

A NEW
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.



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A
NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

PURPORTING TO BE GIVEN BY

JOHN BUNYAN,

THROUGH AN

IMPRESSIONAL WRITING MEDIUM

Reputedly the Hon. Alfred Deakin
(as per statement to me by Mr.
Ellis Bird. Arthur J. Prosser

Melbourne: Apr. 25 1924)

W. H. TERRY, 84 RUSSELL STREET,

1877.

The statement on title page is
confirmed in the authorized
Life of Alfred Deakin by Professor
Morris. A.P. 31.3.32.

The book was "automatically"
written by Deakin when a very
young man.

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PREFACE.

THE origin, method of reception, and meaning, of this little book are, I hope, sufficiently indicated in its pages to remove the necessity for any explanatory preface. It is at least a recognised theory that the spirits of those whose corporeal frames have been cast aside not only exist, but return to, influence, and impress us under certain conditions. Of such an intercourse this work purports to be in some sense an evidence, to support which I desire to place before the reader a few faithful statements relating to my own part, as its scribe. I had not for several years previous to the commencement of this volume so much as opened its famous forerunner, nor have I perused it during the intervening period. Nothing had occurred which could direct my attention to that book or its author, when it was suddenly announced through my own lips, that he purposed inditing another under a similar title. I have not in any way exercised either invention or reflection upon the characters, incidents, or principles, contained in the following sections. These have been passed before my mind in regular order and succession, the only labour devolving upon me being that of correct and complete expression. The inspirations began, continued, and ceased involuntarily, and often in, to me, inexplicable fashions. I knew no more of the unwritten parts than might be guessed from the matter already obtained, while I have specially prevented my thoughts from dwelling upon anything pertaining to its phases. All that I am responsible for is the clothing, here given to ideas conceived and imparted by an intelligence distinct from my own. As to the personality of that intelligence, each must judge for himself, the only proviso being that critics consider the, I fear, too pronounced peculiarities of another style, and the superficial colouring naturally imparted to all which has its passage through an individual mind. The word translation scarcely conveys the

process to which the substance of the tale has been subjected, but if it be understood of thoughts into words, a definition perhaps approximately intelligible may be allowed currency. Prepared for the press at irregular intervals in almost incessant employments, and under varying conditions of bodily health and mental weariness, I cannot but feel the imperfectness of the portion of the task falling to my share, but it is with confidence in the soul and spirit, rather than the dress of this allegory, that I place it before the public in its present state. Revision might undoubtedly improve the externals with which alone I have been briefly concerned, but as, after all, such mechanical finish would have been only mine, I have preferred to let it take its place in an acknowledged poverty of presentment, and stand or fall by the intrinsic worth of its teachings. I am not ignorant of the close and subtle relation between the conceptions and language of genius, but as in the present instance the two were already definitely severed, I have not attempted to bridge a chasm which all effort must needs have left unconquered. Written usually with great rapidity, as, after a short interval of semitrance, the impressions came pouring in, the whole was committed to paper in forty-nine sittings, extending over a little more than twelve months. The sections have been re-cast for convenience of reference, and because of the abrupt and fragmentary state in which they often ended, but even here the number has been retained, and there has been no alteration or addition in any particular, except for purposes of condensation or clearness. The author disclaimed from the first any intention of imitating his former story, or any expectation of success for his later efforts. He affirmed himself content to await the issue of the future, only desirous of taking some small part in the great revelations now being accomplished by Spiritual agency, through the utterance of that which he now knows to be a great and glorious Truth.

THE MEDIUM.

THE NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

I.

Now I saw a certain country spread before my gaze, and knew shortly that it was the Land of the Sleepers, over which was set Stupor, Sloth, and Nightmare, sons of the old monarch Spiritual-Death. Between their dominions lay the commercial capital and sacred city of Worldly Content, in which they exercised equal authorities, as also in the cities of Sensual Science and Sensual Art, its neighbours; these three towns occupying the heart of that region, over the remainder of which each held an independent control in his separate principality. Magnificent temples, raised to the honour of their deity Ignorance, and its twin attributes Lust and Passion, adorned the wealthy metropolis. Incense was offered daily from a thousand shrines, so that the cloud of it hung over all the towers, like the smoke of a great furnace, blurring the sunlight by day, blotting out the stars by night; for their fires were ever burning with sacrifices of the wasted spirit.

In the capital I beheld a man whose past experiences were rapidly unfolded before me. Born in the highest rank, brought up at the court of Sloth, and befriended by Nightmare, his powers and perversity, even in boyhood, added to the haughty titles of his race the name of

Restless. Vieing with the princes, Debauch and Dissipation, in the wildness of his excesses, he bade fair to surpass, though yet a youth, the most studious of his companions, attaining, at one bound, the heights to which long labour had lifted them. Somewhat sobered by the admonitions of an old counsellor, Satiety, he endeavoured to find repose in marriage; wedding, while very young, Careless, the daughter of Frivolity, and a niece of Lady Fashion.

His father, Ambition, after guiding for many years the affairs of the states to whose sovereignty he aspired, died suddenly. His wife, the Princess Peerless, preceded him; and their only son was thus left to the care of the royal houses to which they were most nearly related. The brief interval between their decease provoked conjecture. It was said that her loss so pierced the joints of his armour, that the heart he hid beneath the coldness of his pride had bowed and broken; others whispered their suspicions of the potentates, who had cause to fear the giant their weakness had conjured into supremacy. Whatsoever their end and services the parents were soon forgotten, having passed away from a life almost happy, in a station above sincerity, and an age beyond depth of feeling.

Restless was less fortunate, and his domestic felicity of a more common character. Careless was always at her mother's, and feared the husband she could never comprehend. His home was little more than a hostelry; a palace only to his servants, a purgatory to himself. The shallow society she sought alienated, and her superficial selfishness exiled him. To escape his contempt she withdrew from his presence. He did not attempt to prevent her pursuit, or to limit her indulgence

of the pleasures he despised. They parted, and thereafter trod in separate paths. Their children, Levity, and the twins Mischief and Boldness, were forgotten by the giddy mother even before they had left their cradles, and thus the last tie which might have partially united the stripling father and girlish wife of his fancy, in purpose, if not in feeling or in trust, was snapped asunder.

Restless sickened of the empty society which surrounded him, and friendship with the gross had become impossible. His ungovernable temper and exceptional abilities combined to render him unfit for the political subordination necessary to all who aimed at the royal favour, by which alone they could come to rule. He disdained subjection, questioned the privileges of his order (rather from the delight of defiance than from any sense of justice to the common people whose cause he espoused), and impeached, in open assembly, the right of the Secret Council to have their privy spies in his household.

In religious relations he displayed the same disposition. The observance of times, the respect of persons and places, together with the rites, ceremonies, and ritual which composed their creed, he haughtily ignored and contemptuously reprobated. He scoffed at the infallible sanctity of the prophet Self, refused the absolute submission accorded to Dogma, Bigotry, and Intolerance, the High Priests of the Triple Divinity, satirized the vestals Cant and Hypocrisy, and was rumoured to have rejected not only the doctrines, but the very conception of Ignorance, as the supreme disposer of heavenly and earthly things.

These manifestations of a disturbed spirit expressed, but scarcely relieved its convulsion. Darkness steadily

settled upon him, as, one by one, the lights that promised warmth or forgetfulness wavered and went out. Cut off from all intercourse or sympathy, he shunned the delusive excitations of licentious gaiety, the sight of human faces, and the sound of human speech. Only his station had protected him from the punishment attaching to his former rebellions; and now that he violated the most essential ordinances of the city by his determined discontent, denial of all constituted authorities, and fierce neglect of the most cherished customs, sundry of his former acquaintances, at the suggestion of Busy-body—an old enemy of his father—determined to remonstrate with, and, if possible, restore him. The Curiosities, Prying and Inquisitive, invited Self-sufficiency, a lawyer of high repute, to accompany them, and explain the risk he was running by so illegal a procedure. They resolved to darkly threaten him with the confiscation and banishment attendant upon any subject who should endanger, by caprice or intention, the citizens of WorldlyContent, in their rights of thoughtlessness, indolence, and luxurious gratification, attached from time immemorial to all dwellers within its walls.

Entering the superb Palace in which he had for some time buried himself, they were delayed by the supercilious insolence of the servitors, intending to imitate their master's misanthropy. Passing through exquisitely decorated corridors, lined with pictures and statues, the masterpieces of refined sensualism—halls with costly hangings of brilliant dye, and stately stairs, ornamented with the rarest exotics—they were ushered into a study of royal elegance and dimensions. They were but little encouraged at their reception, and the native awe that Restless inspired was only partially overcome by the sense of numbers on which they relied for security.

Barely moving his head, he waved his thin white hand, requesting, with an undisguised sneer, such as were not too sore to sit, such as were not too lofty to lie, and the rest to crouch or crawl, according to their kind. To their queries he returned scornful answers, and cut Self-sufficiency short in the midst of his speech, by interjecting with many coarse epithets, that if he had been Almighty Ignorance himself he could not have been more imperiously imbecile. At this several started up in horror, Self-righteous and Assumption turning as if to leave, with closed ears and uplifted eyes, while he, the flush passing from his pallid cheeks, fell back into his cushioned chair with a peal of defiant laughter.

To all their protestations of concern he replied only by mockery, and they were none of them bold enough to use the intimidation they had intended. Finally, on their citing the laws which forbade, under heaviest penalties, doubt, unbelief, or inquiry, he pointed to the rows of priceless volumes rising from floor to ceiling amid the treasures that strewed the whole apartment, and replied:—"Corruption will be callous indeed when the owner of these is a criminal. Go; snarl with my hounds, eat with my lackeys, tattle with my grooms. You may please them; you cannot understand me. When I need you I will buy your whole pedigrees for less than lies beneath my eye. Prate to me of laws who have fulfilled and overstepped all! Pouring my life into their moulds, I have burst them; and, with the powers of a God on earth to aid my kind, the powers of a God within, compared to such as ye are, have made my youth an orgie, my manhood a delirium, my mind a desert—wasted, weary, damned."

Rising as he spoke, through the stains of his sin the

remnants of his beauty shone with a great light. They were spell-bound by his blazing eyes, until ending almost in a shriek, he shook his quivering fingers at them as if pronouncing his own curse and their doom, so that they rushed forth, Vainglorious jostling Slander and Simper on the stairs, and even taking the savage Persecution along with them, left him again alone.

The crisis had come. Unwittingly they had been the means of bringing his distemper to a head. Their words had awakened a current of recollections long silent, around which his understanding giddily revolved in the depths of an unutterable despair. He began to discern the disease which was preying upon his vitals, and to perceive that in such a scene as that he had now trod for more than a score of years, recovery was impossible. Had he been born for this? Only to despise himself, and loathe existence, consumed in solitary anguish before he had fully blossomed into the experiences of a man? Weakened by long sleeplessness and inward strife, he buried his head in his hands and burst into tears. He drank of the waters of affliction, but knew not that they were troubled by an angel with healing on its wings. All night he paced the room with hasty strides. He refused nourishment. His heated temples burned beneath his feverish fingers. Becoming delirious, he was secured and confined. His ravings, heard far off, portended madness. The physicians—Superficial and Reckless—pronounced his end near. His wife and children left him. The servants were dismissed. The two hired nurses—Greedy and Dullard—were the only watchers by his bed. Then his wailing ceased, the fluttering breath grew faint and fainter, and he was still. They thought the profound trance-sleep in which he lay was death, and prepared for

his interment. But there were invisible guardians by the bed; he awoke and recovered. Wandering through his deserted mansion, the heavy carpets fretted his feeble footsteps, the glittering mirrors on every side reflected only his wasted visage, the luxury offended his sick sensations, so by night he stole out and fled.

II.

On the outskirts of the town dwelt an old college companion, to whom he bent his steps in his extremity. Talent had acquired a great reputation by his knowledge of healing, and possessed an extensive practice in the city, because of the unwholesome orgies which sowed the seeds of suffering among its inhabitants. He was a man of cold temperament, quick perception, and good family; a scrupulous observer of all conventional requirements, externally devout and loyal. His fame was his idol, and to it he offered up all except his ease and pleasure, yet, for the memory of past days and the renown of his guest, exerted his skill in restoring Restless to physical health. But the want within was not satisfied; and, despite all persuasion, he declined to return to his kindred. "They will be happier without me," he said, bitterly, "and, for myself, deliverance is all I ask." So Talent, finding his purpose unalterable, gave him letters of introduction to some associates in the city of Sensual Science.

Although nominally of the same government and creed, the people there were in many respects distinct from those of Worldly Content. Double-Face, Two-Tongues, and Plausible were the chief magistrates. The temples were almost deserted for halls, in which the gospel of physical facts was preached to great audiences. The grasp of authority was weaker. There was more dissent,

and intolerance manifested itself in less tangible form than in the sister city.

Among its many eminent teachers, Logic was the most popular; but, differing in their premises, the several schools under him soon parted company, and became lost in the mazes of discussion. Wordy and Denier were the chiefs of one, which regarded phrases only as the objects of study. Things, they taught, were but the shadow of thought, as thought was the creature of speech, itself an attribute of nonentity; the great principle of their faction being—"Nothing is."

The most powerful section of the community, however, gave in its adherence to five brothers, the Senses, over whose dwelling was written—"Through us all things are, and without us there is nothing."

Into the theories and knowledge of the diverse teachers Restless plunged as an ardent scholar, resuming with gladness the student days from which he had been tempted by pleasure. His former doctrinal belief had been little, but even that was now overthrown by the sceptical philosophy universally received—if not in name, in reality—by all parties. For many months content to devote himself to experimental research and classifications of natural phenomena, his diligence was rewarded, as he gradually saw himself rising above the mass of his contemporaries. Before long he began to beat the bars which confined even the most advanced thinkers to merely materialistic and superficial reasonings. His higher powers of conception, his penetrative judgment and rapidity of generalization, were chained down to a lower level to meet the apprehension of his fellows. He recognised with sorrow the idea of the inferiority and poverty of all things, pass naturally in many to an overweening

confidence in the superiority of self. He grew distrustful of himself and others. The unexercised faculties of his nature hungered for use. His affections and aspirations gathered like a rising stream against a dam. He was still friendless and lonely. The barrenness of speculation irritated, and the suffering of the world wounded him. He was in danger of drifting into a dreamer; of resigning himself to impotence, callousness, and unbelief, even of the worth of life or virtue. Driven to find some explanation of the mysteries of life, he adopted the only one known to him, decking with all the flowers that his starved sentiment could furnish a geometrical genesis and mechanism of Being. He was without hope, without faith, and without all but the husk of knowledge. He had found in no breast a heart answering to, or comprehending his own, in anything deeper than his animal nature. Therefore, he began to question the existence of aught above it, and to tread his path as if without prospect or purpose.

Disputing in the public street, with fantastic rhetoric deriving thought and emotion from atomic vibrations of various force and direction, he dealt with arcs, angles, and ratios, as their correlatives, when a little child came sobbing into the square. She was young and fair, but poorly clad in discoloured rags; her little features and thin cheeks, smeared with the traces of tears, discovered underneath a skin white, wan, and pitiful. With hair tangled and torn hanging about her shoulders, and little hands quivering with passion, she rushed to them in a paroxysm of grief and rage, stopping as if for shelter beside the group.

Restless, wrapped in his discourse, had not perceived her, though the loud weeping annoyed his listeners. One

coarse fellow spoke roughly, and striking her on the cheek, she slipped and fell. Crying shame upon the coward, Restless dashed them aside, and, taking the slender form in his arms as they slunk away, kissed and soothed her. He then turned to his home, and there she told a simple story—half coarse, half cruel, with a child-like wonder at his pity. A fallen mother and a brutal father, bowed from joy and purity by the demon of intemperance, and now slain by its relentless hand, had left her to the mercies of a cruel mistress. Beaten, she had escaped “to die,” she answered resolutely when he asked her motive, and he could not doubt the affirmation of her tender years and truthful tone. He felt old, though this infant had almost half his age, as he told her she must live, and he would protect her. Although accustomed to deceit, the child did not doubt his sincerity, but accepted his words as he had hers, without suspicion. Presently she fell asleep, and he bent over her and thought deeply.

III.

HE had passed from the Pride of Ignorance to the Pride of Science, and found comfort in neither. The unbelief in Unbelief which he marked among his colleagues was re-echoed in himself. He was still a seeker, still unsatisfied. The purging was far from complete; the preparation had but begun. Whither should he next turn? Looking upon the little face, warm pillowed and peaceful, he drew his resolution thence.

Next day he hastened his purpose, and on the following morning, under the splendours of an early sky, that opening in gray and pink grew flushed with triumph of all crimson hues, they went forth together. The brilliant

dews broke beneath their feet, the lark was lost in song above, and about the meadows the contented cattle moved slowly. The land grew brighter before them; shady copses springing by the roadside, and hedges of white thorn making it pleasant to look upon. Gentle elevations, under the kindly sun now waxing oppressive, became more difficult to them, so that Wilful—for such was the child’s name—grew tired and pettish. Lifting her in his arms, and staying often, Restless carried her, until her great weight weakening, and her importunities irritating him, he retorted; whereat she writhed herself sulkily from his grasp, and, springing into a bye-path running from the road, in an instant was lost to view.

Hesitating a moment, and then repentant and fearful, Restless followed the direction of her flight. For some distance he saw nothing, and his anxiety increased as he recalled the wayward humour of the child, who was of a courage and determination beyond her years, when, at a turning, he came suddenly upon a pedler sitting by the stream side.

A simple meal was spread beside him, which, however, he heeded not, reading in a loud clear voice from a small book. It was the psalm beginning—“The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;” which concluding, he laid aside the volume, crying—“Oh, blessed Shepherd, I do never want; hungry, I am fed; naked, I am clothed, and from Thy bounty; my cup is overful, for out of Thy great mercy hast Thou given me the saving knowledge of Thy Grace. Unclean! Unclean! I cannot praise Thee. Within Thy hand I move, and on thy bosom I recline. Am I in grief? ’Tis Thou that chasteneth. Do I rejoice? It is from Thy glory. Though I may wander,

yet am I with Thee. In deepest darkness I am not afraid. From dawn to dawn in Thine eye—from hour to hour in Thy love. Oh God, to Thee do I commend my spirit, in the merits of Jesus Christ, our Saviour.”

Restless was stilled and exceedingly touched, for through the pauses of speech (the wind whispering low, and eddying among the murmuring leaves), when the pedler in earnestness lost the utterance of words, his hard-drawn breath sighed strongly, and at last he became rapt in prayer. The birds broke out again twittering upon the boughs, and piping to one another, while Wilful, who had evaded, and then followed Restless, crept up behind, till the stranger, rising, discovered them, and with unchanged glance, greeted them gravely, saying: “Welcome, friends; partake with me of what the Great Giver hath provided;” and stooping, he set forth his fare. Wilful, who had clasped the hand of Restless in her fear, then unloosed it, and went forward, so that he was constrained to follow; and subduing his pride—for he was too generous to refuse generosity—seated himself on the turf.

The Pedler ministered to Wilful, who ate ravenously; and then when Restless would have declined, although in need of sustenance, continued solemnly: “Remember the five thousand; eat and do not fear; His store is plenty, nor can it fail the faithful.” Restless took a little, desiring his company in the meal, which was given sparingly, and with a smile, as he spoke in excuse, saying: “I am somewhat sinful in the indulgence of an appetite, which, forsooth, the air and exercise unduly promote.”

Wilful, being presently surfeited, tossed a small crust away, which the Pedler recovering, crumbled, and cast upon the sward, answering her wonder quietly: “My

child, the birds cannot so profitably enjoy it large.” Then Restless, enquiring his name, he replied: “Humility, a dweller among men, serving the Lord Jesus Christ;” at the name, lifting his cap of coarse serge, and bowing bareheaded. “A pedler, whose wares are of Eternal Truth.” “A colporteur,” said Restless, with some surprise. “Nay, friend, a Pedler,” persisted Humility, and, stooping, he undid his pack, which contained Bibles of simple binding and sombre appearance.

“Have you no better ones?” asked Restless, thinking to repay him without the direct offer of money. The Pedler, rising quickly, exclaimed: “How can that be better which is the best? The handicraft of man knows imperfection but not His Word. I do not purvey for the price of earthly conceit, but point the path to the kingdom of heaven to the poor whom He blessed.” Then seeing his questioner somewhat abashed, he continued: “I can also guide the traveller through these regions, for I know them well. What is your haven?” “I seek peace,” said Restless, wearily, and caring for no disguise, “Then I have it,” pursued Humility, again awakened into enthusiasm, as he lifted one of his Testaments, “Here is the Peace that passeth understanding. Ask and it shall be given you. Seek and ye shall find.” Respecting his sincerity, Restless repressed his sneer, and answered simply: “Food and shelter first. The child is tired.” Eyeing him keenly, the Pedler, after a momentary consideration, said: “Such I can promise you, plain and pure, at my own homestead; if you would enter the cottage of the lowly.” An impulse stirred within the wanderer; he rejoined quickly: “I wish no more. I will come willingly.”

Humility, uncomplainingly, re-arranged his pack,

which the girl's curious fingers had much disturbed ; and, lifting it upon his shoulders, turned with them, saying not that for their sake he sacrificed his day's labour. Wilful at first resisted the advance, desiring more rest, and finally followed in an obstinate and angry mood. Journeying steadily, they reached the brow of a hill that overlooked a little valley, wherein were plain dwellings, amid broad fields and gardens, with men and women working in them. "This," said the Pedler, as he pointed to the hamlet, "is our brief earthly home. We call it 'Faith's Content.'"

IV.

THEY were met at a little gate by a comely woman, who led them into the farm-house kitchen ; a large bare room, with sanded floor, gaping chimney, and well-laden rafters, upon whose walls were a few Scriptural prints. Here Humility solemnly tendered them his hospitality in the name of Christ, and when his guest spoke of recompence, shook his head as he answered : "My wife, Patience, and I give what costs us nothing, and that of which we are but stewards ; our trust is afterward." Restless, still urging his competency, Patience said : "If you will be just give to others ; but we may receive nothing." So he wrestled with himself, but thinking that by other ways he might restore to them their due, and seeing that Wilful, having coily crept to Patience, was resting happily on her knee, assented gratefully. A little chamber was allotted to each, and Humility inviting him, Restless went out into the valley.

The men busied in the fields exchanged a few pious words with his guide, and then resumed their tasks—not smiting their oxen, but chiding them gently ; without

anger or impatience repaired their simple tools, and, without haste or rest, discharged their honest duty. All were cheerful, calling to each other by quaint Bible names, and under the direction of the elders, mingling in holy discourse.

The little vale—very fruitful and carefully tilled—had in the centre of it a grassy square, and within this a dark-hued and sober rustic chapel, its pastor's house beside, of a kindred strength and rudeness, while upon a neighbouring tree was hung a bell. Small brooks flowed from the hills to a cool stream in the hollow, wherein water-lilies were growing. Here some boys were now sailing their boats, most of them of very tender age, for the young were soon taught occupations, and drew education chiefly from their daily toil.

The pastor—a strongly-framed, homely man, of middle age, with keen eyes and broad brown hands, that were used to assist his flock at harvest time or other seasons of necessity—came from the chapel (by day a school) and greeted them. His name was Helpful, and he was clad in a decorously dark robe and cap to distinguish him from his parishioners. Inquiring his method and matter of instruction, Restless received, with scarcely concealed astonishment, the deliberate summary, "To know Jesus Christ, his life, and commandments," and thereafter refrained from discussion. The calm conversation which beguiled their stroll disclosed to him more and more the simplicity and sincerity of the retired community, to whom all his knowledge and acquirements were foreign, unknown, and undesired.

Of the world they gathered only uncertain rumours, tinged with a horror of the iniquities which profaned it, drawn from the denunciations of the sacred text. In

confident expectation of its dissolution they valued little that which they believed was so soon to pass away, confining themselves to spiritual introspection, searching the Scriptures, and performing the offices of their day. Visitors were rare and suspected. Occasionally a youth of more ambitious temperament would leave them, never to return; their intercourse with the villages beyond was of the slightest. The young men and maidens mated, and reared their broods within ancestral bounds, free from any cares beyond the placid requirements of an uneventful life, removed from any sorrows but those of silent loss, when the friends their faith still preserved to them passed beyond the boundaries of sense.

By this the sun had set behind the purple hills, and, in the twilight the labourers came home in groups, singing the Evening Hymn, the children piping a faint refrain, as it rang through the still air, mingled with the lowing of the cattle, and the goodnight chatter of the birds. The red radiance steeped the spacious cornfields, rich in golden grain, the orchard boughs of waving green, and the burnished surface of the brook, in soft haloes of sweet shadowed calm. Then the lights glimmered from the windows, the mist slowly fell, and, as the three wound their way homeward, the moon rose broad and yellow, its blushing tints paling to purer rays that rested upon the dewy glistening roofs and fields in tranquil tenderness.

They found Wilful eager for the meal, and Patience busy in its preparation. Before they tasted it, Humility and his wife, kneeling, offered up a fervent prayer, to which Restless listened curiously, while Wilful, wide-eyed, fretted in her chair. At the end of the repast thanks were returned, and, soon after, one or two neigh-

bours joined them around the fire reading chapters of the gospel and expounding it by their private experiences. After another benediction they separated, and Restless, retiring to his room, looked over the valley, as silently beautiful in the white moonlight as the lives of those that made it their sanctuary. Gazing, he whispered to himself, "Surely travail is in vain. What avails it to desire aught beyond righteous exertion, sweetening noble rest? I have strayed away from trial; surely here I have found Peace."

V.

ON the morrow he was awakened early by the busy stir of the household, and, looking forth, beheld Humility already departing, the sound of his song floating back from the distance.

"Arise my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run."

Enjoying the fresh air a little, he persuaded Wilful, after some altercation, to allow herself to be dressed by Patience, and they sat down to breakfast together.

During the day he conversed with the men, whom he found of one character, upright, earnest, and diligent, and inspected the implements of antiquated fashion and hereditary derivation, as were also their methods of tillage. At night Humility returned, exhausted in body but fresh in spirit, speaking warmly of the prospects and results of his journeys, and glorifying the conditions of a religious life. So some days passed, and the gentle influences of the place entered into Restless, calling forth his appreciation and admiration in directions hitherto unknown; while Wilful, amid many struggles, became more kindly, and, when the Sabbath dawned, rose awed and chastened.

A perfect stillness brooded over all, as the Chapel bell rang sweetly through the air, and from the hill-sides the families wound slowly down, exchanging quiet greetings, until they knelt within the consecrated walls. A simple service preceded a homely hymn, and then some, rising as they were moved, spoke with a devotion almost melting into tears; more than one referring, in terms of hope and joy, to the advent of the strangers, whom they were peculiarly impelled to welcome among the people of the Lord. A psalm precluded the discourse, in which Helpful, with quaint phrase and vigorous expression, dwelt upon their hopes and life all centered in the worship and following of Christ. The words fell upon eager ears and attentive hearts, who, bowing again in prayer, joined in it with a great accord, that, like the sighing sob of the sea ceased in a deep Amen. Some still communing with the unseen remained, while the others, rising as they ended their individual petitions, poured forth in silence, gathering upon the green without. The maidens in white hoods, their heads bent like the lilies, stood near the mothers, sturdy and garrulous; while the men, apart in groups, sententiously debated what they had heard, much wondering at the praises offered to the visitors, whose unlikeness was most apparent even to the careless observer. They stood together, the girls smoothed into some semblance of decorum, attractive by bright large eyes and quick motions; her guardian erect and handsome, with a pride of dress and carriage, and a sad look upon his young features, that marked him at once, from the gravity of demeanour and soberness of attire of those around them. In the afternoon and evening all met again; a puritanical seriousness clothing the whole day given up to services and thoughts of piety.

Such was the manner of their earthly sojourn, varied only by religious and pastoral festivals, birth, and marriage, and death. Generation after generation sailed from the same shores, over the same depth of experience into the same haven of rest. The gradations of age were worn away in the happy precincts, and from their stedfast allegiance to their creed, time seemed already tinged with the patience of eternity. All stages of growth and decay were around them, wherein each might read the lesson that belonged to all. The one story seemed repeated by many lips that were now familiar with its turnings. Ancestry and posterity trod the one path, until it was plain and easy. Youth bore a foreshadowing of age, and was gentle in its gratifications. Age yet reflected youth, and was glad in its exercises; manhood poised between, extending its sceptre over both. The girl had the forethought of the mother; the mother the modesty of the girl. The play of the children was already subdued and reliant; the employments of active strength and care were fulfilled with religious exactness, and the enfeebled frames, full of solemn faith and serene content at last, fell quietly asleep. The graves gathered in the sunshine, while the young limbs leapt beside them, and from day to day, from season to season, from year to year, the patient prophecy of existence lay before them, simple and sweet, varied by sober changes, that yet repeated themselves musically, as the cadences of their own brave psalms. The sight of the child, the knowledge of the parent, the memories of the failing sense, were woven in one web and of one pattern. The stream of life, like the fruitful messenger of their own fair valley, ran for ever its unruffled course, that seemed to rest unchanged; while, from the rising to the going down of

the sun, hearts were moulded, and hands were guided by beneficent angels of innocence, and peace, and love.

It was in such a spot that Restless was now breathing, and in such employments that he saw the autumn fade the winter warm, and spring shine consummated in the richness of summer skies. The harmony of life and doctrine, thought and act, in noiseless efficacy percolating the crust of indifference, rested upon his better nature, which it softened and strengthened with salutary discipline, tempting forth its tendrils, and leading their healthy aspirations into the sunshine and pure air. His rich nature and generous heart gladly devoted themselves to untiring ministrations among those around him; of quick and retentive faculty, he speedily excelled in the finer or more intellectual activities; while the potent magic of his disposition, naturally asserting itself, rendered him a ruler of the less able, decisive, and educated inhabitants. Trammelled in many of his favourite flights, he turned his energies into new channels, and cast their old prerogatives behind him. He inquired not concerning the ultimate of truth, nor yet endeavoured to trace the intricacies of belief. He, as far as possible, refused to criticise, even to himself, the grounds of the faith he lived under. The work to be done lay before the threshold, and for the time he needed no other.

Adding secular instruction to the little school, he taught at night such as laboured by day the useful branches of his knowledge, which, by these means, he exercised and preserved. In the special education of Wilful he found scope for much of his talent. Indeed, she proved untameable by any other hand, and only after a long probation, by the assistance of Humility and Patience, could he contrive to induce in her any show of

respect to others than himself. Even after this she remained a stumbling block to the good neighbours, whose coercion was of the weakest before her periodic returns to a barbaric freedom, that totally outraged the never-questioned proprieties and authorities of the little sphere.

City bred, and of a precocious understanding, she confounded Helpful himself by her audacious astuteness, and shook the submission of half her playfellows by her ingenious victories over him. A little queen, she dictated to them imperiously, but kindly, intuitively copying the control—which superiority gave to Restless over the men—to command her little sisterhood as implicitly. She made him her model to an extent often ludicrously extreme—re-issuing his words, tones, and gestures with dignified solemnity. But, more and deeper than this, through the study of him which she pursued without cessation, she came to comprehend his nobleness and the goodness of those about her.

Emulating his self-sacrificing zeal with impulsive affection, she set herself the hardest of renunciations, the severest of tasks, and the most unremitting studies which could serve their necessities. Her deftness and winning ways made her a favourite with most, to whom her sagacity, when thus directed by the desire to please, was often a welcome visitant. Happy and tenderly cared for, she gained in bodily as well as mental stature. The unfortunate circumstances of her earlier years, once conspiring to harden, now helped to sweeten her sympathy. Their scars became obliterated from her memory, except as a means to gratitude, and served only to kindle the fires of love and joy which more and more cultivated in her form and features the beauty, before striking in its rudeness, and now enriched by the higher qualities,

making the outcast less and less, the daughter and the angel more and more, conspicuous.

Of a delicate and refined organization, she was as removed from the healthy, but homely, offshoots of the valley, as her guardian was from the men. They rejoiced in each other's society to an extent inexplicable to their associates, who wondered at the closeness of the tie between the man of knowledge and the wayward girl, whose only resemblance seemed in their unlikeness to all others. They could not perceive that the imaginative creativeness of the one responded to the dreamy intuition of the other, nor that the character, which, as yet untrained, made her rebellious, caused him to bend so willingly to the yoke. His haughtiness and her petulance were signs of the same sensitive feeling, as yet undeveloped in both. The past of each had been painful and sternly admonitory. They had known sorrow, and shrunk from sin.

There were deeper correspondences making the years between them little, which, as yet, but partially manifested in the stirrings of discontent, of passion, and of power, heard faintly within, muttered full of meaning to exalted ears. Her mind, like a garden long deserted, was crowded with the rank growth of a rich soil, which his patience alone could have pruned and weeded. He soon discerned in her unusual capabilities reminding him of his own. For one so young, her wisdom and intensity were surprising, most remarkably in answer to his thought. To that of others she would sometimes appear deaf and doubtful; but in his presence, and at his words, her intelligence seemed quickened to extraordinary heights, answering his aspirations, if not with a complete understanding, with a marvellously catholic and flexible

sympathy. They understood each other without speech, and her mute appeals for help were never by him disregarded in the three brief years that darted by before he began to feel the irksomeness of captivity.

He had worked well, and given without stint of his exertion. He improved their implements, and added to them others of novel construction. Bringing his scientific knowledge and invention to bear upon the better cultivation of the ground, he changed the ancient landmarks, by the reclamation of neglected areas; and in the direction of his extensive operations, revolutionized the conduct of affairs.

The introduction of these new elements, occasioned the first discordance. Wedded to their former customs, many rebelled against his innovations, till his perseverance and resource undauntedly executed the designs from which all others recoiled, and demonstrated his capacity in their triumphant issue. In spite of his caution, the tenor of his motives jarred upon them. It was plain that his interpretation of their truths was mystical and adverse to the literal homage which all others granted. To their inquiries as to his persuasion, he returned doubtful or enigmatic answers, maintaining a polite, but occasionally fierce reserve and exclusiveness in his conversation. A scorn of their ignorance or incredulity of scientific principles sometimes glimmered through his suspicious restraint, and the impatience with which he attended the promulgation of sundry teachings begot a wavering mistrust. So much forethought as to material welfare appeared to them to betoken a carnal tendency, while his wonder-working contrivances when not sought or obtained by supplication, savoured of a darker parentage.

Restless could not but behold with some bitterness their carping doubts and querulous interferences, or the inaptitude to receive the ideas that burned within him. The honours which heralded and accompanied his earlier efforts had not been repeated, and the thankfulness attaching to his first successes began to die away before uncertain rumours. The adoration of the children, and of the young of both sexes who had been his pupils, caused among the authorities uneasy sensations of slighted inferiority, while even the graceful courtesy of manner native to him, could not erase the indignation of those whose worth he had lessened or supplanted by his new decrees.

They misunderstood his graciousness, which they thought the servility of ambitious hypocrisy, and his cultured consideration to their coarser feelings was strained and painful. His very virtues impressed the contrast upon them. The light of his intelligence fell upon the qualities of theirs. He taught them to see, and they perceived their own deficiencies, as measured by his standard. Poverty was pained by richness, and simplicity by strength.

Nor was the estrangement confined to their bosoms. He had accomplished all immediately possible, and felt for the first time the limitations of the valley. Leisure, gave scope for reflection. The practical was changed for the speculative. The rusting powers, which, when bared before them, awoke only amazement, received the impulse previously expended in less ideal occupations. He felt his intellect stagnating, and longed for controversy and study, construction and criticism, the wider thought and deeper meditation for which he was now prepared. He had sounded the people, fathomed their faith, and lived

their life in all its possibilities. Unbreathed and hardly half expressed, he found them falling from him. He felt their weight as one which he could not carry further, Healthy in body and mind, purified in affection, he had learned its lessons of patient useful holiness. An apt scholar, he was outstripping his teachers. Must he stay? Wilful, once as stunted, had blossomed as fairly. Self-sacrifice, Charity, and Meekness tending them, the weary noble had become the man; the unkempt orphan, walked a pure and gentle maiden. Yet both knew that the process of their unfoldment had only found its first step. They were loth to leave it, for it was filled with pleasant recollections, making the fair scenes fairer, and the godly lives more good. To none is it given to linger on the stair. X

The great religious ceremony of the year came round. The creed, solemnly pronounced by the elders, was to be confirmed by the whole assembly, from which none might be absent. Even the sick were required to accept privately the rigid and complex provisions of its ancient articles.

The day arrived, and the concourse, duly called from far and near, was summoned around a raised pulpit on the green, Helpful adjuring them to greet with pride and pleasure the acknowledgment of their faith. The rite proceeded, when suddenly, as had been pre-arranged, one of the chiefs requested that Restless—being a brother in high office and estimation among them—should now propose the public test. This included its personal acceptance as a prior clause. At the challenge he stood transfixed, and then, with a slow step and his head upon his breast, advanced to the pulpit. Ascending the steps, he stumbled, when a groan passed through the expectant

x Note this. A. G. P. 23. L. 24

multitude at such an evil omen. His face was set, and his eyes shone like stars full orb'd, as, with a steady hand, he lifted the book. The second of his hesitation held the knowledge of an hour. Glancing once over the crowd of upturned faces, so well known and so dearly loved, the scene flashed across his eyes like a falling man's last glimpse, as he laid the volume down, saying, in a clear voice, audible far off through the intense silence, "I cannot utter it;" then he grew huskier, and the tone quivered as he continued, "It is not the truth." A shudder ran through the mass; by blasphemy he had pronounced his doom.

Sick and giddy, he strode between the opening ranks, where not one spoke to, and few pitied him. Leaning against a tree on the outskirts of the gathering, he heard his banishment declared—he was a heretic. Not a face was turned, nor a head lifted, nor a word spoken. With a groan he set his hope away, and went. A hand was thrust in his, and Wilful, whom they had held back with all their power of protestation, cried between her sobs, "Oh, take me with you; let them curse me too!" Halting on the hill, they saw far off the congregation kneeling, still in prayer. They looked at it, and left it hand in hand. *

VI.

It was in the forenoon that they turned from the valley, half hidden from them by their tears, and, before long, found the highway which they had left before meeting with Humility. They had strayed aside divided in unseemly anger, they returned united in a noble grief; all the milder graces having been fostered in their seclusion, the old bitterness and hardness cast away.

* This picture is good. They leave Religion Orthodoxy & pass to Reason.

It was a rough road. Densely wooded slopes, becoming steeper and steeper as they advanced, were climbed at angles by the rude track, which could not directly overcome the sharpness of the ascent. Had not their healthy training fitted them for such enterprise, and mutual encouragement lightened the way, they must have yielded to its many obstacles. One or two teams passed them on the downward journey, bearing huge trees, felled amid the heights, to the city below, for the plain could boast of no such timber. Making inquiry of a stalwart mountaineer, he replied:—"This road is Progress, leading to the City of Reason, high up among the hills. It is not easy of approach, but you may find rest a little further on with host Honesty."

Thanking him, and somewhat encouraged, they pushed bravely on through the dust and heat, until at last, when the twilight was almost gone, they were gladdened by the sight of a house, and greeted by the barking of dogs, which a Porter quieted, crying, "You are late on the road; how was it you were not better advised of the distance?" "Truly," said Restless, "I knew not whither I was bound; but, following my inclinations, find myself brought hither." "Then you have never entered the noble city," pursued the Porter, "for it is her boast that all who have passed her gates possess a compass ever after, pointing them to safety." "It is such I seek," said Restless. "Then enter in, for to forward you and your kind is this house established," continued the Porter, when Restless interrupted him, asking—"Tell me if these are current here;" and he shewed the coins of Sensual Science, and a slip of paper on which was a text of the Bible—that being the only measure of value, in Faith's Content. At these the Porter looked askance

muttering—"These are all dross, and can only be exchanged below. But get you in, though we have so many of your kindred that we are likely to make little profit by our labour. Another time change your coins, before you start, for the currency of Reason. Literature or Common Sense supply all who seek them." And so he led them into a large room, at one end of which was a table with substantial refreshments, whereat they satisfied their appetites, attended by Self-Reliance, the Porter, and his wife Practical.

After this they moved to where a great fire was burning, the company conversing around it. In the centre sat the host Honesty, with his wife Prudence, and their children at their feet conning lessons. Next upon the right was an old man, of a peaceful countenance, whose white hair fell upon a cheek but little redder, and with him his grandson, a fine youth whom he was taking to Reason to be instructed. Beyond these a young man and his wife, with hands fast clasped, were whispering, drawn into the corner. On the left of Honesty two fellow-students, merry and bold, made room for them; while, still farther in the shadow, a face looked forth—sad, pale, and gentle, its thin locks parted upon a high and noble head, borne by a form that was small and frail, clad in threadbare apparel.

From the conversation Restless learned that he had been a preacher in the plain, and was now on a pilgrimage to the far-famed city; having, after a life of labour, saved sufficient to visit its wonders on foot. The royal roads of Liberty and Education were on the other side of the ranges, separated by many impassable gorges from the Land of the Sleepers, out of which the only approach was by the track they were now using. His face flushed

with diffidence, and he sank back timidly, when Restless leaned towards him, speaking kindly.

The young couple had shaken off the shackles of their preceptors, Barter and Convenience, escaping together to the righteous freedom of the heart and head, which they had heard was to be found in Reason. As the husband spoke, his wife, under pretence of the warmth of the fire, shaded her face, and drew nearer to him as for shelter, when he told the tale of their trial from the fraud, falsehood, and aspersions of her relatives, who would have united her to one Lechery, a rich miserly lord, of infirm constitution and intelligence, but very wealthy and viciously disposed.

"When I was young," said the old man, "this road was not spoken of, and indeed it was a perilous attempt to thread these defiles in search of Reason; but when this boy," and he stroked his grandson's head, "is as old as I am, it will be famous and clear." "They are poor folk those of the plain," quoth Honesty, "there is no hope for a fair trader among them. Coming up to Reason, my wife Prudence here prevailed on me to build a hostelry for the travellers to and fro." "Aye," said Prudence, nodding her head, and busily knitting, "you'll find few there who do not remember Honesty and Self-Reliance as their best helps up the hill."

"Strange," said Restless, "that in Worldly Content I heard nothing of this Reason, except as a chilly and uninhabitable region, where some reckless ascetics performed ridiculous penances." "But all unpalatable truth is forbidden there," laughed Honesty contemptuously "and Reason finds no man that does not seek it." "We heard certain rumours of it," continued Restless, "but then I thought that for Aristocracy there must always be

a peculiar revelation and prepared word. Arrogance and self-esteem are the surest supporters of Ignorance and his crew. Intolerance and bigotry are, after all, only the signs of pride. I now see that my weakness fathered my errors, and my grossness enfeebled the sight I should have gloried in."

"It is the mountain atmosphere," said one of the young men, "which clears your apprehensions. I was born here, and ever hated the close and murky mists of those dim districts." "They live so low," his companion, who was a scholar, added quickly, "that the peasants here surpass their princes, and even those in their garrets are often wiser than the proudest in their palaces and streets." "Ah, this is a lovely land," pursued the old man, "where mere existence exceeds all that labour can attain without it. There is no heaven but Reason."

Retiring, the pilgrims slept soundly, and arose refreshed. The Preacher, overhearing a conference with the Porter, proffered Restless his scanty purse, who, requiring little, and certain of soon obtaining the means of repayment, accepted it thankfully. So they set out together. Their advance was painful and slow, but, at last, late in the day, the towers of the City of Reason rose upon their view.

VII.

At sight of it Restless felt his bosom swell and his feet press more proudly upon the turf, as the prophetic voice within told him deliverance was nigh. Wilful, watching him, shaded her eyes, examining with anxiety, the increasing breadth of building opening before their gaze. When, at length, its extent and majesty stood fully revealed, the preacher fell upon his knees, crying, "This is the New

Jerusalem of John's vision; having beheld its glory I am content to depart in peace." Hastening forward, the long strides of Restless caused his companions to pant, perceiving which he slackened his pace with a sigh, and advanced more slowly.

The City of Reason was the highest spot in which men could breathe with ease, and the farthest they could ascend in all those regions. A peculiarity of the atmosphere enabled them to reside with comfort and advantage at an elevation which, in other places, would have been uninhabitable. Yet it acted upon no two persons in exactly the same manner. Some could not endure the temperature that was fresh and invigorating to others. And in these it implied no likeness or equality beyond a certain robustness of constitution qualifying them for its enjoyment.

Nor was it an end to the road Progress, which, entering, divided into many branches, tending in divers directions. Its chief office was educational, being renowned for the variety and excellence of its universities, devoted to the highest developments of every form of scientific knowledge. Its manufactures were flourishing, but not extensive; for supplying only the best fabrics and demanding a corresponding price, they were much undersold in the Cities of the Plain, where Pretence, Appearance, and Pennywise drove a thriving trade.

Situated on the apex of the hill, its suburbs stretched away over many minor undulations, where rich gardens and parks, with stately villas, enclosed the city, built chiefly of marble and granite, and of impressive architectural grandeur. Its population was large and fluctuating, the actually enrolled citizens being comparatively few. There were many degrees of reason, as they were called,

which the inhabitants proudly proclaimed not to be of birth or of wealth, but awarded only to individual merit and won only by ability. All who dwelt therein received its benefits, but according to capacity was it little or much.

Of the most opposite nations and creeds, its children were to be found thinly scattered through the whole world, wherever they would consent to the prevailing customs, occupying positions of trust, and prized for their superior intelligence. Indeed, it was by its scholars that whatever the peoples of the Plain lamely and languidly adopted had been first promulgated.

Its territory was small, and its conquest wholly the work of men's hands, who, in former ages, penetrating by daring explorations the recesses of the higher lands, established a small hamlet, to which some fled for refuge to pursue their favourite studies without the persecutions levelled at them below. As the aspiring spirits from every quarter began to seek the place and its band of teachers for enlightenment, the potentates of the Plain banded themselves together against it. Often had it been desolated, and its devoted sons driven into exile or taken captive and slain by the soldiers of Superstition, a relentless general of the innumerable hosts of the Sleepers, roused to a crusade against it by the exhortations of their priests.

Again and again it arose from the ashes each time more boldly. One Reformation, with his offspring, Dissent and Free-thinker, took arms in its defence, successfully meeting the legions of invaders, and uniting with the followers of Political and Social Freedom, finally expelled the garrison placed to prevent their re-building its defences. Since then, in many victories, it had esta-

blished its title to independence, although it was as yet unable to protect those journeying thither from annoyance in their passage through the Plain, where bodies of brigands, secretly connived at by the authorities, way-laid and molested many, while Precedent and the subordinate officials cast every possible hindrance in their way. Despite of such difficulties, the city prospered in size and wealth, while the road Progress was year by year made more safe, and conveyance along it more rapid.

Its sacred charters were Tolerance and the right of private judgment; the code of Laws being based simply upon these principles.

The Government was administered by a great Council; its duties, slight and few, performed by responsible delegates.

Religion possessed but little distinct existence, the few beliefs represented being shorn of most of their doctrines, while the majority made the acquisition of Knowledge their worship, Reason its high-priest, and Truth their god.

There was no unanimity of life or creed among them; each after his own fashion following his conscience and desire, without trespassing upon that of his fellow. The contrasts of its schools were conspicuous, and formed the frequent text of the clergy of the Plain, who held them up to the eyes of their flocks as given over to Darkness and Deceit, and in all things designing, and desperately wicked.

VIII.

THE vast multitude crowding its spacious thoroughfares, incessantly passing and turning, seemed like the threads

of a gigantic loom traversing to and fro in obedience to an unseen Will. Choosing a caravanserai in the eastern quarter of the town, as promising cheapness and frugality, they rested their weary limbs till evening, when, sallying forth, they followed a throng of people purchasing admission into a great hall, and securing good seats, waited with an impatience strange to the calmness of those around them.

After a stream of music had poured forth a little while, a pale, slight-featured man stepped upon the platform and began to read in cold clear tones, falling upon careful silence. His subject was "The Nature and Origin of Religious Beliefs."

Commencing with the Creeds existing, he traced them to their derivation from primæval mysteries, connecting all as the phases of certain comprehensive doctrines, which, under varying names and in changing ceremonies, formed the body of all religious belief. To explain the reception of these, he pointed out the astronomic, astrologic, and natural surroundings which the wonder of savage man had deified and adored. The supernatural elements having been thus resolved into the misapprehension of certain physical phenomena, the remainder of its tenets were exhibited as arising necessarily from the needs and character of the human heart. The duties of life had been enforced by an often salutary dread of the unknown laws of the universe, whose apparently inconstant operation had caused the idea of a governing Being to be propitiated and obeyed. The fear of death gave birth to the desire for a future state, and the incompatibilities of life developed an ideal of rewards and punishments appertaining thereto. Thus the conceptions called religious sprang from unavoidable, but simply explicable,

antecedents in human growth, every doctrine it enunciated being deducible from misunderstood experiences.

He next described the altered conditions of the nominally same sect at different periods, and pointed out how, instead of provoking, it only reflected the development of its day. Scepticism or Ignorance, Credulity or Fanaticism, were accurately visible in it, as in its creatures. The dogmas of one age were rejected in the next, and opposite innovations introduced in a third. When the letter remained, the interpretation of it wavered, and its whole nature rose or sank, moved or rested, with the impulses actuating its devotees.

The lesson of history was of the mutability and contradictoriness of the Creeds, of the steadfastness and accuracy of Science. The first were entirely subjective, infinitely variable, indefinite, and unfruitful; the second being objective, was changeless, definite, and of beneficent utility.

"But in the end," he cried, "it is not from Vedas or Shastas, from Bible or Testament, that I perceive the origin of religion. Like all other epidemics, it is the result of a diseased or undeveloped condition of the mind, which attracts to it every shred of error as surely as the magnet the iron filings among which it is thrust. As we modify our physical economy by the introduction of medicinal herbs, we should purge our understandings by the reception of scientific facts.

Religion attempts to rival Science as the instructor of mankind, over and above the Nature of which she teaches us, setting up a separate entity styled God. Born of the crude imaginings, the fear and fable native to the childish heart, this deity which they uphold in revelations of assumed infallibility is without a symbol

in her spheres of action. The duel between these gods of Assumption and Evidence must be decided at once and for ever.

We cannot permit one portion of our thought to be in bondage without injury to the rest ; all our abilities are interdependent, upon their verdict as to truth we must needs rely, and if this fiction of Religion has no place without, it should have none within us.

The jurisdiction of the God of Theology is not written upon the earth, nor on the stars. Several exclusive utterances of His exist ; mutually destructive, they are palpably imperfect. They err in demonstrable particulars ; they possess no worthy principles other than existed before or around them ; belonging to barbarous epochs, and derived from unknown sources, they are proclaimed without proof, and sustained without comprehension. Defective in design and execution, equally obscure in purpose, credence to their mandates is not rewarded, nor heresy reprov'd. The offspring of assertion and incompetence—the God of Revelation—the dregs of the sacerdotal poison, must be cast away.

The God of Science lives. Nature compels submission to her laws by heavy penalties. Every hour of our lives we are dependent upon her. Her chastisements are kindly, her speech serenely noble. Spelling the syllables of her lesson, we grow strong and wise. Every man in the ultimate is his own priest and prophet, and it is impossible it ever should be otherwise.

The revelation which the sincere seeker wins is from the shrine of Science ; and it is with the voice of reason, turning the rough ore of our experiences into pure and precious gold. With Reason is certainty and power, riches and lasting peace. Patiently and gradually it climbs the

steepest summits of the world. Whispering to each, it has the same message for all, but not at the same time. It bids us be free and firm, and allots to every one his place. It gives us immortality, when it opens truth. Reasoning we become more and more removed from the discords of passion and fear. In its pure air we move calmly through the mists of tradition, we escape the pit-fall of violence, and from its lofty elevation tranquilly survey the scene, where those rejecting its radiant guidance are still chained by shadows, or racked by the unwholesome damps of despair. If doubt destroys faith and hope, at least it gives us light and space for courage. Cowards are slaves, and must remain so even upon a throne. But the brave despise its meanness, and to conquer they have but to Will. The undaunted, the devoted, and the enlightened Reason murmurs in every ear, 'Come forth, ascend, and triumph.' If you Will, you are admitted into the company of the learned, into the God in Man, the intelligence of Nature."

The Preacher joined moderately, and Restless loudly, in the applause, while Wilful, pressing his arm as they went out, said earnestly, "Oh, Restless, let us will."

IX.

RISING with the dawn, Restless wandered through the handsome streets, surveying the stately edifices with which they were thickly studded. At one of the finest of these, groups of students were gathering, one of whom, perceiving him to be a stranger, courteously conducted him over it, and explained the methods of study adopted therein. With its wealth of scientific appliances and books Restless was even less delighted than with the plan of education, which consisted in the unfoldment of

the various faculties by appropriate exercises under the direction of teachers, who, assisting the pupil to surmount difficulties, encouraged mainly habits of self-reliance and the practice of personal investigation and judgment. Men of the greatest eminence were engaged in superintending the researches, aided by all that desire could imagine or wealth supply. Practical experiment was, wherever possible, the means of information; and, in other departments, the mind was familiarized with facts which it was to analyze and interpret, or unite and synthesize, for itself. Reason was the supreme arbiter and controlling spirit in all.

It was only with a great effort that Restless, heartily thanking the student, could tear himself away from the engrossing interest of the scene he longed to join in. Retracing his steps, he found Wilful in the court-yard watching the arrival of some strangers, and noting with curiosity their strange dress and appearance. One of the riders then alighting—an old man, with a flowing white beard, a serenely beautiful countenance, and handsome oriental robe—attracted her attention by his dark complexion and gentle eyes.

“Look, Restless,” said she—speaking rather loudly, as he was yet approaching, and she saw them to be foreigners—“are not these camels, so staid and solemn, fitted for their masters?” Drawing himself erect with some pleasure after his cramped position, the old man, turning quietly to her, said in a soft voice, and with a strange accent, “Yes, daughter, these resemble Reason, for they bear us through the broad desert of life to the oases of truth. They are of the noblest friends of man;” and he caressed the cheek of one that thrust its head over his shoulder. “Like us, patient, provident, and enduring;

uncouth to your sense, but shapen for service under the tropical sky; sure-footed and slow-paced, but faithful under the noon-day sun. We love as we understand; therefore we prize these. Is not this high praise? Perchance the masters may not merit as much from them.”

Alarmed at being so unexpectedly overheard, and fearful of offence, Wilful shrank behind Restless, who having bowed gravely, when thus compelled to speak, replied: “To fulfil purpose, is to be perfect, and make others so. Their powers minister to yours, as right is ever helpful beyond its agent, and serves many from one.”

“Yes,” said the stranger, drawing closer, “the little one spoke wisely; they are like our race. You Western nations fling away the pearl that you pretend to seek, and pass the goal, borne on the other side of Wisdom by the impetuosity of the race, forgetful of the point to be attained in the ecstasy and delirium of speed. There is no soul’s completeness in your peoples, and you thus neglect the centre and purpose of man’s being, which, to fulfil, you say is to be perfect. You are fretted away, bound down to menial, mechanical employments, the whole spirit devoted to some petty material office, which during this brief pilgrimage tortures it, and in the infinite future after, rewards it nothing. We each attain a height, and rest there. Living as our fathers lived, and only trusting to rival them in the higher treasures of contemplation, we are happy here, and more hereafter. The knowledge of Earth, what is it, but that of our food and shelter? It can teach nothing; hold nothing more. With fruit in the forest, and water in the brook, why strive for sustenance? The kernel of being must burst the husk of sense before it can bud or blossom. Wherefore, then, make appetite an idol, or labour wearily and

in vain? The Spiritual world contains the material, as the ocean does its bays. Why should we seek to fathom to a line this little pool, that in another hour must empty into the vast Parent and Sustainer of the All?"

The sublime simplicity with which he spoke made Restless more than attentive, and it was with a genuine desire that he said: "If you will honour me by breaking bread," and he motioned toward the stair, "I will endeavour to answer you." With a graceful bend of the head, and outspread hands of humility, the stranger answered: "Presently I will embrace your kindness; I have now my friend to care for." And as they went in, they saw him leading his camel to its stall.

They were scarcely seated, when the Preacher, hot, and out of breath, entered the room, with excuses for his long absence. He had been conversing with an old friend, lost for many years, who, learning his estate and purpose, had offered him and his companions a home until they should be better provided for. "You are fortunate," said Restless, "and we shall speak of this again, but it is now time to bid our guest to the meal."

The attendant, busied for a little, did not leave, and, when opening the door to go, the invited one stood before them. "I just wished for you," said Restless, "and was about to send." "It was unnecessary," replied the Sage; "the wish sufficed." "Answer, a wish!" cried the Preacher, "that is strange."

"Strange, brother," repeated the visitor, quietly. "Cannot my wish stir up my hands and brain, and move mountains by its means? Is it not part of the eternal force which guides the planets and controls the sea? What can a wish, that is sincere and pious, not do, since it is a sister to the will and the parent of prayer?"

*Here & there the language of this
strange book, so terse & foreign, reveals
eloquence. It is deeper than I thought
29.12.*

The Preacher being silent, Restless evaded reply by inviting their guest to be seated, which he did awkwardly, evidently unaccustomed to the chairs which they had obtained on request only, since such were not usual among the Orientals with whom they were lodged. Taking a fragment in his fingers, he lifted up his eyes, saying in a loud voice—"To Thy service, oh God, I devote this nourishment: may it sustain me only in Thy service, and quicken me only according to Thy will."

The Preacher, who had bent his head murmuring his grace to himself, was as amazed as the others, and Wilful remained silent during the meal, which was not usual with her. After he had eaten temperately, the Sage, seeing all had finished, broke a piece of bread, and gave to each, saying—"Of His bounty all partake, and there shall be none left empty. As we began, so let us end, with praise and pious thoughts. Life is a feast: we come hungry, we leave satisfied, and prepared for higher duties. May we be worthy of its Master, and give faithful gratitude in return for earnest love."

Taking a seat upon the couch to which Restless motioned him, and seeming more at ease, he said, smiling—"I have exercised the privilege of age, that it should be the priest, and practised the custom of my country in offering prayer. I shall now listen, my son, to the defence of thine, while thou shalt show things temporal superior to those eternal." "Rather a preparation for them," answered Restless, readily, "and to the best of my bare ability I will."

X.

"Life on earth depends for its happiness upon the conditions which surround it. Development is delayed

or diverted by many, whether of man's own creation or not, which are capable of removal. In contest with them he becomes stronger, and the struggle, even if a fatal one, has its reward. It is well then, that we should strive.

It is better if we succeed, for then, even to the weaker, who might have fallen under its trials, there is opportunity for peace. The helpless legions of posterity dependent upon us, not only for the gift of being, but for the gladness or sorrow under which it is passed, cry out to us to make the path that we have found so rough and difficult a little smoother for their coming pilgrimage. Earth is the mould of mind, and it is in our power to shape it so that it bring forth angels and not devils. We may subdue those obstacles which have stood between us and growth, preparing the circumstances in which we move to nourish a nobler creature than ourselves.

We can remove the rocks from the rude meadow, pluck the weeds from beside the young plant, and so live that our ashes, when we fall and perish, must fertilize the roots, whose flowers shall spread over us a happy monument of Spring.

If this is possible, is not even the sacrifice of self well repaid? Is it not better that some other day hearts shall be happy, understandings noble, and lives entirely perfect, than for us to pluck the unripe berries now, and make all generations faulty and all sad, even as our own is, must be, and can be but a little bitterer?

Consider the existence of the savage. A perpetual strife to obtain an insufficient and uncertain subsistence, without leisure for thought, opportunity for improvement, or power of unselfish action. Without affections other than the lowest, a creature of the elements and seasons, without knowledge, and therefore suffering from

incalculable ills; at war with Disease and Crime which often conquer him; his highest virtue endurance, his deepest sentiment ferocity, a life of feud, the actions of a beast of prey and the death of one; he passes from a scene in which he may have injured many, and can have blessed but few.

Contrast the advantages of a civilization whose attendant evils belong largely to the former domain, the relics of brutality and selfishness not yet stamped out. There is no good or power of the savage lost, but all are increased and multiplied. Dangers are reduced, contingencies provided against, Disease and Crime eradicated or restrained. There is leisure for thought, security for the thinker, and wide efficacy and enjoyment of his results. The terrors of superstitious frenzy are replaced by the delights of Knowledge, and the sufferings of Ignorance ousted for the inspirations of Beauty and Truth. Compulsion is overthrown, choice unlimited. The retirement of the hermit, or the study of the philosopher, the deeds of the philanthropist, or the ecstasy of the poet, await the cultivated intellect, bless the generous sympathy, shadow the quiet grave.

It is to attain this, that we western nations labour, to be free from that we spend our lives in toil. Rest is joyful, meditation sweet, but not by pallid lips or sunken eyes. In the escape from captivity we may have left some little things behind, and these shall be restored when our purpose is complete. Civilization is a becoming freer and nobler. Some links of savage bondage hang about us yet.

But if amid the intricate lines of scaffolding, and the noisy clamour of workmen in the heat of the day, we fail to trace the outlines of the growth within; if the rough

edges of the unfinished pillars, and half ragged walls, are thrust upon the eye in painful incompleteness; if from the freedom of the desert, and the rough reappings of primitive pastoral days, they have turned to the saw and the trowel, let us remember that it is not altogether for themselves they build, and that the unsightly shell they raise is opening for their race. The Temple of Justice and Truth, whose far-reaching halls shall shelter all the family of Man."

Pacing rapidly to and fro, filled with the Western enthusiasm which was so principal a component of his active nature, Restless flushed and glowing as Wilful had before seen him, spoke somewhat after that fashion set down from the Preacher's memory, but with a richness of illustration, a subtlety of argument, and a vigour of language as impossible of restoration, as the intensity and grace of manner with which it was delivered. The mountain air seemed to invigorate his capacities, and the Sage mysteriously moved him, while there was an unseen visitant nearer than ever before, beside him with a rapid inspiration assisting his normal powers.

His companions, full of admiration, were gratified by the Sage's answer—"You have spoken well," he said, "and I accept the lesson. Among the labourers some must linger by the old altars, to keep their pure fires burning for the new. As yet in that great edifice there are none. Such is the office of the Eastern race, not bounded by the compass points but born in open bosoms. So every soul is east or west, and we are fellow-workers. Some strive among the incomplete preparing Earth, a few with the complete like links retaining Heaven, but all are one in use, and have one end."

Taking an affectionate farewell of Wilful, and answering a question of the Preacher's, he went out, Restless attending and thanking him with the native courtesy of sympathetic sensibility. The Sage, in all his acts and words refined and elevated, said quietly—"You may require me soon. Remember my abode. It is a friend's. All I possess is yours. Hasten to receive it."

Restless, more and more impressed, ascended slowly to the apartment, where he found the Preacher and Wilful engaged in a close conversation, which they broke off at his approach.

XI.

AFFECTING not to have noticed this, though it jarred him with a sudden sickness, he commenced quietly to speak of their prospects and purposes. Hereupon the Preacher fell to vehement persuasion that they should embrace the hospitality of his friend, until finding the steady resolution of Restless becoming more fixed against his argument, he continued—"Accept at least for Wilful the convenience your independence leads you to reject for yourself."

Turning as was his wont to inquire her wishes, she answered, casting down her eyes at once and directly, "I would go if you will let me." Restless, half incredulous, was startled and pained by so ready an acquiescence in their separation, but quickly conquering the pang replied to his friend in a voice harsh and decided—"I commit her to you with great gratitude. She will be happier so. I myself must seek the occupation I spoke of;" and appointing to return at nightfall, he went out with an affected smile.

As the door closed behind him, his face, changing, revealed a bitter sense of utter loneliness. He was not thinking, but in a blind whirl of confusion and disturbed regret; his sight dim, his apprehension dull, and all about him bare and comfortless to see. There was a quick step upon the stairs which he regarded not and knew not, until Wilful sprang to his shoulder, as she cried—"He told me it would make your burden easier if I went." Then Restless understood it all, and drawing her close soothed the tempest of her grief, bidding her be of good cheer for he would soon have a home prepared. In a little while the gusts of passion began to die away, though she still clung to him hiding her face in his breast. Presently he kissed her, and standing a step or two above him she smiled through her tears; as he went down with a light heart, she leant over to wave another farewell to him at the turning to the outer gate.

All that day he sought for some vocation which might offer him the means of subsistence, but the knowledge he had gained in the meagre schools of the Plain, or the agricultural simplicity of Faith's Content, sufficed in no wise for the City of Reason. A recent arrival, a stranger without friends or credentials, and of a lofty bearing, he wandered in vain from street to street. Tired out, on reaching the Caravanserai he found his companions had gone, leaving an invitation for him to follow them. Unwilling to exhibit his disappointment he retired early to rest.

It was nearly midnight when he was awakened by the entrance of the Preacher to inquire after his safety. For they had been unable to satisfy Wilful, whose anxiety concerning him gave her no rest. Somewhat ashamed, Restless despatched a loving message promising to see her the next day.

For weeks he continued his search for employment without success.

Instead of finding himself acknowledged as in any sense worthy of praise for his journey thither, he was rather condemned as an intruder.

Of his sacrifices to enter it, they knew nothing, and desired to know no more. Asking but an humble post he had given himself credit for a humility they were ignorant of, unaware of his former rank, or present powers. Indeed he could not have accepted any onerous position while yet unfamiliar with the customs and creeds of the place, and the melancholy conviction was graven upon his consciousness that he deserved little, and would be thankful to obtain less.

He was therefore compelled to practice an almost mechanical industry, for which he was little fitted in any way, and after a month of misery gladly received the dismissal his master tendered him, stung by the evident superiority of one whom he considered his creature.

Poorly paid, he had gained little yet beyond what night-study and sad experience could teach him, yet now more cognizant of the demands of the hour soon obtained a small position of trust and command. In this his fellow-officials gave him cause for annoyance. They were uneasy in his presence, and could not associate with him in the self-education he so persistently ministered to. He was obedient to those above, kind to those beneath him, but he could not mingle with either. They distrusted and at last disliked him, or at least the few immediately connected with his retention did, and he was again cast forth.

After other trials he found himself at last apparently exhausted in resource and devoid of opportunities, with none he could call his friends to assist, and nothing but his courage to sustain him. Wilful was happy, repaying her hostess by the cheerfulness and kindness of disposition which she shed upon the childless home. The Preacher engaged in study had but scanty means wherewith to provide himself. In this strait his thoughts clustered around the Sage, who often present in remembrance had been otherwise removed from him. After a short struggle he directed his steps to the Eastern quarter of the City, musing as he went.

The encumbrances and excrescences under which his intelligence slumbered in Worldly Content, had been by his native energy long thrown aside. The otherwise impotent teachings of Sensual Science had served at least to purge and prepare his constructive and critical faculties, while in Faith's Content the process of destruction had been continued as purification, until the individual character of the man long obscured was drawn forth in the emotional qualities, and active practical tendencies of his earnest aspirations.

These again were assisted by his recent trials. He had endured want, overcome sloth, and routed despair; his self-reliance rose defiant from its foes, and far from yielding to affliction trampled it fiercely under foot. He showed that he could serve well and patiently, and that he was honest and unassuming in adversity, bearing the ordeal manfully without stain, and above complaint. More than ever was he by the almost solitary discipline of doubt, meditation, and labour, brought out in his natural colours and shape. He felt freer and stronger, and was also the wiser, since no longer even a shadow of

restraint or dissimulation limited his view. Without fellowship he expanded himself into many faculties, as if into the beings of many men; out of the poverty of opportunity and possession wringing the riches of enterprise and power.

XII.

On the farthest slope of the hill, removed from the dust and noise of the streets, and surrounded by a beautiful garden, the Sage's home, high, of a single story, and flat-roofed, lay amongst dense thickets of strange trees. An aviary rose beyond the winding path which led Restless to the main building of creamy white, silent and serene in the bright sunshine.

A door stood open, and no one answering his knocks, he passed through into a Court where a fine fountain was playing. On the opposite side another open door attracted him, so he entered a passage, and then a small room round which were Divans, in the centre a low table spread with fruit and cakes, and in the midst of these a tablet on which was written in bold characters, as if by a foreign hand used to other writings. "Welcome, Restless. Eat, for the body needs food; but being satisfied, forget not that thou hast a soul."

Much amazed, he looked and listened, but discovering nothing, sat and ate eagerly yet with moderation, remembering the admonition. His appetite was keen, as for many days it had been much curtailed, and on that had tasted nothing. Of these deprivations his friends knew nothing. He was too proud to speak.

Regaling himself gladly, he noticed that there was neither meat nor wine among the simple dishes forming the repast, when his eye caught another line upon the

Tablet—"Accept the purse beneath till thy probation past thou visitest thy friend."

Marvelling still more, he arose satisfied and crossed the Court rapidly, his footsteps ringing upon its pavement until in the opposite wing he was greeted by the well known voice crying—"Welcome, Restless. You come to thank me, and I thank you for it."

Entering the room, the noble face looked up from a manuscript covered with strange characters, one of many scattered upon the Divan. Heavy curtains hung around glittering with trceries, stars, and mystic emblems. Skins of beasts and herbs of savoury scent were strewn near a large crystal, and a small pyramid of white stone curiously carved and painted. A musical instrument or two, some books, and mathematical diagrams were heaped together in the shadow, from which a pair of gleaming eyes shone, as a snake wound itself away towards a pair of birds beyond; a young cub stretching itself leisurely in contemplation of the intruder.

The Sage motioned to a seat, but Restless stepping forward grasped the outstretched hand warmly, saying with emotion—"My heart drew me to a Charity that would disguise and double its gifts." His host smiled as he replied—"You are after the manner of your race, quick to acknowledge and appreciate a friend; we are slow to forget one. But you are astonished at this meeting. Speak in your own fashion." "How is it," said Restless at once and frankly, "that I find all things prepared for me here; not even with expectation, but with certitude of time and place, whereas my determination was to all others unknown, and to myself fortuitous." The Sage spoke calmly as if prepared for the question: "Assume that states of mind are known or can be known,

that thought can be reflected from one intelligence upon another, and that pointing the way to relief from the tyranny of want, such an unspoken suggestion is favorably considered, and finally acted upon as the best presented. You can then understand how your own state might be affected if memory had not reminded you of my proffer. Memory itself may be restored or prompted by this invisible agency. That such was employed I affirm, and the best proof of it is in the preparations you have found. If purposes can be perceived, why not solutions of the difficulties obstructing them impressed. I was made aware of your condition, and the same power operated to inspire your journey hither. We are brothers. Let me help you."

The calm conviction of these utterances, the inborn authority of the speaker supported by the weird circumstances of his coming, and extended by the evident kindness directing it, rendered Restless momentarily silent. Until looking up suddenly he said—"The second sentence on the scroll," "A simple chemical process," continued his friend, "the ink was still invisible." "And its reason?" "Had it met your eye at first, while doubting and suspicious, you might have refused to taste or rest in bounty of a stranger."

Restless felt the truth of the criticism, and in the short pause succeeding it, wrestled with his pride. This vice alone, his trials had not served to eradicate, but rather to increase. He had vowed to himself that he would accept no quarter from those who treated him as a foe. They should know in time the injustice they had done him, and be compelled to admit his success an independent creation. He would owe nothing to aught but his own intelligence, and he would show them if he triumphed

that unlike their niggardliness he could be generous to those in less fortunate positions.

He would give! but to receive?

"Beware," broke in the clear stern voice of his enter-tainer, "Pride is a high wall betwixt you and righteousness. You cannot doubt the feelings with which I tender this. Are you so enslaved to avarice that you would check fellowship. Break your fetters once and forever. Be free." "I will," said Restless, "but yet tell me the motive of this deed, for I am still proud enough to think that more than my necessities have moved you, and that you do not feed me as a beggar at your gate." "You are right and wrong at once as men may often be," responded the Sage. "It is not for the mere gratification of my sense of pity, though that would argue nobleness; nor is it only because you are bound to me by the bonds of a peculiar affection, though that would be still nobler; it is not only because I see in you an instrument of good that might be lost to men, though that would be the noblest.

I have pitied, I do love, I must needs reverence you, and the causes of this are deeper and more secret than you can yet behold. We are not strangers. We are dear friends. Not singly by any of these things was I persuaded to this particular act—I was inspired to do it.

My own unworthiness might make me churlish, the vast multitude of wants might make me sparing, my envy, self-love, or blindness limit my homage to your kingly heritage. But they guide me. To them be praise and gratitude, but none to me, for in mine ears they cry from the nightwatches to the noon-tide bright.

'Prepare his ways, he cometh to fulfil, cast on his broader shoulders thy life's cloak, and as Elijah to Elisha, pass thy mission into his. He shall attend thee in thy latest hour, and cover up thy feet when thou art fled. He shall deliver many with himself. Fellow and friend of angels—Holy Truth is making Earth a Heaven through such as he.'

The prophetic tones rose trumpet-like, and the swarthy cheeks glowed fiercely as lifted to his feet, the Sage in the fervour of faith, let fall his hands caressingly upon the bent head stooped to the beating heart, which answered saying—"I am unworthy, but thy Will be done." "Go my son and leave me with them for they are near. Remember well this warning,—Live thy life. Look upward. Now farewell." The voice ceased tremulously, and as Restless went out he saw him lying back with almost a glory round his head.

Taking the purse he waited a little in the garden, wrapped in reflection, and then with an elastic step and exultant determination set out for the City. On his way he purchased for Wilful some garments more appropriate to the place than the simple and coarse homespun of Faith's Content. Repaying the Preacher, who would have forgotten the cost of their first entertainment at the Caravanserai, he found still sufficient to satisfy his needs for some time. So in the evening they sallied forth, Wilful jubilant beyond words, and tearfully grateful to her guardian, the Preacher and Restless relieved for the time of their daily cares, serene and hopeful. This time they chose to visit a beautiful edifice devoted to the Drama, and entering one of the cheaper galleries of the Theatre, gave themselves up to the enchantments of sympathetic feeling.

XIII.

The play was of a tragic tendency, under the intricacies of its plot, exhibiting one principle in the career of a soul. It opened with the pleasant pastimes of youth, gradually gliding into licentiousness, and then of a sudden, and without warning or deliberate intention, precipitated into crime, as if borne along upon a smooth stream, which by a swift turn burst upon unseen rapids and a roaring cataract of foam. Sucked under in the whirlpool of sorrow that lay beneath the fall, he was tossed along the torrent and in spite of all remorseful efforts or plaintive cries carried far from all he might have been, and cast a mangled corpse upon the rocks of despair.

Then came the anguish of slow suffering and recovery, the feeble attempts to breast the current on the backward journey. In vain. In vain. Freed from the burden of his error by repentant reparation, with his growing strength he recovered some small space, and once or twice rose right to within sight of his former station, when overcome he would lose the labour of months flung away by the treacherous billows. At last the discipline was accomplished, the stain was erased, and he stood free. But at what a sacrifice! Friendless, homeless, and hopeless. Branded like Cain, and like him banished from his native shore. With all the genius of the poet, and his interpreter, and the resources of dramatic art, the penitence, persecution, and patience of the unhappy man were welded into one whole of majestic meaning. A fearful background of guilt and misery completed the picture, whose fore-centre lit by a solitary gleam, showed only the silent figure on the cross, surrounded by the base and cruel, lonely in the intensity

of its great agonies. There was no light except within, no peace except without him, nor rest in any fox's hole or nest of bird.

Betrayed by the very richness and fullness of his nature, he now served the barren hearts and barred up bosoms, incapable of any generous deed. The consequences of his lapse from virtue had fallen chiefly upon himself. He was kind to others. They made their own safety pre-eminent, and remained within the pale of legal piracies. Receiving the labored offerings of his self-accusing conscience as their due, they repaid him with the food and favors unworthy of a dog. Their malicious mediocrity exulted over the superior soul, whom chance had chained to their chariots. Devilish in ingenuity of torment, brutal in ignorance, shallow in sympathy and understanding, their gross and loathsome beings thrived on the fruits of his hard industry.

His opportunities were stifled since he had once gone astray. He saw younger men pass him, inferior men preferred to him, noble men mistake him,—yet he persevered. Whitehaired and woe-worn he attained some sparks of prosperity, which assiduous devotion fanned to a little flame, whereat he warmed his withered hands, and to which he invited those less fortunate.

Then false friends gathered to him, and fed upon the earnings of his blood and sweat, wrung from their own injustice; he was caressed by careless hands, watched by jealous eyes, stung by envious tongues,—but he abated nothing of his zeal. He let the insects settle on his breast, and sting their sustenance from his shrunken veins, nor brushed them into the ignominy they deserved. Noble supremely, and self-sacrificing in infinite ways, he paced the declivity of Life. Faith nourished him and

soothed the placid end, disturbed but faintly by the flapping of the vulture wings, and the croak or growl of the preying ghouls, who snarled across his dying bed.

But Fate pursued his ashes to the tomb. Denied the customary place of burial, because lofty in his belief and beyond the vulgar comprehension, his body was hustled under earth. The jest of folly, the sneer of insolent ingratitude, and the gaping callousness of the scanty mourners, accompanied his form. The day was dim and cloudy, the vapours hung heavily above the sodden heap. The howl of his hound, chased from the spot to starve, rang out and then the solitude was all.

XIV.

A few days after Restless obtained a post as secretary to one of the leading Professors of the City. His new duties were onerous, involving residence at the College and continual application, but entering upon them gladly, he soon mastered the required branches of knowledge, and making all the information which passed through his pen his own, acquired a standing higher than was usual with his associates. Wilful he saw daily, and his commendation encouraged her to take advantage of the peculiar facilities for obtaining instruction in the City: but his other friends for some months beheld him little.

Wearing the night out in study, indefatigable in research, and eager in experiment, he qualified himself for higher employments, and was enabled to relieve his superior of a portion of his duties. To the cold and formal thinker, the ardour of his young companion was a pleasant inspiration; his readiness of apprehension, quickness of application, and keen criticism winning the admiration of a mind highly cultivated in those directions,

while his great natural powers of generalisation, his rapid insight, and constructive tone of thought were of exceptional value to one like most of his class deficient in such higher abilities.

Treated at first as a pupil, and when his capacities expanded as a friend, Restless redoubled his exertions somewhat to the detriment of his physical health, until some independent productions of his, contributed to the periodical literature of the day, gained for him a distinct place as a promising thinker of the advanced type. Acknowledgments of his ability were extorted from many opposed to the daring character of his speculations, and the breadth of his views. He measured his companions gradually, creeping up nearer and nearer to the more eminent, whom he set himself as models for his self-culture.

He won his right to admission among them by bare merit and enduring toil. Nothing could be severer than his self-denial at this time. Living only in libraries and lecture-rooms, all the pulses of his being except the intellectual seemed stilled and sleeping. From before the dawn to midnight, his incessant occupations appeared only to incite instead of exhausting his brain. Dreading superficiality as allied to falsehood, his whole endeavours were after thoroughness, and day by day his erudition as well as his faculties of judgment and understanding grew more and more above the level of his time. Summoned into the presence of his superior one day of memorable import, Restless taking the letter handed to him, read therein a request that the Professor would nominate a suitable person to fill a chair corresponding to his own, in a recently established college. "I have recommended you," he said quietly, and then fortunately

for Restless, proceeded in his usual judicial manner to recapitulate his motives, warming slightly when expressing appreciation of his favourite's attainments, who by this recovered himself sufficiently to utter thanks with due decorum and withdraw.

He stayed a moment outside to calm himself, and without checking the act found his eyes rising thankfully to heaven. Darting through the streets he acquainted his companions with his new honours, whereon the Preacher grasped him fervently by the hand, Wilful leaping and carolling to the no small astonishment of the hostess.

Visiting the Sage whom he was now able to repay, his affectionate monitor taking the sum said smiling—"You are just, I must strive to be so in my next use of this. I rejoice at your success, I applaud the qualities which have gained it, but remember you will soon be sufficiently skilled after the manner of men, when you must seek that which is above them."

"I am a man myself," answered Restless. "You are satisfied with your present plane, therefore it is the best for you, but the tree has not done growing, it is only half in bud," proceeded his preceptor. "The loftiest branches shall yet feel the impulses of aspiration, and put forth leaf and flower to the sun." "I have learned reliance" said Restless preparing to leave, "and I remain grateful," so, accepting the silent blessing proffered by the outstretched hands, he returned to his new home.

Wilful was with him now, and her presence made his lot much lighter. Moreover, she had sufficiently advanced to become a member of his classes, and together therefore, they enjoyed labour and rest.

The sexes were never educated separately in Reason, but passed through in all essentials similar courses of study. All positions and occupations were equally open to both, and in Government as in Education rights and privileges were awarded only according to desert. A large majority of the public offices were held by the males, but nevertheless in all branches examples of female efficiency were to be found.

It was little to be wondered at that in this mutual devotion to learning both teacher and pupil progressed rapidly, Wilful more than ever justifying his former opinion of her by the station she at once won among the foremost of his scholars, and taking as was her wont the mould of his mind, gave herself up to the delights of a developing intellect. As her natural bent, in addition to notable abilities favoured her, she followed his footsteps more closely than others who no less anxious pushed on after him.

He found scope now for the exercise of original powers, whose existence had been hitherto unsuspected even by himself. Courteousness and kindness endeared him to the increasing crowd of students, who grew to idolise the Professor but little older than themselves, enthusiastic as they were, and yet of wide experiences, romantically rumoured, unflagging in earnestness, and crowned with brilliantly impressive gifts, which without dazzling, enlightened, and without wearying the attention, fed the intelligence. One who superadded to the requisite knowledge of his position, a wealth of curious and richer lore garnered from wildest fields. One who with the preparation of a pedant, possessed the vivid imagination of a poet, and touched at the same time the keys of the freer and loftier emotions in the service of

science and philosophy. The grace and ease of his manner was something novel in its genuine thoughtfulness and sweetness, the evident culture of his disposition no less than of his understanding, causing him to seem of another race, than those whose ripe acquirements his own rivalled.

Last and not least the same native royalty and right of command mellowed by later experiences, gave him an influence soon felt beyond the Academic walls, and his name grew familiar to the multitude as that of the founder of a new school.

The penetrating acumen which enabled him to seize upon the salient points of theory, or forms of Truth, at almost a single glance, brought him at once into harmony with principles, which others comprehended only after assiduous application. Breaking away from the old formulas, he inaugurated a simpler and at the same time deeper interpretation of the problems of thought agitating the thinkers of his day. He was referred to as the chief of a party destined to supersede all others, and when in obedience to a general desire he yielded to the solicitations of his friends by delivering a public lecture, a great audience assembled to test the reputation which had of late shone forth so prominently. First in his eyes sat the Sage, the Preacher, and Wilful, whose heart thrilled at the welcome which greeted his appearance on the platform.

XV.

It was with beating pulses and a flushed face that he commenced in a loud clear voice, rather hasty and occasionally harsh to open his subject, "The Truths of Time." Sketching in singularly appropriate and often

felicitous language the nature of the human mind, he likened it to a mirror reflecting things without upon its sensitive surface, though superior to the fragile observatory in that it possessed the faculty to retain, arrange, and compare its impressions. Adjusting itself to them it conquered or escaped those which were distasteful.

The first duty of the owners of minds and mirrors was clearly that they should see correctly. For this purpose the constitution or framework must be attended to, the whole cleansed of impurities and freed from defects, preserving what was humanly styled *Health*, in its several divisions of Physical, Mental, and Moral, occupying the first place as belonging to the foundation on which the Temple of Life was to be built.

The next care was that the sound capacity be favorably placed to receive the light, a task involving selection of positions of observation, as well as of things to be observed, so-called *Education*.

But more especially in the disposition of the qualities which distinguished the human from the material mirror was this careful cultivation necessary. The primary law, poetically ascribed to Heaven, was that of *Order*, requiring that all perceptions be arranged for convenience of reference and use. The second law was *Degree*, that the various departments should be cultivated according to the individual taste and their particular value. The third law required the comparison of these, adding to perception, reflection, and to the present, the past impressions recorded in memory. This was the process of *Reason*, the highest power in education, completing man.

Truth was the food of the mind, Education its digestion, and Reason the final stage, eliminating the poison of error from the nutriment of experience. Differ-

ing perhaps in some directions in which man had not yet arrived at a sufficiently exalted point to discern his relations to more remote conditions, all Reasons agreed as to the basis of knowledge, and in science harmonised absolutely. Science only could claim supremacy of Truth, and they were about to extend its dominion over Life so as to bring the whole range of Being under its beneficent control.

Reason was the court of appeal, Science the judge, whose verdict was unalterable and ever abiding, and the first principle proceeding from them was that of *Individual Right*, and self-sovereignty as the inviolable heritage of all Humanity. The recognition of differences, evidently in the mind or mirror perceiving and not in the thing perceived, led to *Toleration*, for such variations it was impossible to adjust, each mind being its own standard in the regions yet unincorporated under the control of Science. The same scene presented itself diversely to observers at separate situations. Minds being so scattered in circumstances, only a general agreement was attainable at present, but a perfect concord would be by-and-by. Under *Toleration*, the next principle was the acquisition of *Truth*, to which all should devote themselves; thus hastening the unity of thought that would ensure freedom and promote peace. Rejoicing in knowledge, the minds of men should be without discord, and full of power, their last principle to be obeyed being that of *Practice*. The laws of nature should not only be understood, but obeyed; its lessons should be treasured up, excess avoided, want provided for, and the life of each become a commentary upon and exposition of the Philosophy of all. These were the Truths of Time, the verdict of Reason.

Health and Education made men equal in rights, and privileged to enjoy their private judgment. The acquisition of Truth was the end of existence, Science the pure currency, and Reason the test of the common coinage of perception. The intellectual life was the ideal to be striven for, in a rational observance of the laws, and a continual practice of the principles thus disclosed to us.

His voice had soon grown softer and more sympathetic, ringing with sonorous music as he interwove delicate musings, light tints of fancy, and solemn magnificence of historical appeal with the course of his argument. The graceful imagery, and nice skill of his illustrations, made the most familiar conceptions interesting. They started forth in such unexpected shapes, and in such brilliant fashions, that the sober method of his argument was hidden under a rich dress of oratorical ease and brilliancy. In a rapid review of the past, a few choice sentences chiselled the features of each age, until it seemed to start to life revealing as by accident and unawares the secrets of its onward motion. His criticism of the great thinkers was at once profound and pithy, and the enthusiasm of the audience rose higher and higher as he approached their own age. They were thrilled with mysterious exultation as he seemed to lay its nerves and arteries bare and quivering before them, when passing swiftly on to the future he unrolled a gorgeous panorama of perfection, dilating with his theme and in intense earnestness delineating the heaven on earth to be.

"What is the present" he cried, "but a drop amid the cataract of eons, that gleams a moment in the sunshine golden—and is gone. If we are but to write our lives upon the sand, for the next wave to sweep it smooth

again. What matter—write it well. Truth is eternal, we can live in truth immortally. Under our sinking sun, spend its last rays in the search for that elixir, whose waters will make us young again in the memory of those reaping the harvest that was sown with tears, when they shall win in Life, what Death bestows on us, rest silent, rest holy, and rest deep.”

The applause re-echoed along the hall in tumultuous peals, assuring him that his fame in this new direction was thereafter of the highest. Passing through the crowd assembled to congratulate him, he turned homeward with his friends, Wilful holding his hands, her pride and gladness speaking only through her eyes. The Preacher said earnestly, “You have surpassed my expectations and they were high indeed. I am tempted to renounce the pulpit and become your disciple only. Sit at your feet and hear the Truth.” Restless laughed gaily, his countenance lighting as it would sometimes to a gentle mirth. He was not of an ascetic temperament, but his trials had made him solemn, his keen sympathy with suffering left him sad, and his personal loftiness gave to all he did a character of dignity combined with serious sincerity.

The Sage concluded his praise saying, “You have said well, but you have not said all. You have laid the first stones but the crest is yet to be. There is no stepping stone to finality. Let your hope flag not, your appetite abate nothing. Cherish your convictions. Examine your intuitions. Add to your knowledge. Cultivate your thought. Look my son,” and he pointed to the stars, “these are to sense but candle-rays, to reason worlds, to the soul a symbol of Divinity. You cannot spare those infinitesimal specks that balance you in your

orbit. You revolve with them. Their perturbations are repeated in your breast, and by their influences you are what you are. Do not let these lamps blind you to them, nor the love of earthly truths lead you to forget their heavenly parents. Fix your feet here, and your eyes yonder, walking so as to command both of them. Be like the mariner, whose bark though tempest beaten, is guided across the treacherous and stormy sea below, by the steadfast lights above him.”

XVI.

With such slight diversion from his daily routine, the next few months passed quickly by. His life was now orderly, and of a sobriety unimpeachable by the most envious. He breathed but to study and teach. A renown ever widening rewarded his diligence, but in Wilful was his chief delight. A modest maiden, she had lost the foibles of her earlier years; with the experiences of a woman, and the learning of a scholar, none the less in innocence and purity a child. Self-reliant and impulsive, daring and timid, passionate and intellectual, the contradictions of her nature were blended under his careful attention into one sweet harmony. Her gratitude and love made her religious; she had learned to reverence as she came to understand. Of late she frequently visited the Sage. Restless noticing her colour rise when he referred to it, refrained from question but encouraged her to go regularly. Another change crept over her demeanour, and as he noticed it he thought of her with wonder, as a delicate flower, whose loveliness each day increased, in some inexplicable fashion multiplying her charms.

They were very happy. His life was glad in its activity.

*Wrote this
near
sentence*

It seemed at last as if he had found his place, and was among a people who understood him. Several lectures obtaining great popular approval he re-wrote, extended, and published them in a small volume, which meeting with a very favourable reception was almost unanimously adopted as the text-book of belief among the liberal thinkers. His treatment of tradition was fearless and decisive, his references to history numerous and varied. By judicious quotation and apt summary, he caused the intellect of the world to take his side. Boldly impeaching the propositions of the opposing schools, with subtle logic and searching astuteness, he demonstrated the weakness of their theories, while all that ancient speculation or modern science could offer was ranged in support of his own. The obstacles to its acceptance were shattered by his resistless pertinacity of attack, vigorousness of interpretation, and lucidity of disquisition, while every race and creed afforded him examples of its accuracy. His style reflected the marvellously varied moods of his versatile mind, incisive in its analysis and definition, easy and fluent in narration, grand in declamation, weighty in summary, or wild and stirring with fiery presentation and appeal: to most it seemed that for the first time the oracle of Science had uttered absolute Truth.

A contemptuous disregard for all distinctly superhuman, and a free use of such terms as "deception," "lack of scientific method," "ignorance," and "diseased intelligence," where the existence of conscious invisible agencies was apparently proved, rendered the undertaking simpler than it would otherwise have been. However, it was a complete success in the City, and at once advanced its author to one of the first places in the estimation of

the inhabitants. A number of its honours were conferred upon one, but lately a friendless outcast in its streets; and a stranger to its teachings some three years before, was now invested with the title of the Prophet of Reason, by what he had made its largest and most powerful party.

Wealthy and titled he did not forget the former bitterness of neglected worth; poor scholars found in him a generous patron; to all he was less a master than a friend. Far from being hardened by success, it softened his nature still more; to friend or enemy alike his good offices were granted, without stint or thought of recompense.

He joined in the public interests, and took means to make the road of Progress easier to pilgrims, whom he endeavoured to tempt from the Plain. And thus the seasons passed.

Withal the weariness he would have fain forgotten crept over his contentment. He grew self-fearful when another would have grown vain, and dissatisfied when most would have basked serenely in the balm of conceit. The first great gush of enthusiasm passed away and with it the peace following the labour; commenced in hope, continued in joy, and concluded in silent regret. Happy in his home, high in honour outside it, there was nothing left him to desire in these. Yet he chafed as in confinement. Drawing closer and closer the lines of thought and more and more limiting it to the purely physical creation, he rebelled against the tyranny of his own scheme. By inexorable reasoning and experiential investigation, he laid down the landmarks of Being, which he was then inclined to overleap. Others were serene in the truths he had taught, but the teacher because of the very faculties making him one, perceived the weak-

ness of his own wisdom, the incompleteness of his own structure. His devoted energy did not relax, his fine intelligence lost none of its powers, but he felt strange stirrings within him, dumb moans as of a new nature struggling into birth. Foregleams of startling promise fading in his grasp to impalpable nothings, were darted across his meditation. There was a want in the atmosphere he breathed, it was oppressive and close, and as yet he saw no means of escape.

"Truly" he thought "I am rightly named. Restless I remain through all vicissitudes, and unresting must be while I shall be. Am I beneath some curse, which denies my mind certainty, and my soul solace, a wanderer ever." In such a mood his thoughts turned naturally to the Sage. The mysterious part he had played recurred to him with unusual distinctness; the inexplicable sayings and forebodings which had fallen from him, his tenderness and sympathy seemed to ebb back from the silence of his memory and to overflow as with a gentle stream of quiet depth the bare places and sandy shores of every day consciousness. At last this became so marked that he resolved to visit him, and setting out at once arrived with a kind of trepidation and a sense almost of awe at the well known dwelling.

XVII.

The Sage, seeming as usual aware of his approach, greeted him with his customary affectionate solemnity, saying at once, "You beat your bars, you strain your tether. You need a new language, a new life to learn, a new experience to expound it. The hour has arrived. Behold the instrument." He drew aside a curtain, discovering Wilful apparently asleep upon a divan, yet

smiling. She stretched her hands towards him, speaking dreamily. "You have come at last, and they with you. You have light, but not colour, except as absorbing their radiance." "Of whom does she speak," asked Restless. "Of you, and the emancipated spirits who return to earth to guide aspiring souls. Look upwards." Restless did so, a strange sensation sweeping over him as he answered, "I see nothing." "Never with your physical eyes, and not yet with the spiritual," said the Sage, "but she does. Question her." "Do you sleep, Wilful?" "No, Restless, my body does, but I am awake, happy now you are with them." "Are you then separate from what you call your body; if so, what is it you feel yourself?" "It is another body, but much brighter and more beautiful, like those I see. It only lives in this through which I speak, as we live in our home. I think, I feel in it apart from the other, which, without me, is but senseless flesh." "Your real self is quite distinct then from what I behold?" "Yes, I stand beside you, a thin cord of light uniting me to it. Independently of it I see and touch you." Restless started, for more than an imaginary hand was on his brow, and yet it was no ordinary sensation that surprised him. "You are not frightened, Restless?" "No," said he, "but tell me, if you are away from your body, how can it smile or speak?" She smiled again, replying, "My tongue and lips answer to my thought, as a pen does to yours, when so practised a writer, that it expresses and records without any direct effort on your part. As lips move, and limbs carry you by the sympathy existing between your intelligence and them, when you speak or walk, as it were unconsciously, so do mine now, though I am a little

farther from them. I could not raise or move my body while thus divided, but sufficient power remains to affect the smaller muscles. I use this form as a seat to rest on, a staff to walk with, and a machine to seize or put away from me things like to itself. But it is only my instrument, it is in no way myself, except as far as habit and association have made it in my own image."

"Though I am amazed beyond expression, yet I understand your meaning, and recognise its fitness. Tell me what else you see?" "Forms like myself, but of ineffable glory; those who have put aside the flesh, and stand immortal spirits in the spheres invisible to our coarse sight. One leaves the others, and comes close." She paused a little, as if listening and watching, clasping her hands with wonder and joy. Her youthfulness seemed intensified, and her whole face shone with a living light of rapture, when she turned to her guardian, and laying her hand upon his head, said softly, "He stands thus beside you, and says he is, or is, for his feelings flow into me, full of a righteous affection for you. He says the universe is not as you see it, or think it is; that there is no void in nature, no lapse in time, no gulf in space, but what is filled with Life, and overflowing with Love. He says that the stars sing in their courses, the sun speaks from his throne, and the planets join in the joyful chorus, which resounds through Infinity. What you see and conceive is to the whole as nothing. Spirit, in its various conditions, occupies all of existence that to sense is bare and barren, as God fills all that to your mind is evil, or worthless, with riches of goodness and joy. He says God is great; he made me feel how great and good,

and how beneficent. He says that day dawns in the East"—and she touched the Sage caressingly, as with bowed head and covered eyes he listened reverently—"and you shall soon stand where all these things shall be made manifest to you."

Sinking back for a moment, while Restless, exalted into a strange ecstasy of feeling, gave himself up to the wild worship of adoration, which arose from his innermost depths at the immensity of the revelation thus vouchsafed to him, she murmured, "Answer him." "How is that possible?" cried Restless; "I am too utterly overcome. The very fact of his being reveals to me so much, his words more, and his affection most of all. I commit myself to his care, and beseech his wisdom to enlighten me. I seem to know his personality, and the truth of what you have told me. I cannot thank him except by trust. If he will grant me his direction, he shall command me in giving."

"You need not tell him this," she cried, almost sobbing with delight. "Reading your heart he has waxed so magnificent and lovely that I lose the semblance of his form. There is only a great splendour woven about you. Now I cannot see you either! All is lost in it!" Doubt and sorrow were banished in that baptism of happiness without a flaw within, or a speck without; the delight of attempt, the rapture of achievement, the thrill of desire, and the perfectness of fulfilment, poured upon him in a swoon of gratitude and faith. He seemed to lean out of earth, and be half-bathed in the dews of heaven; he rose above the past, and saw beyond the future in the magic of inspiration, which opened to him the wealth of an angelic soul.

While thus abstracted she delivered a message to the

Sage, saying, as from another, "We build thy mansion. Ere long we shall welcome its host. Earth prevails not, Heaven cannot be moved; all things in them ordered by His will. Thy Fate follows it. Thy harvest is nearly ripe. Rest on this strength, and rise with it. Lead and accompany the twain. A little while of waiting, and thy friends shall hail thee home." Then to Restless, "Love the little one, cherish her comeliness. She is what you have made her; make her nobler still. Part of thy spirit; in and with thee, and thy purposes, her life is set. She is a casement through which we may see each other. Keep it pure." After a space her features changed in their aspect, and she seemed possessed by a presence of majestic holiness. A voice differing from her own spoke through her.

XVIII.

"Seek purity and peace in life, goodness and grace in deed, thought guided to truth, aspiration to holiness, prayer and faith in all.

Hope and joy to sustain thy heart, action and rest to express thy mind.

Solitude and society as shall assist the spirit.

Patience in trial, perseverance in need, humility in progress, serenity in sorrow, and love without end.

Do right, *Obey* conscience, *Deny* thyself aught that would enslave or enfeeble.

Look downwards only in pity, upwards ever for light, without for work, within for guidance, since God and I are there.

There can be no error in my estimate of thee.

I see all.

Thou hast done, and doest well; still more remains to do.

Have confidence in thyself, for the victory is already thine.

But beware of human conceptions of conquest; thine is not blazoned upon banners, nor written upon a tomb.

The truest success is that which gives no sign, for it is of the life that passeth, and of the heart that is concealed.

That showing itself robs its own truth, for it should be absorbed in results.

Have no aim but the highest, and cast the dart of thy desire ever beyond thy reach.

Stand upon the pinnacle of self, climb above the heads of humanity, and make their best but a step for a further flight.

To gain the ideal standard, and help thy brother to attain it, is true success.

He that courts praise shall never win it, for the evil envy the truly good, and he who would chaffer with them in the market-place for such hire loses many hours of the day.

Seek no reward, except in the creation of full hearts and enlightened minds.

Dwell not upon what is achieved, but pass on thy way to deserve more.

Let there be an emulation between thee and thy conscience as to how far thou mayst strain Duty, and sacrifice thine own pleasure.

Count only that good thine, which is done without the knowledge or rewards of men.

Practise thy precepts in thine household, and in thy daily walk, letting no thought dwell with thee, or word pass from thee, but such as is the worthy fruit of thy spirit.

Shun anger and impatience, and be slow of judgment.
Trust not to eye or ear alone, but let the soul speak.

Search thy being daily to sow seed and root up tares.

Make reparation on the instant, nor deny any man his dues.

Act not to thy neighbour's sight, but to thine own honour.

Give all that in thee is, and ask more to do likewise.

Be frugal, for your consumption is of life and labour.

Be generous of self, for all are thy brothers.

Be incessant in endeavour, but crush not reflection, nor mar the music of meditation, or of holy dreams.

Eschew haste, and the jarring discords of suspicion.

Presume no error, and commit none.

Austerely just to the weight of a wish, remember men are born into injustice.

Forget the wrong doing of others, and forgive all but thyself.

Speak truth to the uttermost, without disguise or proclamation.

Silence is Truth's sister, do not renounce her.

Be plentiful in the natural actions which men call noble,

Be chary of exhortation, yet neither fearful nor neglectful of opportunity.

Treasure up great thoughts, they will become thine own.

Reverence good deeds, act good intentions, respect honesty, and imitate all the beauties of thy sister's life.

Be to men a man in knowledge, a woman in love.

Be to women a woman in sympathy, a man in strength; yet to each in his place, and of his kind, as may seem best to thee.

Have nothing mean about thy better nature; let all be great and open.

Give to another as to thyself, and to thyself as to another, and to either with wisdom.

Have one measure for all men, but let it mark their differences.

Have one price for labour and that its exact recompense.

Make thy judge justice, in whose ear bid charity whisper, in whose hand let mercy dwell.

Be nothing in imagination, but all in fact.

See thy goodness in another, and his weakness in thyself.

Ask none to do what thou wilt not.

Last in leaving the field, or claiming the prize, be first when danger threatens, or where some one's daring must deliver.

Have but one enemy in the world, and that wrong and suffering.

Let thine own be the great fortress of ignorance and passion thou shalt attack.

Rest nowhere; if good repeat thine acts; if evil, correct them.

Rise always, but never at another's cost.

Look further than time, and wider than space, and see nothing but God around thee, no sinner except thyself; no hell, except iniquity.

Rejoice in His goodness, revel in the contemplation of His greatness, and rival all in their devotion to Him.

See thyself as the one blot upon the radiance of Divinity; and stay never the increase of thy brightness, because of the almighty love thou bearest the Eternal, whom only in the perfection of thy being thou canst faithfully adore."

"Choose another time for question," said the Sage; "leave her here to rest. Remember the Holy One has blessed us." So Restless rose, and went forth slowly to the city.

XIX.

Sitting alone, he was aroused by the sudden admission of Thoughtless, an old boon companion of his in Worldly Content, who banished by his relations for reckless misconduct, had thus cast himself upon one, whom he regarded as an old friend. Discoursing with customary loquacity, he told Restless that his wife and children having obtained the legal control of his wealth, were in a fair way to squander it on the indulgence of the national vices. Far from grieving they rather rejoiced at an absence which had so benefited them. Careless was said to be about to take another mate, the period having elapsed under which wives deserted by their husbands, might wed again; and his offspring, more than ever confirmed in their dissolute pursuits, jested only at the rumour of their father's eminence in learning. His letters having been unanswered, he had lived in ignorance of these and other changes, which his visitor gladly unfolded to him. Thoughtless was of a birth and breeding somewhat less renowned than Restless, and of a harmless disposition, though often erring in the pursuit of pleasure, which formed with him the sole incentive and aim of being. Bantering his old chieftain on his

novel occupation, the tedious relation of his recent exploits in gaming and drinking, was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Wilful, to whom he at once paid the most respectful attention.

She possessed a carriage and appearance of striking attractiveness to him, though unable to discern the deeper qualities from which her excellences flowed. Nor was he ill favoured; his costly and careful attire set off a shapely person, weak face, and flow of polished nothingness, touched by a light gaiety, which made him somewhat of a wonder in her eyes. Mutually attracted, their acquaintance rapidly ripened, until when Restless, who fled at the first opportunity to the silence of his study, only to find his train of thought broken and his serenity impaired, returned to them, he was astonished to hear peals of laughter, and find his charge joining more moderately in the mirth. Thoughtless, spurred to his utmost flights of fancy, rallied Restless with many humorous exaggerations upon their ancient riots, so that the ready speaker and bold thinker annoyed at such reminiscences before Wilful, was compelled to yield to his audacious guest. In vain he strove to guide the conversation into some more profitable channel; the unconquerable folly of the vain gallant was impervious to more sober considerations, and he was powerless, to assume the tone of a teacher to frivolity in which he had once joined. Thoughtless with his old impudence calmly established himself in the house, and waiving all propositions of a change of residence, gave the rein to his trivial ambition.

Strenuous in his efforts to protect Wilful from the contagion of such childish levity, Restless was foiled by the quickness with which Thoughtless detected the

aim and defeated it. Her simplicity was a perpetual whetstone to his ingenuity; the staidness and seriousness of her experience rendering her an amazed novice in the pettier amusements which comprehended all his desire. It was novel to her in its oldest forms, and possessed irresistible charms for an intelligence of such unusual aptitude and quickness. She soon outran her master, and for the time Restless felt almost like a stranger in his home. She was as kind as ever, yet could not refrain from laughing with Thoughtless. Withdrawing more and more, Restless was stung by the apparent indifference with which she allowed his absence to pass without remark. In truth she did not dream of any estrangement, but believed him bent upon his customary enterprises. "Is this the instrument of angels," he thought bitterly as she ingenuously listened to the idle scandal-monger, who having discovered her standard took care never to offend by any undue exhibition of his foolishness. They were young and happy; there was no place for him between them, and he abhorred such idle malice and meaningless protestations as formed the staple of the other's conversation. He felt old, lonely, and injured, and stalked sullenly forth.

Passing through the garden, a light good-bye was wafted him from the balcony, to which she had run to see him. Leaning over among the flowers, she was the fairest of them all. Her rich dress, prepared for a festival to which Thoughtless was to conduct her, shone less than the beauty above it, the tenderness and sweetness of her budding womanhood beaming upon him brightly. But there was another form behind, and for the first time his eyes met hers and sank without an answering light. His grave features relaxed nothing as

he turned away, and went out in a great weariness into the shadow of solitary thought.

XX.

It was consequently with little calmness, and acknowledged irritation that he strode up the quiet path, and entered the silent room, from which the countenance of his friend shone out as pure and peaceful as ever. Feeling the contrast, but impatiently resenting its influence, he broke out at once.—"Tell me nothing, unless it is how to obtain release, from this pestilence. I have ears for no higher teaching."

"Something I do know of your temptation," said the Sage softly, "but not all. It is not my part, nor that of the advanced intelligences that guard you, to pry into all your private ways. There are some portions of a man's thoughts and deeds sacred to all but God, and He in His omniscience approaches also by invisible ways. He leads His children upward with a careful hand; their education and its penalties are of nature. Without compulsion, without punishment, with only the smile of gladness or the kindly frown of pain, being His, they grow to be more like Him. And this greatness, this godliness of nature, combines the virtues you Western nations include under the name of gentleman. Reserve of delicacy with quickness of sympathetic insight, and large generosity of soul, in the true man reflect the inexpressible mightiness of his original. Infinite Wisdom and Love include instead of exiling all the graceful qualities you prize, which are indeed their minor manifestations. There is room in them for the innocence of the dove, the modesty of the maiden, the thoughtfulness and consideration of noble men and women, with

much more, in no wise yet granted to mortals. Being the whole, He includes all parts, our best is His, and our worst His also, but the best is the worst more expressed. It is the same thing seen in light, instead of guessed in darkness. We must purge ourselves, to purify our conceptions of Him, whom all imperfectly apprehend, even to the Archangels.

Our reason may be weak, but our faith should not be impious.

Scarcely able to move the straws from our ant-like path, how shall we lift a just image of Divinity.

It is better to leave it untouched even by our virtues, than to graft thereon the deficiencies of our dim comprehensions.

Let us preserve Him and His world free from the dust of our own bosoms.

Only those see clearly, who see quietly.

Only those see purely, who keep that through which they see pure also.

Man looks first through the lens of the mind, then through that of the body. The two together forming the most miraculous Telescope of Being; for it annihilates the distance between spirit and matter, it enables God to rule nature.

A mote in this, is a mountain in the field of vision.

Have we not heard of Minds and Mirrors to be kept clean, if they would reflect truly.

How is this possible if they be steeped in grossness, or shattered by passion.

A lion may be maddened by a fly, an elephant fall a prey to a worm; but there are men, great and wise, who yield to less, and fall victims to a fool.

Man as he rises above the natural creation in the

Angel, has also the capacity to sink beneath it in the Devil.

This is his glory, he stands where he may rise or fall.

The condition to which there is no lower is as melancholy as that to which there is no higher, for indeed it presupposes it.

Such is the state of matter, ever in its essence the same.

Spirit alone has its Heaven, and consequent Hell. The myths of a fall recognise this truth.

The serpent ate of the tree yet he fell not, but man denying his inner faith imitated a beast, and was lowered below him.

What is possible to the one is Spiritual Death to the other.

Man stooped to rise, but the serpent is the serpent still.

Sin belongs to man alone, and therefore to him alone salvation.

For the remainder of living things there is no heart ache, and no heart holiness as its reward.

Their consciousness is stationary; they are spared the toil of ascension, and accordingly the glory of the height attained.

The scale of nature does not measure man, his powers are of another race.

In nature there is neither good nor evil, high nor low, pure nor impure.

But from man all these arise. He is demon or seraph, base or noble, cruel or kind.

He is quality; he possesses capacity. He holds the meaning, is the key to all the rest.

Matter is of the created, man of the Creator.

He represents the intelligence in which all rises, and from which all proceeds.

He clothes nature with his own splendour, and interprets her by his own soul.

That soul is the fountain head of inspiration, the emblem and image of Deity.

It is the one revelation, yet its language is coarse and crude.

It only can judge of itself, therefore it can never fully grasp its own substance or situation.

Yet it is the one arbiter of belief and action.

Inasmuch as we know it we fathom God.

Our ideas as entirely, necessarily, and solely human, are therefore best frankly expressed as such.

Man is the mightiest and greatest power which we perceive.

We must needs then delineate Deity in his colors.

And thus we feel to be right and true, as far as it extends.

God is, but what he is we but partially understand, and still more impotently express.

The physical, the intermediate mental, and the spiritual compose the universe.

And the spiritual is lord and chief of these.

Man is the crown of the physical and the mental, the base of the spiritual.

God is more spiritual than mental, more mental than material.

Man is most god-like, and so God is most man-like, among the existences of which we are cognisant.

God is a spirit.

Whose offspring is man.

Whose manifestation is nature.

Born in nature, the soul's destiny is higher.

The discipline of earth prepares it for the Heavens.

Those who in the valley are compelled to climb, will not stop at the brow of the first hill, when they know the pleasantness of progression.

And thus the necessity of strife causes the practice, and habit of advance.

In the depths of darkness we are schooled for eternal light.

Man learns to conquer and command, to make his enemies minister to his wisdom, to turn poison to its medicinal uses; from the furnace he plucks purity, and out of sorrow reaps strength.

The fierce blade of misfortune breaks the field, the waters of affliction irrigate its channels, but the harvest that is born from the seeds of suffering is rich in happiness.

The river begins with the dewdrop trickling between the leaves, so man may commence his greatest triumphs from the meanest occasions.

The greatest of all his victories is that over himself.

Without it no hour is secure, no labour well begun, with it he stands full armed against Fortune, crowned a conqueror before the battle.

Thus ends my homily, a long and various one; yet surely simple enough to give release."

"Forgive me," said Restless, "I am poor indeed to display my petulance to my kindest and wisest friend. I am ashamed, but I have the remedy. I confess myself much wanting, where I deemed myself most strong. I find how far I have to climb before I leave the valley for the first hill. Enough! My next task lies close at hand. When it is completed I will come again, not as

a forward but a faithful scholar, not as a scholar but a little child."

"Do not misunderstand her," replied the Sage. "Remember that she knows nothing of the world, which you have weighed in the balances and found wanting. The interest was temporary, and is already passing away. She had not yet learned the deceits of dallying, and the meagreness of such a life; but her character is too fixed and elevated to linger under the glamour. It was but for an instant that she seemed to waver. The last remnants of her childhood have kindled up at once, and burned out. In the light it gave she has seen the hollowness of his pursuits, and felt the vanity of all that is like unto him. Henceforth she is a woman. The mistake, so slight and superficial as hardly to be one, has done its work in you as well as her. You cannot be separated by such a breath again. In her, and in yourself, you have your treasures; lose neither. Cherish both, and enjoy them ever."

Restless, repeating his thanks, took his way homeward, where he soon found the Sage's meaning, as Wilful ran up to him gladly, having remained, anxious at his parting look, to await his return, and learn the cause of his disturbed appearance. Touched by her self-sacrifice still more, he soothed her disquieting thoughts, and they conversed together. He recounted the wonderful words that had been uttered by her lips, and of which she was entirely ignorant, and she gave him the fruit her bright intelligence had gathered during her visits to their mysterious friend. They discussed the strange tidings borne to them so unexpectedly, till it seemed but as the evening of that day of initiation.

Thoughtless and his vapid pleasures were forgotten.

His slight ascendancy had passed away. Her superior gifts, asserting their worth abashed, and the redoubled courtesies of Restless, together with his lofty dignity, overawed him. He ceased for a time his stale and unstable dissipations, and feeling his false position, removed to a neighbouring college, where, under the eye of Restless, he lived for a time decently and happily. But his parents hearing of the reformation, recalled him, and then, falling into his old habits when away from the influence of his former friend, he resumed his old courses, becoming the flighty and fashionable thing which better fitted the society of the Plain. The two whom his advent had for an instant seemed to sever, drew the closer after the trial. The Sage had spoken truly when he said the child was past. The woman had begun.

XXI.

On further consideration Restless found the startling disclosures which had burst upon him supplementary of, rather than contradictory to, his acquired knowledge. Indeed, if the problems presented were satisfactorily unravelled by the solution then advanced, the result was rather to elucidate and extend, than to confute, limit, or overthrow the principles of his philosophy. The immense importance of the interests involved in the inquiry stimulated him to bring all his faculties into line of battle, that by the hostility of his research he might test completely the accuracy of the statements then put forward. Though quick of resolution, and rapid in all the processes of thought, it was therefore several days before Restless in company with Wilful presented himself at the Sage's dwelling.

Lifting a slip of paper their friend remarked—"In expectation of your coming, I have prepared answers to the questions you intend to put, and to convince you doubly, I will first read and then endeavour to satisfy them. Your queries run thus—"Is the faculty by which these astounding results are obtained a natural one? What is the method and conditions of its use?"

Restless uttered an exclamation of surprise, referring for assurance to a slip of paper on which he had that morning penned the exact words repeated to him. It was in his possession and had never left his person; even Wilful being unaware of its contents.

The Sage continued—"Your former information has taught you the division of man into the two parts, one material, the other spiritual. The body is connected with existences of a similar consistency, summarised under the title nature, of which it is informed by the senses. The spirit, clothed in a form exactly similar and with correspondent senses, is part of another nature, invisible to external perception, but everywhere interpenetrating and overlying the visible arena of matter and motion.

The consciousness of most men is limited by the material spheres, to which their outer envelope, being composed of similar constituents, belongs. But the spiritual body exists in a spiritual world, to whose laws and influences it is amenable. Thought and Feeling, Sensation and Perception, take their rise in it. It is in its essence Intellect and Affection.

The more then the Spirit expresses itself, the higher the mind. The more it can detach itself, and exercise its independent functions, the better the medium.

For in the degree that a man possesses understanding

he is wise and good. In the degree that his spiritual faculties are open can he recognise those finer elements, imperceptible to the physical sense, and realise the actuality of personalities clothed in them. If this is distinct and evident to himself such a person is a Seer, a Clairvoyant. But if the condition of the opening of the spiritual, implies the closing of the natural consciousness, as it often does, the person is then a Medium. It is possible for the same individual to alternately occupy both these planes, as you have seen here.

Death signifies the separation of the corporeal, from the sensitive form which vivified it, and the transference of the latter into a life more keenly real than the one in which it was encumbered by, and reached through, physical agencies. Mediumship is also a separation, but only a temporary one. The spirit of the medium leaves its mental instrument to the control of one permanently severed from the gross contrivance of the physical brain, which though the most refined flower of matter is yet a poor representative of the higher one behind it. But the medium maintains a sufficient connection to be able to re-occupy the tenement when its visitor withdraws. In a like manner it is possible that while the spirit inhabiting a body retains a portion of it under personal supervision, the remainder may be more or less beneath the influence of a disembodied will.

All grades of this are possible, and so to a certain extent every mortal is a medium. But with many the communication thus effected is so transient, or so intricably interwoven with their own web of thought, as to be indistinguishable in any definite way. The majority at special times, and under favourable circumstances, could receive satisfactory evidence of foreign

presence and sympathy. A large number do so with varying frequency and intensity, as well as with different degrees of consciousness during and after reception.

The faculty therefore is natural, and in a sense universal, but limited in its particular and cognisable usefulness to comparatively few. The method is, as already said, exactly that which every spirit uses in its life, when it controls its outer mechanism to move or speak. But to accomplish this another factor is usually necessary.

The force which acts upon nerve and brain is as yet unrecognised by your science. This intermediary between spirit and matter, called magnetism, is an invisible aura refined from the physical body, as the odour is from the flower. Every animate and inanimate thing has its peculiar atmosphere surrounding it. In man it forms the link between the spiritual and material bodies. It may be projected by the will upon another organisation, thus retaining the shell intact while the medium is absent, and supplying force to the incoming intelligence by which it may cause the brain to express its sentiments.

Magnetism is the vital force of the ancients, it is the highest development of each physical entity; all-potent in its wide reactions, subtlety and power. Enfranchised spirits use their magnetism to harmonise the brain of the medium with their own, so that a chord struck in the one is answered in the other, and the thought passes through the nerve fibres into the lips. Generated by the brain and its system, magnetism is the finest of material energies with which we are acquainted. It differs immensely according to the individual from whom it proceeds, and even in the part, or member from which

it is thrown off, bearing all the characteristics of its producer stamped legibly upon it. In sleep the two bodies are to a certain extent, and sometimes altogether, divided. The process by which the sensibilities become dulled, and finally dormant, is analogous to the medium sinking into a trance, and the awakening corresponds to the return from its wandering. Trance is a deeper sleep, in which all but the vegetative life has vanished, and the personality is supplied by another spirit speaking from the strength supplied by magnetism.

Such, as succinctly as the subject will admit, are the universals of mediumship; as to its particulars and possibilities, they are infinitely varied. Some of these will appear in considering your next inquiries." And he read again what Restless had written in the privacy of his own study, and to none revealed:—"What are the results of investigation? Are they trustworthy, verifiable, or valuable, and how far are the means of study within the reach of all?" Laying down the paper, he remarked, "The last part refers particularly to yourself, though you hesitated to so state it." Restless assented and the Sage proceeded:—

"Three things decide the trustworthiness of communications. The capacity and honesty of the spirit speaking, of the medium spoken through, and the conditions of delivery. The first and second can be learned by experience, and by the same means the third can be also regulated. In these things judgment can remove all danger, as it will best verify the results, partially correctable by the use of diverse channels and persons. Reason and intuition will ever guide you to truth, through patience and careful inquiry.

How valuable the knowledge of immortality is, I need

not say; the floods of light cast upon questions of history and science are beyond my capacity to denote; the strength, the happiness, and the priceless treasures of wisdom, guidance, and sympathy, which it offers to its student, would be idle to rehearse. All this and much else you will yet learn, and come to expound more fully than is possible for me.

It is a revelation of revolution in all divisions of man's being, and by-and-by will bless the whole earth with abundant holiness. Before that it must endure scorn and reprobation; hatred and contumely must brand its prophets, persecution and suffering be the badge of its believers. But fear not, it is no temple built with hands. It is moulded as stars are, and will shine as they do, coming out brighter and more generously the longer and darker the night.

Communion in itself is neither a good nor an evil thing, but depends entirely upon the motives with which it is sought, and the source from which the reply will come. As is the grade of the intelligence, high or low, pure or base, so will the answer be. To almost all it can in some shape eventually reach. To you it will especially, and without stint, for you are royally gifted. I bind the sandals on the feet which shall ascend the throne. To attain it you must tread the same path as all ambitious of exalted inspirations.

You need three things, Aspiration, Meditation, Harmony; and for the first of these three, Earnestness, Faith, and Fealty to conscience; and for the second three, Purity, Devotion, and Patience; and the third in three things, Harmony in Thought, Act, and Affection, making one melody of soul. These are the seven branches of the golden candlestick of life, beneath the

Temple of Religion, burning brightly in worship, fed by the never-ceasing influx of eternal spirit."

As the Sage ceased, Restless endeavoured to express his gratitude, when his friend proceeded:—"What I have said is for you to practise; not painfully, but in joy; not partially, but with completeness. Say to those emulating you: abstain from flesh foods. Life is sacred in all its forms, and the body abused revolts against the tyrant will that burdens it. Abstain from the fierce fluids with which your race wither the flowers of the spirit, and from those foul habits of intemperance, whose irregular poisons scorch and consume its substance. Abstain from all indulgences of appetite, except such as minister to the spiritual nature; cultivate that in active as well as passive virtue, and your reward is sure. The peculiar blessedness of the few will become free to the many. The gates of Heaven will be opened in full view. Let your anxiety for others be satisfied with this knowledge, that the fruit is within reach, and upon them lies the responsibility of rejecting it. You are, and must continue in this road. Your entrance is assured. Let us look beyond the threshold."

Turning to Wilful, who had grown very silent during the last few minutes, he stretched his hands over her head, and swept them down her body. Her eyelids fluttered and fell. She spoke almost instantly, and with rapturous eagerness. She saw not only the spirits near them, but their home, and it was only when her language failed that she ceased to describe in majestic eloquence its inconceivable loveliness and light.

XXII.

It was about this time that Restless delivered the first

of a brief series of lectures, in which he proposed to summarise as far as possible the Philosophy of Mind. A large party outside his own were anxious for a complete expression of his ideas upon the central question of the relations of Intelligence; for the masterly manner in which he had dealt with his former themes, awakened a desire that on him should devolve the duty of settling at once and forever the verdict of Reason upon this all important point. He was therefore engaged to prepare three addresses, wherein Science should finally restrict the vagaries of the supernaturalistic schools, and rigorously defining the limits of understanding, overthrow the pretence of proof which they put forward as evidence of the soul.

The audience assembled was a testimony to his influence, for not alone the celebrities, but all classes of the community assembled to receive the judgment of their favourite teacher. His preliminary dissertation was upon the nervous system.

Lightly sketching its various developments and analogies, his well digested phrases and pithy definitions placed before all the results of his long labours, and those of the most eminent scientific men, in a style at once simple and comprehensive. His luminous expositions led up to felicitous conclusions of genuine worth and verity; but beyond a certain stage he did not attempt to proceed. A slight hesitancy here and there occurred because of recent alterations in his manuscript, and instead of the ingenious hypothesis which was to include all possibilities of mental action under a physical synthesis, he substituted the following passage.

"Though all Science in its perfect state is exact, and does not indeed deserve the title until it becomes so, we

must carefully distinguish between exactness in particulars, and completeness in them. I may thoroughly understand the formation and activities of the antennae of an insect, but this cannot justify me in ignoring its wings, or generalising as to its larger characteristics. Yet this has been the error of many distinguished authorities. The accuracy with which we can study the physical aspects of consciousness is not remarkable, but the utter inadequacy of our theories to contain its subjective manifestations, is a certain though unsatisfactory admission. Between the organ as we see it and its representative in ourselves, there is not the faintest chimera of a connection. There is a great gulf fixed, either because of our necessary limitations, or the existence of an unknown quantity in the problem. Bridge it over we cannot, accept it we must, and if the approximate solution we offer be of little more than speculative interest, it is best acknowledged as such without subterfuge. In one way we form, from the residuum of our perceptions the entity or attribute called Matter. In another, from the introspective sensations which are the other side of the perceptions, we derive our idea of Mind. Knowing Matter through Mind, we have no other faculty by which we can judge its judgment. As a stream cannot rise higher than its source, neither can our investigations outsoar the powers of understanding from which they spring. Like the Athenians we can only build an altar to this Unknown God, of whose underlying essence we are, and perhaps must remain in ignorance. It is, and from it we are. Further there is no light. We are ruled by darkness now, and death afterwards. Such is the confession of Science. Such is the wail of Reason. Such is the weakness of Man."

XXIII.

The comments upon this strange utterance were frequent and severe; yet on the whole his reputation gained by it, even after tranquil meditation enabled the many to weigh candidly, what the fascination of his presence rendered at the time irresistibly captivating. Leading a life as holy as the maxims of the Sage, in the interval of his studies he concentrated his attention upon his novel experiences with Wilful, which were now of almost daily occurrence. His doubts as they rose were answered, his difficulties explained, and disclosures of the utmost value and richness plentifully showered upon his head. He became more and more subject to peculiar states of feeling akin to abstraction, but of keen reality, invariably attendant upon his visits to the Sage, and gradually also cognisable apart from all. He spoke with spirits, or intelligences professing so to be, and giving many signs of individuality and identity. He meditated, and made his loving hope and trust in Truth, his prayer.

The second address brought together a still larger assembly, who filling all parts of the great building to their extreme capacity, overflowed into the street. Considering the Mind from the introspective and experiential side, he classified its qualities, tracing their connection to one another, their combinations and interaction with his customary consummate skill. He dwelt most upon its development. Savage and sage were set side by side with the shellfish and the ape, till the constitution and substance of mind was as closely determined as knowledge would permit. The magnitude of resource, and magnificence of power displayed therein formed the final effort of his panegyric. Absorbing the essence of the universe, which sank in it as a grain of sand in a

cup of water, it was an archetypal sphere of independent equality. The wonder of the world, its potencies exceeded its present abilities, as much as they surpassed all else in nature—an ever living Angel an ever loving God.

The fitful bursts of daring imagination, the special excellence of the language, together with the varied definiteness of science, and indefiniteness of promise, contained in many of its passages, occasioned a still deeper sensation in the city. Had his sole object been to pander to the masses, he could not have more opportunely or thoroughly coincided with their ideal. The temporary and accidental flaws in it were theirs by birth and breeding as well as nature, its excellences they were in most respects able to understand, and its whole tenor peculiarly fitted to a juncture when stirring thoughts made the blood circulate more quickly in the veins, established his fame far above that of his contemporaries in the same field.

XXIV.

Persistent in his efforts to arrive at the cause of the marvellous experiences assailing his reason, Restless patiently pursued his investigation day by day. He endeavoured to explain away the facts by cunning combinations of theoretical possibilities, which the mysterious messages given through his charge more and more effectually overthrew. He was compelled to admit the consistency of the replies to his questions; carefully devised pitfalls were avoided, or mockingly overstepped, and if the rapid intelligence, profound insight, and delicate sympathy, were characteristic of Wilful in her normal state, yet

the harmonious substratum of fact and information on which these rested was no product of herself, and in all its branches remained unknown to her. Beyond this there were variations in the quality and style, which were not only foreign to her nature, but to each other. All were threaded together by a unity inseparable from veracity, betraying originality of idea and expression, loftiness of mood, grandeur of outline, and beauty of detail. Association with these shadows compelled respect and veneration; their teachings kindled his richest, and soothed his harsher fears, so that they grew upon him in the intensity of their being, and he began to know and feel them as the angelic visitors they were pronounced to be.

Many of his inquiries were put aside as premature, and he heard with surprise that these things he must learn in another fashion. No more was vouchsafed to him, and he remained wondering. If the future was silent except in the indistinctness of the glory of dawn, the past was clear, and in it he beheld through the twilight of memory the same strange presences beside him. He had proved the Sage upright beyond suspicion, and sincere beyond doubt, yet he wavered and wondered, when he said, after a long argument upon the capabilities of spirit—

“I came hither to meet you, and to this land for no other purpose. I remain to assist you, for I am so bidden. Many times have I beheld your features in vision and in dream before our bodies met. For years I have looked forward to your appearance. When sojourning in Faith's Content I was with you. You start. Then listen: There is a higher ridge of the valley past a mill, sheltered by thick groves of trees; it conceals

a little waterfall. There I saw you beneath a spreading tree. You held, thus, a small machine model of white pine, fastened with red pegs, an invention of yours to utilise the force of the flowing water. It failed, and you spoke to none of it, but thrust the little image into a covert which you had found one day when seeking for some retreat to place a wounded bird in. This for yourself. Ask Wilful what became of the mountain violets you brought her often. One moonlight night when they had become so many that she could not preserve the withered fragments, she buried them beyond the yew tree, counting with childish superstition three steps for every letter of your name. The rose you gave her as reward for a first self-sacrifice, telling her that she was then as fair and sweet, and dearer to the banished Ishmaelite, is with her still. She wears it as an amulet upon her bosom. Ask her if she has never prayed to it in younger days, and if it is not in your name that she still invokes the spirit messengers. For no idle purpose was I led to see, and now to repeat these. As you are dear to me, I desire to enlighten you. I am proud of your fame and learning, but most of your faithfulness and truth. I do not fill a cup to overflowing, but to the brim. Prove these, and remember the results of proof, and what capabilities it discloses.”

This and much more Restless knew to be true of himself. Wilful, in some confusion, confirmed his story of the violets. But he did not ask her of the rose. †

XXV.

As it was now vacation they were enabled to leave the city, and spend a few days among the hills beyond. The rest had been needed, though the untiring energies

† This is fine.

of Restless had not recognised the want. Wrapped up in his pursuit of knowledge, all else was forgotten of himself, except those things necessary for its attainment, and had it not been for the affectionate care of Wilful he would have suffered severely from his self-neglect. She matured early, and now assumed the responsibilities belonging to it. Her maidenhood had been completed, and adorned by the spiritual growth which worked a gradual but sensible change in her demeanour. With her it was no extraneous study, no light enjoyment, but a rich and elevated feeling that fell from higher sources in one continuous stream upon her soul. She had been a woman, before it came, in character and form of blending beauty. She was fast becoming, now, a woman in spirit. Although so young in years she was old in self-reliance; there was not more of sternness than of weakness in her, for the felicity and fond tuition of her later life had made her more than ever modest, gentle, and kind. But most of all, the wonderful sympathy and sensitiveness at first hidden under her wayward disposition, were blossoming into full fruit. Especially in relation to him it became a sweet satisfaction and strength. For a time their positions had been altered by her new development, but he was beside her again now, and hand in hand they moved on together.

In that seclusion they spoke of it perpetually, and still oftener the influence was upon them. He resolved to speak when he should return, freely and openly, his conviction of the value of researches into the unknown, after the manner he was familiar with. More he could not decide; his mind seemed held back from purpose. He was forced to enjoy, and in the healthy exercises among the steeples and before the loveliness of nature, felt his

brightest youth renewed and surpassed. The fairness of the prospects fed his imagination; the boldness of rock and precipice passed into his will. Vigour of body prompted the daring of desire. His eyes waxed bright with life and resolution, his cheeks burned with the sun's caresses, and the dauntless courage native to his deep-breathing breast quickened his step and closed his lips, as climbing could not. From him, and with him, Wilful rejoiced. Glad in the restoration of their ancient freedom, she rivalled him in activity, as in its glowing results. All things seemed to contribute to the blessedness of their brief repose. Happy in each other, in their youth, and in the horizon before them, they revelled in the rest their endurance had so well won. It was brief, for the third lecture containing his final judgment upon the subject agitating so many minds was already due.

Trusting to his extraordinary facility of composition, and possessed by a disinclination to leave the delightful retreat, he postponed their departure to the last hour. Arriving by night he retired early to rest and slept soundly until after daybreak. Impelled to visit the Sage without delay, rising and leaving word of his destination, he set out at a brisk pace. The summons seemed one of supreme meaning and importance. He had reached his manhood—of a carriage full of dignity and sweetness, his manner was very grateful to all diffident ones, and especially to children who ran out to meet him quickly. His features finely shaped, were large and distinct, the eyes deep, soft, and pleasing, with a great fire under them, often breaking out in flame, and his whole appearance of a royal likeness, revealing the nobility, sincerity, and self-forgetfulness, of the indweli-

ing disposition. And so, with a tremor of expectancy, he stood before the door.

XXVI.

The whole character of the apartment was changed. Curtains closely drawn excluded the daylight, whose place was supplied by the softened rays from a swinging lamp. On the one side stood a mirror, and on the other a glittering globe of crystal, between which a small fire burned upon an altar, giving forth a grateful incense. In the centre was a rich Divan, about it votive wreaths of flowers, while soft strains of music rose and died away from invisible instruments. The Sage clad in magnificent robes, pale, emaciated, and even more profoundly solemn than on previous occasions, kissed him on the brow, passing his hands over the noble head. "The novitiate ceases," he said calmly, "the initiation begins"—"This room and body are prepared to assist the subjugation of sense by soul. All things around us minister to the great fulfilment of the spirit." Leading Restless to the mirror he beheld in it himself and Wilful glorified ascending to a golden city, and in the crystal, shapes and symbols which enfolded him in unutterable joy and peace. Sinking upon the couch he saw the Sage before him with uplifted arms transfigured in the ecstasy of prayer, as he murmured awe-fully.

"Ineffable Majesty! Ocean of Spirit and Life! Sun of Love and Wisdom! Soul of Purity and Goodness! Source and Centre of all! Who only art! and in whom all exist! We, the partners of thy Power, partakers of thy Purpose, children of thy incarnate excellence aspire to the possession and expression of thy Divine qualities. Infinite God! who in the bosoms of thy myriad worlds, in the glories of thy myriad forms, and in the won-

ders of thy myriad states, art ever present; ever sensitive to want, and ever gracious in satisfying it, we pray to be freed from the trammels of our material sepulchres, that we may rest in the serene expanse of spiritual sight, knowledge, and understanding, and so draw nearer to Thee through the perfect ways of Truth. Oh God! our want is Light; the faculty to receive, the impulse to apply, the judgment to direct it, grant us these in the greatness of thy Mercy, and let the spirit that prompts be with us in the execution of our trust. Approach us from without as from within. To the strength of those that farther in Thy threshold stand, join the supremest essence of ourselves. Blend Thou these borders of Thy Being into One. One in Obedience, one in Harmony, one with thy Will and Law eternally."

Transmuted into a new creature, Restless felt his sense grow dull, and his perceptions disappear. He sank into himself through all the avenues of feeling, until he seemed to be only in his brain. There were waves of darkness breaking in crests of light until at last he conquered, springing from his deserted corpse. The walls fell back, faded, and a flood of silvery light rolled over him as he knew himself delivered.—A spirit in the spiritual world. He stood upon a firm substance that seemed woven of fleecy clouds, and felt his vision roam over a vast extent of scenery. Exhausted by such efforts he understood that there were beings near who desired him to rest, so calming as much as possible the delights that kindled every pulse he resigned himself to a dreamy reverie. A sense of rapid motion modulated his thoughts, until presently full consciousness returned, and he found himself the spectator of loveliness which no imaginative ideal of Art could ever hope to rival.

Far off a sea with waves of deep and tender blue broke on white lines of shore; fringed by forests of dark shade, these led up through valleys of delicious green, glancing with falls and glittering streams, to mountain ranges, and beyond plains, where he saw cities shine like jewels in delicious setting of sunshine. Milkwhite Temples, and what possessed the superb splendours of Palaces, nestling homes, and clusters of tiny villages, were scattered throughout the space. The keenest delights of passion were poor before the rapture which the mere apprehension of these features, embowered in a sky of exquisite softness, and enshrined by delicate mists of distance, caused to pour through his grateful soul. "This" he thought "is Heaven and here God dwells indeed." The atmosphere was bland and invigorating, while his consciousness recognised not only the externals of the beauty before him, but entering into its soul read there the grace and richness of which it was but the expression. In that region was neither sorrow nor sin, want nor luxury, all was pure and holy. It was perfect without being perfection.

The highest human abode, he felt admonished that it was but the beginning of angelic spheres. The source of his impression was soon revealed, when he perceived first one and then six other spirits advancing. He felt now how faintly had Wilful's enthusiasm conveyed to his mind the marvellous glory of their presence. God-like in radiant humanity, clothed in web-like garments, with a golden aura streaming from their majestic forms, he became aware of the transcendent powers which dignified, and motives which moved them. Unable to bear the brightness, his eyes sank as they formed a circle around him. The foremost extending his hands, of which every

finger seemed to flame like a torch, pointing to him with tremulous certainty, apparently directed the rest. Their influence fell upon him like a fine shower. The subtle forces penetrated, and then saturated him, first with a delirium of struggle, and then with a depth of repose. It flowed over him like a sea, until it seemed as if unfathomable oceans rose between him and the weariness of the world, far hidden from its changeful winds and the sport or fury of the waves. He was cleansed from its corruptions, lifted above its baseness, every fragment of his nature answering like a tuneful chord in music, until he felt that he was made whole. The seed was sown, the bud broke, and the blossom fell to the reaping as if in one instant, and when the flood of tears that burst from his overladen breast, had purged his eyes, he looked again at the generous givers. This time the resplendence instead of dazzling, delighted him, and as he strove to convey his gratitude a look and smile showed that he was understood. The effluence of a saintly life encompassed him with humility, reverence, and faith, while he was elevated to seraphic conditions of intelligence and passion. These seven he knew to be the band by whom his course was shaped, and the leader of them his more than father, so he listened without surprise when presently in a low sweet voice as if in private, and yet with the graceful authority of an instructor, the sublime spirit who first became visible spoke slowly.

XXVII.

"Man is a spirit, nowhere more, never less; bound to a body but as to a shell in which to cross the stream of life, suffering only through it, wanting only because of

23.4.24
This is
Curious.
See my
Inquiries
Note Book
9.22.4.24
20.4.24
A. P.

it, yet gaining by it the individuality he retains for ever.
Blazon it upon your banners.

Eternity is the garden of God, and the souls of men are they that prepare and enjoy it. Existence is a perfect spiral, where all tends upward in Him.

Degrees are destiny, steps to His throne, wreaths on the brow of humanity, flowers in the path of the spirit.

Scorn none, for all are necessary; cherish all, for all are ordered; linger on none, for stand wheresoever thou wilt there is a higher still to which thou must attain.

The spirit is of Deity, who lives, and breathes, and acts through myriads, as one soul through many members.

Love is its inspiration, consciousness the means, knowledge the method, wisdom the end.

Will controls, affection crowns, action completes it.

Thought is its breath, emotion its body, aspiration its soul; God the father, nature the mother, innocence the cradle, experience the nurse, perfection the goal.

Matter is the mould of spirit in the hands of the Supreme.

Patient is the operation, for it is reason that rules; lawful, because divinity foresees and provides.

There is a necessity of progress implanted in all things.

The Infinite is manifest in the finite, in His children, and His home.

His child is spirit, the universe is His home.

All are one, all are brothers.

The worlds are the hem of His garments, humanity the strength of the worlds, spirit the soul of humanity, and God the life of the spirit.

Man is God in little.

Nature is God in all.

Turn to it with us, and you shall drink from her breasts the milk of inspiration, without which there is no growth, and without growth there is neither good nor glory.

Truth is the alphabet of time.

Space is the school, virtue the lesson, happiness the reward.

The spheres are the ante-chambers of the temple, wherein goodness is the presence of Divinity itself.

Every spirit is a sovereign, in its breast are the Divine Scriptures of salvation.

Worlds are the theatres of inspiration, and in all the same drama is enacted.

The first scene is ignorance, the second error, the third sorrow, the fourth endeavour, the fifth righteousness and peace.

Temptation precedes, trial follows the fall; by these we gain knowledge, from whose fertility springs the flower of faith.

Darkness before the dawn, despair before hope, pain before perfection.

The sun withholds no ray; it is matter that intervenes. Its shadow is our night. Yet the earth turns to the east.

Spirit must needs ascend. The day breaks.

Human ideas are the reflections of God's thoughts, human actions are the voices of His will, human life is the refraction of His love.

Nature speaks, the soul sings of Him.

All that we can learn has relation to Him, for all is His.

There is nothing but is God, and God's.

it, yet gaining by it the individuality he retains for ever.
Blazon it upon your banners.

Eternity is the garden of God, and the souls of men are they that prepare and enjoy it. Existence is a perfect spiral, where all tends upward in Him.

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Nature speaks, the soul sings of Him.

All that we can learn has relation to Him, for all is His.

There is nothing but is God, and God's.

Whatever is, is by His will.

There is but one path for each man; no one can miss a step, and though many wind through the woods all will reach the goal.

Mind is the Alpha and Omega.

Being is all that is.

There is but One, whose substance and method include all things.

All we see are parts of it,

All we know are words of it,

All we feel are powers of it,

and this One we call God."

In a trance of devotion Restless followed the thoughts rather than the words containing them, and remained lost in adoration until the second of the seven laid a loving hand upon his brow.

XXVIII.

The immensity of space was opened to his superhuman apprehensions. At first void, transparent, and boundless as the depths of the blue air in a clear sky, he saw gathering within it a cloud of dark texture, which grew warm grey, fiery red, and then to a sparkling whiteness of intense heat, revolving with giddy speed upon its own axis. It grew thinner in parts which finally separated themselves, until the whole space was filled with the torn masses rotating around each other in orbits which became more and more regular and balanced as they condensed. The process of divisions was repeated on smaller and smaller scales, the little rotund specks scattering themselves over the area of vision, in a kind of arrangement, yet without visible order. They glittered like stars, flashed like comets, or shone with the steadfast brilliancy

of suns ignited by the fierceness of the friction they were subjected to in the inconceivable rapidity of their motion.

Coming closer to one of the tiny motes, he found himself observing an embryonic world of bubbling, boiling lava-like consistency. As it cooled a film formed on its surface, thickening until it offered a glowing but stable crust. The steam hung in clouds, and at last trickled in rain, and ran in streams down its rocky valleys.

It was shaken by convulsions which threw up or submerged vast tracts of land, and here spread and then confined, the rolling sea. On the crumbling strata, a kind of lichen growth became visible, and under the waves were floating or fastened kindred forms of vegetable life. A curtain of grass and tree was drawn over the harsh outlines of volcanic soil; the herb, and then the flower softened and sweetened the prospect. This took on yet finer capabilities. It breathed not only through it leaves but in a kind of lung, or in a stomach sac digested the nutrition which its root-like members brought to it out of its watery element. It drifted and then swam, crawled and then walked, leaped and then flew.

Development came in waves. The monsters of the early ages gave place to slighter but more active and more intelligent forms of being. The physical grew more and more under the control of psychic laws. The beast yielded to the savage, and the savage sprang up towards the man. Races rose and perished, cities like foam bells on a torrent were built and broken. There was splendour of achievement, greatness of nature, height of hope, and then a season of decline. The darkness broke again. History as he knew it began and ended almost in a breath. The future pursued the ideal of the past. There was a failure, struggle, and attainment, and

then the whole earth was beautiful, its people wise, their lives happy, their deeds glorious. They were as the spirits he had seen, and as free from the taint of flesh. Then they faded. The solitary orb waxed cold and colder, stiller and more still, until a frozen silence it crashed back into its sun.

Refined beyond propagation its children has passed away, and the home they deserted fell into ruin. But in its fall the heart revived. The parent was warmed into new life by the embrace of its satellites. Again the cloud-like fire mists flamed in space, and again the race began as that he had seen ended; the death of the mother, and the birth of the offspring coinciding ever.

Approaching nearer still, he saw in the atomic motion of substance, a mimicry of the life of the whole, on the grand scale he had just beheld. All the parts obeyed the same law, and passed through the same stages. On plant and animal, in mind and the products of intelligence alike, the minutest of energies or substances imitated and harmonised with the fount from which they flowed. There was no greatest, and no least. The rhythm of progress was perpetuated in all. In all there was morning and evening, noon and midnight of change, and yet in all there was an advance, constant and omnipotent; a purpose, perfect and eternal. He read as if written in living lightnings without, and in unalterable convictions within, the principle pervading—*Order, degree, development; constant, cyclic, harmonious; activity, unity, beauty, rule in material nature.*

XXIX.

His second guide restoring the sight of all the myriads of worlds he had beheld, led him away until only a faint

streak in the distance denoted their existence. And then he understood the littleness of these as measured with the whole in space, and felt that all the vast blankness in which he was, must yet be filled by systems as glorious and as incomprehensibly lost in infinity, as the frail and vapoury sign of the stars, more numerous than the sea sands, to which he was instantly returning. Next he was made sensible of the boundless billions of aeons which elapsed in the processes he had witnessed, and recognised as keenly the illimitable eternity of time.

But he was most overwhelmed when his thoughts were turned inward, and he perceived in the power which could comprehend and penetrate these, an even greater scope than that of space, a more endless richness than that of time. Infinity and eternity were less than the intelligence which surveyed them. Self-contained it touched the ends of the universe, embracing all between. The soul was the superior in that it judged its relations, surpassing and including their qualities in itself.

He saw the human germ, charged with spirit, lie like an infant in the womb of matter. Its birth was called death, when changing the dumb consciousness of the darkness for the eloquent inspiration of the light, it moved in a sphere of transcendent power and beauty. This bore the same relation to the earth life as the vegetable to the mineral kingdom; above it rose the celestial corresponding to the animal, and higher still the Divine answering to the human or spiritual degree. These were thus ascending, because of the more complete unfoldment of the mind under more favourable conditions. Even in the highest the essence of its supremacy seemed unexpressed. It reflected the nature without, and enriched it by that within. It enjoyed and sorrowed,

acted and imagined, upon the dead stage it vivified out of its own fertility. It shone like a light amid the darkness, and made its graces visible. The extent, variety, and force inherent in substance, were intensified in its bosom. It made man, it moved life, it subordinated matter. Putting forth fair leaves, its roots were deep-set in the ocean of spiritual life, surrounding and interpenetrating nature. Its existence, as it lived in the form, was a strife after expression. Below man matter, and above mortality, spirit ruled. In life and mind the conflict between them raged, but in the end intelligence triumphed. Not by what it added to itself, but by what it became. The quality of success was native to its royal heritage, and naturally perfected itself in growth. Piercing to the kernel of reality, he cried:—"*Existence is dual, matter and mind. The intelligence is or becomes perfectly supreme. Spirit soars through nature. Its development is necessary, its destiny Divine.*"

XXX.

He had seen the duality separate and contrasted, his third guide disclosed them combined. The earth in its physical constitution was rendered translucent. Currents of force in brilliant and varied stratas were woven about and within it. The interchange between its parts was incessant. A delicate organism robed in bewitching splendour, it pulsated like an exquisite flower. Its sister planets were linked with it by belts, and enclosed by bands of a similar appearance, and on a still larger scale the same processes of exchange and influence were apparent and ever active. The universe was not a detached or a scattered shape, but one of stupendous size and omnipresent sympathy.

Upon the planet each of its forms and qualities possessed a distinct aura; but all blended in beauty, most evident in the more highly complex combinations. Man, the most noble of its offspring, was radiant in rainbow hues. He, in a measure, comprised all the forms below him, and standing on the pinnacle of material, at the foot of spiritual development, as he touched each, united the attributes of both. The loveliness of his person, and its exceptional refinement, clothed in the luxuriant colours emanating from his flesh, formed a fit casket for the reception of the soul. Mineral, vegetable, and animal were three steps taken by the same foot. Spirit impelled and directed their advance, casting but a shadow of its shape until it pierced dimly through the human brain. It was a spiritual kinship which rendered him sensitive to the influences of the lower kingdoms, as well as a physical relation subsisting between his frame and its parent. His body was the climax of matter, his soul the epitome of spirit.

In the kingdoms up to the animal, the body was superior in its needs and powers; it was the end of effort, the one means of achievement. In many men the same law obtained, but in the higher the order was reversed. Spirit, the soul, was all in all; the body, its instrument, subservient in every respect to the omnipotent will. The process by which this result became manifest was called life. The incessant stirring, and expansion of the soul in experience, strengthened it for the accomplishment of its purpose. At no very distant date did this begin, but not perhaps until after the death-birth into purer atmospheres. Incarnation was the prelude to the conquest of the body by the soul, of matter by spirit. Saturating the physical with refined

forces, the intelligence in man became its irresponsible controller. This was the beginning of being, the aim of earthly existence, and the cause of individuality. Universal Consciousness distributed itself through many channels of separate formation, divided from each other, but joined in their source, and inner quality. By individuality, love, joy, and understanding were multiplied; it reflected from many mirrors the one light, thus intensified, and bound by the most perfect sympathy in an eternal unity of growth and essence.

Then suddenly the revelation hidden under these apprehensions burst upon him. Macrocosm and Microcosm,—the universe and man,—were each complete; not alone but together. One was the image and complement of the other. In law, and life, and constitution, they were similar and supplementary. They were two sides of the one. Without individuality there was neither intelligence, goodness, nor will. From it only were love and action. Without spirit, matter was dead, powerless and bare. The motion in the mineral, the growth in the vegetable, the instinct in the animal, the reason in man, manifested its omnipresent functions. Then Restless cried—“*There is a Spirit in nature as in humanity, of which all are, and from which all proceeds. To it the vast material frame is subordinate, as the body to the angel man. It is individual, and only it, for all else is derived from its infinity. It creates, sustains, and develops all. Mind cannot perish, for it is of Him. Spirit guides all, for He is spirit. The conscious life of being, the only God.*”

XXXI.

For some time he remained quiescent, while the revelation seemed burned into his brain, and charactered

upon his whole disposition. His fourth friend became visible to him, and immediately after he was taught by symbols. First he perceived the moral condition of mankind, the earth rolling in a dusky twilight above a dark pit, and below an aurora of intense brilliancy, which mingled on its surface. The condition of those native to it was represented by a manchild, upon whose infantile limbs were gross and painful sores, the ulcers of fiery disease inherited from lascivious sires. Its eyelids hung heavy and red, dimming its dull sight, the muscles were feeble, the nerves lax, and all its movements painful and slow. The tendencies were naturally healthful, its organs ever endeavouring to throw off the plague, but babbling and cursing in blindness provoking its own pain with feverish fingers of unrest, it peevishly and sullenly distrusted the angels who were fain to cure and to caress.

The state of those in the pit, given over to sin showed itself still more horrible. The outlines of the human shape were gone, and only a mass of nameless loathsome rotteness remained. Clothed in dark gloomy hues, and striped with sickly scales, it lay in snaky apathy, hungry while gorged. The home of parasites, that fought and fed and spawned upon its foulness, it wore the very shape of prostitution, and the very signet of decay. It was beneath sorrow, and almost beyond suffering, in the profundity of its wretched stupor. The light was quenched, the stream polluted, the shrine profaned, in darkness of devilishness and dread.

Swiftly he was lifted to an emblem of the simply good. A fair garden that gave glad welcome to all the summer airs. Tuneful brooks fed it, bright birds sang in it, soft dews sweetened it, and overspread the turf with flowers.

The sun shone nobly and yet kindly upon nectareous fruit, on tiny tendrils, bud, and branch, and leaf of healthy green. In the grateful shade the fresh high grass ran riot around the gnarled stems, or by the slim young saplings. The mosses were woven over the pebbles under the rippling flow, where the doves cooed, and the pigeons drank in the musical stillness. Insects went fluttering by, or slept in the creeping beams of sunlight, fallen through the foliage overhead. And through this paradise a young girl walked, as lovely and as lifeful as the tender scene. The pure white brow was bent and then uplifted, as she knelt in the woodland temple, before an altar of golden blossom hung in a bushy bower. Her prayer was gratitude and love for all she saw, and all she felt, and Him that gave her these. As she went singing, heavenly forms stooped beside her pouring blessings in her breast. And so she passed away.

To explore the significance of these symbols, and the state from which they sprang, the interiors of humanity were opened to him; the means of expression presented to the soul disclosed, rising one above the other like the stories of a tower. Sensation and perception, instinct and memory, intuition and reason—There was an evident inclination of the lowest of these to absorb and employ the whole forces of the system. In the animal the senses were all in all; through them only power was gained, in them only lay gratification, and by them was existence supported. Yet before the higher nature could be evolved it was necessary that these should be educated and limited. The lusts of the flesh were the primary enemies of advancing spirit, for they robbed the light of the lamp to feed the clay containing it, dimming the one and softening the other perilously.

Escaping from these temptations, the understanding was beset by dangers many and various. Little less superficial and external than the exercise of the passions, was the ignorant and mechanical use of the simpler powers of the mind. Bounded by petty precedents, disjoined by shameful prejudices, and mangled by childish terrors, the car of progress still refused to move. If the root which produced the sap should retain it only to plunge deeper and deeper into earthly darkness, sensualism robbed the intellect; so, as if the delicate shoots were bent and broken, and the sprays denied their space, the tyranny of the past overrode the fresh welling inspiration of the present hour. Ignorance ruins those that are freed from sensualism. Crucifying the mind and body as unrelentingly.

If even upon these, rendered firm by restraint and education, the third story be erected, the task is not complete. To subdue lust, and obtain knowledge, self was still the principal. Intuition and reason augment its treasures, but to dictate their disposition another step is necessary. A new foe is to be encountered, more subtle, and more powerful, than either of the vanquished furies who are its servitors. To conclude the trial it is necessary that man conquer himself, and expelling the selfishness which is his bane, become in all things just and loving. Enclosed in the glittering steel of knowledge, encircled by such warrior virtues as chastity and courage, he may yet be a traitor to his kind when not swayed by love. Pride, envy, ingratitude, rapacity, and fraud are the signs of the dark presence—the weapons which persecute the helpless or the weak. Intellect and education only serve to increase the power of injury in a soul that knows not love. Without it

truth itself is darkened, and goodness cannot be. The deadliest enemy of soul is selfishness, its saviour is in love. Love, guided by the wisdom which its smile calls forth from reason and intuition, perfects the spirit. Triumphant over desire and ignorance, it tuned the chords of life to harmony. It removed all ill, for it inspired all virtue. The king of life was spirit; of spirit love. Good was its perfect expression; evil the negation of it, because of matter—the shadows where the rays were not. Evil was imperfect good, an effort after it, presently successful. As a necessary accompaniment of growth, it was indeed good. Evil was not. Then Restless said:—“*Lust, error, and selfishness are three demons. Purity, truth, and love three angels. The six masks of spirit in the stages of existence, they are of and end in perfection. The seven are yet the three, who are ruled by right and Deity.*”

XXXII.

The fifth guide drew him to an apprehension of the development of spirit. As seen upon the material plane he beheld it attaching to itself by experience those things in harmony with its exterior quality. The growth of mind marked the activity of spirit. Those in whom intelligence was keen, wisdom profound, or conscience earnest, exhibited a strength and beauty wanting in the unfortunates who were deficient in these. Virtue and reason were visible features of the soul; and according to the depth of the one, or the extent of the other, were these rendered attractive, and by their absence repulsive to the spirit sight. Death sifting the souls assigned to each by invisible but despotic sympathy, a home and fellowship of correspondent unfoldment.

The gross, the selfish, and the ignorant, found themselves in regions barren and obscure, surrounded by characters of similar formation. The pure, the generous, and the wise on the other hand were ushered into realms of exquisite loveliness, where association with kindred dispositions made existence more than blessed. According to the degree of baseness, or nobility, was the darkness or light proportionate. To every individual a special place was allotted, to which he was introduced by irresistible desire. Yet large classes were visible wherein all bore a general resemblance, in internal, and therefore in external condition. These spheres rising one above the other from the earth, and then around the solar system, were connected. A constant movement was apparent in them of the lower to the higher. For in no stage of life was there any fixity. As men made themselves so they were, and the process of fashioning by thought and experience never ceased. Consequently change was perpetual throughout the whole domain, and though there were lapses into gloom the general course was upward.

With all a certain likeness was to be observed, in the surroundings as in the spirits inhabiting them. Landscapes and cities, streams and hills, and the sky above them contained the enfranchised souls of men, as human in form and countenance as on the globe before. Similar pursuits occupied their attention, similar pleasures awakened their delight. These were never the same, and in each sphere were those peculiar to it. In the lower bestial, in the higher spiritual and glorious. The highest could not be known, for the apprehension failed before such boundless wealth of joy and power. Through these the pilgrimage of the spirit passed. As it became

more and more devoted to its divine offices, more unselfish, more informed, and more useful, it gained in happiness and pleasure.

The agencies affecting this result were next exposed to him. The laws of life were so wisely ordered that apart from human foresight or intention they ministered to this sublime purpose. The necessities of nature, the perils with which she surrounded man's life, and the rewards she offered to diligence and faithfulness, commenced the task. Even his own ungovernable propensities, his needs and purely selfish exertions, acted beyond himself. Indirectly and cumulatively the labours which each put forth for his own personal advantage increased the store of the whole race. Greed, injustice, and licentiousness, were but temporary and superficial hindrances to these large efficacies of being, which thus propelled humanity forward in the right path without its design or comprehension.

The second great influence at work was that of those higher intelligences and nobler hearts, scattered up and down the earth, even in bitterness and sorrow maintaining their own purity, and adding to their neighbours loyalty of trust. The sincerely just could not but oppose injustice, the learned were by their very constitution opposed to error, and so from the mere existence of goodness great reformation sprang. The generous gave, the patient endured, and the loving grew daily in richness, while they forgot all but benevolence.

The third means of power was yet but in the seed. Still he saw in various places the union of the good in organisations preparing for the magnificent enterprise to come, when blending in universal harmony the dis-

tracted forces of the light, should band against the darkness and overcome it.

Moving with these the spiritual efforts were passed before his view. In the first stage he beheld spirits attracted by affinity to friends on earth, with whom they sympathised, watching over their individual welfare, with individual ability and tenderness. Those assisted were ignorant of their attendance, and those prompting liable to mistake arising from limitation of view and interest.

In the second stage more enlightened minds united to impress those of correspondent inclination. For special purposes organisation existed among them, and guiding the seers of earth they walked loftily and well along the highway of progress. But above these rose the third altitude, in which the perfect organisation promised to earth already existed. It was from these that inspiration came to guide the disconnected dwellers in the previous planes, and especially to direct those on the second step. Even to these the source of their impressions were often unknown, and the impulse obeyed one apparently original to the receiving breast. United in seraphic love, and guided by ineffable wisdom, angelic intelligences, calmly tended the willing worlds, and systems; themselves instructed by still higher beings and subject all to God.

Restless saw the beginning of their work, the ending no spirit's eye could see. But he felt how all these energies and all these ramifications of truth and holiness were making melody to one hand, in one symphony of soul. He knew, thought, and murmured to himself in prayerful awe:—"The destiny of the soul is inconceivably glorious. That of each is diverse and yet all are one."

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There is but one path to divinity, development, and this is perfect, ordered in each particular by that in which it had its birth, and to which its being tends. There is no straying and no slip in life, or mind, for the way even as the wanderer, is wholly God's."

He had scarcely uttered this when the panorama of his own experience was unfolded as its proof. The imperious father, the sensitive mother, united by spirit powers were prepared and preserved by it during the whole period of conception and gestation. Through infancy and childhood the same feet followed, the same hands lifted him. The riotous excesses, the rebellious pangs of manhood, were supplemented by their science, and loving faith, until his character consummated under the Sage's tutelage in the requisite worthiness for revelation. He saw the gentle influence of Wilful wound with it by the same foresight, that brought his wisdom out of suffering, and strength to meet neglect. In his triumphs and his study, the finger fell tracing the course in which the current of his thought should flow. He saw the future too, where the guardianship was even closer, and the tenderness more clear. It led away through the wilderness like a pillar of alternate cloud and fire, through sorrow and death to victory, and after that was not still. And he knew it true, and bowed himself in thankfulness and wonder before the shrine of the power which had so wisely ordered all.

XXXIII.

With the sixth spirit he looked still more closely into the means of the development which was the soul's mission. In the aspiration attaching to its nature, was implanted the education to reach its end. The capacity,

desire to receive, grow, and act, were the native heritage of all, from the Deity whose presence in them was thus manifested. To this nothing could be added, from it nothing could be taken away, it was as incapable of fall as of advance, being in itself perfect. But the expression of it being utterly imperfect, the inner sanctity availed naught, unless it was brought out and made evident. This was accomplished by education, which giving nothing to the soul, supplied it with the means for its active out-flowing joy and achievement. It enabled the individual consciousness to reach inward to its own treasures; it formed the receptacle to hold the stream of heavenly glory, which otherwise poured through the material frame and left no trace. It enabled man to retain the riches of his spirit, and to attain others by the increase of his receptivity. It signified the coming nearer to God within, and God without the breast, the entering of the sanctuary,—it was the temple service—the litany of life.

To comprehend it, Restless was led to witness the scheme in spheres of spirit life, where wise ones taught the untimely and uneducated children of men. To the first class, were given lessons properly of earthly attainment, involving the acquisition of facts, supplied to the intelligence, required to remember, define, arrange, and finally organise them. It cultivated the powers of perception by means of experimental knowledge, leading up to the accurate conception of material things. It was scientific simply, and the teacher's task merely that of inciting such acquirements.

The second class having become practised in perception, and grosser conceptions, were led to generalise upon them. To leave the firm footing of sense, and

trust to reason to unravel the mysteries of observation, —nothing of the first was rejected, but its store houses were searched for conclusions, the methods of operation discussed, and the masses of material facts studied rather for their laws than for particulars, which were already sufficiently understood. On these and others points dissent was allowed, and speculation encouraged; the individuality as far as possible being called out and strengthened in right uses. The teachers instead of dictating as in the primary division, made argument and exposition the principal means of information. This section corresponded to the earlier spheres of pure spirit life, where interchange of thought was the chief medium of instruction.

The third class were wholly intuitional in their studies, whose remote relation to particulars or material things were weighed from the standpoint of abstract truth. They dealt with the core and life of appearances,—with vast ideas, and stupendous principles of marvellous meaning—all former mental fruits were here harmonised and expanded, while the soul sprang forth into tracts of which mortal blindness could have no possible comprehension. Beginning in the highest spheres discernible by man it continued to eternity. Its only teacher was inspiration, to which it opened as a flower to the sun. It corresponded with, and existed in the celestial spheres of rapture.

These methods Restless beheld in actual operation, the first upon those having the likeness of children, though yet often of great age as measured by mortal computation, the second to a gathering arrived at manhood, and the third to an assembly in the full vigour and majesty of an age without weakness, or discontent; all

were engaged in the search for truth; the test of the first group being that of accuracy, of the second breadth, and of the third profundity of view. The methods of dictation, discussion, and inspiration, not confined to the three separately, were exercised in each by turns, the most important principles being conveyed by the latter channel, when the group gathered passively around their leader, were impressed by him or by those still more advanced with the comprehensive and vital principles appealing to their highest powers. Wisdom was the end, happiness the invariable accompaniment, and harmony the unbroken condition of their employment. Copying nature it approached perfection. The earth infancy, the sphere study, the heavenly meditation, were all before him leading up the soul to its station among the glowing hosts. The inspiration which was the most elevated of all educations, thrilled him then as he repeated:—“*Education is the end of being. It is eternal, on earth, in heaven, and with every soul. It leads us up the stairs of creation, makes worlds its footstool, and the spheres its throne.*”

XXXIV.

With the seventh spirit an awful trial awaited him. The lowest depths to which it was possible for humanity to sink, were laid bare before his understanding. His vision descended into hell. Here the demons of prophet's dreams, the vilest and most vicious of inverted souls, were coagulated under murky skies, in dismal scenes reflecting the wastes within them. From thence they darted upon their devilish errands to the weak in a weak world. Whispering words of shameful meaning, prompting the base desire, spurring the ungenerous thought, and inspiring the strong with cruel callousness,

they sought to satiate their own suffering in the pangs of others. Each was his own tormentor; they gathered together in miserable wrath, jealously repressing every sign of the remorse and repentance which exhibited the dawning of a soul, or retreating to gloomy solitudes, fiercely cursed the brighter ones who bent over them in their dungeons of despair. The most terrible, and most fallen, were often those of great power, prostituted to vice. Pride, ambition, and selfishness, reigned supreme. Assuming the state of monarchs, and the titles of gods, they laboured to extend their empire in iniquity and fear. Unbridled malignity inspiring hate, and lust of rule, ministered to the worship of themselves, which was their one religion. Vulture-like feeding upon corpses, tiger-like rending the unguarded lamb, snake-like they crushed and poisoned the innocent fawn. But even for these was hope, when saddening and sickening they should bend the knee before the shrine of Love.

Above them were the sullen crew, whose fury was fitful and individual, who sometimes wrestled with the nightmare of misery in which they moved,—in whom self-satisfaction had palled, and the trust of it was wearing away. Still more relieved were the vast crew of ignorant and foolish souls, who, careless of aught, were slowly indoctrinated with the principles of truth and charity, or if imprisoned in former falsities of belief, gradually freed for entrance into the first heaven. A great mass moved between these states not consciously erring, nor willingly unkind, without distinct virtue, or direct sin, in whom the fires of the better life were kindled to aspiration by the inspiration of superior spheres.

The first heaven was purity, the second truth, the third goodness. The first was passive, the second active, the third living and everlasting. Hell was selfishness; at its worst ungovernably aggressive, at its best impotently idle. Heaven was love, unselfishness; at its lowest un-injuring, at its highest abundantly blessing all that was. These were united by sacrifice and sorrow; self-abnegation the path that all must tread. Hell had its joys, temporary and meagre, seeming much to the soul narrowed by self-love. Heaven had its joys, eternal and infinite, still becoming heightened as the spirit became more broad. The one was the foot, the other the head of the first flight of stairs, which rose into Divinity.

Between them lay humanity, open to the influence of both. From the pit below issued thick clouds of fiendish inspiration, settling like city smoke, with foul polluting touch on all its temples. From above the beams of broken light came down and penetrated it like sunlight amid storms. Around it wandered legions of like sympathy, who, delivered from the flesh, were yet incapable of anything beyond its barrenness. Foul shapes lay in the mist that mortals breathed, devouring them. Fell ghosts swooped down like hawks upon their prey, and fastened in their heart strings. Flocks of them locust-like spread over the plains of being, and swept as swift as fire across the withered sward, consuming human hope and blessedness. Suffering, physical and spiritual pursued every form. An icy polar night of deathful ignorance enveloped tender shoots; war, pestilence, and famine raged bloodily among their hearths. Depravity like a new deluge overspread the whole surfaces of earth, sen-

suality blazed a living furnace in the bones, hatred stung like a scorpion in the breast, and bitter faithlessness froze the very pulses of the brain. Humanity, a great sea of passion, was rent upon the rocks of trial into a foam of agony and madness, the barks drifting upon it pilotless, sailless, and rudderless, to a certain doom. Without hope, and without courage, faith to look above, or knowledge to look within, there came only from its fields and towers the cry of myriads for rescue, for relief. Every life was a voice, every breath a prayer, and Restless hearing it was overwhelmed with pity. He wept bitterly, and it seemed long.

He had seen the end, the means, and now the needs of life. Soaring upward he beheld those who recognised and fulfilled them. The angel hosts occupied unceasingly in offices of mercy. His conscience cried out to him:—"Of which art thou? Of the enemies or saviours of thy kind? or of the simply saved? Thou knowest the way of redemption, thou hast seen the light of heaven—what then is the last lesson of love, of knowledge, and of this thy vision?"

And he answered, saying—"Duty, self-denial, self-consecration, and thus worship. The labour of charity, the service of God, is in it. Henceforward I renounce rest, enjoyment, and honour, unless in its cause. All power, all thought, all opportunity I dedicate to it. To fulfil the soul's mission we must minister to souls. Brand error, and discard it; point to virtue and practise it. Elevate and bless our fellows; not one, but all; not one way, but all ways; not one hour, but all hours, to the close of existence. This is the glory of heaven, this is the will of the Lord, this is the soul's highest. To

love supremely and utterly, to sacrifice all, devote all to the noblest law—our Deity revealed in Duty.

XXXV.

Choking with earnestness of speech he buried his face in his hands, and remained silent until looking up he found the seven around him, and with them passed quickly into a magnificent temple. Built of some resplendent material, and of an architecture supremely lovely, its immense extent was filled by an assembly of radiant spirits, evidently gathered together for some special occasion. Passing to the platform in the centre of its circular sweep, a superb service proceeded in which prayers offered to the Infinite alternated with majestic musical accompaniments of song.

One anthem in honour of his presence impressed itself so vividly upon his memory, that he afterwards expressed in earthly language the sentiments of the majestic psalm. Imperfect as his rendering was it served to recall the scenes in which its original arose, and so gratified him. All joined in the first verse singing:—

ALL.

Not pain alone, not grief alone,
Will weigh the heart and catch the breath,
Not sin alone, not sorrow known
So oft before, shall pass thro' death.

CHORUS.

Not these alone, not these for Thee,
Nor yet for man alone shall be,
No, no. No, no.
The spirit's ebb and flow
Is but a higher tide, that mortals may not see.

MAIDENS.

No birth alone, no bud alone,
 No labour and no life can be
 Alone, for still in grief and groan,
 A sister soul shall succour Thee.

CHORUS.

No, not alone, not thus for Thee,
 Nor yet for man such memory.

No, no. No, no.

Division none shall know
 From those they love below, bound close eternally.

YOUTHS.

No strife alone, no prayer alone,
 No trial is in secrecy,
 For angels smooth the sufferer's stone
 Of sleep with sweet society.

CHORUS.

No soul alone, nor thine can be,
 Sundered from Immortality,

No, no. No, no.

Wherever thou mayest go
 Bright legions walk, and watch, and hover over Thee.

MATRONS.

No worth alone, no woe alone,
 No deed or thought falls fruitlessly,
 And from the spirit's every tone
 Flows never dying melody.

CHORUS.

No single soul in misery,
 Nor yet in joy alone can be.

No, no. No, no.

All linked in life must grow
 To beauty, and to truth, in holy unity.

ELDERS.

No world alone, no life alone,
 But all are knit in harmony,
 The universe is one, God's throne,
 God's self indeed revealed to Thee.

CHORUS OF ALL.

No soul, no sphere, alone can be
 For God is all the world and Thee,
 And God is good, and perfectly
 Fulfils Himself, fulfilling Thee.

Yes, yes. Yes, yes.

Divinely doth He bless
 The myriad hosts that sing in His infinity.

The music ceased and the seven rose, while the first amid a breathless silence consecrated him in the eloquence of perfect prayer, to the task of duty. There was a pause of inexpressible exaltation, then of rest, and he floated away in tears as it were into a charnel house and a tomb. An interval and he stood in his body, his countenance very wonderfully lighted. The Sage, sitting still did not speak, but drawing back the curtains showed the sun sinking in a glory that yet was poor and pale before his recollections. Embracing his friend, Restless went without a word out into the world, he had left so strangely. He had returned.

The streets, crowded as usual, seemed strange and the atmosphere oppressive. When addressed by a passer he listened curiously without replying, so the man thinking him a foreigner like himself, turned away. He reached home exhausted, and was steeped in slumber soon; and so the vision ceased.

XXXVI.

For his third lecture the largest amphitheatre in the city had been obtained, the peculiar gifts of Restless enabling him to make himself heard without effort in places where the voices of most would have been inaudible. It was the day after the vision, and from dawn to dark he had devoted himself to the preparation of an address in which his new knowledge was embodied and explained. He had committed but little more than the heads of it to writing, trusting to the power felt within to guide him in the hour of trial.

Passing at once to the platform, he scarcely perceived how even that was encroached upon by the mass blackening the building in every corner. The night was cool, and through an open casement a patch of sky was visible, wherein a star or two shone placidly; so shading his eyes from the glare he lost himself in meditation. The character of the audience was now notably changed, the extreme materialistic element had vanished, and the more idealistic schools together with a large number of independent thinkers had joined the body of students devoted to the new school. A large gathering of self-educated rationalists mingled with the cultured liberals, who sympathised with his teachings, and though the assembly was in many respects heterogeneous, there existed an underlying harmony of feeling towards him, whom all regarded as a chief of the hosts of Reason.

The introduction was a simple one; with his exquisitely modulated voice naturally translating itself into appropriate tones and inflexions, the vigorous and suggestive thoughts flowed on in a stream of stirring imagery at once cultured, elevated, and clear. Mind, he said, was discovered only in its activities, except when self-conscious-

ness revealed to us the constitution of our inner selves, and as far as the results of these methods had been hitherto reduced to science, we remained in ignorance of all but the present existence of an inscrutable power. To reach the reality underneath its manifestations had seemed but a futile task, until just as despair was paralysing the energies of investigation, facts were obtained pointing directly to the certainty, which was about to be renounced, if not denied, by the physical students of mental action.

It was idle to dally with the skin and husk of the fruit, when the kernel was at last laid bare. Mind was the expression of an entity whose quality and relations he would as far as possible unfold to them, in the experiences which had rooted this conviction in his judgment.

He then recounted succinctly a number of experiments with Wilful when in the trance state, proving beyond all possibility of doubt abilities in her transcending the bounds of physical perception. Others with the Sage were adduced to exhibit the capacity of conquering not only space but time; both past and future being in a measure subject to the supreme intelligence inherent in mortality; and lastly incidents unfolding the practicability of opening communication between mind and mind, so that the one could read or influence the other at will, completed the first stage of his argument. The closeness and ingenuity of the tests employed, the known probity of his character, and scope of his intelligence, rendered the crowd profoundly interested as they followed with deepening sensations of wonder, delight, and satisfaction, the extraordinary revelations which ran from his lips in an unbroken stream, as with less and less

reference to his manuscript, and in bursts of growing enthusiasm, he laid the details and then the laws of the new region before them.

He next accumulated the evidence of the trustworthy seers upon still more occult questions; their power to penetrate with unerring vision the interior of substance, physical or vital, and their uniform asseveration of the existence of a, to them, visible personality within but distinct from the material human frame. The instances in which they declared that this enclosed form, an exact image of the familiar one but composed of its infinitely refined sublimations, departed from its shell and exercised all the faculties of understanding, motion, and sense, away from its accustomed dwelling, were supported from his own recollection of similar conditions.

There was in nature an imperceptible universe formed from and existing with that which all beheld. In most respects an exact fac-simile of the appearances we now lived amidst, it was yet superior as the flower to the stem. For distinction this might be termed the spiritual world, because the texture of its materiality was not cognisable by our coarser sensibilities, and while retaining the garb of that from which it rose there was invariable improvement. Nor did this process cease at a stage, refinement was perpetual, prolonged through innumerable realms, of as yet inconceivable splendour, with increasing beauty and brightness as its accompaniments. Into this spiritual world the inner man, described by these clairvoyants as in each of us, could at times look and occasionally enter. Indeed, they corresponded to each other, as our physical bodies to the physical earth, and to the spirit (as he would term the thinking power within us clothed in a radiant form) the spheres afforded in a similar

manner sensation of resistance, from a stable and substantial creation. The body in the absence of the spirit remained dead. In the spirit only were reason, affection, desire and sense; it walked, moved, heard, saw, and spoke at will; it was free and independent. The separation he had been describing had occurred to himself and others; it must be the lot of all at last, for far from destroying anything, death meant only such a continued enfranchisement from the flesh with which their spirits were now enveloped for purposes of education.

The spiritual world was not a solitude, but held the countless millions who had passed from the first stage and lower grade of life to a higher and happier existence. Divided from their earthly bodies, they were not severed from those in the flesh. They were our constant visitors, and only the difference in state between us and them prevented their giving ample proof of enduring union with the humanity of which they formed an integral portion. Such proof we could attain by rising to the spiritual degree ourselves; such proof he had himself obtained, for the eyes of spirit when opening beheld intelligence not only as shrouded in mortality, but free from it, and forever rejoicing in the ecstacy of life. Amid a breathless silence he heaped together the facts within his own experience attesting the constant presence and sympathy of heavenly hosts. He explained their life as being neither poor nor inactive, but rich in opportunities and powers, as well as in the keen delights of use. All that was good or glorious on earth, was retained and multiplied beyond it; art, science, and philosophy, remained as ever the guardian angels of the pure and wise. Opening in strains of matchless eloquence the endless progression that awaited each,

from sphere to sphere of blessedness advancing into the infinity of peace; he briefly re-capitulated the methods of intercourse with these, and then reviewed the various lessons of life as mirrored in the unerring judgment of the hereafter. The happiness of the good, the suffering of the base and erring, the final salvation of all, led them to consider the various classes of spirits whom the earth hurried into being, and scourged out of its own darkness into one as deep or deeper in an intensity of pitiable blankness. From these rose the grades of spirits, angels, and archangels; if much distinguished invisible to each other even as all to men.

Everything in the scheme of life was proportioned and in degrees; those alike loved and were near, those unlike were distant according to their unlikeness. There the true and faithful met who had perhaps been never parted except by the blindness of the earthly wanderer, there wounds were healed and woes forgotten, thence flowed inspiration of mercy, truth, and charity, to all mankind; and to it and through it upward, rose the divine aspiration, thought, or feeling, which glorified the lowliest in prayer. God shone revealed in goodness and in ministers of love and truth, as the universal inspiration of the whole. His light burned within all noble hearts, and His law was written in every human soul.

"There is no death," cried Restless, the accents of triumph ringing like a clarion echoed from melodious steel, "but from the first breath of Being there is only more life and light to the spirit of man and woman, who move together through the stages of growth in ever heightening power, ever deepening happiness, and ever widening love. Prophets and poets have sung this truth, the religions of

the world have sprung from its bosom and blessed the weary, but now science fulfils her task and sets the last chord in the music whose strains can never die. She brings those near to us whom kindest fate hath taken to her holier courts, and teaches us through them the way of worthiness, and righteousness, and faith; she blots out doubt from the fair scriptures of affection, and banishes superstitious frenzy, into the light wherein it fades like mists before the morning sun.

There is no sectarian formula falling from their lips, nothing that can wrong or bind our heritage of freedom. It retracts nothing from reason, they detract nothing from life. Life is good, and reason noble, we are already immortal and must be about our eternal task. The purging of error, the enriching of ignorance, the purifying of conscience, the strengthening of understanding the perfection of all faculties, and all persons, is the duty they unfold.

Not once, nor twice, but forevermore the barriers are broken, and henceforth between spirits in either world there shall be conscious relation and intercourse. We can—we shall—help each other; not to one, nor two, but to all the earth is this message come, in every home, and by every heart, the blessed forms are standing, the light has come, and from this hour they are visible and can be known. Not in a single, but many channels, not in one, but divers fashions, for floodgates of glory are open and angelic streams are pouring in. All history has tended to this day, all creeds have cherished hope that unto them this grace might fall. It breaks, but it is above the world, and overhangs the horizon of humanity, with the aurora of hope rewarded, and anticipation of the day to be.

Lo! it has burst upon us even in our sleep! Under it all things must awaken. There is no crevice of being, no avenue of intelligence, no mode of action, that it will not penetrate with exalted influence of pious inspiration. It will make men stronger, happier, purer, and wiser. It will show the spirit to itself, and be a compass over the stormy sea its watchfires have disclosed.

Eyes are upon us in the every instant of our secrecy or public ways, eyes from which we can conceal nothing, and of those gracious ones whom only affinity prompts in their enterprise for our elevation—act to them. The noble of the past still live, nobler and greater than ever on this globe, aiding us in purposes of right and in the search for wisdom, granting out of their own store—act with them. Humanity before and beyond the tomb is one. We are linked to each other like the threads of a vast web, and though the ends of it be unseen, the other side of it often hidden, and our lives continually seem to cross and thwart each other, we are part of one fabric, written with one story, and the weaver God at His loom, the universe, is one also. We roll forward amid the whirling and crashing of wheels, losing sometimes sight of the loving eye that is ever upon us, and of the omnipotent hand that makes our goings sure. But the wavering of the woof makes not its master falter. He has bound our fates together in a scheme that cannot fail. The highest and lowest are bent together by His hand, and since He guides may we not rest secure.

Are we not already brought out of the darkness and fury of superstitious terror. For long ages, the race of man has been cooped within the narrow bark of sensual knowledge tossed upon angry tides of doubt and tribulation. Now in the supremest hour of the hurricane

when it seemed indeed as if unfathomable gulfs of death would swallow us, our deliverance has come. All night we have been beating upon a dreary waste and have believed ourselves given over only to wrath and hatred and the horror of a miserable doom.

Through the clouds of storm come flashes from the brightening heavens. We catch above the howl of wind and wail of waves, a human cry. We are not alone in trial. He has reached us here and now—Hark! and then answer back the joyful throng that sends the line of love, and let them know that from the stranded bark of life, which seas of suffering lash, the exiles of the earth through breakers foam descry the land—the spirit-land and their saviours on the shore. Waiting to welcome us in to rest and joy, to the harbour lights of home and the hearts of friends, to the altar of worship, throne of wisdom and peace. See through the thick driving spray,—now it parts as our labouring oars beat the surge,—we can see them and see their abode; list to their voices, clasp hands, and walk with them again. We are saved! It is dawn!"

The hour was late, but still the multitude rapt and breathless in an enthusiasm of subdued emotion hung upon the words, it was impossible for the scribes to record. The subtle touches of tone, vivid lightnings of gesture, sudden shock of rapturous utterances, and slow tenderness of sweet appeal, no written language could contain. But more than these, the delicate poetic images, majestic passages of solemn thought, and inspiration of fleet feeling, made them forget their task, and in the latter portion there were only scattered sentences, broken phrases, and then the stain of tears. The tribute was sincere. Never was orator so favoured

by natural gifts, superhuman associates, and fortunate opportunity. The seven enveloped him with an atmosphere of lucidity, strength, and sympathy, which rendered his magic influence irresistible upon those whom a great gathering of delivered souls surrounded and controlled by, and with as well as for him. They were for the time lifted to his level, parts of himself. His desire led, his will determined them, every thought stamped certainty, and awoke understanding in the vast concourse swayed with one impulse, and owning but one law.

He called upon them to be worthy of the hour, of their heritage, of their future; to renounce the follies of earth, to cultivate the virtues and presence of the angels of heaven; to seek only for truth, to serve only humanity, and this in harmony with the legions of spirits with whom he prayed them to acquire intercourse. They felt themselves equal to all, and with unanimous cheers of almost frantic devotion filled in the pauses of his speech. They forgot all but the finer ideal of themselves represented in him—the weaknesses, the errors of the past, were in their hearts cast aside and forever—doubt fled, hesitation vanished,—God was all. Exhausted and trembling Restless was hurried from the scene of his stupendous triumph, out into the silence of night, and stillness of solitary streets.

XXXVII.

The rest remained. Far into the morning the meeting lasted, and upon the sheets on which were written his headings they enrolled the names of those pledged to join him in the purposes indicated. Next day the whole city rang with the report of the new revelation, and the night's doings; so that for weeks all the ordinary courses

of life seemed suspended, while the inhabitants plunged at once into the fascinating, because unexplored, regions so suddenly brought before their notice. Restless was besieged in his own house by throngs of eager inquirers; and so immense was the number attracted to the doctrines that a meeting was held in the open air, at which thousands testified their interest in the subject, and their confidence in him who had inducted them into its sublime teachings.

An association was formed, comprising in its ranks most of the eminent thinkers of all but the extreme schools, and devoted solely to the investigation of the phenomena. Restless, resigning his professorship, gave himself entirely up to the multitudinous demands upon his ability, so that lecturing almost nightly, and expounding daily to smaller audiences the principles of the spiritual philosophy, he strained his strength to the utmost that he might satisfy their need. Wilful was entranced for hours, and in her superior condition not only materially aided the advance of the truth by her masterly exposition of its problems, but by many irrefragable evidences proved her intercourse with those who had gone before. Aiding both, the Sage, though retired in his motions, was a prominent factor in the results, while the Preacher, quite carried away by the irresistible witchery which made Restless ever the commander of his intimates, and fired as well by the boundless wealth of light let in upon his darkness, bowed himself also to the work.

To them were added a legion of others, whose several gifts united to form a phalanx around the central figures. These broke into bands, assuming special tasks subordinate to the direction of Restless. Some read

from his notes of experiences, or gave recollections of his addresses; others ransacked history and inspired records for examples and attestations of spiritual presence; some from their personal past recalled mysterious interferences, and searched within for light; others, busied with science, practised magnetism, or obtained through the few already sufficiently developed in their natural mediumistic qualities, writings or speeches which served to fan the flame of excitement rising higher and higher with almost every hour. No time was too early, no hour too late, no cost too excessive for these jubilant devotees. Halls were too small and too few to contain the thickening mass of seekers after knowledge. Platforms were improvised in parks and gardens; the Press was filled with close columns of suggestion and analysis. No theory was too wild, no occurrence too improbable for the public palate, that swallowed greedily and indiscriminately the fine sentiments of Restless urging them ever to the higher life, and the gross fictions of delirious brains, maddened by the imagination of a prospect they had never seen. At last it reached its height, the stores of accumulated fact, the well digested laws, accurate definitions, and exact arguments of their chief were placed before the popular intelligence, and others were slow to come. They began to discern the horizon, not of being, but of their own capacities. The novelty evaporated, and left them face to face with reality in its hard outlines and sober colours of rationalistic dye. At this crisis, after speaking, writing, searching, contriving continually, controlling many, and directing more, the pillar upon which all rested, at once the leader and the thinker, the student and the teacher, the general and the man at arms,—Restless fell ill.

Compelled to spend on small things the strength that should have been saved for great ones, the universal resort, and hastened onward by a disposition that knew sloth as little as fear, it was small wonder but that even the more than mortal strength vouchsafed to him should have bent under the enormous burden. Warned by his watchful guides, he warded off the violence of the blow, but was obliged to withdraw from any active participation in the movement for some days, and to restrict himself to little labour for a still longer period. Wilful tending him, their place was supplied by the nearest of the disciples, but the nearest was utterly beneath comparison.

The scale turned. His guiding hand withdrawn, the chariot flew as fast down the hill as it had recently ascended. The ruling planet of the system quenched, the satellites who drew from it their life, and light, and order, fell into anarchy and night. The transcendent ability, the impressive personality, as well as the plans locked in his own bosom, which he alone could conceive, and conceiving execute, were now as nought. The effervescence subsided; mud began to settle in the stream. Hostile criticism revived with renewed energy. Disappointment asserted itself in those sanguine ones before whom vague visions of some inexplicable change to be worked by the new verity of life had floated in golden day-dreams. They were after all the same puny and perplexed creatures, fighting against fate in the petty complexities of daily toil and weakness. The small jealousies and envies, the paltry lusts and prejudices, returned to sight when the first glow of inspiration passed away, as the dents and dimness of iron lost in its white heat of silvery splendour returns as it cools

to darkness and foulness of common use. They were galled by the lofty standard he fixed before their eyes, and untouched by the purer sensibilities to which his whole nature responded. Misleading one another in the recklessness of their trust, the reaction heaped their displeasure upon him whom they regarded as the author of all their errors. Forgotten factions were restored, and repaid for their temporary variation from former paths by the fierceness of their renegade assaults upon the canons they had embraced, but most of all upon the prophet who had announced them. All that ridicule, irony, insinuation, or open accusation could suggest was employed to injure his reputation and blacken his spotless fame. It was asserted that he was of unsound mind, and had fled from the plain because of the severity of the malady; that his experiences were imaginary, and his present illness the relapse consequent upon an ascendancy of frenzy. All that could be sucked up from his past life was distilled upon him in distended rumour, or condensed malice; what was known was misrepresented, and what was unknown supplied, by the virulence of unscrupulous partisanship.

He returned to a camp deserted, and to companions captious and chilly, where this burning shower enveloped, and for the time obscured him. But kindled to new life by indignation and contempt, he replied with scathing invectives, and amidst an applause reminding him of former triumphs scourged the curs back to their dens. He was hot, irritated, and disturbed, for still defection was rife among those who remained. Wilful had been resting of late occupied with the care of his health, and so they went down to the Sage silent and wearied. Closing her eyes she soon beheld the spirits approaching,

though for a little time the discord in their breasts prevented communication; but presently her supple and graceful limbs grew rigid, and her form dilated. Lines deepened in her face to a masculine character of intense and exalted sublimity, when with a voice changed to correspondent serenity of solemn strength, she was spoken through by the first of the seven, giving the sentiments of all. For harmonious in every feeling, and united by sympathies of inconceivable delicacy, what flowed from either expressed the sense of the whole, and that with combined energy when they met with one object as on this occasion, premeditated, and pre-ordained.

XXXVIII.

“The strength of man is weakness, and his weakness is strength. His labours are vanity, his triumph a failure; yet out of vanity he wins victory, and in his failure reaps success. His life, as our words, is a riddle, solved only by reason.

The most noble thought as the basest, finds the friction of the brain and its boundaries weakening and diverting it. Heaven no less than hell is under natural law replies to and obeys it. Truths require intelligence to receive them; greater for the greater, less for the less. Those deficient in quality or quantity of the understanding, must needs lack the same in truth. Prejudice and ignorance are the common attributes of all men, incompetence in ideal conception of most. Spiritual truths are the highest and rarest, reached only by the high minded, and rarely gifted. These are few. Even they need experience to develope them. Consider your own long periods of uncertainty, and numerous repetitions of proof. Consider the inevitable prepossessions of most

in favour of the materialistic thought in which they have been reared and practised. Remember the easy subjection of ordinary minds to any customary belief, and then recalling the condition of those you have instructed; who, as a mass, without especial faculty, destitute of experience, educated in an opposing method, and under pressure of a social system tending to thrust them back into their dungeons, have for a space acknowledged a nobler sovereignty, express surprise rather at the gigantic power of one soul, who acts from faith, and in sincerity proclaims its evangel.

It is you who have made these converts, retained and controlled them. The conflict was not one of truth against falsehood, outside of their knowledge or intuition, it could never be a reality to them; but of your own nature against the mass of common minds, for the time lifted by the attraction of your spirit to a level above that on which they tread. Your strength exhausted, left them a moment to themselves; the spell woven about their perceptions by your personal qualities thus broken, and all the more unfitted by their recent subjection for self-poise or self-government they have naturally swung to the opposite pole, coming under the banner of your adversaries.

These results are in accordance with the laws that govern all mental upheavals or convulsions, and are as stringent in your case as they ever were or will be. Loftiness of aim cannot lift you above the ordinances of nature. The bravest and best must eat and die, and this is wise and well. The strength of man is weakness. Your band must still decrease; the height you have hoped for is beyond human reach. It is impossible even gifted as you are, and sustained by thousands of invisible

friends, to accomplish in such a time, and such a way, the work you had set yourself.

But man's weakness is strength. Could you so influence the minds of others to obtain the truth, you would rob them of a possession even more precious, the individuality of judgment and reason which is the cornerstone of all true building. They could derive no deep or lasting benefit by such means, and though they might worship and deify you, the end would be harmful and the loss great. Such is impossible, for human weakness is for this too strong.

Your labours are vanity, for at the best you can never win more than the certain division whose intellects are in some degree sympathetic with your own. Another class will ever vehemently oppose and persecute you, the third and largest of all remaining but little influenced, that is directly or appreciably, however glorious your deeds or aspirations may be.

Your triumph is a failure, for such as you seek is of necessity invisible, and will be therefore by the blind and faithless conscientiously denied.

Yet out of vanity and failure victory and success must come. Little by little you can diffuse light, little by little penetrate the rocky heart and weakened brain. From one to another the waves of your inspiration will pass, until at last a future age shall see your name and memory cherished and revered. Not then only shall the reward come, tears shall be dried, fears dispelled, and weary mourners eased, by your tidings; through them the virtuous shall become more blest, the intelligent more truly wise.

Even upon those falling away from the flock a seal has been set that no distance of time can utterly obli-

terate. They have for once been brought nearer to the inner and superior spheres, for once wakened from slumber, and though they sleep again the recollection of that waking cannot be altogether effaced.

Look farther, look higher, and see the love and gratitude you win, see yourself embellished, and the whole earth and heaven affected by the perturbations of your single soul. Trace, by astronomy of spirit, the effect prolonged through countless systems, and forms of being, fading at last in the glory, as it arose in the love of God.

Recognising the difficulties to be overcome, the rights to be respected, and the end to be attained, you may yet accomplish far higher things. You may first become, and then cause others to become, central forces operating upon surrounding forms for their development. You are qualified to do much and by opening their minds to us will thus indirectly reach more. Our processes are pursued slowly and therefore surely; we conquer once and then rule forever. We do not desire universal dominion, but only one over such as are interiorly united to us. Those endeavouring to enter our ranks must come prepared, crowned with desire, free from sin. Nor shall we shelter these, to the detriment of their souls. Strife there must be. You yourself must know sorrow, not as a visitor, but brother. For your enemies' sake we shall fan their hatred against you, and send you captive to their spears. In prison and fray when most despised, you shall most insensibly but surely instruct them. Fear not, for to whatever side the victory seem to pass, and the glory to be given, you reign ever while you are earnest and true. It is a mock tournament in which you ride. You joust with blunted

lances, that the inexperienced with whom you tilt may gain hardihood and gallant bearing. Dread not the voice of the heralds, or the counting of the slain, for the time of thy struggle is fixed, and the curtain of thy day drawn, by the power in all its doings just and right.

Advise thy judgment from thy memory. Remember common virtues, and make them the seed of great ones. Expect neither reward nor recognition, and no more than the natural sequence of honesty. Superhuman strength bows to mortal weakness, that it may overcome without annihilating. Forget not the comparisons of reason, and weigh all things in a double balance. See all as imperfection perfect in compensation. Do all thyself, but be content that others do less. Rule little by authority, much by example and consideration. Give power in wisdom, improve it in council, but allow it freedom, and in action give command to one. Withdraw thy personality into unbiassed rectitude and unimpassioned love. Be to every man his conscience, prompting, but to none his lord. Stand in stability upon thine own centre, and lean only while thou art capable of self-support. Be thrifty of thyself, yet intense in all. Be to thy followers light, principle, and law, yet a friend in spirit. Regard every soul as sacred. Command only those willing to obey. Serve all who follow truth. Let your words be simple, your thoughts noble, your prayer and study never ceasing. Calmness is a good armour, patience a sharp sword. Yet remember that your warfare is abstract, and with a friendly foe; your triumph, ideal, your labour, practical, your duty, daily and spiritual. Seek not numbers, but completeness, not many little enlightened, but at first a few much, and all according to need. Attack possibilities and you conquer pro-

babilities. Work for heaven and you win earth. Draw thy strength from above rather than below, dispense it frugally and with prudence, retaining nothing. See man as spirit, mind, and sense, providing for each division. Make time thine assistant, preparing for and propitiating seasons. Economise in space, and sow not scattered seed too far from the furrows. Speak to each in his own tongue, but without defilement; feed but do not surfeit. Every soul won or brightened is a new jewel in your crown. Therefore make your ambition boundless, and your life kingly. Think nothing small in gaining, or great in giving. Good done is power of good gained. Blessing and being blessed, behold thy reward."

XXXIX.

Much solaced and inspired by the instruction he received through Wilful, Restless returned quietly to fulfil it. The body still dwindled, and retired to a smaller hall on the outskirts of the city, where regular addresses were delivered upon the revelation to which some were still attracted. Gradually he encouraged others to relieve him of at least a portion of this, bringing forward those fitted to expound the simpler phases, while he busied himself in the investigation of the higher, and, as yet, more obscure principles.

Among the chief of these was the Preacher, who, having given up all for the new movement, by gentleness and fervour had already become an important member of the little community. Under the carefully graduated influence of his leader, the ancient sadness was banished, and the half-fearful welcome he had given to the general hope of deliverance, was changed into the personal glow of thankfulness and success. The studious melancholy

that had ever hung over him, limiting his life and thought in the self-doubt of a most generous and unselfish nature, was forgotten in the busy employments belonging to the new beacon, which he fed with affectionate solicitude.

Wilful, as the medium in a circle composed of a few of the most harmonious minds, was in many respects the principal source of the new intelligence which reached them. Through her, advice on all points of doubt was given, and also much of practical, as well as abstract value, used in the guidance of the almost entirely uninformed seekers. Turning their attention upon themselves, and for the time retiring out of public observation, the small society occupied its energies in the perfection of its own organisation, and in the acquisition of the knowledge so precious to the truly aspiring among them. In spite of continued secession it made some headway towards consolidation, and in the face of merciless criticism proved its right to a distinct place and title among the sections of thinkers in the city. Small indeed, if not the smallest, without notabilities, wealthy, or even exceptionally talented members, it sturdily endeavoured to realise its own standard of life. Under the subtle and serene control of Restless, the dangers which threatened its early course were one by one passed or removed; the often ill assorted elements were knit together, and a firm front exposed on every flank to the foes surrounding them.

In a more arduous undertaking all the forces of the coalition were called forth and strengthened by the harmonious assorting of the various minds into circles for entering into immediate relation with the other spheres. It was to assist the outside investigators, as well as these, that he published a small pamphlet giving

the philosophy and method of communication, as he obtained it, corrected and largely increased by his friends through Wilful. Its leading tenets were thus summarised.

Communication is possible to all, earnest, sincere, and patient. It is of degrees, various as those who seek for and offer it, and in methods as multifarious. It may be unconsciously, as in happy thoughts leading to truth or wise actions, or consciously through the lips or hand, as the expression of the mind influenced. It may be in secrecy and solitude, or in the social union and to many. It may be directly evidential, as teaching us that inappreciable by the sense, or but indirectly so as exhibiting a depth or character of thought foreign to the instrument. It may be the manifestation of personal spiritual faculties, enabling us while in the flesh to see, to hear, and to understand those revealed to our refined powers; or it may be impressional, when the delivered spirits enter our grosser beings, and use them as we ourselves do, only bringing to the one form a mind which was the inhabitant of another. In the first place the individual or Seer is active, perceptive, and responsible; in the second the medium is passive, receptive, and irresponsible. Mediums, again, consist of two classes, those who retain, and those who lose consciousness during control. All mind and mental action is inspiration, and all men are mediums, the greatest the most, of God. But the interaction of minds is communication, beneficial or harmful according to their height and sympathy. Like ever attracts like; to the kind the generous are inevitably drawn in earth and beyond it. The objects of intercourse are first to convince us of the after life, or to inform us concerning it, and next to obtain instruction

from those higher than ourselves. For these the conditions around us must be prepared. To welcome friends hospitality should make us generous and painstaking, to ask for the sages' visits a still more careful preparation ought to be made. Unless such is the practice, the results must be doubtful, or of a more earthly character. Purity and holiness alone can gain what is good for us to possess. With these failure is impossible. The response may be faint or unperceived, but it must come, the Divine without answering to that within, as one chord of music to another in fine instruments. Aspiration and inspiration create life, include progress, compose Deity.

The soul is as the seed, stretching outwards and upwards through the earth; sunlight of inspiration descends to it drawing forth its sweetness; shadows of one light, signs of one spirit, these manifest unto us the unity of which they are the expressions—the presence and purpose of God. Through our intuitions He speaks to us, in the form of angels He descends.

It should be in a special mood, and in a special place that we would invoke these messengers. With humble demeanour should they be greeted, their words weighed in calm self-reliance and with patient reason. The necessary colouring imparted by the vessel through which the stream flows must be removed from the ideas it would shroud or disturb. From such an hour must be banished all belonging to the lower disposition. None but the most sacred thoughts and purified persons should be admitted within the hallowed precincts, wherein mind and body cleansed must recognise the intense solemnity of their desire. Purged by abstinence, the aspirations concentrated in prayer, and the whole

being harmoniously attuned, the invocation then cannot but attract those of a corresponding and enduring loftiness.

All that the eye rests on or that meets the ear should be of kindred feeling. Music soft and sweet, flowers beautiful with rich perfume, loveliness of colour and form, and sublimity of emblem, must minister to hearts and understandings as gloriously uplifted. Intellects unwearied and unstained, frames fresh robed, and understandings free are altars upon which blessings rest. Thus, with nature's ritual and overflowing affection, we can receive as they can teach,—putting off the darkness, light can enter in, penetrating the sanctuary of the spirit with wisdom and peace. As we sow thus shall we reap, the thing we deserve that we shall have, and what we ask with the life, as well as the lips, shall be granted gladly by the missionaries of Heaven.

XL.

Withdrawing himself as much as possible from outward office and authority, Restless watched the desertions of his colleagues calmly, only intent upon his task of placing before all the simple statements of the truths he was receiving, and prosecuting the search for more. Yet authority and power he could not but exercise, possessed of such unusual and magnificent gifts, but this he disguised or softened in the council and control of his brethren with a humility as unfeigned as it was prudent. Displaying the foresight and capacity of the ruler of an empire, he dedicated the inexhaustible treasures of his bold invention and rapid action to the service of a few, who could understand neither the greatness of his aims nor the sacrifices which he made to gain them. His

sleepless vigilance and wise provision alone preserved the fortress of their faith from surprisal and destruction, while the foes who came to perceive this were all the more fierce in the fury with which they showered on his head reproach and calumny beyond belief or imagination. They stated that his aims were merely selfish, his knowledge superficial, and his oratory tricked for effect; tawdry and fulsome in speech, his morals were obviously questionable, his mind weak, and his character that of a charlatan anxious to play prophet and demagogue in one. They accused him of contradictoriness in utterance, meanness in motive, and superstition in belief; such of his principles as were pure were said to be pirated, and the rest remained the worthless product of a disordered brain. The simplicity or credulity of some of his followers brought these unholy suspicions even to his own home, he was shunned by one time intimates, forgotten by former friends, and forsaken by all except his courage and a fraction of his camp.

The change was a severe one. From the popular idol whose words were lauded to the skies, and whose every act was observed only to be deified, he had become an outcast, scorned and despised, exposed to the cruellest of criticism, and to the pangs of privation even unto shame. The diadem of dignity upon his brow burned, like a crown of thorns. They spat on, they buffeted him in spirit, and he replied nothing. No sign of regret, no cry of anguish, no wail of dread escaped him. He was flung into the furnace of life, but others not mortal trod it with him, and he came forth unharmed. He had been great, but now became greater. The cup was filled to the brim with bitter draughts of pain, his side was pierced with agony, his raiment rent and parted, as he hung

naked on the cross amid the jeers of the beholders. Then he conquered. Earth could reward him now, torture him now with nothing more, and so he turned to heaven.

Speaking continually, and being all that he spoke, the one burden of his gospel was the spiritual life,—a life of self-sacrifice, study, charity, and lofty communion. He encouraged the more happy to help the less, the old to give the young experience in return for service, the learned to lift the ignorant, the pure to cleanse the stained. Sisters and brothers, he taught his flock to walk as one family. Sober but tasteful, demure but delicate, refined but true; in dress, and home, and manners, he moved them to spare nothing that might assist the needy. He was their great exemplar, not only grave but gay, not only active but studious, not only just but kind. He was a friend while he was a teacher, and a servant when most a king, with the enthusiasm of youth, the ripeness of age, the earnestness of the seeker, and the faith of the seer, tempting them onward still.

It was little wonder then that all should welcome him, and from infancy to gray hairs his presence should be beloved. Almost as deeply, even more tenderly, she who by his side imitated, assisted and blessed him, with her loveliness of womanhood crept into their hearts. Thus they were rewarded for their trials which yet could never cease, for soon dissension and dissolution of a new kind broke out beneath him, so that the very ground on which he stood seemed to refuse him safety.

The natural tendency of common minds to rest rather than action, and to custom rather than reason, had hung heavy upon his hands. It was impossible for such laggards to keep pace with his far-darting speed, and

the links between strained more and more until they snapped suddenly, and left them parted. Farther than this, their support thus withdrawn, the main body sank out of his reach, out of his horizon. They had been beguiled into a wilderness of work, rather than a promised land of enjoyment. They hungered after the fleshpots of old, and returned to them. They demanded signs, and refused credence to the abstract principles of progression which he expounded. Having fled from the captivity of material, they were unable to enter the paradise of spiritual existence, and halting between, felt abandoned by both.

These things discovered themselves even more fiercely upon another plane. A large number of the circles had succeeded in opening communication with spirits of a mental and moral status in no way superior to their own. Rejecting the discipline and cautions of Restless, they received with implicit faith the teachings sought without any especially exalted desire. Consequently, between the divers sources of intercourse, often from the reckless abuse of conditions common with the thoughtlessly eager among them, contradictions arose, then mediumistic jealousies, and finally open recrimination. The intelligences invoked, though perhaps well-meaning and conscientious, were sometimes unable to appreciate the superior purposes of the chief any better than their mortal counterparts, and often saw but little more of his nobility than those earth-blinded ones with whom they had relation. In some cases even ignorant and vicious controls made common cause with the critics of the outside parties assailing the man whose lofty standard proved unattainable by them.

Thus for the time it seemed as if divided against

itself, and all its timbers rent and open, the ship of the society was filling to sink beneath the waves of oblivion, over which so lately it had proudly passed. The red-hot zeal of uncultivated adherents propounded absurd or fanatical schemes for personal and general aggrandisement, new gospels were written, and new creeds cast upon the stormy waters of debate. The scenes of contention increased, and becoming public proved another weapon in the hands of unscrupulous enemies, gladly availing themselves both of the opportunity and the means thus provided them. The virulence of every party bent upon one head; to him the adversaries turned for confirmation, and his deliberate judgment offending many, where it satisfied none, made him the target of all. Yet he held on his course, and for a whole year ran the gauntlet of opposing factions, receiving from each in turn contumely and insult.

Reduced to almost abject poverty by his lavish generosity, he was obliged to accept a pitiful dole as the complete, or indeed magnificent reward of the soul he still devoted utterly to the ministration he had commenced. Patronised, and placed under the most exasperating conditions, his own resolve fastened him in the pillory before the mob. His baptism was assuredly severe. Sometimes he almost yielded, but invisible lips gave him the consolation the living would not, while with Wilful, and their true firm friends of long ago, he held his head erect, unquailing at the violence of the blast. They were not spared, and she particularly became a butt for wicked and malicious tongues, when still serenely treading by his side. But most she grieved for him.

The disappointment of hope destroyed, of trust shattered, of truth dimmed, of sight lessened, and of progress stayed, were among the many torments he endured. What his sensitive spirit, with its boundless aspirations and mighty affections, wasted, checked, and withered thus aimlessly bore in those years, it were impossible for another to conceive. Only those knew who never left, but could scarcely assist him. Occasionally some flash disclosed to the pigmies trampling on the self-stooped giant, the awful depth of passion heaving in his breast, and sent them terrified and trembling from the scene. The rest was in silence, yet it bore fruit.

Separated from all by the majesty of his intellect, the breadth of his intuitions, and the purity of his spiritual perceptions, he was united even to the lowest by his transcendent sorrow. Out of this sprang a sympathy, which, before marvellous, was multiplied into still greater plenteousness. He became a sovereign among souls, the poorest and the weakest, the richest and the strongest, known by and answering to him. Teaching by his life no less than his lips, from either flowed an inspiration which rendered all subservient to the irresistible attraction of his noble love. And thus out of his strength flowed the tranquillity which settled upon his flock. Gradually they melted from their hardness, the unfit fell away, and those that turned again to him did so repenting. Out of his patience he won their peace. The tide turned steadily, and ran towards success.

To Wilful the epoch had been as searching, and the result was no less good. It taught her more of him of whom she could never know enough, and led her to even keener feeling for and with his purposes. She saw that

which was hidden from others, and more favoured in power of sight, as in apprehension, it was not strange that she should prize him more also. Everywhere he won with hearing attention, with service devotion, with knowledge love. From her, more than all these. She seemed on the verge of worship, of idolatry, at the extreme of possible estimation, and yet each day his glory and her joy in it seemed to increase. Time taught her more of herself, and tried her; ever the first in his footsteps, ever the closest on his heels, she came nearer and nearer and at last to be beside him. Her own nature blossomed under and with his; at last in and around him. So that he delighted no less in the beauty and goodness he was ever the quickest to see, develope, and reverence, in her. She was all that he wished, more than he could have imagined; ever self-forgetful he guessed how much of himself was living in her, as little as she understood how all her being interpenetrated him.

The Preacher, now a medium for the great and good spirits, was strong in a manhood beaten out on the anvil of those heavy days. Independently a leader, gladly a follower, and in all things kindly and wise, he had been the standard bearer through the battle which was passing away; held above all, except the Sage, in the hearts of the two who were so nearly one. For the instructor there had been labour undertaken without complaint, concluded without reward, except from these; as a father he watched over, as a brother joined with them, bringing an oasis of oriental calm into the desert of western weariness.

Restless, not limited even to the spiritual and moral spheres, continued to teach whatever of science or philosophy might be of value to his listeners. Nothing

seemed outside the range of his intellect, or the grasp of his will, and in all things he brought to bear the ability which had made him famous, and the culture of faithful scholarship retained from his former triumphs.

In addition to multifarious labours, pursued without cessation in practical channels, he prepared a volume of considerable size, in which from tradition and experience was developed the new philosophy, with the same eloquence and perspicuity as when from his professional chair he had given the city its most cherished creed. Lucidly and logically dissecting the facts accumulated through centuries or in his own lifetime, he proceeded to give that fuller information as to the future life and condition of being which was the peculiar prerogative of the school he had established. To these relations, of undying interest and often startling novelty, were attached all the necessary directions and discovered laws of investigation as improved upon since his last treatise.

Containing in brief a history of progress, a criticism of philosophy, and an analysis of religion, upon which as a basis was reared the revelation owning him as its prophet, in the scope of its pages the whole nature of Restless was revealed. His extraordinary versatility of style, and lavishness of information, awoke the wonder and admiration even of his most unrelenting opponents. Pathos and poetic insight, magnificent philosophic comprehensiveness, intense fervour, exalted spirituality and profound wisdom, embellished the central truths it set forth with overpowering wealth and subtlety of argument.

He devoted himself to the book with an earnestness as noble as his trust, for of means to publish it he was entirely destitute. It was the child of his happier hours,

enriched even by the pain which he escaped while engaged in its composition. Completed, he asked no assistance, but waited for a little. Then the Sage placed in his hands the required sum, saying gently—"Give me of the honour of this work. I have prepared for it even as long as yourself. By our brotherly love grant me this thing."

Quite overcome and but half willing, Restless took the generous gift which the unexpected success of the publication enabled him before long to restore. It became the Bible of believers, the guide to the inquiring, and light and strength to many not openly identified with his little group. Even the multitude were impressed by the powers displayed therein, so that it gave not only to the body of which it was such a superb exposition, but to him who created and governed it, a dignity and standing to which he had long been a stranger.

Slowly the tempest subsided, and soon in comparative tranquillity the bark of their fortunes floated steadily on; not without some strife and some suffering, but daily labour sufficing for daily need, and a steady progress characterising their history. The changing seasons found Restless still unchanged, his own spiritual development set aside for that of others, and his whole being patient in its generous task. Farther and farther, deeper and deeper, silently and sacredly his influence extended its sphere, and many rejoiced in gladness of which they little dreamed the source.

The truth spread, its less startling phases being quietly adopted by various schools, and even where its name never penetrated, the effects of it permeated the body of beliefs and opinions beyond the city walls.

It was while thus occupied that they received their warning through Wilful's mediumship. "The probationations of an endless progress are necessarily endless also. In leaving one you enter upon another. Quiescence is not enough; of the past, all was, of the present, all is, of the future, all shall be well, prepare then each of you for departure, deliverance, and reward. Thou dear brother, (to the Sage), hast come down to the flood side; when the sun sets thou shalt lie down, and when it rises thou shalt be free. The waters of affliction shall be divided for thee; thou shalt pass from captivity between the walls of it, and with the sound of timbrels upon the farther shore. There, in the place foretold, thy mansion is prepared, and guests gather who shall greet thee within the space of a sun's journey, as one with them forever. Ye, dearest son and dearest daughter, shall be freed in part, and for a time from your burdens, and the reward of increased sight, and thus strength, be bestowed upon your patient sacrifices. When we shall warn you seek solitude, and delay for no dread. Aid us in building that thy absence occasion no loss. From thence shall the future be bared before ye."

And strangely after this they found in the ensuing months that one by one they were relieved from their most pressing duties, or assisted by others pushing on to attain them. Their diligence never slackened, their trust never failed, they watched and wondered and rejoiced. The inner and outer life blended more and more purely, and because of the great promise they pursued most minutely the daily path before them. Then the warning came. The preacher received the mantle of power. The brethren were upheld, and remembered it was but for a little while. The Sage said

things foretelling that in the future mind would break all bonds, and converse across the ocean or through illimitable space at will, as he though still connected to his own frame, had left it to enter hers.

It was here also that Restless and Wilful were together present at a grand council, held in the spheres, of all those labouring systematically to bring the knowledge of immortality to men. Then for the first time, by the researches of scientific spirits, it was demonstrated that material objects could be affected by the action of disembodied intelligences, though chiefly by those of a grade lower than that of many mortals. With a band of these he visited the City of Reason, where a circle was much alarmed by noises, faint at first, but distinct, and motions of various ponderable article, which displayed evident signs of rational but invisible control. It was pointed out by those studying such forms of manifestation that they would be yet brought to great perfection, and multiplied enormously, thus forcing conviction upon minds unable to reach the spiritual side of nature without such a bridge of proof. Certain conditions were absolutely requisite for the production of the phenomena, and unless these were complied with, nothing could be accomplished. They demanded mediumistic power, and preparation of mind and body, though of a less severe description than in the higher phases. Dangers existed from the relatively undeveloped spirits who would most excel in these forms of communication, but for them, and eventually for all, there would be accruing benefits. While these things were being discussed, a prophecy received from the higher spheres was repeated by a spirit speaking under the control of some invisible

Note
this

angel, wherein it was stated that the time should arrive when spirits would prove their existence by producing all the material effects possible, and many impossible, to those in the flesh, as well as walking before them in their full habit and similitude. This hour, the inspiration said, was close at hand. The correctness of the vision was tested by letters which Restless received from the Preacher, wherein the events at the circle were all set down even as he had seen them in spirit, and he looked forward with hope to the future of these astounding marvels.

On another day, as Wilful stood upon the borders of the wood, a flock of pigeons settled upon her head and shoulders, cooing and fluttering in her bosom, as blushing and smiling she glanced at him, with tears upon her lashes in the surprise of joy. But the manner of their reward was otherwise.

Wandering after dawn, he knew not whither, Restless was at last aroused from reverie by the sensation of something hard beneath his feet, where he was amazed to find what seemed the remnants of a paved path overgrown by weeds. Following it through the bushes, he stepped forth suddenly into a clear space surrounding a mighty edifice, gray, silent, grand. A gigantic temple front, set round with obelisks and sculptures, rose before him; imposing, and noble even in the dimness of decay. Behind and over it an immense pyramid, of which it was a side entrance, shot up into the sky.

Belonging to some antique time, and long forgotten race, it stood sublime in its desolation, bearing witness still to Heaven and earth of the faith that filled, and the genius that reared its pillars, to remain as a footprint in the shifting sand of time long after its

creators should have passed away. Rent and mouldering, the massive columns stood out like grim gaunt limbs from a half-shed skin, which hung about its knees in crumbling crumpled shapelessness. Through its roofs the tall trees stretched, swaying solemnly over rigid arches or majestic halls, and on the terraces above, now half effaced and broken, was a growth of kindly verdure, hiding the ancient stains. In obedience to his impulse, he ascended the height, and stood at last on its crest, from whence his gaze roamed far over a hundred such, strewn round about in all the decrepitude and barrenness of death. It was a saddening yet an elevating sight, to mark the strength and weakness which belonged to human things, the endurance of its aspirations, the wasting away of its works, the end of its memory among men, the beginnings thus visibly of an hereafter. Loneliness and society, reverence and pride, hope and humility mingled in its monumental truths. Cities of the dead! nay, for the dead were present.

How long he was unconscious he knew not, but his first knowledge in the spiritual state was of a winding procession of white-robed priests, who, chanting a song he could not hear, advanced towards his station. "Welcome, first of the new light," said their leader, "to a last lamp of the old. Thou art the son, as we were the fathers of the great faith. In you the promise of the ages becomes complete, and this day marks the beginning of a new Avatar. Behold!" and the eyes of Restless were opened, so that he beheld on every step and every pinnacle the glowing forms gathered serenely, till the place seemed marble statued, yet full of colour, music, and speech.

His guides were with him, and soon he was wafted

back to the time when these temples were in their glory. He saw the ancient service, and heard the ancient hymns of their mysterious worship. The thronged corridors gave him entrance, and he passed through delicious gardens to sanctuaries rich in all that wealth and art could supply. The hieroglyphics on the walls seemed simple to his gaze; he read within each its meaning, as that of all which he beheld. Again he slept, and again awoke, and then all to the outward was as he had seen it first; but there was something added. He saw within, the life, the quality, the relations of every living thing. The spirits were visible, and yet now he was in his natural form, and the spirit of Wilful was beside him. He greeted, he spoke to her, and she replied.

Then said one of his guides, "Henceforward into this state you shall enter at will, and behold with all the spirit's power the inner side of Nature. Courage my children for such rewards await you at every turning of the way. That which one of you experience's belongs also in degree to the other, and for a single labour you can reap a double joy. Seek this deliverance as you are directed, and enjoy departure till warned tor eturn." So they conversed, seeing and studying, then and thereafter day by day, the wonders of the universe beaming plainer and plainer before them.

Of these experiences there is no record, until the summons reached him. The Sage smiling brightly appeared saying—"Dearest, my brother, hasten thy form after thy affections, and tarry not until the going down of the sun. The thread that holds me is the desire of thy bodily presence, and grieve not for thy mission here is for the present ended. Thou shalt come again; not only to myself do I now call thee."

Restless lifted the latch of their home and entered, having been caught up even while he listened, and conveyed thither. Wilful was already prepared, and he said entering, "So am I ever guided, the burden is mine only in submission, and the strength which is my all is not in me. I am a sign upon the seal, but the contents of the epistle are in another hand. The gospel I preach is but that which is given to me. All that is mine is imperfection, all that is theirs is light. 'Tis a coarse leaf they have chosen to write upon, but it is glad of its message. Complete it cannot be, yet I am content in love. Desert is not mine, but obedience shall be. Praise to God."

Then they went out, and down the mountains, arriving by help of horses next midnight. The weeping attendant told them the Sage's kinsmen had just departed, dismissed as he had known they were drawing nigh. So they went in and sank down on each side of him, under his caressing hands. His countenance was very beautiful, and his voice sweet as of old.

Long they communed together, and the gray light was pouring in when weak and exhausted he spoke for the last time—"Kindred of my soul, joy of my spirit, in you I have all that makes life dear, and death dearer to my feeble frame; all that curtains grief, or contains sorrow; all that is most precious in my past, most full of promise in the endless future. I shall leave you for a little while that I may study how best to bless you among the strangers to whom ye shall bear the light, but returning soon shall remain with you ever after. I go to my native East,—to inspiration, rest, and reward; you turn through western ways of weariness to strife in tears. You walk with the sandals of science upon your

Note the felicity of their phrases these are money
C.P.
24.4.24

feet, with the garment of knowledge girdled close about you, but forget not the amulet of wisdom within your breast, and revive remembering the diadem of inspiration on your brow. How shall I bless you; how unfold my love? I have lived long enough, since I have seen your glory. Ye are greater than I. Yet would I invoke upon you our ancient treasures, and pray that you may enjoy the silence no less than the speech of life, the faith rather than the fear of Nature, the peace before the power of God." So the first beam of the rising sun slept peacefully upon the smooth brown forehead, and the two forms still beside it, while their spirits enfranchised also, watched his winging its upward way.

XLII.

The absence of Restless and Wilful taught something, and their return was hailed with thankfulness by all members of the brotherhood. Quietly resuming the tasks they had laid down for a short space, the succeeding months rolled rapidly by in a placid current of project and performance limited only by the means presented them. There was a steadily consistent increase in the efficiency as well as numbers of the new congregation, now grown sufficiently numerous to demand the constant service of the three friends.

Restless found his altered spiritual condition a powerful factor in the solving of important problems, for not only did he give to many evidences of the existence of those called dead, but he healed certain of the sick by the application of magnetism, and arrived at truths by his developed faculties, which served at once to incite and reward him. Labouring earnestly with young

minds after the method he had learned in his vision of the spheres, his exertions resulted often in signal successes, and supplied a practical proof of the wisdom dictating them. Circles were multiplied, extended, and directed, the physical phenomena giving a great impulse to some sections of inquirers, who thereupon becoming convinced took an active part in a society from which there was now no need to shrink in the fear of public opprobrium, not entirely quenched but robbed of its poisonous sting. Many had come to respect him, both within and without the brotherhood, a feeling far from lessened by the additional power he had attained during his seclusion. More than ever he won the affection, guided the minds, and ennobled the actions of those about him. More than ever he recovered the failing, soothed the sorrowful, and upheld the weak. More than ever he was himself humble, faithful, and pure in heart.

Wilful, long a woman in intelligence, was now one in years and appearance, standing as conspicuously before her sex as her teacher before his. It was under her wise culture that those women fitted to occupy positions of trust and power were brought forward and sustained in the duties they had undertaken. To her no hearth, no heart, was closed, and where he was debarred by reason of the awe in which they held him, she with a gentleness and kindness learned from him, passed in unchallenged. She came as a saviour to their shame, in the beauty of her youth and in maidenly comeliness, like the angel of their dreams. The poor, the old, the infirm, the ailing, knew her step and her smile, while the elders bowed to one whose far-seeing understanding in council, with elevation of thought and life alike, contributed to render holy.

The Preacher blossoming into a ripe and ruddy winter of active benevolence, rich in the admiration and honour of his fellows, and happy in his own self-consciousness of well-doing, lagged no whit behind. In mental vigour, in energy, and in hopefulness, he seemed to have won back a new youth under the disguise of his gray hairs. With a lightness of heart and happiness of being before unknown, he often appeared the younger brother of the leader whose approbation he prized beyond all earthly things, as his cheerful buoyancy smoothed the brow of a manhood, lined with care.

The constant discovery of novel variations among the physical manifestations drawing the attention of the public, as much as they astonished his associates, Restless published some months later a second volume in which these were classified, their causes explained, and their further development predicted. Other sections dealt with the healing power which was proving itself of such value in his hands, with the recent results obtained in mental circles, with such new principles as he had been able to arrive at, and replies to criticisms upon his former treatise. This met with as much interest as its predecessor, and served to preserve investigators from the misapprehensions besetting them in the material evidences. Within the community it proved not merely a boon but an acknowledged one. Its many excellences contributed to make his followers proud of a prophet to whom even the greatest of their opponents now granted an unconditional equality. During their long period of probation they had grown gradually nearer to him, and now came to such an understanding of his nature as spurred them on to a keener attachment and intenser loyalty.

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He had at last reached something not altogether unworthy of his merits. Even in a measure success waited upon him ; after years of suffering he had won a place, and peace and praise in it. He was more free from anxiety, from persecution, and from want than he had ever been since his assumption of his cross, and a brighter future was widening before him. The labour was passing, it was beginning to become recompense. His followers felt their former ingratitude, and were desirous of obliterating its memory. He had raised up around himself a legion of devoted adherents protecting, relieving, and obeying him; he was the general of a camp over which did he so choose a despotic authority might be exercised. They gave him the utter confidence he had so well deserved, and an implicit trust impervious to mutiny.

It was in such an hour that to the consternation of all, he announced his approaching departure to the Plain, for years if not forever. At first incredulity, then amazement, and finally despair replied to his calm statement. They would have derided had they dared the rashness of such an undertaking; the boldest and most privileged endeavoured to contest it.

But it was futile. None recognised as fully the dangers to be encountered, and the sacrifices to be made. The reasons which some urged of the safety of the cause in the City of Reason, and its certain welfare, were with him of opposite determination. Their need was at least partially relieved; he could accomplish but little else since he had now given his life for so long to their sole culture; his knowledge and advice were indelibly consigned to them forever. The very darkness and dreariness of the Plain summoned him thither, as surely as

the easy promise of the mountain drove him away. He chose rather to seek those who would probably slay him, than remain among others who would deify him did he so desire. He surrendered the little that he loved rather than add to it plenteously, because his conscience so commanded him.

The resolution had been evoked from his own nature, for so his guides desired, and not till after he had laid it before them did it receive their sanction. They then painted without restraint the precious treasures he must forsake to accomplish his purpose. His spiritual sight might be darkened, his higher delights utterly denied; his intellect must rust in many portions, his imagination open its flowers upon blighting air, and let fall its seeds on barren soil. He must refuse to enter those fields where lay the jewels his soul best loved, he must diminish himself to meet the dearth of shallow beings, he must wear the littleness of their life, enter into the bitterness of their exile, and become a witness of, if not a partner in the pursuits he most dreaded and despised. He must recall ancient sorrows, and meet the envious malice of pitiless hate in a country of barbarous, bigoted, and cruel enemies where he would be without defence and without shelter. He must cast aside all the joys of harmonious intercourse, of responsive thought, of righteous sentiment, to mingle with the gross, the empty, and the polluted; pass from study to the stunted, from meditation to the ferocity of fiendish power, from lofty spirituality to painful agonies prolonged through weary years. The bitter labour for daily bread, the perpetual company of slander and shame, the heavy task of toiling, not only without reward, but perhaps without result, not only without joy, but without

hope of self-development. A welcome he could not hope for, a hearing he need scarcely expect, where probably he should find speech only against the tyranny of injustice,—misery only as the mocked of brutal minds,—his virtue a mark,—his light as a flame for his own fagots,—success only in sacrifice, rest only in death.

Sadly and silently therefore they received him when for the last time he gave his counsel to an immense throng, men, women, and children of the brotherhood, gathered together in the primitive simplicity of dress and deportment which he had encouraged, and with the beam he had shed upon them radiating from their souls. Once again in the great hall he let his eyes roam over the scene, dwelling for an instant on its golden memories, while his hands sank tenderly among the flowers placed there by those who loved him and understood his joy in them. He was almost as pale as in that long ago, but calmer, and more gentle in his glance, without fear, and without pride.

There was something strangely attractive in his face and form, beyond the manly gracefulness of strength which the first glimpse of him discovered. In the meridian of life his features seemed at once so youthful as to be almost childlike, and yet to bear the impress of uncountable ages, while his expression with its sweet kindliness, mingled an unutterable woe that was kindred to despair. And this contradictoriness of detail, this mysteriousness of character, neither fashioned by time nor tinged by terror, without failure, and above success, presented the man himself in his divine humanity, the aspiring spirit that foreign to the nature in which it moved, like a king in the garb of a peasant showed underneath a simple robe the ensigns of his royalty.

Behind him sat the beautiful woman whom from a wayward child he had led up to the virgin saintliness of mature development, and the white haired friend whose happiness of enlightened usefulness was but little less of his building. Before him were the thousands to whom he had been a faithful parent, and pastor, in all pertaining to their higher experiences, and above him rank on rank rose the delivered souls who made, with him, the welfare of the mortal fraternity their glory and their joy. The Sage stood near the seven, immediately behind his friend, assisting in the solemn sacrament of his farewell.

The eloquence, the insight, the understanding, like the inspiration of Restless had only ripened in his recent years, and as he rapidly sketched the history of their cause, as if incidently disclosing with their errors the justification of those mistaken, and the remedy by which the weakness had been, or should yet be removed, he retained the same complete command of every mind, which had in that memorable evening first pointed to the dawn. Their relation to the outer world next arrested attention, as he urged upon them the necessity for patience, consideration, tolerance, and steadfast self-reliance, no less than the open advocacy, or generous gift of knowledge, which should relieve the sinking heart, and inspire the faithful soul.

“Many are seeking,” he cried, “find these; feed and clothe them. Many have not hope enough to seek. Some, alas, have not the will to do so. Whither shall the blind turn even beneath the noon-day sun. Be tender with such, for poorest of all created things are those who sink in the satisfaction of the flesh, or of the haughtiness of self-conceit. Better to beg naked at

unkindest doors, than to sit sleek in the chill darkness of vain glorious content. Be not like to them. Refuse to rest upon any pinnacle more than may raise or restore you, and for this reason go forth preaching the gospel of good tidings, to all that will hear, so that you may give to such incitement as well as its reward. As you are the most blessed, become the most beneficent of men, and let none go empty who will stretch his hand to receive. But beware of over-riding nature, and forbear from all kinds even of intellectual conflict, which has in it the mere impulse of force. Persuade and convince, but do not compel agreement, since wheresoever that is possible a softer usage will soon accomplish more, and you will find fuller service from a friend and ally, than from one who is the prisoner of power or the hostage of superior understanding. You yourselves by your own lives shall determine the quality of the influx you receive, and of the hospitality you shall be able to offer. Be humble! Without the head bent none can enter the gates of knowledge. Be fearless! Without the head erect none can see the way when once within. But stoop your heads under the arch of life to inhale the fragrance of humility, and raise them proudly upon the other side in the ecstasy of a clearer vision and its certitude of truth. Pride is ever erring. Contempt is always weak.

Desire nothing but the perfection of the intelligences and affections belonging to yourselves and others. Ask no wonders, nor signs, nor symbols, but grace to receive the truth, and practise its precepts. Make your lives the fields of untiring exertion, until all ties are satisfied, all injustices repaired, and then your supremacy is sure. Obey the beckonings of the angels upward, and you

shall obtain what I now foresee for you; a career of unprecedented brilliancy, of rapture, and enduring glory. Not in the coruscating flashes of pompous pageantry; with a far other destination, and in far other company your march is set; neither amid the homage of men, nor in the high places of power. I see you set on high, crowned, and robed, and enthroned, but it is upon the love of those made better by your labours, with the sceptre of sincerity, and the crown of righteousness. You will be powerful because peaceable, victorious because uncontending, lovely because pure, and happy beyond all happiness since in goodness you will make your only joy. Divine wealth shall be given you in the continual certainty of everlasting communion with those who have gone before.

It is not in doubtful symbols or antiquated phraseology that their meaning shall be unrolled; they shall walk and talk with you on your way, give you your daily bread, and sanctify you hourly with their presence. I see their boundless benevolence poured out as precious ointment upon your feet, like sacred oil in the coronation of your souls when entering upon heavenly kingdoms. I see it shedding upon your old men wisdom, and upon your young men truth, among your maidens purity, and with your matrons peace. I see by the cradle and the loom bright forms bending, in the noon and evening of your days the constant visitation of those who shall thereafter enter your prison to break the fetters and set the captive free. I see you reaping in immortal gardens the riches of your holy trust, and returning to repay the debt you owe to those who left the unimaginable realms of bliss above to take your cross and make it fair as flowers. All this I see not by

the light of lamps, as they flicker on the narrow paths of tradition down into the socket of superstition into which all its rays are surely sinking, nor yet by the light of worldly arrogance, red in the embers of ruined villages and pillaged towns, not by the dim tapers of the sanctuary, nor the flaring torches of the feast. Its beams are clear. It rises over the household, leaps through the fireside, and falls first upon the hearth. The light of happy and of holy homes, whose windows scatter upon the wayside of the world, warm rays to guide the wanderers from gray ashes and deserted stones. This is the light of life, kindled in the family, as the earliest gleams of virtue break within the soul.

To save others we must make ourselves worthy to be their teachers. Our hearts and lives, and then our homes must feel the quickening radiance, and through their ever open doors draw in the weary and the frail, till all the earth is but one home, one soul, as He, whose work and shadow it now is. Do right, and He reveals himself, win wisdom, and He speaks with prophet tongue, love one another and you see Him face to face. Be constant, and you invite his blessing, be charitable, and His affection follows it, be earnest and His spirit shall inspire. Look up, for we can see what others have not dared to dream, the unity of life and death, the unity of act and purpose, the unity of soul and nature, spirit with spirit, and of all in God.

If in anything it has been given me to gain remembrance or affection among you, make the token of it your faithfulness, as I have made your victory the strength of mine. I beseech you brethren that before the altar of your conscience you dedicate your future to this task. The trial and the triumph of it are yours

only, for with ^{you} your sowing, and the Divine gift of harvest—answer, none can step between. I would that suffering of mine might make you glorious, and yet would not; for what each shall of himself win, must needs be higher and grander than that which any one could give. Your soul and mine are equal—each of us stands before the Universal Love—all I can give is the trust, the teaching, the feeling, which has bound itself so close about your future that in it I rise or fall.

Beyond this I can but watch and pray that you may fulfil what I have been able to foresee, and overflow it; that you may excel anticipation, and all past reality; that you may know truth, and practise goodness gladly till the end of time; that the blessing and the beatitude, which is above all speech, may sink into and suffuse your spirits, from the seraphic legions of emancipated mortals, who are in their perfection of sympathy all we can desire to be. The gratitude, the love I feel for you are like the prayers I have spoken long in secrecy, and only speak in them, the best that is in this poor Tabernacle, whom it hath pleased the higher to call unto another place. Whithersoever it may wander, and wheresoever in the wilderness its pillars are set up, in the worship which is ever thanksgiving, your name must be the dearest, for in your life have I lived, and in your generosity grown nearer to such as I have been permitted to serve; whom, cherishing in a cloudless memory, I shall hope to help still, though afar, here and hereafter, retaining through the storms and through the weakness this joy at least unstained.

That beneath your banner, and by your side, I have been led on in loving kindness over many a weary way to part at last, in peace that soothes our sorrow, in faith

that stills regret; for a little while to journey, and a little while to wait, and then to know no separation, no despair, no silence, and no cessation of the reverent rapture which tells us we are ever in His hand. To come—to go—to linger—or to haste, is to obey. Nought better can befall us, than He bids us do. Yet let us pray, that meeting may be sweet as parting's bitter, and grant us many meetings on the way."

They prayed, most of them sobbing wildly, and the psalm sang was broken likewise, as blessing those who clung to them for further recognition the two went hand in hand between the mass. The music rolled majestically over all, as they likewise with tearful eyes, turned once and then departed; content, since still together.

XLIII.

Before entering the plain, the purpose and hope of years was consummated. Though their intention had been long known or conjectured, the solemnisation was not in mortal sight. Legal as well as natural obstacles the action of Careless and his children had long cancelled, soul differences there had never been, circumstantial now remained none.

Upon the summit of the ancient temple they passed into the interior state. Rising from their physical habitation the kindly hands of friends cast over her veils of dazzling whiteness decorated with exquisite blossoms and upon him a robe of golden richness edged with blue and amber. Amidst strains of marvellous music, surrounded by the glowing throng among whom the now youthful face of the Sage was conspicuous, and heralded by delicious singing of choral joy, they came into the presence of the Seven whose persons shone with

a lustre almost unbearable upon their faithful pupils. And they if beautiful in the material form were tenfold lovely now in the graces and gladness of the spirit, so seeming no unfit guests of that glorious region, nor unworthy of the festal pleasure as they stood hand in hand before their guides, while showers of floating petals and gently falling flowers, from the angelic gathering above or about them, testified to the affection in which they were held.

Their first teacher spoke gently saying—"Nature is dual in all departments, and all developments; her activity is the contract of contrasts; her life is union. God with nature, God with man, spirit with body, soul with substance, sex with sex—this is the law of being, the breath of love, the parent of joy, the goal of goodness, the power of divinity, which consists in Two, and Two-in-one."

"Marriage," continued the second, "is the main-spring of life. Maternity and maintenance the part of woman; paternity and progress the part of man—two sides of the perfect sphere, of the perfect one. Be independent as are pillars of the temple, dependent as the sections of an arch, interdependent as are stars far off, or atoms near. What one is so is the other: what each is the other is not, and what both are nothing else can be."

"That which awakens love," said the third, "is sympathy, that which conveys it beauty, that which controls it affinity, that which crowns it good. It makes one more than two, and two entirely one; it is the keystone of consciousness, the harmony of the octave of intelligence, the great impulse of creation. Cultivate its caresses, its keenness, its tenderness; for softening, brightening, and sweetening the character, it makes man godlike, being it self from God."

The fourth took up the tale at once; "Virtue is valour, love most valiant. It brings us into the world, supports us while we travel through it, and greets us in still greater glory upon the other side. Nothing daunts, nothing denies it. Love within is virtue without. It is the light which leads us to right; to seek it is well, to know it better, but to practise it is best of all."

"Self-love is lack of love," pursued the fifth. "The spirit being love affects not itself, but, if anything pertaining thereto, that which is lower belonging to the flesh wherein it is sown, it is then lust, and foully consumes itself within its cell as a torch in a grave, without nourishment. Love is intellectual, and beyond sense. Its attraction is the counterpart it finds in another spirit. It then rises above its tenement, like the fire from a pure altar, to mingle with its fellow flame, rapidly destroying the fuel from which it sprang, as they transmute their coarseness into spiritual light and warmth."

"Love is sacrifice," said the sixth. "Sacrifice of all meaner things to gain and retain it, making self beautiful only that it may become a worthy offering at its shrine, and yielding even itself at the voice of conscience, to silence and want, rather than sustain it upon the suffering of another. It is the supreme baptism of blessing, the holiest sacrament of surrender, the very day star of life, for we endure but to worship and serve its commandments."

"Love is creation," added the seventh, "let it bring forth from you sweet concords of thought, and resonant melodies of action; round these into the shape of souls, born amidst them, so that nothing call ye parents whether in speech or deed, or being, but is of your brightest and from your best. The increase of good is

the end of all existence. To multiply his possession, is man's task and love's birthright. From it all proceeds, beauty and goodness and power; truth testifies of it, and wisdom weans its infant frailty to know the God from which, to which, and in which, it is advancing, as love only."

And then after a pause of song he who had spoken seventh, but before time first, continued sweetly—"In thus obeying your natures you imitate the whole nature, in this function of your souls you reflect the action of the greatest soul, and draw a response from it through all the heavens of boundless benediction and delight. You shall be to each other wealth, and content, and rapture; she thy peace, he thy power; and this not by addition of strength, but by multiplication of it, through its interacting intensity in each."

Henceforth ye are one spirit. I give you new names in sign thereof, and as witness of your mission. Go forth Redeemer and Redemptress of this people into the sorrow and shame of the world, to encounter and overcome it. Give as ye are blessed, blessing; and remember that thou owest to them the riches thou receivest from us. Such is the scheme of creation, for to every grade there is a higher from which it draws, and a lower upon which it bestows bounty. Love links the universe in all its parts; aid those around and below you, but know that only from those above can you obtain reward. It is not to the hands from which you take, that you can restore anything, and from those to whom you yield your treasures there can never be return. Gratitude and grace they may give you, but nothing of the higher recompense which others shall distil. Expect in no wise recognition,

nor repayment, from those ye teach, but only from the friends by whom ye are in your turn taught daily. Birth is at the circumference of being, it is the outside surface on which the soul rises inflated deific love. Marriage is an inner circle, wherein two lives are drawn together, threading the labyrinthine stairs of mystery a little nearer to the central sun. At the footstool of creation stand sundered myriads, on the throne is One—closer and closer to each other, in affection as closer and closer to it in likeness the spirits rise, reverent but self-reasoning, distinct but harmonious towards the source where unity and multiplicity meet. Forever one, forever manifold is it;—forever one, forever two are ye, in life, in love, in the infinite heart of God.”

XLIV.

The provinces of the Plain were rich and powerful, with a commerce as extensive as their ambition, and armaments as immense as their pride. Their governments were diverse in name but one in nature,—despotisms vested in a single or many tyrants, with authority exercised imperiously and iniquitously by intolerant force.

Over the country lying nearest to the mountains, and of which Complaisance, Compliance, and Compromise, were the chief cities, an oligarchy owing Sloth as its national representative held the actual control. Beyond this the tyrant Stupor reigned over Conceit, Deceit, Dotage, and other thriving towns with undivided sway; while in the barren district over against the sea, where the desert led up to rocky fastnesses, and piratical ports upon ragged inlets, lay the republic owning Nightmare as the chosen leader of its scattered bands, maintained

by predatory excursions as much as intermittent labour.

Between these departments was the region from which Restless sprang, where Worldly Content and Sensuality long ago had founded the capitals of their vast empire, and out of which Spiritual Death the great conqueror had come to rule, leaving from his loins a numerous family which even now usurped the highest offices in its several portions; excepting only the City of Reason perched upon its inaccessible heights, maintaining a hardy independence still.

There were divers creeds among the population, often bitterly hostile to each other, but inasmuch as all derived their origin from the prophet Self, whose oracles bore various interpretations, they were in their essence and reality one. Classes existed but in varying relation; under Stupor the most marked being that of an old nobility, ostentatious, cruel, proudly exclusive, and lavish in vice; with Sloth the merchant princes held high place, and servile to their superiors, with whom they vied in luxury, and excelled in greed, displayed an equal profusion of wealth and wickedness. The common people groaning beneath their yoke in hopeless misery were crushed into a coarse brutality, as gross and foul, which broke out in the dominion electing Nightmare to its throne in bloody excesses and horrible profanity. The distinction of class was therefore one of birth and accident only, for the motive and character in each remained the same, though the manifestation of it altered with its circumstances.

Having adopted the appliances invented in the City of Reason by the considerable mechanical talent existing among them, they had reached an advanced stage of material progression, and possessed many ingenious

works of skill ministering to the comfort and convenience of the rich. Dull and dim with factory smoke, hoarse with clanking noise of iron wheels, and shrill with scream and whistle of whirling steam, their towns were foul, noisome, and pestilential dens of avarice and crime, whose more fortunate votaries retired apart to rest in magnificent ease, while the drudges who were condemned to live lives more maddening than slaves, rotted in the unwholesome alleys of metropolitan darkness.

With much self-satisfaction they arrogated to themselves the title of a civilisation, belonging only and wholly to the externals of life, for in the nakedness of truth and goodness they owned only the capacities and impulses of the savage and the beast. Ceaseless lust of gain or degraded passion, burned alike in the formulas of their princes, in the fraud of their wealthy citizens, as in the suffering of those trod into dust and slime. There was no more virtue in them than sufficed to maintain the order of things, reared upon falsehood and ingratitude. None were honest unless compelled to be so by some fear, civil or religious, and no judge just except before the dread of punishment from those he wronged. It was a reign of shameless might, disguised under forms and precedents. In vain would the weak or poor demand restitution, right, or pity. Every ear was deaf to all save temptation, every eye closed except to self-interest, every tongue dumb unless its skin was injured, and every hand closed but to the bribe or the booty. Trade was a system of licensed plunder, law of tortuous uncertainty. Ignorance and its callous insensibility, passion and its furious excesses, revolving round the centre self, made their life a maelstrom of endless wrong, hypocrisy and agony sucking down a world of souls.

Upon such a scene, and into such an atmosphere the wanderers came, taking up their abode in Complaisance with one Courtly, who on a visit to Reason had learned to respect the abilities if not to accept the teachings of Restless, or Redeemer as he was henceforth known. His pressing invitation had owed a large part of its warmth to the apparent improbability of its ever being accepted, and it was therefore with something more than surprise that he welcomed the strange missionaries to the quiet of his tasteful home.

A man of fine but slight understanding, and of genuine but undeveloped morals, his constant pretence of submission to beliefs he inwardly rejected, had impaired the strength, and seriously disturbed the current of his better nature. Able to appreciate but never to obey, quick to apprehend but ready to forget, his life limited by the bounds of popular propriety, and perpetual contact with those of inferior disposition, had imperceptibly but surely blunted his faculties, and dwarfed his soul into a selfish isolation of cynical indifference. Vacillating from convenience, he became so in character, reserved of necessity, his higher promptings so often subdued grew finally silent, and he only expanded upon that side of him which was entirely frivolous and almost base. Association with Redeemer once more quickened the fibres of his native nobility, but at the same time pained him with a vivid consciousness of deficiency and failure, so that it was more shame than courage which compelled him to welcome such guests to his household, for a stay of a few days duration.

His courtesy had been strained to receive strangers of such unusual opinions, and grave simplicity of garb, but that of his wife Conventional gave way utterly before

it. Of a delicate fairness of complexion, and feature, her softness of voice, with a practised gracefulness of carriage and demeanour, contributed to conceal the selfish cowardice and dogged pertinacity which lay under her polished phrases, and enabled her to retain the control of her larger and more generous husband. Intellectually barren, affectionally shallow, of a virtue whose only principles were convenience or custom, and with instincts such as merely ministered to her own gratification, she yet possessed sufficient cunning to conceal her defects and ape the qualities reflecting from her spouse, so as to deceive even him with the glow of an innocence that was art, of a modesty that was the cunning haggle after a higher price, and a tenderness felt only for herself. Timidity seemed to blush and withdraw the treasures existing only in the mirage rising from a desert soul, while a pretty affectation of forbearance rendered her able to slay with insinuation or neglect, that which she dared not have ventured to assail, and could not have wounded with honest weapons.

Having surveyed his field and measured his opportunities, Redeemer removed to a lodging in an humble quarter of the town and began his work. It was a holiday afternoon in one of the public parks, when the strolling groups were startled by the sound of a sonorous voice ringing through the air from a small hillock, whereon a man of dignified and impressive aspect, was standing in an easy attitude, speaking with practised fluency. In their curiosity there was a general movement towards him, and soon the multitude sitting on the grass or on the boughs of trees listened idly and by degrees interestedly to the strange discourse. Knowing the audience he was addressing, he chose only a simple theme, putting it forward in the form of an allegory.

He told them of a talisman which revealed to its possessor the past, the present, and the future, which guided him by day, and watched over him by night, bringing him health, and riches, and delights, uncountable. It would teach him how to live, and how to die, when to sorrow, for what to rejoice, how to suffer, and how to succeed; with it they were monarchs, without it nothing, and it lay within each man's reach. The talisman was knowledge, which gave name to and taught the substance of all that was.

Some of its treasures he opened to them, with easy but vigorous illustrations, pursuing the purpose of his parable, inviting all having desire of more to speak with him. At the conclusion he was pleased to notice some regret, and a small crowd pressing about with questions, which he answered directly but guardedly. And in this infantile manner he began his labour, endeavouring to awaken interest, inquiry, and research, even of physical things, to encourage them to realise the mastery of mind, and to practise its simpler powers. So he flung down his challenge to the Ignorance whose dominions he had invaded, while he paid his first homage to the God of Truth.

Forming classes in which he tested the scope of their intelligences, and attracting to himself larger and larger crowds he pursued his way through the mockery, and sometimes insult which waylaid him when the first awe of him wore off, until he rallied together an inner circle to whom he could unfold his spiritual revelation. To these he gave abundant evidences of the reliability of his statements, presiding at circles formed under his own eye, and conducted with scrupulous care. Directed by his ever present friends, he chose from those present-

ing themselves such as were fitted for mediumistic employment, and in a short time was able to point to results supporting his former assertions.

Redemptress, ever a solace and a joy to him, was no less a strength to the cause he advocated, and gained among her own sex a success no less surprising, so that in a few months he began to preach openly the truths of spiritual communion, convincing many and interesting more. The wave of influence spread, disciples in their turn took up the task, and the excitement gradually diffused itself throughout the whole city. As he had carefully abstained from directly attacking the priests or government, he was for some time permitted to range at large among their flocks with little more than contempt or suspicion. But when the movement assumed such startling dimensions the ire of those in office was aroused, and blows were at once aimed at the originator of the disturbance. The city was divided into sections, over each of which an officer was set as a delegate from the great council of the Provinces, and now by spiritual exertions Langour the superior of the division in which Redeemer resided, was fired with animosity and summoned him to his presence.

Amid the alarm of his partisans Redeemer at once obeyed the mandate, when Languor, scarcely dissembling his surprise at the remarkable appearance of the stranger, for a revulsion was at once caused in his mind by the same powers who had incited his action, said in a somewhat confused tone, that he had sent for him thus privately to hear, and if possible,—protect him—the words passed through his lips before he knew it.

“Truly,” replied Redeemer “I behold those who inspire you so to speak. Your sister Languid with the

locket you gave her, still upon her neck. Beside her the scholar, whom you cherished in your college days, he has a scar upon his left brow; but most you are indebted to your mother. Of small stature, and dark complexion, she appears foreign to this country, your father brought her from the south, and she perished in the northern airs. You were her favourite son, she calls you by a foreign name, and points to something in your bosom. I see, it is her hair, twined into shape of her initials. She gave you that?”

“She did,” answered Langour struggling with the feelings he could not control.

“She calls you,” continued Redeemer, “and through me. Arise Earnest, and take thy place at the head of this new band. Be worthy of her love; leave all, but obey.”

The potent psychologic power of Redeemer, and the spiritual influences, drawn nearer with him, shed their streams of nervous force upon the sensitive brain that stretching out his hands he cried, “I must, I will, help me!” Their palms met, and the conquest was complete.

From that time Earnest was a protector, a friend, a chief; through Redemptress he spoke with his mother, and received ample testimony; with Redeemer he concerted the plans which advanced the interests and increased the power of their party. To the amazement of all, every blow aimed at the new sect was parried by the watchful vigilance of an unseen arm, so that it flourished and struck its roots deeper and deeper into the soil, lifting its branches higher and higher into the social scheme which it reprovved and renounced.

From here he extended his efforts to the city of Compromise, wherein he had made a sufficiency of friends to

gain a foothold, and so travelling between the two a year rolled by in rapid usefulness. Redemptress withdrawn awhile to a quiet seaside home, grew into motherhood, blessing her husband with a son, while, weaving a web of fellowship between his disciples closer and closer, he banded them into an organisation for the spreading and safety of the truth. Proclaiming without any attempt at disguise, which was now as useless as needless, the spiritual communion of which his life and works were the proof, he carried even into the capital Compliance the knowledge of his sublime mission.

Here his foes rallied, and being outside of the jurisdiction of Earnest, he was seized and cast into prison to the boundless exultation of the clergy. Brought before the supreme tribunal, he was forced to sit silent during the whole of the first day, while his enemies uttered the most pernicious slanders against him.

Flung back into his dungeon, and heavily ironed between the massive stone walls, he was awakened in the night by the consciousness that his followers, wild with indignation and fear, and deprived of his wise supervision, were rising to endeavour to free him by force. He found himself he knew not how in the streets, and hastening on, met them on the threshold of the hall, in which they had assembled to arm. Sternly rebuking their faithlessness, and lack of foresight, he thanked them tenderly for their anxiety but bade them retire placidly to rest. Childlike, wondering and glad, they returned to their homes; while the troops, which on secret information the council had assembled about the prison, were marched away at dawn from the spot that might have been a scene of awful bloodshed.

The rash undertaking would have been quelled by

carnage, and he for whose sake they had died, would have followed them likewise when thus convicted of being the leader of a seditious and rebellious crew. Entranced for a time his eyes opened within the same walls from which he had been abstracted, and when stirred by the rumour of his release some visited the cell they found him in his chains sleeping tranquilly. But those who had beheld him marvelled, and rejoiced at the signal triumph of the spiritual host.

Brought before the court on the second day, Redeemer began his plea by some references to the truth of his teaching, when the judge, a young man of noblest birth, Haughty by name, whose clear and powerful intellect had been rendered fierce and mutable by reason of a painful lameness which had afflicted him for many years, defying the skill of the ablest physicians, broke out into a scornful laugh, saying, "As soon would I believe that this limb could be made sound, as that these fables should be worthy of a thought."

When Redeemer, who had been stationed near the dais under which he sat, because of the deafness of Prejudice the opposing pleader, leaped suddenly upon it, and before he could be prevented had made several rapid passes of his hands, and then placed them upon the joint, saying in a loud voice,—“Arise, walk, beholding the spirit's power, and tread from this time forward in the holy way.”

Haughty, before he could collect his thoughts, found himself upon his feet and walking down the centre of the hall, amidst bursts of irrepressible cheering, and shouts of astonishment.

He could indeed stand, and use the leg so long a helpless mass of inert flesh, and he returned to his seat con-

vinced. The accusers were stricken dumb and Redeemer was set free. The limb was not entirely healed, but after a few weeks under magnetic treatment became so, and during this period as great a change was achieved in his mind, that humbling himself, he devoted his great gifts to the service of the principles, he had seen so astoundingly proven. Reforming his life under the careful culture of Redeemer, he was baptised with the new title of Holy, and thereafter rose to deserve it.

From that hour in these cities the sect was safe, from open violence for Earnest, Holy, and others affected by or with them, put all the efforts of its opponents to shame. The person of Redeemer however was still in danger, and narrowly escaped many attacks, by the interposition of the invisible friends who warned him of the intent or delivered him from the danger. Patiently and prayerfully he healed and taught many, knowing well that but few would be turned from their courses by his means. He was content to smoothe their paths, to relieve their pangs, and to give them the joy and comfort arising from the consciousness of immortal life and messengers.

Redemptress having visited Reason, and restored their brethren there, who were progressing favourably, came back by way of Complaisance, and joined her husband in the capital where now his centre of effort was. Seeing the face of his little son he was glad, and in her presence enjoyed happiness of the highest and purest it was given him to taste. Out of her exhaustless sympathy he won new strength, and from his boundless riches of aspiration and sight she was made more sympathetic.

She brought with her many copies of his writings, thereafter distributed among the inquiring and others, though such an importation was contrary to the law of

the land. From this time there was a constant influx from the City of Reason into these towns, which became the basis of his exertions, and so the body of believers grew in knowledge and numbers, until at last receiving advice from the lips of the Sage, who noble as ever, still made their good his care, Redeemer departed, leaving to his regretful followers his beloved wife, and the mighty legions with whom he had brought them into relation, still pouring down upon them the inestimable prizes gained in longer life, and higher realms of it. In the City of Deceit a misfortune befell him in the first days of his residence, for while absent his small store of possessions was stolen from the hostelry in which he abode. Following, however, his unerring inspiration, directing him to an obscure quarter of the city, he discovered the remains of his apparel and books, hidden under a heap of rubbish in a ruined hovel. The money already squandered, Redeemer was forced to be content with such of the goods as had been spared, because of their simplicity. Warned earlier he could not have been, since he was for several hours succeeding the theft by the bedside of a dying reprobate, in a dwelling which his friends were unable to penetrate. Nor did his loss much disturb him, though for a time it disconcerted his arrangements.

The pardoned culprit, amazed beyond description at the ease with which he had been detected, was so drawn to Redeemer that he became gradually reformed, serving him faithfully among his brethren. Compelled to labour for his subsistence, and but meanly remunerated for his services, the apostle of the spiritual spheres was obliged to lodge with a widow named Crafty, who, deserted by Cunning, her husband, was supporting by various means

her son, a young springald named Perquisite, in the idleness of debauch. He, with his friends Fraudful and Bribery, for a time occasioned Redeemer much annoyance, at last wearying of importuning him, they could not terrify into granting the tribute that their companions were in the habit of levying upon strangers.

It was such a wretched sphere that the prophet, the scholar, and the noble was now confined to, when for a time his name and person were lost from the sight of men. But before his indomitable resolution, and majestic patience, even the ice of this wintry solitude began to thaw. He came to perceive also a kind of fortune in his failure, for the temper of the people would have utterly forbidden his accomplishing anything in the manner he had intended. He would only have met with scorn, neglect, and persecution, unchecked by either conscience or power.

As it was, he worked upwards from the lowest grades of the populace, in his night classes and daily conversation, bringing light to the basest and most treacherous, as it seemed, of living things. For months there was no sign of spiritual life among them; and when a few frost-bitten shoots, and weakly buds did discover themselves, it was only to wither again, and leave him desolate.

Unknown to himself, however, his footing grew firmer and firmer, and at last he was suddenly relieved from want by the bequest of a miser, whom he had tended, believing the abject poverty which he assumed to be real. He then, step by step, began his public teaching, in addition to private example and direction pursued through all privations.

He had healed so many maladies, and won so much

affection from the roughest and fiercest of the city dregs, that even when thus prominent the authorities dare not lay hands on him. His modest advent, his apparently fruitless efforts, or idle charity, blinded the more bitter to his real activity, and so in places of all others the most unpromising, he reared stone by stone a new edifice.

In more ways than one, the road to affluence stood open to him, and those who learned the extent of the abilities he exercised to supply his wants, urged him often to devote himself to careers in which fame and ease were assured. To such temptations he replied only by a smile, consecrating the qualities they admired to those whose kinship to himself he was ever the first to acknowledge, as most were the last to believe it.

He was no mere preacher, or teacher; as he spoke he lived, as he had he gave, as he understood he honoured, and loved all. They came to admire the man first, next to worship, and then to imitate and obey him. His placid but fervent eloquence stole into their hearts; his keen unresting reason and richness of information broadened their minds; his generous magnetism and care blessed their bodies. So they were all his, as he was all theirs.

When circles were established, results obtained of satisfactory weight, and crowds gathered to hear him, he was no whit changed, but summoning his precious wife and child again, carried out his aims as calmly as ever.

Then came a crisis. A wave of spiritual energy, a spiritual spring, seemed to pour upon the prepared ground. An enthusiasm flashed through the multitudes, and his antagonists discovered their error too late. The

flame passed on to the neighbouring cities, and in Conceit, the capital, no less than in Dotage, and its dependencies, the glad news flew.

Not that their followers were as numerous as those of the other sects, nor that they were wealthy, or titled, but they had been uplifted into something like honesty of purpose, and drawn nearer to purity of life in the certainty of their connection with the superior spheres.

Many dangers there were, most of which he was warned of, as Elisha knew all that was spoken in the king's bedchamber. His house was twice burned, and twice pulled to the ground, thrice was he, and once were his wife and child imprisoned and tried. But from every snare, and every pit, they escaped unharmed; not injured, for they suffered much, but unquelled, unstained, and unturned from their chivalrous devotion to the truth. Their bright and happy boy, prattling of the shining ones he saw, conned his lessons with the rapid grasp of his father, miniaturized as faithfully in many of his higher qualities. The years rolled by, and little Light, for so they called him, was in his seventh spring, when he found a sister. Her they named Charity, and the two made the peaceful home more sweet by their early fondness. The boy, ever anxious for his sister's pleasure, and the round eyed little girl happy to slumber in his arms.

The chronicle of their parents' lives was still the same. Daily, a labour that was least for themselves; daily, bread from heaven more than earth; daily, visits from the bright and good, among those seeming farthest from such, daily joy in one another and their tranquil home, the daily, rest that broke upon another dawn. Then the summons came, and with thrilling

memories husband and wife looked down on the far stretching magnificence of Worldly Content. His thoughts were tinged with tears for his former life; and hers reflected them.

On the first night of entry he spoke to a great gathering his truth and aspiration. The next day he was seized, torn from his family, and without the pretence of trial, on the information of his first wife and her children, hurried from the gates he had but yesterday entered; branded as one insane because he dared to preach the gospel of immortality, in the great city, of the world's wickedness and shame.

XLV.

The prison to which he was condemned was of notorious degradation, even among the penal institutions of the Plain. Nature had surrounded it on three sides with impregnably precipitous cliffs; on the fourth, a narrow sloping outlet, was a wall of great height, guarded by reckless keepers, and ferocious hounds. The sole accommodation of the inmates were some groups of filthy and tottering hovels, their apparel a patchwork of coarse rags, and their food the grossest and most unpalatable refuse. Within this gorge the helpless crew of demented beings, herded like cattle, and driven as such by the brutal violence of their attendants, roamed in a want and misery cruelly intensifying their misfortunes. The whole atmosphere, mental and physical, was laden with the oppressive darkness of disease, and under it the wretched creatures fought and grovelled tearing the flesh flung to them with horrid cries and disgusting gestures. The place was a hell, steeped in unmitigated awfulness of shame and sorrow. The most curious

sightseers recoiled from the hideousness of the spectacles it presented, terrible even to those hardened witnesses, who governed by lash and torture the wild beasts raging furiously among themselves.

Ushered into this dismal scene, Redeemer was instantly the prey to which a lean and mocking flock of maniacs ran with amazing swiftness. Stopping abruptly at his authoritative signal, they crouched and gibbered together, pointing with skinny fingers on which the nails grew like talons, at his strange demeanour. Beholding their pitiable condition, the tears rose to his eyes and he spoke soothingly. The sweet mellowness of his notes, so different from the hoarse curses of their captors, or the shrill accents with which they upbraided each other, stole upon their hearing like fine melody, and yielding instinctively and surprised to his commanding presence they suffered him to join them peaceably, while the warders, who never ventured among them but in parties and armed with whips or clubs, moved away no less startled by such an unexpected event. For they had looked to have seen him buffeted and bemired as were all strangers upon their entry into that home of affliction.

Preferring the chilly sharpness of the night air to the unbearable odour in the closely packed sheds under which his companions slept, Redeemer stretched himself under the shadow of a cliff, and passed his first night not unquietly; only waking when his limbs ached because of the damp from earth and dew, to which his body was unaccustomed. Repelled from the putrid diet, on the next day he ate nothing, wandering apart in utter loneliness, cut off even from his spirit friends, who were unable to give him consciously direct assistance while defiled by such surroundings. In constant

association with the often loathsome, and always depressing distortions of human nature, that seemed strangely drawn to him during the next few days of his incarceration, he felt the gloom slowly deepening upon him.

His ardent zeal drooped, hopefulness seemed another kind of madness; despair was before and about him in all its forms, it began to be within him too. With his first doubt came weakness, as he lost faith in himself he lost power also. Solitude he could not obtain, some whom he felt assured were obsessed by unclean spirits tempted and tormented him. There was no relief for his attention, no possible enjoyment or even occupation to draw off the stagnant film gathering over the crystal pool of his intelligence.

Monotonous barrenness of sight, sound, and sympathy, alternately deadened and fiercely pained him. Insufficient and unwholesome victual, undermined his physical strength. For years he had not tasted flesh, here that formed the staple of subsistence; all that he could obtain was a scanty fragment of mouldy biscuit, and a draught of water, only pure in the early morning. A sickness, mostly mental in its origin, prostrated him still more, and the dreary hours seemed each to add a weight, and take away a portion of his power to sustain it. Bye and bye it came about that he longed even for acute anguish or distress to break the desolation of his empty day, and feverish pulse of passion. With his vigour he lost his command, and became the butt of indecent mockery or unrelenting abuse. Persecuted with a devilish ingenuity, and carnivorous tyranny of unreasoning malice, he retained sufficient of himself to bear it patiently. Returning no evil, scarcely resisting punishment, he did what was in him to help or please them.

The time when he should become as they were seemed not far off; there was a kind of fascination in the thought of it,—almost a relief. If his consciousness were thus unstrung, and his reason quenched in a living death of lunacy, at least it was release from the creeping pangs of a lethargy winding itself closer and closer in snaky folds about the personality it clasped to strangle. Wounded in body and spirit, bruised, and rent, and bleeding, heart broken with regret of memory, and hopeless foresight of futurity, divided from his loved ones, the prisoner of injustice, the associate of the insane, deserted by earth and heaven, denied alike in life and understanding the force or courage to support the trial, what but this remained.

He sat thus brooding alone upon a bank to which he had dragged his feeble limbs, and body sore with scourging, in the faint joy of the evening sun when he was suddenly seized by a band of the most foul and hateful of abandoned criminals, who instruments of even darker souls pinioned him, breathing their hot breath into his nostrils, and burying him under their noisome bodies, while with reckless glee they crushed him to the earth, and then yelling flew away as rapidly towards another victim. As he lay an awful curse rose to his lips, which swallowed burned in his bosom, like a coal of fire; ungovernable rage possessed him, unnatural thoughts of lust and evil racked his brain, his whole being quivered, the demons had obtained a foothold, and now the real struggle began.

Almost suffocated he staggered a few paces, fighting the almost irresistible impulse which moved him to howl, leap, and rave, and then fell like a corpse upon his face. Twilight, and night came, but no rest; drops of

sweat stood upon his brow, starting from his agony. Burned as with red-hot irons, stabbed, and wrenched, and writhing, he still prayed. Mad indeed men would have called him had they looked down with the stars on that great trial, and seen the spectres in the very sanctuary of his soul, in the heart of his fortress, as one great legion striving to press him down.

The hours seemed eternity. The soil to his body felt like his throat and tongue parched, shrivelled, burning. Bells seemed to ring, their clappers beating his hollow temples; crowds of men, making noises like the roaring of the sea seemed to roll up to him; flashes of lightning dazzled his blinded eyes, in their rough sockets; the air swathed him in clammy heat, fierce, as from a furnace mouth, glutinous but dry. He lived a thousand lives, died a thousand deaths, but remained unshaken. His purity was invincible, his conscience tore out every thorn though embedded deep as diety, his self-sovereignty he would not yield, and it paid homage only to that which was good and lofty. Reason, strained under its weight of suffering, bore the load with noble elasticity of resolve. In the dawn, tearing off every fragment of polluted clothing, he plunged into the iciness of the freshly falling mountain stream, and then gathering all his energies to cleanse and warm his frame, crept into a thicket and fell asleep serene. Haggard, and worn and grayhaired, the sunlight found him victorious and free.

His guides rejoicing led him to where he might rest secure in realms far from the jar of earthly things, and when he awoke there refreshed, his body lying immovable for many hours they showed him how he had reached the supreme summit of his life, since even alone and in hell

* probably diety, put comma
after deep
then the word is "diety".

nothing could prevail against him. Such a conflict had been unavoidable between the higher and lower influences, and it was necessarily fought out in his body. Thereafter the fiends must submit, acknowledging their inferiority, and soon his spiritual consciousness would return to him, and enable him to cast them out forever from the bodies they infested.

A similar strife between the higher and lower took place in all undeveloped souls, and in undeveloped worlds at certain epochs, when brought face to face they were compelled to decide superiority. Those who accomplished such changes and led such revolutions were the true saviours and redeemers, who in divers ages and countries had elevated the spiritual consciousness of their kind. They were the links joining the old state to the new, the steps or bridges by which their brethren might pass over into the conquered territory. Every condition, whether of mind or matter, was evolved out of or through those that preceded it, and the heralds of a new birth, those by whose labours it was introduced or created from that which had gone before, could win it only after battle with the difficulties to be overcome.

The two atmospheres could not co-exist together in equality for any time. One must encroach upon the other: now by means of his elevation the darkness of the prison would be disturbed and finally dispersed. The good man brought a beneficent influence with him wheresoever he went, the undeveloped having one as detrimental upon those near his own level. Minds could not meet without reciprocal action, and that which was most powerful would therefore triumph. In association the chief benefit of growth was attained when it included those upon a nearly similar plane of develop-

ment providing the impulse of progression existed among them. But at the head of each division were leaders, who advanced first into the region of spiritual light, and upon whose success those following ultimately depended. If they fell back or halted the restraint was felt through all the ranks, even to those who were ignorant of their relation, and their chiefs. The gain of the foremost became insensibly the gain of the last. There were many columns of march, and various fortunes awaited them, but the tendency of all was in one direction, and upon the advance of each the whole more or less depended. This was true of knowledge, moving towards truth, and of life, or action, marching to goodness.

The bettering of any inch of earth was good service, for local riches were bound to become universal at no very distant date. The main body of men came on in a mass behind the branches, antennae, or columns, thrown forward, absorbing all that they separately attained. In preserving himself pure each bestowed a blessing upon the whole sphere of life; every individual progression was in many subtle ways a general one, and every thought and act of every mind was registered indelibly upon the memory and fortune of the world. The universe was intensely living; vital in all its parts, dependent on, because only composed of them. There was no pulse separate, no being single, for it was an infinitely diversified one, humanity its active consciousness, and the greatest men its earliest, most keen, and most perfect forms of sensation, intelligence, and affection.

More they showed him of incalculable worth and interest, and finally yielding to his desire discovered his noble wife suffering no less bitterly. His enemies had

destined her for a fate as horrible as his own, and his children to be educated in the fashion he most abhorred. But warned by watchful guardians Redemptress sent her little son to friends in the City of Reason; she remaining another day to lull suspicion, then fled in secrecy and by night.

Following unfrequented paths she hastened on, resting but now and then, the little girl sleeping peacefully within her arms. Her departure soon known, a troop of horse were despatched in pursuit, and would swiftly have overtaken her, had she not obeyed the invisible whisperers who, directing her footsteps where the danger was not, brought her till noon safe from harm. She was very weary, having tasted nothing but a coarse loaf, part of which she had crumbled into the child's mouth, and a few berries plucked to ease her thirst. Charity was a heavy burden, and sobbing piteously, wounded still more the mother stumbling steadily on. Kneeling a moment in the shade to pray, the child's cries ceased, and she felt new strength infused into her veins, so pushed on quickly to the nearing line of forest in which she hoped to hide. More than once they gave her such a rest as restored for the time all her hope and energy, but on the crest of a hill she beheld at last behind her the glittering helmets of her foes.

It was well for her that the healthy training of her younger years had been continued under the judicious and loving care of Redeemer, till it had given her not only beauty but strength of body and limb. Pressing her child to her bosom, she ran like a greyhound down the hill, and breaking off where a hedge grew at right angles to the road, crouched down beneath it, and pantingly pursued her way. Presently she saw them go

sweeping by, and instantly breaking through to the other side pressed on as hastily, until she reached a deep dry drain in which she lay for the moment exhausted, while up and down the road her baffled hunters chafed and cursed. Recovering soon she followed the ditch as far as it ran, and then choosing a time when their patrols seemed less watchful darted across the open pasture. She had fled a considerable distance before she was perceived, and then they were so scattered among the fields and the hedges were so many, that they could not reach her except by making a considerable circuit. This some of them did, but before they could arrive at the open ground, she was near the rough thickets and wide spreading trees, in the heart of a clump of which she fell prostrate and fainting. In a few moments the first of the pursuers were up to it, their trampling horses effacing all traces of her feet, so that after uncertainly wandering some time upon the outskirts they sullenly desisted from their search.

Reaching by direction a wood cutter's hut, she found food and shelter, but lay so long entranced next morning that the simple people, believing her dead, despatched one of their children to the village hard by, where the troopers were resting. Guessing that it was her of whom they were in search, the party took horse at once, but arrived only to find her warned and gone again. Through the long paths she dragged her bruised feet, until she found one that seemed familiar, and half in a dream reaching an open door fell into the arms of Patience, and knew that she had found rest. Husband and wife had been tried fiercely, but by the help of the angels they survived and conquered. And seeing this the vision of Redeemer ended.

With spiritual care and nourishment he felt his strength ebb back upon him day by day. Mentally and physically restored, he won his dearest boon, when his inner senses were again opened, and communication with his guardians was renewed. In an interior examination of the inmates he found them broadly divisible into three classes. The first and smallest, consisting of those whose mediumistic faculties had rendered them the helpless instruments of depraved spirits, was one to which he looked hopefully for success and assistance. The second and largest body included all merely deprived of reason. Imbecile but harmless, the potency of a strong will could, he was assured, control them in directions of usefulness. Much of the misdirection in these arose from the foul atmosphere to which alone many had fallen victims, as some others who had been condemned to such association because merely of temporary aberration, in not a few cases by the false witness and cruel devices of interested injustice. The third class comprised such as were veritably distorted in the form of their consciousness, often hopelessly, sometimes furiously demented. But even with them there was much that might be accomplished.

He commenced his operations with one in whom he detected the highest nature of those abused by unclean intelligences. The man, lying under a ragged bush and poring upon the ground while he muttered wild words and traced strange signs on the sand, became violently agitated as Redeemer approached, who, walking quickly up to him, laid his hands on the head of the quivering sitter, as he said in a loud voice, "Go out of him; receive your reason, and angelic influences." So they whose hold was comparatively slight departed from him,

and he stood up trembling and weak. They prayed together, Wizard, for such was the man's name, purifying himself, and becoming a holy vessel for higher powers. Thenceforth Redeemer was not alone, but with his disciple thereafter called Lucid, built a rude hut in a pleasant part of the enclosure, and protected it from the invasion of those evilly disposed.

Presently two or three others were, by their united efforts, withdrawn from the darkness, and at last a small group of them came to be able to resist, by quiet means, all aggressions, and in a modest fashion to recover others with themselves. They were but simple-minded, and weak-willed, so that the ascendancy of Redeemer over them was complete, and undisputed. He could not but exercise it kindly, yet firmly as a potent preventive of discord, and incentive to action. Of idleness he permitted none, but adding to and improving their habitations, drew in steadily one after another of those amenable to the spiritual power, poured through him and his followers. Gradually certain of the keepers became interested in that which they had at first regarded as but a new freak of the fickle patients, and becoming impressed by the order of things so strictly observed, and so carefully extended, were moved to grant them better provisions, and other privileges before unheard of. With these rewards and inducements the little band began to conduct their chief's scheme upon a larger scale. The pollution of the streams by foul ones was repressed, and the malicious destructiveness, so long exercised without any hindrance, restrained within firm bounds. Among his followers habits of the most stringent cleanliness, obedience, and decorum were enforced by magnetic control, making them his mediums in all things.

Obtaining tools and seeds, his unwavering perseverance beautified, and rendered fruitful a little space about the small village he had raised. A little chapel in the centre was their place of instruction and amusement, as well as of prayer. More and more boldly he brought into his fold the sterner and more seriously deformed by his magnetic treatment, and that given with his, conquering through indomitable resolution, unfaltering faith, and unflinching patience, those whom cheerfulness, kindness, and care at first affected little. The seasons passed, but the work of inspiration proceeded. The veil of gloom was slowly lifted from the features over which it had hung so many years; the desolate waste began to bloom around the souls saved from a desert even more barren and horrible than that in which they had before lived. The little gardens spread, the rustic cottages under their sheltering eaves, covered with quickly growing creepers, tempted birds before banished from that sad seclusion. Where there had been frenzy, and the deeds of devils, was now calmness and joyful industry.

The keepers learned to appreciate the man and his works; they wondered at, admired, then aided him. Those who refused his proffered gifts were not suffered to interfere with such as accepted them, while he was supplied with all that their rough generosity could furnish. His task was never an easy one; those whom he found devils, became in the next stage beasts, and after that slaves. Only by long months of tireless repetition could he implant in them the smallest signs of self-respect and self-control. They fawned on, and would have worshipped him, but all that they offered he rejected, except the

love which harmonised, and the obedience which blessed them. Even their submission he strove to lift into a reasoning knowledge, and consequently independent activity. This he rarely gained but reliance, and trust implicit always. Those who understood nothing felt for nothing else, came to understand and feel his boundless affection, and, more, his undying respect and reverence for the better things in them.

Obtaining at first dogs, and at last a few of the larger cattle, he called forth their sympathies, and lightened their toil in some greater undertakings as of agriculture, which added to their now plain but pure diet, certain other, to them, delicacies of herb and fruit, finally commencing the fencing in of fields for grain. The area open to them was wide and naturally fertile, so that it yielded easily and plentifully to the plough. He had not forgotten the lessons learned in the valley of Faith's Content, which now proved of inestimable worth to him and his. In healthy exertion the busy flock became still healthier, reaping an abundant reward as well from the rich returns which its sheltered pastures speedily made to them. So the time floated on, until five years after his entrance he found himself the monarch of the prison to which he had been condemned; for the officials, many of them embracing his teachings, hailed with universal honour him who had so far surpassed their most daring imaginations. The nominal chief of the asylum never approached it, but farmed it to a lesser official, who, finding that the work of Redeemer enabled him to dispense with almost all his subordinates, and was beginning to make the institution self-supporting even in relation to its food, gladly assisted the man whom he had at first contemptuously reviled; and becom-

ing convinced of the gospel which he taught, eventually placed the whole government in his hands, reserving only the profits arising from it.

Until this, though utterly cut off from the outer world, Redeemer had not been unacquainted with the fortunes of his wife and children, and of the faith which he had founded, for day by day the swift messengers of brighter spheres informed him, as they did them, of the certain progress of the right and truth, both within and without the walls, while they conveyed the messages of love and remembrance, which made the separation only such to sense. As unresting as her husband, Redeemress had done loyal service in Faith's Content, as well as among the cities in which the seeds had been before sown. Humility and Patience had been brought by her gentle ministry to become the exponents of revelation in the midst of a community which feared and shunned the teachings, but could neither reject, silence, nor fly from them. From thence she had travelled far, feeding the fires which threatened to have smouldered out in the absence of the chief priest and prophet, and bringing up her children under an example as noble as their father's, to emulate his virtues, and comprehend his life.

Rumours of an extraordinary change in the management led at first a few, and then throngs of strangers, to behold the marvellous work of Redeemer and the angels. The noble who nominally ruled came to visit the man who really did so, and was so overcome by what he witnessed, having seen it once some time before its saviour's advent, that he placed large sums of money at the disposal of Redeemer, and lent his whole weight of rank and fame to further his design. In consequence

of this a number of those perfectly recovered were freed, while all that was required to complete the efficiency of the method thus favourably inaugurated was instantly supplied. It became the model of all other such institutions, and though for lack of the man they fell much below it, yet after some years his system had brought to the afflicted ones in those countries relief, and joy, and hope. Redeemer himself remaining long enough to perfect his purpose, on his departure left Lucid in his place, as the one most familiar with his means and aims. Looking back upon the crowd of weeping faces, the homes dotted up and down amid the harvest fields, and the pleasant glimpses of flowers under the shade of noble trees, he offered up his thanks again to those whose minister he was and evermore would be. He had entered into hell, he left it by comparison a heaven, and though now prematurely gray with the agony of his great trial, went from it with a heart and step as light, as ever felt in youth. He had accomplished more than the Plain dreamed of or than Reason could ever know.

His renown rang to all the earth, and obtained him by its temporary sunshine the safeguard he needed, when in the realms of Nightmare, he wandered for weary months, teaching at the imminent hazard of his life infuriated mobs and careless savages. Only the daring that shamed their hardihood, and the guardianship that mocked their hatred, led him away alive when after seven years of separation man and matron met again. As the fairhaired stripling and the tearful girl clung to their father, around him and them shone the visible glory of good and holy spirits, uniting in their supreme joy and gratitude.

XLVI.

Deeming it wiser to approach Worldly Content by another avenue, and to first assail the outworks without the capture of which all effort upon the central fortress must be futile, his next scene of action was in Sensual Science. Dwelling largely on the facts, little on the philosophy, and least on the religious aspects of spiritual communion, he encouraged the visitation of physical mediums who had now become accustomed to travel between the various cities. Though often submitting themselves to the service merely for the remuneration it obtained, and of a weak or vague moral character which pandered to partial fraud, the astounding manifestations obtained in their presence under test conditions was a powerful means of conviction to materialistic minds. The ill usage they were subjected to by hardened and capricious sceptics gave them in many cases a discipline little short of martyrdom, but even when repeatedly triumphant the professorial pre-conceptions and prejudices were so strong that even the evidence of their senses, or the judgment of their reasons, was unable to overthrow the negative conclusions they had drawn only from the lack of previous proof, or to add to a knowledge based avowedly upon experience. Some indeed of the more rationally constituted were impressed, and a few reached a certainty despised and regretted by the majority of their brethren.

Using the physical phenomena as his lever, Redeemer patiently strained at the heavy masses of ignorance and prepossession encumbering the intellect of the city. Receiving the customary return of abuse and insult, he was even assaulted by a band of reckless students, who made his wife and children also the butts of their

thoughtless and lawless cruelty. In kindly but caustic reference to it, Redeemer roused the sympathy of an immense audience, when magnanimously manumitting his assailants from the bonds their injustice had imposed upon them, he exonerated their motive by their youth, but lamented the manner of its expression as brutal, and its direction upon the unoffending as savage and base. With unostentatious charity and humility he put his injuries aside, content to point out the weakness of a cause which in a purely scientific question stepped outside the polity of intellectual discussion to seek refuge in the grosser region of animal force. By such conduct he disarmed most, and won many, even of those engaged in the outrage, to respect his cause, and though ever exposed to the scarcely less unwarranted and ferocious bitterness of malignant hate, which in a wordy warfare resorted to the most unscrupulous extravagance of unjust criticism was thereafter free from bodily persecution.

From the jarring contact with the inflated emptinesses of assumption and fanaticism which his daily labour involved, he turned gratefully to another task, the education of his children. With the wife who had in past years tutored them he taught the lessons he had himself so hardly learned, and the boy and girl, needing never reproof or repetition, were in themselves their most precious reward. Both possessing the open vision which showed them already somewhat of more holy spheres received instruction from their wiser inhabitants. Quick and retentive their rapidity and richness of mental bud and blossom amazed even the loving parents, from whom they drew their gifts, and who bent with careful culture day by day over the souls committed to

Every proof of identity which can be obtained from the living can be also witnessed from many of those called dead. All mental proofs of memory and character, even physical evidence by touch and sight, can be often given to those who have the determination of patient study, or the ability to think from the most unquestionable of recurring instances to the simple law which they proclaim.

The philosophy advanced is not a thing of shreds and patches, but stands armed cap-a-pie, and complete in all its parts. From premise to principle it proceeds with the absolute certainty of exact demonstration. Not only the manifestations of continued existence, but the manner of it, the means of return to earth, and the method of communication with mortals, are here set down with simplicity, credibility, and often attestable verity, in a scheme which is yet one and indivisible. If further knowledge is demanded it has but to be sought to be obtained; the gates of all truth are thrown open to us when we enter the spiritual realms of being; and whether it be in relation to our present abode, or to the infinite beyond it, a true science shall enfold all within its loving arms.

All that is asked of you is to exercise the same deliberation, caution, perseverance, and experiment which you employ in your laboratories. The elements of this study are universal; obey its law, and you may obtain any and all. The treasure it offers is one of inestimable price. One as much beyond haggling at as it is above disdain. For the love of truth and light, for the good and glory of humanity, for the peace and strength of your own soul, 'Try the spirits.' Try them often, try them long, try them closely, try them justly, and

reward is sure to all who have the simply rational intelligence which marks a man."

By such exhortations and expositions he won many, even some of the most celebrated thinkers, to at least tacitly, and in a few cases publicly, acknowledge the result of their inquiries. By his blameless life and peerless tenderness he attached still more. All who were in distress or doubt, in want or pain, found in him assistance and sympathy. His door stood ever open, too often only to ingratitude and impenitence, yet ever open, and with a welcome to them all.

Nor was his spiritual self starved, new nourishment was given him betimes. One night the Sage stood before him offering a flower; being attracted to which they were wafted away, until a most lovely landscape lay before them, covered with beds of bloom, spreading widely, but harmoniously, as far as eye could see, in waves of exquisite flowers. Great belts of them stretched over the sloping hills in rainbow beds of the most delicate hues, with a free luxuriance of perfume and colour. Irregularly disposed, whether by art or nature it was impossible to say, the snowy white melted into pink, and beyond lilac, where the violet edged in crimson and scarlet, with a rich purple heart. Millions and millions of every shape, and size, and fragrance intoxicated him with joy, when closing his eyes he felt an immeasurable distance separate him from the place, and lo! when he again gazed those variegated fields had melted in space into a single perfect flower, with a single scent. The many were one; the one was many.

After that he entered a mighty wood, within whose groves of shade rang the melody of thousands of birds, swaying in tremulous music of adoration and praise.

The foliage was rich and changeful, the sward pleasant and soft, and, listening, he grew lost in a delight of splendid vision and seraphic beatitude, so that the multitudinous quiring grew fuller, and the particular notes more indistinct, until lo! there was before him but one bird, out of whose plumage he seemed to have arisen, as it sang its mysterious song, quickening every sense with exultation. Again the one was many; again the many were one.

He had learned a lesson, he next tasted the pleasures, of spirit life. Springing up, away and away into the crisp air, he sped as if in pursuit of the blue horizon, passing with inconceivable speed over billowy undulations, until his pulses throbbed and tingled with the rapture of a motion; pausing, he drifted down until resting upon a mountain peak, he looked far over its fellows into a sunset dipping beneath the waves of a golden sea, dyed blood red in the track across its stormy waters, but reflecting around the pure brilliancy and bounty of resplendent glory hallowing all above.

His path, and his passing thus foreshadowed, he was sucked into its fair space of glowing light, when with eyes dim and lips parted, he rested in the smile of Deity, till every ray seemed separate, and every beam distinct, in the raining shower of archangelic loves, like falling petals, poured upon his head. The universal spirit was revealed, for the one was many; the many were one.

Waking, he saw upon the long lashes of Redemptress a single globe of light—a silvery tear. Leaning over he heard her whisper, "Soon together," and saw the glow upon her features deepen into a calm, as he gave the morning salutation to her lips.

After five years he left Sensual Science for a time, and passing into the land of Nightmare, through hunger, and thirst, and torment, made again the circuit of its cities, propping the failing, and planting everywhere. He prospered steadily, and, returning by way of Complaisance, came home. Here his son had been foremost captain in his absence.

Possessed of a natural ability as great, and a disposition as noble as that of his father, Light was yet still more a stranger to the world he lived in. Sensitive and spiritual in the highest degree, he suffered acutely from contact with the coarser conditions over which Redeemer had become superior after years of sorrow. His spirit seemed too powerful for the frame, delicate and lovely even to the physical eye, that it inhabited. Like a rapier of fine steel among clubs and battle-axes, its lithe and gleaming gracefulness was yet of rarest temper, and keenest point. A seer from his birth, association with exalted spirits marked him among the commonalty of his kind, from whom he shrank with an instinctive distaste of unlikeness only forgotten in the ever-flowing torrent of his sympathy. He lacked Redeemer's command of men, because he had never known what it was to be of and among them, while moving in an atmosphere of purity, penetrable only by his parents, he found his influence, his utterances, and his aspirations, without echo in their breasts.

Like a being of another world he passed, the wonder and the love of high-strung souls, a mystery or madness to more, who, perceiving in the imperial intellect and magnificent omniscience of his father that they had at least an apprehension of, though it were neither vivid or appreciative, felt the qualities of the son airy and

unnatural. They recognised his innocence of their faults as ignorance, and as reproach, so that the inherited loftiness of his nature was to them wasted, since it did not present itself through their experience, or translate itself into their likeness as his sire's, after long misery, had come to do. His only youthful companion was the sister, who reflected his virtues and affections in a new shape, with girlish tact appropriating, and in her intuitive wisdom aiding, his divine intelligence. Already he had written much, hymns, and odes, and pæans that merited and received praise from the mature. His soul seemed song, for it was always singing; and by Light Charity came to grow and blossom beautiful and meek.

Traversing from Sensual Science, as his centre, the border of country lying around it, Rodeemer passed from hamlet to hamlet, and even from house to house, striving to awaken all to a knowledge of the truths and duties of their life. His success seemed small, but this would have little discouraged him had his distress not been fomented by the failure of many, both far and near, to retain the law, or preserve the standard, he had led them to. Prostituting the most sacred powers to profanely selfish purposes, neglecting their brethren, leading gross and grovelling lives, they dwelt upon trivial testimonies of truth, repeated almost daily, and sought only those things pandering to their wonder or their self esteem. Musing upon ill tidings which had reached him from the Province of Stupor, while walking along a rural path between the grass-grown field and hawthorn hedge, he saw his friends descending. A horse in a pasture hard by becoming dimly conscious of the visitants, snorting and trembling darted to the extremity of his enclosure, while the Seer leaning upon a gate-

post carven out of the trunk of a tree, said sadly, "Alas, how many men are blinder and more insensible than thou."

The Sage and his guides came near to him, and he spoke with them of his despondency. "It is as natural," said one of them, "that this state of cessation should succeed the other of action, as that these fields lie fallow for a certain time. Change is the order of nature, and in ascending her stairs one foot must for an instant be suspended, as it were, deserting that it will presently raise. Such fluctuation in your dispensation must ever be, and as these lands lie exposed to the elements, unsown and smitten by tempest, so must their souls pause in their progress for a little while. The pause is for progress; not only the end, but the means is good, and the same showers which bend and beat the bud will presently expand and feed it. There is but one power, and one way of it. God rules all things as is best for them. Be this your faith.

As you are a man you are more than mere intellect; you have feeling, and as you have joy in anticipation of good, the forecast of sorrow perplexes you. You despond, but remember, my brother, the lesson of this land, and all will be made clear to you. Not only the great, but the small things of life are linked together in the scheme which sees the triumph of truth and right, already here, consummated in the future. No wind is wanton, no word wasted, no good lost in this vast frame of being. Whatever thou could'st wish is, and whatever is should be."

Then another said—"Feed the hungry. Give from thy plenty to their need. A son was given thee; give again, and thou shalt find another, losing none."

So after more converse he went home, and calling in the quiet fondness of tone familiar to his household for his son, the young man stood before him. Slight, erect, with the down on his lip, and a faint flush on his cheek, he stood with head bent, and then lifted as if listening while he cried, "I am called then." "Yes Light," said the father solemnly, "our home is wide, and in the next room I hear wailing. Your young gifts may move more than my gray soberness. It is not long that we can hope to labour e'er the evening comes, and thine as it must be early, calls thee to greet the dawn. Go in my name, and with God's blessing do more and better."

With the fiery impetuosity inherited from his parent, Light broke forth in speech, saying,—“I go with a royal commission when I go with your word. If any may fail worthily where all must needs lose, by comparison with you, it is I upon whom the reproach will fall more gently, because of your memory, and the lustre of your name.”

The father making a gesture as if to put the praise aside, lifted his hands and blessed the yielding figure penetrated with unspoken consecration of spiritual fire.

Then Charity entering, said, “Why have you made mother sad, Light.”

“Because she is my mother,” he replied quietly, and went out to comfort her.

“Must he go father,” said the gentle girl “and before my birthday.”

“This is his birthday,” was the smiling answer, “and we may not delay or hasten such most sacred seasons.”

“And mother will be grieved again as when you were away,” but seeing his face grow serious she continued,

“only we must trust, and rejoice that he is chosen for the task. This is his knighthood; my time must come too, soon.”

“I cannot spare you yet,” Redeemer said, “You must console us for his parting.”

“With the angels,” answered she.

So he went, and report of his successes came gratefully to the home soon after transferred from Sensual Science, wherein the seeds of its deliverance at last were safely sown.

XLVII.

The city of Sensual Art lay upon the other side of Worldly Content, forming with Sensual Science the triple heart of the land; and to this place Redeemer and Redemptress now came. It was the residence of such distinguished chiefs of the nation as Connoisseur and Dilettante, who with the high priests Surplice, and Crozier, maintained an easy rule. Within it was gathered all that was gross in nature, or libidinous in art. Nude statues at every corner were sculptured in licentious postures, and wrought upon the walls of temples and palaces in loose gesture. Paintings of the most abandoned character delighted the eyes of a multitude among whom moral turpitude was universal; and whose sole aim was pleasure, obtained by gratification of the senses through the medium of defiled imagery. Among the highest classes a pitch of perfection had been attained in which refined and fastidious rules dictated the form of foul fancies, so that without countenancing the coarseness of the masses, their boasted culture presented insidious suggestions, heightening with an assumption of virtue, the very vices it was affecting to shun. Its delicious music, superb pictures, or luxuriant

Reason he went, where thousands in a wild enthusiasm hailed the prophet of their joy; everywhere he came swiftly, toiling early and late until all rents in the robe of union were repaired, and equipped for new exploits his followers returned to the field. During many months there was rapt activity of achievement, from Earnest and Holy, from Humility and Patience, from the Preacher, now on the eve of passing away—Light and Faith, Redeemress and Charity shone in their several spheres, until the whole land flamed with the noise of their truths. Then the sceptres were placed in new hands, for the Preacher and Earnest were free, and led on another plane hosts of those marching to the relief of the hard-pressed few; and one evening the spirit of his son stood before Redeemer, saying—

“Father, I have laid my flesh aside; not willingly, since there was much to do, but because it could contain my soul no longer. I have spoken with my mother, and my sister. Give me thy blessing, and let me go a little unto rest.” So Redeemer blessed him, and sat musing upon the young hero, whom he had known could but little longer endure the earthly atmosphere. His lashes were wet as he dwelt fondly upon the austere purity and resplendent genius of the young soul, called away so soon from the field, where he still laboured, to regions of love and life more worthy of him, and then thankfully said:—“I am permitted a little longer to help men; it is better that my shoulders should bear the burden than that he should be confined from his true sphere. Aye, truly it is well.”

It was not till Faith and Charity were wedded, about a year after they had met across the grave which friend and sister saw only as the gate to better things, that

Redeemer and his wife set out again for the great city. Wordly Content received without comment those who had fled as fugitives from its bitter wrong. Careless and her children were living, but now forgot in contempt the hatred that had burned so fiercely then. His name flew before him, and it was to an extensive crowd that on the night of his entry he boldly challenged their creed, announcing his mission in tones so subduing, and with a manner so noble, that they listened breathlessly to the words that fell from the gray haired apostle, speaking with the buoyant witchery of youth, and the intensity of a tried manhood. After he had sketched to them with an easy lightness of touch the outlines of the Philosophy of Spiritualism, he drew them insensibly into considerations more personal and more painful.

“From this city I went forth twice,” he cried, “and I return to it a third time, to remain until I leave this form forever. Here I began and here I end my travail, at the core of the world’s weakness, its dull and miserable content, In this condition there is no grace possible, there is only poison in the air you breathe, and whether it be science or art upon whose altar you erect your god, is of little or no moment since over all that might be fair and fruitful, you have spread the blight of self. A sluggish deadly pestilence, the most accursed of human impotences, preys upon your lives.

Ambition, even if it inspired you to trample on your kind, might yet advance for its own interests the welfare of those subordinate to you. Despair would strike from flinty resolution sparks of fiery daring, but in the slavery to which you are victims there is no quality that can command the respect even of an adversary. It is a sickness without reason, and almost without remedy.

What you ask, is even more temporary than your own breath. It leaves you in the evening of your days to the decrepitude of imbecile joylessness. Beyond the grave it wraps your mutilated mind in clouds of misery and want, that threaten almost to be eternal. The happiness you obtain can only consume you, the rest you seek is not even in death.

Annihilation, sought on earth, cannot be found either there or beyond it; you only lower and bruise your spirit when you seek for it in worldly content. It is the most treacherous mirage of mortality, its beginning is in cowardice, its means lie through crime, and its end is in madness. Sorrow and shame swell the closed heart in which the soul is self-suffocated with fumes of ignorance and sin. It pays the penalty of nature. It is its own damnation, and awful is the purgatory it must pass through for freedom. Every error has its punishment attached to it. There is no escaping the jaws of consequence.

You cannot destroy life, but you can cramp and pinion it, you can crush it into fragments, or melt it into vapour, you can pour it into moulds, great or small, and just as you treat your own, so will you have it when the time of reckoning comes. If you have sucked it into itself, if you have made pretty patterns of it, or shaped it into little images you will have to water them with floods of tears, and pass them through furnaces of repentance before you win the pure metal again. If you drug it with worldly content it will sleep on, wasted and worn by an aching nightmare, in which you will writhe long past the dawning of the day. Only when you have poured out your life into other hearts, and built it up in noble monuments of labour will it give you joy.

It is a delicate thing this spirit that moves in man, every breath stirs, every thought ripples it, and as these are so shall you be. It is not given you to fold in a napkin, nor to paint and dye in fashionable guise, far less is it bestowed to be rusted and rotted, and steeped in stagnating pools of worldly content. Better the buffeting of ten thousand storms, better all fights and all failures than that ignoble shame. It makes the mind a sandy desert soil swallowing the richest waters of heaven without ease to its thirst, joy to its parching throat, strength to any plant, or return to the cloud that gave it. Affliction, agony, remorse, are a nobler trinity than your three kings, for they at least may lead you to some grandeur or endurance—but the sloth, the stupor, and the nightmare of your lives eat up every green thing, every hope, every aspiration. Flee then if you would be saved.

The gospel I preach is easy to understand, easier to repeat, but I were an unfaithful teacher did I proclaim it, in your sense, a pleasant or a profitable one. It involves the renunciation of all that you consider your riches, the neglect of all you know of your selves; it means the birth pangs of another life, the infant care, the child schooling of it, youth of effort, manhood of endurance, age of anything but rest. It seeks only for truth for itself, good for all mankind; to better other lives, to make them happy at any cost except that of conscience. It is to have nothing, but to give all, in a higher and holier scale of contentment with no lot that is not richer than its own. This it is which makes the muffled meanings of trial and temptation clear, which ever shoots itself at higher marks, yet ever finds its quiver of unsatisfied desires full, which suffers and

thinks no evil, but neglected, exiled, and persecuted, perseveres through all things purely good.

There has been a brotherhood of such, obeying its laws of justice and faith, though separated by centuries, and scattered over thousands of years. They work with the past, in the present, for the future. They are not of one, but all ages under divers names. Their deeds are without date, their lives without limitation of sect, or cessation of days. These are the salt of the earth, the saviours of the world. They trod three steps; the first was discontent, and strife, and sorrow; the second knowledge, wisdom, and power; the third purity, and peace, and love. If you will follow them the first now lies before you, but to reach it you must cast off your content. The things of the world, the lusts of the flesh, the care of self, cannot ascend it. Either fall with them or rise in sacrifice. There is no pause, if you do not move upward, you are sinking down, and it will be harder for you by-and-by to gain this stage. Some time you must come to it.

Citizens of Worldly Content, which way walk you, to spiritual life, eternal, or to death, that rotting in its grave, must rise to life again through corruption? If you would not know its pangs, if you would not turn aside, step on. This is my message, that in love alone and by love's dictates you can win content. To love truth is to win it, to love men is to save them. Seek for, and give thy knowledge, more than this give all thou hast strength, riches, joy, aye life to make them more divine, and for reward, angels shall give you treasures of their grace to go and do likewise forevermore."

XLIX.

There were some stirred by his trumpet calls, and a few saved by them, but for the most part he won only

from the friendly wonder, and from the inimical reprobation. He had been like to have suffered severely had not the attention of the rulers been directed to quarters from which their own safety was menaced by the muttering hatred of the masses. For of late years things had gone gloomily in the capital, and the country around it fermented strangely under the influx of new ideas, which excited the minds of those amenable to inspiration with fiery longings and uncertain dread. The hand of oppression was heavy upon the poor, taxed to supply the extravagant luxury of the castes above them. The shameless rapacity and injustice of the nobles exasperated the multitude, whose smothered hatred vented only in muffled moanings flashed forth in sudden revolts, crushed out again bloodily by the heel of power. The Worldly Content of the lofty, was Worldly Discontent with those born only to serve and suffer. The smooth surface of the stream was troubled by the great monsters moving uneasily beneath, hungry for the sunshine and the light of day, but as yet lurking silently in the cold depths of the darkness.

Unobtrusively, with grave earnestness, and serene confidence, the pilgrims trod their path. The suffering was among those about them, and these they tended, scattering their light broadcast into every open window. For often the lattice was drawn down within, or the shutters closed without, but still through cracks and crannies the fresh beams fell, making a light spot in the gloomy room, where warmth and radiance banished the phantoms of the night.

The stringency of despotic laws, and the weight of contributions imposed upon the people, occasioned widespread poverty, which, provoking crime, obtained a

punishment resented by hard-hearted or revengeful depravity. It was from a hovel in which these demons dwelt that Redeemer, emerging into the air, was startled to hear his name pronounced distinctly, though besides a few loungers at the inn corner, some ragged children screaming in a neighbouring garret, and two or three ill-favoured women at a neighbouring door, there was no one within the range of his vision.

The lean curs quarrelling with some skinny poultry upon the garbage before him, or the stony faces of the abandoned man and his mistress munching the loaf his purse had provided for their feverish infant, gave no sign of recognition, though again he felt it float into his being with an appealing cry. Above, a barren piece of sky; around, the loathsome desolation of the degraded alley and its miserable inhabitants. Besides these there was nothing.

Following the direction of the sound, he heard it at intervals before him beckoning as if to some service. Heedless of mockery and jostling insolence, he threaded the crowded streets, and entering the gates of a magnificent palace, passed through its familiar corridors unchallenged, into a room wherefrom at last in mortal accents he heard the self-same call. Tossing in torment upon a costly couch beneath the unfeeling scrutiny of cold physicians lay his son Levity, delirium of disease annihilating the lapse of years, as he cried for the father he had scorned and injured. Starting guiltily at Redeemer's entrance, the attendants who had disregarded the piteous wails, fell back from the plague-stricken master, whose certain decease and consequent prospect of plunder had been the only motives of their stay. By magnetic influence, the

monotonous moaning was speedily stilled, and a quiet sleep induced.

Assuming command of the household as of right, the sire watched by the bedside of his erring offspring. Redemptress soon after relieved him, while delivered from the nauseous drugs and ignorant treatment of conventional practitioners, the patient began to mend. The simple natural care of his parents proved of priceless efficacy, and gradually not only the body, but the soul of the sufferer, was drawn back to life and health. Reckless and extravagant, his once immense wealth had been squandered in the pursuit of pleasure. One small patrimony alone remained, and to this he retired when sufficiently restored to dispense with the attendance of his loving saviours.

But the good seed had taken root, and when a few months after he appeared strong and free, it was to devote himself to them and their work for the remainder of his days. Welcomed with inexpressible delight, his trial was yet a severe one. He was subjected to the same galling discipline of contempt and taunt which had of old tried his father's spirit; but there proved to be enough of that within the new baptised, Repentance, to keep him firm and true. He became after a little while a strength and joy to them, and so the promise of the angels that he should give one son, gain another, and lose none, was fulfilled since Light was ever with them, and especially proved the pilot of his elder brother's fate.

The twins, Mischief and Boldness, finding their brother impervious to temptation or threat, had recourse again to legal jugglery, finding however that Repentance had lost neither his courage, nor his reason when he foiled

them through his skilful ingenuity of action. To their chagrin they discovered a different state of things existing to that in which they had before succeeded in villany. So, after a few futile spasms of indignant treachery, they were content to let the deserter take his way.

After a few years the standard of the truth was firmly planted in the capital, and a fort raised in the midst, from which Redeemer's ringing voice awoke the Sleepers. There was, as ever, an abundance of slander and malice directed upon all concerned in proclaiming it. Mediums were intimidated, bribed, or personated, and in every possible manner discredit showered upon them. Ridicule, injury, and social ostracism were employed by turns upon those countenancing the evidences, and had it not been for the favour with which the body was regarded by leaders of the populace, the cruel death constantly impending would have descended upon the undaunted prophet and prophetess of a creed that dared to arraign so boldly the sacred sins of the city.

Nor was success confined to the area in which they were personally present, a steady growth manifested itself throughout surrounding regions. The pen of Redeemer was as active as his hand, reaching farther than his tongue, and where his foot could not. Not to careless eyes, or in outward seeming, did it disclose itself, but by a consistent homage to the teachings he had inaugurated its disciples made their fealty known. Age could not dull his energy, or rob his rapid aspirations of their power. Young as the youngest in spirit, his white, and her gray hair, appeared the ensigns of their honour—the wreaths of their triumph; there was as yet no weakness in their forms, nor lack of lustre

in their gentle eyes, only it seemed as if, to those that loved them, they grew more beautiful—more like each other. They could not be more gracious, or more tender, more noble, or more true, but there was a ripeness in their thought, a richness of resource, a plenteousness of patience, profounder and more placid than early years could ever comprehend. A depth of faith, long tried, long leaned upon, a chastened fire of passion, fresh and clear, the settled sweetness of many seasons, wherein sympathy and sacred emotion had shed golden harvests on the heart, an intellect bright-eyed and eagle-like, as swift as daring, a boundless self-forgetfulness, and an omnipotent, all-embracing love, were the riches which their long lives of toil had led them to. A contrast came which made Redeemer shudder.

There was a famine in the land, and for three years the earth bore niggardly, so that many died, cattle, and men who lived like them. Afterwards came the pestilence, terrible, stealthy, wasting away those whom the drought had spared. Mischief and Boldness were seized and perished in a day. By the bedside of Careless whose second husband Sottish had fallen an early victim, they reappeared savage, miserable, and horrible to behold. The poor frail creature clung to Redemptress, while Redeemer strove with them; but they would not depart, and returned whenever she was left alone, so that one stayed always with her. Fretful as a child, and with the soul of an insect, she could neither believe nor understand the gospel they preached and lived by. She had fearful relapses into an animal despair and fury, before which at last her brain gave way. Only in the presence of the husband whom her hatred had doomed to such a punishment could she find peace. To him she

grovelled. He who accused himself of half her misery because of his youthful errors, was to her more than an angel. He took upon himself the burden of delivering the two unhappy spirits from their hell, and this at last in some wise accomplished. They refrained from persecuting the mother who had prompted them in their first misdeeds, and suggested their greatest cruelty. Soon after she passed away, and the three together became the care of the man whose work was not upon the earth alone, nor with those only whom men called living. Months of labour he gave to set them free, and desisted not until they began to listen to better inspirations, from those to whom Redeemer delegated his task. Great was their anguish as their sins had been great, but for them as for all there was forgiveness. Their souls purged of the poisons they had distilled from wholesome herbs grew by little and little in strength until he saw them humble and gentle set to fulfil the task of helping others. And this was their first glimpse of hope and heaven. *

Repentance, having wedded Chastity, a young matron for several years the friend and assistant of Redemptress, the past of Restless became lost from human gaze, since all its ties to memory had changed or passed away. The reparation was complete. Redeemer and Redemptress stood upon the shore of a new life, with all that lay behind them goodly to the view, while the waves of promise rippling to their feet danced in the light of a sunset, most joyful and most serene. In the glories of the immortal morning before which they stood, every stain was lost, and every capacity filled, with the resplendence of purity and peace.

Redeemer beheld a vision. He was walking with his

wife through a great garden parched, withered, and silent. The sunshine streaming on their heads had not reached the flowers at their feet, for it was shut out by high walls of dead timber, and from the gray ground arose a musty odour as of decaying vegetation, while over all came creeping creeping a thick and threatening fog. Ominously coiling like a great snake it stretched down hideous jaws of cloud, the body of it obliterating the heavens, and through its stealthy mouth darting swift flashes of stinging lightning flame. Then there was a roar, and with the shock he felt himself and her hurled far away, from the conflict, the last glimpse rushing before his eyes being that of a great crowd of fiendish faces, whose raging growl seemed tottering and tumbling in.

Then they were away upon a fresh hill side, blooming, and bright, and still; free as birds upon the boundless air, quivering with the joy of life and exaltation. Great companies of radiant spirits trooping down with song led them to the crest, and there falling back in ranks pointed them while strains of exquisite triumphal music filled their ears, to the valley they had left below so full of strife and horror. The storm raged and burst lifting bit by bit its terrors from the earth, ploughed first by its hail of fury, and then soaked with rainy tears of tribulation. When again the sun broke out it was upon the promise of a fruitful spring, the wall of withered wood had been consumed, the beams of inspiration falling warmly on the turf where from the plants looked upward in thankfulness and hope. Where they had worked he beheld others busied, watering the seeds which they had planted. There he saw Charity and Faith, Repentance and Chastity, with many more en-

alliteration
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Comp. with this the telling of Restless
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Learning and teaching in a higher sphere, his soul and hers were not separated from their first field of duty or from one another. They had more faith, more gratitude, more power; their worship was deeper, their understanding wider, their life happier, and their labour higher. They had been born to lead, and amid the myriads of immortal spirits needing light, still ruled by serving, still journeyed to the depths of darkness, bearing liberty and peace. Glowing heavens or gloomy hells were the scenes of their study and their toil, but most of all the race from which they sprang and which they had redeemed, received their inspiration. The childhood of dim and indefinite experience was passed, the youth of being was at last won, and they stepped forward to the infinite maturity of time with the glad step of prophetic joy and ecstatic feeling. Endless vistas of magnificence, rolling seas of wisdom, fathomless heavens of overhanging love, appeared before them in the Cathedral of the Universe, up which they trod, until nature was lost in deity, and humanity became divine. Yet the infinite had not crushed the individual, and they retained throughout eternity the preciousness of that communion which had made earth fair, and its

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Yet among all this misery, and in the very centre of the whirlpool, sucking down all its sides victims to destruction, Redeemer and Redemptress moved unharmed. The cause which they espoused grew steadily in strength, and, under their far-seeing wisdom, was held together throughout all the land. Losses there were, but they were more than balanced by gains, periods of privation belonged to the whole as well as to its teachers, and waves of disturbed passion in relentless rage of despotism smote it often severely. It stood firm, for it was upheld on every side by the hosts of those spirits now attached to the cause in noble sympathy. Scarcely less than their confidence in their principles was that in those who pronounced them. Never had the most perfect tyranny given to a single pair such power as belonged to those who asked none, and exercised that they possessed the least for themselves. Desiring allegiance to nothing except conscience and truth, as embodiments of Justice which, after years of doubt and misunderstanding, the votaries of the angel creed had come to recognise, Redeemer and Redemptress held in their hands, with holy awe, a sceptre swayed with the genius of goodness. Advice, suggestion, and exposition were their substitutes for command, obedience to which was rewarded by the self-benefit of the dutiful, and the gratitude of their chiefs; disobedience punished by forgiveness, and insult by silence only. Thus were their sorrows repaid; amidst and out of imperfection they reared an ideal life, and without visible nimbus or glory of men, stood serenely upon a throne, and in a heaven more real than anything which earth could offer.

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To the outer world they were still the same unwearying benefactors. The sick, the starving, and criminal found in them the care and solicitude given to a dear friend. But of this little was known, and nothing said; from day to day they gave of all they had, from day to day supplied by the help of the invisibles with what they needed. Without proclamation, without praise, without ceasing, they dedicated themselves to make their flock purer and wiser, and better men and women.

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but that by judicious effort he roused a number to prepare themselves for the struggle now not far off. The oppressed began to feel their power; perpetual endurance drove them to stern courage and design, but they were disheartened by dread, despondent and distrustful of one another, so that for a time there was apparent quiet.

Underneath this the danger gathered, but as yet only one man perceived it. Only one knew the real origin of the great movement to be in himself, and those he served, and who saw as clearly that its determination must be by the same hands. When he had first taught the people to think upon the errors and injustices of theology, those of tyranny were not long in appearing. The spiritual wave of inquiry and reason which he had inaugurated had passed on into the political sphere of life. Those who were ignorant of his religious tenets, possessed sufficient enlightenment to apply his principles of investigation and meditation to the affairs of daily life, so that many unaware even of his existence came to follow his footsteps in parallel paths. His interests were still more closely bound up with this liberal party, for the body of believers owning him as their chief was now becoming gradually more prominent among the ruin of those dead timbers, which had before over-shadowed and obscured it. The chiefs of the nation came to notice, and then to fear it. As the one body self-poised and self-dependent, it could exercise an influence much greater than its real proportion to the rest of the nation warranted. The orthodoxies could no longer cope with it as they had with the other various sects of dissent, by the mere terror of their threats. It must be destroyed by violence, and another example given to those

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prisoners, three of them children and two women, dragged along in the face of an angry crowd, chilled into whispers of rage by terror of the spies and ruffian guards about them. The unfortunates had been found worshipping in secret, a thing forbidden by the new laws, and were being borne now to the immediate judgment, and penalty of death pronounced against such offenders. It was a piteous thing to hear the infant crying, and see the women lashed along the street, so Redeemer with a beating heart suffered himself to be carried with the current of observers.

In the centre of the public square was a great stone seat, on which the judges sat above the heads of the people, and to the foot of this the prisoners were led, the crowd surging in filling the immense space, and blackening all the housetops far around. Within an inner circle, formed by four fountains, only adherents of the tyrants were admitted, and here they stood by hundreds, with jeers insulting the unarmed throngs, who with set teeth or flashing eyes poured execrations under their breath, upon their brutal masters. The time of trial was brief, and the sentence, designed to quell at once and forever the spirit of insubordination glowering from the masses, was proclaimed aloud. The captives were to be torn in pieces by horses, driven different ways; the children first. During the pause, while a place was cleared, and the trampling steeds reined back, there came a cry, and the soldiers opened to give passage to a white-haired man, erect and stately, who, as if in all the vigour of youth, dashed carelessly through levelled blades and lifted weapons, with kindling face and authoritative gesture forcing his fearless way. The breathless excitement of the outer crowd grew, as rank after rank

allowed him to pass through it, and presently he leaped upon the stone steps before the multitude, who made the heavens ring with the wild shout—"Redeemer!"

The ermined judges, the glittering groups of nobles, the marshalled military, and the mass beyond them gazed at this daring soul, whose imperious voice rang over all the stillness—"I demand the law. The edicts of the past declare the life of a burgher to equal that of five freemen, that of a noble forty burghers, and that of royalty ten nobles." "It is so written," said the solemn judge, "though never but for punishment of crime has this enactment spoken." "It must speak now," cried the undaunted prophet. "Nor shall I haggle at the price. Set those seven free, and take this frame instead. I am more than noble, blood royal runs in these veins." At this they started, for they could not deny his claim, while again a great shouting broke from the distant crowd.

The chiefs, fierce and reckless, rapidly resolved to have him, as well as them, among their victims.

Sending speedy messengers who incited their faction, for the instant awed by the daring of an enemy, they delayed with a pretence of judgment, watching eagerly the frowning brows of their muttering followers, who striking their scabbards with gauntleted hands, were rousing one another to action against the man who would rob them of their prey. The prisoners glared at by savage parasites, and surrounded by stolid guards, crouched together in terror, looking only towards their champion, who with quick appeal pleaded for a safety that would sacrifice his own. Sharper grew the cries, more marked the gestures of the nearer mob, there was a movement—a yell—"Give us the prisoners," and then Redeemer leaped to the edge of the steps and for the

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Again a voice called Redeemer, and kissing the sick child, weeping at his departure, he followed the highway until a distant murmuring announced that one of the disturbances so common in the city since the withdrawal of many of the soldiers was coming near to him. Still the voices led him onwards until he beheld seven

prisoners, three of them children and two women, dragged along in the face of an angry crowd, chilled into whispers of rage by terror of the spies and ruffian guards about them. The unfortunates had been found worshipping in secret, a thing forbidden by the new laws, and were being borne now to the immediate judgment, and penalty of death pronounced against such offenders. It was a piteous thing to hear the infant crying, and see the women lashed along the street, so Redeemer with a beating heart suffered himself to be carried with the current of observers.

In the centre of the public square was a great stone seat, on which the judges sat above the heads of the people, and to the foot of this the prisoners were led, the crowd surging in filling the immense space, and blackening all the housetops far around. Within an inner circle, formed by four fountains, only adherents of the tyrants were admitted, and here they stood by hundreds, with jeers insulting the unarmed throngs, who with set teeth or flashing eyes poured execrations under their breath, upon their brutal masters. The time of trial was brief, and the sentence, designed to quell at once and forever the spirit of insubordination glowering from the masses, was proclaimed aloud. The captives were to be torn in pieces by horses, driven different ways; the children first. During the pause, while a place was cleared, and the trampling steeds reined back, there came a cry, and the soldiers opened to give passage to a white-haired man, erect and stately, who, as if in all the vigour of youth, dashed carelessly through levelled blades and lifted weapons, with kindling face and authoritative gesture forcing his fearless way. The breathless excitement of the outer crowd grew, as rank after rank

allowed him to pass through it, and presently he leaped upon the stone steps before the multitude, who made the heavens ring with the wild shout—"Redeemer!"

The ermined judges, the glittering groups of nobles, the marshalled military, and the mass beyond them gazed at this daring soul, whose imperious voice rang over all the stillness—"I demand the law. The edicts of the past declare the life of a burgher to equal that of five freemen, that of a noble forty burghers, and that of royalty ten nobles." "It is so written," said the solemn judge, "though never but for punishment of crime has this enactment spoken." "It must speak now," cried the undaunted prophet. "Nor shall I haggle at the price. Set those seven free, and take this frame instead. I am more than noble, blood royal runs in these veins." At this they started, for they could not deny his claim, while again a great shouting broke from the distant crowd.

The chiefs, fierce and reckless, rapidly resolved to have him, as well as them, among their victims.

Sending speedy messengers who incited their faction, for the instant awed by the daring of an enemy, they delayed with a pretence of judgment, watching eagerly the frowning brows of their muttering followers, who striking their scabbards with gauntleted hands, were rousing one another to action against the man who would rob them of their prey. The prisoners glared at by savage parasites, and surrounded by stolid guards, crouched together in terror, looking only towards their champion, who with quick appeal pleaded for a safety that would sacrifice his own. Sharper grew the cries, more marked the gestures of the nearer mob, there was a movement—a yell—"Give us the prisoners," and then Redeemer leaped to the edge of the steps and for the

last time on earth the rich trumpet tones of his voice broke upon mortal ears.

"Brothers" he cried, "be witness of this wrong, awake, forbid it. Since there is no hope of justice without strife, arise, assert your freedom. Have faith in one another unto death, for life but leads to life, and good to glory. Spear-points and sword-blades cannot wound your souls. Fear for your conscience only, fear not these. Save virtue but forgive men. Follow me."

Checked but for an instant the tide of maddened beasts broke loose and rushed towards the little knot of seven, clasped together in agony. Redeemer bounding from his station stood between. The wave of furious faces struck and swallowed him with a worrying growl—but while they tore the fragments of his flesh, the multitude were up, the captives saved.

All night the fighting rolled among the streets, for the populace were at last awakened. Redemptress, lifting the wounded in a narrow alley, was stoned by the relentless soldiery. Next morning the city rose free; the reign of the tyrants ended, and the martyrs' jubilee began; as resting in brighter spheres where all that the vision had shown was fulfilled or surpassed, they entered on a life more rich in experience, more complete in expression, more glad in an eternal growth, nearer and nearer to the divine perfection of deity, to which all being tends.

And in this sea so sinks my stream,
The sunshine sucks its broken beam,
Earth's dream dies in the more than dream,
And yet both *are*, they do not seem.

THE END.

a. q. p. 24
25.4

