his bride or sister, so nearly did the two resemble each other, as I caught a glimpse of the singer’s most glorious countenance.

“As soon as the song ceased and the rapt expression of ecstasy left her still smiling and exalted brow, I asked who the celestial visitor might be, who thus addressed her as an equal in a language she could certainly understand though it was utterly unintelligible to me. She hastened to correct me for speaking of her as the equal of this, her glorious master, as she styled him, and assured me she was only his devoted but very humble and ignorant pupil. He, however, evidently took no such view of her, for the words had scarcely left her

lips when I heard the melodious tones of the enchanting song again, and this time Heloise looked down and buried her face in her lily hands. I understood the purport of his words; he styled her his soul-mate, a radiant being from a higher world, imprisoned for a brief term in a lovely earthly body, not to suffer as an expiation for crimes committed on another orb, but to live a sweet, happy life, joyous and free as a butterfly's, for the sake of souls on earth who could be uplifted only through her sojourn among them.

"As I listened spell-bound to this discourse and wondered why I should have been chosen to listen to such wondrous tales and privileged to enjoy such association, I ventured to ask of Azoriel, 'Have you a blessing for my Gregoire, I ask nothing for myself; he was cut down in the flower of his youth, while life was very sweet to him. I saw him yesterday, but though his eyes beamed very tenderly on me he did not *shine* like you or Heloise. I would suffer anything if I could help him higher. Oh, can you show me any way that I can help him, even though I am tortured to subserve his gain?'

"The face of Azoriel then turned toward me, and I beheld a countenance so lovely, so divine, that I could have believed it to have been the Lord's, only there were no prints upon his brow.

"'Daughter of a fallen star, though thou art,' he said to me, 'such sentiments are worthy of the blessed ones who never left the path of virtue to tread the by-paths of disobedience to heaven; to this request thou shalt obtain an answer, Light divine shall henceforth enable thee to work with Gregoire in the establishment of the first true college of the soul which in this materialistic generation has been established upon earth; and as thou art now refined from the debasing dross of self seeking love, thou needst not suffer more as thou hast suffered in the past; I was with thee yesterday when thou wert hovering 'twixt life and death in a strange electric trance? I saw your need and your sincerity, and as I am one of those commissioned now to rehabilitate the earth with

something of its golden aura of pristine light ere yet its people fell from Arcadian innocence into the mire of selfishness and its resultant pain, I lifted you from your low estate, not to save you simply from a further discipline of pain from which you merited release, but to call you out among the few faithful workers who shall dispense the bread of life to the hungering multitudes who yearn for what, alas, the churches *do* not and the schools *cannot* give them. I was on earth in ages past; I dwelt where now the deep, dark waters of the Atlantic roll, when Atlantis was fair and young, ere her people fell a prey to wanton pride which compassed their destruction; I trod with glee the hills and vales of the Pacific slope, when peaceful nations rose to heights of bliss almost forgotten now, a district where at this day a new race is forming and the god of gold is contending with heavenly troops for mastery. But thou art weak, as yet, my child, and canst not bear too long a severance from the material robe in which thou for many years to come, as men count time, must work for earth's emancipation. I will now grant thy request; I cannot bring Gregoire here; he is not ready to breathe the air of this bright star which thou canst breathe freely, for thou hast suffered and borne thy purgation on earth. I will take thee to him, and where he is thou wilt learn more of thy heaven-born mission. You will not see me again during this journey; Heloise is thine escort visibly; I am thine unseen guardian; fare thee well and call on me whenever thou art in trouble.'

"The angel had no sooner ceased speaking than I realized that I was passing down what seemed a steep declivity, supported by Heloise, upon whose arm I leaned heavily, but tenderly. Following, as though by instinct, every movement of her will, I soon came to a place where at first I could see nothing; presently the idea of a military encampment came to me, and there, surrounded by comrades in arms, I saw my beloved Gregoire. At first he did not seem to see me, but as my mother love penetrated the atmosphere around him, as

sunshine dispels a fog, he turned to me quickly with a sudden flush of glad recognition, and smiling sweetly upon me, said :

“Your prayers, dear mother, have always reached me. Whenever you have thought of me I have felt it ; but oh, this visit from yourself in person is more than I dared to expect. According to the canon of your church you have thought of me in purgatory, though you have tried to believe I had ere this entered paradise ; but, mother, I was not the pure, unselfish boy you thought me. I loved *you* purely and unselfishly, and sincere love for *any* creature, if that love is not quite overgrown with foul weeds of selfishness, is a base on which angels build when they seek to renew our characters. I was restless and unhappy when I left the body, for I clung to earthly things with a vigorous and desperate hold, and it was only after bitter disappointments and much conflict, I gained the measure of peace and satisfaction I now enjoy. People make a mystery of the life beyond the grave ; they weave complicated webs of fancy, and indulge in many unfounded speculations, but in fact the whole question is decided by the nature and object of a man's *affections*. I am the same impulsive lad I was on earth, a little sobered and subdued, and I hope a little wiser than when we shared a dear old home in days gone by.’

“Much of his narrative I cannot tell ; it was too sacred, too personal even to be mentioned to you, my dear and valued friends ; but I was assured by Heloise that you, Dr. Maxwell, and dear Mrs. Finchley, who has been like a mother to me, knew all about it, as you had followed me in my wanderings, and learned how Heloise, whom I should never have known but for you, escorted me through space and took me to my son. I cannot enter more freely into details ; the endeavor to reproduce all I saw is quite beyond me, but I was assured I should soon have other experiences which I may fully remember and recite, and even *publish* for the benefit of others.”

When Mrs. Macmarcy had ceased speaking, Mr. Templeton enquired how such experiences in the invisible world

were reconcilable with scripture, and how a minister of the gospel could possibly accept such doctrine and continue to perform his duties to his flock.

“Our church,” said he, “teaches most emphatically that there is no such intermediate state as you describe. We can accept *paradise* but not *purgatory*, and does it not interfere with accepting the finished work of Christ to imagine a place of probation beyond the tomb? I do not say that I myself am loth to credit your statement as actually true and not merely a vivid dream; I have thought of these matters frequently and have read Dorner and other German theologians who favor what is called ‘second probation,’ and now I am in New York at Dr. Maxwell’s kind request, for the express purpose of receiving what light I can on all these matters, I beg of you all to let me hear all you have to tell, whatever it may be. In all humility I can faithfully declare I am a seeker after truth, and though I may have to relinquish my prospects and take a fresh start in life, I am willing to make any sacrifice or change if I can but be sure I am being guided to lead souls to God, not away from Him.”

Mrs. Macmarcy, who was quite a novice in all such matters herself, and had trembled lest she should overstep the boundaries of her own previous belief, sympathized heartily with the Baptist minister, but could help him no further than by assuring him she *knew inwardly* that all she related was actually true. The strong corroborative testimony of two such thoroughly trustworthy persons as Dr. Maxwell and his aunt, in addition to her own sense of certainty within, had dissolved her doubts, as the sun melts an iceberg or dissipates a fog, and she was now ready to devote herself in future entirely to the discovery and promulgation of such truth as might be revealed to her.

* * * * *

Ten days later she was perfectly strong, and had gained twenty pounds in weight; she then returned to her home in Virginia, where she intended founding an orphan school for

delicate girls who might enjoy the comforts and attention attainable only in a well regulated home, as well as the benefits of a sound, moral and secular education. In this enterprise she was warmly seconded by friends of Dr. Maxwell and Mrs. Finchley, and soon became a robust, hearty woman, the center of a thriving community of growing girls, developing not only in physical grace and vigor, but in what is far more important still, *true womanhood* which fits its possessor for usefulness on earth and indescribable blessedness hereafter.

CHAPTER VII.

CLAIRVOYANCE DEMONSTRATED.

“They told me many wondrous tales,
Of how the angels come to earth
Swift, as on wings of living flame,
To quicken nobler thought to birth.
I could not understand the thread
Of such discourse, until I saw
Before my very eyes the proof
Of Heaven’s divine mysterious law.
Why should I harbor any doubt,
Or wherefore should I suffer dread;
Why is it not enough for me
To be by such wise counselled?”

Mrs. Macmarcy’s narration of her vision had led Mr. Templeton into one of those strange reveries of his, which though of every rare occurrence, had from early childhood largely shaped the current of his life. Often when a boy he had been the subject of strange experiences, which he dared no longer relate to his austere parents after they had sent him several nights in succession lunchless to school and supperless to bed. As it often happens with children of sensitive temperament who can take an outward or an inward interest in life as occasion demands, the youthful Onesimus finding his spiritual experiences distasteful to his relatives, (who attributed them to the devil, insanity or disease according to their moods), soon

learned to agree with his surroundings and to refuse all invitation from the unseen to carve out a special environment for himself. Neither remarkably profound or superficial in his conclusions, he simply addressed himself to his tasks with the feeling that if God called him to the work of the ministry, God would qualify him in some special manner for the work.

Mrs. Margaret Lesbia Templeton (his mother), became a widow when he was only seven years old. His father, the Rev. Aaron Edwards Templeton, had been pastor of the Saddlerock Baptist Church for nineteen years; his wife married him three years before the birth of their only son. After the good minister had resisted for nine years all the efforts of match-making mothers and aspiring farmers' daughters to induce him to enter the matrimonial estate, Lesbia Mintsheller had visited Saddlerock one summer with an invalid mother who died while on a visit to the place. Immediately after the funeral Mr. Templeton discovered her penniless condition and utter inability to sustain herself when left entirely to her own resources; but he did not realize how devotedly he loved her, until one day after he had undertaken to provide for her support in the family of an old and valued parishioner, who had known him from babyhood, with such delicacy that poor heart-broken Lesbia Mintsheller thought God had indeed sent good Samaritans to her in the persons of Deacon and Mrs. Haggai Ezekiel Macpherson-Smith,—he found her weeping over her Bible, tears in which resignation, sorrow, regret, faith and hope were all blended like the hues of the rainbow.

Mrs. Macpherson-Smith touched him lightly on the shoulder, whispering "Aaron my lad, there is the wife heaven has sent you, as God sent Rebekah to Jacob, only it won't be fourteen years, or seven either before you can make the parsonage what it ought to be."

The good man was then just thirty-four years of age and though still in early manhood had become settled in bachelor habits. His elder sister, Sophronia Angelica, a firm maiden lady, kept house for him and never touched his papers or

thought of entering his library without his special permission. His ways were all regulated with mathematical precision, and from the straight-line of this uncompromising rigidity no deviation was ever permitted. One can imagine how such a person who had positively shunned marriage, and was inclined to a view of the celibacy of the clergy most uncommon among evangelical Protestants, would start at such words from the lips of a staid old deaconess, about as unworldly an old soul as one would be likely to meet in a journey around the world. With characteristic terseness and brevity, he said, "God's will be done," if the Lord has sent me to her; or, rather directed her to me, it is not for his dust to question his decree.

He always alluded to himself as God's *dust*, it was a very favorite expression of his in the long prayer at every public service. The congregation would have felt that some familiar and beloved portion of their liturgy had been omitted had they not heard the phrase, "bless thy dust," which always came after a list of petitions for all sorts and conditions of people. Mr. Templeton put himself last and styled himself dust in all sincerity, for he was really a very self-abnegating man, and when his old friend told him God had ordained that he should marry Lesbia, his first thought was only one of complete surrender to whatever might be the inscrutable purpose of the Almighty; his second emotion was however of a very different nature. The love which had slumbered but never awoke, now asserted itself with all the intenser fervor by reason of its long repression, and when Lesbia rose from her absorbed attitude, and turned to greet the minister with watery eyes which tried to smile, his pressure of her hand was not the same as it had been before. She felt the change in his touch and he acknowledged the involuntary, almost unconscious response of her soul to his. The proposal was soon made, and a mutual declaration of love was speedily followed by a very quiet marriage.

Mrs. Templeton took up her abode as mistress of the parsonage, to the surprise of every one, it is true; but so quietly

and naturally, that even the most voracious gossips found very little to talk about. She was soon universally respected and beloved, as she was her husband's companion and helpmeet in all things; a very quiet, subdued minister's wife, whom no one dared to approach with scandal; one of whom some stood in fear, not on account of her imposing manner or commanding voice (she was gentleness personified), but by reason of the perfectly frank gaze of her modest grey eyes, which seemed to see through imposture, and her inveterate hatred of gossip. She was a woman of comparatively few words; her parents had both been Baptists; she had joined a church when only seventeen, and was therefore fully prepared for the work in which she soon found herself actually engaged.

Her husband, though an excellent man and tenderly devoted to his fragile, yet healthy wife, was of a stern temperament and could not tolerate the slightest departure from the creed of his denomination. His first and last wish for his little son (Onesimus) was that he might be a minister, and if possible, carry on the work in the very place where he himself had labored.

When Onesimus was only six, his father's health began to fail—*hereditary pneumonia*, doctors and anxious friends pronounced his disorder; his voice became feeble and uncertain; a minister from a neighboring village often assisted him in his duties, and at length he resigned most reluctantly, amid the tears and prayers of the people who never knew how much they valued him until they felt he was to be taken from them.

Two months after his resignation, sea air having failed to recruit his wasted energies, he passed from the body, triumphant in faith, singing in a weak, quavering voice, "Rock of Ages," as the spirit severed its connection with its earthly tenement. His last act was to call the little Onesimus to his side, and blessing him fervently, prayed that God might incline his heart to the work of the ministry and direct his steps to the pastorate of the Saddlerock Baptist Church. After her husband's death, Mrs. Templeton never fully recovered her

energies, she was always plaintive, but still very useful in the district. Though the succeeding pastor, the Rev. Martindale Fischer-Bennett was a married man with a very energetic wife, they were always good to Mrs. Templeton and the two families decided to live together for economy and company's sake.

As Onesimus grew up, he found himself more under the tutelage of the Fischer-Bennetts than under the influence of his mother; they directed his studies and mapped out his career; his mother acquiesced in her usual quiet way, but whether she fully endorsed all their opinions, her son never knew. The Fischer-Bennetts left Saddlerock when Onesimus was ordained, and they were not sorry to do so, as they departed for a larger and more lucrative field of effort. Mr. Templeton had lived alone with his mother since his settlement over his father's church, and it was of her he chiefly thought when the impending changes in his course of teaching came most forcibly to his mind.

While in New York, in an atmosphere highly charged with what might be called a "developing influence," the seership which his father most sternly rebuked and punished, and his mother attributed to poor health in childhood, now began to reassert itself with more than its original vigor; reminiscences of childhood's experience which before had been faint, latent recollections, now returned with a vividness he could never have supposed possible, and these remembrances crowded about him; he called to mind singular episodes in his mother's history, which convinced him that she also was a dreamer of dreams and beholder of visions, but had refrained from all mention of such things through fear of offending her husband during his lifetime, and afterwards from an over sensitive regard for his memory. She was a woman who could never bring herself to feel that a true marriage lasted only "*until death*" and her son had sometimes felt (though scarcely willing to admit the thought even in the privacy of his own chamber) that perhaps his father was much

nearer to his mother, and even capable of impressing her with his wishes than their fixed beliefs permitted them to suppose.

But after all, however much may be said about churchly antagonism to spirit communion, Christian literature of the most pronounced orthodox type abounds with incidents in the lives of foremost Christian advocates abundantly proving how deep seated and widespread is a belief in communion with "people from another world," even among those who are supposed to be very strenuous in their opposition to such a doctrine.

The day after Mrs. Macmarcy's narrative, while Mr. Templeton was pondering in solitude over some of his own experiences, it occurred to him to search in Dr. Maxwell's library for such volumes as might help him to ascertain the views of some distinguished authors on the subject of visions of the departed. Among other testimonies he came across the following :

"The year just past, like all other years, has taken from a thousand circles the sainted, the just and the beloved; there are spots in a thousand graveyards which have become this year dearer than all the living world; but in the loneliness of sorrow how cheering to think that our lost ones are not wholly gone from us! They still may move about in our homes, shedding around them an atmosphere of purity and peace, promptings of good and reproofs of evil; we are compassed about with a cloud of witnesses, whose hearts throb in sympathy with every effort and struggle, and who thrill with joy at every success.

"How should this thought check and rebuke every worldly feeling and unworthy purpose, and enshrine us, in the midst of a forgetful and unspiritual world, with an atmosphere of heavenly peace! They have overcome, have risen, are crowned, glorified; but still they remain to us, our assistants, our comforts; and in every hour of darkness their voice speaks to us: 'So we grieved, so we struggled, so we fainted, so we doubted; but we have overcome, we have obtained, we have seen and

found all true; and in our own heaven behold the certainty of thy own.'"—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"I believe there are angels of light, spirits of the blest, ministers of God. . . . There have been times in which, I declare to you, heaven was more real than earth; in which my children that were gone spoke more plainly to me than my children that were with me; in which the blessed estate of the just man in heaven seemed more real and near to me than the estate of any just man upon earth. These are experiences that link one with another and higher life."—HENRY W. BEECHER.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLAIRVOYANCE DEMONSTRATED.

As he continued reading and pondering over these beautiful words, culled from the rich, ripe experiences of two remarkably noble and useful lives, a strange sense of reverie stole over him, and out of the deepening gloom which seemed to encircle him, shutting out the surrounding scenery, a form appeared so closely resembling his father as to make him start suddenly, yet carrying with it a delightful feeling of ineffable repose. Whether he was sleeping, dozing or wide awake, he could not tell, he was certain however, that some gentle pressure of the hand accompanied by the accents of a clear, deep voice, impressed these words on his brain, as though they had been traced in letters of living fire:

“My son, let not any doubt disturb you in your religious trust; you are now to see truth far more clearly than I saw it when on earth. Old doctrines must be freshly interpreted; the Bible is a mine containing precious ore, but it is the hidden meaning not the superficial import you must seek; with the kernel of the fruit, not any longer with its outer rind, can you feed the people committed to your pastoral care. I was, as you know, a strict adherent to literal forms when I occupied the place which now you fill; people then were not prepared for what they are ready to receive now; *do not shrink from announcing your uttermost conviction*, it is yours to thaw the ice around the hearts of many, to break down

lurking, unsuspected unbelief in the minds of many who still adhere to olden customs which they cannot reconcile with modern views of life. Your place is not outside the church but in it; you must not cloak conviction, neither may you too carelessly offend the weak, as many reformers do. Move cautiously but conscientiously; enlarge men's faith, do not attack it; broaden your sermons, do not attack prevailing dogmas. Some little persecution awaits you, but the people at large will follow you, and though some trials are before you, they are not of a nature to cause any *stout* heart alarm. Your mother knows of what is going on in your secret mind; she has been a seeress many years, but never avowed it, out of regard for me, for I used to be very bitter against all such revelations. Thank heaven I am wiser now than then. I have seen the folly and the wrong of mental despotism, and had I my life to live over again I would never seek to cramp the limbs or tie the wings of any soul. You will have a letter from your mother in a day or two confirming what I say; this is an evidence I give you of my trustworthiness. This day your mother is inditing you an epistle, in which she makes full confession of her experiences from girlhood; when you receive the letter you will hear from me again. Now farewell; you always have my blessing, but I give it you for old association's sake."

Mr. Templeton awoke suddenly from his reverie which had lasted several hours, and as he awoke he saw Zenophon, who had been an inmate of Dr. Maxwell's house since the preceding Sunday night, glide swiftly into the room and take a book from one of the shelves. Feeling disposed to converse on the subject nearest his heart, he stopped the boy, saying kindly:

"Come here, Zenophon, I want to ask you something about your own life, about the trances you go into and the visions you see. Do you suppose you could see something for me? I'm very anxious to get an explanation of a singular occurrence which has just impressed me deeply."

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," replied the boy. "I'll try,

if you like; I'll sit quite still and describe anything I see if anything is shown me; but I've always been Count Katolowynski's subject, and as I have been taken from him, I don't know if I have any power left. I won't stay away from him long for I love him though he does beat me sometimes; he has never been as kind to me as all of you here are, but he is my master and I will obey him; whenever he summons me I shall return to him. If he comes here and wants to take me away, I will go with him wherever he chooses."

No sooner had Zenophon thus testified his love for the Count, who had so singular a hold over him, than a loud double-knock and furious ring of the door-bell startled the servants to their feet. Count Katolowynski, handsomer and prouder than ever to all appearance, entered the study with a supercilious nod to Mr. Templeton and a "so you are here, Zenophon, I thought they hadn't devoured you." Then divining Mr. Templeton's wishes he instantly magnetized the boy, who became quickly prophetic and said to Mr. Templeton: "You will get a letter from your mother the day after tomorrow by the early post." Zenophon here paused for a moment and stood gazing earnestly on something no one else could see; he then read as from an unseen manuscript suspended in the air, the following missive:

"MY DEAR AND ONLY SON—It is not often I approach you on a subject with regard to which our opinions may differ, but of late I have had most singular and vivid dreams of your father. I cannot feel that they are only dreams; he visits me night after night and holds long conversations with me, and oh, my dearest boy, you must not be shocked when I tell you he argues with me on theology just as he used to, taking difficult texts, throwing light upon them by comparing them with others and then winding up with a short homily in which he clenches his argument and brings home a lesson. I cannot be deluded, why should I be, I have been a faithful wife to him and mother to you according to my lights, and the scripture even when it speaks most harshly, never says God

sends delusion or allows it to come to those who are striving to walk in His way. Oh, how I wish you could enter into my feelings and share my experience, for my husband tells me in these visions you are seeking light earnestly but are as yet bewildered concerning many things, you cannot plainly see the way; it is simple when one finds it, it is indeed plain enough for the wayfaring man to walk in without stumbling.

“You will perhaps call me a Spiritualist and even think I am getting crazy, but even for your sake, I could not pretend to deny, neither could I cloak the convictions which are daily adding to my joy in this world and my hope for the next. The minister at Pinchingtown is delivering a course of lectures on ‘Demonology,’ and as our church is closed, a number of our people go over there to hear this Mr. Mewle, whom many think a fine preacher, but he grates on me. I have been occasionally to the little Catholic church at Shoe Hill, and oftener for long, solitary rambles among the hills. You will find me changed when you return home; I have lost much of my reserve and I have developed an insatiate desire to visit sick people, and they all welcome me with the brightest smiles; the priest at St. Catherine’s tells me I would make an excellent sister of charity, and wants me to enter the Convent of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, opposite his church; he is a good, self-denying man, but completely wrapped in a mantle of creed. I tell him I am no longer a Baptist, but I can never be a Romanist; I must let God speak to me as He will, just in His own way, through all the voices of nature and through His children who have risen higher. I like the quiet, earnest work of the Sisters but I cannot join an order; I shall never be acceptable again as a teacher in an “orthodox” Sunday-school, for I cannot disguise my convictions. If you are still “orthodox” when you return home I shall be quite silent if it hurts you to hear me speak, but if, as I trust and feel assured, the same change comes over you which has come over me, we shall work together, not to depopulate the churches, but to infuse new life into the service of God, and to reach some

portion of the great unchurched mass which **can never** be reached by prevailing methods.

“Write to me as soon as you can after receiving this; be quite candid with me, don't try to spare my feelings if you think I am misguided, but intuition tells this letter will be welcome rather than distasteful to you in your present mood. Remember me kindly to the family of your host, and give them my thanks for their kindness to you.

“As ever, your devoted mother,

LESBIA TEMPLETON.

“SADDLEROCK, Vt., July 30, 1887.”

After this marvelous display of clairvoyance (the day after the morrow confirmed it), Zenophon awoke suddenly, rubbed his eyes, resumed his former posture at Count Katolowynski's feet. When questioned as to his marvelous gift, declared he knew nothing whatever about anything that was given through him. After a few minutes' conversation Dr. Maxwell and the ladies returned from an afternoon drive. They were all quietly courteous to the Count, and he was invited to dinner, but no one of them seemed pleased to see him.

The Count refused the invitation, saying it was his intention to give Zenophon an evening's amusement; they would dine at Delmonico's, then visit Madison Square Theatre, where “The Private Secretary,” was being performed. After the theatre they should take ices and return to the Hotel Meurice, where the Count rented a splendid suite of rooms on the grand *etage*.

Dr. Maxwell quietly said, “Zenophon, remember your home is here; I shall expect you to-morrow, if you accept your friend's invitation to-night. I do not forbid your going with him, perhaps I have no right to use so strong a word, I however disapprove of it, but act as you please.”

Count Katolowynski, bristling at these words, said, “the boy belongs to me, and I shall *hold* him, though you do want him, for some mercenary schemes of your own. I only let

him remain with you the past three days to test his loyalty to me. Say what you will, do what you will, he is *mine always*. The farce on Sunday night was one of your contrivances; it was well acted; but it takes more than that to scare a man of my nerve, so you had better reserve your private theatricals for more gullible and appreciative spectators."

With this insolent speech the Count departed, the boy following him like a dog, not however without casting a grateful look on the inmates of the library, which said as plainly as glances can speak: I am not leaving you for good, of this I can assure you. While the Count and his subject were on the street they maintained an unbroken silence, but as soon as they were seated *vis a vis* in a *cabinet particulier* in the grand restaurant, they found their tongues and chatted together with all the exuberance of youthful glee. Count Katolowynski was a spy in the employ of the Russian government; a trained diplomat to whom clairvoyant aid, such as that rendered by Zenophon, was of priceless value. Never thinking it necessary to be on his guard when alone with the boy, and having taught him to converse fluently in Russian, he unfolded to him all his plans for extracting secrets from the wives and daughters of ministers from foreign courts and particularly for utilizing Zenophon himself as a discoverer of all he desired to know.

The boy's moral sense was usually keen, he shrunk from every species of dishonorable conduct; still the fascination of the Count's presence and magnetism was so great that even after all that had transpired on the previous Sunday, he found himself enraptured; he admired his master even in his dishonorable enterprises. Strange it is, but none the less is it true, that when under a spell exerted by beauty of person and *assertion of will*, even the purest of sensitives are likely to be entrapped, even to lend themselves to crime unless fortified against all unhallowed influence by strongly confirmed knowledge coupled with intense love of truth. *Impersonal affec-*

tion for truth is the only infallible safeguard against magnetic witcheries and intoxicating spells.

The dinner was fit for a prince and cost \$15, though the Count only ordered one portion of each desired article and he took but one pint bottle of *Widow Clicquot*. The play at Madison Square delighted them both, for the stately Russian had all a boy's love of ridiculous situations, and though it was out of the "season" and many of the boxes and stalls were vacant, the company played their best to the intensely appreciative though unfashionable house. After the performance and a feast of delicious ices and fancy confections at Tortoni's, a walk up Broadway brought them to the Hotel Meurice at 1 A.M.

Count Katolowynski's rooms were magnificent and superbly furnished; three spacious apartments and a bathroom constituted the suite. In an atmosphere of luxury and light and in company with the imperial master whom he idolized and who was in his most agreeable mood, it is not to be wondered at the boy soon fell asleep to the music of such thoughts as had often allured him in the brightest hours of his past revels in Eastern palaces and gardens with himself *Grand Vizier* at a Court where his master was *Absolute Monarch*. The softly tempered light, the faint odor of pastiles burning in a rich antique vase on the mantelpiece, the rich draperies at the windows and coverlets of the bed, which were all of oriental design and had been specially procured to meet the Count's fastidious requirements, naturally lent a strong suggestion of the orient to the boy's meditations before retiring; and usually our dreams are an outgrowth from our thoughts during the day though not in the limited sense to which many people confine this statement. Exceptions it is said prove many a rule, and to this rule for dreams a singular exception was found in the case of Zenophon, who, marvelous to relate, went to sleep in a nightrobe in Count Katolowynski's apartments in the Hotel Meurice at 1.30 A. M., and woke fully dressed at 9 A. M., on a lounge in Dr. Maxwell's room at 312 Sycamore avenue, a considerable distance off.

How he got there he could not imagine; his eyes closed on the splendors in the hotel, he was perfectly content with his surroundings; but (seemingly without intermission of time) he awoke to the tones of the breakfast gong in Dr. Maxwell's house. As he had been recently in that house for a few days, he was not at all startled; nothing was new or strange about him; but when he entered the breakfast room he was greeted with exclamations of surprise by all present except Dr. Maxwell. Then a sudden burst of recollection came over him, and throwing himself at Dr. Maxwell's feet, as he had been accustomed to fall at the Count's, he imploringly solicited an explanation of so singular an occurrence. The good Doctor could only reassure him by telling him that all was well, and bid him eat his breakfast as though nothing unusual had happened, then accompany him into the study and seek an explanation from the *unseen*.

The following explanation was given through the boy's own lips, who went into a deep trance immediately he entered the study: "The powers who have charge of this young hierophant, seeing the necessity of withdrawing him again from pernicious control, guided him in his sleep to do the right thing. At 7.30 he was made to get out of bed and dress himself, he left the hotel like any guest going out to walk; he was further guided to let himself into this house by means of the key you have given him, and to proceed to your room after you had left it. Enquiry at the hotel will confirm the statement that nothing unusual occurred. Count Katolowynski is not yet up, when he discovers the boy is missing he will think he has gone to church and will not search for him till noon, when he will begin to grow wrathful; later in the day there will be an explosion. The decisive moment has come and Azoriel will assert his power *finally*. You are all going to Paris in ten days, do not be surprised, you will be summoned unexpectedly. Prof. de Montemarte has written for you; you will hear from Heloise long before you get the letter."

CHAPTER IX.

PREDICTIONS VERIFIED.

O had I but the eagle eye
Which sees within, behind, before,
Which compasses all sea and shore,
And yet is ever turned on high.
Then would I leave this lower earth,
And on the wings of tho't and love
Soar to those eyries far above,
Where songs celestial find their birth.
But if awhile below I stay,
And dimly thro' the veil of sense
Behold life's glorious recompense,
Truth here may turn my night to day."

Dr. Maxwell, with his usual clear-sightedness,—and considerably aided by the talk he had with Zenophon on the memorable day when the boy was so strangely delivered from Count Katolowynski's hands, and guided by unseen intelligence while in trance to make his way to the hospitable home where the family had already come to regard him as a son of the house—thinking prevention better than warfare with a person of the Count's irascible and unscrupulous disposition, and not being much pressed with immediate duties, proposed to Mr. Templeton, Zenophon, Mrs. Finchley, and the O'Shannons, that they should all go up the river as far as Northwalk, and visit some old friends of Mrs. Finchley's,

who had a large, hospitable country-seat in that pretty suburb, where they were always prepared for company, and delighted to see friends whenever they might call.

Not wishing, however, to arrive inopportunately, and being anxious for Mr. Templeton's particular benefit to test Zenophon's clairvoyance in a matter which admitted of easy and speedy verification, the party above mentioned gathered round the boy who always liked to recline on a rug in the centre of a harmonious circle when he exercised his gift,—and let Mrs. Finchley, who was on intimate terms with the Codringtons of Northwalk, interrogate him as to their present readiness to receive visitors. Zenophon, who was always particularly lucid under Mrs. Finchley's suggestions, at once began describing "The Cedars" and its occupants. "I see," he said, "a venerable man seated at an *escritoire* writing a note of invitation to you; it reads as follows: Dear Mrs. Finchley, do come over to-day and bring all your friends. We shall hope to see you to luncheon at 2, but if any of you can not get here so early, be sure and take dinner with us at 6.30. We want you to hear Mr. Vincent Hammer who is just from Scotland, and has been entertaining the Edinburgh professors with his views on Theosophy. We have a *conversazione* this evening; he will read a paper; don't fail us. Wife sends her love, and urges her claim on your offer of help when we have unexpected visitors."

Yours as ever,

AMOS CODRINGTON.

The Cedars, Northwalk, July 31, 1887.

"Well," said Templeton, "here's another case of most extraordinary letter reading. I am intensely anxious about the letter from my mother which I shall get to-morrow morning, if this wonderful clairvoyance does not disappoint me; but here is a letter that ought to come in an hour at latest. It is already nearly 11, and how do they expect us to get out to their house by 2 unless we get news before mid-day?"

No sooner had Mr. Templeton spoken than the page knocked

at the library door and announced that Mr. Clarence Codrington had called with a message, but could not wait to see any one as he was hurrying into the city on business, and wanted to get home early. He left word that his father and mother were very anxious to see Dr. Maxwell and those of his friends who could make it convenient to spend the day or at least the evening at their place across the water. A letter was on its way, but he brought word to give them more time for preparation.

Here was confirmation direct of Zenophon's perception; Mr. Templeton was delighted, and all were pleased and somewhat astonished at the immediate proof afforded of Zenophon's ability to use his powers to perfection when separated from the Count, to whose mesmeric sway he had been invariably accustomed to yield before passing into the ecstatic condition. Without further delay they arranged their plans for departure, and just as they were leaving to catch the one o'clock boat, the postman delivered to Mrs. Finchley a letter addressed in Mr. Codrington's well-known hand. On tearing open the letter she found it word for word as Zenophon had read it; she handed it at once to Mr. Templeton, who was overjoyed at this demonstration of the boy's positive accuracy in an affair so nearly related to the one in which he was so greatly interested.

They just caught the boat, and after a delightful hour on the water, reached Northwalk just after two. Mr. Codrington was at the landing stage with a drag, ready to take as many as might appear, to his sylvan retreat about a mile distant. In a few minutes they were at "The Cedars," greeted warmly by Mrs. Lavinia Codrington and Miss Florence Hope (a delightful girl visiting them during the long vacation at Vassar). Lunch was ready and they all partook freely of the good things provided; a lovely drive and delicious sauntering through the extensive grounds which comprised the estate, occupied all the afternoon until dinner, at which meal they were joined by Mr. Clarence Codrington son and heir; a

young gentleman of very prepossessing appearance, coupled with such grace and dignity of bearing as can never exist apart from delicacy of feeling and genuine culture in the true sense of that often misapplied word.

About 7.30, carriages began driving up, and pedestrians arrived in considerable numbers. The billiard hall had been arranged to seat at least two hundred people, and as many of the Codringtons' friends and neighbors were greatly interested in Theosophy, the invitations extended were nearly all honored by those who were at home on receipt of them. Delightful music was the order of proceeding for about half an hour; Miss Lydia O'Shannon and Miss Hope had become great friends during the afternoon, and soon discovered that they could play and sing duets together. It is the unchanging experience of *truly* artistic people, that whenever they encounter congenial spirits they can rise together to artistic heights neither can attain singly.

Dr. Vincent Hammer was a tall, rather prepossessing elderly gentleman, who wore spectacles and spoke from manuscript; his delivery was good though not extraordinary; he was evidently deeply imbued with the importance of his subject, and being a "new-school" Theosophist not in very good standing with the Aryan Theosophical Society, he seemed especially desirous of making himself perfectly understood, and to this end was particularly careful and precise in his statements.

The following is his paper handed to a reporter after the exercises:

"Theosophy is the master-key to eternal life; to the understanding of God and man. True Theosophy concerns itself exclusively with man's spiritual development, with the finding of Christ within, the Divine *Logos* or Word of the Eternal. When we find God within, where Jesus and the Buddhas alike say God resides, we truly realize our divine nature. Genuine Theosophy is to this generation the Christ of truth arising out of the tomb of error; it teaches complete self-control, the crucifixion of the senses, the liberation of the spirit from all

carnal passion, the resurrection of all that is divine within us. Theosophy is complete spiritual science. Knowledge of the eternal is the only true science. To know Christ is to hear the living Word which speaks in us from Infinite Divine Being. When Spirit is revealed, henceforth we have no thought of death. The true Theosophist drinks inspiration from the ever present spiritual life, the universe becomes to him an open book. We must outgrow false ideas and sacerdotalism, and become each one a true priest; our daily sacrifice must be the daily surrender of our lower appetites to our higher promptings.

“The principles of Theosophy are love, wisdom and truth, which reveal to us in measure as we can understand, the absolute purity and perfection of the Divine Nature. Theosophy is universal truth and universal religion; it is demonstrated spiritual science, and holds the key to all sciences and religions. In Theosophy we behold the essential unity of all religions; Theosophists should *study* all religions, but *dogmatically enforce* none. What does religion really mean? *Religere* signifies to bind together, but does not imply a condition of bondage other than that in which the lower nature is held subject to the higher. This is truly at-one-ment or reconciliation, the perfect harmony of all the elements in human nature. Religion does not consist in *belief* in immorality, or in God. Belief saves no one for it is merely intellectual assent to certain dogmas. One can believe in religion and be devilish; devils it is said believe and tremble. We can be so intellectually unfolded as to believe in God without being in the least developed in our truly spiritual nature.

“What does resurrection mean in our individual lives but rising through death of the lower self to spiritual triumph. Nothing dies in reality, only in seeming. The seed is not quickened unless it undergoes the appearance of death, and there is no quickening of the spirit unless there is a death of the lower self; then from the sepulchre the rock is rolled away a symbol of our new birth to a *knowledge* of Truth.

Theosophy, which is true religion, is the science of right living, and is in no sense a sacerdotal system. Divine wisdom is the whole world's only religion for the future; a religion which meets every want and fully satisfies every lawful craving of human emotion as well as intellect.

"The Divine Being is necessarily beyond the comprehension of man. Man is not equal to God, there must be therefore a mystery attaching to God for the human mind. That which is on our level we may explain, whatever is beyond that level remains unsolved; God alone understands God, as man alone can comprehend man. As Deity is infinitely above us, Deity is beyond all definition; the soundest metaphysicians never undertake to define Deity. Agnosticism is a despairing confession of honest men whose intellects are unable to solve the problem of Being. Theosophists need not conflict with Huxley or Spencer; all divine things are *unknowable* to the senses, but Theosophy teaches of spiritual intuition by which we can arrive at some knowledge of Spirit, though to our researches there can be no end. Intellectually we find not God but Energy, Power, Force. The word God means the All-Good, the Good One, nothing more, nothing less.

"Plato's immortal assertion, 'God geometrizes,' does not imply Plato's acknowledgement of anything more than infinite Mind; no kind, loving God appears in that sentence. Infinite power might be cruel. Many people know nothing of God though they profess to *believe* in God; but not until they advance beyond belief do they *find* the Eternal. Beliefs imply that some "school" is the custodian of special intelligence from Deity, whose testimony is to be accepted by disciples as final authority. The word Testament means something one leaves behind him when he is going away; while the testator liveth, such documents are of no effect. People who know nothing of God but what they read in the Bible, and concerning that venerable book we would indeed utter nothing disrespectful, believe in a God who has left a Testament. Practically it is so to them. Many Christians believe in a God

very far from this world and in no direct way concerned with human affairs. There was, they believe, a time when God spoke to the world, but he speaks no longer; God, for them, has finished His book and has delivered the published volume completed into their hands. How utterly incongruous is this mental attitude with the teachings of Jesus: 'He hath been *with* you and shall be *in* you.' It is expedient that I go away, for when I have vanished from your sight the Paraclete will be nearer to you than ever before, and will gradually lead you into all truth. The disciples were directed not to receive truth through any written revelation, but entirely by means of the ever living presence of the Holy Spirit within them. Theosophy places every individual soul on the solid rock of experienced truth on which Theosophy itself is based. We must build our social temple on the rock of impartial equity which we can never find until we discover it in ourselves. Enlightenment is a matter of individual spiritual unfoldment; God is Love and Wisdom; absolute equity is the infinite principle of Life. As we act divinely, we perceive a revelation of divine wisdom in our own lives; all knowledge of wisdom proceeds from the love of good in us which is the only divine love. Only when we act from a motive of love directed toward good are our acts truly wise.

"Man's best conception of Deity is that God is love. Love is the highest element in the human soul, and is inseparable from charity, which is love in expression.

"Henry James (an earnest student of Swedenborg, not the novelist) declares in his admirable work, *Society, the Redeemed Form of Man*, that in studying the problem of life one comes to see ever more and more distinctly that the only possible cause of creation is that God being pure love he can not love himself. Love must have an object, and this object is humanity. Creation, then, is the result of the Divine love seeking object and expression. By humanity, of course, we do not mean exclusively the inhabitants of this one little planet (we need not tell you that the earth is not the universe)

We mean *all intelligent inhabitants of all worlds*, who unitedly constitute the form of the Divine man or the progeny of God, which is without beginning and without end.

“The true hidden wisdom is to be found in our own inmost selves, not in books or scrolls. God’s living word is Man, who is the highest expression of Nature. The hidden wisdom within our own souls must reach our intellects through development of our own inner self, *and in no other way*. Theosophy does not depend on legends, on belief in historical personalities or on the truth contained in sacred books. It rests solely on its own intrinsic value, and appeals to our moral nature. If Buddha or Jesus never lived, the teachings are no less valuable to man. Precious stones have intrinsic value, and truth is aptly compared to a priceless pearl.

“All divine teaching is demonstrated through its hallowing influence on human life. Judge the tree by its fruits. Bring all theories to the touch-stone of experience. Were we to find that the teachings of the Vedas (lived up to) caused war and hatred to vanish from the earth, we should thereby know the source whence these streams sprang to be a fountain of living water, able to slake the spiritual thirst of mankind.

There is nothing of moral value in the Vedas that we do not find in the New Testament also. The teachings attributed to Gautama and to Jesus are identical. We can well dispense with controversy when we drink true inspiration. Whether we look to Guatama or any other historic light of India; or to Jesus, the historic light of Palestine; or to Osiris, the legendary messiah of Egypt, we must never forget that neither Osiris, Christ or Buddha, or what they typify, is ever dead and buried. In spirit Jesus is working now as actively as when he was on earth. The truth the Buddhas or Osiris revealed is still operating in the world.

“Why seek ye the living among the dead?” Why watch by a sepulchre when you can converse with the living spirit on the highways of life? When we liberate our intuition, the

sun within us sheds around our path its bright beams of appreciable light and heat. (wisdom and affection.)

Those who bathe in the sunlight hourly appropriate its rays. Not those who have analyzed the water or tested the depth of the well, but those who *drink* the water of life reap its benefits. Not our historic knowledge of a revelation of truth, but our assimilation of it profits us. We must eat and drink, i. e. *appropriate* the living Spirit of Truth, which is ever active throughout the universe. The past has risen in the present; we must live to-day, not worshipfully regret the days of old. Our present at-one-ment with the living Christ can alone bring us into consciousness of truth. The truths of Spirit are not apprehended by the intellect, but by intuition; later on, reason grapples with inward revelation and defines it. Be guided entirely by your individual intuition; be ever honest and intensely earnest in your search for truth, and you will each one of you discover all it is needful for you to know.

Races of *Mahatmas* may have spent ages in ferreting out the truths of the universe, but their existence is not positively known even to Buddhists. Truth is revealed only to those who are in a condition to appreciate it. There is probably no reluctance on the part of any genuine *Mahatmas* to reveal themselves, but no one can create eyes in us to discover truth even if it visits us most intimately.

When Edwin Arnold was there, he held conferences with the Buddhists of Ceylon, and received from them a very complimentary address, eulogizing him as a true interpreter of the Sanscrit philosophy. "The Light of Asia," they endorsed with much affection. Conversing with them of *Mahatmas*, he was told that the priests knew nothing of the existence of such people; they could not be found, though they were famous in Europe and America. At the same time these Buddhists affirmed that there were many teachings in the Sanscrit which, if followed out, would develop men into *Mahatmas* (greatly unfolded souls.)

The Buddhists themselves think Arnold's faithful and mag-

nificent portrayal of the career of the latest Buddha has done more than anything else to recall the attention of the Hindu people to a perception of the beauties enshrined in the Buddhist religion, and it affords them a powerful incentive to live up to these teachings.

We hear a great deal of Indian degradation, particularly of woman's degraded condition in India. It can not be disputed that many women in India are in a state of gross degradation, but this condition exists in *spite* of the teachings of the Sanscrit philosophy which lead logically to the elevation of all mankind, not in *consequence* of their religion. All the vices of Christendom are rebuked in Scripture, but tolerated in Christian communities. No charge can be brought against the Buddhist religion for the vices of Asia that can not be brought against every other religion on earth with equal force and justice.

As the religion of India is set forth in its sacred books, it is a religion of the greatest purity and noblest wisdom. No one who faithfully and studiously compares the ten great religions of the world, will fail to find Buddhism the most *humanitarian*, and Brahmanism the most *metaphysical* of all known systems. Buddhism taught that nothing and no one can come between us and God if we are loyal to each other.

We are, according to this philosophy, our own high priests, mediators, and intercessors, absolutely free to discover truth for ourselves by following in the path marked out by our own intuition which gives: "Thus saith the indwelling Spirit" as final authority. Too many people unfortunately are not contented without some external lord or master to obey; they require some one to do their thinking for them instead of appealing directly to the Lord within their own hearts, so as to receive Truth from the source of all truth. It is only to awaken spiritual thought and intellectual inquiry that we ask you to study Theosophy, not to induce allegiance to some hierarchy of India; for to the Christian world 'follow Christ' is as necessary as 'follow Buddha' can be to Orientals. I shall hope to

make myself further intelligible in other and ampler essays.”

After the essay, other speakers being invited to address the company, there was little time left for discussion. Mr. Templeton was deeply interested, (he always was in such matters), but Mr. Hammer's paper raised far more questions in his mind than it answered; he therefore lapsed into taciturnity on the way home, and scarcely slept the night following through revolving these great questions in his eagerly inquiring mind. Next morning the letter from his mother arrived during breakfast, word for word as Zenophon had foreseen it. Count Katolowynski had instituted legal proceedings based on the claim that Dr. Maxwell had abducted Zenophon, and the general atmosphere at 312 Sycamore avenue was highly excited though its elder inmates were quite unharrassed as they had long since learned to trust implicitly in the final victory of Right.

CHAPTER X.

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

“If on the mystic shores of time
I stand perplexed and sad,
It is not that my heart rebels ;
For much I am most glad,
But what I know is very small,
The unknown is so vast.
I only long to reach some port,
And find an anchor cast.
I think, I dream, I sigh, I long ;
The answer must come soon.
The Lord of Truth will not deny
His child the asked-for boon.
In deep humility I crave,
And as I beg, I trust
And hope 'gainst hope that some day soon
This all impassive dust
Will change to flowers beneath the touch
Of life's mysterious spell ;
And I shall know with certainty
God doeth all things well.”

Frequently it occurs when something disagreeable seems close at hand, if persons who are interested in averting the difficulty do but exercise their highest judgment—aided by such intuition as they may be blessed with—they can effectually convert the most perplexing affairs into occasions for rejoicing.

Some such consideration as this was coursing through Dr. Maxwell's mind the day following the excursion to North-walk, as about 3 o'clock in the afternoon he sat alone in the

library, studying out the best method of dealing with Count Katolowynski's impertinent and threatening missive which lay open on the desk before him. The Count was in a blind fury; he refused to reason, nothing but legal action would satisfy him. He had called twice during the day, and so insulted the doctor, that—long suffering man though he was—he was at last aroused to something like impatience.

Zenophon, he declared, should never with his consent, be returned into slavery, let the Count do his worst. Whatever Russian law might sanction; slavery could never be supported in any court in England or America. This the Count knew only too well, and consequently based his complaint on a charge of abduction, and went so far as to concoct an elaborate tissue of falsehood, which he had instructed his lawyer, Mr. Wilbur Nayerjust, to lay before the judge with the utmost emphasis.

But where was Zenophon? Count Katolowynski was allowed to search the house from attic to cellar, but no trace of the missing boy could he discover. "What new deviltry is this?" he fumed. "Surely you have imperiled yourself enough already by taking from under my august protection the orphan whom I have sheltered as I would protect my life. I will find Zenophon, though it be over your dead bodies, and if you seek any longer to circumvent the course of equity you will find yourselves between other walls than these. Beware, I say, how you call out the Russian bear, you milk-sop Americans, you conceited English puppies. I will let you see what it is to trifle with the aristocracy of a country which sends its own subjects to Siberian deserts for life for offenses which are but trifles compared with yours."

"My de r Count," protested Dr. Maxwell, "I beseech you, be considerate on your own account. As for me, I am in a land of freedom, where allusions to Siberia can only provoke a smile, but I assure you in this part of the world, Russian serfdom is not tolerated, and your 'protection' of Zenophon will soon be called by a very different name. I warn you, if

you attempt to recapture your escaped victim, you may regret when it is too late, your rash resolve to play upon your claim to Russian aristocracy while in an American city."

At this the Count became so abusive that Dr. Maxwell summoned the servants to show him out, at which humiliation he became so vituperative that the police would have interfered had not the enraged "nobleman" seen the absurdity of his bragadosia just in time to hail a cab and drive pale with fury to the Hotel Meurice, where he roundly abused the waiters, entered a complaint against the clerks to the proprietor, and generally made himself odious and ridiculous. But the reader will ask, where was the innocent cause of this contention all this time? The answer is simplicity itself: he had accompanied his new friends the day before to Northwalk and was at that time reading a book of travels under the trees in Mr. Codrington's park. His situation, however, impressed him strangely; he could not account for much that he was experiencing; occasionally his thoughts turned regretfully to the old life and the master whom he loved, even though he feared him; but a sweet sense of security and bright anticipation was breaking in upon his long fettered mind as the graceful form of Heloise floated through his dream-like reveries, and beyond her power to fascinate he felt the regal influence of the mighty Azoriel who now revealed himself to the wondering child as his constant preceptor.

Zenophon's nature was intensely receptive; his sensitiveness was extreme at every point; all his emotions were intense; he could enjoy and suffer exquisitely; the smallest things often afforded him intense happiness or plunged him in abysses of despair. While under the complete mesmeric control of another, his individual life had been submerged, and often for days and even weeks together, he was scarcely himself for a single hour; but now that this spell was almost broken he would feel as though every living thing about him, flowers and leaves, as well as birds and animals, were instinct with feeling. A more singular impression can hardly be

imagined than the vivid realization of omnipresent consciousness which steals over a highly organized nature at a time when the deepest feelings of the inner being are intensely aroused. Physicians may call such a state pathological hypersensitiveness—may no doubt measurably explain it, but even if it be not best adapted to our ordinary life on earth, who shall dare to say that it does not take whoever experiences it in a very real way across the border which separates the seen from the unseen, thereby revealing to the vision of a seer some at least of the actualities of the mystic universe which interpenetrates the physical as the spirit prevades the body?

Mr. Templeton was restless during all that day; an answer to his mother's letter had occupied him all the morning, but after he had posted the long missive he could settle down to nothing. Feeling an insatiable desire to converse with Zenophon he decided on going to Northwalk to visit the Codringtons, who had most hospitably implored him to consider their house one of his homes. Mr. and Mrs. Codrington were both out when he reached their home about 4 p. m. The footman who answered the door was very polite but not communicative; he was one of those thoroughbred English servants who know their place and keep it, and would no more have thought of questioning his employer's guests or visitors about their business than he would have attempted flying.

James Freeman had been with the Codringtons nineteen years. His wife, whom he married five years after entering their service, had been a domestic in the household even longer, and still retained her place as Mrs. Codrington's maid. These good people (Mr. and Mrs. Freeman) had taken a great liking to Zenophon, whose every want they anticipated; but his singular habit of meditating in the garden in preference to chatting in the house keeper's room, made them feel somewhat anxious about the boy, who had a far-away look in his eyes and seemed embarrassed. Think-

ing Mr. Templeton's society might be of benefit to him, the courteous and deferential footman mentioned the fact of the boy's being in the garden, and proposed sending for him if Mr. Templeton would like to see him. Declining all invitation to partake of cake and fruit (which James was instructed to offer to all visitors), he wended his way through the lovely grounds—then in their richest summer glory—and soon came to the little leafy arbor, in which Zenophon presented a picture any artist would have been glad to paint.

Dressed in picturesque Greek costume—a little scarlet turban on his raven curls, an expression of dreamy thoughtfulness rendering his mobile features remarkably attractive, his whole air one of mystic, pensive expectancy—the boy fully looked the part he had been assigned to play by a higher intelligence than that of his earthly comrades. As Mr. Templeton spoke quietly and kindly to him, questioning him gently concerning the state of his feelings now that he was in a strange house and among people who were not even acquaintances until the day before, he replied that he felt only two emotions: *gratitude* to all who had been kind to him, and extreme *wonder* as to whither the mysterious current of his strange, eventful life was bearing him.

He struck Mr. Templeton as a child “without a country,” in the fullest sense of that expression. He was a Greek by birth, but so utterly cosmopolitan in all his instincts that one could never tell if he had a scrap more regard for one land than for all others. He talked freely—when in a conversational mood, but never made himself obtrusive, and often he showed a complete aversion to all conversation. At such times he was evidently in communion with states not generally perceived by mortals, for his bright, expressive eyes would show such signal animation as can never light the countenance of one who is indifferent or merely “thoughtful,” and certainly such bright expressions do not accompany sad moods.

As Zenophon soon showed perfect willingness to speak

freely on any topic, Mr. Templeton interrogated him closely as to the purport of his strange assertion, that the whole party were on their way to Paris, except Mrs. O'Shannon and her youngest daughter, who had decided to spend August at the White Mountains. After gazing into vacancy, as it appeared, for a few moments, he started suddenly, exclaiming, "Oh, there's Heloise again, how eager she looks. "Come at once," I see written in the air in letters of flame; she is in a telegraph office in Paris sending a dispatch; it is growing late in the evening there, the lamps are lighted. Are *you* ready to go? You *must* go. There are people you must meet who will shape all your future career, you cannot meet them here, only in Paris; in London also you have a work to do very soon, sooner than you can imagine. Look, don't you see the letters, they are *vivid* to me, you *must* see them, 'Come on *La Gascogne*, sails August 9th. Dr. Maxwell, Mrs. Finchley, Lydia O'Shannon, you and I, are all going, and we shall have lovely times across the water. The dispatch will be at Dr. Maxwell's house soon after you get back. Count Katolowynski has changed his mind, he will not prosecute, he sees it's of no use; but he will follow us to Europe. Soon after we get there, business will call him to Russia, a message from the Czar; the Count is a great nobleman, and one of the most reliable spies in the pay of the Government; the message will come from the Czar direct, he will know the cipher and obey instantly; there will be no war between England and Russia for many years, though the papers will go on declaring it imminent."

Proceeding in similar strain, passing rapidly from point to point, Zenophon outlined the future of nations as well as individuals, with an ease and apparent *certainty* that fairly startled Mr. Templeton, who could not understand how anybody, no matter how clairvoyant, could thus map out the future. He could understand how Swedenborg might describe a fire already burning in Stockholm while he was far away, but prediction of coming events he could not compre-

hend, and being pastor of a *Freewill* Baptist Church, he had a strong anti-Calvinistic horror of the doctrine of predestination. Seeing that Zenophon was decidedly in a "superior condition," he put this question to whatever power might be able to answer it through its agency—If God endows man with freedom of will,—and without such freedom I utterly fail to see how any man can be either virtuous or vicious in any moral sense—how can *any* power foretell the future without coercing human wills, and thereby nullifying the purpose of the Infinite—a result self-evidently impossible?

In soft, but decided accents, the boy made answer in these words: "Prophecy, that greatest of all spiritual gifts, is not, in any sense, as you and many others imagine, *fortune-telling*, not as though every detail of each human career were planned out so that it must occur just so, and at just such a time. There is, however, a clear-seeing faculty of spirit, which wherever possessed, enables whoever enjoys it to see the general drift of human occurrences, for not only must we recognize an immutable law or order in the universe, we must, if we are logical, attribute *foresight* to superior intelligence. Speaking of your own personal career, we discern you to be a man of more than average conscientiousness; we know you are superior to the corroding influence of monetary gain, when offers of advancement are not in the way of loyalty to sense of duty; we see the powers which are about you, we know the influences to which you are most subject, and we are also conscious that you have been selected to perform an important mission, which, however, you could put from you, were you to *sin against your convictions*. This, however, is well nigh impossible for you, for when a soul has awakened, as you have, to love of truth, the affections being wisely directed, there is little likelihood of material interests exerting a too powerful sway over conduct. We observe further that, in your case, there will not be a strong worldly inducement for you to back-slide. Your mother, who is, at present, the woman of all others nearest and dearest to you, will be

increasingly your coadjutor in every ennobling step you take on your own and other's behalf, and the lady who is to be your wife (to whom you have not yet proposed, but who is growing more and more into your ideal of womanhood, while you are fast becoming her hero, though she never thinks of you in the light of a future husband) will be, in all respects, well calculated to keep you firm in the path outlined by those who direct your steps.

Now for the affairs of Europe. The invisible world is not ruled according to the no-law theory. There is a perfect system of government there combining all the best elements of theocracy, paternalism, monarchy and republicanism, though celestial government is like no form of government now on earth. It is occasionally faintly outlined by such writers as Henry Bulwer (Lord Lytton), and others who are not simply novelists, but inspired *genii*. When you better comprehend this wise government, you will see something of the law, which enables the seer to foretell coming events.

After about an hour's converse on all sorts of topics, the man and boy—who had, by this time, grown to highly esteem each other—separated, as Mr. Templeton wanted to be back at Dr. Maxwell's by seven o'clock for dinner, as he knew arrangements had been made for a special *seance* immediately after.

On reaching the house, he found everything just as usual to all appearance, though there was a feeling of agitation in the air, as if some surprising event were about to transpire, or had already taken place. If it be true that "coming events cast their shadows before them," this was not surprising, as the circumstances of the evening more than verified all suspicions.

After dinner the party seated themselves around a large centre table in the library, in a seemingly purposeless manner. Mrs. Catsleigh was the only visitor, and she was particularly instructed to come alone; to insure this, a carriage containing Mrs. Finchley and Miss O'Shannon had

gone to pick her up, just as she was thinking where she had better take her dinner (she never liked to board regularly, and in warm weather a restaurant she had visited three times always seemed stifling to her, and the food unpalatable).

She gladly accepted an invitation to dinner, and made herself very agreeable at table, and being simply dressed in white muslin, with japonicas in her hair and corsage, she did not appear so conspicuous as on previous occasions.

Mrs. Catsleigh, who had exercised clairvoyance in childhood, soon began to shudder as though a current of cold air were passing down her spine, but on being asked what she saw or felt, she answered "Oh, nothing."

Mrs. Pushing had advised her to relinquish mediumship altogether, declaring it incompatible with pure "Christian Science," and Mrs. Catsleigh had half yielded to the importunities of her instructress; but whenever she was in Mrs. Finchley's company, she felt the old sensations (not at all unpleasant ones), quite enough to remind her that it is easy to deny what one will with the lip, but far more difficult to banish experiences which pertain legitimately to the psychic department of science and human experience. As the conversation drifted to the proceedings of Psychological Research Societies on both sides of the Atlantic, Dr. Maxwell commented forcibly upon the silly attitude of many committees; some of them being strongly addicted to a narrow form of theology, which they are determined to uphold in spite of everything, while others are so completely wedded to agnosticism that they do not *wish* to know anything about what they have already styled "*unknownable*," but what is, in reality, simply the *at-present-unknown*.

As they were talking, a slight tremulous electric movement was felt traveling round the circle, influencing all the sitters. Mrs. Finchley was the first to give voice to the influence, which made its presence felt thus palpably.

"Dear friends," she began, "before we finish our sitting, we shall receive news telling us of the need for our presence in Europe and the blessings which will accrue to us

from an Atlantic voyage. Our time of absence from home will be brief but very fruitful. Prof. de Montmarte and Heloise have already sent us word; we shall receive a telegram from the Professor and a psychic visit from his daughter this evening in this room."

Scarcely had Mrs. Finchley ceased speaking, when a clear, bell-like voice rang out in a soft, silvery peal of subdued laughter: "I've come first to deliver my message in person; papa has sent his under the ocean. You must visit us at once. *La Gascogne* sails on the 15th and that will get you to Havre by the 17th, as she makes the passage in this weather in eight days easily; then you can be at our house the same evening. This is important business, and you remember our compact; I shall always keep you to the terms of our agreement. When there's a special reason for you and papa meeting, I am to inform you by occult telegraphy, and papa's letters are to confirm the reality of my visit and the truth of what I have told you."

As the voice ceased, the door-bell rang loudly (messenger boys usually ring thus to give people a sense of the importance of the messages they bear, however lowly may be their estimate of themselves). Not liking to interfere with a *seance*, the page gently slipped the cablegram, which had arrived under the library door. Mr. Templeton picked it up and, being asked to open it, read as follows: "Very important business requires you here at once. Yourself, aunt and three visitors. You can and will come. Jerome de Montmarte."

No sooner had they received these tidings than an officer called at the house to inquire for Count Katolowynski, whose presence he declared was very greatly needed in Russia. This interruption to the proceedings proved an agreeable one, as Col. Ozokoff Petrovonovonska was one of the St. Petersburg celebrities, who in years gone by had been convinced of the existence of unseen forces operating on man, through his remarkable experiences with that most gifted medium, Daniel Dunglas Home. The Colonel was a high-bred Russian of the

noblest type, an officer of unimpeachable integrity though well versed in all the intricate diplomacy of the Russian Secret Service.

Count Katolowynski arrived soon after, purposing to re-capture Zenophon by fair means or foul. His indignation since his last interview with those whom he called the boy's "*dastardly captors*," had risen to a pitch of boiling frenzy. To be thwarted in any of his designs was gall and wormwood to his imperial temper, while to lose the chief instrument in carrying out his deep-laid plans for money-making and self-aggrandizement, goaded him to lawless desperation. He carried with him a jeweled stiletto wherever he went—a deadly toy, but so fascinating in its appearance that many delicate ladies would play with it as they would with a fan or bracelet. Determining to use force if persuasion and threatenings alike failed, though not otherwise,—the Count in faultless evening attire, blazing with diamonds, his magnificent crown of golden hair scintillating like an aureole about his head, his green eyes flashing like huge emeralds of the purest water, did indeed appear a formidable adversary to encounter.

Had Zenophon been at Dr. Maxwell's instead of at Northwalk, he would no doubt have seized the boy and walked off with him quietly, had such a course been feasible, but under present circumstances he was baffled, and to be foiled was in his case an incentive to deadly revenge on his foilers. With mischief in his eyes though politeness on his tongue, he entered the library unannounced, having overawed the page at the door; but when just about to prefer his claim, a gentleman came up to him with stately courtesy and friendly familiarity combined, saying: "My good fellow, you and I are to travel together to St. Petersburg. I am going on *La Gascogne* to Havre; she sails on the 9th. It is the gracious will of our Sovereign that we make the journey to Russia together."

"Delighted, I'm sure," replied Count Katolowynski, though he bit his lip with inward vexation. Suddenly recollecting himself, however, he turned to Dr. Maxwell, and said rather

contemptuously, though not without some simulated affability, "How do you and Zenophon get on together? I shall want my young friend to attend me on the voyage; the journey would be intolerable without him; he does everything for me that I require."

"We are going on the same steamer ourselves," responded the gentleman addressed, "so we shall all be able, I hope, to be of service to each other. I think Zenophon had better remain where he is till we sail, but I shall defer quite gladly to our new friend Col. Petrovonovonska's decision."

"I propose," said the Colonel, "that the powers beyond us decide. I am a Spiritualist, as every one who knows me knows well, and for twenty-seven years I have never been misled by any communication through my wife and daughter."

Again the voice of Heloise rang through the apartment, striking terror to the Count, but giving joy and satisfaction to all the others: "Zenophon belongs to us; he is Azoriel's protege; let any one seek, at his peril, to tamper with heaven's lightning." Other messages followed, and when Mrs. Finchley was influenced by the good Colonel's mother, the sturdy Russian was fairly overcome. At midnight they separated to their various houses, and peace reigned over all.

CHAPTER XI.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

“The waves are gayly dancing,
The ship sails bravely on,
The stars, the night enhancing,
Shine large when day has gone.
The night is cool and lighted
With phosphorescent gleam,
The porpoises are gamb’ling
Beneath the moon’s soft beam ;
Upon the deck reclining
Are trav’lers from afar ;
They meet upon the waters,
And ’neath the polar star,
Enjoy for one brief octave
A friendship which will burn
Deep in their hearts forever,
For from life’s mystic urn
They’ve drank together golden wine,
And thus are linked to Smyrna’s vine.”

After the startling tidings thus mystically communicated, active preparations were hastily made for the quickly impending departure. Mr. Templeton was at first somewhat reluctant to accompany Dr. Maxwell and the others on an excursion, which was to cost him nothing—all the expenses of the journey and entertainment of the whole party in Paris being met by Professor De Montmarte, who was a man of large means and yet larger generosity. How this dis-

tinguished scientist came into possession of his wealth, and how he employed it may be of interest to those of our readers who are seeking a solution of the financial problem of the day, and can scarcely see how in the face of such awful, glaring destitution as now prevails in all the great cities of the world, a noble-minded man can live in luxury, while multitudes are in poverty about him.

We do not wish to hold up Professor De Montmarte as an ideal hero—an absolutely perfect man,—for if there is one tendency we despise more than all others, it is to so exalt some particular person that all others appear contemptible by comparison.

The De Montmartes were a wealthy family belonging to the oldest and richest aristocracy of France. When Jerome was a boy, his father lost a considerable amount of property at a time when many noble families were reduced to absolute penury, but he sought to retrieve his fallen fortunes in a truly noble manner. Being heir-at-law to a considerable tract of country in the south of France, which no one had undertaken to cultivate, as it was considered sterile even to total unproductiveness—this good and far-seeing man saw how by judicious management he could redeem the land and thereby give employment to a number of workmen who were crying out for employment, but could get no work whatever. Many of these were sturdy, stalwart fellows; some single, some married and with families. Many were too independent to live contentedly upon alms, and were only too glad to accept Clairmont De Montmarte's offer to cultivate his land for their maintenance.

Living for awhile most economically himself—confining his wants to actual necessities—he and his family—consisting of his wife, one son and daughter, aged respectively 12 and 14 years—took up their abode at Chassonville, the nearest town to the estate.

Putting into practice some remarkable theories, discovered by himself while pursuing the study of agricultural

chemistry, some years earlier, this brave man and accomplished scientist set to work to fulfil an old-time prediction literally, "The wilderness and solitary place shall be made glad, the desert shall bloom with the rose," and sure enough, after a year's hard labor, bravely borne by director and operatives together, the first positive evidence that the scheme was to be a brilliant success crowned the efforts of the noble crew.

When the produce of the land was carried to the city markets, and there sold to good advantage, Mons. De Montmarte called the workmen together and asked them what they expected for their services. During the preliminary operations they had been supplied with house, food, clothing and tools out of his private funds, but had received no wages.

After listening to the very modest request of the men, the good philanthropist gave them three times the amount they asked, thereby furnishing them with ample funds to set up in business for themselves, should they desire to do so. Not a single man left his employ. They were perfectly free to leave at any moment, but they so loved their benefactor, the thought of leaving him was most painful to them all.

Year after year the estates continued to improve, growing more and more productive and remunerative, until in 1887, when Dr. Maxwell and his friends accepted Professor Jerome De Montmarte's invitation to his Parisian mansion, that gentleman's income amounted to 800,000 francs per annum, *i. e.*, \$160,000, or £40,000, not a single fraction of which was gained at the expense of any living creature, but in a manner adding greatly to the prosperity of all the workers.

Readers of Count Tolstoi's "What To Do," if they endorse all the views of that exceptionally conscientious and benevolent, though decidedly eccentric, Russian nobleman, may object to Professor De Montmarte's exceptionally large income, and members of the Nationalist clubs, now being formed all over England and America, taking, as a basis, the excellent system advocated by Edward Bellamy, in "Looking

Backward," may use the words of Paul and exclaim, "I show you a more excellent way." Possibly there is a more excellent way, and the Nationalists are certainly better entitled than any other party, at present, to claim to have found it. The point, however, we desire to emphasize is that there are certainly diametrically opposite ways of becoming rich—the diabolical way, a method utterly unjustifiable, viz.: that of enriching one's self by robbing others; and the rational, humane way of reaping advantages jointly with others, by so conducting business as to add to the current wealth of the world, by developing latent but as yet unacknowledged natural resources.

A less intelligent man than Clairmont De Montmarte would have lived on the reduced income remaining to him after his losses. He would have been poorer, but it would be difficult to see how his poverty would have enriched any poor people, as the money which had gone from him might have been directed into a channel where it would have increased the power of tyranny and monopoly, and he could have offered no offset.

But, following the trend of pure science, he took into partnership with himself a number of destitute people, the cause of whose destitution was lack of employment. These people were not brought into competition with their needy fellow creatures in a manner to increase the number of applicants for positions while the number of positions remained about stationary. Positions were not simply *found*, they were *created* for the applicants, and so created that the earth itself was made to yield up the treasures which had been for ages forming in her bosom, awaiting the time when some intelligent mind should learn the secret of how to unlock her treasure-house.

While we have been explaining something of Professor De Montmarte's theory of wealth and his ideas on permissible and non-permissible property, we have left our friends to prepare for the journey. Tuesday, August 9, 1887, was a

sweltering day in New York. *La Gascoigne* was to sail at 3 P. M. During the morning, Dr. Maxwell and Mr. Templeton went out to make final purchases and say good-bye to particular friends.

Dr. Gustav Zimmerman, a young graduate of the Vienna Medical University, had taken up his abode at 312 Sycamore avenue. Though only twenty-four years of age, this young physician could be safely entrusted with the most difficult cases; he was to remain as Dr. Maxwell's assistant, after that gentleman's return from Europe. Circulars had been sent to all Dr. Maxwell's friends and patients, informing them that Dr. Zimmerman fully represented Dr. Maxwell in his absence, even to the conduct of the Wednesday afternoon Bible Class, which was never discontinued.

All arrangements having been easily and effectively made for carrying on his work, Dr. Maxwell had no fear of things going wrong during his absence; he could therefore give himself up thoroughly to his new engagements unhampered by the stupid egotism which causes many people to feel and act as though they had so singular a commission from the Almighty that were they to pass from earth the world would collapse; while, as it is, nothing can possibly go properly except in that minute speck of territory which is the immediate scene of their personal exertions.

Mrs. O'Shannon and her youngest daughter had left the day previous for the White Mountains, glad to allow Lydia the advantage of a sojourn in Paris under such exceptionally favorable chaperonage. By reaching the landing stage at 2.30, and literally forcing their way through a crowd of people all highly excited, many of them jabbering incessantly about their luggage, which either had not arrived at the pier, or had been misdirected,—put into a wrong stateroom or otherwise improperly dealt with,—our party found themselves at length on the deck of an exceptionally commodious steamer.

Though the rates are rather higher on the best French and German steamers than on some of the English lines,

many people are quite willing to pay a little extra to avoid crossing the channel when bound direct for the continent, and the difference in price is after all only apparent, as the English steamers land at Liverpool, consequently passengers *en route* for Paris must pay passage from Liverpool to London and thence to France; while the French company takes its passengers direct to Havre, from which port the additional fare is a mere trifle. Another reason why the French steamers are so popular is that the service is almost perfect and the cooking beyond criticism. Drawbacks there are on all lines, many inside rooms being small, and close in hot weather. These are, of course, cheaper than the best rooms, but persons who can afford it, and wish to enjoy the luxury of travel under the most favorable conditions, find it very poor economy to pay \$80 instead of \$100 during the busy season. Our party had been furnished with two of the very best rooms on the vessel by Prof. De Montmarte, who had ordered and paid for them before inviting his guests.

Dr. Maxwell and Mr. Templeton shared an immense room, with two spacious berths, and a sofa which was allotted to Zenophon, who much preferred it to a berth. The two ladies had one of the very finest rooms on board, containing three full-sized berths and a luxurious sofa. They were all good sailors (Mr. Templeton was the only doubtful one) and anticipated much pleasure on the voyage.

At 3.15 the steamer set sail amid a perfect babel of voices and noises of every description; tears flow freely down many cheeks, and handkerchiefs waved until friends on shore could not possibly catch the faintest glimpse of them. Soon, however, everybody settled down to the situation, though it must not be supposed that all were satisfied with their rooms or the places assigned to them at the table; and (as is usually the case) those who had paid the least expected the very finest accommodation, and complained most bitterly when they had to put up with second best. At six o'clock the gong sounded for dinner, and all the passengers hastened to the sumptuous

dining saloon, where a repast was spread for them equaling anything procurable in the finest Parisian restaurants.

The chief steward,—an impressive young man, faultlessly dressed, evidently enamored of his own attractions, with dark wavy hair and a magnificent moustache,—superintended the seating of the guests, and made himself intensely popular with almost every one before the meal was over. As there were many brilliant persons on board, and French people are by no means reticent and undemonstrative like the English, the meal was a very sociable one. They did not toidly wait for introductions when there was no one who could introduce them, as they were nearly all entire strangers to each other; they introduced themselves, talked across the table as well as to their neighbors, and made themselves generally entertaining. Seated next to Mr. Finchley was a lady whom no one could pass without notice, if brought into any kind of relation with her; for though as modest and retiring as the most cultured and unassuming of women could well be, there was something about her fine expressive countenance and nobly shaped head which called forth an involuntary tribute of interested and respectful recognition. Mrs. Finchley could not help observing that this lady partook very sparingly of the delicacies set before her, and her refusal of claret was so decided as to excite great surprise among the French people present, who think no more of drinking *vin ordinaire* at lunch and dinner than Americans think of taking iced water.

This lady, who was very plainly but elegantly dressed, was evidently of noble birth; her features were intensely aristocratic, and her imperial eyes showed her to be a descendant of a house long accustomed to command. She appeared quite youthful, yet thoroughly mature in mind as well as body. When she smiled at a really good, clean joke, she looked about thirty-five; when her face showed displeasure at some innuendo which she detested, she appeared much older. Though she took her meal almost in silence, she addressed a few kindly remarks to Mrs. Finchley, who evi-

dently impressed her favorably, and once she performed a gentle act of gracious courtesy to a timid girl on her left, by helping her out of an embarrassing position, with the ease and grace of a polished diplomat; but otherwise she appeared not to seek the acquaintance or her fellow-passengers. She knew she attracted some little attention, but refused to notice it, and thereby avoided being bored with the inane questions of inquisitive tourists, whose chief object in life seems to be to practice the trade of busybody.

About ten o'clock,—the moon having risen,—a gentle breeze arose from the west, making the night delightful after the sultry day. The deck was filled with passengers, loath to leave their steamer chairs, or to cease promenading or leaning over the rails to watch the phosphorescent light upon the water, which was extremely vivid.

Mrs. Finchley and Mrs. O'Shannon gazed amusedly at some of the names on the chairs. After laughing quietly at Porke A. Hogg, Chicago, Ambrose G. Pigg, Elgin, Ill., Mrs. Fumbling Cockroach, New York, Algernon C. Bootlesheimer Cincinnati, and many others equally peculiar, they came to an occupied chair placed close against the railing of the ship, on which the name of Baroness von Eaglebald stood out in bold relief. Looking at the occupant of the chair, who was just then rising to get a better view of some particularly fine phosphorescent phenomena, concerning which the multitude were ejaculating delightedly, they at once recognized their interesting tablemate, who, bowing and smiling most graciously, made some pleasant and instructive comments on the causes of such beautiful phosphorescent illuminations following upon hot and trying days, and then, her face lighting up with a glow resembling inspiration, continued:

“I have just been reading in Cattlefield's ‘Origin of Human Emotion,’ that, as the fairest scenes in nature are only shown to us after some period of trying weather, so the intensest joys of which human beings are capable can only be felt after we have undergone some educational discipline in-

volving what we often, in our ignorance, designate distress, I have had many trials, but have learned to be thankful for every one of them; but, pardon me, I am soliloquizing aloud, still I know you agree with me; I know at once with whom I can converse freely to our mutual advantage, and you are ready for more, much more than I can express. I cannot say let us *be* friends; we *are* friends, and we know it."

Though attractive when in repose and particularly winning when expressing mirthful feeling, the Baroness' face was almost that of an angel when stirred by deep spiritual emotion, and Mrs. Finchley was just the woman to call out the holiest feelings from a deep and loving nature, while Lydia O'Shannon, who was hourly ripening into a very graceful and true woman, was just the sort of girl to attract a studious, earnest woman who had seen something of life in all its phases, and knew how to distinguish unerringly between the pure modesty of a thoroughly chaste nature and the simpering, blushing prudery of a deceitful make-believe.

The three ladies remained chatting for about half an hour until Dr. Maxwell and Mr. Templeton joined them; after a few polite words to the gentlemen the Baroness said she was about to retire for the night but hoped to renew their acquaintance on the morrow.

"I hope you have a pleasant room," said Mrs. Finchley, "our rooms are delightful."

"Oh yes, thank you," replied the Baroness, but with the air of a person who considered a stateroom a matter of no importance whatever.

About midnight Mrs. Finchley and Miss O'Shannon—who had retired to their berths but were not asleep—overheard a conversation in French, very excited on one side but very calm on the other. The calm voice was undoubtedly that of the Baroness who was defending her right to occupy a lounge in the ladies' drawing-room, against the clamorous importunities of the stewardess who insisted that under no consideration were passengers permitted to remain anywhere

at night but in their staterooms, unless they promenaded the deck, and in that case, their feet must move silently as a cat's, or the other passengers would be made angry and broken of their rest. Despite all vociferations, the Baroness continued to recline on the sofa in the drawing-room clad in an elegant, flowing robe of white flannel with a girdle round her waist and a traveling cloak lined with rich fur over the dress; her feet were shod in easy walking boots, and in that costume and in that place she resolved to sleep; her stateroom, she declared, was execrable, illy ventilated and occupied by a woman who insisted on excluding what little air could enter through the one small window which opened upon a gangway.

Mrs. Finchley at once thought how comfortable the Baroness might be in her room, as one berth and the sofa were unoccupied—and most graciously offered her the accommodation; having quickly attired herself, she went directly to the Baroness, and in her gentlest and most persuasive manner, urged her to accept the third part of her room; the noble woman, however, though evidently much pleased and even grateful for Mrs. Finchley's kind solicitude, steadily refused; it was a matter of principle with her she said, to hold a position she felt to be right when she had once taken it, and she claimed her occupancy of a lounge in the ladies' drawing-room was hers by right when she was not interfering with the convenience of other passengers: and then smilingly declared that she really hated being cooped up in staterooms and never slept while traveling except in the costume in which Mrs. Finchley then beheld her.

Mme. Chouxflour (the stewardess), was enraged and said the Captain should be at once informed. When that officer heard the case, much exaggerated by the greatly offended woman, he shrugged his shoulders and replied, "*certainment, il ne faut pas,*" thinking probably that some vulgar, half drunken person had been interfering with the comfort of some one—but when he met Mrs. Finchley and heard her side of

the story, his attitude changed immediately, and on being introduced to *La Baronne*, he was obsequiousness personified. This incident being soon noised abroad, the Baroness became the center of much interest; she hated notoriety and avoided it as much as possible; but without absolute rudeness and unkindness, she could not refuse to give information to some earnest minds who approached her on subjects in which she was greatly interested, Spiritualism and Mental Science among the number.

(She had met Mrs. Catsleigh in New York and taken private lessons from her, with which she was measurably pleased). An original thinker, of deep and versatile genius, she never failed to interest all enlightened minds. As a conversationalist she was unusually happy, and was in some respects almost the equal of those great women of France whose salons developed the art of conversation into a science.

One evening in the early part of the voyage, when many of the passengers were sick and the music-room was almost deserted, Lydia O'Shannon sat down to the piano and played exquisitely one of Heine's delicious *nocturnes*, while the Baroness reclined at a distance seemingly asleep. She had grown to feel very tenderly to the sensitive girl who strongly resembled one of her own nieces, the beautiful Countess Isidora di Padoma, who had married at eighteen a distinguished Italian nobleman, and was then residing in Padua, whither the Baroness herself was bound.

As the music floated out upon the evening breeze, carrying healing to the sick, consolation to the sad, hope to the doubting and courage to the faint of heart, the sweet voice of Heloise subdued almost to a whisper, but clear and sweet as a nightingale's trill, sounded through the *salon* like a far-off echo of some great *prima donna's* tones, *Ave Maria, piena di grazie*, sounded forth in sweet, liquid Italian, straight into the Baroness' ear; then suddenly the song ceased.

"What can this be? Who can be singing thus?"

inquired the stately lady starting from her seat, a light of pleased amazement illumining her expressive face.

Lydia, springing to her side, was in her arms in a moment, and the elder and younger ladies were united then and there in the embrace of true and fadeless friendship. Heloise stood between them. They both saw her, while above their heads they saw as well as felt an electric thrill from the unseen presence of Azoriel, which conveyed to both at once an idea which expressed itself spontaneously in these words: "We three have the same guardian and are in the same circle of souls; we can never be really separated, in time or eternity."

CHAPTER XII.

THE MYSTIC AT HOME.

“Over the mountains toward the sea
They told me was a wondrous land,
A country free from sin and doubt,
From fear and care ; upon whose strand
Angelic beings talked with men,
And showed how deities devise
Divinest moulds beyond our ken,
And how with magical surprise
A traveler once was led by guide,
Enveloped in a cloak of light
To reach a mystic cavern where
'Twas always day, yet always night.
A lamp perpetual shed its beam
Across the tesellated floor,
While hangings of rare tapestry
Shrouded the massive golden door ;
There worked the alchemists who change
Base metals into burnished gold,
Whose secret is alone revealed
To those who are both pure and bold.”

As the voyage progressed, the days and nights passed rapidly away without a ripple to disturb the harmony of those passengers who had grown to look upon each other in the light of dear friends, though their physical acquaintance was of such recent origin. About twenty persons were vitally interested in occult matters generally ; about fifty more took a sporadic interest in psychic phenomena ; a few prigs looked

upon the whole subject with supercilious contempt; while a handful of strictly "orthodox believers" regarded everything except their own dogmas as soul destroying heresy. It is often very delightful, entertaining and instructive to meet with large minds representing various schools of thought, out of sight of land for days together, and hear them argue in a friendly spirit, over doctrines which have lighted the fires of the inquisition and sent men to the rack in their defence. Under the calmer skies of this more liberal age, no gibbet looms in view confronting with frightful sufferings all who dare to express honest convictions at variance with the views of a reigning majority, and while travelling, one meets many more enlightened than bigoted people, as bigots are very apt to be confirmed stay-at-homes, and when they venture forth into the great world, they usually scent each other out and herd together after the manner of clanish animals, who never wander willingly into any company outside their own species. Exclusive society rules, as well as restrictive denominational customs are all relics of the clanishness of undeveloped races; while breath of sentiment, liberal education, and all the word *culture* rightly means, greatly enlarges the area in which man holds instructive friendly converse with his brother.

Night after night, when there were but few people in the music room, Lydia O'Shannon improvised sweet strains on the grand piano. At first she was left pretty much to her immediate circle of friends, but soon the entrancing melodies grew so well defined, her voice rose to such clear heights of almost perfect tone, that one by one men, women and children stole noiselessly into the saloon and were soon transfixed with wonder and delight at the superb performance of so youthful an *artiste*.

"Is she in training for opera?" "Has she already come out?" These and many like questions were constantly asked of her friends, to all of which, calm, impassive negatives were quietly given; still the impression was rapidly gaining ground all over the ship and even in the minds of Dr.

Maxwell and Mrs. Finchley, that Lydia was destined to be a great songstress; one who would not only score brilliant worldly success, charming the multitude by her sweet, clear notes and wide range of tone, but would in addition to every outward grace, touch those deeper springs of human feeling which only vibrate in response to appeals which never rise from simple loveliness of exterior form or classic purity and depth of song.

Mr. Templeton who constantly listened to the girl and watched her intently while his ears drank in rich volumes of harmony, was beginning—almost unconsciously to himself—to love her with that deep, abiding, growing affection of which only large, constant natures are capable; he could not well define his feelings to himself, he was not at all a sensuous man and he detested flirtation. Marriage he did not think of as yet, but he was beginning to realize that Lydia's presence contributed something very real, quieting and ennobling to his life; he began to feel that he could be a far wiser and happier man in her presence than removed far from her, and such a feeling is one of the sweetest and surest tokens of the dawn of pure and lasting love.

Zenophon, who enjoyed sailing exceedingly and had been much accustomed to the blue waters of the Mediterranean and Levant in his childhood, was happy as the day was long, and nothing occurred to disturb the serenity of his enjoyment or to ruffle the feelings of his new friends. Count Katolowsky had been detained on business of the utmost importance which came upon him like an avalanche, after he made every preparation for departure on "La Gascogne."

Col. Petrovanovska had been detained by the same business, which consisted of important negotiations with the Russian Minister at Washington, and other affairs of a nature which would brook no delay; the two gentlemen had been thus forced to forego their passage, which they easily transferred at no pecuniary loss, and were now intending to sail on the *Nordeutscher* steamer "Teufelheute," which would set

sail for Bremen on the 23d. Count Katolowynski's rage knew no bounds, for despite his cruelty on some occasions, he really loved Zenophon in the selfish way in which one person can love another who is useful to him and also a means of gratifying an ambitious and over-weening sense of self-importance. Zenophon could never decide whether he really cared for the Count or not, as when under his mesmeric sway he idolized him, but when released from the spell he felt a sense of security and rest, and enjoyed liberty as much as any released captive. Zenophon's childhood had been in some respects unnatural; he was left an orphan at a very early age and having to wander about in search of a livelihood, he was sometimes employed to sweep a church and at other times to assist the steward on board a yacht; he always had enough to eat and drink, something to wear and a roof over his head; his temperament was sunny and he had attained to something of that *higher carelessness* which makes people contented with few material advantages and little worldly wealth; he was usually happy, and he made people happy about him; he was industrious when work was required of him, but his natural temperament much resembled that of the best type of Hindu mystic; he was introspective and psychometric, and from babyhood had shown signs of spiritual precocity.

When Count Katolowynski met him he was in an out-door church procession strewing flowers as the statue of the Blessed Mother passed through the streets of an old Italian city on the Feast of the Assumption (Aug. 15th.) The day was very hot, but toward evening a cool breeze had arisen. Count Katolowynski, who had been educated in the Russian church, which pays great homage to the mother of Christ though not in the exact manner customary in the church of Rome, was greatly impressed with the beauty of the scene; but it was Zenophon's face that captured him. He knew at a glance that the boy (then only nine years of age) was just the one to yield to his will in everything and carry out many of his designs which lacked fulfillment because of the absence

of a competent coadjutor. He then and there accosted the boy who went to his apartments that very night and began his duties as *valet de chambre* to the imperious nobleman who was then not much over twenty-one, but had achieved so much occult as well as secular information that the boy was his docile attendant from the very moment the imperial green eyes had fastened upon him. From that day forward the two had been inseparable. The Count had failed in nothing during the six years they had been together; and now to be compelled to bend to a mysterious, invisible power beyond his strength, was indeed humiliating to the handsome despot, who at twenty-seven had ten times the arrogance and determination he possessed at twenty-one. But we shall meet the Count in Europe, and need not now dwell further on his doings or his character.

After a delightful passage, occupying exactly eight days, La Gascogne reached Havre, August 17. Our friends reached Paris the same evening about nine o'clock. As they landed at the Gare du Nord, they observed a very handsome carriage with a magnificent pair of white horses, which they instinctively felt was intended to take them to the residence of Prof. de Montmarte. Their impression proved correct, and the stately footman, who was well known to Dr. Maxwell, at once recognized him, and in a few moments the whole party was comfortably ensconced in the commodious equipage.

A drive of rather more than half an hour brought them to the hospitable mansion which bore the euphonious title of "Les Rameaux." This suggestively Oriental appellation marked the stately dwelling as a house apart from all its neighbors. It was approached through an ancient courtyard, and was indeed a mediæval palace containing many trophies of the time of Louis Quatorze and yet earlier monarchs; the mullioned windows were left just as they stood four or five hundred years before; nothing had been changed in the design, but the stonework had been kept in repair and modern improvements freely introduced into the interior. To describe

the beauty of the court around which the house was built, would task the ingenuity of a descriptive artist; those who have seen the finest modern hotels, for example "The Coronado," near San Diego in Southern California and have enjoyed the fountains and flowers in its splendid open court, have a just conception of the design, but not of the beauty or picturesqueness of this most lovely home.

Modern buildings have a new, almost raw appearance; and suggest nothing but modern capital and enterprise; in California such structures are built principally of wood, and being only a few years old, have a glaring look of newness; moreover privacy or anything approaching to retirement is unimaginable in connection with a fashionable hotel at a watering place. "The Palms," on the contrary, though in the very midst of Paris,—scarcely a stone's throw from a crowded, bustling thoroughfare, and within five minutes' walk of several popular resorts,—was as silent as a tomb but for the distant low murmur of city life, which scarcely penetrated the massive enclosure like a faint echo from another world, hardly perceptible except one strained one's ears to catch it; and then the house and its appurtenances reminded one of bygone times as much as Oxford, Cambridge, York, or some other grand old English city where every spot is associated with great epochs in human history.

The contrast between the outside and inside of Prof. de Montmartre's inimitable mansion was perhaps its most fascinating feature, as there was nothing shocking to the most æsthetic taste in this contrast, striking though it was. The twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were all holding their own in the form of the ceilings, the shape of the windows, the paneled oak wainscots, the heavy doors, and massive stairways. The nineteenth century at its best had not turned out its predecessors, it had but heightened the charm of their productions. The massive candelabra, naturally associated with a bygone day, held their own in stately magnificence, but electric light had banished wax or candle grease,

but so gracefully had it accommodated itself to its surroundings that it shed a graceful, mellow light in candle-shaped burners; the candles of the new age, retaining all the beauty but none of the inconvenience of earlier candles which often smoked and guttered, and went out in a draught. The whole house was warmed as well as lighted by electricity, which also served for cooking. Prof. de Montmarte, who had studied gastronomy as well as all other sciences, declared that food cooked by electric agency was far more healthful than when prepared in any other way, unless the direct action of the sun's rays could be brought to bear upon it; he further stated, that for the eyes, electric light, properly tempered, was far preferable to gas, candles, oil, or any other contrivance; while for heating purposes, the culture of fruit and flowers, etc., electricity was utterly without a rival,—and, strange as it may appear to those who are bound by conventional notions,—on the hottest day in summer the house was kept perfectly cool by the same electric force which warmed it completely in winter.

While giving a few particulars concerning the house and its management, we have left our friends in retirement in their rooms, preparing for the late supper which was always prepared for guests who arrived in the evening. Though very embodiments of hospitality, Dr. Maxwell and his lovely daughter never appeared to meet arriving guests, nor did guests ever see their host and hostess till they met in banquet hall or breakfast room to partake of a social meal.

The Professor and Heloise were so sweetly considerate of the refined susceptibilities of sensitive visitors, that they invariably sent kind letters ahead and a carriage to the station but never presented themselves till their guests had changed their garments, or at least removed the soil of travel. They never forgot the smallest detail which could add to the comfort of those whom they had requested to sojourn under their roof; thus, if luggage was not immediately delivered, the elegant and useful aids to the toilet and wardrobe which were

plentifully supplied in all the guest chambers, enabled visitors to make themselves very comfortable and thoroughly presentable before they met their host or hostess. Five handsome rooms were prepared (all opening on to one corridor) for the party now just arrived. Mrs. Finchley and Miss O'Shannon were provided with separate but communicating rooms; Dr. Maxwell, Mr. Templeton and Zenophon had three rooms which could open the one into the other if desired, otherwise they were quite distinct. Each communicating room was provided with a bolt on both sides of the connecting door, so that under no circumstances could a person enter unbidden; and not only did Professor de Montmarte thus secure to each unmarried guest that total privacy which every human being sometimes needs if he or she is to live a truly individual healthy life, free from nervous discords; he always supplied a married couple with two rooms on precisely the same plan, as he regarded it cruel and barbarous to force or even persuade any two persons under any circumstances, to occupy the same apartment, unless in a case of absolute necessity. This noble and wise man was a practical philanthropist; he demonstrated the soundness of his views by carrying them out in every detail of daily life; by this means he won for himself the respect due to a thoroughly practical man of science who never advocated a theory the usefulness of which he could not prove.

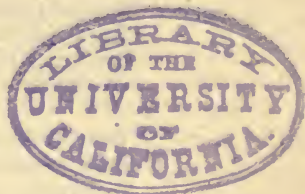
At eleven o'clock, an electric bell sounding in each of the chambers, was a signal to the guests that they were expected in the banquet hall. On leaving their rooms, they were escorted by pages down the massive marble stairways to a hall of such beauty they could hardly associate it with ordinary pursuits such as eating, drinking and the entertainment of company.

The banquet hall was like a fairy palace lighted with five hundred miniature electric lamps. At one end of the table sat Prof. de Montmarte, a man fully sixty years of age, but looking less than forty, though by his own deliberate choice,

his hair was white as snow; he was clad in a superb oriental robe and looked the very embodiment of Eastern goodness and wisdom. Directly facing him sat his beautiful daughter, who in flowing white robes with no ornament save lilies of the valley at her throat and in her superb dark hair, looked like some bright goddess descended from above to grace a banquet to which a few specially privileged mortals had been invited by beings of a higher race.

As their guests entered, both host and hostess rose and went to the very door to meet them, eyes and lips alike expressing the depth and sincerity of the welcome they extended. After cordially greeting the ladies and gentlemen, Prof. de Montmarte kissed Zenophon on his forehead, while Heloise placed both hands on his head and blessed him in the name of Azoriel; no sooner had the words left her lips than a living sheen of electric fire encircled them, and the glorious form of the angel was visible to all present. Dr. Maxwell and Mrs. Finchley were awed in to reverent stillness, but they were not the least afraid. Lydia O'Shannon cried gently, but her tears were of deep and grateful emotion, not called forth by dread. Mr. Templeton was startled, almost terrified. The angelic form was not *materialized*; it was a form of electric light without any semblance of flesh, blood, or garments; it could not be described as other than it appeared—*electric light in the form of man*—and such a beautiful and impressive form, so stately, wise and kind, that all who saw it must have bent in reverential love; but coupled with this wonderful graciousness was a keen, penetrative glance, which evidently read through the most secret thoughts of the heart. Not a word issued from this shape of flame, but whatever Azoriel intended his pupils should learn he communicated to them by influx into their minds. All present saw their careers marked out in that moment, but not in the manner in which fortune tellers mark out the future. It was inwardly revealed to them what their work in life was to be, they were shown their destiny, in the sense in which the word destiny

is understood by the truly enlightened. Then the glorious presence vanished as it came, suddenly disappearing in a soft, mellow, rainbow-tinted cloud of lessening light. Heloise and her father smiled a radiant smile; no one present ventured to talk over the matter at that time, and as quietly as though nothing unusual had taken place, the host said to the page in attendance, "Leonidas, serve the pineapple," while Heloise remarked to Mrs. Finchley, who was seated next her, "These grapes are from our own hot house; the seeds came from Palestine."



CHAPTER XIII.

HOW ARE THE DEAD RAISED, WITH WHAT BODIES DO THEY COME?

“Beloved friends, it cannot be,
This body which I cast aside
Can surely not victorious ride
O'er death, and then return to me !

“But tho' this form of gathered dust,
Shall turn to grasses, trees and flowers,
To decorate earth's garden bowers,
In resurrection still I trust.

“The soul emancipate from clay
Surmounts the wreck of mortal things,
And on glad, tireless, golden wings
Appears in garments bright as day.”

After a delicious night's rest, our friends were aroused at 10 A.M. by the sounding of a sweet, clear-toned electric bell ringing in each of the rooms. As the bell rang, a tray containing coffee, rolls, butter, cream and fruit, was brought into each of the chambers by a perfectly disciplined attendant, who opened the door and put it on a table just inside, and then departed. Every one felt so perfectly at home in Professor de Montmartre's delightful residence, that when an hour later they assembled in the morning-room to discuss plans for the day, it seemed as though they had all been living there for weeks, instead of thirteen hours only. There were no inquiries after health, such as “Well, how did you rest; are you not tired after your journey?” etc.

The good professor and his radiant daughter, who always felt and looked the very embodiment of the most perfect health themselves, never suggested the thought of illness to others.

"How bright you are all looking," Heloise did say, and she meant it. They had all enjoyed eight or nine hours' perfectly unbroken slumber, undisturbed by any kind of dream, and when they awoke, were all conscious of having slept and mentally rested in some delightful, tranquil atmosphere, into which no wave of discord entered. From eleven till one they all agreed to drive in the *Bois de Boulogne*; at half-past one they would partake of luncheon, or *dejeuner a la fourchette*, as it is termed in Paris; then during the afternoon they would meet for mutual converse on the themes in which they were most deeply interested; dinner would be served at half-past six, and half-past eight would find them in a theatre; thus they most agreeably planned out their first day in the gay French metropolis, which, to Miss O'Shannon and Mr. Templeton, was an undiscovered country, full of delightful promise.

The drive was delightful, taken in a commodious drag easily accommodating twelve persons, and as four strong horses drew the vehicle, no one was tortured with the feeling that cruelty to animals was practised to give pleasure to man. The *Bois* was looking its loveliest; rain had fallen a few days before, refreshing the earth and removing the dust from the trees now thickly covered with their deep, dark foliage; the birds sang jubilantly in the fresh, clear air, for, though the sun was high, a breeze was blowing, bearing with it the far-off odor of the ocean, and the sweet, soft scents of the lovely country, which divides Paris from the sea.

Nowhere in all the world is nature fairer or kinder than in *la belle France*; the torrid heat of the extreme south of Europe is unknown equally with the dense fogs of the Channel Islands and the rigors of the Baltic coast. Paris is moreover a sweet, clean, bright, smiling city, freer, perhaps,

from disagreeable features than any other of the capitals of the world; to say that it is a wicked city is no truer than to say that vice lurks wherever masses of human beings congregate, ignorant of the divine law of harmony in accordance with which all might live in peace, virtue and prosperity.

Professor de Montmarte was a whole-souled optimist, not one of those gushing sentimentalists who smile at everything and justify everything, but a grand, noble man of philosophic temper, who, beyond and within all finite encrustations and appearances, could discern the living soul of humanity revealed in lineaments divine to the quick eye of spirit, if not to the dull sight of sense. As they drove through the lovely sylvan paths on that pleasant August day, the thoughts of all the party seemed fully attuned to the harmonies of nature everywhere displayed around them; a feeling of conscious oneness with nature took possession of them, causing them to feel that they and all nature understood each other and were at peace.

On their return home they found a delicate repast awaiting them, but neither fish, flesh, fowl, wine or tobacco ever entered "The Palms." Professor de Montmarte was a vegetarian, and he never suggested to those who visited him that they might possibly require anything, contrary to the rule of his household. A member of the French Academy, a man thoroughly conversant with all the natural sciences, anthropology in particular, he invited friends to live and thrive in those conditions most conducive to health and happiness, in which he and his daughter luxuriated and in which many poor sufferers found or recovered health, peace and joy, to which they had long been strangers, or which, in many instances, they had never previously known. Vegetarian cooking suggests to many minds, ordinary poor living with meat left out; to the intelligent expert in the science of gastronomy, it means a mode of living compared with which the ordinary diet of unnaturalism appears repulsive and absurd as well as inhuman.

As it is not our present intention to compile a work on hygienic cooking, we shall not give recipes for all the delicious dishes on Professor de Montmartre's table, but we will name among them mushroom, artichoke and sea-kale patties, which are easily made, and when served with melted butter are very substantial and satisfying. Bread made from entire wheat flour, and omelettes of various kinds. The profusest abundance of the choicest fruits, and delicate beverages made from the freshest and ripest of fruits that very day, made the meal one with which the most fastidious epicure could not have been discontented. Fresh fruit beverages used instead of wine, when steadily partaken of for even a short time, permanently overcome all taste for spiritous liquors and other intoxicating drinks.

During the meal, which was partaken of very leisurely, the conversation turned to the remarkable appearance of Azoriel the evening before, the extraordinary nature of which provoked the most earnest inquiry, particularly from Mr. Templeton, who had been disgusted with some very coarse *materialism* he had witnessed in Boston a few years previously. In the course of conversation, he said :

“I never could be made to believe that a solid form that made the floor creak audibly when it walked, which issued from a suspicious looking cabinet and touched me with a fat, damp, intensely carnal hand, was a being from the unseen world temporally shrouded in a veil of flesh, manufactured through a gathering of a miscellaneous company of very dubious persons, whose conduct with these forms was to me revolting in the extreme ; and then the money-making, circus-managing atmosphere of the whole affair repelled me even more than the particularly uninviting nature of the phenomena presented.

“I went home from two of these seances with my mind fully made up that Spiritualism was nothing but a mixture of disgusting necromancy and audacious imposture ; and on the strength of such experience I warned my congregation

against the whole subject. Since I have been with Dr. Maxwell and Mrs. Finchley, I have learned that there is much in Spiritualism which commands respectful attention; but I have seen nothing akin to such wonders as I saw here last night, except on one occasion when I was so completely overcome I did not know whether I was in my senses or had taken leave of them. Now what I want to learn, my dear Professor, is your view of *materialization*, and how do the radiant appearances of your angel guardian differ from those solid forms we witness at seances with American mediums, if the latter may be at any time accounted genuine?"

"My dear friend," returned Professor de Montmarte, "this subject may require ages for its complete elucidation. I have been studying it diligently for the past thirty years, but even now I feel but an infant in regard to it. I have, however, arrived at certain conclusions all borne out by personal experience, which I shall be most happy to lay before you.

"I never speak of these things save to those who show themselves earnest in their inquiry into the hidden mysteries of nature; to all such I feel it a privilege and delight to offer such knowledge as I have accumulated. But let us adjourn to the library; in its cosy, tranquil atmosphere, where I am accustomed to consider all deep subjects, I feel better able to clearly express my views; it is a pet hobby of mine to connect certain ideas with certain apartments. Of course I could not do this were Heloise and myself confined to two or three chambers; but as we have a large house which affords every opportunity, I give myself the pleasure of indulging this taste; and I really find it a useful one, as no end of people come here suffering from various disorders, who are made whole while sitting in my office. I have two offices, an inner and an outer; into the outer I admit all applicants whom I receive at all; into the inner I only take those persons whom I feel are ready for something subtler than a little good advice and a simple atmospheric electric treatment."

"Are you then a practicing physician?" pursued Mr. Templeton, eager to learn something of the life of this remarkable man without being inquisitive.

"I practice where I *know* I can be of service; under no other circumstances do I ever exercise the healing gift. As to pecuniary recompense, I need none; my estates are large, my income more than sufficient for all the uses to which I need to put money. I, however, counsel the wealthy, who receive a blessing, to consecrate a portion of their worldly means to the assistance of the needy; and, above all, after receiving light, to let it shine for the illumination of those in darkness."

Heloise rose and led the way to the spacious library, where Prof. de Montmarte conducted his scientific experiments and did a vast amount of literary work, including much correspondence of the highest importance with influential persons in all parts of the world. The apartment was as large as a good-sized chapel, the walls were covered with bookshelves all round the room, from floor to ceiling, except where the windows (seven in all), of Gothic design, filled with colored glass, occupied the space. The books were classified as in a great public library; a light iron gallery ran around the room, facilitating the approach to the upper shelves. On the catalogue 37,373 books were designated, ranging over every conceivable subject; many of these were curious, but none were valueless, as they had all been carefully selected and arranged in their respective departments with a view to simplifying, as far as possible, the scientific and literary labors of the privileged students who, from time to time, were permitted to enter this sacred enclosure, dedicated to all knowledge helpful to mankind. Several old manuscript volumes were so rare that their only duplicates could be found in the British Museum, while others, more priceless still, had no known duplicates on earth.

Always of a studious turn, Mr. Templeton was enraptured with this massive and marvelous collection of the

greatest thoughts of the world's great thinkers, so much so that it jarred upon him to hear Heloise remark that she cared very little for the best of books, as they became unnecessary when one outgrew the need for reading and could launch out upon the ocean of ungathered and unlimited information in a purely psychic and unfettered way.

"My daughter is a seeress of the old Chaldean type," smiled the professor, "she can procure for me in one of her astral pilgrimages more knowledge than I can receive in years by dint of hard study. Azoriel is her preceptor and I am her pupil."

"Oh! don't say that, my darling father, I am your child, and from you I have learned more than I ever put in practice; but let us not discuss these questions now, I will take my old place at your knee on my favorite footstool, while you tell Mr. Templeton all you deem wise to tell him about the astral body and its appearances."

As she sat at her father's feet, her eyes beaming with affection, she looked like a simple, artless child, very pure and lovely, but, in no way, removed from the ordinary type of girlhood, except by reason of her almost supernatural beauty. Seeing her thus, Lydia O'Shannon, who was of a most affectionate nature, and had often enjoyed the society of an intimate friend whom she called a chum, sat down on another stool next to Heloise and felt perfectly contented in her position till she ventured to lean her head against her new friend's shoulder, when suddenly she started to her feet as though struck by lightning. Heloise laughed good naturedly and said in her sweetest voice:

"Had I thought you were going to apply for such a severe shock, I would have warned you, but I'm never terrible unless some one purposes evil, so you may feel quite easy; you are stronger for the thrill that went through you; they call me living lightning, you are not yet prepared to come in contact with my body without feeling the current almost too forcibly. I allowed a very sweet girl to sleep with me one

night, because she wished to, and while I was asleep, she was deposited on the floor six times in succession; at last she went into an adjoining room and felt no more electrical disturbance. I account for this only on the score of my being so highly charged with electric force that I convey it to any one who approaches me quite without intention; but I confess when I wish to make persons feel it, I can do so readily. But my dearest Lydia, you must not let this incident estrange us or cause you to be afraid of me; I am, I assure you, quite harmless where you are concerned, and I am not satisfied with being harmless in your case, I am resolved to be your friend in deeds as well as in words, before long you will learn how we can be of use to each other."

The gentle Lydia, gazing with almost awe struck eyes on the beautiful, queenly figure so graciously smiling upon her and reassuring her in such kindly accents, felt that Heloise, indeed, might be an aid to her all through her life, but she could not foresee how, under any circumstances, she could be of assistance to her vigorous, talented and strangely influential friend; but so turn the tides of human affairs not seldom, that those who deem themselves the weakest often find how necessary they are to others, who, to all appearances, are the least dependent of mortals.

Continuing the conversation between Prof. de Montmarte and Mr. Templeton, the elder with much gravity, but not the slightest shade of arrogance, spoke as follows:

"I can say much to you which I should not wish to say to ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who question me on these subjects. The bane of Spiritualism has ever been that it has by its very attractiveness and other worldliness, invited lovers of sensation who are neither religious or scientific, but flippant and unreliable in the extreme; also many adventurers who sought to bend it to their own unworthy ends. By sensationers, hystericists and tricksters, much havoc has been made; and you, I judge, have seen far too much of the dark and not enough of the bright side of the

subject to enable you to clearly discriminate between its chaff and wheat; *materialization* seems especially perplexing to you. Now I refuse to affirm that all that passes current for genuine phenomena is genuine, and I equally refuse to admit that it is all fraudulent. Some persons are helped in an indirect manner by ocular demonstrations; I do not, however, deem it advisable to court such manifestations as almost invariably take place under suspicious circumstances. The moral and physical atmospheres of the places where they occur are often highly impure, and as to the people who gather constantly to witness them, their minds are not usually in a satisfactory condition. That intelligent entities, apart from physical organisms, *can* gather together atmospheric emanations and condense them into similitude of flesh and bone, I do not deny; but Azoriel has given us a far different philosophy, and has taught us to look, not to the carnalization of spirit, but to its expression on a higher plane than that of gross matter.

“My researches in electrical science have convinced me that electricity is the basis of all expressions of life; ‘the germ of all life is electricity,’ is a correct statement; but I beg you to understand that by electricity I do not mean simply those lower forms of its expression, which illiterate people consider its all-in-all and frequently denominate *galvanism*, when they employ it in medical practice. *Electricity cannot be generated*; it can, however, be attracted, brought to a given focus and used for specific purposes; then, when we have made use of this omnipresent, all-vitalizing energy it returns whence it came, and concerning it, the words can be fitly spoken, applied, in the New Testament, to the wind and the Holy Spirit: ‘Thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.’

“Spirit appears only in electric form; the spiritual body is an electric body, and when it is shown to man on earth in its purity, it has no resemblance to a fleshy structure, it is a shape of light. The form is perfectly, radiantly, gloriously human; but despite all that can be said on the other side by

carnalizers of a spiritual idea, there is neither scientific or scriptural warrant for belief in a resurrection of a *material* body, nor is there much to be gained by affording conditions for what is vulgarly termed *materialization*. As you, Mr. Templeton, will soon be called to teach *scientific religion*, genuine theology, not a series of deductions from creeds, articles, and catechisms, formulated to veil rather than to reveal the spirit, I ask you to carefully study the stories of the transfiguration of Jesus, and the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the faithful at Jerusalem, with a perfectly unbiased mind, without commentaries, and with all predilections due to your training for the ministry, banished from your thoughts. In these sublime narratives especially, and in many others in somewhat less degree, you will find a full recognition of the understanding of the early Gnostics, who were all deeply versed in the science of spirit and its revelations. When the church externalized itself and sought temporal dominion, it carnalized through misinterpretation, the Scriptures it continued to venerate; from before the time of Constantine to the present moment, a disguise has been thrown over the record. Among deeply versed clergy, this inner truth, to which I am referring, is known, at least, in part; to the mass of the clergy it is quite unknown, so their bald exotericism has, at least, the virtue of honesty. In your denomination (Baptist) there is not probably one preacher in five hundred who has the least conception of the tell-tale histories on the shelves in my library, as all such books have been from the first interdicted and excluded from divinity schools as impious, while they really set forth the only possible basis, on which science and religion can stand and thrive together in future generations.

Modern Spiritualism is not yet systematized; its later developments will throw much light on the anachronisms of earlier days; it is, moreover, difficult at present to get people to investigate the subject impartially. I, as a man of science, rather than a theologian, having arrived at conclusions

through force of actually demonstrated facts, repeated most convincingly over and over again in my own home, when only my daughter and myself were present, cannot be expected to feel as those feel who have darling hypotheses to sustain, dogmas to defend, and personal interests to serve. I invite facts and let them speak for themselves. I have no opinion where I lack information, and as to prejudice I despise it. I will not say that any of their editors and contributors are other than sincere; but when I glance over the pages of the many spiritualistic, theosophic and metaphysical publications which I regularly receive from all parts of the world, written in all languages and displaying all grades of thought from driveling imbecility to dignified sagacity, I can but smile and wonder how the general public is likely to fare at the hands of such a strange multitude of conflicting counselors.

“Azoriel instructs us not to ‘*answer*’ anything, however false, vituperative or ridiculous. We, however, communicate anonymously through strictly impersonal articles of a scientific nature with several European and American periodicals. We never take sides, pay compliments or enter complaints. When we have facts to record we relate them with no more addition than a brief, explanatory comment when this is needful, in consequence of the singular nature of the subject matter.

“I could relate to you hundreds of instances of our receiving tidings of events happening in the remotest parts of the world, telegraphed to us with lightening dispatch and recorded in this office, hours, days, and even weeks, before the Paris or London journals received an inkling of the affair. Were I to publish a hundredth part of what we verify every year, this house would be besieged with requests for every kind of unlawful information. That is why we do not offer to instruct the world at large in the art of electrical divination; for were we to do so, all the Porke A. Hogges, from Chicago and everywhere else, would be offering me hundreds

of dollars a sitting if I would tell them how to increase their millions by adding further rascality to their already nefarious traffic in human souls and bodies; and then, on bended knee, offer their hands, hearts and fortunes, to my pure, high-minded daughter, who detests the very air they have polluted with their disgusting presence."

"Porke A. Hogge," broke in Mr. Templeton; "that is a name we saw on board the steamer on one of the chairs. We were introduced to the owner before the voyage was over. His views on 'the new Democracy' were at least amusing. He must weigh at least three hundred pounds, is fully as wide as he is high; has no hair, a smooth-shaven, shiny face, eyes like little black beads, and the gait of a rhinoseros. Pardon my uncomplimentary description of a suitor for your daughter's hand, but the offer strikes me as too ludicrous. Surely it can not be that that man proposed to her? Count Katolowynski, I know, was dismissed from her presence abruptly for some impertinence, but he is young, handsome and stately. I could imagine his making her a proposal, but Mr. Hogge, never."

"Mr. Hogge," rejoined the young lady's father, "is the proud possessor of \$17,000,000. What matters it to match-making parents and misguided girls that the man is odiously vulgar, shamelessly ignorant, and unmentionably immoral, or that his wealth was literally stolen from his employees; and also gained by a barbaric disease—engendering occupation? My daughter has happily learned to place her affections on far other treasures than those which money can purchase and thieves remove. And besides all this, you probably are somewhat acquainted with her peculiar mission, and have divined that for her earthly attachments can never be of the ordinary kind. For dear Lydia another destiny is prepared. Marriage will bring to her and the man she blesses with her love, and whose home she graces with her talent, more than usual happiness. Zenophon is appointed to a work removed from the ordinary. You, my friend, have much yet to learn,

but your mind and heart are opening to the truth, as flowers open to the sunshine. It will not be long ere you return to your pulpit to proclaim what will be indeed glad tidings; the very near future will reveal your true work, its nature and scope. You have questioned me on many themes which I can not deal with all at once; you must grow to understand through intuitive perception, or you can not profit by the statements of another to any great extent."

As the Professor ceased speaking, a gentle, tremulous thrill pulsated through the room and strongly affected Mr. Templeton, who instinctively grasped Prof. de Montmarte's right hand, while Heloise took his left; then slowly rising into fulness of majestic form, in grandeur inexpressible, appeared Azoriel, this time without causing Mr. Templeton the slightest dread; though as the radiant presence darted knowledge to his brain and showed him Lydia O'Shannon and himself, as man and wife, working side by side with his beloved mother, in the old home amid the green hills of Vermont, he was too overcome to articulate a syllable. At that moment a flood of life coursed through his veins, such as he had never felt before or even dreamed of ever possessing, as his constitution had never been robust; and some of his friends thought they detected symptoms of incipient consumption. From that hour he had a new lease of life; the subtle process of electrical regeneration had then and there commenced. The inrushing tide of force from the angelic sphere, of which the angel was the center, started a physical condition which no other treatment could commence; and thus, in the three-fold manner in which a genuine spiritual revelation ever appeals to humanity, this honest seeker after truth found moral, intellectual and bodily strength and purity flow together in one electric stream from the *divine beyond*, calling forth the divine within.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PARISIAN SUNDAY.

“ We left our beds at dawn of day,
We drank our coffee, ate our bread,
Then hastened to the sacred fane
Where the most holy MASS is said.
Our duty to high heaven done,
We wandered gently to the Seine,
There took a boat and sailed away
Beneath the sun to yonder plain
Where emperors and kings have met
And great, decisive battles fought.
The air was restful, all was calm ;
We gave ourselves to pleasant thought,
We dined beneath tall, spreading trees
Whose arms for centuries have spread
Kind shelter over multitudes
Who, by their love of natural led,
Have found a Sabbath in the air
Conducive both to praise and prayer.
The day was hot, the night was cool,
We sauntered home at dying eve,
And felt when we retired to sleep
Our souls could heaven’s high arches cleave.
That was our Sabbath ; say my friend,
Had yours more grace or holier end ? ”

A Sunday in Paris will, doubtless, suggest to some of our readers experiences far more pleasant than the mention of a Sunday in England, while to those of Puritanical type (if such there be) associations not so agreeable may be conjured up. Whether the French nation be frivolous in spite of

religion, or religious in spite of frivolity, or not at all religious, or not at all too frivolous, must be left to analytical essayists; suffice it for our purpose to affirm that, in spite of all drawbacks, the continental Sabbath is far preferable to the puritanical, though neither is ideal. One day out of seven devoted to rest, recreation, social and moral enjoyment, must commend itself to all workers as a boon not lightly to be esteemed. But London and Edinburg, and even New York and Philadelphia are apt to be altogether too rigorous in their mode of Sabbath observance; not that in any of those cities people get too much rest, but every once in a while we are made to feel that certain types of Protestants are a little too fond of a union between church and state calculated to imperil the freedom of citizens and their children in the innocent enjoyment of the beauties of nature and of art on the only day on which they can all enjoy them together.

In Paris one feels free, to say the least; there is probably no city on the globe so entirely free as the gay French metropolis, and yet there are many sad drawbacks to the perfection of Parisian life. But with these drawbacks we are not now concerned. The few brief, happy days between their arrival at Prof. de Montmartre's delightful home and the first Sunday Mr. Templeton and Miss O'Shannon had ever spent out of America, had passed all too quickly, but very profitably as well as enjoyably; and now at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning all our party were in the library discussing plans for the day. They had reserved all church visiting till now, as the strangers naturally wished to visit some of the grand old buildings during the imposing services common to Sundays and festivals, and hear the fine music, from which they expected to derive benefit as well as pleasure. The Octave of the Assumption was not completed, as the day was August 21st, the churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin were consequently the most desirable to visit, though in all the great churches and many of the smaller ones the services would be very fine.

IN Paris there is a paper called *Le Semaine Religieuse*, which gives a detailed account of the services for the current week at all the churches in the city; it is a most useful guide both to residents and visitors, as it enables people to go just where they can derive the greatest pleasure and profit and exactly at the right hour. All visitors to Paris want to see the interior of the grand cathedral of Notre Dame, and be present, at least, at one service, though the fact can hardly be disguised that the music is much finer at the Madeleine and St. Roch. High mass at Notre Dame commences about 10 o'clock, and thither Prof. de Montmarte, Heloise, Mrs. Finchley, Dr. Maxwell, Mr. Templeton, Miss O'Shannon and Zenophon wended their way on foot; it took them just thirty minutes to reach it from "The Palms." When they arrived, a preparatory service held only in metropolitan churches was in progress; the pleasant but monotonous chanting of the choir, to the accompaniment of a fine organ, was well in keeping with the subdued magnificence of the massive pile, which does not owe its celebrity to any gorgeousness in decoration, but to the perfect symmetry of its proportions.

Notre Dame is an architect's heaven, every line and curve is exquisite; the design may be pronounced faultless, and it is carried out in every detail; nothing is left unfinished anywhere. After paying the twenty-five centimes (five cents) apiece, which is expected for the use of chairs in the Nave at the high mass, to the polite and kindly woman who conducts visitors to seats, they had just time to give one all-round glance at the stately building, when the immense organ in the gallery pealed forth its glorious tones and the procession entered to celebrate the grand mass. Mr. Templeton, who had never been deeply impressed with any Catholic service at home, and had not expected any enjoyment from the ritual at Notre Dame, however he might admire the building, was unexpectedly thrilled with delight; not only was the grand music unspeakably inspiring, there was a sense of deep spiritual fervor all about him, which lifted him from

thoughts of earth to blessed realization of far nobler things.

As the beautiful Gregorian music proceeded, the incomparably rich voice of Heloise rose and fell as though in transports of adoration; it was not, however, till the *Sanctus* that the superlative effect was produced. A boy in the choir whose clear, treble tones had led all the other voices again and again through the high sustained melodies of the *Gloria* and *Credo*, faltered slightly as he touched *G*, and almost broke as he was taking *A*. Heloise, grasping the situation instantly, threw her voice into the choir and sang with the little fellow in such perfect union that none but those familiar with her voice and knew her power could have suspected anything unusual; her voice was, however, so much finer than anyone in the choir that many comments were heard after the service, such as: "Who was that boy who sang so divinely; we never heard so sweet a voice before."

The day was lovely, and all felt disposed to enjoy a portion of it in the air. No thoroughly healthy people are poor walkers, whatever nation they belong to, and all our friends being in excellent physical condition though the day was very warm, when they left the church, took a leisurely stroll along the banks of the Seine for a full hour, which brought them in due course back to "The Palms." At 3 o'clock they were in the Madelaine, where they enjoyed another rare musical treat, and though there was no occasion for her coming to any one's assistance, Heloise, who loved to sing as the birds love singing, again added to the superb effects in the choir by remaining motionless on her *prie dieu*, while her voice sounded from behind the altar, where the fine choir occupies stalls around the organ. At Benediction her face gleamed with something more than earthly light, and it was several minutes after the lights were extinguished on the altar before she rose from her knees. When she did so, her face had a far-away expression, and as they were going down the steps, she whispered to Lydia O'Shannon, who, despite the electric incident, was always at her side and growing to love her

devotedly, "You and I have been to two churches this afternoon. I wonder if our companions had any idea of our taking such a long voyage in so short a time?"

Overhearing this singular remark quite incomprehensible to the ordinary understanding, Mr. Templeton, who was now betrothed to Lydia, said in an apologetic voice, "Pardon me for hearing what may not have been intended for my ears but the experiences I am now undergoing are sharpening all my faculties, and whatever concerns my affianced bride interests me deeply. I understood you to say that both of you had attended two churches this afternoon, while we had only been at one. May I ask an explanation of this new mystery? Do we understand you to say that while the service was proceeding in the Madelaine, a service in which you showed the deepest interest and during which you manifested peculiar devotion, you were both conscious of being somewhere else, and, therefore, oblivious to your earthly surroundings? Had you appeared sleepy, rigid, motionless, or even indifferent, I could have believed you were in a clairvoyant trance, but, Miss de Montemarte, you sang seraphically; were you unconscious while singing?"

"Not by any means," responded both young ladies at once, "we were never so vividly conscious as when we were in the two churches, while you were only in one; the second church can only be described as a church above a church, reached by a ladder of light; our bodies remained with you, and our spiritual essence seemed to elongate itself so that we were large enough to be in our places beside you and, at the same time, in a far larger and much more beautiful edifice; we cannot imagine how far off when measured by earthly distance; after the benediction we stayed to join in a magnificent *Te Deum* in the grander church. When the song ceased there, we felt ourselves returning to our ordinary dimensions, picked up our parsols and accompanied you down the aisle of the beautiful earthly temple, where we had all been worshipping together. The universal church is a sub-

ject upon which my father wishes to converse with you very soon, certainly before you leave us," continued Heloise, "and while our experiences do not at all accord with any orthodox theories, and also throw iconoclastic Spiritualists into convulsions of impotent fury, I am certain you will be glad to hear them explained, and be quite ready at the right moment to make them the basis of your future religious operations."

Walking slowly homeward, discoursing, as they went, of the future of the French Republic and, then, of the coming commonwealth of nations, which Professor de Montmartre declared "could not be delayed much later than 1950, though the full glory of the new age might not flood the world till 350 years later, their conversation turned to the supposed impending conflicts between France and Germany and England and Russia. Such conflicts," he declared, "will not take place; there will be rumors of wars, but no wars, at all events for a number of years to come; and then, if war there be, though fierce, it will be short; it is not through a clashing of swords, or firing of cannon, but through a conflict of ideas the new cycle will be ushered in.

"1881 was the first year of preparation; we are now on our hands and knees, at least, most of us, creeping through the narrow passage into the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid. Professor Smythe and others have seen an outline of what is coming, but they are too hampered with literalism to give the matter the universal exposition it demands. I now have a work in manuscript in my library, which gives accurate instruction how to decipher every portion of the Pyramid; but such a work would be pronounced profane by the theologians, so I shall not show it to them; they think every one a heathen, unless he be outwardly Jew or Christian, consequently they cannot accept God's revelation to the earlier Aryan races; peoples who were as far above the Jews of the time of David and Solomon as our modern civilization, is ahead of the savage customs of untutored aborigines."

Thus they talked as they walked, first upon one theme and then upon another, until they reached their own door, where a pleasant surprise awaited them in the person of the Baroness von Eaglebald, their pleasant acquaintance of the steamer. Having received a most courteous note of invitation from the Montmartes to call upon them at any time, she thought Sunday after vespers a good time to find them in. She had just come from her favorite church, the beautiful St. Augustin, and was anxious to show the professor, in whose judgment she felt great confidence, an essay on the *VEDAS*, written, apparently with automatic ease in her presence, by a delicate girl, only twelve years of age, whose educational advantages had been confined to the ordinary curriculum of a home school room, presided over by an English clergyman's daughter, who served in the double capacity of governess and lady's companion. The essay read as follows:

THE VEDAS.

The name Veda has grown to be a familiar one in the ears of this generation. Every educated person among us knows it as the title of a literary work, belonging to far-off India, that is held to be of quite exceptional importance by men who are studying some of the subjects that most interest ourselves. Yet there are, doubtless, many to whose minds the word brings but a hazy and uncertain meaning. For their sake, then, it may be well to take a general view of the Veda, to define its place in the sum of men's literary productions, and to show how and why it has the especial value claimed for it by its students.

The Veda is the Bible of the inhabitants of India, ancient and modern; the sacred book of one great division of the human race. Now, leaving aside our own Bible, the first part of which was, in like manner, the ancient sacred book of one division of mankind (the Hebrew), there are many such scriptures in the world. There is the Koran of the Arabs, of which we know perfectly well the period and author; the

Avesta of the Persian "fire worshippers," or followers of Zoroaster; the records of ancient China, collected and arranged by Confucius, and others less conspicuous. All are of high interest, important for the history of their respective peoples, and for the general history of religions; yet they lack that breadth and depth of consequence that belongs to the Hindu Veda. This is what we have to explain :

The Sanskrit word Veda signifies literally *knowledge* ; it comes by regular derivation from a root *vid*, meaning *see* and so *know*. Here is found a first intimation of the relation of the Vedas to us; for this root *vid* is the same that lies at the basis of the Latin *video*, *I see* (whence our *evident*, *vision*, etc.), of the Greek *οεοα*, *I know*, and of our own Germanic words *wit*, *wot*, *witness*, and so on. It is a sign of that community of language that binds together into one family most of the peoples of Europe and a part of those of Asia, showing their several histories to be, in a more peculiar and intimate sense, branches of one common history.

In the following table is given a little specimen of the evidence that proves this :

English,	two	three	mother	brother.
Germany,	zwei	drei	mutter	brudder.
Slavic,	dwa	tri	mater	brat.
Celtic,	dau	tri	mathair	brathair.
Latin,	duo	tres	mater	frater.
Greek,	duo	treis	meter	phrater.
Persian,	diva	thri	matar	
Sanskrit,	diva	tri	matar	bhratar.

We know enough about the history of human speech to be certain that such correspondences as these—and their like are scattered through the whole vocabulary and grammar of the languages in question—are only explainable on one supposition, viz; that the tongues which contain them are common descendants of one original tongue; that is to say, the dialects of German, Slavonian, Celt, Roman, Greek, Persian and Hindu are the later representatives of a single language, spoken by a single limited community, somewhere on the earth's wide surface, sometime in the immeasurable past;

where and when, we should like very much to know, and mean to find out, if we can; but as yet we do not know anything *definite* about it. We call this great body of related languages carrying with it, by inference, a relationship, also, of the peoples speaking them—the Indo-European or Aryan family; and we acknowledge something of kinship with every member of the family. It is not, perhaps, a very lively feeling; cousinship loses much of its charm, when expressed in high numbers; yet, as we have a certain warmth of sentiment in foreign lands toward even an unrelated countryman, so, in wandering up and down the wastes of human history, we cannot but feel drawn toward those who really speak our own speech.

One great division of this family of ours we find in Asia, occupying Iran (Persia, etc.) and India; the Aryan division, according to the best uses of this name, since the ancient people of both of these countries, and no others, called themselves *arya*. Their oldest dialects of which we have any record, those of the Avesta and the Veda, are hardly more unlike one another than are English and Netherlandish; and as in the latter case, the narrow North Sea separates the two parts of an only recently divided people, so in the former case, the highlands and passes of the Hindu-Kush do the same.

As the English crossed the sea from Low Germany, dispersing the Celts, so the Indian branch of our kindred stole into India (doubtless, earlier than 2000 B. C.), through the same gorges that now connect and hold apart India and Afghanistan, and began the conquest of the great and rich peninsula. There we see them still, occupying, with their own dialects, only the northern part of the country, while the aboriginal "Dravididus" still hold the south, but permeate it all with their influence and institutions, grown to number many scores of millions; possessed of a civilization of native growth and high grade; with literature and arts and religions that have overrun a great part of Asia—in short, a leading factor in universal human history. All this, and how it

came about is a matter of only recent knowledge. By a strange fate, this easternmost branch of our family has fallen within the last century or two, under the dominion of one of the westernmost members, the English.

The story of its subjection is well known and need not be more than alluded to here. The wisdom and wealth of India has always been the admiration of the world; it was not, however, curiosity as to the wisdom that brought knowledge; rather, greed for wealth. Almost everywhere in human history the lower motives are immediately efficient, and a band of adventurous traders, seeking material profit, threw open also the intellectual treasure-house of India. The wars and intrigues by which the English commercial company became masters of the destinies of the country, turning their charge over later to the English crown, form a striking chapter of modern history. For nearly 900 years India has been the prey of foreign conquerors and oppressors. The English are merely the last, and, by far, the best of their long series. They found in this immense and highly civilized country a host of varying languages, dialects of more than one great family, with abundant literatures. They also found one language, the Sanskrit, reputed of immemorial antiquity, held sacred by the real Hindu everywhere, read by the educated, and even spoken and written by the leading class, the priestly caste of the Brahmins. Precisely so might the Mongols, had they completely ravaged Europe in the Middle Ages, have reported to their countrymen concerning the diverse tongues and literatures of that region, and the Latin as common dialect of the learned, especially of the Romish hierarchy; the analogy is a close and instructive one. This was a sufficiently notable condition of things; but the interest of the world was greatly heightened, when it was discovered that this learned and sacred idiom of India, the Sanskrit, is related to nearly all the languages now spoken in Europe, and with the ancient ones that we most value (Greek and Latin), and it is, in many respects, entitled to the leading place among

them ; for it casts more light than any other upon their common history and origin.

In the excitement of such a discovery, many scholars lost their heads and extolled the Sanskrit and its literature far beyond their deserts, even holding that this was the original tongue of our division of mankind, and the source of literary culture for the rest of the world ; and the echoes of these errors may be heard dimly reverberating here and there among the nooks and corners of literature even of our own day. But,—thanks in no small measure to what the Sanskrit itself has taught us—such matters are much better understood now. Languages are certainly changing, and hence we could never find the original Indo-European tongue, except in documents coming down from the very period of Indo-European unity ; and that lies, perhaps, thousands of years back of the time of the earliest Sanskrit. We have no reason to believe that any culture was carried from India to nations beyond its borders until the missionary period of Buddhism, not far from the Christian era.

But the study of Sanskrit, chiefly as the mainstay of Indo-European comparative philology and of the general science of language, has become an integral part of the system of modern education, a department of classical learning standing with Latin and Greek, and ranking next to them in practical importance. All this is a necessary introduction to an understanding of the value of the Veda. We need to note what are the relations to us of the people to whom it belonged and of the language in which it is written. The opening of India, as we say, gave us the ancient Sanskrit language as an instrument of linguistic research, and laid before us the immense Sanskrit literature, as a part of the archives of our division of the human race, to be studied and comprehended. A task, this, of no small difficulty, and the more since the element of history is wanting in this literature. The Hindu is great in constructing systems of absolute truth, but he despises a record of facts ; he has a scheme of astronomical

cycles reaching back almost into infinity, and can tell precisely how many days ago the creation of the universe was completed; but he cannot give the real, prosaic date of any event, civil or literary, back of our Middle Ages. We are left in the main to work out, by internal evidence, the order of succession of the parts of this literature, and then, with help of the chance notices of foreign visitors, to determine what we can as to their absolute date; and the problem is yet far enough from being solved. At what time were composed those two tremendous epics, the "Ramayana" and "Mahabbarata," in comparison with which the "Iliad," or the "Odyssey," is but a ballad? No one can tell, but it was certainly a very long while ago.

How old are the laws of Manu, from which certain people stoutly maintain that Moses must have derived his legislation for the Hebrews? That is equally unknown. Of the latest and best authorities some set them before Christ, others a little after; and the period of the leading dramatic poet, the author of "Sakuntala," has been reduced from 100 B. C., as claimed by early students of India, to 5-600 A. D. But it is, at any rate, possible in this literature, as in every other, to lay out in a broad and general way the history of growth, divide it into successive periods, and determine what is oldest in it. Everywhere throughout it the Veda is acknowledged as its beginning, is regarded as a revelation on whose authority everything else reposes.

The sacred literature of Christianity does not point any more clearly to the Bible as its foundation than the sacred literature of Brahminism to the Veda. It was a considerable time, however, before European research had cleared the way for dealing directly with the Hindu revelation. The name Hindu Veda to the Hindu signifies a very extensive and heterogeneous mass of writings, covering a space of time and growth like that from Moses to Christ; and the later parts of it are those which the modern Hindu best understands and most values, as being nearest to his own age and thought.

Manuscripts of its older parts were comparatively rare, and less freely furnished to the curiosity of the stranger; yet they gradually gathered in European hands, and in 1805, some thirty years after the opening of Indian literature to the knowledge of the world, the illustrious English scholar Colebrooke, in an essay since become famous, was able to give a comprehensive and fairly correct survey of the whole vast field, without, however, at all fully comprehending the relation of its parts, or realizing the supreme importance of some among them.

Yet a generation passed before anything further of consequence was done; then the word fell into the hands of the great German scholars, whose names will be always associated with it—Rosen, Roth, Bentley, Weber, Aufrecht, Muller—and a new era was inaugurated in the study of Indian antiquity and in that of the antiquities and religion of the whole Indo-European race. As a matter of course, the Hindus have all sorts of strange stories to tell about their sacred literature—that it is of divine origin, revealed from all eternity, miraculously preserved and re-revealed at each new destruction and recreation of the universe. Few Oriental people have failed to claim as much as that for their scriptures. Then they tell of a certain holy *rishi* or sage named Vyasa, by whom the mass was collected and put in order. *Vyasa* means *arranger*; so it is as if people were to hold that a saint named Editor brought into shape the two testaments and the writings of the fathers for the after-use of the Christian church. But the Hindus have done their full share by handing down to us, with a reverential and painstaking care that has not its equal anywhere else in the history of literature, their sacred books, not at all comprehending their historical relations and only in part understanding their contents; ours is the task to bring true order and intelligence into the chaos.

We find the whole body of inspired writings divided into four parts, each of which is called a Veda—Rig Veda, Sama

Veda, Yojur Veda, and Atharva Veda. Each division has its schools of more special votaries, by whom it is handed down; each has its assortment of works, in prose and verse, devotional, ceremonial, expository, and theosophic. But at the head of each stands a collection of sacred utterances, chiefly poetic, which we have no difficulty in recognizing as their oldest part, the nucleus about which everything else has gradually gathered; all the rest presupposes these, as plainly as the Talmud, the Old Testament, or the writings of the fathers, the New. They are in a language in many respects peculiar and evidently older, a more primitive dialect of the primitive Sanskrit. Among these four collections, the superior interest of one is seen on the briefest examination; it is the Rig Veda, an immense body of hymns to the gods, of sacred lyrics with which the remote ancestors of the present Hindus praised the divinities in whom they believed, accompanied their sacrifices, and besought blessings. We cannot compare them with our hymns, because these imply so much that is earlier, out of which they have proceeded. The Vedic songs are more like the Psalms of David. There are more than a thousand of these songs, and they contain over ten thousand two-line stanzas—a body of text about equal to the two Homeric poems taken together, or twice as much as the great German epic of the Nibelungen. The collection is an orderly one, arranged in ten books, chiefly according to a tradition of authorship that appears to be genuine; hymns of the same author, or clan, or school of authors are put together. But the last book is a kind of appendix to the rest, containing in part material of a peculiar character, later, more superstitious, and with some miscellanies of quite exceptional interest. Inside the divisions, the hymns are arranged chiefly in the order of the divinities.

The two gods most often worshipped,—their praises together fill almost the majority of hymns,—are Agni and Indra: Agni (Latin *ignis*), the fire, the medium of sacrifice, the divinity on earth, in bodily presence before the eyes of

his worshippers, the messenger between earth and heaven, who bears the oblations aloft to the other gods, or about whose flames the gods gather to receive their share of the offering; and Indra, the Thunderer, god of the storm, who drives his noisy chariot across the sky, and hurls his lightning missile at the demons that are keeping the refreshing and fertilizing waters imprisoned in the hollow of the clouds.

Hymns to Agni come first, those to Indra follow, and after them those to other gods. As specimens of the general content of the Rig Veda, we cannot do better than quote a hymn to each of these two divinities. The hymn to Agni, an ordinary and undistinguished one, is the first of the whole collection; its stanzas are composed each of three eight syllabled sections, with iambic cadence. In all the Vedic meters, the first part of each section is of very free construction, as regards quantity.

TO AGNI—REG. VEDA I, 1.

1. Agni I praise, the household priest, the heavenly lord of sacrifice, the giver most bounteous.

2. Agni, by bards of olden time and bards of our day, should be praised; he shall bring hither all the gods.

3. By Agni treasure may be won, and welfare, too, from day to day; in honor rich and numerous sons.

4. Agni, each sacred offering thou dost shield from harm on every side, that surely cometh to the gods.

5. May Agni, priest, with insight filled, faithful, of favor most glorious, come hither with the other gods.

6. What favor on thy worshiper, Agni, thou willest to bestow, that failest not, O Angiros!

7. Unto thee, Agni, day by day, at morn and eve with worship we approach and our obeisance bring.

8. Presiding o'er the sacrifice the shining guardian of the right increasing in thine own abode.

9. As father to his son, do thou, Agni, be gracious unto us; and for our welfare cleave to us.

The selected hymn to Indra is a more than usually vigorous one. The verse sections are of twelve syllables, also with iambic cadence.

TO INDRA—REG. VEDA. X, 38.

To us, O Indra, in this conflict glorious,
 The toilful din of war, be helpful, that we win ;
 Where in the foray, 'mid bold warriors ring adorned
 The arrows fly hither and thither in the strife.
 And open to us, Indra, in our own 'abode,
 Wealth rich in food, flowing with kine and full of fame.
 But we, thine allies, when thou conquerest, mighty one,
 Just what we wish do thou, our friend, perform for us.
 And to the godless men of Aryon or of barbarous race.

All exclaimed, "How marvelous a production for a girl of twelve. Is she a seeress?"

"Really, I don't know," responded the Baroness. "The little creature is staying with her mother and governess in the *pension*, where I am boarding. I took a liking to her immediately, and she to me. May I invite her to one of your reunions?"

"Certainly," replied both the Professor and his daughter. "Let us send our carriage for you this evening. We have a few delightful friends, including two or three of your fellow passengers, coming to us at 8. Bring the young lady's mother with you, and the governess, too, if you think it desirable; but unless they are exceptional people, they may be startled."

"I thank you a thousand times for your kind invitation, and for myself and little Florence, I gladly accept it. I must be going now. *Au revoir* till 8 o'clock." And the Baroness departed.

CHAPTER XV.

AN EVENING WITH THE MYSTERIES OF SPIRITUALISM AND
THEOSOPHY.

“ To Hindostan I gladly flew,
 To learn of nature’s mystic store ;
 I conned the Vedas o’er and o’er,
 But little of their import knew.

I dwelt amid the spicy trees
 Of fair Ceylon, where hermits dwell ;
 Their strange, weird tales I heard them tell,
 But magic ne’er my soul could please.

Then homeward wended I my way,
 With disappointment strong and keen ;
 I felt I most unwise had been
 To waste my youth’s most brilliant day.

Within my berth with limbs at rest,
 What is that fleecy form I see,
 Bending in kindness over me ?
 A voice I hear, Go, teach the West.

How shall I teach ? I have not learned,
 I answer with quick coming breath ;
 ‘ Thou shalt pass through the mystic death,
 Wherein illusions all are spurned.’

I see it now ; within my soul
 I find the answer to my quest ;
 The East is now within my breast,
 So let old ocean westward roll.”

Eight o’clock came, and with it the Baroness von Eagle-
 bald, attended by her young friend, Alicia Florence Kittens-

comb, who had acted as amanuensis for whatever intelligence dictated the singular paper introduced in our last chapter. Alicia was a small, slender child, rather backward in her studies, of a retiring, diffident nature, but not at all nervous or irritable. Having taken a great liking to the kind and handsome Baroness, she gladly accompanied her wherever she was pleased to take her. The child's mother, widow of the late Rev. Theodosius Kittenscomb (an English clergyman of liberal views, but no great force of character), was a gentle, negative woman, enjoying very limited health and quite at the mercy of Miss Laetitia Newmanhoff, who served her in the double role of companion to the lady and governess to the child. Mrs. Kittenscomb would have greatly enjoyed visiting the Montmartes, but her head, she declared, was not equal to it; a vinaigrette, a fan and a book of sermons were all she could stand that evening.

Miss Newmanhoff was glad of the opportunity to attend evening service in the English Church, so Alicia went alone with the Baroness to "The Palms," where they were most hospitably received. Heloise, who was exceptionally kind to children, though rarely very strongly drawn to any particular child, set little Alicia completely at her ease before she had been in the house five minutes, while her father, in his usual gentle, courtly manner, removed the last trace of her embarrassment, when he took both of her hands in his own and said, with his accustomed knightly grace:

"You are a very valuable addition to our party, my young friend; your essay shows that you possess a very remarkable gift. God bless you and keep you always pure as you now are."

While the Baroness and Heloise were chatting freely on the subjects which interested both of them, about fifteen guests arrived, so that before nine o'clock the *salon* was well occupied. The gathering was a very interesting and truly remarkable one. Mme. la Duchesse de la Couronne Hauterne led the list of nobilities; she was a very distinguished looking woman, about fifty years of age, magnificently dressed, with

an imperial air and many a sign of deep intelligence, as well as noble birth; with her came Count Noumenoff Azakotoff, a talented Russian *litterateur*, as well as nobleman. Mrs. Freshfield, Miss Bluegrass and Miss Cuthay were American ladies traveling together, and deeply interested in Theosophy. Mrs. Delman Trice O'Neil was an Irish woman of rare wit and the keenest humor, whom every one appreciated as a brilliant talker, though her tongue was often called sharp and not without reason. Mr. Puggie Terry looked as though some tailor had sent his dummy to advertise wares and style; he was, however, honestly good-natured and had a serious *penchant* for Spiritualism. Mr. Claphand Knowles and Captain Dasher Dogshead were English gentlemen who had traveled in India and knew more about fakirs than would fill a dozen volumes. Last, but not least, came Mrs. Oman Caliph Kolo-koon, a woman of the world, who had written eighty novels, knew seven languages, had lived in twenty countries, been received into eighteen religious denominations and was now balancing between the Catholic Church and Aryan Theosophy. In such a company, one would naturally expect fine conversation and no dearth of subjects to discuss, but so affecting was the atmosphere of "The Palms," that after a few commonplace remarks, the whole company subsided into unbroken and seemingly unbreakable silence.

After the spell had rested over the company about ten minutes, Heloise and Lydia rose simultaneously and walked, the one to the organ, the other to the piano. Heloise struck off a few grand chords from Haydn's imperial Mass, when suddenly the theme changed completely, and weird, sobbing strains wailed from the instrument, as though some shipwrecked mariners, in deepest distress, were calling for relief, first to heaven and then to earth; Lydia, at the piano, answered the call, which was again and again repeated by the organ, which occasionally imitated peals of distant thunder; when, at last, the storm seemed to have subsided, and relief to have come, the two instruments sounded together the intro-

duction to Pallegrini's "Te Deum," which glorious hymn of praise the two girls began to sing in swelling, soaring harmony, when suddenly there burst upon the wonder-struck ears of all in the *salon*, a full triumphal chorus of male voices; it seemed as though the roof itself, as well as everything in it, swayed and kept time with the melody.

When the song had ceased, a vision greeted the eyes of all, seen distinctly by some, indistinctly by others, which completely defies description, so heavenly was it in all its parts. A cloud of light seemed to rest in the air, about midway between the floor and ceiling; on this cloud were seen seated a company of bright forms of dazzling beauty, in number exactly agreeing with the persons present. From out this cloud, one of the luminous forms reached down and touched the special object of his charge till the whole room was enveloped in the sheen of these supernal visitors. In that moment the secret thoughts of each heart lay bare; disguise was impossible, each person saw himself as he really was inwardly, though no one saw his neighbor's condition. All were moved beyond word, and few could bear the test without some feeling of fear or humiliation. The scene soon passed away, and all the company sat motionless, awaiting whatever new marvel might be reserved for them, when Heloise, looking more lovely than ever, her eyes burning with an intense light, her whole frame quivering with a fervid inspiration, addressed the gathering collectively and individually, almost in the following words:

"Children of the rising day, it is not by accident that we are all here to-night; this moment is propitious for the foundation of an order, which shall add another link to the many which now forms the unseen chain, which binds the Orient with the Occident. I cannot initiate you, nor need my father do so; your initiation is over, and henceforth you belong consciously to the order of "La Stella Israfel;" we do not countenance such secret orders as impose upon their members the use of signs and passwords, for such external

usages belong not to the customs of any order in which the spiritual welfare of mankind alone is sought.

"Unlike as you appear in many things, and varying as your unfoldment is, you are all members of the same circle of souls; you are each other's in a very near and blessed manner, and you will be useful to each other in many ways; some of you, in times of danger and in far distant lands."

Speaking, then, to each one separately, she raised her hand above the head of whoever she might be addressing in fervent blessing, causing the electric fire, which issued from her finger tips, to arouse to activity the special mental quality, to which that portion of the brain corresponded over which her hands were raised. Speaking to Mr. Templeton, she was particularly earnest and explicit, and to him this act of hers, following upon the revelation to sight, which had preceded it, was a veritable ordination, far surpassing in solemnity and depth of meaning the ceremony which had inducted him as pastor of the Baptist Church, Saddlerock, Vermont.

Life now seemed to hold new meanings and to bristle with new purposes for all who were thus assured of their relation with each other, and the breadth and unanimity of feeling which must henceforth guide them in all their undertakings. After giving words of direction to all the older people, Heloise seemed guided to speak with even greater earnestness and feeling to Zenophon, and then to Alicia; to the little girl the scene seemed quite familiar, and when the ceremony was at an end, she enquired smilingly and confidently:

"Isn't your angel guardian the teacher who comes to me at night and takes me off with him to heaven, and then sends a pupil of his to help me comfort mamma, when she's sad, and do lots of things to help poor people?"

"Yes, indeed," responded Heloise, "you are like many other little ones, much nearer the spiritual kingdom than those of maturer years, who, in the pride of intellect, rebel coldly and heartlessly against all they cannot reduce to the

limits of their small calculating reason. Self-sufficiency is the leading vice of the present century, and to it alone do we rightly attribute the blatant materialism, frigid atheism, hopeless pessimism, and the many other disastrous ills, which threaten to so eclipse the soul that the world is left almost without moral sunshine. You, my little prophetess, are one of the little ones to whom it is given not only to know, but to reveal the mysteries of heaven; not a dim, far-away place of which man cannot conceive; but a warm, living estate of happiness and peace here and now to be realized by all the truly faithful."

As Heloise ceased speaking, the face of Alicia Kittenscomb grew radiant with an ineffable light, as though she saw an angel. Stretching out her delicate white hands, she seemed to spring from her mortal body into some ethereal realm, where beloved friends were waiting to receive her; then falling back upon a sofa, as though she were fast asleep, her form became rigid, motionless as a statue, so still that it almost alarmed those who were not familiar with the phenomenon of electric trance. In this motionless condition she remained until considerably past eleven, when some of the visitors began to talk of going home. Just as the Baroness' carriage was announced, and she was looking askance at the host and hostess, not knowing whether it would be safe to try and arouse the child, the girl awoke of her own accord, saying,

"Mamma expects me now; I must go home; but to-morrow I have a message for Mr. Templeton, let him call at our house, Avenue de Poissonarde 71, about noon. I can only say that it concerns his mother and the place where she is; I have had a vision, but I cannot tell it now."

Though usually most retiring in manner, even to shyness, she now spoke with all the firm assurance of a stately man or woman in middle life; and so altered was her appearance that she seemed much taller and stouter, and in every way far more robust than when she had entered the house three hours earlier. This remarkable change, which was the commence-

ment of a complete reconstruction of her physique, can be scientifically accounted for, if the reader bears in mind that though instantaneous regeneration of the body is very rare, even the greatest works which take the longest to complete, have a definite moment of commencement, as the foundation stone of an immense and most durable edifice is laid at a particular hour; under favoring auspices, all necessary conditions being present, a foundation can be laid in less than an evening, for a building of perfect symmetry and strength in place of a weak and almost nerveless organism. The trance in its highest phase is due to an unusual uplifting of consciousness; indeed, it is the result of consciousness being completely transferred to another and higher plane. This transfer of attention is vitally connected with a radical change in psychical relations, a change so complete in many instances that all the ordinary habits of the individual are superseded by completely new desires. This state of entrancement is never induced by drugs, fumigations, or other questionable methods; it is only to be brought about by a supreme attraction to a higher condition of being. This fact is realized by many mental healers, but it is very seldom that one encounters a person who understands the *modus operandi* of the results in which he glories.

Explaining to the Baroness the great benefits accruing to such sensitive natures as Alicia's from the hyper-æsthetic conditions, Professor de Montmarte rigorously combated the superstitions of abstractionists and explained logically how soul acts on mind and mind on body.

"Soul," said he, "is a pure spark of deific fire, an electric atom, an imperishable germ of life, which nothing can ever destroy, containing within itself infinite possibilities; mind is its creation, the instrument it forms and uses to gain expression. This mind, in its derived consciousness, often feels and acts independently of the soul, from whose wise and loving guardianship it often proudly strays; at such times it is like a wayward child, foolishly rebellious against a tender and watchful parent; at other times the mind is entangled in the

meshes of the thought threads issuing in every direction from the innumerable mentalities which throng the air, and constitute what the New Testament styles 'principalities and powers of the air.' Whenever any mind gets entangled with other minds, or runs off obstinately from the parental guidance of the soul, the body suffers, physical disease being nothing but an expression of mental inharmony. Sleep, when profound, recalls the wandering mind to its rightful allegiance to the soul; but sleep is worse than useless, it is positively dangerous and attended with the most disastrous consequences, if fallen into under the influence of violent emotions, such as rage or fear, which often produce intense exhaustion. Sleep, induced by opiates, being quite unnatural, is rarely, if ever, beneficial, as the sleeper does not rise out of surrounding conditions, but is benumbed, while held in them.

"Dreams are ordinarily no more than floating images, and confused pictures of external things, the astral prototypes of which are always in the air about us. The art of sleeping properly can be acquired, but only by the pure minded or those who purify themselves by earnest striving after higher things than affairs pertaining to the body. Human electricity, when judiciously administered by a true savant, introduces the patient into the sphere of the healer; and there, if congeniality of desire is aroused, connections are made which snap the links of the chain binding the darkened mind to error. The intricate directions necessary for neophytes commencing to tread in the higher way, are, in reality, exceedingly simple, though minute. Such are never fully revealed, except to those who are sincerely anxious to attain to a more than usually excellent order of life. The average worldling would scorn them, as the figurative swine trample on the pearls foolishly thrown to them by the unwary, and like these same degraded animals, they would rend, if they could, the very hand which gave them such precious goods.

"It is worse than folly to seek to coerce the human will, as all endeavor to proselytize but makes the sinner more

obdurate in his ungodliness. Let your light shine everywhere, but do not seek, by forcible means, to turn back the wilfully closed eyelids of those who love darkness rather than light; such must be left to the fruits of their own perversity. Doubtless in the cycles of eternity every prodigal will return home, but though most kindly welcomed when returning, the desire to return must originate in his own breast."

"But, my dear professor," exclaimed the Baroness, who seemed in no hurry to leave, though her carriage was at the door and had been waiting twenty minutes, "do you not think we ought to make an effort to bring the truth home to the minds of all whom we meet. I have felt it both a duty and a privilege to circulate a great deal of spiritual literature, and I am now translating the remarkable inspirational discourses and poems of Mrs. Katzenheimer, of whom you have, doubtless, heard, into French, German and Italian, as I meet so many people of those nationalities. I hope you and your lovely daughter are not going to tell me I am wrong in so doing; my motive is pure at any rate."

"I do not think you are doing anything but what is perfectly right and very useful, provided you use discretion and give your books to people who evince interest and desire to learn. Books are silent messengers and can be laid about, so that people with leisure and literary tastes can read them, if they feel so inclined, without being compelled in any way by any one; then in traveling you, doubtless, meet many who talk to you on serious matters, if you give them an opportunity, and ask you for help and light. I only advise caution and discretion. There are probably not more than a thousand people out of the more than two millions now in Paris, who would be really prepared for much that you would rejoice to become acquainted with, and even in the single thousand, of which you are one, I should not find, by any means, all ready for the results of our deepest researches.

"My daughter and myself are happily quite indifferent to the opinion of society; the sneer of a popinjay is no more

to us than the scream of a parrot, or the jabber of a mocking-bird; but we give polly a cracker and say, 'pretty poll,' when we pass the cage. We do not attempt to teach our dogs mathematics, our horses geology, or our cats astronomy. And though human beings have, even at their lowest, powers far beyond the animal, until their aspirations for higher things are developed, they must play with the toys of intellectual and moral childhood. I do not censure the church for veiling its mysteries from the vulgar; I do, however, most strongly disapprove of any attempt to force back a rising tide of honest inquiry. No child ever asks a question in sincerity before he is ready to profit by a decent answer, which is not an insult to his dawning reason.

"Heloise knew the secret of her birth at seven, and wrote an essay on the vital functions at nine, which I preserve among my literary treasures; but she was an exceptional child. Her mother was a Chaldean, descended from the purest and most prophetic race of ancient days; her work on earth was finished, when our child was five; she passed away in a trance of rapture after completing a work displaying such erudition that scholars have offered me fortunes to be allowed to copy it. Heloise sang the old Chaldaic jublations of the resurrection in the original tongue to the ancient melodies she had never heard, while kneeling among the lights and flowers which surrounded the lovely recumbent form, dressed as a bride, before committal to the sacred flames; when the obsequies were ended, she spoke to me in her mother's voice and her mother looked at me through the child's eyes, and immediately after, the form of Azoriel enveloped her. From that time forward she had none of the customary ills of childhood, and when a terrible fever raged in one of the vilest parts of the city, she visited, with me, dens which no one but priests and sisters would enter. In not a single case were her ministrations unsuccessful; but after the most careful questioning, she assured me she had never seen a squalid dwelling or a wasted face; she persisted in her declaration that she

only fanned soul sparks which were feeble, to keep them from going out.

“When a priest entered an apartment where we were, and administered the sacraments to those who were supposed to be dying, she would kneel motionless and tell me afterwards that a presence entered brighter than Azoriel; but I am positive she never saw the outward form of anything about us. Some one told her one day, when she was only a few months over six, that her mother was dead and she should go out to her grave and pray for her. The beautiful child’s face turned to the woman who addressed her, and she said with loving sweetness and wisdom far beyond her years:

“ ‘Poor woman, I see you are unhappy; you are seeking the living among the dead; my mother and I pray together, sometimes in church, oftener among the roses in the garden; your mother is not dead, you may pray for her, but it is better to rejoice with her; don’t go to the cemetery to find her; she’s here with you.’ And then my treasure went on to tell her all about her mother; she took away her fear of purgatory, explained everything which seems so impenetrable to most people, and then sent the woman away to comfort others, with the good news she had told her so sweetly and lovingly. I know you are very much attracted to Heloise and she is to you, so we can talk about her childhood together, as I see it interests you. To the world in general my daughter is a gifted young lady, well educated and particularly healthful, but nothing further. Alicia is now quite ready to go home with you, and it is almost midnight. Bring Mrs. Kittenscomb to see us next time you come; we would gladly call on her, but her chronic invalidism can be broken up much more quickly in this atmosphere. Miss Newmanhoff will understand nothing and oppose everything; she is a good, high principled woman, but the narrowest interpretation of Anglican theology is all she can tolerate; let her come, if she likes, but don’t urge her. Dr. Dynaspherus Nuovomotor, President of the Muscovite Hermetic Lodge, lunches

with us at two to-morrow, at four he will read a paper; as you are interested in these matters, I invite you most cordially to meet him. Two P.M., not a minute later, please. Mrs. Kittenscomb had better come in the evening, when there will be no strangers present, and I can set her right in less than a fortnight, if she wishes it."

The Baroness and her young charge reached their apartments at a quarter past twelve; Mrs. Kittenscomb was sleeping peacefully, she had retired at eleven with a greatly modified neuralgia. Miss Newmanhoff pleadingly lifted anxious eyes to the baroness, and murmured:

"Illustrious lady, I pray you to contemplate the indiscretion of keeping a child out to this hour; our good clergyman, Mr. Training Vyne, preached such a solemn sermon this evening on youthful dissipation; it impressed me deeply, and our pet is not strong."

"My good woman," answered Lady Eaglebald, "I know far better than you or Mr. Vyne either, what is the best for Alicia; her mother confides her to me gratefully, and if you will but allow yourself to see matters as they are, you cannot deny a great improvement in Alicia during the past week. I beg of you not to impress the child with your lachrymose ideas; they are far worse for her than the latest hours, or even the fashionable frivolties which your clergyman so justly discountenances."

"Sad, very sad, pitiably sad," whispered Miss Newmanhoff under her breath, and with a soft crooning, "tired lamb, weary dove," she led the animated, though rapidly sobering, child to the little iron bed, which, unfortunately for the child's best welfare, was in the governess' room.

The following afternoon the baroness attended the reunion at the Montmartes and met some delightful people, among them Dr. Nuovomotor, who was the principal spokesman; he was a writer of considerable ability, and favored the company with an essay. The following paper, which had been prepared for a widely-circulating English magazine, he read

to the company by unanimous request ; it was entitled : " The Gist of Theosophy . "

" While an immense amount of floating opinion is, at present, circulating on the subject of ' theosophy , ' there are comparatively but very few persons who have set themselves the task of so simplifying the tenets of theosophy as to make its main doctrines clearly intelligent to the western mind. The word theosophy, which signifies neither more or less than divine wisdom, is, by no means, exclusively confined to ancient Hinduism ; it is a term properly applicable to all that can legitimately be termed knowledge of the spiritual universe. Theosophy, in its modern form, is constantly associated with the name of H. P. Blavatsky, because that most industrious Russian lady did more than any other individual to ransack the treasure-houses of eastern scripture to bring forth the truth therein contained for the edification of Europeans and Americans.

" Most students of Asiatic lore have been either Christian apologists or confirmed sceptics. Their previous training and fixed habits of thought have, therefore, largely disqualified them for an unprejudiced performance of their task. Mme. Blavatsky, on the other hand, has searched the records, not with a view to prove certain foregone propositions, or to discover fraud and folly in the documents under review, but to honestly express the information therein contained. Her latest work, the *Secret Doctrine*, amply proves the honesty of her endeavor and the ability she brings to the work. But some of our Christian friends will inquire, Why go to the Vedas for the truths we can find so perfectly revealed in the New Testament ? Why speak of Gautama, when we have before us the example of Jesus ? The answer to such inquiry is twofold. First, The New Testament deals almost exclusively with ethics. Its moral code is, indeed, unsurpassed, but on questions of science it is silent. Now the Hindu records are not simply moral text books, they are scientific treatises, as any one who intelligently peruses them will soon

discover. Second, There is a widespread feeling in Christendom that beyond the pale of Christianity all is heathen darkness. Such a belief renders well nigh impossible any effectual carrying out of the fundamental basis of theosophy—the *universal brotherhood of man*.

“Theosophy does not require of any one who embraces it a surrender of the Christian religion, so far as its basis in the New Testament is concerned; at the same time it can not allow that any one book, people, or system, can embody all the divine wisdom known upon earth. The Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, teaches the cardinal doctrines of theosophy without amplifying them very clearly or extendedly. These doctrines certainly include what are commonly called ‘Karma’ and ‘Re-incarnation,’ teachings which simply need clear and cogent statement to make them appear what they are, thoroughly rational and scientific, and, above all, consistent with man’s highest conception of divine, impartial equity.

“The Oriental wisdom-religion does not acknowledge any fall of man in the orthodox Christian sense. It teaches the involution of spirit and consequent evolution of matter, and in the exposition of this theory, it accounts for all the anomalies visible in the external world by attributing them to the experimental efforts of intelligent spiritual units seeking to make their powers manifest. In consonance with the teaching of the Kabbala and other occult works of olden time, theosophy teaches that the external universe is an expression of finite intelligences, necessarily limited in power and wisdom, but continually subject to the law of progress. These intelligences begin at the foot of the ladder of expression and work their way diligently and gradually to the top; thus the theory of transmigration is inverted in a manner very favorably regarded by Rev. J. F. Clarke in his “Ten Great Religions,” and many other liberal and learned authors.

“Re-incarnation is usually ridiculously misunderstood. People who utterly fail to comprehend it, talk an unlimited amount of nonsense concerning another spirit usurping the

body of a new-born child, and much similar folly, while theosophy explains how a soul awaiting embodiment introduces itself into earthly expression at the moment of conception by itself breathing the breath of life into the primal germ. In other words, conception is the result of spirit seeking expression through an appropriate material medium.

“Karma only means sequence or the unvarying operation of the law of cause and effect. Our present Karma is the effect of all our past career, remembered or seemingly forgotten. Whatever trials and difficulties we now confront come to us or try us, because of our moral, mental and physical condition being what it is, and it necessarily is what it is at any given moment as a result of all our past thinking, speaking and acting.

“The doctrine of Karma is not fatalism, for it does not teach us that all our lives are mapped out for us by the sovereign decree of inexorable fate; it simply declares the universal law which ordains that certain effects must ever proceed from certain causes; thus, while we cannot evade the operation of Karma, we can, as we increase in knowledge of the law, so frame our conduct, so govern our thoughts and affections, as well as our speech and behavior, as to sow nothing but good seed and consequently reap nothing but an agreeable harvest.

“Nirvana, or the state of supreme blessedness, is a condition in which we know no care and suffer no pain. When we have reached that celestial altitude, we are proof against all that could possibly afflict or disturb us; we are then above the recognition of sin, sickness and death, and in a state so exalted that for us Karma no longer operates.

“Theosophy does not allow that the penalty due to transgression can ever be evaded. To forgive sin is to deliver the mind from the bondage of evil desire. This can be accomplished by purely educational processes.

“Spiritual Healing is acknowledged by theosophy, only so far as it can be scientifically demonstrated as a means of awakening the higher consciousness by appealing to the nobler

principle in man; phenomenal spiritualism is regarded as a legitimate subject for honest painstaking investigation with a view to ascertain the true source whence the phenomena proceed. The true theosophist lays the utmost stress on the culture of the higher self, not on the suppression of the lower instincts nearly so much as on the cultivation of the higher; and on the basis of this conviction, it is reasonably claimed the elevation of humanity can be successfully conducted.

“Theosophy is religion, but it is not any limited system or view of religion; it is science, but it does not confine itself to any particular department of research. It is, in a word, compendious anthropology; it teaches man to look within, to study his own permanent selfhood, to outgrow dependence on external sources of information and authority, and find within himself the true, perpetual light. Armed with the testimony of the ages, with malice toward none and good will towards all. Theosophy claims as its mission the unification of all human interests, and the establishment of a perfectly natural and yet highly spiritual church of humanity unconfined by party, race, color or belief.”

The paper was received with many tokens of approval and called forth very little criticism, though Prof. de Montmarte entered more deeply into the history and development of the central thought.

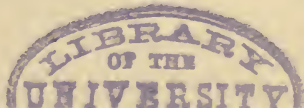
CHAPTER XVI.

THE POWER THAT MAKETH WHOLE.

The dying stars proclaim the sun
That weaker eyes could not behold,
And lower lights had not foretold:
Then die upon a bed of gold,
Because the grander light is born!
The highland rills that seaward glide
May vanish in the mountain side,
And, sinking through the voiceless earth,
Within the cold, dark caves abide;
But naught can stay their "second birth,"
Or dim their resurrection morn:‡
Sometime, somewhere, in stronger tide,
And warmer light and broader sweep,
They rush to swell the distant deep,
That turns its awful palms to heaven,
That girdles with its mighty bands
All kingdoms, empires, realms, and lands,—
Within whose all-embracing rim
The fleets of Nations sink or swim
Like fire-flies in the mist of even,
And on whose all-receiving breast
The Ages lay their dead to rest.

You cannot blind my inner sight:
I see the dawn behind the night;
Beyond the dawn I see the day;
And through the day I see the Truth
Arising in immortal youth!
The sunbeams on her forehead play;
The lillies in her tresses twine;
The Peace of God dwells in her face
And rolls the clouds of war away
Around her feet the roses grow;
Her tender bosoms swell and flow
With healing for the stricken race,
And in her eyes seraphic shine
Faith, Hope, and Love, and every grace!—
The Old recedes, the New descends!
Earth clasps the hand that Heaven extends—
The Lion and the Lamb are friends!

—James G. Clark.



Mrs. Kittenscomb called on the Montmartes the same evening, in company with the Baroness and Alicia; she was literally dazzled with the quiet splendor of their mode of life. Having seen a great deal of the *nouveaux riches*, both English and American, of whom not a few spend a good deal of time in Paris, it was a new revelation to her to find persons of the highest and truest culture surrounded with all the brilliant accessories of wealth, and, above all, was she delighted with the utter absence of all "superior airs" among these truly superior people. Dinner was just over, and the whole party then domiciled at "The Palms" was in the library, to which elegant and luxurious apartment the new arrivals were at once conducted.

Professor de Montmarte looked very courtly in his peculiar style of evening dress, which was purely oriental in design, and suggested such perfect ease and comfort for the whole body that the fops who consider no man a gentleman, unless he makes himself a fright before he sits down to dinner, actually wished they had the independence of character to set decent fashions, instead of following idiotic ones, set by no one knows who. Heloise, always lovely, never looked more of an enchantress than when simply attired in a plain white muslin dress with forget-me-nots at her throat and in her hair; her age was a topic of dispute among all the gossips; sometimes she looked less than twenty, at other times she appeared so mature and displayed such wisdom that superstitious persons were wont to declare that her father was a wizard who had lived through centuries, and his daughter a woman of extreme age, whose youth had been miraculously preserved by means of the fabled *elixir vitæ* of the alchemists. Such conjectures were, however, rumors without the slightest foundation, save to this extent, that the professor, at sixty, was more youthful and vigorous than any young man of his acquaintance, in every respect; while Heloise, though a very young woman in years, was, indeed, wiser than gray-haired sages, and possessed of such exuberant vitality and marvelous

recuperative ability that a strain upon her strength, which would have prostrated any ordinary young woman (even the strongest), had scarcely a moment's effect on her most extraordinary but thoroughly natural temperament.

Physiologists and others talk a great deal of nervous, bilious and sanguine temperaments, but completely ignore the electric temperament; therefore, they utterly fail to account for the marvellous powers of endurance and recuperation displayed by many persons of fragile frames; for not understanding human electricity, they can assign no adequate reason for the presence of the spleen in the human anatomy, nor can they declare its functions with any degree of definiteness. In this respect, as in many others, popular tradition is ahead of schooled ignorance, and thus we have such words as *spleeny* and *spleenish* in our commonest vernacular, and these words are rightly applied even by the most illiterate persons. Whenever people are constantly losing their temper or moderating force, and find difficulty in returning to an equilibrated condition, it is on account of electrical disturbance in the system. These electric storms in the human organism are invariably brought about by some mental discord; thus, persons who practise "mind cure" are generally right in their premises, though sometimes faulty in their methods and unsuccessful in their attempts, owing to their ignorance of the means whereby electrical disturbances can be overcome and prevented for the future.

Mrs. Kittenscomb had "seen trouble," her affections were quickly aroused and easily wounded; she had loved her husband, and he had been very good to her according to his light, but he never fully met the intense demands of her acutely sensitive nature, which demanded understanding and responsive love. Mr. Kittenscomb loved his wife, but he did not fathom the depths of her nature; he was a kind, liberal-minded man, but lacked in penetration as well as in executive ability. Since his passing away, his widow had been left to the care of Miss Priscilla Newmanhoff, who was of Anglo-

German parentage, and though very religious, by no means a comprehensive or comprehending woman; she understood neither Mrs. Kittenscomb nor Alicia; she was an efficient governess and a faithful companion, if one needs nothing beyond a mechanically accurate discharge of perfunctory duties in a perfunctory manner; but in her hands the two gentle, loving creatures who stood in need of what she could neither supply nor appreciate, fared badly indeed. Professor de Montmarte had not talked with his visitor two minutes before he knew exactly what ailed her, and told her plainly before all his guests that all she needed was a complete change of environment during her convalescence, which would be rapid if the necessary conditions were complied with.

“Make Miss Newmanhoff a handsome allowance and send her to visit her relatives in England or Germany, as she may prefer, and spend three weeks with us; we shall be delighted to have you and Alicia under our roof, but the governess-companion is better off elsewhere; we have no sympathies in common; you and your daughter are in our circle. Did I not discover this by intuition I should not offer to take your case and conduct it to a successful issue. We shall never see justice done to the ailing until physicians acknowledge the law of adaptability; bunglers with drugs and minerals kill more than they cure, but poor fellows, they are oftener blind than culpable; still a degree of responsibility does attach to a man or woman who undertakes a case, and holds out promise of benefit to the patient, when he or she feels no assurance whatever that the treatment will prove advantageous. Oh! for the blessed time (now rapidly approaching) when selfish greed and the hard, bitter struggle for the necessaries of material existence will no longer veil man's moral insight and stupefy his intellect so that self-interest instead of philanthropy controls the relations of man with man; but moralizing aside, to come directly to our point, you, my dear madam, are what people facetiously call ‘a bundle of nerves,’ you are a martyr to neuralgia, and what is neuralgia but nervousness? From

the Greek *neuros*, nerves, we get the English word neuralgia.

“Neuralgic affections are often called *toothache* when pain is felt acutely in the face; *spinal complaint* when the seat of suffering is in the back; *liver complaint* when the right side is painful, and *heart disease* when the trouble is with the left side. All such designations are evidence to me that people learn nothing by symptomatic indications, their diagnoses are invariably false. I have personally met during the past ten years as many as two hundred persons who have had sound teeth extracted in numbers to cure an affection of the nerves which the dental operation greatly aggravated; while the multitude who are dosed almost if not quite to death for ailments to which they have no tendency—though the statement is made *ex officio* that they are dangerously ill with such diseases—is growing larger annually, so much so that no honest physician can venture much longer to experiment with the human frame on the basis of a superficial regard for symptoms. As to dishonest doctors, the public are finding out their devices rapidly, and indignantly exposing them. I should probably be denounced by many devoted ‘Christian Scientists’ for employing electricity in treatment, but I should care nothing for such denunciation, knowing it proceeded from simple ignorance of electrical action on the human frame.

“Mrs. Eddy I regard as a very useful woman in many ways, but though I am more of a metaphysician in one sense than she is, I do not undertake to make abstract metaphysical statement all-in-all in my practice. I shall give you one remedy and only one; I agree with Marie Corelli, or her preceptor, that there are twelve forms in which this one universal life-giving agent can be applied and manifested, but I should have to enter into zodiacal therapeutics and expound the ‘tree of life,’ mentioned both in Genesis and the Apocalypse, to make my meaning clear and illustrate my subject, were I to expatiate upon the twelve-fold demonstration. Suffice it to say, that electricity is the unitary manifestation of spirit; only in electric guise is spirit ever revealed, and while elec-

tricity is both the "savor of life unto life, and of death unto death," in electrical therapeutics, the *savant* invariably works with the constructive current, if he be true to the irreversible commandment of divine law; 'Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good;' the constructive current is, however, transformed into an agent of destruction, when it expels foreign material from the frame, the *bacteria* concerning which there is, at present, so much glib prating, are driven out never to return, their vacant places never to be reoccupied by similar disturbers of the peace, when the element of life enters in as the *superlatively* strong man to evict the *relatively* strong, who is, of necessity, comparatively weak, when contrasted with the stronger. If you ask me how I explain the *modus operandi* of regeneration, I can only answer in brief that new cells and tissues, all vigorously healthy being formed, the old, decayed cells and tissues are removed by natural expulsion.

"I believe, indeed I will add, I know, that mental treatment can be so given as to be all inclusive, but in such cases, electricity is the agent employed by unseen operators in rebuilding the frame, though, in many instances—probably in most,—quite without the knowledge of the mental therapist."

"Excuse my interrupting," broke in Mr. Templeton, who had been an eager listener to the Professor's speech, "but are we to conclude, once for all, that Jesus and the apostles healed by electrical means, and that what you term human electricity issued from the hem of Christ's garment, reaching and healing the woman who had suffered twelve years from a painful malady which baffled all medical skill, and that the same force entered into the handkerchiefs and aprons which, according to the testimony of the Acts, were laid on sick persons, and did this same force extend even to Peter's shadow and permeate the anointing oil recommended by James, when applied by the elders of the primitive church?"

To this the Professor replied:

"I answer unreservedly, yes; but I may possibly take a

somewhat different view of some of these narratives to the one you, doubtless, entertain, judging by the style of your interrogations. Now, in the case of the woman first referred to; what did the Great Healer say to her, were not his words on several such occasions, 'Be of good cheer, your faith has made you whole,' or a statement to that effect? Now faith has three distinct elements: first, a sincere disposition toward right; second, confidence in the right perceived; third, open spiritual vision, or unusually keen discernment of principle. To say, 'your faith has made you whole,' is, therefore, equivalent to the declaration, 'you owe your restoration to health to your faithfulness of disposition, your confidence in divine truth, and your spiritual perception of what is needful for your welfare.' Had I the time and opportunity this evening to explain the 'way of salvation' as I understand it, I am sure I could settle your mind with regard to many mooted theological questions, which still embarrass you; I will endeavor, in a very few words, to explain what I understand by salvation.

"The great and holy teacher, Jesus, was in his terrestrial embodiment a perfect human being, radiating constantly an untainted electric emanation; this absolutely healthy life-essence reached out to all receptive minds and drew them to him; in him they found all the assistance they needed to lead them to live a healthy life. But be cautious here, and beware lest you attribute to an emanation from a physical form what originates in the unseen realm of spirit, and only ultimates itself in the perfect human physique. The power exercised by Jesus was a power which delivered from the love of sin; his influence excited an ardent love of righteousness, and led the suppliant for earthly benefit, to seek first the heavenly kingdom of righteousness, following upon the discovery of which, earthly blessings could be fully realized. I am not intending to discuss dogmatic theology, which is often a belligerent as well as a fruitless theme. I am inviting you to glean from the New Testament practical help for

daily use; therefore, I emphasize those passages which teach the latent possibilities of every human soul. What think you mean the words so often quoted, 'The works which I do, ye shall do also?' Whoever uttered such a sentence was a true scientist, a genuine teacher of men, one who explained the road along which we all must travel, if we, too, would reach the heights he had already scaled. Some persons were not at all benefitted by personal association with the Christ; the ever execrated Judas Iscariot had been as near the person of his Master as the beloved and ever faithful evangelist John; the people who caused Jesus to marvel at their obstinate incredulity, were as near his body, and could have touched his garments as readily as those whom it appears were instantly relieved of their infirmities.

"What constitutes the difference between a receptive and a non-receptive state? You may as well ask wherein a closed window differs from an open one. People often open their windows when they wish for light and air; they close and barricade them when they are afraid of breeze and sunshine. We need not go far to find analogies in the field of daily experience. I am invited often to the homes of poor, misguided worldings who offer themselves and children in sacrifice to the moloch of fashion and display. See those unhealthy, wretched women, clad in indecent garments which torture the 'human form divine,' into a hideous caricature of nature; witness the poor, deluded worshippers of the upholsterer's creations, whose sitting-rooms have the odor of tombs, and whose children are pent up in gilded cages, deprived of the rightful freedom of youth, for fear that carpets may be faded or soiled and complexions grow ruddy through exposure to the light and air. Were Jesus on earth to-day, many a 'Christian' woman would be insulted and turn indignantly away, when she found that tight-lacing, foot-pinching and complexion-making were not permissible in 'the church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.'

"We cannot disobey the law of God made manifest

throughout the illimitable field of nature, to gratify the serpent of our lowest instincts without paying the penalty. I would offer the sternest rebuke to those pseudo Christian Scientists who teach the outrageous falsehood that we can become superior to the effect of all external things while we pamper illicit appetites and then presumptuously deny that anything material can affect us; such travesties of gospel teaching need to be scorched with the fire of truthful teaching until they wither into ashes. I grant fully that when people live as the gospel teaches them to live, they cannot be harmed by poisons, serpents or aught else noxious under other conditions, but the impudent lie which affirms immunity from consequence while error is indulged, is the vilest falsification of the gospel ever fabricated by 'mortal mind' in its most ignorant degree of degradation. I do not read in gospel or epistle that any one was ever permanently saved from suffering who was not redeemed from the love of error, and what error is so gross, or affection so degrading as that which enslaves the reason in the chains of carnal appetite and frivolous desire for the world's applause, while in the same breath we are told to ignore all things material and all personal concerns, and trust entirely in Infinite Spirit?

"The absence of the jewel *consistency*, from any crown, will rob the diadem of all abiding lustre; I do not wish for a moment to speak disparagingly of 'Christian Science,' but I do see rotten timbers in the vessel now launched upon the waves bearing that inscription. But with regard to the handkerchiefs, aprons, shadows and oil to which you have called my attention, I should unhesitatingly pronounce many ancient beliefs decidedly superstitious, and I can readily see how many people in an oriental country would approach spiritual life through the veil of their preconceived ideas and practices. I do not accredit garments, oils or shadows with power to heal the sick, but I do know that there is no shadow without some substance to cast it, while wearing apparel is not, in the cases referred to, valued for its own sake, but solely by reason of

its connection with an owner or wearer who inspires confidence and esteem; and the very fact of the oil being ceremoniously administered by persons in high standing among the gnostic brethren of the first century, is to my mind, sufficient proof that these outward things were nothing in themselves, but only serviceable as they enabled very crude and undeveloped intellects to lay hold of a truth whose naked beauty they could not at once discern."

"Still," continued Mr. Templeton, "granting all you say, and I most cordially thank you for your exceeding plainness of speech and clearness of doctrine, is there not, after all, something solid in the claim of the animal magnetist, or certainly in that of the psychologist, mesmerist or electro-biologist to whose instrumentality we undoubtedly owe some cases of complete, and many of partial restoration to health?"

"I do not see," resumed the Professor, "that I need to alter my base, or in the slightest degree vary my position to admit that a healthy state of mind overflows in a torrent of healthy magnetism. I claim always that animal magnetism is not what we should seek for; too often it is most grievously polluted and is not at all an agreeable or a safe thing to handle when in a tainted condition. I put it to you as a reasonable man, does it seem feasible that an unhealthy body should communicate pure vital force to another frame? Of what character and in what condition are the bulk of magnetic healers and those who practice *massage*? I do not suggest that they are below the average man or woman, but are they above mediocrity in any direction? Anyone can give magnetic treatment, but can *anyone* heal the sick by laying on of hands? Echo answers no! Now, if we allow that many people whose outward methods are defective, accomplish good because of their goodness of heart and sincerity of purpose, I will agree with you that all schools enjoy a limited amount of success, and in this connection I beg you to note that ninety per cent. of those who heal by such methods are Spiritualists and claim to be mediums. Their own theory then, demolishes belief in

what is animal, and lifts the healing gift into a purely psychic realm, where it is made to depend on the intelligent action of unseen human beings.

“Mrs. Richmond, of Chicago,—whose inspired addresses I often read with much pleasure,—though not by any means friendly to certain phases of the Christian or Mental Science movement, takes this latter ground and defends it forcibly. Now, as I cannot deal with pluralities, such as *laws* and *forces*, continually without confounding those who come to me for instruction, I bring everything to a point of unity and speak of *law* and *force* in the singular. I am often provoked to laughter by the absurd statements of many conceited sciolists who, ignorant of the very first principle, to say nothing of the latest discoveries in chemistry, inform the readers of some small newspapers that because modern chemists tell of somewhere about seventy primates, therefore, nature does not proclaim unity. To such unenlightened dabblers in science, I would like to say that there is not a chemist of any repute on either side of the Atlantic or Pacific who does not maintain that all primates must be ultimately reducible to one absolute primary. This essential primary I maintain, is electricity, which, in its turn, is but the outward garb of pure spirit, itself ever invisible, the unseen cause of all things, known only through its manifestations.”

As the conversation proceeded, Mrs. Kittenscomb had fallen into a profound slumber, from which she awoke suddenly after about an hour's enjoyment of most perfect and refreshing rest, exclaiming:

“Oh, I see it all now; I have been grieving for the loss of my husband's body, and now I am to blend my efforts with his in enlarging the sphere of his present ministry. To do this, to co-operate in his endeavors, I must forget self and disembarass my mind of all concern for material welfare; dear little Alicia, how often have you told me your papa was with you in spirit, and I could not realize it; now I have seen him and he tells me that you must grow up as the flowers

grow; I am not to tax you with stated lessons, and oh, he bids me thank you sincerely, kind, good Professor, and you, my lovely young lady, for the blessed offer of a twenty-one days' sojourn in this delightful home. I have not *rested* for twenty years until this evening; I have *slept* often for many consecutive hours, often forced into unnatural slumber by poisonous opiates; now I shall recover, I know I shall; I shall live not only for my daughter's sake, but for humanity; we shall travel together carrying tidings of comfort to the sad, pointing the weary to the true fountain of refreshment. Oh, how can we repay you for all your goodness, dear, kind friends? The Bible talks of entertaining angels; we are being entertained by angels, and you are among the fairest heaven has commissioned to abide awhile on this dark globe to draw its erring children nearer to heaven's light."

"My good friend," replied the Professor, "give God the glory; do not extol His humble instruments so highly; it is 'more blessed to give than to receive;' therefore, at present, ours is the greater boon; but as in the march of the cycles, whatever good is given to others returns in blessing to those who gave it forth, never fear that you or we shall not be quits. Now throwing aside all thought of reward, which we do not crave, your presence in our house will add to our pleasure and that of all our guests; your rooms are already in order, if you will remain to-night; should you prefer to sleep one more night in your old quarters, you can prepare to be our guests (remember we take no one to board) by one o'clock to-morrow. I know you would say that I am a physician and you will insist on paying my fees; I am nothing of that kind; my income is ample and derived from other sources. You are Azoriel's guests, as such we rejoice to be privileged to entertain you. Now let us consider this matter settled and adjourn to the music-room, where my daughter and her friend, Miss O'Shannon, will give us some delightful music."

The party having assembled near the organ and piano, the two young ladies took their seats, each at her respective

instrument. Heloise's masterly manipulation of the great organ whose jubilant and plaintive strains alternately rose and sobbed through the spacious apartment, was greatly enhanced by the sweet, sympathetic responses and blendings of harmony, which issued from the superb piano whose keyboard Lydia Shannon's gentle fingers swept with all the skill of an accomplished master's hand. At last their voices rose together in a faultless rendition of the beautiful hymn, "Holiest breathe an evening blessing, ere repose our eyelids seal."

The singular charm of these renditions was that the extempore melodies were played and sung together in as perfect accord by the two performers as though they had practised for days together to insure perfection. A power greater than practice made practice in their case unnecessary. The Baroness and the Kittenscombs bade their adieux shortly before midnight, and silence once more wrapped "The Palms" in its embrace."

CHAPTER XVII.

KNOWLEDGE APPLIED, OR POWER IN ACTION.

“Even so would I act,
That, when this life is o’er,
I may face up its fact
Upon th’ eternal shore,
Without a conscious blush
For duty left undone—
Without a tearful sigh
For battles yet unwon.
Even so would I rise
Beyond this fading sphere
Into the cloudless light
Of heaven’s pure atmosphere.”

A period of unexampled profit and pleasure had drawn to an end for our friends so delightfully domiciled at “The Palms.” During that time no one was perhaps so greatly benefited as Mrs. Kittenscomb, who had completely recovered all her original buoyancy of spirits and frame, and more than her former love of life and keen appreciation of the beautiful, under Prof. de Montmartre’s spiritual electric treatment.

Miss Newmanhoff had departed in tearful dudgeon, and yet with secret joy, to spend six weeks or longer with relatives in Germany. That pious, but bigoted, lady had been once to “The Palms,” on the occasion of her kind employer’s removal thither. Impressed though she was, and that forcibly, by the sumptuous magnificence she observed there, and particularly fascinated by the perfect and charming courtesy of Heloise, she still remained firm in her impression (poor benighted creature that she was, in spite of her piety) that to attempt to heal the sick, except in accordance with the stereotyped

methods of fossilized medical colleges, was to fly in the face of Providence, and call down a curse on all who dabbled in the "black art," as this Christian-heathen blindly, but blasphemously styled the method advocated in the New Testament on the highest conceivable authority.

"Beware of the wiles of the devil, Satan is appearing to you in masquerade; you think him an angel of light, while he is the prince of darkness. Oh, my dear, dear lady, beware how you imperil the interests of your immortal soul, as you vainly strive to revivify your poor fleshly body in a manner forbidden by the Almighty!" remonstrated Miss Newmanhoff.

"My good friend," responded Mrs. Kittenscomb, "you have most strangely misconceived the situation. What you term 'forbidden of God,' I maintain is expressly commanded in the gospel. I must say the electric agency employed is new to me, but there is the only point of difference I can see between the apostolic mode of healing and the system practiced by Professor de Montmarte; but you, who believe in medicine and consult physicians, cannot be unaware that the highest medical talent of to-day favors in some form electric usage. I am not sufficiently well informed on the nature and application of electricity to venture anything of an opinion on its curative efficacy; but, when it comes to the purely spiritual power of the Professor's treatment, a glance at your Bible ought to convince you that regular physicians (not metaphysicians) are advocating practicing what no prophet nor apostle, nor Christ himself, ever sanctioned. If your view of the case is the scriptural one who among the sacred writers endorse it? From a child I have been a Bible student, and have held many conversations with eminent divines and celebrated physicians attached to the Christian faith on these very matters, and I must say I never received any satisfactory reply from any. My dear husband, in the last sermon he ever preached, uttered the following words which have rung in my memory thousands of times during my illness, when

medicine seemed to make me worse rather than better, and no one but Alicia could ever soothe my aching brow or give me a moment's respite.

"In my opinion and that of many of the most distinguished bishops, clergy and laymen of our beloved national church, there is in the present revival of religion in England a cloud, as yet, perhaps, no bigger than a man's hand, arising in the East, betokening a downpour of healing rain, which will revive the gifts of healing exercised in the primitive church. Is it not sadly probable that our present lamentable destitution of spiritual evidences is due to our rigid formalism, coupled with the still greater danger of a devoted mammon worship? I pray God this hopeful prediction may be speedily fulfilled!"

Miss Newmanhoff who well knew by much past experience that argument never convinced Mrs. Kittenscomb when her lamented husband's views were in dispute, wisely refrained from continuing the attack. She, however, firmly persisted in her old way of thinking and remained obstinately deaf to every persuasion and entreaty to investigate this subject for herself.

Persons of her type are better left alone; they are not prepared to digest any different spiritual or mental food from that which they so eagerly relish, and while they entertain erroneous opinions on many points, despite their narrowness and perversity of sentiment, they are often thoroughly conscientious people, in whom genuine goodness of disposition more than atones for lack of sympathy with more advanced ideas.

During Mrs. Kittenscomb's residence at "The Palms" she had seen and heard many things almost too wonderful to relate, and as her experiences were many of them private and personal, specially connected with her family affairs, a narration of such would hardly interest the general reader, especially as we have already introduced accounts of phenomena fully as wonderful.

On the 2d of September the party were all sitting in the library, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when Zenophon showed extraordinary signs of restlessness; he paced the floor like a fierce animal in captivity, and kept exclaiming:

"Oh, my dear master, nothing shall ever separate us again now we are once more united!"

Professor de Montemarte and Heloise were actively engaged in writing at their respective desks in the spacious apartment, and, being completely absorbed in their work, hardly noticed the boy's singular conduct, which greatly impressed all other members of the company.

Mr. Templeton and Lydia, who had by this time begun talking of their approaching wedding, and who had grown together into an understanding of the various signs which denote mesmeric influence, paused in their conversation about the new life they were to live together to beg of the boy to refuse to permit himself to be controlled by the will of Count Katolowynski, who had that very day arrived in Paris from Southampton, at which point the "Teufelheute" had recently deposited him. Speaking to the lad was evidently quite useless, and he continued to mutter to himself words of submission and endearment coupled with occasional outbursts of sorrow for having ever permitted himself to be torn from the embrace of his only true friend, and the only person on earth to whom he could ever become sincerely and permanently attached, and whose companionship he declared would constitute his heaven in the life beyond. At length, he assumed a defiant attitude, and with hands outstretched in evident malediction toward his kind host and hostess fell on the floor in a deep swoon, trembling violently. At length he became cold as ice and rigid as marble. Shortly his features relaxed and a triumphant, though sinister smile lighted up his marble features; then, reaching out his hand to some form unseen by all save himself, he breathed softly, "Now we are each others for eternity."

In this passive condition he remained till dinner was an-

nounced, when he suddenly sprang to his feet, rushed into the garden, and took refuge in the summer-house a favorite haunt of his, whither he often resorted to read, write and paint at leisure.

All save the Montmartes, being painfully struck with the unwelcome change in the boy's manner, were eager to inquire into its cause; but, as it was a law at "The Palms" never to ask questions on personal matters in the presence of servants, even though they were not supposed to comprehend English they impatiently deferred their comments till the meal was over.

A storm had been gathering all day, and the party had scarcely left the table when peals of thunder rent the air, lightning flashed vividly, and rain began to descend in torrents. Fearing Zenophon might be frightened at the storm, Heloise who feared nothing and never caught cold, attired in an appropriate outer garment and encasing her feet in goloshes, ran to the summer house to bring back the boy or keep him company. What was her surprise to find Zenophon prostrate on the floor covered with the Count's magnificent traveling coat of Russian sable, the Count meanwhile singing a strange, weird melody which Heloise at once detected as an Indian song of the far-famed serpent-charmers.

As she approached, the Count abruptly ceased singing, and bowing with mock deference said tauntingly: "So, my fair enchantress, I have called you to me as well as my Greek slave. Where is your protector now? I want nothing of you, and you know it; but if you attempt to interfere in the slightest degree with my moving Zenophon forever from your father's house and guardianship, I will strike you dead where you stand, and not a physician on earth but will declare you were struck by lightning."

As he spoke, he drew from his apparel a small magician's wand, in reality an electric contrivance of considerable medical or surgical utility, but a deadly weapon when used with deliberate, foul intent by a desperado. Rising in the majesty of

her royal dignity, the imperial girl, whom nothing could daunt, confronted the haughty and vindictive Russian in tones of such stern and positive defiance that for a moment he winced under the lash of her burning words; then stooping over the sleeping form of Zenophon, she addressed him in tones full of kindness, but penetrative with the voice of indubitable authority.

“Awake, thou art forever freed from the tempter’s snare.” The boy moved restlessly, as though in an uneasy dream, then turned his face in the direction of the Count, who immediately breathed in his nostrils and said :

“Zenophon, you are mine forever ; now come with me, and heaven on earth shall be your portion.”

The boy rose instantly to obey, when a more vivid flash of forked lightning than any which had yet appeared, illumined the summer-house as though with a blaze of lurid fire; instantly a crash of thunder followed, making the frail building shake as though rocked by an earthquake. The lightning had struck the summer-house and passed directly by the side of the now thoroughly frightened boy; his hair was singed, one of his fingers smarted sharply, and his whole frame quivered with fright and pain; he was not, however, seriously injured; in his terror, he clutched the garments of Heloise, and shook himself free of the Count’s touch as though that handsome, but unprincipled nobleman had been the sole cause of his alarm and suffering. Seeing his prey thus escaping from his grasp, the mesmeric trance entirely over and the powers guiding and working through his opponent on the verge of victory; rendered desperate with anger not unmixed with fear, he dared to use brute force to recapture his victim ; in seeking to drag the boy from her, he struck Heloise a smart blow on the face, an indignity she had never in her life suffered from anyone.

A scene followed which words are powerless to describe; the noble daughter of old Chaldea rose in the majesty of her more than simply human strength, and with one touch of her

finger on the Count's forehead, caused him to fall prostrate on the ground.

"Who is struck by lightning, now?" she queried of the motionless form at her feet; "stir at your deadly peril; Azoriel whom you despise, is mighty in righteous indignation when sinners trample justice and human liberties in the dust; I warn you, should you attempt to touch that boy, or lay a finger on me, your beauty will be withered and your power taken from you, never to be recovered on this side of the grave. Zenophon is now a member of an order into whose sacred precincts such minds as yours can never enter, nor even know of its existence, till purified by bitter suffering, from the veil of error and selfishness which now beclouds them. Live for good, use your gifts for the elevation of humanity, and this shock will but add to your endowments by relieving you of much that has kept you back from the ardent dream of your life; but attempt again to employ vile sorcery to others' detriment, and as surely as justice reigns on High, shall your power be taken from you, and as but a wreck of your former self shall leave this place to-night."

Professor de Montmarte and Mr. Templeton arrived at the spot at the moment Heloise was declaiming justice on the offender; her superb scorn, manifest in every feature of her expressive face and every accent of her ringing voice, made her appear a princess of an ancient temple, calling down vengeance on an unrepentant criminal who sought the destruction of one whom she had sworn to defend from all peril. The Professor though usually so calm, at sight of Count Katolowynski on his premises, evidently bent on mischief, was about to rush upon the intruder and deal with him as he deserved, when in an instant his daughter turned to him with flashing eyes, firmly uttering the words:

"Father, he is Azoriel's prisoner; leave him to a higher power than thine." Then speaking to the Count, she said:

"Go! now and forever, and remember the warning, 'Sin no more lest a worse thing come upon thee.'" Docile as a

child, utterly subdued though unrepentant, the humiliated Russian who had bribed servants to effect a clandestine entrance through the Professor's grounds, moved out through the garden in the drenching rain, speechless, amazed, confounded; while Zenophon, already recovered from the shock, said in clear, decided tones:

“Count Katolowynski, farewell forever; you and I can never cross each other's path again.” Without a word or single backward glance, the once master of the now completely liberated boy, strode rapidly through the enclosure and out into the storm, to recover as best as he could from a blow which had humbled his pride to the very dust, and deprived him of the only ally he had ever found capable of so fully responding to his will as to furnish him the assistance indispensable to the carrying out of his most treasured schemes for self promotion through the banishment of his fellow countrymen to the awful wilderness of Siberia.

The storm subsided, quickly as it had arisen; the thunder sounded faint and distant, the rain passed off in a quiet shower, and soon ceased altogether; the stars shone forth one by one, like eyes of angels watching the inhabitants of earth; a lovely night set in, made vocal with the songs of nightingales, and perfumed with the breath of countless flowers which always breathe their sweetest fragrance after a grand upheaval of the elements, as though to return thanks to Heaven for deliverance from the tempest, praise to the Power Divine which, through the agency of nature's most dread convulsions, purifies the earth and opens the way for fairer days, providing healthier conditions for all things living.

The two gentlemen, Heloise and Zenophon, returned quietly to the house and related something of their strange adventure to the ladies awaiting them, who were more fascinated than awed by Professor de Montmarte's guarded but accurate recital. As soon as this was ended, Lydia went to the piano, and under a decided and beautiful inspiration,

sang that lovely melody "Zion" by Rodney, the refrain of which is—

"After the storm they rest in peace,
Where there shall be no night;
After the toil they find release,
After the darkness light,
Ended life's weary quest,
Never again to roam,
After the strife at rest,
After the wandering home.

The song was hardly finished when the postman brought letters for Mr. Templeton and Mrs. Finchley, bearing the American postmark. Before they were opened, Heloise, who seemed to be in no way injured or upset by her recent encounter, said the moment they were delivered, "Dear friends, we shall miss you all very much indeed, but the time has now arrived when you must recommence your work in your old homes, but for two of you how different, how much larger the scope of the work and how much happiness in each other's company. As you are Americans, and non-Catholics, we have spoken to the American minister and you can be married next Monday morning in the American Chapel, then you must start for home. Dr. Maxwell, who has been closeted with my father, when not shut up in his own room perusing rare manuscripts, during the past three weeks, will prepare you while on the voyage for all you have to undertake when you reach your homes; you will continue to see a great deal of each other, and the fruits of your visit here will be apparent immediately you reach America."

The letters, when opened, were to the following effect: Mrs. Templeton wrote to her son saying the parish was in great need of him, especially as the Rev. V. Mewle was making most unwarrantable attempts to annex the congregation of the Saddlerock church to his own, by dictating to them what pastor they should elect in the event of Mr. Templeton not returning. (Mr. Mewle said privately, Mr. Templeton never

would return, as he was "shoveling in more shekels elsewhere"), Mr. Mewle continued to vociferate against every liberal idea, and used his utmost influence to keep back progress in every shape in the community. This *honorable* and *reverend* gentleman had a nephew freshly graduated from Yale, whom he desired to see in Mr. Templeton's place, and three-fourths of whose salary he wished to claim on the plea of influence and continued maintenance.

Mr. Mewle was one of the elect that could not err; perfectly sanctified, a conductor of holiness meetings, and an advocate of the hideous heresy that those who had once discovered that they were God's chosen people, could do no wrong, however they might violate every just law of earth as well as heaven. Alas, for the ridiculousness of self-conceit at any time! but deeper woe to those whose spiritual pride and arrogant self-importance lead them to mistake their own insuperable vanity for complete evidence of the Almighty's special interest in their small, mean selves. Mrs. Templeton wrote with a heart full of gratitude, and a mind clearly awake to the benefits her son had undoubtedly received from his sojourn with such truly enlightened friends, first in New York and then in Paris; she was very reluctant to tear him away from such good company, but trusted she might have the pleasure of welcoming Mrs. Finchley and Dr. Maxwell to her humble but pleasant home amid the green hills of Vermont. Though not exactly glad to take a second place in her son's affections in future, she was prepared to welcome his bride with motherly affection, and would vow faithfully never to be that bone of contention in a family a *meddling* mother-in-law ever is; she was sure Lydia and herself would be the best of friends, and trusted Lydia's mother would reciprocate the feeling she was desirous of extending to the kind-hearted Irishwoman, whom she had seen only once, and then for not over five minutes, amid the hurry of train departure at a junction between Saddlerock and New York. The letter ended with an outline of her own experiences, which were in-

tensely interesting and peculiarly gratifying to her son and daughter-in-law-elect.

Mrs. Finchley's letter contained no very striking news, but an urgent appeal to herself and nephew to return to New York as soon as possible, as the gentleman left in charge of the house and business had been suddenly summoned to return to his parents in Germany, who were in great need of his presence and assistance; he would not leave till Dr. Maxwell returned and relieved him of all obligations; but being a firm believer in Mrs. Finchley's clairvoyant gift, he begged her to advise him what to do, and telegraph a response if there was anything urgent to communicate. Dr. Maxwell at once assented to the idea that their mission of delightful experience in Europe was accomplished for the present; they had seen wonders transcending those of fairy lore, and could take the words *Nunc Dimmittis* appropriately upon their lips as they wended their homeward way.

Mr. Templeton had most peculiar reasons for gladness and thankfulness; he had emerged completely from under the old shadow which had hung over his life and threatened to entomb him in its embrace; he had secured as his affianced wife, a girl who was hourly developing into his ideal of womanhood, and for whom he entertained no rapturous, fleeting passion, but a deep, earnest love, which with every new day grew holier and more intense. Mrs. Kittenscomb, accompanied by Alicia, was to join the returning party, as the lovely child had seen in her visions an outline of the work she was to fulfill in coming years, and her mother was wishful to escape from the scenes too closely connected with the buried form of her beloved husband, and the influence of relatives who had never understood her.

Professor de Montmarte and Heloise heartily concurred in the arrangement, and wishing all God-speed in their new departure, made unusual efforts to make the closing days of their friends' stay in Paris exceptionably agreeable. Having consummated the special purpose for which they had been

brought to "The Palms," there was now nothing to be done but enjoy the beautiful summer scenery and the delights of unalloyed and ever-strengthening friendship. The last Saturday and Sunday in the gay French metropolis were days ever to be remembered as landmarks in their career, veritable openings of the doors of heaven. The opera never seemed so entrancing as on that last evening at the *Comique*, when Arabella Von der Stael took the Parisians by storm in her superb impersonation of *Clarice* in "*Le Singe de Mon Cœur*," the latest and most amusing creation of the ever enjoyable Oufenstahl.

Monday morning at eleven o'clock, in the American Chapel, the Rev. Clovis Herron of Chicago, made Onesimus Templeton and Lydia O'Shannon man and wife. After the formal ceremony, which was witnessed by only twelve people, the party returned to "The Palms," and there participated in nuptial exercises pertaining to higher spheres of perception than the average mind can grasp.

END OF PART I.

ONESIMUS TEMPLETON.

A PSYCHICAL ROMANCE BY W. J. COLVILLE.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.



HAPPY HOURS IN LONDON.

"Oh, wherefore must we say good-bye
To scenes surpassing bright and fair?
Why should not nature for us all
Forever radiant graces wear?
Does not our life forever tend
To realms of light and joy divine,
Where through unnumbered happy years
We shall in God's own image shine?
Be this the truth; yet still our way
Toward such glad and shining light
Must ever be through duties done,
Till duty turns to sweet delight.
Thus every daily task appears
Lit with the beam of heavenly spheres."

The day for their departure from "The Palms" came all too quickly for the happy party who had spent such an unspeakably happy month beneath the hospitable shelter of that truly magnificent but unspeakably homelike mansion. Onesimus Templeton and Lydia O'Shannon being now man and wife, Dr. Maxwell and Mrs. Finchley being needed at their home, and Zenophon on the high road to success and usefulness as an assistant to the good doctor, there was no valid reason for their longer sojourn in Paris. So the Montmartes, who ever put duty before pleasure, until duty became at length pure delight, with many affectionate and heartfelt adieux speeded the parting as they had welcomed

the arriving guests. It was a lovely summer morning—though autumn was fast approaching—when, having taken refreshment at an unusually early hour, they rode to the *Gare du Nord* to take the train which connects at Calais for the steamer to Dover. Wishing to see something of England, and having a few days to spare, they resolved on visiting London and then returning to America on board one of the magnificent Lloyd steamers which receives passengers at Southampton. Arriving at Dover on a Saturday afternoon they at once took an express to London and reached there about 6 P. M., in ample time to refresh themselves with a good dinner at the Hotel Metropole, and then attend the promenade concert at Covent Garden Opera House. These concerts—which are given nightly on a superb scale during the off season, when, according to “upper tendom,” there is “not a *soul* in town”—present to the great public, consisting of between four and five millions of *bodies* who cannot get out of town, a most exquisite and varied programme of the choicest vocal and instrumental music for 1 shilling (25 cents). There are higher-priced seats for such as desire to occupy them, but the general admission is only 1 shilling to floor and upper circle, and frequently from three to five thousand persons—sometimes even a larger number—will be present on a single evening. The beautiful Floral Hall, which joins the opera house proper, is opened and beautifully illuminated with fairy lamps and incandescent electric lights, making the whole scene a fairy paradise.

The concerts begin soon after 8, and seldom conclude much before midnight. The programme is so arranged that people go in and out all through the performance and promenade constantly without causing the slightest interruption, except when some fine soloist is performing. Then a complete hush falls over the vast throng; promenaders gather round the band stand, and when the solo ends, a burst of applause rises almost sufficient to shake the building, massive though it be.

Our party, arriving about 8:45, found themselves immediately in the midst of a scene fully as gay and inspiring as any they had witnessed in Paris. The red coats of the Life Guardsmen contrasting brilliantly with the dark attire of civilians, coupled with the numberless hues of the ladies' dresses, cloaks and bonnets, made a grand scene of beauty and variety hard to match in any miscellaneous crowd. The large orchestra in scarlet uniforms, sitting in an embowered enclosure around which tropical plants blossomed in all their native luxuriance, made the raised stand a pleasing cynosure of all eyes; while standing in front of the musicians (most of them singularly fine and handsome men) stood a petite girlish figure dressed in snowy muslin, the very *beau ideal* of an artist's dream of innocent grace and loveliness. This charming young songstress was none other than the seraphic Signorina Lavinia Maria Ferranita, who for one season only delighted the British public with a voice and style of unexampled purity and sweetness, and then passed out of the musical sky like a comet whose destination is beyond the orbit of human vision.

This delightful young cantatrice was warbling in the purest Italian that gem from "Faust," *Le Parlate d'Amor*, so deservedly a favorite selection all over the world. On her lips every syllable was a pearl. Her delicate throat and bosom heaved with deep natural emotion as she sang the touching words in the beautiful tongue of her lovely native land. When she finished singing, the house, breathless while she sang, literally rose to its feet and pelted her with flowers. Compelled to respond to a deafening encore, she rendered in pure English, rendered all the more attractive by reason of her *piquante* Italian accent, Karl Ambruster's majestic yet pathetic ballad, "The Silver Shield." As she came to the words

"If we but knew

What hearts are false, what hearts are true,"

the vibratory quality of her rich, penetrating tones pierced to

the very roof of the building and rang out into the corridors, as though some angelic soul, awhile embodied on earth, were petitioning heaven to endow a blind, often misguided race, with such penetration as would enable truth, here and now, to triumph once for all over dethroned and vanquished error, falsehood and wrong. Every one was moved (many to tears), and the recall which followed came unmistakably from the hearts' depths of the vast concourse of men and women, most if not all of whom doubtless felt somewhere in their inner natures an intense longing, which no words could voice, to *know absolutely* how far they could dare to trust some one to whom their affections went out, but of whose sincerity they were at times, at least, painfully in doubt.

The sweet, modest figure returned and bowed gracefully, as Italia's daughters only can bow; but, after this recognition of the plaudits of the multitude, no amount of noise and clamor could bring the lovely Signorina again before the audience. When asked in private why she never responded to more than one encore, she answered: "Singing does not fatigue me more than it does the birds who sing nearly all day. But the programme is long. There are a number of my fellow-artists to appear, and I have no right to take their time so that when they come on the audience will be tired and about to leave." This true, womanly sentiment of regard for others marked all her conduct. No one could accuse her of the slightest tinge of jealousy. She gloried in the triumphs of others, and was pained at their defeat.

One evening, when a timid little English girl had been treated coldly by a supercilious mob, and had retired sobbing to her dressing-room, almost heart-broken at the rude repulse and overwhelmed with grief at the manager's refusal to re-engage her (she was a true and conscientious artist, had an aged mother and crippled sister to support, and no other means of livelihood), Signorina Ferranita, who had made a success that night enough to turn the heads of all the maidens

in the United Kingdom, threw herself at the manager's feet with a passionate outburst of woe, crying, "Oh, you cruel man! If you send away Miss Carrol you will break my heart." Then, addressing the wounded song-bird in her most caressing accents, said, "Darling, you and I shall triumph together before the end of this evening's concert. I am down to sing again, and when they call me back you and I will respond together and sing that lovely duet, "Maying," by Gounod, which we practiced for Lady Ambleside's soiree at her house last week. "Oh, I could never face those people again! They are too dreadful," wailed poor little Miss Carrol. "But with me, whom they love, you will feel quite safe," exclaimed the prima donna. "Now, remember, they call me '*La reina asoluta*,' and absolute monarchs insist on their commands being obeyed. Now, *la reina* commands you to sing with her to-night, and she will not be disobeyed."

When the fair young Italian next appeared on the stage, the house which had frozen Miss Carrol greeted its bright particular star with such thunders of enthusiasm that the accompanist had to stop and the fair debutante to bow repeatedly before she was allowed to proceed. Her selection was a long and very difficult selection from *Traviata*, in which she struck high C thrice. This feat capped the climax of all former efforts. The audience became frantic with delight, and when, after an absence of at least three minutes, she returned, leading Miss Carrol by the hand, and the pianist sounded the prelude to the forthcoming duet, a perfect shout went up from the vast assembly. In the very height of her triumph, tears raining down her cheeks, she publicly embraced her young friend (older by two years than herself), and as their voices rose and fell together the rich soprano of the one and deep contralto of the other blended so harmoniously as to move to penitence and contrition the very cruelest of the brutes who had hissed when an hour earlier a few good-natured people had tried to get up an encore to encourage the shrinking little Englishwoman.

In Miss Carrol's interest Signorina Ferranita gladly waived her ordinarily inflexible rule never to return and sing twice after any selection, and tripped back joyfully with her arm around Miss Carrol's waist, and as nothing else in the way of a duet had been rehearsed between them, they gave Glover's grand old composition, "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" in a manner to win for that good old favorite a higher reputation than it had ever known before. Miss Carrol's reputation was by this time thoroughly made. The manager, who had just before threatened her with discourteous dismissal, now craved her pardon humbly on his knees, and to show the sincerity of his conversion, there and then doubled her salary and signed a contract with her for the remainder of the season, which Signorina Ferranita witnessed in due form.

Hearing this beautiful and touching story of the charming songstress from an elderly gentleman in the Floral Hall during an intermission, Dr. Maxwell expressed an earnest desire to be introduced to this truly noble and selfless girl who cared more for a stranger's welfare than for any honors lavished on herself. He at once received the answer that she allowed no gentlemen to be presented to her, except through Lady Ambleside, whose guest she was and at whose place in Croydon she was then staying. Dr. Maxwell, being a thorough gentleman, respected her still the more highly for taking so wise a precaution against the formation of undesirable acquaintances, and frankly said to the elderly nobleman with whom he was speaking (his companion was none other than Lord Ambleside, though he was not aware of it).

"I should not think of pressing myself on any lady whose true womanliness prompts her to thus protect herself against intrusions which I have reason to fear are not altogether unwelcome to many stage favorites; however, as my aunt and a young married lady who is with her are both fully as anxious as myself to form Signorina Ferranita's acquaint-

ance, she may, perhaps, be willing to allow the two ladies to enjoy a moment's interview. Do you know any one who might be willing to introduce them?"

"I will do so myself most gladly, and you too, my dear sir. I know before I have exchanged six sentences with a man on the subject of a young lady what sort of a fellow he is. You, sir, are a gentleman, every inch of you. I would trust my daughter over the world in your care, and that's not too much to say, though I have known you only ten minutes."

"I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for your high opinion, but can in all modesty assure you your confidence will never be misplaced, if ever you honor me with any delicate commission. But I fear we shall not see much of each other, as I and my friends are returning to New York on Tuesday, and when we shall be next in England I have no idea. I am a physician, and cannot easily leave my home practice frequently; just now I am returning from Paris, where duty more than pleasure called me to make a brief but most delightful and profitable visit. Many people think Paris holds few save the ultra-frivolous; but it has been my good fortune to find in that gay city the best friends and most distinguished scientists I have encountered anywhere."

"I am somewhat acquainted in Paris myself," continued Lord Ambleside; "do you know a Professor de Montmarte, a wonderful man with (if possible) a yet more wonderful daughter? They live in a gorgeous place with an English name; he is the greatest electrician in Europe, if report speaks truly. They live very quietly, in spite of all their wealth, and are very little known outside a small circle of immediate friends. Mademoiselle de Montmarte has been the sole instructor of Signorina Ferranita. I have tried to coax the young lady, who bears the romantic name of Heloise, to visit England, but she won't leave France except for Italy, and her father is probably as obstinate, though in his younger days he was a great traveler, and has, I believe, spent some time in Syria."

“Why, we have all come from ‘The Palms’ this very morning. We have been the honored guests of the Montmartes for the past few weeks. It is indeed a pleasure to meet one who knows our dearest friends and benefactors. My name is Maxwell; you may have heard the Professor speak of me. I know he talks about me when my back is turned, and I cannot help it,” laughed the doctor, merrily, knowing how flattering were Professor de Montmarte’s expressions concerning him.

“Are you Dr. Maxwell, Mrs. Finchley’s nephew? Well, I am delighted to meet you! Indeed, I *have* heard about you. Well, the cat’s out of the bag now; I’m Lord Ambleside, my wife is Signorina Ferranita’s chaperone. Come now, call your ladies, and as the concert is nearly over and our carriage is waiting, be presented to *la reina*, as we all call her, and then come out to-morrow afternoon to Croydon and dine with us quietly *en famille*. We must get acquainted. How sorry I am you must leave London so soon! Can’t you defer your voyage a week? Croydon is very pleasant at this season; we have a big house and hardly anybody in it till November, and we can accommodate a regiment if necessary.”

Thanking the whole-souled peer of the realm for his cordial offer of hospitality, which he was compelled, though regretfully, to decline, Dr. Maxwell led his new friend to his aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton, and Zenophon, who were in a group listening to a fine Wagnerian selection by the band. After the introduction, which in this case was quite informal, Lord Ambleside, with a kindly “delighted to meet you all,” conducted the party of five to his young “lioness,” who was just then adjusting her cloak and hat in readiness for departure. Off the stage she appeared small and quite fragile. People were often heard to remark, “How is it possible such a little body can give out such a volume of tone!” But, immediately she smiled and displayed delighted animation at meeting people

who knew and loved the preceptress whom she almost idolized, Dr. Maxwell at once detected the infallible signs of well nigh perfect health, which are ever present in a thoroughly electrified organism, no matter how frail its build may appear to be.

In private, this latest idol of the British concert-going public was a simple but charming and highly intelligent Italian maiden, speaking English with a piquante foreign accent, which greatly heightened the charm of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. No one thus meeting her could have connected her in thought with the distinguished heroine of a great opera house, whose praises were sounded by all the newspapers without an exception, lionized by the public, caressed by the nobility, this child of nineteen summers had lost nothing of the gentle, unassuming sweetness which characterized her every movement when her voice led the maiden choir in the chapel of Santa Cecilia, attached to the great cathedral at Milan, where first her lovely voice, then very inferior to its present excellence, had attracted the ear of Heloise, who was assisting at evening devotions one beautiful night during the November of the previous year.

Adding her petition to that of Lord Ambleside, that they should all dine together at 5 P. M. the following day, the charming cantatrice waved her hand in graceful adieu as she entered the carriage bound for Croydon, while Dr. Maxwell and his party returned on foot to the Metropole, where they had engaged delightful rooms at a very reasonable figure, and meals on the wise European plan of paying for what you eat when you eat it, instead of following the American practice of paying a fixed rate for board, as well as room, which usually means paying for five meals a day if you eat three, as three are charged for at the hotel anyway, and you generally eat one there and two in other parts of the city, or its environs.

London grows instantly quiet on Saturday night directly the bell on St. Paul's tolls the hour of 12. As though

by magic the previous noise and bustle ends, and Sabbath quietude commences its not unwelcome reign over the weary city and its teeming populace. Of course, one hears the rumble of carriage wheels in the streets more or less all night, if one is awake to hear it, but by comparison with other times, Saturday night ushers in an era of unbroken calm, though excursion trains and an enlarged omnibus and tram-car service are making constant inroads upon the time-honored custom of resting practically, as well as in theory, one day out of every seven.

A good English hotel, with a French name, is apt to be very comfortable, and none we know of is more so than the Metropole, which is very conveniently and centrally situated near to the proverbial "everything"—a word which bunches together churches, theatres, concert halls, shops, railway stations, etc., *ad libitum*, in one comprehensive word elastic enough to be both a noun and an adverb, to suit existing circumstances.

Rising about 9 A. M. on Sunday, our friends assembled for breakfast a little before 10, and over their coffee discussed their church plan for the morning. Perusing a long list of services printed in the journals of the day previous, Dr. Maxwell and Mr. Templeton were struck by the announcement of a familiar name, as their eyes rested on the order of services at Clarendon Square Chapel (Free Church), "Martindale Fischer-Bennett will preach at 11 A. M. on 'Babylon and its Downfall in the Present Era.' Strangers cordially invited."

"Let us go and hear him by all means," said the doctor; "why, he must be the very radical son of the very conservative father, who was your father's successor and your predecessor at Saddlerock, Onesimus—but what say the ladies?"

"Oh, let's go, certainly," assented Mrs. Finchley and Mrs. Templeton, in a breath.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT IS THE MODERN BABYLON?

“How long, O Lord shall waiting souls
Wait on to see the promised day?
How long shall thine own image grieve
While pent within these walls of clay?
O hasten, Lord, the glorious hour
That bids all doubt and error flee
Revealing truth in all its might
And drawing man more close to Thee.”

Zenophon, who greatly preferred a Catholic service, was “dropped” at the door of a large Catholic church near by, where the worshipers were assembling for high mass, as the others made their way to the inviting, but unpretending, chapel, where Mr. (not the Rev.) Fischer-Bennett officiated. It not being the full season, the chapel was considerably less than full when the four new-comers entered, and were conducted to a gallery pew exactly facing the pulpit, the regular occupants of which were then at Brighton. Arriving five minutes before 11, they had ample time to observe the building and its appointments before the service opened, and though nothing of an imposing character met their gaze, they were all struck with the exceedingly neat simplicity of the whole. The chapel was evidently not a new building; it had probably never been remodeled to any great extent since its erection, as far as architectural design; but the fine organ, which faced the congregation and reached from the floor almost to the ceiling between the galleries and behind the pulpit, as well as the handsome open pews of polished oak, fitted

with blue cushions, were recent additions or improvements. The walls were tinted a pale blue; the old-fashioned square windows were scrupulously clean, those on the south side (the chapel fronted west) were screened with blue shades, those on the north side were open, admitting plenty of fresh, cool air, but not creating a draught. As soon as these details had been digested and another hundred people or so had gathered on the ground floor, and about fifty more in the three galleries, swelling the entire congregation to a total of about 350 (the chapel could seat 1,000, if necessary), the organ pealed forth a grand voluntary, as exactly on the stroke of 11 the minister ascended the staircase of the handsome, rather high, walnut wood pulpit, which exactly faced the gallery, in the front of which our friends were sitting.

Mr. Martindale Fischer-Bennett (who always signed his full name) was a young man about 30, with an earnest countenance, fresh complexion, clear blue eyes and chestnut hair. Decision marked his every motion, though his views on many topics were regarded as altogether too indefinite by many who had attended the chapel during the pastorate of the much more orthodox Rev. Hiram Oldenwheel, whom Mr. Bennett had succeeded.

As the voluntary ceased, the music changed into another key, and the choir sang in good time and tune an anthem from the service book, which bore the title, "Common Prayer, revised for the use of unsectarian congregations, with a preface by Martindale Fischer-Bennett." This book contained most of the essential portions of the Church of England liturgy, though much of the phraseology and doctrinal teaching was largely altered, and in the morning service many parts of the original service were entirely omitted. The service throughout was bright and impressively rendered, the music of the "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" was really fine; the hymns sung were from Dr. Martineau's Collection, though Clarendon Square Chapel never would allow itself to be

called Unitarian, despite the fact that the Unitarians as a body insisted that the difference in theology was like a controversial tweedledum and tweedledee. As may be expected from the subject announced Mr. Bennett's sermon was not an ordinary one. As late-comers are the rule rather than the exception everywhere, the audience reached 470 when the text of the discourse was given out: "And a strong angel took up a stone, as it were a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying: Thus with a mighty fall shall Babylon, the great city, be cast down, and shall be found no more at all." Rev. XVIII. 21, (revised version.)

"Probably all my hearers," commenced Mr Bennett, "are familiar with the oft-reiterated protests against the iniquities of the Church of Rome which many preachers base on this prophecy; but with these worn theological acrimonies I wish to have nothing to do this morning. I consider Babylon the monopolistic, competitive system now prevalent all over the civilized world, and from a strong text which has long been handled by protestant fire brands to denounce Roman Catholic persecutors I shall aim to extract a new and universal lesson, peculiarly appropriate at present, as we must all be feeling more or less distinctly the convulsive throes antedating a social eruption which promises to accomplish more than any previous upheaval recorded in history. I unhesitatingly affirm that unless a peaceable reconstruction of the industrial fabric is completed within the next 50 years at most, the streets of our great English cities will run with blood and the case will not be much, if any, better in America. Compromises and concessions cannot stave off the impending crisis much longer; it will soon be found impossible to bolster up the decayed and antiquated structure of our present system, which needs not razing to the ground through the ferocious attacks of anarchy, but abandoning, as the masses betake themselves to a new and healthy building adapted to their ever growing needs. The angel who will accomplish the de-

struction of our modern Babylon will be the angel-side of our really good but terribly maligned human nature, and as this angel-element in humanity is evoked and encouraged to build a New Jerusalem on earth, so will the Babylon of selfishness be destroyed by the co-operative industries of a harmoniously unselfish people. I am no agitator of the alarmist type; I consider it my sole mission to point to righteousness, and seek to foster the better and truer side of those to whom I can appeal; but not wishing to cry peace when war is imminent, I raise a cry from this pulpit from week to week not to induce hot-headed fanatics to attack monopolists, but to urge intelligent workingmen and women to club together for mutual work and welfare."

In the course of his remarks,—during which he often became glowingly though not feverishly excited,—Mr. Bennett mapped out an entirely new order of affairs, which, though utterly at variance with most existing opinions, he declared would be rendered actual on both sides of the Atlantic during the next half century. As they were leaving the chapel the comments they heard passed upon the sermon greatly interested our party. To the majority of working men of the mildly radical type Mr. Fischer-Bennett was a hero whom they wanted to get into Parliament. To the smaller tradespeople, many of whom attended his chapel, he was "a mighty fine gentleman, but very deep in his harguments." To most young men of progressive ideas he was "a live preacher, wide-awake; none of your drones, don't you know." To the orthodox frequenters of other chapels in the neighborhood, he was "a stray sheep—worse, a false shepherd"; while Mr. Muleherd, the Baptist preacher on the opposite side of the square called him "a man of sin," on a Sunday evening, in a sermon to young men concerning the Devil, with whom he seemed on very familiar terms, and to whom many people ventured to assert he showed a slight family resemblance. Mr. Templeton was completely carried away with Mr. Bennett's forcible de-

livery and advanced sentiments, and was on the point of presenting himself at the vestry door, when Mr. Bennett himself walked up to them (they were standing just outside the entrance waiting for Zenophon to join them), and with a very gracious bow and pleasant smile, said:

"I see you are strangers in this neighborhood. Is there anything I can do for you, or any place to which I can direct you? You, sir (addressing Mr. Templeton), are a minister, I see, by the cut of your cloth. I hope our service was not too dreadfully heretical in your eyes. The Congregational Union refuses fellowship with us entirely, though it has many members who share my views exactly. And as to the Methodists and Baptists, they think we are too shocking to be mentioned without a shudder. Among Broad Church clergymen I have several colleagues in general home missionary work. The Unitarians are anxious to claim us, but I can't be other than unsectarian myself; and, if a free church, in the fullest sense of the word, is not an institution which can live in London, well, there are other fields opening to me."

Your case seems very much like my own," responded Mr. Templeton. "I am—as you will probably know from my accent if not from my appearance—an American; and, if I am not mistaken, you are the son of the Fischer-Bennetts with whom my boyhood days were spent in Saddlerock, Vermont."

"What! are you Onesimus Templeton, the quiet, studious, diligent, thoroughly orthodox and correct boy, of whom my parents used to write to me so often? How comes it, then, that you also are so much of a heretic? I think it must be that we are living in days of new wine, when an imperative necessity is felt for new bottles among all thinking people, for the old bottles are exploding so rapidly and disastrously under the pressure of the fermentation of new wine. Cannot you come home with me to lunch, all of you? My sister, who keeps house for me, is at Brighton, with the hirers of the pew you occupied this morning. Being quite alone for the next,

as I have been for the past three weeks, I have taken up my abode at the Metropole, where the *cuisine* is excellent."

"The very place we are stopping at!" exclaimed Dr. Maxwell. "Oh! here is Zenophon, just from mass at St. Gabriel's. We will now all go together and refresh the inner and outer man at our inn with good food, and, I hope, still better conversation. Let's have dinner together in our private sitting room; and, as you are only one and we are five, you cannot refuse to be our guest."

"In these circumstances," genially assented Mr. Bennett, "as I see you desire it, I will accept your offer to-day with the distinct understanding that I can reciprocate to-morrow."

"Well, we have so much to discuss between us all, I dare say," broke in Mr. Templeton, "we can well afford to waive matters of ceremony and proceed at once to the subjects of greatest interest to us all alike."

"Before we talk about anything, I insist on ordering lunch," persisted Dr. Maxwell, when they had reached the hotel. "Now, aunt, you do the honors of the table, just as when we are at home. Here is the *menu*. Make your own selections, and I will tell the waiter we want luncheon at once."

CHAPTER III.

“HOME SWEET HOME.”

“Oh, call it not a foolish dream,
That aspiration of my heart,
Which leads me to diviner things
And bids me try a higher art.
Say, are there not deep meanings yet
To be discovered in God’s law?
And who shall dare to claim that he
The whole at any time can draw?
Truth is my solace and my goal,
And will be while the ages roll.”

Luncheon always proves a very pleasant meal when partaken of in good company, and on Sundays in England, where it is customary to dine early on that day, the midday meal is usually a very pleasant time for meeting friends and enjoying the pleasures of hospitality. Half past three or four p. m. is a fashionable time for attending a second church service, though many people spend the afternoon quietly at home and go to evening service at 7. Mr. Fischer-Bennett’s chapel was closed in the afternoon, though during the greater part of the year the Sunday-school met in the school-room from 2.30 till 4, but this did not resume its sessions till the month following, so his time was quite his own till the hour arrived for evening service.

As they rose from the table, and all who were going to Croydon began to make preparations to catch the 3.45 train, Mr. Bennett proposed escorting them to Victoria station, if they felt they had time to walk.

Cabs are cheap in London, which is one of the most convenient features of the city; you can at any time hire a com-

fortable conveyance for two persons and ride a long distance for one shilling; if the distance is beyond the shilling limit, the fare is one shilling and six pence, or thirty-seven and a half cents American money, and that sum will almost invariably carry any two persons to any terminus or place of public resort, if their quarters in town are in any way central. Notwithstanding this fact, and the innumerable omnibuses, and great facilities offered by the underground railways, pedestrianism is quite a feature of London life, and to this fact alone the uniformly superior health of the population may be safely attributed.

Mr. Fischer-Bennett was a very practical religionist. He attached sufficient, but not extravagant, importance to religious exercises. His chief desire, however, was to help people to live more nearly to nature, and thus develop a healthy and hardy manhood and womanhood, without which he declared pietism degenerated into sickly sentiment, which instead of ennobling, enfeebled character.

Mr. Templeton was greatly pleased with Mr. Bennett's frank convictions and vital interest in every leading question of the day; but when more spiritual themes were broached, Dr. Maxwell felt inclined to chide him gently for displaying so much incredulity.

As they walked through the delightful district which lies between the Hotel Metropole and the Victoria Terminus, they conversed upon the marvelous phenomena of Spiritualism and the singular tenents of Theosophy, in which Mr. Bennett displayed a certain intellectual interest, as becomes a student and a scholar, but it was clear to see that his affectional nature was not at all touched by the sentimental side of Spiritualism, nor was his intellect enamored of the mysteries of Hindu occultism. He was a man fitted to lead in all social questions, but his spiritual insight was not particularly keen. As the conversation glided from one topic to another, Mr. Voysey's utterances on Spiritualism became for a few

moments the subject of discussion, Dr. Maxwell thought them shallow and unworthy of a man in any sense great. Mr. Bennett considered Mr. Voysey's position quite tenable, and failed to see how M. A. Oxon, and other distinguished Spiritualists who had replied in "*Light*," had met the case.

"Still," said Mr. Bennet, "I am not a scoffer, all I want is truth; and, if any of you who believe more than I at present can, are able to convince my understanding, I shall only be too happy to listen to all you have to say and to carefully observe all you have to present to my senses and my reason.

"As to your experiences in Paris, I can say nothing. Such things are quite beyond my ken, and while they may be true, pardon me for suggesting they *may* not be true; but if, as you say, Professor de Montmarte and his daughter are to be reckoned among the most exemplary people you have ever met, I can scarcely let incredulity swing over to the extreme of credulity, and believe evil of others without the slightest foundation. The cures you report to me are the most wonderful of all. We hear of nothing like them in London. There are, indeed, many alleged cases of healing by mesmeric and magnetic means, but they are mostly of a dubious character; and, by the way, I was introduced to a lady, recently from Chicago, the other day, a Miss Dominus, a particularly intelligent woman, with a frank, serious face and great command of excellent language. She is the guest of Lady Steepleheight, and is teaching what she calls Christian Science. I shall avail myself of the first opportunity to listen to some of her instructions. I am convinced she is honest, and that is saying a great deal now-a-days, when we meet so many charlatans who are making money and position everything, and shamelessly sacrificing principle in every conceivable manner to exalt their personal caprices. Miss Dominus teaches gratuitously, which is remarkable, and, unless she had some private means, would, I should think, be impossible. And, by the way, there is a Mrs. Catsleigh here; she arrived only yester-

day from New York—a decidedly stagy woman, traveling with a fellow who must have been at some time a theatrical agent, where bounce goes further than breeding. Monsieur Alphonse de Kabriet influenced me against the whole affair. He was so persistent that I should spend five pounds for a ticket admitting to one course of twelve lessons, that I plainly told him such prices would not succeed in England, upon which he rudely asked me if I thought people could live on air, and whether preachers weren't paid higher than anybody else. I refused to parley with him, and decidedly declined the ticket. He left me, muttering, 'stingy cuss,' and that was the last I saw of him. His diamonds were blinding, and Mrs. Catsleigh at dinner looked like a second-rate star in the role 'Camille'—a woman too stout to look the part, but determined to act it, nevertheless. Her manners are very taking, and she is a fluent talker, but the box-office air about both of them (the agent in particular) repulsed not only me, but several whom they have been trying to bring into their classes. They are staying at the Owlshead Hotel, three streets from the Metropole.

As time was passing rapidly and nearing train time, their conversation was abruptly terminated at the station gates.

The party for Croydon had just time to secure tickets and seat themselves in a comfortable compartment before the train started. A few miles delightful riding brought them to Croydon, where they found everything in readiness for their welcome reception, Lord and Lady Ambleside being delighted to receive and entertain them. Lord Ambleside has already been introduced to our readers. His wife impressed all who met her in a friendly manner, as a woman of unusual intellect, self-reliance and strength of character—a trifle masculine, perhaps, but, for all that, possessed of a sweet, womanly tenderness of feeling. She could rule with a hand of iron, and quell insubordination with a glance or gesture. Still, she was loved by more than feared her, as her genuine disinter-

ested, intelligent regard for others' welfare stamped her as a noble and true benefactress to all who sincerely sought counsel to aid them to a higher life. The lovely Signorina Ferranita almost idolized her; being an orphan she could not measure the depth of her affection for the stately lady, who had taken her to her capacious heart and home, and was now beginning to cherish the hope, in which her husband fully coincided, that the gifted damsel might prove to her a daughter indeed, by soon becoming the wife of their only son, Lord Currisbrook Clive, provided she could overcome her first scruple against marrying an Englishman and a Protestant.

Sunday dinner at the "Darning Needles," as the Ambleside's Croydon house was named, was a delightful six-o'clock affair, *sans ceremonie*; it was over before 7, just in time to allow of the fair cantatrice attending vespers at the beautiful church of St. Dominic, which is one of the features of Croydon architecture, and renowned everywhere for its splendid music. Whilst she was absent, the conversation was very much about her—her past and her future. She was an intensely romantic girl, but so conscientious and high-principled that the faintest shade of prevarication in another disgusted her. Kind and generous to the utmost extreme as she had proved in the case of Miss Carroll, and in numberless other instances, she was high-spirited, though very gentle, and so enthusiastic a devotee of art that her profession was to her as sacred as ever his calling can be to the most devoted preacher of the gospel.

About 8 o'clock, while they were chatting together in the peaceful twilight, a servant announced a visitor. In the fading light they did not clearly see who was approaching, but, on distinctly hearing the rattle (we cannot correctly say rustle) of stiff brocaded silk skirts, Lord and Lady Ambleside knew they were once more favored with the never-unwelcome presence of their elderly American friend, Mrs. Fumbling

Cockroach (pronounced Koroche for twenty-seven generations.)

The little lady who had been on the steamer with Dr. Maxwell and his party, (no one except the stewardess had really seen her except at the landing stages at New York and Liverpool) was at least 75, and looked every day of her age. Still, she was an active little body, kept fashionable hours, wore a dark brown wig, dressed in almost juvenile costume, and wished every one to know she was as much in the world as any matron of 40, with marriageable daughters. Spiritualism was Mrs. Cockroach's pet hobby—you could not call it her religion, for she took it more as a pastime than seriously, and enjoyed nothing more than an innocent joke or a harmless bit of gossip with some familiar sprite who entertained her at the strictly private seances in the residences of the nobility, which she was often invited to visit, being a very popular old dame in many quarters.

"My darling Lordship and Ladyship, how glad I am to find you in! I was afraid you might be at church, though I never go in the evening. As usual, I have come for a cup of your most delicious Formosa tea, some of your unequalled bread and butter, and a talk with our dear spirit-friends, who never seem so near me as in your presence. But I see you have company. Any one I know?"

"Some of your fellow-passengers from America, I believe. Let me introduce Dr. Maxwell, Mrs. Finchley, (his aunt) and the Rev. and Mrs. Onesimus Templeton" responded Lady Ambleside.

The new addition to the group caused the conversation to flow in a more lively strain than before; and to those unacquainted with the ins and outs of English high life Mrs. Cockroach's narrative must have been indeed instructive, as well as amusing. But as soon as tea and muffins had been disposed of, nothing would do but they must hold a seance with Mrs Finchley as the medium.

Signorina Ferranita was a wonderfully gifted clairvoyant, and often in private made wonderful revelations to her intimate friends; but she objected to the kind of Spiritualism in which Mrs. Cockroach reveled. Therefore, when that lady was in the house, she often retired to her own apartment while a seance was in progress. Mrs. Finchley, being such a very different type of woman, and the girl having taken a great liking to her at Covent Garden the evening before, the servant was told to invite her into the drawing-room as soon as she returned from church and had removed her walking apparel. Zenophon had accompanied her at her request to St. Dominic's, greatly to his own happiness, as he was of a nature to almost worship artistic genius, wherever it might be discovered, and the fair singer was one who never held herself aloof from others unless she saw or felt some good reason for so doing. With a lad as truthful and pure-minded as the little Greek, she was thoroughly at home in a single instant.

They talked together of their singular experiences on the way to church and back, and found nothing in each other's startling career to occasion surprise in the other. At Benediction the beautiful singer reminded Zenophon so strikingly of Heloise, as he knelt beside her, that he was convinced something more than fancy caused him to see his beloved Parisian friend and hear her voice joining in "Tantum ergo."

Returning to the "Darning Needles" about 9 o'clock, they found Mrs. Finchley speaking with rare eloquence and feeling to all in the room; and as they listened to her inspired words, they felt a communion of souls such as they had rarely felt before. Though usually very shy of mentioning her own affairs to any one—particularly to a stranger—and never seeking to consult clairvoyants on matters where her own affection and reason must, in the very nature of things, be the only proper judges, she felt constrained, as soon as there was a pause in Mrs. Finchley's eloquence, to inquire, "Do you see anything in store for me outside of my musical ca-

reer, in which I take so much pleasure, and which I never wish to relinquish?"

"Your true position is in this house," answered the good lady impressively. "And, as you question as to your future, I answer unhesitatingly, you would not do well to refuse the offer of a hand which is accompanied by one of the truest hearts in England. As Lady Clive you can still use your musical gift for the highest ends, but a public operatic career is not your destiny for longer than one year at most. I know your religious feelings as well as I know my own. I will not trouble you with theological controversy, knowing how painful it is to you. I will only say, ask your beloved friend and preceptress, Heloise, to advise you in the matter of your marriage. We both know her far too well to harbor the faintest suspicion that she can be capable of giving any other suggestions than those prompted by the far-seeing angel who guides her life, and whom I have recently seen in my own visions as a being of particular brightness and glory. Perhaps we may receive some message from Paris this evening. You have no doubt received communications yourself from Heloise in a manner resembling that in which we were accustomed to get them in New York."

To this suggestion of Mrs. Finchley's the lovely singer at once replied: "Oh, I should be so glad to hear her sweet voice trembling on the air, as I heard it once in my dressing-room at Covent Garden. It was the first night I appeared before an English audience, and I was very nervous, the ground seemed quaking under my feet; then I heard the sweetest song to which I have ever listened vibrating in my ear, and quickly a star appeared before me, in the center of which I read the words traced in letters formed of electric light, 'Follow the star within, respond to the voice of the Great Central Sphere of Being; so shall your success be assured forever. Heed not the opinions of the world. Sing to God and to His angels, and men will rejoice in the echo of your

song.' I was no longer timid. All fright vanished instantly, I scored my first triumph, but never saw or heard the audience till a gentleman handed me a lovely basket of roses and japonicas, then I heard the whole multitude recalling me. I responded to the recall, but again while I was singing I saw only a star shining before my eyes; I felt the star was a veil hiding the radiant features of invisible helpers and listeners. Since that day I have never heard the voice, but whenever I call for the star it shines before me. I think the Star of Bethlehem must have been a light seen by the shepherds and the wise men in some such way, rather than one of the orbs in the sky."

While Signornina Ferranita was thus speaking, and Mrs. Cockroach listening with all her ears, a low, sweet Gregorian chant sounded through the room: "*Credo in unam sanctam Catholicam et apostolicam Ecclesiam.*"

"Oh, do listen to the dear spirits; what are they singing? Why, this is just like Mr. Higginbotham's dark seances, only it isn't nearly so dark here. We shall get materialization directly. O dear, how beautiful! It sends the cold shudders all through me," exclaimed Mrs. Cockroach, who could not in the least distinguish between the silvery tones of the voice then sounding and the harsh guttural tones produced through a cardboard tube at the home of the illustrious Higginbotham. Any way, she appreciated anything and everything which seemed to her to emanate from the spheres invisible, and thus enjoyed a great deal, and doubtless derived much solid comfort, though as an expert in discrimination she was a decided failure.

"Why does she sing from the '*Credo?*'" queried the young Italian, who at once detected the voice of Heloise.

Instantly a voice penetrated the room, though no one saw anything and the voice said: "Do you not remember, *carrissima* Lavinia, our conversations on the spirit and the body of the church. Multitudes are in the body of the Roman fold

who are quite outside the universal church of the spirit, while many Protestants and some agnostics are fully in the circle of the true church of the Spirit. The man who loves you and wishes to make you his bride is a Catholic in our sense of the word, if a Protestant in yours. You can marry him fearlessly, but let your heart dictate to you and not our judgment, Still, as you love him, and this fact you cannot disguise from yourself at any time, say yes when next he presents himself as suitor for your hand, he already possesses your heart."

The voice ceased suddenly as it had commenced speaking, and the beautiful girl found herself held tightly in the embrace of Lady Ambleside, while Lord Ambleside pressed on her snowy forehead such a kiss as fond fathers bestow only on dearly cherished daughters.

"Be a good wife to our boy, and heaven reward you in this world and forever," said the stately gentleman, who loved Lavinia as though she were already his child in every sense of the word.

"Let me pray over it for a week," responded the pure-minded damsel, and next Sunday, if Lord Clive honors me with a repetition of his proposal, I shall know how to answer him."

With these words, (too deeply affected for further speech) she hastily quitted the room and sought the privacy of her own chamber, where for three hours she knelt before the ivory crucifix her mother had loved devotedly, and entrusted to her child while dying, and committed her life and all its concerns to the Eternal Parent, who seemed to speak to her inmost soul when prostrate before the representation of His infinite goodness in opening a channel of grace so directly between Himself and those of his children who now inhabit this dim, frail planet, as the crucifix outpictures.

Night fell apace, all the household were wrapped in slumber; Mrs. Cockroach had been long since called for by her maid, and was sleeping serenely in an old-fashioned four-

poster at Laburnum Villa; when at length a definite answer seemed to come to the earnest petitions of the young suppliant at the Throne of Grace. She saw a life of happy usefulness outspreading before her in a charming country house, the ancestral home of many generations of Amblesides and Clives; and when at length she betook herself to her pretty couch, surrounded with pink and white curtains of muslin and satin, and gazed upon a beautiful Parian statue of Our Lady of Lourdes at the foot of the bed, it seemed to her as though the placid features of the impassive statue faded out, and her mother's form, warm, sentient and vital, stood before her with hands extended in blessing.

The sun was high in the heavens when the rising bell rang through the house next morning, and then three quarters of an hour later summoned all the guests and inmates to breakfast. It was a very happy, yet a *serious* rather than a *merry* party which gathered round the table in the comfortable dining-room, discussing the events of the preceding evening, and talking over the future prospects of all the party. It was with many a regret that Dr. Maxwell and Mrs. Finchley felt compelled to decline all offers of prolonged hospitality from the Amblesides. But with these good people DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE was a constant life motto, and duty soon becomes pleasure when pleasure is surrendered to it. After many warm protestations of undying friendship on all sides, the visitors left the *Darning Needles* about noon, took the 12:30 train to London, arriving at Victoria about 1:15.

Having many things to do and much to see, time sped by on rapid wings, till Wednesday morning at 8:30, found them en route for Southampton, on the special express connecting with the Lloyd steamer just arrived from Bremen on the return voyage to New York. A Lloyd steamer is a floating palace. Persons desiring cheap accommodations when crossing the Atlantic may find themselves comfortably suited on the Hamburg-American packets; or, if their means allow a

little higher rate, very nice accommodations can be secured very reasonably on the Red Star line, whose steamers land at Antwerp. But if one can afford one hundred dollars for each person's passage, then the Lloyd is not only unsurpassed, but probably unequalled, particularly if the intending passengers are lovers of good music and an unexceptionable *cuisine*.

The band was playing merrily and loudly on deck, handkerchiefs were waving and tears were falling, as the good ship steamed out of Southampton water at 1 P. M. precisely. Mrs. Kittenscomb and Alicia were on board, accompanied by Mrs. Catsleigh, who had grown tired of London in a very few days especially as she and her agent had squabbled over the monetary arrangements, which to her, were far from satisfactory, and the highly self-important Alphonse had secured a position exactly to his liking as business manager to a new star, a wealthy young American lady, whose uncle was willing to put up any amount of money to bring his aspiring darling histrionic fame.

Mrs. Kittenscomb and her little daughter had arrived at the Metropole while Dr. Maxwell and his party were at Croydon. She had met Mr. Fischer-Bennett, with whom she was charmed, and at once requested him to introduce her to some suitable lady, as she felt quite lost without Miss Newmanhoff, from whom she was now finally separated, and must find some one to fill her place. Mr. Bennett escorted her to Clarendon Square Chapel to the evening service for on learning he was a preacher and acquainted with her friends, she expressed a great desire to hear him, and declared she was so strong after the treatment she had received in Paris that she was not the least tired after her journey; neither was Alicia, who struck Mr. Bennett as the loveliest child he had ever met.

CHAPTER IV.

“The swift years pass and on their wings
They bear our brightest dreams away.
If we can but illusions spurn
We need not fear the future day.
But rather with exultant hope
Look forward to that dazzling good
Where higher love than earth can yield
Will satisfy the undying soul,
In patience we our lives possess
And gaze toward future blessedness.”

As they were leaving the chapel, Mrs. Catsleigh, who had attended the service alone and had sobbed into a lace handkerchief during an affecting portion of the sermon—came up to Mr. Bennett, to whom she had been previously introduced, requesting an interview, and complaining that all her London projects were a failure, and she did not know what to do in England nor how to get back to America. She was so distracted, she said, she must tell her sorrows to some one that very night or she would lose her reason. Had dear Mrs. Finchley been at home she would not have troubled a gentleman, but she felt (and here she smiled through her tears in her most entrancing manner) that so good and large-hearted a man as Mr. Martindale Fischer-Bennett—so eloquent a preacher and truly a man of God—would not be offended at the tears of a poor stranded woman, whom fickle fortune had cruelly abandoned in the wilds of the modern Babylon.

Mrs. Kittenscomb, whose feelings were very tender, at

once implored Mrs. Catsleigh to come to her apartments, and tell her everything, for she felt sure some way out of present difficulties could easily be found. Mrs. Catsleigh was only too ready to accede to such a proposition, as she was boiling over with rage and disappointment, and hated nothing so much as to have to repress her overwrought feelings. Good-natured Mrs. Kittenscomb who was in love with the actress within half an hour—told her all her private history, and literally importuned her to accompany herself and daughter to America, at the same time taking from her purse a considerable sum of money, which she insisted on her new acquaintance accepting without a murmur, “just to pay necessary bills, you know, and provide a few trifles for the journey.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Catsleigh, shrugging her shoulders, and pursing up her lips expressively, “if you insist I would be ungrateful to refuse. I haven’t a penny in the world, and this loan will really tide me over the worst place I ever did get into. As soon as I get on my feet again, I shall return it to you, as I could not accept a gift from one to whom I have rendered no service.”

By this time Alicia was on Mrs. Catsleigh’s knee, with her arms round her neck. Few children could resist the perfect portrayal of the mother on the stage, whose part Mrs. Catsleigh played to perfection. Her “*I adore children*” was simply irresistible, not only to the child adored, but to the child’s mother, the way to whose heart the speaker of those words knew so well how to travel. It must not be inferred that Mrs. Catsleigh did not like children, or that she was a hypocrite; she was really fond of little ones, provided they behaved well and she was not in a bad temper, but, whenever she wanted a favor, she knew just how to approach the particular person from whom she felt, in the special circumstances, it could most readily be obtained.

Dr. Maxwell was surprised, and not quite glad, to see her domiciled with Mrs. Kittenscomb and Alicia, as he did not

feel her to be quite a suitable companion for those ladies; she was too selfish and capricious to be safely entrusted with persons of such tender fiber as these two ladies; but, as was invariably the case after a course of treatment with Professor de Montmarte, persons hitherto weak and nerveless grew strong and able to carry their own burdens and steer their bark safely even in perilous shallows.

As the eight days of the voyage rolled quickly by, and the shores of America began to appear in sight, not one of the party who had been so happy in Europe felt in any way sorry to return to their old homes, and take up afresh the thread of time-honored duties. When the steamer had landed at the New York pier, and the party at 312 Sycamore Avenue was again what it was two months earlier, and Mr. and Mrs. Templeton were talking of hastening to Vermont, it seemed as though all that had been crowded into a few eventful weeks could only be a dream—one of those sweet, restful, inspiring, happy dreams, from which the dreamer awakes with a sense of strength renewed and new strength gained, at peace with Heaven, himself and all mankind.

Dr. Maxwell was quite unable to go to Saddlerock, but Mrs. Kittenscomb, proving herself an efficient manager of household affairs, and Mrs. Cateleigh rising to the occasion as a really valuable assistant in domestic management, Mrs. Finchley consented to pay a week's visit to the Templeton homestead, where a most enthusiastic welcome was accorded her by the good mother of Onesimus. That kind faithful woman won her way to Mrs. Finchley's kind heart at the first instant of their meeting; and as she saw how devoted the newly-married couple were to each other, and how Lydia flew to the arms of her generous mother-in-law, the hearts of all rejoiced in the consummation of one of those rare unions on earth, to which the words truly apply—

“Those whom God has joined together
No earthly power can ever sever.”

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW GOSPEL IN THE OLD PULPIT.

No more need sorrow drape the soul
At prospect of unending doom,
The universe is filled with love,
Death disappears, and lo! the tomb
Once freighted with most dark despair,
Now seems a silent, placid bed,
Whereon the wearied members lie;
While from the arching blue o'erhead
Bright angels with sweet voices chant
Songs of new life which ne'er shall end,
Warbling their carols beautiful
Concerning time, whose stream doth bend
Toward the fair circle of that heaven,
Where all God's children find a home,
However widely they have strayed,
Beneath the blue of heaven's broad dome;
God knows no lost and sees no dead,
All live by His true spirit led.

Once more it was Sunday morning, the bell was ringing in the belfry of the Saddlerock Baptist church, when nigh on 10:30 o'clock, a crowd was pouring in through the wide opened doors, to the already well filled edifice. Choice flowers and evergreens, together with an extremely attractive musical program, had been provided to add beauty to the occasion when a devoted circle of friends welcomed back its beloved pastor from his summer tour in Europe, and at the same time extended its warmest greetings to his fair young bride. Mr. and Mrs. Templeton looked very impressive and earnest as they entered the church together. The minister appeared deeply impressed with the new sense of intense obligation to withhold nothing from his hearers of the new light which had been vouchsafed to him; his wife was a trifle trem-

ulous at thought of the new life of work and responsibility which lay before her. They were both grave, but serenely happy; not only were they more than contented with and in each other; they could see far beyond the narrow horizon of domestic bliss, and scanned the broad fields of universal helpfulness to humanity, now stretching distantly before them.

Saddlerock was, on the whole, a conservative and somewhat benighted place; its people, with few exceptions, read little and reasoned less, though some minds of more than average brightness were to be found twice each Sunday in the Baptist church, as well as in the literary and debating society which assembled in the vestry every Wednesday evening after the prayer-meeting. The greatest obstacle in the way of religion in the neighborhood, was the pastor of the adjoining township, the Rev. Veeshus Mewle, a man of no more intelligence or moral excellence than "Mr. Dyceworthy," the Lutheran pastor whom Marie Corelli has drawn with such a faithful hand in her magnificent production, "Thelma." This conceited but utterly unprincipled wolf in sheep's clothing had taken advantage of Mr. Templeton's absence to berate him, and malign his character to the members of his church, and all under the assumed pretext of "duty, painful, sad duty, but duty nevertheless."

Having resorted to the lowest cunning in his efforts to steal a march on Mr. Templeton and place his own nephew in the Saddlerock pulpit, this "pious, elect, and godly" man had announced, "Wolves in the clothing of sheep," as the topic of his discourse the previous Sunday evening, and to secure an audience, he had engaged the brass band of the village "at great expense," to play for nothing and accompany the fine vocal efforts of six young ladies who were announced as having studied in Italy for three years, under the best masters, but who had never left America. The tricks of a nefarious trade were, in Mr. Mewle's opinion, "glorifying God and hastening the salvation of souls."

Had it not been for his recent experiences in Paris, and his consequent knowledge of the utter folly and even wrong of recognizing evil sufficiently to let it trouble us, Mr. Templeton, who was (by inheritance from his mother) very sensitive, notwithstanding his depth and determination of character, would have been pained and grieved at the knowledge of such hostility manifested by a brother minister. As it was, he saw in Mr. Mewle the representative of a mendacious theology, as well as of a dishonest social practice. Feeling he could no longer fraternize either with such a man or with his opinions, and that the time had come for him to strike out boldly in opposition to the theories he had once blindly advocated, it was with a firm, uncompromising tread that Mr. Templeton ascended the pulpit stairs, and after conducting the devotional exercises with far more than his old time earnestness and simplicity, preached a grand, simple, eloquent sermon (if so friendly and conversational a style of delivery could be said to resemble preaching), from the text, "What went ye out for to see, a reed shaken by the wind?"

Taking his start from the comparative degree of truth revealed to the world by John the Baptist, and the superlative measure of enlightenment dispensed by Jesus, Mr. Templeton compared the twilight glimmerings of the old theology with the glorious blaze of heavenly radiance now bursting upon the world, though entirely unsuspected by the multitude, and but poorly understood or even anticipated by the foremost workers in the vineyards of reform. How many are there, even among social and religious agitators, who have the least conception of what the new industrial order will be? The present state of the world is everywhere tottering to its fall, but a new earth is about to be evolved, in which righteousness will abide and be made manifest, and toward this new era of universal peace and good-will every effort of the most ignorant and misguided is being directed by a power holding the

reins behind the veil, and in a manner far beyond present human ken.

As no village in America, and scarcely one in Europe today, can be so utterly behind the times as to feel nothing of the impending mental revolution, Mr. Templeton knew he would be striking a responsive echo in the intellects and hearts of all his auditors,—many of whom were working men and their families,—if he gave them a brief outline of Prof. de Montmartre's management of his property in the south of France. As he expatiated upon the blessedness of co-operation and the cursedness of monopoly and competition, many of his hearers longed to depart from the time-honored decorum of a place of worship, and applaud lustily. As it was, not daring to kick over the traces of ecclesiastical decency, they gave their minister that animated, whole-souled attention, expressed in illuminated countenances and rapt interest which makes a speaker's duty one of the most delightful upon the earth.

Passing from this topic to themes more transcendental, he gave some little account of the marvels he had witnessed in Paris; then spoke of London; related the incident of Signorina Ferranita's bringing Miss Carroll to the front after she had been snubbed by snobs and dismissed by a truckling manager, and then warmed up with kindly allusions to the work of Mr. Martindale Fisher-Bennett, the son of the orthodox pastor who was his predecessor in the place where they were then assembled.

The discourse was a wonderful mosaic of narrative and argument, intensely alive with the warmest and truest sentiment. Mr. Templeton never used to preach in that strain. He formerly delivered didactic homilies or moral essays, always used notes, and sometimes read from manuscript; but, since his wonderful Parisian experience, he spoke quite impromptu and from exalted inspiration.

As the large congregation slowly left the church, many

were the comments upon the preacher's change of style. All agreed that he was marvelously eloquent and thrillingly impressive. Every broad, liberal-minded one among them was delighted, both with his sentiment and oratory. There were, of course, some of the old stagers who were fearful lest he was on the high road to Unitarianism or Spiritualism, and felt it to be their "painful duty" to construct labored notes during the afternoon to hand to him before the evening service, imploring him not to depart from the old standards.

Two or three of Mr. Mewle's particular friends could scarcely walk quickly enough in their eager earnestness to discuss Mr. Templeton's "blasphemy" with that "dear man of God," with whom they regularly partook of cold mutton and pie every Sunday at 1 p. m. Mr. Mewle's face beamed with satisfaction, and he chuckled all over as he was assured by his intimates that the Baptist Union would expel Mr. Templeton ignominiously—that all that was necessary to "kick him out of the church of God" was to persuade him to have some of his discourses published and revised by his own hand. These heretical documents, which he would acknowledge as thoroughly authentic, would be more than enough to remove the "blasphemer," and install the Rev. Tarantulus Mewle (nephew of the Rev. Veeshus Mewle) in his stead. With these "pious" ends in view they schemed and plotted through the peaceful hours of a lovely Sabbath afternoon, completely ignorant of the fact that *their* Sabbath-breaking was an offense infinitely more heinous in the sight of heaven than even the bull fights at Seville, which, disgraceful to relate, occur on Sunday afternoons in the open square in front of the Cathedral, and that in a country professedly Christian and Catholic.

By 7 o'clock in the evening Mr. Templeton's church was again crowded, more so than in the morning. His sermon had created a sensation, and many who looked upon orthodox religion as a humbug were very anxious to hear him on "The Old Fetters and the New Faith," which he had announced at

the close of his morning discourse as his topic for the evening. The church was thronged almost to suffocation. Companies of workmen, who never attended a place of worship, were present with their wives and elder children; and numerous visitors from surrounding hamlets availed themselves of the moonlight evening to hear a prophet who had been reared among them, but only just achieved notoriety. The lights and flowers, the inspiring music and exquisitely touching prayer, all prepared the minds of the throng to appreciate what the minister was about to say before he uttered it, so that when he came to the delivery of his discourse every mind, with scarcely an exception, was prepared to drink in some of the copious instruction which fell so finely from his evidently inspired lips.

Fixing his expressive eyes upon the sea of upturned faces, without apparently regarding any one in particular, the preacher commenced in firm, well-modulated accents:

“My friends, this day is indeed an auspicious one in my history. I have resolved to leave the Baptist Union, for though I am a firmer believer in divine revelation than when I addressed you three months ago, I cannot longer remain as a representative of a denomination whose avowed tenets are not in accordance with the findings of my soul. I trust I am still a Christian, but I am no longer a Baptist, nor can I leave one sect to join another, as all sectarianism now appears to me as a dwarfing of the soul’s liberty, and a protest against that true catholicity, which is the infallible seal of the church of God. Do not think from these words that I am on the threshold of Rome, Greece, or England; for, though I believe in apostolic succession, and in “one Lord, one faith, and one baptism,” my eyes have been opened to the inner meanings of things, the outer forms of which previously appeared to me their all. We are, I am convinced, at the commencement of a mighty revolution—not like that of France in the last century, when the deposition of religion and en-

throning of vaunted reason coincided with belligerent cruelty of the most astounding and horrible type, but a revolution to be affected solely through the operation of the spiritual element in man—a force which uses moral suasion and intellectual appeal as its only weapons. I have been thinking deeply of late on the subject of divine revelation, and I can no longer believe that it is intermittent or exclusive. The Scriptures teach me plainly that inspiration is free as air and sunshine to all who receive it. If we remain in darkness it is on account of willful blindness on our part.

“You may wonder what I think of the hundreds of millions of “heathen,” as we have been disposed to call the great bulk of Asiatics and Africans, for whose conversion to technical Christianity we have many of us expended much time, means and labor. My present conviction is that they are as safe as we, in the embrace of all-encompassing divine love. Christ to me is no longer a restricted Savior, dwarfed in his abilities by the extent of our contributions or the zeal of our missionaries. The Holy Spirit appears to me now as an all-persuasive emanation of divine love and wisdom, breathing with the sovereignty ascribed to it by Calvin, but with all the impartiality for which the Universalists of a century ago contended so manfully. Were this church nominally Universalist, I might remain its pastor and preach my convictions, but even then I should feel the bondage of a sect, though an unusually broad one. As it is, I must be free to speak and write as I feel, for there is not, in my estimation, a greater crime, if one so great, as compromise with conscience.

“My dear young wife, who comes among you as my companion and helpmeet in all things, is one with me in all my sentiments and ambitions; she and I, together with my dear mother, have resolved to form the nucleus of an unsectarian society here in Saddlerock, so, though I resign my pastorate of this church, I hope to remain and work with you.

“Let the Baptist church of this place choose a minister ac-

ording to its will—one whose views harmonize with the confession of faith—and, though he and I cannot agree theologically, if he will allow it, we can co-operate philanthropically. Henceforth I belong to humanity, and not to any sect. I feel that those who would reach the masses of the great unchurched must carry a gospel to the people unhampered with the dogmas of any body of people who place uniformity of belief before the practice of virtue. I am not among those who see nothing but error in the sects, nor am I one who anticipates a decadence of faith or dearth of religious life in the next generation. Religion has been under a cloud, from which it is now rapidly emerging; and, while man's faith in God will grow brighter, his opinions concerning God must radically change. Evolution to my mind, is not inconsistent with the most fervid piety and simple trust in omniscient, omnipotent goodness; but evolution cuts the ground finally from under the old view of man's fall and subsequent redemption. Jesus is more to me now than he ever was before, not as an atoning sacrifice, but as a spiritual power, leading men to righteousness by the mighty power of his boundless love and wisdom. I cannot advocate uncertain dogmas, nor can I care what creed a man professes if he be sincere—at the same time, agnosticism to me is no gospel. Affirmative spiritual truth is the joy of my life, the satisfaction of my intellect, the object of my inmost affection. I believe in miracles now more than I ever did, but I have learned to refer them to the operation of unchanging law, not to its suspension; by law I do not mean a blind, self-existent necessity, but, on the contrary, the immutable order of the Universe, expressive of God's changeless power.

Proceeding in this strain for fully an hour, taking up, point by point, the leading doctrines of the Christian religion, Mr. Templeton led his hearers by a series of logically successive steps to the crown of his argument, which burst upon them as a thoroughly rational, though deeply spiritual view of the atonement. His words on this subject were as follows:

“And now, my friends, we reach the apex of our pyramid, the foundation of which is the perfect square of absolute divine equity. How blindly and foolishly have men been prating through the centuries of an opposition between the attributes of the Almighty. God’s attributes are distinct the one from the other, but never can one be opposed to another, or God himself would cease to be; for, whatsoever is at variance with itself, by such variance is brought to destruction.

— “Mercy and justice are eternally inseparable; God is love and wisdom. Divine Love is recognized by us when we are confronted with mercy in the scheme of providence; Divine Wisdom is displayed to us when justice meets our view. Justice and mercy are in truth, as man and wife, when the two are no more twain, but one spirit. This sublime verity however, is inconceivable by us until through inward purity, purity of affection, desire, aspiration and WILL, we attain to the glorified condition of those who see Eternal Good in all. Jesus as a perfect, living, breathing, working exponent of the Divine Character, as he traveled over the earth, perpetually emanated virtue as a flower exhales fragrance. This elixir of life, potent to heal all disorders of men’s moral, mental and physical condition was the power by which he brought sinners to repentance, cast out unclean demons, and healed all manner of bodily infirmities. But what shall we say of those who, while professing to teach in his name, revoke his express decision, and attribute to charlatanism, delusion or the devil, every manifestation of spiritual power akin to the phenomena occurring in his own presence and that of his original disciples? When did he say that the power to heal and dispossess the mind of unclean influences should be confined to one century, and that the age of miracles should pass never to return?

“When, as a student at college, I studied ecclesiastical history, I was often so shocked at the records of gross immorality in the church of the first three centuries, even among the

highest dignitaries, that I felt like throwing up my studies and renouncing all idea of the ministry as my field of activity; but consolation invariably came to me with the inward assurance that Christ's perfection, not the weakness of his professed followers, is to be our guide and anchor, and thus through 'many a conflict, many a doubt,' I clung as it were, to the hem of the garment of the Spotless One and realized how weak are all human props, how breakable if not broken all finite reeds. Now a new light has come to me in the shape of an added revelation. During my sojourn in France, I have seen the power of the spirit demonstrated, I have witnessed Christ-like works performed, and not only have I been a privileged spectator of cures wrought in others; I have personally felt the blessing descend upon my most unworthy self, not only in the opening of my interior vision and the unfolding of my intellect, but also in the strengthening of my frame. I am today a far stronger and healthier man than when I last addressed you, but though I agree with the Christian Scientists in their cardinal premises and central claims, I cannot join their ranks, as I neither render allegiance to pretentious individuals, nor do I consider it necessary to deny the existence of the material universe, because I believe implicitly in the absolute sovereignty of spirit.

"Believe me, dear friends, atonement or reconciliation is necessary to salvation present and to come, but it is our acquaintance with truth and obedience to the divine voice which speaks as the Holy Spirit in our own inmost nature, that constitutes the reconciliation. Next Sunday I shall speak in the morning on, "Why men believe in original sin," and in the evening on, "In what sense is Christ our Savior?" Between now and then the deacons and trustees of this church must decide whether those sermons are delivered in this edifice, or whether I shall accede to the request of some unsectarians who wish to organize an entirely sectless society, which can meet for worship, praise, and exhortation in our commodious Town Hall."

As may be expected, such sentiments could not fail to excite great and varied comment when expressed by a man whose orthodoxy had formerly been sound, and who was still the duly installed pastor of a Baptist society; nevertheless, so progressive is the general trend of modern religious thought, that quite a considerable number of members declared there was nothing whatever to which they intended to take exception in Mr. Templeton's position. The almost unanimous verdict was that he was a far better preacher than formerly, that his young wife was a jewel of a woman, and they were not going to unsettle their minister and run the risk of breaking up their congregation and getting a most undesirable occupant for the pulpit, because Mr. Templeton's views had expanded and he no longer could preach the weird old doctrines of infinite wrath and everlasting damnation. The trustees and deacons held a private, special meeting that very evening in the vestry, and with one exception, voted to refuse Mr. Templeton's proffered resignation, and as to the Baptist Union, if it expelled them as a congregation, they owned their church property and could worship God better perhaps, outside sectarian limits than within the pale of an exclusive denomination.

Mr. Mewle was furious; his denunciations of Mr. Templeton became so acrid and ungentlemanly, that even his own friends began to take sides against him; and then when he began to wail and whimper and appropriate to himself the blessing promised to those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, the mask fell completely off in the presence of many of his old admirers.

* * * * *

It is a fair morning—a Monday morning, and the preacher is not "blue," he is never "blue" nowadays. All is *couleur de rose*. It is nine o'clock on the Monday morning, following the second Sunday of his ministrations since his return to Saddlerock. A pleasant party are discussing the sub-

jects nearest to all their hearts, as they linger over the remains of a simple but delicious breakfast. They are seated in a charming room overlooking wide pasture lands, with towering hills not far distant. Mrs. Finchley, Mrs. Templeton Sr., Onesimus and Lydia Templeton, constituted a group once seen, never to be forgotten; such rest, such peace, such harmony, seldom prevail in any earthly household. They are talking over matters in New York, of a wonderful cure of typhoid fever, and another of total paralysis of the lower limbs just accomplished by Dr. Maxwell, through the agency of spiritual electricity; they are also talking of Zenophon and the marvelous progress he is making as a student of electrical therapeutics, under the worthy doctor's kindly supervision, and of the strange fate which befell Mrs. Catsleigh after one week's sojourn under Dr. Maxwell's roof. Count Katolowynski returned to New York, proposed to her and married her the same day. On the day following, as Countess Katolowynski, she left 312 Sycamore avenue, and with her husband sailed back to Europe. Having lost control of Zenophon, the Count was determined to secure as his subject, this singular lady, who yielded at once to his mesmeric fascination, declared herself passionately in love with him, and glad to follow him to the ends of the earth, his title and fine appearance being no mean considerations in her eyes. Beaming with satisfaction, she answered the questions in the marriage service without the slightest tinge of embarrassment. Her effusiveness at parting with Mrs. Finchley was melo-dramatic in the extreme; that good woman could not feel glad to see her married to so adventurous a fellow as the handsome Count, still there was much that was congenial in their natures, and let us hope they may have at least as much happiness as they deserve in their new life together.

The lessons taught the Count by Heloise had evidently been to his profit; and it is a noteworthy fact that no one ever is brought into the atmosphere of a truly spiritual person without reaping lasting advantage.

Mrs. Pushing had just returned from Newport, where she had taken a class in Christian Science, at \$25 per student. Forty-three students had paid her that amount during the summer, so she had managed to meet expenses, though on her return to New York she anticipated much greater success financially. She missed Miss Hockmeir fearfully, and was exasperated beyond words when she found Mrs. Catsleigh, whom she hoped to secure as her assistant, had married and departed for Europe. Mrs. Pushing had endeavored to secure as her assistant a Miss Sparrowcliffe, but that lady preferred to reside in Boston, where she became secretary of the Grimalkin College of Spiritual Science, the chief teacher in which institution was Mrs. Wolf Katzenheimer, who taught public classes at \$3 per student, and whose printed lectures sold at five cents each.

As during the past four years our many characters have not been idle, we shall, if the demand justifies, publish a sequel to this story, in which the spiritual-electric system of healing will be far more accurately and elaborately defined than in the foregoing pages.

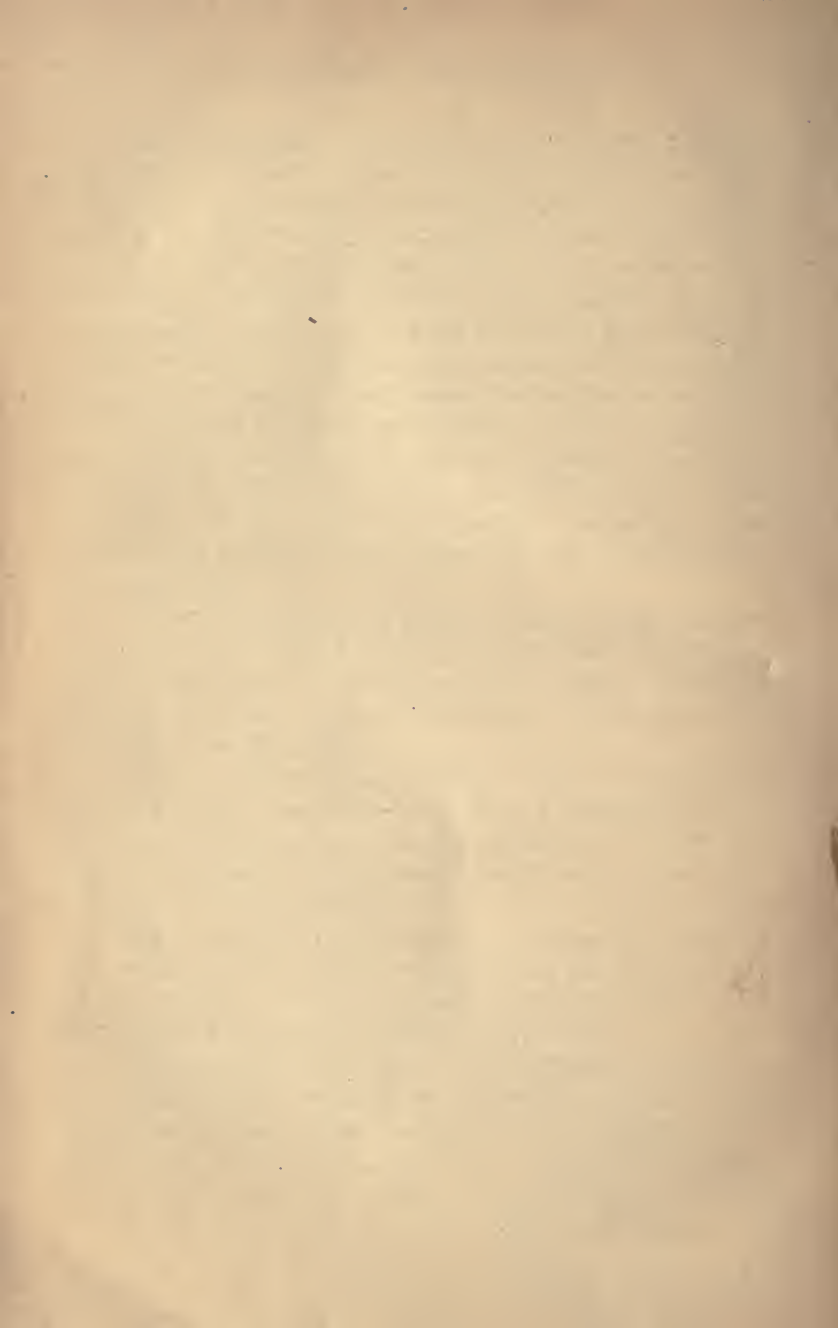
As the reader parts company with our heroes and heroines, let him remember they are all characters in real life, but so dressed as not to betray confidence, or invite unwelcome attention to individuals, some of whom love retirement far more than publicity.

The author, who has acted but as recorder and amanuensis, assumes no responsibility for the words put in the mouths of the characters. The reader must decide for himself how far the theories they severally advance are tenable.

This story is a novel, and as a work of fiction it goes to the world; but the author knows by personal experience that in this, as in many other instances, "truth is stranger than fiction."

FINIS.





THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS

WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

FEB 24 1946

FEB 25 1946

1118.

BP605
C6

YC100015

imus Templeton.

12' 13. Thomas. .JV 25 1913

23 1917 Baker JUL 25 1917

25 1946 Jobenker Feb 25 1946

BP605
C6
68813

m-5, '13

