



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

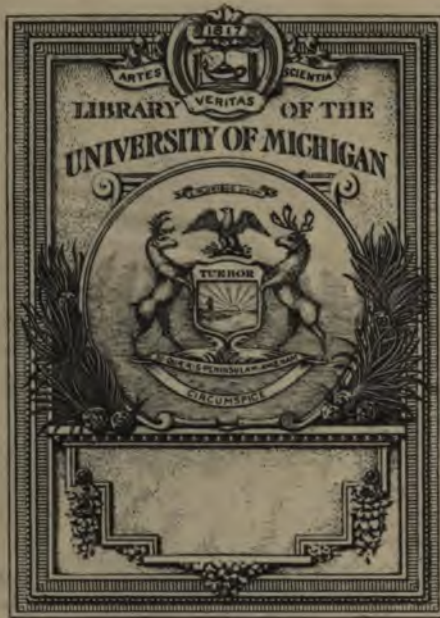
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

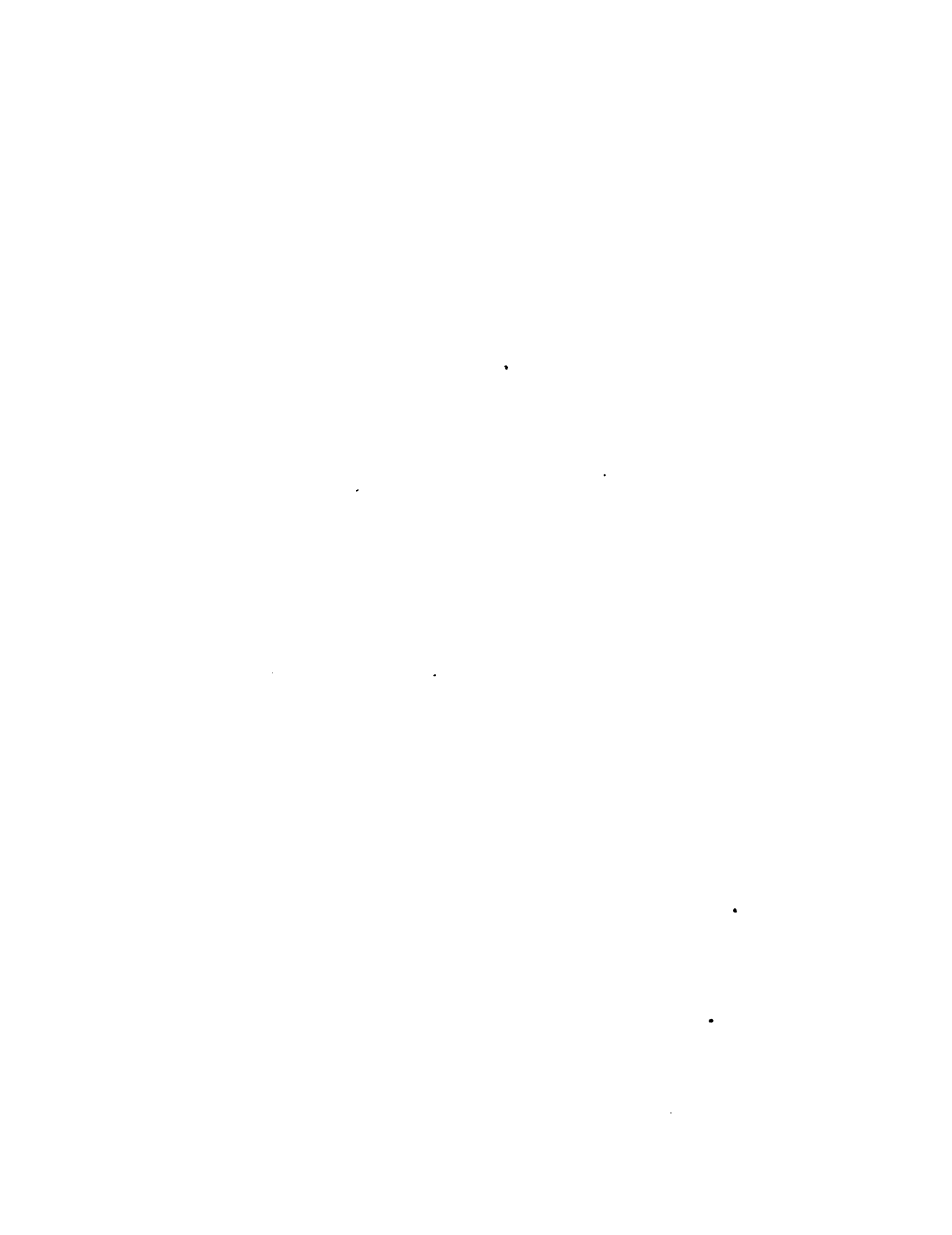
A

3 9015 00386 804 2

University of Michigan - BUHR



828
B87274e



071274 c

1000 labels
Dec 11-18

ARTIN REVISITED

BY

Byron A. Brot



Arena Pub Co

ARENA LIBRARY SERIES.

December, 1893.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY. SUBSCRIPTION \$5.00 PER ANNUM.

at the Post Office at Boston at Special Class matter.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.



Strictly High Grade in Every Particular.

**PNEUMATIC, CUSHION AND SOLID TIRES
FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN.**

Call and Examine.

Cycle Catalogue Free

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO.,

147 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Send 6 cents in Stamps
for 100-Page
ILLUS'D CATALOGUE

Of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Single Pistols, Bicycles,
Tricycles, Velocipedes, Air Guns, Air Pistols, Skates,
Cutlery, Carving Sets, Razors, Opera and Field Glasses,
Kodak Cameras, Dog Collars, Boxing Gloves, Bicycle
Sundries, Fishing Tackle, Base Ball, Gymnasium and
Police Goods.

no

EARTH REVISITED

BY
BYRON A. BROOKS

AUTHOR OF "KING SARG, A TRAGEDY," "THE F CHILDREN AND THEIR TEACHERS,"
"PHIL VERNON AND HIS SCHOOLMASTERS,"



BOSTON, MASS.
Arcata Publishing Company
CORLEY SQUARE
1904

And tuneful Horace wrote—

“Death comes alike to all—to the monarch’s lordly
hall,
And the hovel of the beggar, and his summons none
can stay.
O! Sestius, happy Sestius, use the moments as they
pass,
Far-reaching hopes are not for us—the creatures of
a day.”

But the fact that death is the common lot of men was no consolation to me. I recalled the old syllogism of the schools: “All men are mortal; Socrates is a man; therefore Socrates is mortal.” I was willing to admit its application to Socrates and all other men, but I would not consider that it embraced me in its vast conclusion.

I was not yet fifty years of age. I had laid plans and undertaken enterprises which would require a century for their completion. I had recently made a large investment in Western lands, awaiting the growth and development of the country for my returns and had still greater plans in mind.

I was not ready to die. I had always thought of death, when I thought of it at all, as something to be prepared for in the distant future. Other men were dying daily about me, but that did not impress me greatly. My neighbor, a young man much stronger than I,

had taken a slight cold, neglected it, contracted pneumonia, and in a week was dead. My friend, an active young man with his life before him, left his house one morning for a business journey, stepped in front of a passing train and was brought home a corpse within an hour. A business acquaintance, learning that Bright's disease was fastened upon him, had abandoned himself to every kind of excess, contracted debts everywhere possible, expended the money in luxurious living and gone out of the world leaving a trail of disgrace behind him. I would make no such dishonorable departure. But I had not considered the possibility of death as a factor in my life. Now, as the Idumean patriarch mourned, "the evil that I dreaded most had come upon me." It had not come as a thief in the night; but like a besieging army it had set down before me and demanded my unconditional surrender.

I could only sit and look my grim enemy in the face and await the end. But what was to be the end? With the patient poet, I could but ask, "If a man die shall he live again?" and find no answer. Of one thing only was I sure: I was about to die, and I was not prepared. I did not greatly fear what might be in store for me beyond the grave, but I could not endure the thought of being thus rudely wrenched out of life with all my plans and

purposes so fruitless and incomplete. True, they were solely selfish purposes, but they were all that had occupied my active existence.

I had always been very methodical in my business, and a little time sufficed to set my house in order. I had readily arranged my affairs so that they could be conducted without me. In fact, I was deeply surprised to find how easily I could be dispensed with. I had made my will and left everything to my wife and children. Yes, I was about to leave *everything!*

I had been accounted a man of wealth, but now I was worth nothing. My property remained, but it was not mine. I had brought nothing into the world and it was certain I could carry nothing out. The beggar in the street was richer than I. I had a large insurance on my life, a tontine policy in the Providence Mutual Life Assurance Society. But it was not for my benefit. It could not assure me a day's lease of life. My buildings were insured against fire, but they might never burn. My death was assured. The company took a risk only on the length of my life. What would I not have given to obtain a few days' extension of that! My "expectation of life," I had been informed, was over thirty years; but I had not lived one-third of it. I was bankrupt.

My son would succeed to my business. He had just passed one-and-twenty, and had already begun to manage affairs without consulting me. Although I was pleased at the evidence of his ability, I perceived with many a pang that it was not for me that he was planning, but for himself.

“Do not disturb your father about business,” I heard his mother say to him. “He has but a few days to live ; let him pass them in peace.” Peace, what a mockery ! as if a man could have peace who was about to leave everything he cared for in life and take a leap in the dark, to disappear forever !

I had every comfort that money could procure—that is to say, none at all. We had traveled for two years, over our own country and in Europe, in search of health—as if we believed that the fabled spring of youth were yet to be found somewhere on the globe. I went restlessly from place to place, eagerly following every promise of betterment, finding no interest in anything, carrying everywhere with me my dying body and disordered mind. I then returned to my mansion in the metropolis to die—like a hunted hare to its cover. This dwelling I had recently built and furnished in the most complete manner, to live in, not to die in. As I was assisted up the broad steps I thought, “I shall go down only when carried

out to burial.” The grotesque gargoyles above the door grinned as I passed, and I thought, “They will grin as calmly when I go down. Those who follow me will not smile—until I am laid out of sight. Then the wonted expression will return. All will go on as before.” I imagined I had filled an important place in life; but I could now see how small it was. The very shadow of my coming dissolution was sufficient to obliterate all the figure I had made in the world. My wife—good woman—was assiduous in her attentions. No expense was spared. Still I imagined that she felt that it was her money she was expending and that she took credit to herself in so doing. She was tearful and sad, as was natural; still I thought, “It is for herself that she is weeping, not for me. *She* is not dying. She is already thinking that mourning garb will be becoming to her and that she will enjoy a degree of freedom for which she has often sighed.”

We had been married twenty-five years. She was not my first love; nor I hers. We were not affinities; but there had been a personal attraction in our youth which took the place of love. We had been faithful to each other—in deed. We bore the yoke decently. My wife’s ambition was to be a society leader. I despised fashionable society. I was so busy making money that I could see

no profit or pleasure in it. I furnished her the money she desired and she managed my household affairs. Thus we had lived in the same house, walked, sat, and slept together for twenty-five years ; but in reality we were perfect strangers. Her person was familiar to me, but of her heart and mind I knew nothing. I had long been aware that she did not understand me and did not care to. But it was mainly my fault. There had been a time in our early married life when her heart was open to me and I might have known and possessed it. But I did not perceive its value until too late. I neglected the jewel ; I turned away from the fragrance of the opening flower until, like the sensitive plant, it shut at my approach and inclosed its sweetness forever. I was so absorbed in my business that I had little time for getting acquainted with my wife. She was mine and that was enough. I gave her as good a home as I could afford, desired her to dress and live as became my wife, and felt that I had done my duty to her. Thus she naturally sought occupation in society. She thought that I was hard and selfish ; but she did not understand me.

I sought wealth not for its own sake mainly, but in order to make a position in life for myself and family. I knew no other way of obtaining it. I thought money could purchase

everything. We were both selfish, seeking our own happiness and not each other's—and thus losing both. I believed that she had an immortal soul; but I treated her as if she were only a valuable animal. I now saw these things in a very different light. The shadow of death, while it obscured many of the mountains of life, brought into clear view many a vale of unexplored beauty and many an unsuspected chasm of darkness over which I had trodden in brutal blindness. But it was too late to retrace my steps. My life was at an end, and it had brought little happiness or good to myself or others. I realized the truth of what a witty Frenchman had recently written of my countrymen: "If it were given to man to live twice on this planet, I could understand his living his first term *à l'Americaine*, so as to be able to enjoy in his second existence the fruits of his toil in the first."

My "first term" had been spent in fruitless toil. My only enjoyment had been in the society of my daughter. She was now a sweet rosebud of seventeen. I clung to her more than to anything else in the world. For her alone I had anxious thoughts of the future. She was now all innocence and sweetness. But soon the social sirocco would strike her, wither all her fair petals and dissipate her innocence forever. "Then," thought I, "she will marry

—for love, or something else—and most probably it will be for something else, under her mother's influence. Then my bonny child will be no more."

I had scarcely known my boy. When an infant, he had been left to the charge of his mother and nurses, babies being of little account to me until they were able to talk and walk. Then he amused me—when I had time to be amused. I was in haste to have him grow up and be a man. He was sent to school, and I saw little of him until he was almost grown. I was proud of him as I saw his desire to follow in his father's footsteps. What kind of an education he had had I knew not: probably the worst that was to be had for the money. Little moral or religious training had I given him, though I had been a member of the Presbyterian Church for twenty years. I did as others did, and brought up my children by proxy. Now my prattling boy was gone from me forever, and in his stead I found a young man whom I had brought into the world, but in the molding of whose character I had done little and for whom I could now do nothing. The money that I should leave him I knew might prove the worst inheritance I could bequeath him. But that was all I could give him.

One morning, a few days before my departure, my daughter came into my room, and running

everything. We were both selfish, seeking our own happiness and not each other's—and thus losing both. I believed that she had an immortal soul; but I treated her as if she were only a valuable animal. I now saw these things in a very different light. The shadow of death, while it obscured many of the mountains of life, brought into clear view many a vale of unexplored beauty and many an unsuspected chasm of darkness over which I had trodden in brutal blindness. But it was too late to retrace my steps. My life was at an end, and it had brought little happiness or good to myself or others. I realized the truth of what a witty Frenchman had recently written of my countrymen: "If it were given to man to live twice on this planet, I could understand his living his first term *à l'Américaine*, so as to be able to enjoy in his second existence the fruits of his toil in the first."

My "first term" had been spent in fruitless toil. My only enjoyment had been in the society of my daughter. She was now a sweet rosebud of seventeen. I clung to her more than to anything else in the world. For her alone I had anxious thoughts of the future. She was now all innocence and sweetness. But soon the social sirocco would strike her, wither all her fair petals and dissipate her innocence forever. "Then," thought I, "she will marry

—for love, or something else—and most probably it will be for something else, under her mother's influence. Then my bonny child will be no more."

I had scarcely known my boy. When an infant, he had been left to the charge of his mother and nurses, babies being of little account to me until they were able to talk and walk. Then he amused me—when I had time to be amused. I was in haste to have him grow up and be a man. He was sent to school, and I saw little of him until he was almost grown. I was proud of him as I saw his desire to follow in his father's footsteps. What kind of an education he had had I knew not: probably the worst that was to be had for the money. Little moral or religious training had I given him, though I had been a member of the Presbyterian Church for twenty years. I did as others did, and brought up my children by proxy. Now my prattling boy was gone from me forever, and in his stead I found a young man whom I had brought into the world, but in the molding of whose character I had done little and for whom I could now do nothing. The money that I should leave him I knew might prove the worst inheritance I could bequeath him. But that was all I could give him.

One morning, a few days before my departure, my daughter came into my room, and running

Life was merely a "probation" for a world to come. Its end was "a heaven to win, and a hell to shun." Believing that my "calling and election" were sure, I had felt a mild interest in the fate of my fellow-mortals; not so much from love for them as from a forced sense of gratitude for my own salvation. I was a member of the most aristocratic church on the avenue. I attended regularly, contributed liberally, partook of communion, and felt that my eternal life was fully assured.

But now as I sat in my room, face to face with death, a gigantic doubt assailed me. "What if my creed be not true! It matters little what I believe; what is the truth? The Christian faith may be after all only a *faith*. What are the facts? I want truths which may be apprehended by my reason and experience, which all men may grasp and live by. If the whole vast edifice of faith be but the 'baseless fabric of a vision,' let me know it now. As my hold on life relaxes, I feel for the pillars of truth to which I will cleave as the world goes down. Nothing but the hard granite of firm fact can sustain me now. I will cling to the cold cables of eternal verity which enwrap the world, as the billows of death go over me."

But it was too late to examine the foundations of my faith or to acquire new truth. As

I looked upon the past, of one fact I was assured. My life was a failure. If there were no future life, I had made shipwreck of my only existence. If there were a hereafter, I had missed the only preparation for it. God might forgive my infraction of His law, but He could not undo the wrongs done to my fellowmen, nor restore my lost opportunities. I remembered the words of the Master I professed to follow, "I was sick and in prison and ye visited Me not ; inasmuch as you did it not to the least of My brethren." My only certainty—life, which I might have made a heaven and which I had wasted while looking for a heaven hereafter—my life was ended.

As I passed in review its early scenes, so long forgotten, their meaning, developed by the light of death into vivid portraits of moral character, now appeared in startling clearness. I saw myself, a boy in my humble country home, the idol of my fond mother and pious father, who spared no toil nor sacrifice to give their son the advantages denied to them. I took them all thankless from their hands, demanded them as my right, complained of their insufficiency, and grew up in selfish ambition, determined to better my condition in life at whatever cost. For many years their forms had lain in the village churchyard, their hearts cold to the tokens of love and gratitude which

would have made their hard lives happy. But they had lived and died with no signs of affection from the son for whom they had spent their mortal existence. I saw the country maiden whom I had wronged. She had given me her heart, herself, in the abandonment of youthful love and confidence, which I had taken selfishly, as I had taken all that came to me, and as carelessly cast away. I, who prided myself upon being a man of honor, who would scorn to break his word to a fellow-man, thought it no wrong to deceive a trusting and loving maiden. Not only had I despoiled her of her innocence, but I had ruined her whole life. She had married a man whom she did not love, and after a few years had separated from him and gone into the world's wide ways, I knew not whither. I had done an irreparable injury to a fellow-creature.

But one bright spot appeared in the darkness of my life-picture. I had once been in love; truly, deeply in love—and not with myself; though I could not claim that my affection had been entirely free from selfishness. Yet the end had been a sad one for us both. When I first met Theresa Stewart I was twenty-one years of age and she was eighteen. A purer, sweeter, nobler soul never lived. She loved me with her whole heart, and I was madly in love with her. I was intoxicated with love. The world

took on a new tinge. I trod on air. I envied those who were dwellers in the same town with her. I was happy only in her society. True, it was my own happiness, even then, that I pursued more than hers. But when in her company I was lifted out of my selfish ambitions to higher planes of thought and feeling than I had ever known. Her love, like all true affection, was perfectly unselfish. She had no thought but for others, and desired only to make them better and happier. She was the idol of her home, and all who knew her loved her. But it did not please me that she should have affection for any one but me. She was an angel to me—and I lost her.

When I went to college we were separated. We kept up a warm correspondence through most of the term, though it began to cool toward the close. Still I loved her and intended to marry her. At the end of my college course I had an advantageous opportunity to go to a distant city and engage in a business which I was very desirous of entering. I wrote to Theresa that I thought it best for the present to release her from our engagement. She understood it all. When I visited her to bid her good-bye she spoke no word of reproach. She bade me an affectionate farewell and God-speed with a cheerful smile, while two crystal drops stood in her eyes and she clasped her

hands to her bosom as if to repress the rising sobs. Her heart was broken.

I never saw her again in life. Her health failed, and within a year—one never-to-be-forgotten day—came a telegraph dispatch saying, “Theresa is dead.” Then I realized what I had lost and sank into the deepest despair. The gates of heaven had stood open before me, and closed forever. My only opportunity for obtaining happiness in this life was gone. My own hand had dashed the cup from my lips. Yet in the depths of my despair and longing I could say, “I have at least known true joy; I have loved and been beloved.”

At times, in after years, her image would appear to me in visions of the night—sad, but still loving and uncomplaining—though sorrowing for my lapse from the path of love and virtue. She became the guiding star of my life. I believed that she was yet alive in another world and that she still loved me and watched over me. I named my daughter after her, and sometimes fancied that I perceived a resemblance between them.

Now, as I looked into the future, I felt that if there were a future for me, my long-lost love might be awaiting me, and that, reunited to her, I could cast off the coils of selfishness and be a true man at last. For I realized that my life had not been even that of a reasoning

animal calling himself a man. In the selfish pursuit of happiness here and hereafter, I had missed the whole value and meaning of existence. Now, for the first time, I perceived that only in service to others can happiness be found.

But life was mine no more! My one opportunity was gone. "O God," I cried, "if there be a God, give me another opportunity! I am unfit for heaven. I do not want it so undeserved; but in this world I could do some good; I could help to lighten a fellow-mortal's burden and thus make life worth living and become fit for a higher state. O give me life! life!" I sighed as I sank into exhaustion and unconsciousness.

When I opened my eyes, my family and friends were about me. "He has revived," whispered my wife, as she offered me a stimulant. I tried to take it, but could not. I could not speak. I could not move a muscle; but I could hear those about me. They were weeping, though I could see no occasion for it.

"He is almost done with this world," said the physician.

"No, no!" I exclaimed, "I am not done with the world. I cannot leave it thus!" But they did not seem to hear me. I felt a paroxysm of agony and reproach that my friends would not heed nor answer me. But at length,

I perceived the truth. "This, then, is death. The inevitable hour is come. But why should I distress myself?" Then I noticed Theresa standing near me. She wore the same youthful expression of love and peace that I had remembered all the years. She beckoned to me lovingly to come to her. I endeavored to rise, but I was unable to do so. I fell back upon my pillow in complete exhaustion. Then a feeling of deep peace and rest came over me. I closed my eyes. I had determined years before that I would not die with my eyes open.

"I am coming, Theresa," I whispered, as I ceased to breathe.

"He is no more for earth," said the physician as he dropped my pulseless hand. "He is dead."

While the weeping group stood beside my bed, it seemed gradually to rise and lift me above them. An ethereal lightness possessed me. Upward I slowly floated while the room with its mourners grew dim and distant, and disappeared. I was alone in the vast vacuity of space, a naked, shivering soul. A deep darkness of horror engulfed me. I could endure no more. Memory forsook her throne; kind oblivion came to my relief. I was dead.

II.

“HE is reviving. All is now ready,” I heard a strange voice say. Then all was still. Presently the curtains of my couch were withdrawn by an unseen hand. I sat up and looked about me. The bed upon which I lay, the curtains, the chairs, and all the furnishings of the room were familiar. The light of a warm June afternoon streamed in, filling the place with subdued radiance and warmth. A feeling of deep peace and strength pervaded my mind and all my members. I fell back upon the cushions and closed my eyes in dreamy satisfaction. Long I lay thus in blissful reverie, unmindful of the past, unquestioning of the present. At length a dim recollection of my death-bed scene stole over me, and I awoke to the fact that I was alive; not only living, but well and strong, and without a trace of age or illness about me. Why, then, was I in bed and alone? What were the voices I had heard, and what did all this mean? Again I rose and surveyed my surroundings. All were familiar, but as I caught sight of my face in the mirror, I started back with astonishment and awe, for the features reflected there were not my own. I saw, as I stood before it, the face and form of a young

man, about twenty-five years of age, tall and well-built, with a thoughtful cast of countenance, overspread by a paleness which spoke of long illness ; yet underneath all was a strange, indefinable resemblance to my former self. Overwhelmed by the discovery, I threw myself into a chair and endeavored to collect my thoughts ; but, so swiftly and tumultuously they thronged upon me, I was utterly unable to find myself amid the whirl of strange recollections.

While I thus sat pondering and asking where were my family and my friends, and why they had thus deserted me, I heard a soft footfall and a gentle sigh. Quickly lifting my head, I saw before me a maiden, fair and graceful as the lily, dressed all in white, with red roses in her hair and at her bosom, while in her hand she held a half-opened rosebud with the dew yet upon its petals, hiding amid its leaves of green. A look of deepest love and joy beamed in her large brown eyes, mingled with eager questioning and tender solicitude as she gazed upon me. A moment thus she stood before me, with the same questioning look of love and joy that I recalled so well.

“ Theresa, my long-lost love ! ” I murmured, and stretched out my arms to her.

With a quick cry of joy and recognition, she threw herself upon my breast, while tears of gladness suffused her eyes as she exclaimed :

“Dear Harold, you know me! You are recovered at last. I am so happy!”

Long I held her thus clasped to my heart, not doubting that my lost love and I were again united. I remembered well her appearance as she stood by my bedside amid my weeping relatives, and with a look of love and brightness beckoned me to follow her. Whence she had come or how I had been transported to her, I knew not. Certainly this fair form was no ethereal being. Apparently I had not been far removed from the scene of my last conscious existence.

“Harold, dear,” whispered the fair maiden, while tears of joy glittered in her large, lustrous eyes as she pushed back my hair with a loving hand and looked more closely into my face, “Harold, you have been ill a very long time. You have lain unconscious many weeks. Your bodily health has been for some time quite restored, but your memory seems to have been impaired. You were not able to recollect anything of your past life. All its acts and feelings seemed to have been blotted out. Many days I have sat by your side, but even me, your rose, as you used to call me, you did not recognize, though you often looked at me most tenderly and called me dear Theresa. But now you know me. Now you are mine again. Soon you will be entirely recovered and we shall be so happy!”

With these words she imprinted a warm kiss upon my brow, and gazed upon me with a look of deep affection.

“Theresa, my first and only love, my angel visitant, my beckoning guide,” I murmured, “we are met again. But how did we come here? Is this a dream?”

“This is no dream. I am called Helen—Helen Newcome,” she replied. “But if you prefer to call me Theresa, that shall be my name to you. It is a sweet name, is it not? You are mine again. But you must not talk too much to-day. I am overjoyed at your recovery, and in a few days we hope you will be quite yourself again. You are at home with those who love you and who will care for you until you are entirely well. Now, I must leave you. The physician made me promise not to remain too long. Good-bye.”

With these words, she kissed me and turned to leave the room; but I would not be left thus.

“Who are you?” I exclaimed, seizing her hand as she rose. “Are you not Theresa Stewart, who died long ago? Am I not Herbert Atherton, who lay dying, an old, worn-out man, a few days since? Is not this my house? Where are my wife and children?”

Instantly a shadow of sorrow and sympathy overspread her lovely face, while her fair fingers pressed softly on my lips as a mother would hush a tired child.

“There, there,” she whispered, “say no more; I have stayed too long; your delirium is returning. Think no more about the past. I am your Theresa and will be yours forever.” Then she glided from the room as swiftly and silently as she had entered, while to me her coming seemed as unreal and evanescent as the dream-visits of the past and the vision by my dying-bed.”

“Theresa! Theresa!” I exclaimed, starting toward her; but she was gone and the door was closed. I was alone with my memories. I heeded not a word that she had said as to my recent illness and loss of memory. My recollection was too active and acute. O Memory, the link of life; the heaven of the holy, the scourge of the unjust! Whether I were dead or alive, in this world or another, my memory lived. I was the same man as before I breathed my last; the same that I had been for fifty years on earth. With appalling clearness and convincing strength, appeared before me all the acts, thoughts and feelings of the past. Not God himself, I felt, could blot that out or make me other than I was.

But between the hour when I lay dying and the present stretched an impassable gulf. All was oblivion to me. For the period of which memory spoke not, I had been dead; but how long that period, or what the intervening events, I knew not and could not know. I seemed to

have recovered from my illness ; but a feeling of youthful strength and vigor possessed me as unaccountable as the sight of myself which I had caught in the mirror. Again I sought its revelation. There plainly stood before it a man of youthful form in which appeared no trace of infirmity or age.

“Who am I? Where am I? Who is this beautiful being calling herself Helen? Where are my family and my friends?” I could but constantly ask myself. Physicians and others came and inquired as to my condition, and sought to minister to my health. But I told them I was perfectly well. All I wanted was for them to answer my questions. “Where am I? Where are my wife and children?” I asked. At length the physician, a most kindly looking and intelligent man, replied :

“You are in your own home, in the city of Brooklyn. You have no wife, though this beautiful and loving lady, Helen Newcome, hopes to become yours as soon as you are recovered from this strange illness. You may, indeed, congratulate yourself upon having so faithful an attendant, and upon the prospect of obtaining such a lovely partner for life. Without her aid, we fear, you would not have recovered or been able to recall the lost links in your life. We hope you will now soon regain your recollection, which seems to have been entirely

obliterated by your accident and the resulting brain fever. I have known loss of memory to result from a much slighter blow than yours, and even loss of language, so that one had to learn his native tongue again. Your case is not so bad as that, and even if your recollection of the past twenty years does not return, it will not take you long to learn all you knew. I do not mean to intimate that your knowledge was so limited," he concluded with a smile, "but your powers of acquisition and opportunities are so enlarged, that you will learn much more rapidly than in childhood. Indeed, you are but a walking interrogation now, of a larger growth. I think I can now allow you to go out under the guidance of your fair *fiancée*, who will instruct and aid you much more successfully than I can do. You know that the physician's duty is not so much to administer remedies to diseased bodies, as to prevent disease by conservation of the public health and by ministering to the minds and morals of the community. I now resign this case to Dr. Helen Newcome."

A thousand interrogations stood on my lips and in my eyes, but the doctor withdrew and Helen again entered. Her beauty and loveliness exceeded, if possible, those of her first appearance. She had the same deep brown eyes, the same dark curling locks, the same expression of innate purity and nobility of mind

that characterized my lost Theresa ; but there was an appearance of perfect health and grace in her supple form, and an inner strength and energy expressed in every movement, that the former had not possessed. Yet the look of love and the low sweet tones of voice were identical.

"This, then, is my *fiancée*," thought I, as she approached and greeted me with a light and fragrant kiss. "Happy man! but who am I?"

The thronging questions so trod upon each other that I stood silent.

"Dear Harold," her sweet bell-like tones sounded through my very soul, "the doctor says I may take you out to-day for a short ride. Will you go with me? The carriage is at the door."

"Gladly!" I responded. "But where is your team? I see no horses."

"This is my electric carriage," she replied. "Do you not know that horses are dispensed with?" Then, checking herself, she continued, "But forgive me, Harold ; the doctor told me I must not excite you, but must patiently explain what you have forgotten. I will try to do so, dear, if you will have patience with me."

"You are the one who will most need patience to tell me what you say I have forgotten and what I wish to know. First, tell me who am I and where am I?" But before my fair physician could reply, we were speeding

swiftly, yet noiselessly, in our mimic car along the smooth, winding streets and avenues of a magnificent city such as I had never beheld, while I gazed about me in silent wonder. Along the wide and cleanly highways flew thousands of the swift, silent vehicles, filled with strong men, fair women, and gay children. The walks were crowded with well-dressed, contented artisans and benevolent-looking citizens. Beside us towered on every hand magnificent edifices from which proceeded the hum of industry, while everywhere within the park-like grounds were the comfortable homes of happy thousands.

“What city is this?” at length I gasped.
“Surely I never saw it before.”

With an evident effort to conceal her disappointment in my failure to recognize my own dwelling-place, Helen patiently explained :

“This is Brooklyn, part of the great city of Columbia, comprising all the cities about New York Bay. The city of New York has disappeared. Manhattan Island is no longer a place of residence. Its unfitness for such a purpose had long been so thoroughly demonstrated that it was at length abandoned entirely to warehouses, offices, and wholesale business. The whole island is occupied with these, the Harlem River being a broad channel through which the commerce of the Hudson flows to join the ocean through the Sound. Immense wharves fringe

the whole island, built solidly of a concrete substance like stone. Beautiful bridges span the rivers and bay in all directions, and the islands in the rivers and bay are the pleasure-ground of the people."

"But where do all these people live?" I asked, in wonder.

"Within a radius of twenty miles from the Harlem River," replied my fair companion, "dwell the ten million inhabitants of the fairest and greatest city on the globe."

"But what has become of New York City?" I exclaimed.

"The inhabitants of New York long since moved out into what was Westchester County, and, in the verdant region lying between the Hudson and the Sound, built themselves dwellings worthy of the name. Brooklyn occupies the whole western end of Long Island, stretching from sea to sound, a city of elegant homes. The new city of Richmond occupies all of Staten Island, and on the New Jersey shore lies the city of Adelphi, comprising all those towns, once merely the squalid entrepots and workshops of New York, now a great and beautiful municipality, stretching from the Hudson to the Orange Mountains. These cities occupy so much space also for the reason that the people all live in homes, not in perpendicular slices of a block. It is incredible, monstrous," she sighed, "that once more than a million people

lived on less than half of Manhattan Island. But what was called the tenement house and its twin abomination, the flat, have long since ceased to exist. And yet men lived, loved, wedded and died in the midst of those horrors, without active effort to remove them." She paused with an involuntary shudder.

While she had been speaking, I could but gaze about me with exclamations of wonder and delight at the strange sights before me. What at first appeared to be huge birds with broad wings were moving through the air in all directions with incredible velocity. A dark object would appear in the distant sky like a small bird, rapidly increase in size as it approached, pass us with the noiseless rush of the eagle, and as quickly disappear. They were moving in every direction, alighting and arising with the ease and grace of a swallow, then darting out of sight in an instant. At length one passed quite near us, when I discovered that it was a large, cylindrical air-ship filled with people, traveling through the air at the rate of a mile a second.

"How are they propelled?" I exclaimed in wonder to my guide, perceiving at once that the problem of aerial navigation had been solved.

"On the same principle as the bird flies," she replied. "Given the lightness of frame and the power of propulsion, and the problem

is solved. Aluminum furnishes the former and electricity the latter. The power which propels the aeroplane keeps it afloat. One of the most delightful experiences which I enjoy is to go out in an anemon when the wind is blowing, and put out the broad sails, which are shifted by levers within, as the hawk does his wings, and sail around as he does, in wide circles above the earth, beholding its dwellings and landscape as in a frame of gold beneath, while the noiseless motion is unperceived, in the perfection of aerial flight so long denied to mortals."

"This explains," I remarked, observing the practical results of this invention, "this explains how all these people can live so far away from the center of business, and makes these widespread cities possible."

"True," she answered. "We all depend upon the inventor. From the time when Prometheus first drew fire from heaven, to him who drew electricity from the sun, the world's real progress has been the march of invention. We have light, heat and power, the great essentials of human existence and comfort, laid down at every man's door at nominal cost. The effect upon the public welfare has been incalculable. But it is by no means the chief factor in our condition," she concluded with a fond glance, "'for man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses.'"

“It did in my day,” I replied. “At least we all believed so, and acted upon that belief. Whatever our creeds or customs on Sunday, we attended strictly to business for six days in the week, with all our powers of mind, body and estate. We believed in God and the devil, in heaven and hell, and that in one or the other we should spend an endless existence. But we spent our days in the pursuit of phantom fortune, which we did not know how to enjoy when obtained, and stumbled into the grave, hoping for a fool’s paradise beyond, which we knew we did not deserve and for which we were entirely unprepared.”

At these words, Helen cast upon me a look of mingled astonishment, grief and pain. Tears of disappointment and deep anxiety stood in her eyes while in trembling tones she exclaimed :

“Dear Harold, what do you mean? Why do you speak to me in this manner? ‘In your day’? You have had no day but this. You have forgotten much, but whence do you derive these strange ideas? Oh, Harold, what has so changed you? Do you not love me still?” she sobbed.

“First answer me one question, please,” I asked, unheeding her last words, as out of the whirl of conflicting thoughts I sought a clew to the mysteries that surrounded me, “How long have I been ill?”

“ Nearly three months, dearest. Your accident occurred on March 20th, and it is now the 15th of June. It has been a long, weary time, but now at last we have you again in health and strength and trust you soon will be quite yourself again.”

“ And—what—year—is—this ? ” I stammered, while a nameless fear possessed me.

“ Why, it is the year 1992, to be sure. You certainly have not forgotten that.”

“ Impossible ! ” I could but gasp, as the memories of my past life rushed over me, with all its acts and thoughts revealed in electric clearness down to the closing scene of my dying day. “ And who then am I ? ”

Tremblingly I watched her lips for the words which might solve the mystery.

“ You are Harold Amesbury, dearest,” she responded with gentle accent and endearing touch upon my trembling hand. “ You were born in the year 1965, upon the centennial anniversary of the battle of Appomattox. Your home is here in Brooklyn. Your parents are not living. Two years since we met, in my father’s laboratory—do you not remember it, dear ? Ours was love at first sight. Soon we were plighted to be married. Then came this dreadful accident. You fell from your electric cycle and, striking upon your head, were taken up unconscious. For weeks you lay in that state, and when you began to recover you

seemed to have lost all recollection of your past life. The physician said the blow had destroyed the faculty of memory, though it might be restored. I watched beside you many long, anxious days, waiting for the first tokens of recognition. Often you looked tenderly upon me and called me Theresa, while at times you uttered strange exclamations in regard to events of the last century. You had been a close student of that period, and the physician said that you had overtaxed your brain. You seemed to imagine yourself a citizen of the nineteenth century.

“Then they hit upon the idea of trying to recall your faculties by favoring the illusion. They fitted up and arranged your room as was done in that age, inartistic as it seemed, and requested me to dress in the costume of the period and answer to the name of the lost Theresa. You know the result. You have found her again, have you not, dear?”

She turned upon me a look of love and tenderness that would have melted a heart of stone ; but I coldly replied :

“Your experiment was very successful, but you forgot to remove the mirror.”

“The mirror ! what was there about that ?”

“It showed me to be a young man of about twenty-five, instead of the broken-down man of fifty that I was when I died.”

“Died ! dearest, are you distracted by your

dreams? You have not died! You are alive and well, this beautiful June day, a citizen of this great municipality, in this glorious year of our Lord, 1992. Life, activity and opportunity are about you—and love is beside you. What more can you desire? Cast off your delusions and be my own true, noble lover as before.”

She bowed her lovely head upon my arm and wept with soft, convulsive sobs, while I clung to her as a drowning man to his last hope of life amid the billows of an unknown sea.

“Sweet girl,” I whispered, “you have saved me. I am yours. Let us return. I can endure no more.”

“A brighter light than that of electricity has dawned upon the world,” she answered softly. “Let us go in now.”

I re-entered my room and stood again amid the surroundings of the nineteenth century. A deep darkness and gloom immediately settled upon me, while the bright scenes I had beheld seemed but the visions of a dream. Helen Newcome alone was real, the living link of love that stretched across the grave.

As I sat down my eye fell upon a copy of the Brooklyn *Eagle*. I seized it and turned to the date. It was June 15, 1992. The figures danced before my eyes and the paper dropped from my hands.

“It is all a dream—a delusion—a deception of the sight!” I exclaimed, while I looked

about me for a clew to my identity. But finding none, again I took up the paper and eagerly scanned the news of the day, in the hope that I might catch some allusion to matters within my memory and thus dispel my doubts. The form and appearance of the paper were familiar, though there was not, as formerly, such a wilderness of illegible type and profusion of words to describe nothing in particular. But when I turned to the editorial pages, I recognized the same breadth and catholicity of thought and felicity of expression which have so long characterized that journal. There my eye fell upon an article devoted to the approaching semi-milennial celebration of the discovery of America. I read: "We congratulate our readers upon the fact that our great city of Columbia has been selected as the scene of the five hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the western world. This is especially appropriate, as these united cities themselves, with their vast populations, model administration, and world-famed civic and philanthropic institutions are the greatest exhibition of the progress of the world since the first Columbian exposition at Chicago. Indeed, the choice of the latter city a century since, as the site of a world's fair, to which the nations were invited to behold the success of the American in possessing the earth, was an equally appropriate exhibition of the spirit of that age—the age of

booms, of rings, and of monopolies. Much as we have to blush for in the exhibition of ourselves then made, we recall with satisfaction the fact that then was held the world's first Parliament of Religions and kindred associations, indicative of the religious and social revolution of the present century. Indeed, the last decade of the nineteenth century may well be called the seed time of the twentieth. As then was celebrated a material progress greater than that of twenty centuries preceding, so now we celebrate a moral, social, and political progress which may well be called a revolution, though it is but an evolution."

I dropped the paper and endeavored to reflect. My whole mind was in a whirl. But out of the confusion, at length came a conclusion. I could no longer doubt that I, who had lived and died in the latter part of the nineteenth century, was alive and strong in the twentieth, a hundred years later. Into this new century, as I had been told, I was born twenty-seven years before. Then this strange accident had come to me by which those years were blotted out, and the memory of my former life had come back to me. This I could no more doubt than the consciousness that I was alive. Indeed, the impressions wrought into my being by fifty years' existence and struggle in the world, were much more real than those which I had just received from

the strange scenes I had witnessed. I should not have been surprised to see them all disappear like the mirage of the desert. "But even then," I reflected, "I shall remain. I cannot doubt my own existence. I am. My dying prayer has been granted. This is the same world that I have lived in; but how changed! What has caused the mighty transformation?"

"The only person in it whom I know is Helen Newcome. And who is she? She is the maiden who loved me before my illness and loves me still, though I remember her not. Plainly she cannot be Theresa, the love of my former life. She passed from earth before me, and I shall see her face no more. If she lives, perchance she moves in peace in some other sphere; or, if in this, I know it not. She may have passed me to-day amid the throngs, unknowing and unknown. Yet I never loved her as I do now, and if she be upon this earth, I will find her," I resolved, with the deep determination of despairing love.

III.

HELEN NEWCOME and I had been engaged to be married; but I had forgotten it. I could not fail to notice her deep disappointment in finding in me no trace of recollection of our former life, no remembrance of our love. I had not answered her last despairing question: "Do you still love me, Harold?" Her youthful lover was no more, and in his place was a man of the past century—young, fresh and ignorant of the life about him—but with all the feelings, thoughts and prejudices of the past clinging to him as the moss clings to the ancient rock.

Though I had seemed to recognize her at the moment of her first appearance, she now perceived that it was not herself for whom I called, but the idol of my dreams. Yet, as she was now my chosen companion, she hoped to win my love anew, though to me she was but one of the fair visions which passed before me in such bewildering magnificence and beauty. My heart was in the past.

Helen's home was near the center of the city of Brooklyn, in what was once the village of Jamaica. Thither she invited me, and I will

ingly went with her. I should have been lost indeed without her in that once familiar town. The broad, shaded avenues, with pavements as smooth and clean as a floor; the absence of horses and heavy vehicles in the streets; the noiseless movement of the electric carriages; the elegant dwellings and magnificent edifices which bordered the winding streets and numerous parks; the leisurely movements of the people clad in comfortable and beautiful garments; the air of contentment and good-will on their countenances; the absence of the rush and haste of business and of the fever of life and toil, of the dreadful street cries once so familiar, and more marked than all, of the contrasts of splendor and poverty, the equipage of pride and the rags of the beggar, the palaces of "merchant princes" and the tenements of the poor,—all were indications of an enormous change in the world since I had known it.

"Where are your Fifth Avenues and Beacon Streets?" I asked of my companion, as we rolled rapidly and silently along in our light carriage, guided by her fair hand; "and where are your tenement quarters and your manufacturing districts?"

"*Circumspice,*" she replied, with a smile. "They are about you."

"But I see no tall tenements, no palaces, except what seem to be public buildings, no

vast factories with smoking chimneys, no steam-engines or locomotives."

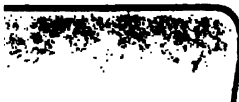
"It is for the simple reason that they do not exist," she answered, sweetly. "I cannot imagine them except as I have seen pictures of them in old prints. You forget that we burn no fuel, except gas; that electric power is everywhere, and thus manufacturing can be conducted economically in many small buildings; while the improvements in machinery almost dispense with human labor, and enable the work of ten hours to be done in two. Electricity has revolutionized industry. But my father can explain these matters much better than I."

"He cannot afford me greater pleasure than your sweet presence," I replied, while a bright smile of hope appeared on her beautiful countenance.

"My father is what you would call an inventor," she continued, "though we do not require the stimulus of patent monopoly and copyright to induce men to give their best ideas to the public. Their inventions and discoveries are developed and published at public expense, and the public reaps the benefit of them."

"But where are your poets and novelists?"

"We have none," she answered. "Men do not write novels, they do work. They invent machinery, discover new arts, develop new



resources, study to cure and prevent diseases, suffering and wrong. A book without a purpose, or contribution of some kind to the general good, would seem as absurd as an instrument without a use. In fact, it would not be published, unless by the author himself, and then he would be the principal reader. The age of words is past. This is the age of work.

“But here is my home,” she concluded, with a look of tenderness, as she gracefully guided our swift vehicle over the winding paths which led up to a broad, low mansion.

It was decorated all over its exterior with beautiful carvings and traceries in a fine material unknown to me, similar to alabaster and smooth as glass, apparently molded in the same manner. As the light fell upon it, the play of contrasting color and subdued shades was beautiful beyond anything I had ever seen.

Before we entered the house, I noticed that it was surrounded on all sides by lawns ornamented with trees, flowers and fountains. There were no dividing fences between the houses in front or rear; all seemed to be equally fine and the grounds to be possessed in common. This, with the wide, winding streets, gave them the appearance of being situated in a vast, magnificent park. I observed the children playing about the grounds, and the differ-

ent families enjoying them with perfect freedom and pleasure.

“To whom do these grounds belong?” I asked my fair companion.

“To us all,” she replied, hastily, as if surprised at the question, at the same time giving me a sad look as she thus again perceived my entire forgetfulness of the life I had lived for a quarter of a century.

But I remembered well the old city block or square, surrounded on four sides with tall buildings, sliced down into tenements for each family, with their rooms on top of each other and the intervening space divided by high fences into wretched little rectangles given up to cats and clothes-lines. I recalled that even that space might have been made attractive, if the owners had been able to forget their seclusiveness and remove the fences and plant trees, with a vase and a fountain or two, around which the families of the block, if no others, might gather and sip their tea in rural peace and quietness.

But I had little time to reflect upon the past. We stood upon a broad portico a few feet above the ground, surrounding the dwelling. Helen pressed an electric button, the door opened automatically and we entered. At the same instant a phonographic voice welcomed us and announced our entrance to the family, while our photographs were taken and presented

to them unperceived by us. The photography of colors was now a familiar art, and greatly contributed to the enjoyment of life.

We entered a large room, apparently a combined library and laboratory, where Helen gave me a seat, and, placing her gentle hand upon my shoulder, said in a tender voice :—" Do you not recognize this place ? It was in this room that we first met. Here you had come to consult my father on a scientific question, and I came in behind you sitting in his chair and kissed you, thinking you were he. Don't you remember ? "

A sweet blush mantled her beautiful face, and anxious inquiry looked out of her deep, dark eyes.

" I could endure many such mistakes," I replied, striving to evade her question with a compliment. But her words seemed idle fancies, as she spoke of my having been in that room before, and suggested that I might recollect it.

" I will call father," she replied with a sigh, as she turned away.

It was her last hope that her father, with his wide knowledge and experience of life, might in some way be able to recall my lost memory and restore me to her.

Soon she returned with a tall; noble-looking man, of most benignant aspect, apparently about sixty years of age. But I noticed that

he was neither gray nor bald, and his eye was as bright as a boy's.

"My dear friend Harold, I am rejoiced to see you so well again," he exclaimed, grasping my hand with a strong pressure, and fixing a kindly, yet most searching look upon me.

"Yes, I am quite well, I believe," I replied, looking up to him with admiring interest; "though I was very ill for a long time before I died."

A look of pain shot across Helen's face the instant I dropped those words, which touched me to the heart, and I determined not to refer to that subject again in her presence. But her father assumed not to notice it and continued cheerfully :

"I am glad you have come. I have missed you, and now that you are quite strong again, we may hope to resume our experiments."

"What experiments, may I ask?"

"We will not discuss them now," he replied, turning the conversation. "I see you are not yet quite recovered. Did you enjoy your ride yesterday? Helen tells me that you appeared to be much pleased."

She had now taken her seat between us and turned from one to the other as we spoke, with an inquiring look mingled with deep solicitude.

"Yes," I replied, "I was greatly delighted with the strange scenes I witnessed, and much

interested in the explanations and answers to my random remarks, given me so patiently by your lovely daughter. Yet I do not begin to comprehend the changes which have occurred in the world since I lived in it."

Again that pained expression crossed Helen's face, while her father looked upon me with intense astonishment. He had been much concerned in my case, and had concluded that, though I had lost my memory, my impressions of a former existence were but the hallucinations of my disease from which I would recover with returning strength. But he was now deeply surprised to see that not only had I lost every recollection of my recent life, but I was so firm in my convictions as to my former state, that I could not avoid constant reference to it. He also perceived that, whether my convictions were correct or not, I had certainly no knowledge of recent events and was very familiar with those of the last century.

I noticed Helen's disappointment as he relinquished the attempt to converse with me on his plane of life, and felt compelled to accept me on mine, hoping thus to renew my lost recollection, while Helen appeared like one bewildered, floating out to sea in a rudderless boat, as she silently appealed first to one and then the other of us for the help and hope which we were unable to render.

I pitied her, I admired her, but I was not

the lover of old, and she knew it. Yet she did not relax her kind attentions while she strove to conceal her grief and disappointment.

“Father understands your case much better than I,” she resumed, with womanly tact. “He will readily explain what you do not understand, and will also be very glad to have a light thrown upon many dark points in the history of the nineteenth century, which you have studied so thoroughly.”

I cast a thankful look upon her for this graceful acceptance of the situation, and now that I believed myself to be received for what I was, I felt more free to inquire as to the facts about me, and to adjust myself to my new environment.

Meantime, her father sat for several moments in silent thought, absorbed in the problem of life thus presented to him and the strange solution offered, amazing in its simplicity as well as in its consequences. He fixed his deep, earnest eyes upon me as if to read my inmost soul, but simply said :

“Please tell us the story of your life in the nineteenth century, as you imagine it.”

“I will cheerfully tell you of my life,” I replied, “and also of my death.”

Again he fixed his piercing gaze upon me, but controlled his astonishment, while Helen looked upon me with unutterable pity. But turning to her father, I related the history of

my life, from the standpoint at which I had viewed it on my death-bed. I softened many details in respect for Helen's presence, but I did not endeavor to conceal the complete selfishness which stamped it, nor its immense immorality when brought to the light of conscience and judged by new standards of duty. I described my dying reflections and the inability of my creed to sustain me; my groping after a firm fact to which to tie my bark as I floated into eternity; my dying despair and prayer for life, and my death. I did not mention the vision of Theresa, standing by my side at that hour, as I felt it was something too sacred to repeat to strangers, and that otherwise I had taxed their credulity to the utmost.

"The next thing I remember," I concluded, "is being in my room here in Brooklyn, with new friends about me, new strength within me, and new life before me."

"I cannot comprehend it," exclaimed Mr. Newcome. "You have had strange visions in your illness."

"On the contrary," I declared, "I have related the simple truth. I have been a citizen of the nineteenth century. I was considered above the average of my contemporaries in the moral scale. I was a respected member of society and of the church. I was honored for the wealth which I had accumulated, was counted a Christian and considered myself one."

"If what you say be true," replied he, disregarding my assertions, "you have indeed fallen upon better days. That age had a dim apprehension of the right way and was groping blindly, though earnestly and honestly, for the light. A few thoughtful minds discerned it, while the many stumbled on in darkness. But we now walk in its full effulgence."

"It makes me shudder," exclaimed Helen, "to think of such a state of society. Harold has read so much about it that it has turned his head. He is looking backward instead of forward. Harold, please do not speak of these things again," she pleaded.

"My child," said her father, "it is impossible for us to put ourselves in the place of a past generation, to see with their eyes, and understand with their minds. But we are entered into their labors. We stand upon soil enriched by their toil, as we rear our dwellings upon the coral rocks raised from the depths of ocean by the remains of the builders. But our guest must be weary and hungry. Shall we not have some lunch?" he added, seeking to give a lighter turn to our conversation.

"I am neither," I replied, "except that I am weary of myself and hungering for more knowledge of this age and its meaning."

"But first let us eat," he answered. "We are not yet beyond that necessity. Man is what he eats, you know. (*Quod est, est.*)"

Good food well cooked and plenty of it is the first article in our creed. We drive out the appetite for stimulants by giving the body proper nourishment in a form to be easily assimilated."

While he was speaking, Helen announced that lunch was ready in the adjoining room. I had noticed no sign of preparation, and as we entered, I saw no servants or waiters. We took our seats at a beautiful, small table, apparently inlaid with pearl and silver. The service seemed to be mostly of silver, though I noticed a few pieces of old china on the sideboard, mainly for ornament.

Helen served tea with charming ease and grace, while I admired and wondered.

"May I ask," I at last remarked, "if you have solved the domestic problem—the most difficult of all?"

"Nearly," she replied, with a smile. "We have abolished the cook. All our meals are prepared at a general kitchen under the supervision of an experienced *chef*, whom we could not think of employing alone. Our neighbors within a convenient distance combine with us to employ him. I telephoned my order to him, which was promptly dispatched by pneumatic tube to our table. After dining, we send back in the same way the dishes to be washed."

"That was the *bête noir* of the housekeeper in my day," I added. "But how do you avoid breakages?"

“Silver is cheaper than china,” she returned, “and does not break.

“All our laundry work is done in the same manner. I require no assistance to care for our rooms. It is true, eternal vigilance is the price of cleanliness. But we find that it is useless to allow our streets to be reservoirs of filth, and expect to keep it out of our houses. Our streets are now clean, and as we have no carpets or curtains to collect dust, the battle is comparatively easy.

“No groceryman, butcher or milkman comes to the door. We find this method not only much pleasanter, but more economical than the former wasteful methods of distribution and preparation.”

“Those items alone constituted one-third of the cost of food,” remarked her father.

“Do you not miss the milkman’s cheerful cry in the early morning hours, and the rattle of his iron cans?” I asked.

“I do not know what you mean,” she said, with a puzzled look. “Please tell us?”

“Impossible,” I replied. “Imagine the screams of the locomotive or the whoop of the wild Indian.”

“I have never heard them, and I fail to imagine what you mean.”

“Have you no iceman with his pretty carriage rumbling over the cobble-stones?”

Again she looked puzzled.

“We use no ice,” she replied. “Our rooms are cooled in summer by cold air, and as we have no food in the house until served, we do not need it in the kitchen. In fact we have no such room. We practice co-operative housekeeping.”

“In the past age,” remarked her father, “individualism ran riot. The true method of living is not through independence, but interdependence. We are members of one family. Mutual confidence and assistance, instead of distrust and seclusion, promote the common welfare and individual comfort. We have given up the vain pursuit of happiness, and have set to work to make the world better. Our aim is to make this life easier for all men. He who improves the quality of food or reduces the cost of its production and preparation, is a public benefactor.”

“Now papa is on his hobby,” interrupted Helen cheerfully. “Let us return to the laboratory. Father, you know, is a chemist, and the improvement of foods and discovery of new supplies is his present occupation.”

“‘He who treats of foods, treats of morals,’ as one of your writers has well said,” continued her father. “If I and others like me did not preach the ‘potato gospel,’ on what fulcrum would you rest the lever for the elevation of mankind? The work in which the merchant and mechanic is engaged is fully justified by

its beneficence. We do not regard our lives as misspent unless devoted to the petty, selfish undertaking of saving our own souls. He who does the work given him to do in this world, as well as he knows how to do it, need not fear for the future."

"But how are you compensated for your labors?" I inquired with growing surprise at these statements, "for though the thinkers and philanthropists of my day expressed similar ideas, we were so busy making money, so encumbered by the weight of the Old Man of the Sea from abroad, fixed upon our shoulders, that we were unable to put them into practical operation."

"My researches and experiments," replied Mr. Newcome, "are conducted at the expense of the state, and the results are given to the public. No man who has an idea either in mechanics or morals, in fruit-raising or child culture, is justified in reserving it for his private benefit. He is bound to give it to the public. I receive a salary from the state, as my work is of a more general nature than that of many. Our *chef* in the kitchen is paid by the co-operative housekeepers. All our supplies are purchased from the co-operative store. These beautiful grounds which you see are owned and kept in order by the public in the same manner as the streets. The whole city is built in this manner. None of the private dwellings

are much finer than this, though some are larger, and none are much inferior."

"Do you mean to say," I exclaimed in amazement, "that the poor are equally well housed and fed with the rich?"

"We do not have those classes, as formerly," he answered. "There are no millionaires, no paupers, and no tramps."

"Now I begin to doubt the reality of this life. Have you been able to change human nature?"

"No," he replied, calmly. "There is yet much selfishness and ignorance in the world. The change has been gradual and due to causes which I will endeavor to unfold to you at another time, though they are comparatively simple. Man has not ceased to be an acquisitive animal, but he has learned that he can obtain much more by combination than by competition."

"This is certainly a great contrast to the Brooklyn of 1893," I could but remark, as I looked out of the window. "Then it was one of the worst ring-ridden cities in the country. It was noted for its ill-paved and filthy streets, and the asinine docility of its inhabitants, who allowed themselves to be plundered without protest."

"True," he replied. "But one cause of the lack of civic pride in its citizens was doubtless the fact that most of them spent their waking

hours in New York, and only flew to Brooklyn to sleep. But the ladies, who had to live there by day as well as by night, at length took the matter in hand, spurred the city authorities to action, and shamed their husbands into a sense of their duty. Then came the movement for union with New York, when it was discovered that Brooklyn was the 'better half' of the two, and its citizens awoke to a realization of its natural advantages and easily made it the most delightful dwelling-place on the continent. When the moral elements of the community became united, they were easily able to bring the politicians to terms, and to manage the affairs of the municipality in the interest of its inhabitants."

IV.

As Mr. Newcome paused, I perceived Helen's eyes fixed upon me with a gaze of unutterable tenderness and pity. Every word we spoke seemed to pierce her heart and widen the gulf between us. She had taken no interest in our conversation, except as it revealed at every step the depth of my separation from her and my complete identification with the past. She could endure it no longer.

"Oh, father," she exclaimed, "why do you talk with Harold in this manner? Do you not see that he is drifting every moment farther

from us, and soon will be lost altogether? Oh, save him, save him, before it is too late!"

With a convulsive sob, she cast herself into her father's arms, and wept as if her heart would break. I could but be deeply touched at this exhibition of love and sorrow. I saw that I was the cause of it, though unwillingly, and that her tears were produced entirely by her love for me, and grief at the evidences of my mental alienation. But I could not dissemble. I knew no life but the one I had lived a century before, and could not refrain from constant reference to it. I saw that both Mr. Newcome and his daughter really regarded my ideas as a mental delusion, and were conversing with me and explaining what I saw, only in hope of restoring my memory, or at least enabling me to resume the place in life from which I had dropped in my last illness.

This did not affect my conviction of my identity, but it caused me to perceive how utterly I was cut off from the world around me, and to shudder with a chill as of the grave, when I contemplated my position and the reception I was likely to receive. I was either a lunatic or a ghost; and of the two, men have the greater dread of the latter. When one is buried, it is the general desire that he shall remain so. I saw that I was truly in need of sympathy and love, and here before me was one who loved me with all her heart, who saw in

me only her youthful lover from whom disease had bereft recollection, and whom with gentle ministrations she sought to win back to life and love.

She was lovely beyond any creature I had ever seen. Her noble head was crowned with short curling locks of dark brown hair. Her deep dark eyes shone from an oval face of singular refinement and purity. Her slender figure, clad in clinging robes of classic shape, seemed the embodiment of grace and beauty. Her inmost soul shone in her lustrous eyes, while her perfect sincerity and truth appeared in every utterance.

I was young and the blood of youth coursed in my veins. Though the man of the nineteenth century was in my memory, and his stern experiences were burnt into my soul, yet in this new life I could not be insensible to the influence of youth and beauty. As "Lancelot love thralled," so it held me in its tender chain. I felt my heart melt with tenderness and pity as I looked upon the fair being before me, weeping in her father's arms.

He was for once at a loss to know what to do or say. His alchemy had no antidote for tears; his science offered no solution for the problem of love. Like a wise man he said nothing, but fondly stroked his daughter's lovely head, and endeavored to soothe her sorrow. I took her hand. I could only say :

“Helen, do not weep. It touches me to the heart to see you grieve. Please do not weep.”

While I thus held her hand and endeavored to calm her tears, her father, almost unperceived, arose and left us alone. He was a wise man. Her head rested upon my shoulder, and I drew her to me.

“Helen,” I whispered, “I love you. You are all the world to me. I need you more than ever. Though I have forgotten the past, I love you now, and I shall love you always.”

She lifted her head, and with a sweet smile lighting the crystal drops in “the shining sluices of her eyes,” said softly: “Was ever maid before twice wooed by the same man?”

“If so, our love should be doubly sure and sweet,” I answered, as I touched her fragrant lips with mine.

I was happy, while angelic joy filled her fair features with the radiance of heaven.

“You are the only woman I know in the whole world,” said I. “You alone know me, trust me, believe in me. I could not face this wonderful world without your love and confidence. I should almost wish I had not come back to it——”

“Dear,” exclaimed Helen, as she clasped her fair hand over my mouth, “please do not speak of that again to me. Let us forget the past, though for me it holds many sweet secrets, which I will tell you some day. But now let

us live only for the present. We have each other. We care for naught else. In all this world are only you and I."

I made no reply, but clasped her more closely. Love was again enthroned; yet the shadow of our lives was not removed; it was only driven back by the wings of love. I had not forgotten the vision of my dreams; but I perceived the futility of hoping that they would ever be realized. Theresa, the love of my youth, had long since passed from earth. She was gone from me forever, and existed only in mystic memories of the past. But here was this lovely creature whom I held in my arms, a bright reality, a fair form of flesh, whose heart I could feel beating near my own and whose sweet breath fanned my face. I was surprised that I had not appreciated her loveliness before. But the shock of my recovery had been so great, and the effort to adjust myself to my situation had so absorbed my mind that she too had been but a problem to be solved. Now, I decided to take myself for better or for worse, and Helen also. A kind fortune had dropped me into gentle hands, and ordained that the first form to meet my wondering eyes in the new life, as well as the last in death, should be that of love. I shuddered as I thought what might have been my fate, had it been otherwise. Undoubtedly my mind would have been overtaxed, and my reason lost.

How many of those considered insane may have had an experience like mine? But I would not follow these sad reflections. Had I not promised Helen to forget them and with her live only in the blissful present? Was not that the truest wisdom? The past is gone; the future is not ours; the present only we can claim.

As I looked into Helen's deep, truthful eyes and saw myself reflected there, I felt that I had never truly lived before. If this were but a dream, it was a blissful one. But it was no dream. Besides her sweet presence, instinct with life and love, I beheld the beautiful home in which she dwelt, the books and implements of her father's occupation, the instruments of communication by which the life of the world was brought into immediate contact. I saw without the broad windows, the wide lawns and abundant foliage surrounding the dwellings of peace, and heard the voices of happy children at play in unrestrained enjoyment. I was in fact very much alive. All my senses were acute and open to impressions from without, and my mind was alert to receive them and anxious to understand them.

In the new methods of training youth, my mind had not been dulled and all its inquiring activities repressed by the means adopted to "educate" them. I was an animate interrogation, but my friends were not unwilling to

heed and answer my questions. Doubtless, they felt that by thus keeping my mind upon the present and interesting me in the world about me, they should most readily withdraw it from the past and recall my lost faculties.

"Helen," I asked, as I looked down the broad avenues bordered by splendid residences as far as the eye could reach, "I cannot comprehend what your father says, that there are now no rich and no poor."

"Society is not constructed like a cake," she responded gayly, "in longitudinal layers, with the frosting on top; but like a tower, the strong supporting the weak."

"In the past," I remarked, "it was said 'Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.' It was also said, 'This is a free country and I will do as I please.'"

"You seem to be doing very much as you please now," exclaimed Mr. Newcome, returning at that moment. But seeing the contentment in Helen's face and in mine, he asked for no explanations.

"How do the poor obtain these fine dwellings?" I asked, abruptly expressing the main question in my mind.

"In the first place," patiently replied Mr. Newcome, "the grounds are owned and maintained by the city, as public parks. Co-operative banks and building associations erect the houses. These are rented at a very low rate,

as money is abundant at two per cent. interest. None are so poor as to be unable to pay the rental, as all are provided with employment and fair wages. Besides, the cost of living has been so reduced by improvements in agriculture, transportation and distribution, and by co-operation, that the humblest laborer can afford to live in circumstances of former affluence."

"But how is it with the indolent?"

"The ignorant and the indolent are guided and impelled by public sentiment and supervision to the course known to be for their own best interest as well as for the common good. Instead of allowing the individual to degrade himself and his family and finally become a public burden, through a mistaken notion of infringing personal liberty, the authority of the wise interferes to prevent poverty, idleness and intemperance."

"The past generation led the way in this direction," he continued, unheeding my surprised exclamations, "in their public school system. They had a horror of interfering with the rights of the individual, but they did not hesitate to compel the ignorant and vicious to send his children to the common school, where they were taught and supplied with means of education at the public expense, and instructed in a manner over which he had no control, and often against his protests."

“But they proceeded on the theory,” I interposed, “that the ignorant may be vicious, and so become a public charge, and that the interests of the state demanded their education.”

“Precisely so,” replied my friend earnestly. “Yet they allowed their children to grow up without moral training; they permitted intemperate and vicious parents to neglect and abuse them, and tolerated on every corner a school of iniquity and crime which they would not touch, and whose victims they would not secure until they became obnoxious to criminal law, for fear of trespassing on the so-called rights of the individual. *We simply apply the common school principle to the prevention of indolence, improvidence and immorality, as they did to prevent ignorance.*”

“We had in my time,” I remarked, “in addition to our public schools and Sunday schools for the training of the young, our Children’s Aid Societies, Free Kindergartens, Juvenile Asylums and Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.”

“What could be the need for such a society?” interrupted Helen; “for who would be guilty of cruelty to innocent, helpless children?”

“There was need enough for it, I assure you,” I replied; “and also for that beautiful twin, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Both were the children of the nineteenth century—my benighted age,” I con-

cluded with a smile of triumph, that I had found something for which to commend my contemporaries.

“They indeed had reason to be proud of them,” remarked Mr. Newcome, as he turned from a strange instrument which he had quietly been adjusting, and fixed his fine eyes upon me. “After centuries of cruelty and oppression of the weak by the strong, after ages of despotisms, hierarchies, aristocracies and monopolies, the institutions devised and efforts put forth, though tentatively and blindly, in the latter part of the nineteenth century for the benefit of the poor, the weak and the ignorant, will ever be the instruction and delight of mankind. It is true they missed the great principle underlying it all. They sent missionaries to the heathen, not so much for love to the heathen, as to secure their own salvation. The churches gave charities to the poor, and secluded themselves from them: the “higher classes” patronized the “lower.” The capitalist gave mites from his millions to build asylums and hospitals for his ill-paid employes who were unable to provide for themselves out of their wages. Caste, class and creed still ruled the world. They were the three kings of the Orient.”

“I must admit the truth of what you say,” I replied, “but the spirit of individualism then so prevalent, was only the reaction from the paternal despotisms and religious repression

which had hitherto prevailed in the world. The right of the individual was our declaration of independence. The American sought distinction through success. He desired wealth, not merely from love of money, but in order to exhibit thereby his ability and influence. His hell was not to succeed. As honors could no longer be won in war, and the pursuits of literature and science were so arduous and humble, while the openings for opulence and material achievement were so alluring, the youth of energy and ambition plunged into the pursuit of fortune as a passion. Thus wealth became our standard of social rank."

"A plutocracy," replied Mr. Newcome, "is the weakest of all aristocracies. It can have no stability. It is like a pyramid poised on its apex, ready to be overturned at any moment. The possession of wealth is the poorest badge of distinction that can be worn. It is like the blue ribbon on the neck of the prize pig, only a sign of fatness."

"Have you no prize pigs?" I interposed.

"We give our prizes," he replied, "for what a man is, and not for what he has. He is most honored who does most for his fellow-men. It was even so in the past. The highest honors were conferred upon the heroes of the Civil War and the philanthropist, while the selfish merchant died unhonored, his millions the booty of adventurers, and none so poor as to

reverence his memory. What a man gives away, he keeps ; what he keeps, he loses."

A new light was dawning upon my mind. I began to realize the utter inanity of the life I had lived. I shuddered as I recalled it and could scarcely assure myself as I looked about me, that I indeed had an opportunity to retrieve its errors. Involuntarily I stretched out my hand toward Helen, and passed the other over my eyes.

She caught my expression, and quickly turning tenderly toward me, said in soft tones of sweetest cadence : "Come with me. Let us go out again. Father desires to continue his experiments, and will resume the conversation at another time."

"Our friend interests me more than anything else can do," he replied, pressing my hand and giving me another searching look. "You must avoid too much effort until your mind regains its equilibrium."

"I never was stronger, I assure you. I am so interested, so amazed by what I see and hear, that I cannot rest until I understand it."

He turned away deeply perplexed, while I noticed Helen's hand tremble upon my arm, as we re-entered our vehicle.

We were soon seated and gliding down the wide, winding streets, past the beautiful homes, amid groups of happy men, women and children, while my fair guide directed our swift

carriage with the ease and grace of a swallow on the wing. I could but notice many others moving with equal velocity, and the great throngs of people in the street.

"Nearly every one seems to keep his own carriage," I remarked. "That used to be one of the marks of wealth and fashion."

"It is so no longer," she replied. "These light carriages cost little and the electric power less. All can ride who wish to. We have leveled down the peaks of wealth and leveled up the valleys of poverty, until now nearly all are on a vast plain of equality and affluence. Mere display for the sake of ostentation is despised. Hence it is out of fashion. The few who seek to seclude themselves in cliques and clubs, instead of being envied and imitated, and their doings recorded and commented upon, are simply ignored. Thus they fail of the distinction they desire and abandon their designs. And as their means of display are not superior to those of thousands of their fellow-citizens, the attempt is futile."

"That reminds me," I responded, "that I have heard the servant girls remark that diamonds and sealskin sacks were becoming too common."

"They are common enough now," replied she, "for both are manufactured." Then she continued more seriously: "We have learned, as Emerson said, to take ourselves for better or

worse. None can be distinguished, except by benefits conferred upon his fellows. My father is for this reason greatly honored. His discoveries in chemistry and food production would have made him many times a millionaire if monopolized by himself. But he gives them freely to the public, receiving in return but a competence. Yet we are therewith content and happy."

"Who are these throngs of men passing us?" I interrupted. "I have never seen such a multitude of men, apparently workmen and artisans, on the street at this time of the day, for it is but little after noon."

"These are the people returning from their business and labor," replied my fair instructor. "Our working day is four hours, from eight o'clock until twelve. All the work is easily done in that time. Men do not rise early and toil late to amass useless wealth, and no one is compelled to do so in order to provide for himself and family the necessaries and even luxuries of life. The other half of the day is devoted to recreation, social and domestic intercourse and instruction, and in aiding those who may be in need of assistance."

"Man is not naturally devoid of sympathy," I remarked, "but when he comes home at night, utterly exhausted in body and brain by the toil and strife of the day, and needs every moment for rest, that he may resume the

wretched round in the morning, or when a woman spends her evenings in the tiresome frivolities of fashion, they have little time in which to think of their fellow-men or strength to alleviate their condition."

While we were speaking we arrived before a vast, magnificent edifice, situated in the midst of a beautiful park, in which many of the multitude seemed to be gathering. We paused before it. It seemed to be constructed of a semi-transparent marble, with porticos and pillars, carved pediments and cornices, all surmounted by a lofty dome over which the light of the sun gleamed in prismatic hues, and through which the electric arcs within glowed with lambent light, giving it the appearance of an airy structure of fleecy cloud. But it was firm and indestructible as the earth.

We joined the throng and entered.

There seemed to be no aristocrats nor plebeians among them. All had an air of intelligence, equality and good-will that inspired my confidence and respect.

"What is this splendid building?" I asked Helen.

"It is the People's palace," she replied. "It is the outgrowth of a movement for an institute of science and art in this city, begun by some far-sighted friends of humanity in the last century, known as the Brooklyn Institute. Here every science and art is illustrated and taught."

I soon found myself in a vast, circular hall into which the light glinted from the alabaster dome. This was apparently an immense art gallery. Its walls were adorned with paintings of all ages, while sculptures, statues and other works of art filled all its spaces. Other large rooms, seemingly without number, showed the products of every land and industry from the beginning of time, arranged in chronological order and in logical line of development. Not, as in old museums, were the products of each country arranged by themselves, requiring much time and research to pursue any subject, but each art was exhibited as a whole, running through all centuries and ages from the rudest beginnings, as from the log canoe to the ocean steamship, from the Chinese push-cart to the electric locomotive.

Thus its interest and efficiency for the purposes of instruction were greatly enhanced to the public as well as to the specialist.

As I wandered in wonder through the spacious galleries, the strains of an invisible orchestra fell upon my ear, while in whatever direction we traversed, they seemed to be equally near and distinct, and to proceed from the very walls as we passed. But I was too much engrossed with the objects about me to ask for an explanation.

In one room the people were crowding with delight before the automatic opera. Upon a

magnificently appointed stage appeared, in due succession and with lifelike action, the full-sized figures of the scene represented by a rapid succession of instantaneous photographs and accompanied by phonographic reproductions of the words and music and by an invisible orchestra, so that in all respects one beheld the full opera in all its magnificence, which was also witnessed by all with equal privilege and pleasure.

In other departments were exhibited the inventions and mechanisms which have marked man's progress from barbarism to the heights of civilization. Here were the tom-tom of the Zulu, curiously carved in rude figures, and the grand automatic piano operated by electricity, a hundred instruments being controlled by the same player; the first cumbrous telegraph instrument of Morse and the latest automatic printing telegraph, delivering printed messages at the rate of a thousand words a minute. The designers and inventors of the improved instruments were present, inviting criticisms and suggestions from all, for all felt that they were equally interested in the results. There were also reading-rooms, boys' clubs, gymnasia, assembly rooms and means for social intercourse of every kind.

In other halls, vast audiences were listening to lectures and descriptions with magnificent illustrations produced by a means entirely new to

me, of discoveries and researches in science and art, showing objects and people in motion as if before us. I was surprised again to see no speaker, though I could hear his voice distinctly in any part of the room. All seemed as if bringing their information and ideas to a common center, for the common good, from which each took away that which he most needed for his own use and to complete his own discoveries. It was a sort of intellectual exchange. There were no secrets of the trade. Each disclosed what he had discovered, having no incentive to withhold it for his private gain.

Helen explained to me that the whole edifice and its exhibits were maintained by the city, not as formerly by private munificence. The sums heretofore expended in the wasteful and corrupt methods of municipal administration were found ample to provide the people's palace. The masses, who in the end pay the taxes, had determined that they should have the benefit of them.

Helen was constantly at my side, explaining as well as possible the wonderful scenes which I witnessed, but I cannot describe my astonishment when I heard an astronomer announce the latest communication from the inhabitants of the planet Mars.

"Can it be possible?" I asked, turning to my companion.

"Oh, certainly," she replied without surprise.

“Communication was established with Mars before I was born, by means of signals. They are much more advanced than we, and have been trying to signal to us for centuries, but we were so stupid and so much absorbed in our own petty affairs, that we did not give them due attention. Father will explain to you how it was effected.”

I stood a moment paralyzed by this discovery ; I could not comprehend it.

“Let us go,” I exclaimed. “I have seen enough.”

She took my arm and led me quickly away, with frequent glances of anxiety which betrayed her solicitude and love.

A fairer, more intelligent and delightful companion I had never seen. I gazed upon her with increasing love and admiration. Yet, as I wandered through those throngs, another thought was ever present to my mind—that of my lost Theresa. Many of the fair young forms which passed me, I involuntarily scanned as if to see her face again, though well I knew that such a hope could only be in vain.

V.

As we rolled along in our rapid vehicle on our return, I sat in silence and deep thought, pondering upon what I had seen, unable to find a solution to the problem of this mighty transformation. I knew that there could be no essential change in human nature; that selfishness and greed must exist in many minds; that ignorance and indolence could not be entirely eradicated, and that the passions, which Plato compares to wild beasts, could not be held under perfect control. Yet, I had seen enough to cause me to realize that a vast amelioration had been effected in the condition of mankind, at least as far as I had seen it.

Some of the means by which it had been accomplished had been indicated by Mr. Newcome, yet I felt that there must be a deep, underlying cause which I had not perceived, a revolution in the relations of men to each other and their views of life.

I had not, however, pursued these reflections far, when Helen, looking before us, suddenly exclaimed with great animation :

“O, there is Charley. He went out for a walk this morning and said he would be

back soon. I had begun to be uneasy about him."

I looked, and seeing no one, asked with some curiosity, "Who is Charley? Is he your brother?"

"O, no," she rejoined with a light laugh. "Charley is my friend, and a very dear friend, too."

"I would like to meet him," I responded, my interest now much increased, yet I saw no one.

"Charley, this is our old friend, Harold. You know him, though he has forgotten you."

Still I saw no one but a huge and handsome Newfoundland dog which had come up, and kissed her cheek with his tongue, uttering a series of very peculiar sharp, short, distinct barks in rapid succession. Then he gave me his foot, after wiping it on the grass, and looked from one to the other of us with a most intelligent expression, as if to say, "How do you do?" He plainly evinced much pleasure in seeing me, and sympathy for me.

"Our friend has been very ill," she continued, speaking slowly and distinctly, while the dog watched intently the motions of her lips and the expression of her face and every gesture.

Again he emitted those peculiar, staccato barks at regular intervals, which reminded me of nothing so much as the sharp click of a

Morse telegraph sounder. To my astonishment, Helen turned to me and remarked :

“ I will translate Charley’s language as you may not understand it. He says you don’t seem to recognize him. But he is delighted to see you out again, apparently in health.”

Evidently the dog was pleased to see me. He showed that as clearly as other dogs do, but not with the same excessive demonstration.

“ Do you mean to say the dog can speak ? ” I exclaimed.

“ Certainly,” she replied, while Charley withdrew in an attitude of offended dignity and barked as before.

“ He understands what you say, but you do not understand his speech,” she again explained, and apologized to her no longer dumb friend for the ignorance and forgetfulness of her human friend.

“ Impossible ! ” I exclaimed.

“ ‘ Impossible,’ is a large word. It is no more difficult to teach an intelligent dog to speak in this manner than it was to so instruct the deaf and dumb, which for ages was regarded as impossible. Charley is neither deaf nor dumb. All his senses are much more acute than ours. My father first taught his mother to speak ; that is, to respond to simple questions and make her wants known by these articulate barks. Thus one short bark means ‘ yes ; ’ two short barks ‘ no.’ It required great

patience, but no more than is often wasted in teaching animals foolish tricks, which degrade instead of instructing them. Charley was taken from his birth and trained with this end in view. He can understand nearly all I say, as long as I do not mention abstract subjects and those beyond his experience. We have built up his language slowly, word by word, until at last the gulf is spanned between man and the brute, and our dumb friends can now communicate with us."

"Ah!" I exclaimed in wonderment. "I see: it is like a telegraphic code of dots and dashes, or of sounds and intervals."

"Precisely; and to me it is no more wonderful than that in the last century young men and women could take off the clicks of the Morse instrument at thirty words a minute."

"But there is an impassable step in human science," I observed, "which the lower animals cannot take. They cannot communicate what they have learned to their species and thus transmit and increase their knowledge."

"The step is already taken," Helen replied, "though probably it could never have been taken alone. It is doubted whether the primeval man acquired the godlike gift of language unaided. Certainly his progenitor, the mimicking monkey, has not done it; but Charley's mother, under the patient guidance of my father, learned to communicate with her off-

spring in that manner, and they became much more proficient than she. After generations of instruction and breeding why may not the dog become, not only as he long has been, the companion of man, but his teacher? Why may he not be able to communicate the hidden thoughts and experiences and reasonings of the brutes, which have hitherto been as unknown to us as the depths of ocean or the composition of the stars?"

I could make no reply. I simply gazed upon Charley with silent admiration, as we rode along, and he continued his conversation with his human friend.

"If sympathy will regenerate the dog," she turned earnestly to me, "will it not do as much for men? Human hearts are inscribed in sympathetic ink, and only need warmth to bring out the secret writing." I could not reply, but I began to perceive a clue to the enigma of life, which had absorbed me since my introduction to this new world.

As we returned to Helen's home, I noticed an air-ship approaching the house and pausing at a dome upon the roof, which I had taken to be a kind of astronomical observatory.

"Do people enter your houses by the roof?" I asked.

"Yes, that is the most convenient manner," she responded, "when they arrive in an anemon, or air-vehicle."

“ Does every man keep his own anemon, as well as his own carriage ? ” I asked, amused.

“ All do not need them, ” she replied. “ They are used mainly for traveling long distances, and are mostly public conveyances in which a small fare is charged. Father has been to Boston and back since we went out. ”

“ What is the fare to Mars ? ” I asked. “ I would like to take a run over there and see if they are getting on as rapidly as we seem to be doing. ”

She turned to me with a sad, searching look, as if fearing that I had not only lost my memory, but was fast losing my wits. But soon perceiving that I was not in earnest, she responded tenderly :

“ We are not quite ready to have you leave this world yet. There is more here that will interest you. Would you not like to take a ride in the air ? ”

“ I should be delighted to go anywhere with you, ” I replied. “ I cannot well be more elevated than I am now. ”

Helen cast upon me a look of mingled pain and pleasure ; pleasure at the evidence of my attachment to her, and pain that I could treat so tender a topic so lightly ; but it was merely the survival of the slang of the period in which I had lived.

She, however, simply said : “ Come with me. ”

We ascended to the dome upon the roof. It had an opening in the side like that for a telescope. There hung a light air-vehicle. Its body was long and cylindrical like that of an enormous insect, and glistened in the sun like silver. I was informed that it was constructed of aluminum, and inflated with hydrogen gas, which made it exceedingly light and buoyant. Attached to this was a light deck, pointed at the ends like a cigar, and enclosed with a frame of aluminum and glass, forming a small room.

At one end of the frame were two large screw wheels, like those of a steamship, but with much larger flanges in proportion to the size of the vessel. These furnished the propelling and steering power, and by stopping one and revolving the other, the little vehicle could be instantly turned in any direction, no matter what the force of the wind. The power was supplied by a small electric storage battery within. As this was to be merely a pleasure voyage, two immense canvas wings were carried. These were attached to levers on each side by which they could be instantly raised or lowered, turned and folded as desired. Our rise and descent were effected by a slight change in the angle of the propellers under the hand of the pilot, while the whole was sustained in the air by broad aeroplanes extending from either side of the cylinder.

Helen and I entered the glass cabin and were shut in. In an instant we shot upward, and our dwelling was soon lost to sight amid the vast concourse of edifices beneath us. Up, up, we rose like a bird on the wing, so light and free, that I could perceive the motion only as I saw the city fast receding from my gaze. Now the city was lost to view, and beneath us stretched like a miniature park the groves and villages, the verdant fields and shining streams of Long Island. Then I heard the dull roar of the surf upon the sands and the land disappeared. Nothing was to be seen but the sea beneath and the sky above. No motion could be felt. The two white wings were now put out, and in the gentle summer breeze we floated in vast circles betwixt the sea and sky, far from the world and all its mystery and misery.

Helen clasped my hand as if fearing to lose me, and softly whispered as her head drooped upon my shoulder :

“ Only you and I in the universe. Is not this bliss ? ”

I could not reply. I was lost in wonder and delight. Sweet peace possessed me, the first I had felt in all my conscious existence. The world indeed had disappeared, and with me now was only beauty, love, and peace. How far away seemed now my life, with all its cares and toils, its doubts and difficulties ! All had vanished as in air. My old self was gone, and

there remained only youth, hope, and love, the three imperishable, fixed stars in the firmament of life. Love was around us and above us; Love filled the space beneath us; we sailed in its crystal sea.

"Helen," I sighed, "can you forgive me? I love you. I have loved you always. You are a part of my being, and though I knew it not, I could not exist without you. When I cease to love, I shall cease to live."

"We can never die," she softly whispered as she pressed me to her bosom. "Love is immortal."

"But Electricity has lent him new wings," said I, returning her embrace.

"Love is no longer the blind archer shooting his shafts at random amid the throngs. He sees most clearly and unites only those who are drawn together and made one by the bonds of true affinity and reciprocal regard," she added.

"Are we affinities?" I asked.

"Do you not remember that when our lips first met, you said you felt an electric thrill and an impression that we had always known and loved each other?"

"Ah, that it was which awaked me from my long dream, as the sleeping beauty was aroused by the kiss of love, was it not, dearest?"

While she blushed her reply, I imprinted another kiss upon her glowing cheek.

“Do you not remember, dear,” she whispered, blushing still more deeply, “that to-day is the day appointed for our marriage, and this is the very hour?”

“Then why should we not be wed?” I answered. “What more appropriate time or place? Far from the world, with all its sin and care, high in heaven, we two alone in the universe, whose hearts are one already, in the presence of the God of Love, here pledge ourselves unto each other—not until death shall part—but forever.”

“Yes, I am thine forever,” she responded sweetly, looking up with clear, far-seeing, trusting eyes, which seemed to pierce my very soul, which trembled at her gaze, while our lips sealed the solemn vow.

We spent the afternoon in heaven.—Then, after the sun’s red orb had sunk beneath the rim of the earth, we turned toward home while the twinkling stars came out with their nuptial torches to light us on our way.

We returned to the world, but we were not of it. As we passed its citizens, they seemed to us denizens of another sphere. Never more could we be the same as when, that summer afternoon, we entered the anemon to sail together the sea of love. Such an experience could not be repeated. We were united in the bonds of a sweet secret. Whatever life might hold in store for us, the past was ours;

naught could prevent our meeting in memory in the ship above the sea.

As we alighted from our air-vehicle, Helen turned to me, ere we descended, and with a look of unutterable love gave me a sweet kiss of parting which I shall carry with me forever. Her face was photographed upon my heart at that moment in unfading lines. All the clouds of doubt and grief which afterwards came between us could not obscure that picture.

I entered the laboratory where Mr. Newcome was busy with his instruments and books. Turning cheerfully to me he asked if I had passed a pleasant afternoon.

"The happiest of my life," I answered. He did not need any explanation as to the cause of that pleasure. He knew that his daughter was happy again and all the clouds were lifted from his heart. Though he observed that my ignorance of the world was as complete as ever, and I as fixed in my beliefs, yet he felt encouraged by my interest in what I saw, and he willingly endeavored to explain all things to me in the hope of my final recovery.

"What I would first like to know," I asked, "is how you obtain so abundant a supply of electricity and have it at hand for every service. In my day it was merely a means of transmitting power obtained from other sources. We could not generate it except in chemical batteries or dynamos."

"We do not generate it; we borrow it," remarked my friend.

"But how do you obtain it in such vast quantities, and so cheaply? I know that in my day coal was burnt in a furnace and its heat transmitted into motion through the steam-engine, which in turn propelled a dynamo, converting the power into electricity which was again transformed into light and heat, at a loss of about ninety-five per cent. of the original power."

"Those were the days of the infancy of a new art," remarked Mr. Newcome, "and we ought not to smile at their staggering steps and blind experiments. They were as much dazzled by their discoveries as blinded by their ignorance. For years they groped on the edge of the great invention, and at times even grasped the fringe of its garment, but it was not until near the middle of this century that it was fully perfected and applied. Then it was all as plain as daylight. In fact, it was sunlight. As in all inventions, men first attempt the remote and complex, so in this art as in that of flying, men had not closely watched what was hourly before them. They knew that the sun was the great source of life and light and heat, and that electricity was only another form of that energy. Still, as they experimented for half a century with the little electric sparks drawn from chemical bat-

to the magnetic dynamo, we can explain the long delay of the invention by which electricity is obtained directly from the sun and the energy stored until wanted. The method of transmission was well known. All that was needed in the great chain was the connection with the source of supply and an economical storage system.

"The former discovery was as simple as to open a cell battery. The heat of the sun is simply collected in large basins and concentrated upon plates of different metals clamped together and insulated from the earth. These, by their varying degrees of expansion and motion and by their molecular action, develop a current of electricity. This is conducted by wires into storage batteries capable of storing large quantities of the electric fluid in small compass and weight. This original current, to be sure, is not of great force, but as it comes from the batteries it can be readily transmitted into any of the forms required, be it light, heat or power."

"I often used to ask why there should be such a superabundance of heat in the summer and we be unable to store some of it, as we stored ice in winter; but I see you have solved the problem."

"We cannot but the moral fraction of the sun's energy," replied Mr. Newman. "Nature

gives, as the sun does, lavishly, boundlessly. The earth receives but one two hundred and twenty-seven millionth part of the sun's light and heat, and of that we retain but a minute portion in animal and vegetable life, though every movement upon this globe is caused by the sun."

I was about to inquire further as to this wonderful discovery when Helen entered, and, after an affectionate greeting to her father, informed him that a member of the committee on public morals had been in and reported a case in which the children of a certain family were not receiving proper care and training at home.

"I know the case," replied her father, who was chairman of the committee for that part of the city, and turning to his desk, he wrote an order for the children to be removed from their parents for a season and placed in the Juvenile Home.

"What is that?" I asked.

"This is merely a department of our public school system," he explained to me.

"Do you mean to say," I asked in surprise, "that you interfere in the family to secure moral training?"

"Society has the right to take the child from its parents, if necessary, and train it up to be a useful, moral citizen," replied Mr. Newcome. "Lycurgus and Plato laid down this principle

as necessary for the state in order to secure its protection by training its children to become good citizens and brave soldiers. It was applied partially in the compulsory education acts and juvenile asylums. The strong arm of the law, that is, of the majority, is put forth to shield the weak and tear the innocent from the grasp of the cruel and immoral. We exercise this right universally. Here was the failure of the much-vaunted common school system in the past. It failed to give the children moral training, because, forsooth, the religious factions could not agree as to a form of religion to be taught, assuming that there could be no morality without religion. Hence their instruction often availed only to turn out educated criminals. We do not find that Christian, Jew, or Atheist objects to having his children taught and trained in habits of honesty, truthfulness, industry, and purity. It would make no difference if he did. We recognize that morality is the basis of all true civilization and the safety of the state, and we put forth the power of the public to secure it at the fountainhead. We do not allow children to grow up in ignorance, idleness, and vice, and then keep a standing army of police to catch them. We take the bird in the egg."

"What do you do with it when you have caught it?"

"We first teach it to use all its faculties by

using them ; as the old bird pushes the young out of the nest to make it fly. Manual and industrial training is a part of all schooling from the beginning. Every pupil, when he leaves the public schools, and there are no others, has acquired a liberal education, for he has learned to speak the truth, to love his neighbor, and to earn his living."

"Have you no colleges or universities?" I asked in surprise.

"Not such institutions as formerly existed in the seclusion of scholastic shades," he replied. "They are all a part of the public school system, which in some form extends from the home to the workshop, from the cradle to the grave. The colleges are simply higher departments of the state system which includes the public schools and academies, and all means of educating the people. The universities are technical institutions for the training of specialists and for original investigation, but all are for the public benefit, and conducted at the public expense. One who hoards his knowledge is considered no better than he who hoards his wealth."

"Can it be true, as father says," interrupted Helen, with a wondering look, "that in the last century men created criminals and then tried to catch them?"

She could not address me as if I were actually cognizant of such facts.

"I fear I must plead guilty to the indictment," I answered, "and even more. We had institutions licensed for the very purpose, where congregated the low and vicious to take lessons in iniquity and conspire against the common peace and welfare. In fact, some of our great cities were practically ruled by them. It was the reign of the saloon and the 'boss,' as we called them."

"Now he is telling us fables. Is he not, father?" she exclaimed, with an incredulous laugh.

"My child," he answered sadly, "there is too much truth in the statement. The liquor saloon is the enemy of society and the hot-bed of crime, while its cost, more than any other cause, has kept the people in poverty. But for that, the nineteenth century might have seen and enjoyed what we possess."

"But why did not the people rise in their might," exclaimed Helen in indignation, "and destroy those places?"

"When summoned to do so, we answered in the words of the murderer, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

"But an enlightened self-interest," responded Mr. Newcome, "should have sufficed to exterminate the saloon and overthrow the 'boss.'"

"How have you done it?" I inquired earnestly.

"Simply by withdrawing their support.

When foreign immigration was restricted to the classes we desired, and the children of foreigners properly educated, the occupation of the 'boss' was gone. So with the saloon. We strangled it with restrictive legislation, let the drunkards die, and trained their children to the avoidance of alcohol and the exercise of self-control. Thus the liquor traffic gradually died from inanition. Now you may perceive how we can all be rich."

VI.

"FATHER," interposed Helen, who had listened somewhat impatiently to this statement of what were to her familiar facts, "Harold wishes to know what is the fare to the planet Mars."

"I trust he does not intend to leave us soon," he lightly answered, while at the same time I observed his keen eye again fastened upon me as if doubting my mental sanity.

"I was so greatly surprised at learning that communication had been established with its inhabitants," I replied, "that I should not be more astonished if told that you already had a railroad to that sphere. You have bridged the gulf between us and the world of life below us, and now have spanned the space to the worlds above. Pray how came it to pass?"

"We have only recently had positive assur-

ance that our signals were observed and answered," he continued. "It has long been believed that the planet Mars was inhabited; the contour of its land and seas, so remarkably resembling ours, the white areas of snow at the poles melting rapidly away in their summer, and its system of parallel canals were familiar to astronomers. But for many years, two remarkable bright spots frequently appearing and disappearing, and changing their relation to each other, attracted attention and suggested that the inhabitants were trying to signal to us. As the planet Mars, being exterior, is much older than ours, we had reason to infer that its inhabitants were much wiser and more advanced than we, and such seems to be the fact.

"After many years we determined to respond. The language decided upon was that of geometry. Truth is the same in all worlds; hence we decided to construct upon our western plains an immense equilateral triangle. We dug a wide canal in the form of the triangle, a hundred miles in length on each side, and filled it with water. We reasoned that their telescopes might be much more perfect than ours, and that they could thus more readily discern our signals than we theirs. Such appeared to be the case, for our signal was instantly observed; the bright spots disappeared, and in their stead within a year appeared an equilateral triangle and, enclosing it, an

immense circle of light—the symbol of all truth and perfection. We now know that their canals are constructed to carry off the overflow from the rapidly melting snows at the poles.

“You may easily imagine our amazement and delight. No event, since the discovery of America, has so inspired the imagination and awakened the activity of the human mind.”

“Have you replied to them?” I could but ask in wonder.

“We are now endeavoring to do so. We are preparing to flood the desert of Sahara, leaving in the center an immense circular island. We are also daily expecting new communications from them, for as they are so much more intelligent and active than we, they are obliged to do most of the signaling. It is like my endeavoring to teach the dog to speak. Our interests are not bounded by our country or our planet. The universe is ours.”

“I trust we may prove as docile as the dog,” I observed.

Upon this Charley, who had been listening quietly to our conversation, arose, placed his foot in my hand, and said “Thank you.” Then he kissed the hands of his friends and retired. I, too, was ready to rest, but my mind was too much aroused to permit repose.

“One more question, if you please, which I have been desirous of asking since you first

spoke of having no millionaires and no paupers. What have you done with the millionaires? Have you hung them?"

"No, we have not hung them," he replied, with a smile. "Neither hanging nor electric execution is now in vogue. We have a better use for men and electricity. The State has no more right to take human life than I have. We practice prevention and reformation; not, however, in prisons and penitentiaries, where vast numbers are congregated in schools of crime to be turned out worse than when they entered, but in reform schools and local institutions, amid social surroundings and influences that inspire manhood and self-respect. There is now much less law-breaking than you might imagine."

"Do you count millionaires as criminals?" I repeated.

"That depends," answered he, "altogether upon the use a man makes of his money. If he hoards it and multiplies it for his own use and personal power, he is looked upon as little better than a criminal. If he employs it for the common good, he is a public benefactor."

"Why can any one want more money," exclaimed Helen, "than he can use for his personal comfort and pleasure? All beyond that is a burden and responsibility."

"You forget, my dear," tenderly replied her father, "that the love of power is inborn in

the human breast, female as well as male. The man who *can* is king, whether by 'divine right' he wears a crown, or by inborn ability becomes a 'silver king' or 'railroad magnate.' But it is far more difficult to become a millionaire in these days. There are no more bonanzas. The great fortunes of the last century have long since been dissipated by their descendants, and we scarcely know the names of their possessors, except as we discover them in history and smile over them as you doubtless smiled at Midas with his ass's ears. Truly those men were fools. Their fortunes brought more burdens than pleasures. Although they could then purchase with their wealth what now money will not buy—honors, influence, position in church, state, and society,—yet true honors were always given to the benefactor, not to the transmitter of money."

"How can you prevent men from hoarding wealth?" I asked in surprise.

"We have removed the strongest prop of property. It cannot be inherited. No gilded youth can now sport upon the savings of his dead father. No vast estates are allowed to lie for generations, and accumulate wealth by the accretion of value, given to them through the growth of the city, and the labor of others. As thrones, principalities and powers totter to the earth when the right of succession is removed, so when the right of riches to survive

the tomb is denied, their value shrinks into comparative insignificance. Inheritance, entail and primogeniture, have been swept away together into the limbo of the past. We are no longer ruled by the dead. A man may give his children all the advantages of culture and wealth during his life, but he cannot leave them more than a competence at his death. On the other hand, he knows that while the state—that is, the public—will not secure the propagation of his wealth, it will preserve his children from want and give them education and honorable employment. This also removes another strong incentive to accumulation, perhaps the strongest.”

“Ah!” I exclaimed in astonishment; “I see you have not exterminated the millionaire: You have eliminated him by the process of survival of the fittest. Still you numbered him among the dangerous classes.”

“The real danger,” he replied, “was not in the individual, but in the system.”

“Formerly we used to say ‘Competition is the life of trade!’” I remarked.

“And there was another saying employed as the motto of a business periodical.—‘Formerly war was business; now business is war.’ I can but think with horror of a state of society of which those expressions were a characteristic description,” responded my friend. “Business is not war. It is not a game in which one

loses what another gains. We consider the man at the other end of the line, and so obtain the greatest benefits to both."

"Through their corporations, pools, trusts and labor unions, men came at last to understand that the greatest good is attained by the combination of all for the good of all. We all belong to the union now. We do not strike against ourselves. Instead of one class owning the means and implements of labor and another large class using them, the two classes are co-partners. Our industrial system, instead of being as formerly, an aristocracy in the midst of a political democracy, is true democracy: of the people, by the people, for the people."

"But how do you carry on the work of the country?" I inquired sceptically, considering the chronic distrust of the two classes for each other.

"After many wasteful conflicts and blunders, all classes came to learn that their true interests were not antagonistic, but identical. The capitalist, instead of demanding the lion's share of the profits, was content with a moderate interest upon his investments, while he found that by taking the operatives into his confidence and copartnership, his property was made more secure and productive. At the same time, the operator learned that selfish service is short-sighted; that incompetence cannot command the returns of skill, and that 'char-



acter counts for more than capital in getting a living.'

"Thus gradually co-operation in manufacturing industries supplanted the wasteful and war-like methods of competition and combination of class against class. In most manufacturing establishments at present, the capital is loaned at a moderate rate of interest, secured by the plant and product. Superintendence and general management are of course more largely compensated than manual labor, as must always be the case."

"But what have you done with the great transportation corporations?" I asked.

"The telegraph systems of the country were long since absorbed and operated by the post-office department, to the great advantage of both government and people," replied Mr. Newcome. "Letters are sent for penny postage by either mail or wire. The railroads are all simply owned by the people at large, through the national government. Indeed, its chief function at present is the control of these public concerns. We find the happy medium between individual ownership of all property and common ownership of all property, in the communal ownership of certain properties and personal proprietorship of others. Thus the city owns the land, the man his house. The nation owns the railroads and contracts for carrying of freights and mails."

“ And what has become of the trade unions ? ”
I inquired.

“ They started out with a noble idea and aim,” he replied, “ but, as you know, their despotism became worse than that which they sought to remove. They could not procure for the idle and incompetent the returns of the skillful and industrious. That was an attempt at leveling down instead of leveling up. Their motto was a good one, ‘ The injury of one is the concern of all. ’ But a much greater, more beneficent truth has become the guide of the great Union to which we all belong. *The good of all is the concern of each.* We do not say, ‘ Live and let live, ’ but ‘ Live and help live. ’ We are all protectionists. We believe in the protection of the poor and weak by the rich and powerful; the protection of the infirm and unfortunate from the selfish and cruel; the protection of the ignorant and vicious from their own folly and misdoings. We have found that wealth is cheaper than poverty. Our industries, as well as our government, are at last purely, proudly democratic. We find the bettering of social conditions and industrial relations, not in trade unions, but in human fellowship, on Christian principles.”

“ I rejoice to see this day,” I exclaimed.
“ But what new thing have you discerned which has caused this revolution ? ”

“ It is not a revolution, but an evolution. It

is the application of the principle of 'Love thy neighbor,' which gives a new nobility to labor and an adequate end to the common acts and occupations of everyday life."

"I do not see how you have accomplished this?" I remarked. "But I recall an incident of my childhood which seems to illustrate your position. One of my playmates had discovered a field of wild blackberries of remarkable abundance and richness. Instead of keeping his discovery to himself and endeavoring to gather all the fruit, or forming a coterie to control it, he informed us all of his finding. Thereupon the next day we all sallied forth with pail and basket, under his guidance, to find the new Eldorado. It was in the abandoned field of a farmer, who, though he held the ownership of the land, did not lay claim to the fruit growing upon it. The berries grew wild, and were in fact the spontaneous gift of Nature. We entered the field with shouts of pleasure, and soon were busy filling our pails with the luscious fruit. The older boys soon gathered their baskets full, and then instead of hurrying off, turned to the weaker and helped them fill theirs. I had nearly filled my pail when I fell over a log, spilling all my fruit, tearing my clothes, and scratching my face. But the others helped me up, sympathized with my misfortunes, and joining together soon refilled my pail, while by this exhibition of

sympathy and helpfulness, I was made happier than before. One boy was inclined to be indolent and reclined in the shade while the others were at work; but when we were ready to return, they turned to him and stimulated him to go to work, offering their assistance. He was thus shamed into activity, and his basket also was soon supplied. Then we all marched home in pride and joy to our fond parents, with the results of our day's labor. Some sold their fruit for cash and thus converted their labor into money."

"That is a perfect parallel to the industrial situation as we apprehend it," replied Mr. Newcome. "The origin of property is in nature. The discoverer has no exclusive right to its possession. The ownership of land does not entitle one to its spontaneous product or increase of value. All mineral and natural wealth is the possession of the community. Mutual helpfulness and encouragement to the unfortunate and indolent, is the true method of acquiring and enjoying the bounties of nature. They cannot be obtained without toil, and labor gives them their commercial value. No man or combination of men has the right to debar his fellows from the products of the earth. One of the writers upon the socialistic movements of the last century says of that age of unrest: We are moving toward a better, 'a far-off, divine event' which cannot be

fully perceived at present. But a century of progress has outlined the direction of that march, even as the earth itself, with the sun and the whole solar system, is hastening toward its distant, unknown goal in heaven amid the thronging stars."

As Mr. Newcome paused, Helen interposed, with a glance of solicitous affection toward me,

"Would you not like to have some music?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," I responded gratefully, as her father withdrew.

Thereupon she rolled out into the room a small, keyed apparatus differing from any musical instrument I had ever seen, and began to play with a light, graceful movement which seemed scarcely to touch the keys. But immediately the most entrancing music was produced, which was caught up seemingly by a hundred unseen harps and voices, responding in mellifluous tones of sweetest melody, echoing and re-echoing in dying cadences of heavenly harmony, until the soul was wrapped in sweet dreams of peace, and I floated off over the sea again with Helen and was lost in the infinities of time and space. Then her sweet voice sang:

"Have you seen the heavenly city
Towering through the upper air;
All its crystal walls and towers
Shining far, sublimely fair?"

As the tones of her voice died away, Helen

closed the instrument and seated herself beside me. A dim rose-colored light suffused the apartment; from the open window came the scent of flowers and the faint sound of the great city lulling itself to sleep. Without speaking, she laid her lovely head with its short, dark curls upon my shoulder, and looked into my face with an expression of infinite love and trust. At that instant, while I gazed upon her, and pressed her yielding form to my heart, I seemed to be transported to the scene of my former youth and to hold in my arms the form of my lost Theresa. The expression, the gesture, the look, were identical. Involuntarily I whispered the name—Theresa. At that word, Helen, with a slight shudder, slowly slid from my embrace and turned her face from me. But the very act was, if possible, more characteristic of the former love. It was inexplicable. I could not tell Helen of my former life and love; she would not listen if I were to do so. Yet here was this image of the dead always arising between me and my living love.

“Helen, why do you not speak to me?”

“That name, Theresa,” she exclaimed—
“why do you repeat it? Can you not forget the delusions of your dreams? Or if you prefer it, why do you not call me by that name, and not dwell upon the visions of the past? Why do you not strive to recover your memory and cease reviewing the last century and com-

paring it with the present? Why dwell upon the phantoms of delirium now that you are again in health? Are they more pleasing to your recollection? Are the sins and miseries of the past age so pleasant a subject of contemplation? Do you prefer a dream, a vision of the disordered mind, to the life and love of reality? Do you prefer Theresa to me—a ghost, to a fond and living woman?”

As she uttered these words, she sprang to her feet and stood before me with flashing eyes, yet suffused with love and appeal; tall, graceful and majestic as a Juno. As I looked upon her, my illusions vanished. I surrendered to the deity of love. The adoration of beauty had survived all my changes. I knelt at her feet. I clasped her knees in my arms and drew her toward me.

“You, you only I love, I worship. You are my goddess, my all. Take me and do with me as you will.”

At these words an instant change came over her. Love, tenderness and pity melted her to even greater loveliness than before. Then she raised my head to her bosom, bathing my face with her kisses, and whispering: “I have taken you for better or for worse.” Then she led me like a tired child to my room, and left me with the benediction of love and beauty on my brow.

VII.

THAT night I dreamed of Theresa. Again she stood by my side, with the same sad, sweet smile that I knew so well. Many times in my former life has she thus come to me after a day of toil and strife, when the soul was secluded in sleep from the clamors of the day. She was ever young and fair, though she often wore a tender look of pity and reproach, because I had forsaken the paths of love and peace for a life of selfishness and strife.

But now there was a brighter look in her eye, and a tone in her voice which promised that we might again be united and enjoy the life of love and peace designed for us from the beginning. I was to her still the youth of a century before, who had won her maiden love. But in my dreams her features seemed to be strangely mingled with those of Helen Newcome. Both had the same expression of transparent truthfulness, the same eyes of crystal depth and purity, and the same soft, sweet voice. So powerful was the sense of her presence about me, that when I awoke I could scarcely realize who and where I was.

My heart was tender with love, and my eyes moist with tears, when the garish light of day

struck upon them and awoke me to consciousness of the present. I thought "perhaps Theresa is in the world, and some time, somewhere, I shall find her." As I mused, I apprehended another great fact.

"I live and I love. I shall die; what lies beyond, I know not; but greater than life or death is the fact of love. Love is mightier than life. Without it, is no life. When two hearts join to create, there is life; there is the family, society, country, civilization, religion."

As I opened my door and descended to the rooms below, Helen met me, dressed as I first beheld her, all in maiden white, with roses in her hair and in her hand. A fairer, sweeter creature I never beheld. It was her last attempt to recall to my remembrance, if possible, the incidents of our early love before the cloud of my misfortune had come between us.

"Have you rested well?" she asked in tender tones.

"Splendidly," I responded; "I feel like a new man. In fact I am a new man. But I fear you have not rested so well?" I continued, as I noticed a sad look in her eyes and a slight paleness in her cheek.

"I dreamed of you last night, dear," she said in tones of sweet sadness, unheeding my question. "I thought that we were again in the anemon, you and I alone, between the sea and sky, and we were, oh, so happy! Then

suddenly there was a shock and we fell, down ! down ! until the dark waters yawned about us. They engulfed us, and as you sank, I strove to save you. The waves seemed forms of angry men and wicked women, seeking to drag you down. You called on me : ' Oh, Theresa, save me ! ' But in vain. I strove with all my strength, but I could not reach you. You sank from my sight, while I fainted in horror. Again I dreamed I saw you lying cold and lifeless on the sands, with weeping ones beside you, wife and children, and your features were strangely changed. Again I strove to reach you. I touched your hand and bade you rise. You then arose with wondering look and followed me ; but you had forgotten me. I led you through new scenes and sought to save you, yet you knew me not. Tears filled my eyes and I awoke. Oh, Harold," she sobbed, as she cast herself into my arms, " what does it mean ? "

I cannot describe my sensations while Helen in tender tones related her dream. A strange confusion of ideas filled my mind. If I had ever known her before, I had certainly no knowledge of it. But whence could she have derived those ideas relating to my death and return to life ? What could she know of my previous existence ? From whence had this vision come to her ? I did not reveal these thoughts to her, however, nor did I mention

my vision of the night. It could only increase her sadness. I recognized her dress as one that she had worn when I first beheld her after my recovery, and I sought to divert her mind from her vision.

“Let us not speak of dreams,” I answered, while her deep, dark eyes looked up anxiously to mine. “How becoming this pure white dress is to you, my dear.”

“Do you recognize it?” she asked, quickly.

“Yes, you wore it when you first appeared to me after my recovery?”

“And had you not seen it before that?” she added with a voice of most earnest inquiry.

I could not reply. There flashed across my mind the memory of the figure I had seen when I lay in delirium and for whom I called;— of Theresa standing by my side as I lay dying;— of the vision of the night; but no recollection of Helen before the hour of my awaking.

“I never saw one so beautiful and sweet as you are now,” I said. “Let us not speak of the past. You know I promised not to do so.”

“I do not wish you to speak of that,” she answered with a sigh, while a tremor of disappointment shook her slender frame.

“You are ill,” I exclaimed; “let us go in.”

“No, I am not ill; I have never been ill. But the shadow of my dream or some other cause seems to depress my spirits.”

“Am I that cause?” I asked. “Why should you grieve if I cannot recall our first acquaintance? There was once a time when we knew not each other.”

“It does not seem possible,” she murmured. “Two souls wander through the universe led by invisible cords of love, until they meet and instantly recognize each other. It is more than love at first sight. It is the first sight of one loved long before, though unseen and undiscovered.”

“But we have met at last, and never more shall part,” I added.

“Oh, if I could feel sure of that, how happy I should be;” but I am impressed that something is drawing you away from me.”

“It is but the influence of your dream, darling,” I replied. “Forget it, and let us be happy while we may.”

She took my arm with a gentle touch of trust and confidence, smiled sweetly as she looked up into my face and led me into the park. It was June—the month of perfect days—and this was one of them. We walked long and lovingly through the winding paths, while the birds seemed to sing our songs, and all nature voiced the gladness of our hearts. Oh, that man could ever remain in Eden! But the world of life lies between Paradise lost and Paradise regained. Infants and angels are not men.

An unwonted peace and quiet seemed to pervade the place.

"Is this the Sabbath day?" I asked.

"Do you take me for a Hebrew?" she archly answered. "We have no Sabbath. To-day is Sunday, the Lord's Day."

"That is the same thing."

"By no means," she replied. "It is a day of peace, not of penance. It is not the Hebrew fetich not the Puritan purgatory. It is a day of rest for all, not for part. Some do not toil that others may travel, either to church or country. It is a day of joy and of good works. Trains do not run to carry Monday's mail or Sunday newspapers. Even our meals are mostly prepared the day before, and conveyed to our tables without labor."

"Ah! I see, you remember the Sabbath day still."

"We need no command to remember the day of rest and peace. The Sabbath is older than Moses. The Jew never enjoyed it any more than the Puritan. It is the magna charta of mankind: the pledge of escape from the original curse. But we do not waste it in idleness, or weary ourselves in the vain pursuit of pleasure."

"On the contrary," I remarked, "I suppose you go to church. To what congregation do you belong? I am a Presbyterian, and would prefer to attend that church."

As I spoke, she turned upon me a look of amused perplexity as if unable to comprehend what I was saying, evidently trying to recall the meaning of the terms I employed.

"You dear antediluvian," she exclaimed. "Now, I do believe you have survived from the dark ages. There are no churches nor denominations. We have some interesting old buildings formerly used as sectarian places of assembly, but they are employed to much better purpose now. They are not closed for six days and opened for an hour or two on Sunday to allow the congregation to listen to a few hymns and a theological essay."

"No churches!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Have you no house of God; no heaven-pointing spires; no tolling bells calling the faithful to devotion; no pealing organ of solemn sound; no long-drawn aisles shaded in 'dim, religious light'; no surpliced choirs intoning hymns of praise; no gowned minister lifting holy hands to heaven; no humble worshipers kneeling in solemn silence? I think I would not care to live in such a world."

"Wait and see," she answered with a smile. "You will behold no vain spires, nor gloomy aisles; no surpliced choirs, nor barren meeting-houses; no humble worshipers in silks and velvets, serving God by proxy; no hired representative repeating ancient dogmas and endeavoring to delight his auditors by flights of

oratory. Religious service is serving. Divine service is not performed only in churches. 'He that is greatest is servant of all.'"

"But have you no church?" I repeated.

"We have a church, as it might be called; but no churches. Could anything be more stupid, wasteful and wicked than the divisions and subdivisions, schisms and antagonisms of the so-called Christian churches of the nineteenth century! Their strange substitution of theology for piety; of ceremonies for service of God; of denominational zeal and controversy, for religious fervor, and of church-going for loving God and their neighbor, would be amusing were they not so tragic in their consequences. Even the churches of the same denomination in New York and Brooklyn were not able to join in one association. Yes, I am thankful we have no churches," she concluded with more earnestness than I had seen her exhibit on any other subject.

"But the churches did much good," I protested. "They served God according to the dictates of their consciences, gave money to send the gospel to the heathen, and contributed charity to the poor."

"Yes, they conducted ceremonies after the dictates of their denominations, applied an opiate to their consciences by sending missionaries to inculcate their creeds upon the heathen, and built costly cathedrals from which the poor

at the door were excluded. As one of the great philanthropists of that age said: 'There was a costly apparatus of meeting houses and preaching to save men from perdition in a future life, while no hand was stretched out to save them from the miseries of their present existence.'

"In an age of corporations and combinations, the churches, repelled from each other by the opposite electricities of their theological differences, persisted in their independent and antagonistic methods of converting the world, as they called it; planting insignificant, rival churches at immense loss and waste in order to propagate their peculiar doctrines and sectarian tenets, ignoring the very spirit of the age in which they lived, and retarding the cause which they sought to advance.

"In one western state in 1891, three denominational Sunday-school missionaries established twenty-seven Sunday-schools at a cost of \$3,800; while one union missionary in the same time established thirty-five schools at a cost of \$700."

"That was an institution," I interposed, "which labored on common-sense principles and in accordance with the spirit of the times. It was called the Sunday-school Union. I recall an instance, when the members of different denominations in a community which had no church refused to join in organizing a

union chapel, and the outsiders united and established what they called a 'Sinners' Church.' Our wonderful new West was the strategic point whence the world was to be won, they said, yet no combined effort was made to occupy it."

"It was, indeed, the seed-time of the ages, prepared from the foundation of the world and rapidly passing away; yet they allowed the precious days to pass in disputes as to creeds and confessions, in idle discussion as to the inspiration and authorship of the Scriptures, and in trials for heresy, while, according to their own beliefs and teachings, the masses were rushing to endless perdition. They sent missionaries to Asia, Africa, and the Islands of the Sea, preaching antagonistic doctrines, while the masses in our own country were outside the churches and men of every race walked their streets neglected and despised. One of the largest missionary organizations even refused to send as preachers, men who had doubts as to the eternal damnation of the unconverted heathen. It seems incredible now; but we will not criticise the past. Let us consider the present," she concluded, with a bright smile, dispelling the doubts which her words had aroused in my mind.

"Shall we go to your church?" I asked.

Again she appeared puzzled for a moment, but quickly responded:

“Yes, we will go to my church.”

Again we entered our light vehicle and rapidly sped along the smooth streets amid the happy throngs. The grounds and groves were filled with joyful children and mothers with their pretty babes, while the men in the streets seemed bent upon some errand of good, so different was their expression from that impressed by the constant pursuit of gain.

“Where are these people going?” I asked.

“They are going to church,” she replied with a smile. “But I will first take you to mine.”

“What is it called?”

“I might call it the Church of Brotherly Love,” she answered. “I suppose in former days it would have been called the ‘Church of the Great Condescension.’”

We alighted before a small building somewhat plainer and less prettily surrounded than Helen’s home, but otherwise not much different. It was evidently the home of a laborer. Numerous neatly-dressed children welcomed us with shouts of joy and tokens of affection for Helen as we entered.

“How is your mother to-day?” she anxiously inquired of one of the older children. “I have brought some few delicacies for her and will take them to her room.”

Then she excused herself from me, saying she had come to visit the sick mother and would

remain a short time and read for her and try to cheer her loneliness.

In the meantime the father came in, a tall, intelligent man of about forty years of age. He was evidently accustomed to these visits of Helen's, but there was no trace of the humble recipient of charity about him, any more than of condescension in her. It was as one friend visiting another, by which both were equally benefited and pleased. The self-respect and independence of the true workman were stamped upon every feature.

"Are these all your children?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied proudly, "and the more the better."

"Are you able to care for them easily?"

"I have no fears as to their maintenance and education while I live, or as to their care and training in useful occupations if I should be taken from them. We are all brothers and members of one family, as far as provision for the young is concerned."

"To what church do you belong?" I asked abruptly, determined to solve the enigma in my mind. He seemed surprised.

"I do not belong to any," he at length replied in some confusion. "The church belongs to me; that is, in common with my fellow-citizens. I do not know precisely what you mean," he concluded, as Helen returned. "To what church do I belong?" he asked.

She smiled, but did not reply. Her friend then thanked her for her coming and withdrew.

Helen now gathered the children about her and instructed them by anecdotes and stories of her own devising, in lessons of love, gentleness, generosity, forbearance, patience and hope; illustrating all these by incidents and familiar facts, while I listened in wonder and delight. Then as we departed, she remarked that she had several other families to visit, and also a club of young girls to meet in their rooms which they had jointly furnished and adorned for their meeting-place. Here she taught them the elements of house-keeping, of the preparation of foods, the care of the sick, the training of children, the principles of education, and above all, of love to others, of purity, truth and helpfulness.

“This is my church,” she smilingly concluded, “but if you like, we will attend the People’s Church.”

“That is a good name,” I remarked. “Who is your preacher?”

“We do not preach, we practice,” she replied pleasantly. I said no more, but sat silent, confounded by the anomaly of a church without a preacher. Presently we reached a beautiful, large edifice similar in construction to the Institute of Arts and Sciences which we had visited the previous day. This was not built

by the city, but by the voluntary contributions of all citizens who esteemed the welfare of their fellow-men and desired to promote their moral elevation.

Helen informed me that there were numerous such buildings in the city, some of the old churches being utilized for the purpose, though ill-adapted to such uses. But there is only one church in each city, as in the early days of Christianity. Each association is under the direction of a board of managers elected by the local assembly, which sends delegates to a general board that supervises the work of the whole city, and in turn is represented in the councils of the national conference. All are admitted to membership who love their fellow-men and desire to lead a better life.

“But what are your creeds and doctrines?” I asked in surprise.

“Our church has no creed,” replied she. “It is not asked what do you believe, but what can you do; not what do you imagine will become of you after death, but how do you live now; how can you make your life better, purer, more helpful to others. Life is not regarded as probation for a future existence. Hence we do not waste it in discussing theories of the hereafter or in preparations for an unknown state. We would as soon think of dividing into sects on the color of the hair or the cut of our clothes, as on questions of

creed. Our doctrine is simply, 'Love your neighbor and respect his beliefs.'"

I made no reply. I could only listen and wonder. As we entered the building, I beheld a vast museum of the works of nature, with telescopes, microscopes, stereopticons and magnificent views of natural scenery spread out in a vast panorama, as of a landscape viewed from a lofty mountain; and over all, the starry heavens were displayed in a manner that filled me with awe and admiration. The infinitely great and the infinitely small were pictured side by side, and man,—the mind comprehending all,—standing between them, king and crown of all. "First know thyself," was the unwritten ensign.

In one department, teachers, philosophers, and scientists were explaining and illustrating the great fact that all life is one. "The physical universe is the body of God," said the instructor. "He is actually present in every manifestation of life and force. There is no spiritual kingdom divorced from the natural. God is imminent in his creation; not an absentee. Science and religion, after their long coquettish courtship, are at last united in holy bonds. Real science is true religion. Man is under the reign of law, and only by conformity to it can he secure peace and happiness, here or hereafter. 'The laws of nature are the ways of God. Evolution is his method.' Another said:

"As we follow back the chain of causation

from complex to simple, we come to a point where continuity suddenly ceases—the accountable invariably brings us face to face with the unaccountable; certain knowledge but leads us ever and always to the inexplicable; the known confronts us ever with the unknown. Go in what direction we will, the circle never returns within itself, but every path leads directly to the incomprehensible and face to face with this ever-recurring mystery. That same imagination which has led the man of science to more than one bold and noble induction must perforce make one more leap and ‘Look up through nature unto nature’s God.’”

In other departments teachers were unfolding with intense earnestness and interest the crowning glory of creation, the moral nature of man. “He only can say ‘I ought.’ He is a god; knowing good from evil. He only has the immortal arbiter within, saying do the right, abhor the evil. He only has the faculty of distinguishing truth, of delighting in its possession, and of developing it in his life. Only in the path of virtue can he obtain peace.

“When one has apprehended the fact that all men are created equal, so that his sense of sympathy impels him to grasp his neighbor’s hand as instinctively as if he were falling, he has found his place in society. When he understands that he can develop his moral nature only by exercising its impulses, he has learned his

relation to God. 'All mine is thine,' is the language of Christian communism. The inequalities of wealth are met, not by the violent claims of the poor, but by the spontaneous charity of the rich."

In this department were numerous smaller rooms occupied by classes in which all were learners, all teachers. Experience was the guide and instructor. Here each brought his trials and difficulties, his weakness and ignorance, for instruction and advice from those of greater wisdom and stronger character. By the interchange of experience and encouragements, all were benefited, all inspired to better living. Instead of abstract questions of theology or philosophy, the practical duties of man to man, the demands of equity, charity and benevolence were discussed and applied. Then came reports of committees who had canvassed the whole district in which this assembly was located, and who reported all cases of sickness or suffering, of moral lapse or stress of temptation which they had discovered. Then these principles were instantly applied by the appointing or volunteering of those best fitted to minister to the several emergencies. They were "doers and not hearers only."

"But the People's Church," said Helen, "is used not only for instruction and moral inspiration, but for pleasure and recreation, domestic and social intercourse, throughout the week.

It is the home of all, the social center of the community. Here the children delight to come, as the birds build their nests under its roofs and rear their young. Young men and maidens here learn the lessons of love, purity, and patience. Middle-age recounts its experiences and gains new strength for the duties of life. Here the old come to enjoy the society of the young and the sight of innocence and strength, while they peacefully pass their remaining days in the consciousness of a life well-spent and of a world made better for their having lived in it."

"But what are your creeds and ceremonies?"

I repeated.

"The People's Church," she replied, "is based upon the principle of love, and not upon the speculations of philosophy or the hope of future rewards. Our church is wherever is found a brother in need; our 'divine services' are done to him. We are all ministers who minister to the need of others. We call ourselves Christians, for Christ first taught us to love our neighbor."

As we re-entered our light vehicle and rolled along the quiet streets, I sat silent in the exaltation of a great discovery.

"In addition to the great facts of life and love, are the greater facts of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God; not as fine phrases, but as vital, extant realities. Love,

fraternity and service are the Trinity of life. These make life worth living and forefend the fear of death. From maiden-love and mother-love, come love of country, love of man, and love to the Creator. By the ladder of love we climb to the feet of God."

As I gazed upon the fair being by my side, I could but feel an affection for her which would embrace mankind and an aspiration to make my new life one of beneficence that exalted me above myself.

"Helen," I exclaimed, as we neared her home, "I am in love with your church."

"And with the minister?" she asked with a smile.

"If men could have had such preachers as you, they would have been won to truth and virtue long ago," I answered.

"If each to each be all he can
A very god is man to man,"

she added, as we alighted.

VIII.

WHEN I next saw Mr. Newcome, he invited me to go with him and see some of the public institutions of the city, to which I cheerfully assented. We entered our electric carriage and soon were speeding along the busy, yet quiet

streets of the town. Our course lay toward the east. Few cities have been so favored with opportunities for growth and expansion as Brooklyn. With its wide, gently rolling upland placed between the salt sea and the sound where the winds of the tropics sweep unrestrained, laden with health and fragrance ; with dry, sandy earth, best fitted for easy and healthful building, containing an inexhaustible supply of the purest water ; with a soil and climate fitted for producing all the fruits, flowers, and forests of the continent, Brooklyn was destined from the first to become the home of happy millions as well as the entrepôt for the commerce of two worlds. The Harlem river made the conduit of western commerce to the sound, and the great ship-channel across the state, connecting the unsalted seas of the west with the ocean, making Chicago and Duluth seaports, all combined to form great artèries of friendship and of trade, through which the western seas of billowy grain flowed to the door of the eastern artizan, and his works rolled back in answering tokens of utility and good-will. As these great works had been erected at the national charge, and were operated at cost, the expense of transportation was reduced to a minimum and the cost of living lessened in proportion. Brooklyn had largely shared in these great benefits, and her opulent citizens had become foremost in all good works for the in-

struction and elevation of their fellow-men. Its Institute of Arts and Sciences, and Pratt Institute, for instruction in useful occupations, had become the models for the world.

“Such institutions are more like the Kingdom of Heaven than all the grand cathedrals ever built,” exclaimed my friend, as we compared the Brooklyn of the present and the past. “The ‘city of churches,’ has become the ‘city of charities.’”

As we conversed, we came, near the suburbs of the town, to a broad and beautiful park, occupying the former site of Garden City. The money of a dead millionaire, long since forgotten, had here erected a cathedral and a school. But now they were the scene of a beneficence, far greater than any he ever imagined. As we drew near I beheld the whole vast park occupied by innumerable throngs of happy children and their homes. Their gleeful shouts and gladsome songs greeted my ear as we approached. The whole place was given up to the children and their attendants.

“Is this a pleasure park, a children’s playground?” I inquired.

“It is not a pleasure resort,” replied my guide. “It is the Children’s Home. It is home, school, asylum, play-ground, all in one. It is the center of our system of juvenile care and moral training. Its first object is to make the children happy. No labor is now done

by children. Newsboys and cash girls, the white slaves of the past, are found no more. All children whose parents are not able to care for them and give them proper training, are sent to this home where they are reared and educated at the general expense. All those also who do not receive the right moral influence at home or who develop immoral tendencies, are sent here for discipline and care. But they are not crowded into the huge asylums of the past, good and bad together, but are separated into homes and companies as you see, under a self-governing system with general supervision."

"Is it a public school?" I asked, surprised and pleased at what I beheld.

"It is organized and conducted on the public school principle, as we recognize that the children are the foundation and the future of the state. But it is not a school. It is more like the kindergarten of the past. The work of poor Pestalozzi, saying, 'come let us live for our children,' gathering the neglected and degraded little ones into his own house for care and moral training, singing and dancing with them, sleeping and suffering with them, dying in poverty and contempt for them, has borne wondrous fruit. He is the children's saint. His statue stands at the entrance of this park, as you may have noticed. He is more honored than the millionaire, who purchased it."

“This is paradise, indeed!” I could but exclaim. “Let us go in.”

We entered, and spent a most delightful and instructive day in the Children’s Home.

“The moral and physical development of the children is the chief end in view,” said the director. “But in order to obtain this they must be made happy. The individuality and the temperament of each child must be studied. In the first place, they are freed from outward restraint and direction. There are no set rules and performances. They are told to play and be happy. They are guided and restrained when necessary, but without their knowledge as far as possible. Every one knows that next to the child’s instinct for play, is that of curiosity. This is employed to lead them into paths of useful knowledge; not by books, but by things; not by instruction, but by practice. In the same manner, moral training is effected. You would be surprised to see at what an early age the deepest moral principles are apprehended by children. Most often it is the selfish and immoral training they have had at home, which is most difficult to be eradicated. They learn self-control by exercising it, love and unselfishness by its constant exhibition, law and order by being themselves part of an organized and orderly establishment.”

“Are not the parents of these children

allowed to have any part in their moral training?" I asked.

"They often need it more than the children," was the reply. "The children are taken from those unqualified or unable to give the proper training to their priceless charges. Most of them gladly send their children here, where they receive this invaluable care and training without cost. We have also a parents' class wherein parents, young and old, are taught the care of infants and the training of children. Here the duties of parents are also explained, so that they may be practiced intelligently, instead of the blind experiments by which the fathers and the mothers of the past spent their best years and risked the ruin of their offspring in learning how to train them."

"I see," said I to Mr. Newcome, as we turned away, "you have applied at the fountain-head of all society, the principles of the sciences that we studied and of the religion that we professed. What else have you done?"

"Come and see."

Again we entered our light carriage and were whirled rapidly to another part of the city. There we paused before an immense edifice, or more properly, a collection of edifices from whence came up the enlivening hum of machinery and sound of labor. As we entered, we beheld an army of young men and women engaged in the diversified occupations of the

Industrial Institute. This also was an outgrowth of the wise liberality of a citizen of Brooklyn in the nineteenth century. Here every industry and occupation was taught and practically applied, theory and practice going hand in hand. Here all the decorative, mechanic and domestic arts were taught to the young without charge. It was the Apprentices' College. The united workmen of the city had adopted and enlarged this institution as a part of their co-operative system of industry.

"This is our industrial kindergarten," said my guide.

"How is it supported and conducted?" I inquired.

"The former suicidal jealousy of the trade unions towards apprentices has disappeared," said he. "Here any youth who desires is taught a useful occupation free of charge; those not desiring it and dependent are placed here by public authority. As soon as they become efficient workers, they are employed in one of the numerous co-operative establishments and paid according to their productive capacity. All are thus assured employment and income. Each manufacturing business has a central selling department under skillful management which assures properly diversified productions and a market for all. If there is a lack of employment in any occupation, it is shared by all in proportion. The trades are

also under similar direction, so that wasteful competition and unwise undertakings are avoided. A co-operative bank is established by the savings of the workmen, and from its profits the Industrial Institute is partially supported. A mutual insurance society is also conducted in connection with each trade, to which its members contribute a portion of their wages and by which they are supported in case of illness or age, and their families protected when the wage-earner is withdrawn. But as all share in the profits of every undertaking, all are able to accumulate in the mutual savings banks a provision against age and illness. Here also the rule of the prudent majority is enforced in regard to the indolent and improvident to impel them to do their own part towards the support of their families. But the foundation and bulwark of the whole industrial and governmental system is in the training of the young in habits of self-control, temperance, industry and thrift, by which, at the same time, the demands upon the industrious are diminished and the forces of intelligence and order are increased. Furthermore, mutual kindness, assistance and sympathy are encouraged and practiced among the members of all occupations, of which this institution is the nursery—a veritable doorway to the kingdom of heaven. The establishment of 'The Thrift' by Mr. Pratt has done more for the poor than all the trade unions ever organized."

“This is indeed practical philanthropy,” I observed, as we rode away. “I remember well the founding of Pratt Institute, from which this most beneficent organization has grown. Have you any other such institutions?”

“Come with me,” was again the answer.

We paused before a large and well appointed building in the business quarter. It appeared to be a mercantile establishment of some sort. But the only sign I saw over the door was “The Helping Hand—Man and Brother, General Agents.” As we entered, a fine-looking gentleman of benign bearing approached us, and with the urbanity of the most polished floorwalker asked: “What can we do for you to-day?”

“I do not wish to make any purchases at present,” I replied, while Mr. Newcome smiled with ill-concealed amusement, and the kind gentleman gazed upon me as if in doubt whether I meant to perpetrate an idle jest, or were out of my mind. But Mr. Newcome simply said, “We wish to look over the place.”

I noticed, as we passed, various offices and rooms bearing the strange headings: “Bureau of Advice,” “Law Department,” “Business Department,” “Assistance Office,” “Educational,” “Confessional,” “Social and Domestic.” The more I looked and listened the more I was mystified. This was an entirely new enterprise to me.

“What does this all mean?” I asked.

“It means,” replied my guide, “that men of wisdom and experience, wealth and sagacity, instead of employing their acquired influence for further self-aggrandizement or accumulation, here strive to employ their resources in rendering advice, assistance, encouragement and instruction to the young and struggling, the unfortunate and the weak, the erring and the friendless. All is conducted upon true business principles; not, however, the principle of ‘Get all you can and keep what you get,’ but that of ‘Give all you can and keep what you must.’ Here those in trouble of any kind come for aid and advice. If oppressed or injured, they are referred to the Law Department, where the best legal advice and assistance is given gratis. Here the young man, just starting in business or choosing an occupation or profession, is assisted and instructed at the Business Bureau. Those in need of other and immediate aid, find it at the Assistance Office. Others pursuing courses of reading or private study are advised and aided at the Educational Bureau.”

“But what is the Confessional?” I inquired, pointing to the distant door thus labelled, half in fear that I might be invited to enter.

“That is our most practical and beneficent department,” was the reply. “All know the great relief and benefit to a sin-sick soul, of the confessional. But aside from this, all men meet at times a stress of moral struggle, when

a wise, discreet friend is the greatest earthly blessings. Here such come, not to obtain priestly pardon for crimes committed, but for *advice in advance*, by which one may escape temptation or learn from past delinquencies to avoid the pitfalls of the future. Here a kind and sympathetic lady, whose hairs are whitened by age and suffering, invites the tempted woman, the struggling girl, to make known her sin or sorrow and find sympathy and strength. For young men, we find that a man of middle age, who knows all the feelings and temptations of the young, and who is not too old to feel them himself, yet strong and wise, is the best guide and counselor."

"It is a grand and good idea, I confess," said I, "and it admits of wide application in many walks of life. But what is the function of the Social and Domestic Bureau?"

"This is mainly for women, where they find advice and guidance in their numerous social and domestic duties, which, as only women know, are most wearisome and wearing. We do not keep an Intelligence Office or an Employment Bureau, for their necessity is now dispensed with under our system of coöperative house-keeping and industry. This bureau has a much wider range. The greatest lack and evil of past times was the absence of social contact between the classes, and most particularly in the case of young men and women without

friends. The churches and Christian associations supplied it to a limited extent, but the great mass of the wage-earners were not reached. The Working Girls' Home gave opportunity for social contact with each other, but that which they most needed, the society and friendship of the more cultured and intelligent, was entirely wanting. For lack of this, also, the young men of our cities were driven to the saloons and other evil resorts to escape the tedium of their toilsome lives. Now, our Social Bureau meets just this want. It provides means of meeting and of social intercourse, upon a plane of absolute equality, for the young and the old, the cultivated and the ignorant, the rich and the poor. In fact, these distinctions do not exist in the degree known in the last century. Our Social Bureau has been a most potent factor in accomplishing this change. There are now no 'working girls' or 'laboring classes,' for all are workers. Our larger social meetings are held in the People's Church which all are at liberty to attend.

IX.

"How are all these institutions managed and directed?" I asked as we returned.

"We have a Supervising and Connecting Bureau," he replied, "similar to a telephone exchange, by which every want or philan-

thropic movement is brought into instant union. It is known as the 'Civic Center,' and is composed of the best representatives of those who have the welfare of the community at heart. It undertakes to secure that every evil shall be combated by all available agencies for good. Its chief divisions of effort are the Religious, Philanthropic, Educational, Industrial, Municipal, Political and Recreative. By this means all the more intelligent, moral and philanthropic members of the community, without distinction of church or party, are brought into active union of organized effort for the repression of every evil and promotion of every movement for the improvement of the municipal, social, or moral condition of the people. When thus banded together for practical action, the moral forces of the community were found to be an irresistible engine for the destruction of evil and a marvelous stimulant for the growth of every beneficent enterprise. There was no lack of money or workers as soon as these results became apparent. The organization of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity was the first step towards this mighty transformation. Some call it applied Christianity; others, applied common sense."

"Is this a new religion?" I asked, delighted with this exhibition.

"Oh, no," he replied with a smile. "It is what I call Primitive Christianity. We are try-

ing to practice its precepts instead of preaching them. When men have learned to live by the mandate 'Love one another,' they can truly be called Christians."

"You forget," said I, "that I am a citizen of the nineteenth century. I cannot comprehend a church without a creed."

Mr. Newcome looked at me a moment in surprise, as if scarcely comprehending my statement, but continued. "Few can possess the luxury of a creed. A dogmatic statement of belief formulated by others, however wise, cannot be your belief unless you have wrought it out upon the anvil of your own experience. Hence we put it all aside, as a matter of private opinion, and join together on the broad platform of united effort for the good of our fellow-men."

"But must you not have a creed or confession as a basis of union?" I interposed.

"Why should men think they must agree upon a theological theory before they can unite in benevolent action? A confession of faith cannot hold them together. But we have a confession of fact. It is short, but comprehensive:—*I am not what I ought to be; I am not what I can be; I am my brother's keeper.* All men who have a conscience and a moral nature, can subscribe to that creed."

"A tree is known by its fruits," I remarked, recalling that in my day there was much

enthusiasm for what was called 'rescue work,' but little application of the principle of prevention. But what has become of the Christian Church?"

"The Christian Church," answered Mr. Newcome, seriously, "since the first century has been the tomb of its founder." I looked up amazed as he paused. "But there has been a resurrection," he continued. "Its spirit has burst its cerements and come forth to a new life of vigor and growth, like that of its early youth. Christians have ceased disputing about the character of Christ, the plan of salvation, the divine decrees, and the scriptures of the Jews."

"When did this take place?" I asked, astonished.

"The movement began among the laymen near the end of the last century. They had previously begun to think for themselves, and for a long time had listened to the discussions and vain sermonizing of the preachers with impatience. Practical business men began to look for a larger return for their investments in churches and missions."

"Our missions were the pride of Protestantism," I interposed.

"There were, in 1890," he went on, "one hundred forty-three sects in our land based on doctrinal peculiarities. They employed twenty-six missionary organizations to make known the one way in Japan; thirty-eight in

India, and thirty-nine in China. On business principles, one-fourth of the churches throughout the country were worse than useless. There were twenty-five thousand supernumerary churches in the United States, wasting annually funds to the incredible aggregate of \$12,500,000. At the same time, in the great and growing West, the America of the near future, the pivotal point of Christianity, were immense regions without religious influences of any kind. In view of these facts men of sense and sagacity began to ask why should not all the denominations combine and form a missionary trust, in the manner of business corporations, which should expend their contributions in a systematic manner, instead of wasting them in supporting weak, rival churches? Lay congresses were convened to consider the failure of the churches, and to forge a closer bond of union between members of different denominations.

“The merchant went to the frontier and saw there such opportunities for investment in the mines of humanity that he returned full of enthusiasm, and redoubled his subscriptions. Those who visited the poor and afflicted had their sympathies so aroused and their hearts and purses so opened that they felt they had been to the very house of God. When they beheld the effect of their instructions and sympathy on the children and youths growing up

around them and in their turn becoming wide-flowing fountains of virtue in a barren land, they felt that they were at last really doing the work of their Master. They marveled that men could so long have neglected His example, while delving in mystical theories of His divinity, and disputing about the organization of a church which he never founded. People's churches were established everywhere.

“Of course, some priests and prelates of every denomination held up their hands in horror, and denounced these departures from the fold; but others, knowing that the Church was a purely human institution, and remembering its history of dissension and strife, were not loth to see it supplanted by an edifice whose corner-stone was love for man, and whose heaven-pointing spire was love for God.”

“But are not churches necessary for our salvation?” I could but ask.

My friend looked at me a moment, curiously, as if not quite comprehending me.

“The Christian Church for seventeen centuries has been teaching that the end of religion was to enable men to save their souls. Christ taught that he who seeks to save his soul shall lose it,” he at length responded. “As it is not our own salvation that we are chiefly concerned about, we are not divided as to the means of obtaining it. We are striving not to save ourselves, but others; not from the

future consequences of unbelief, but from wrongdoing and misery in this life. The spirit of selfishness had absorbed even the church. The doctrine of future rewards and punishments had reduced the service of God to a bargain and religion to a race for heaven. It was a species of pious usury, which foregoes the pleasure of this life, for a hundred per cent. hereafter. There were even those like Molière's Orgon, who would sacrifice his daughter and all his family in order to purchase his own salvation. As has been well said, the best way in which to show our love to God, is to do a kindness to some of his other children."

"But we had charitable institutions without number," I interposed.

"They were the dawns of a day to be," replied my friend, "but they were all in the shadow of the lofty walls of class distinction which ran through all society. All were conducted at arm's length, with gloves on. The churches were but social clubs, and their Sunday-school methods puerile and superficial in the extreme. The churches of the nineteenth century were like their steam engines—nine-tenths of their power went up in the air. Our days and duties are not divided into religious and secular. Our religion is our business and our business is our religion."

"In my time," I remarked, "our religion

was put off with our Sunday-clothes, or placed in pawn to be called for on our dying day, though some of us were unable to redeem it when we most needed it."

"But what has caused the breaking up of the churches?" I asked.

"The prevalence of the opinion that a man must leave a church, because he does not agree with the opinions and beliefs of a majority of its members, did more to disintegrate the churches than anything else. While the theologians were engaged in heated controversy among themselves, in the endeavor to uphold their creeds and maintain their theories of the Bible, the masses outside looked on in scornful indifference. They did not even understand the language employed. It is most amazing that this state of things could have existed in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when all the world was moving toward brotherhood and union with giant strides."

"But how was Christian union finally effected?" I repeated incredulously.

"Christian union, when it came, proved not to be a union of churches. It was the death of denominations. But when once the futile attempt to secure uniformity of belief was abandoned, the union of Christians was effected without difficulty. It was not merely the union of church members, but of all men everywhere who were imbued with the Christ-

like temper. But before that day, the attempt to continue a creed as a standard of admittance to church membership, had driven the best men out of the churches. Those who remained did not believe nor understand what their creeds affirmed. The Master himself would not have been admitted to membership in the church of the nineteenth century. He could not speak the Shibboleth of the councils and creed-makers."

"What is the chief characteristic of your church?" I asked, astonished.

"It is the primitive faith as it existed before the theological disputes which rent the church and ended in the Nicene creed. The theologians invented their own theories of salvation, and substituted a heaven hereafter for the kingdom of peace and righteousness which Christ came to establish on earth. We reverse all that. We endeavor to apply his precepts in our lives. Even those who acknowledge no revelation and no religious authority, who endeavor only to secure their own highest welfare, find it in a genuine altruism which is nothing else than the fulfilling of the Christian mandate, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

X.

I RETURNED to my home overwhelmed by what I had seen. A city without a church—or even with only one—was a conception so new, so revolutionary in its results, that I could scarcely comprehend it. But I had learned long since to bow respectfully to an accomplished fact, and I could but recognize those I had witnessed, as among the most beautiful and stupendous in human history.

As I entered the house, Helen met me with the old smile of love and confidence, and perceiving my weariness and abstraction, she put forth all her powers to please and to inspire. Under the blandishments of her society and the influence of her bright and cheering conversation, I forgot my gloomy past, the surprises of the present and even my own mysterious identity. I listened as in a blissful dream while she sang or played for me on her wondrous instrument. I heard, like far away music, the bell-like tones of her voice, as she related amusing incidents of her life, with ripples of sweet laughter, or described with an artist's touch the beauties of nature and of art she had witnessed, now rising to flights of imagination and inspiration that betokened the poet and

the seer, then dropping to tones of tenderness and trust that revealed the virgin soul of the maiden lover. Filled with the memory of the scene I had witnessed, and with the thoughts and feelings of the day, soothed and sustained by Helen's sweet presence and her words, yet, underneath all, burdened by the presence of the man that I had been, I retired.

When I awoke next morning I did not know whether I were awake or still surrounded by the dread visions of the night. I saw the familiar surroundings of my room; I heard the cheerful voices without. I saw my youthful face in the mirror, but the former being had returned. The old man was on top. The blood of all my ancestors surged in my veins, from the time when they trod the forests, club in hand, stealing treacherously upon their victims, down to the days of the nineteenth century, when, in the warfare of trade and competition, I had taken the lives of my fellow-men. All the wolfish instincts were awake and eager for their prey. Avarice, ambition, greed, cruelty, selfishness, desire, had taken possession of their former habitation. Then I realized that man is an animal. I was afraid of myself. I dared not leave my room. I felt that even Helen would not be safe from the innate animalism that possessed me. The very thought of her was maddening. By an effort of the will, I turned my mind into other channels. I could

not think of the present. It was as a tale that is told, a vision that has vanished. I saw before me the scenes of the life that I had lived, the men and women with whom I had struggled for commercial and social supremacy. I saw William Wilson, once a rival and competitor in my line of business. Having by mismanagement and misfortune got into my debt, I had sold him out and then taken him into my employment. Bankrupt and broken in spirit, he served me, as the captive prince walked chained to the chariot of the Roman conqueror, until his death. He left his family, once accustomed to refinement and luxury, in poverty and want; but neither I nor my fellows knew or cared what became of them. Was it not every man's business to provide for his own family? Now, as I thought of them, I felt no compunctions for my course, but rather a stretching of the old tiger at his tether, eager to enter again into the conflicts and competitions of the street, to fight the bulls and devour the lambs. I remembered George Walker, my old bookkeeper, who had served me faithfully for twenty years at bare living wages. What more could he want? But one day he wanted more. His aged wife was ill and his expenses were increased. I told him that if he was not satisfied with his wages, he could look for another place. He said no more. In a few months his wife was buried. He began

to drink, gradually became unable to attend to his work, and lost his position. Down the decline of poverty and drink he rapidly followed the thousands before him, into a drunkard's grave. But that was not my business. I drank with moderation, and others could do the same. I did not need to seek in intoxication, oblivion from the miseries of existence. I recalled the record of man's wrong to woman—his slave, his creature in the past, ever the victim of his selfishness and passion, the toy of his trifling hours, crushed between the upper and nether millstones of his avarice and his self-indulgence. But none of these things moved me now. All the fair women since Eve passed in sad procession before me—the Mater Dolorosa, weeping over the world—but I felt no pity. Yet it was not I, but the old man within me that now held sway. Still I would not yield to him; I knew that the ape and the tiger in man are doomed to extinction. With Paul I cried, "Who shall deliver me from this dead body?" All day I buffeted the old man, and at even he was subdued.

Then I felt the peace and the confidence that come only to the victor. Again I could look my fellow-creatures in the face without shame and without desire to take advantage of them. On the contrary, I felt a wish to be of benefit to all my friends, and even to those whom I knew not. I was now truly born again. I was

indeed a citizen of the new republic. But were the memories of my former life realities? or was I, in part at least, the dupe of my own delusions?

XI.

I COULD but be impressed by the fact that both Helen and her father had not the slightest faith in my ideas as to a former life, and that they were constantly striving to restore my recollection of the lost period, hoping that I would soon forget my delusions and become again entirely the man of the twentieth century. I resolved to test the matter, and settle the question forever. I determined to visit New York and see if it in any respect conformed to my recollection. I would endeavor to find, if possible, some trace of my former life in it; or, on the contrary, ascertain that I was the subject of a delusion and thus put the question to rest. If I were deceived, it would be made manifest, and I would henceforth endeavor to restrain my strange impressions and recover my lost identity. If, on the other hand, I should find my convictions sustained by indisputable evidence, there would be no further doubt in my mind, and I could have peace. Ah! how greatly man's best judgment may lead him astray! I was taking the very course to destroy my peace. Could some kindly mes-

senger have warned me to refrain, what misery might have been avoided! Yet by a kind Providence is the future hidden from our sight, and the knowledge of the never-ending consequences of our deeds limited to the narrow circle of our lives.

I had not been in New York since my recovery. What I had been told of the condition of Manhattan Island was sufficient to make it very improbable that I should find anything there which I could recognize.

I crossed one of the beautiful bridges which spanned the East River like a bow. The first Brooklyn bridge, the eighth wonder of the world when erected, stood unchanged, except that its two ugly stone towers were each crowned by a heroic bronze figure representing the two cities stretching out their hands toward each other. But the union then anticipated had long since been effected, and the marriage had been solemnized between Father Knickerbocker and Miss Brooklyn. But the beautiful arch of this bridge looked heavy in comparison with the light, airy rainbows of aluminum and steel springing from tall metallic towers of wonderful grace and beauty.

The age of utility had passed, and man had learned that usefulness and beauty could be combined with great advantage to both, while a dozen of these bridges were built at the cost of the first.

I crossed to New York near the old Battery Park. That lovely circle of green which tips Manhattan Island as it terminates in the silver waters of the bay, still remained. The hideous iron structures of the elevated railways no longer defaced it; while it was surrounded by the most magnificent buildings. The quaint, old dwellings of colonial times, remaining in my day, had all disappeared. I could but recall as I beheld it, the transitions which the spot had seen since its occupation by white men. Here first stood the old Dutch fort with the church within it, comprising the whole city of New Amsterdam. Then came the troublous times of English occupations, the plots of parties, and the tragic death of the patriot governor, Jacob Leisler. Here yet was Whitehall Street, so named from his residence. The names of the streets, like that of sweet Echo were all that remained to recall the past when Wall Street had a barricade to keep out the Indians; when the City Hall Park was a common copw-asture where Leisler was secretly executed, and Nassau Street, named from the great William of Orange, was laid out running from the pie-woman's to the common.

Then came the revolutionary period when the wealth and fashion of the city centered around the Bowling Green, and Washington's headquarters were at the old hotel at the beginning of Broadway. Then Castle Garden

was erected, the opera house of the period, where Jenny Lind first sounded her sweet notes in America. Then came neglect and decay as the city began its march northward.

Again in my day, came revival; business centered there. The Washington hotel was replaced by the tall Washington building. The Produce Exchange erected their elegant edifice; soon the Custom House followed, and the last quaint colonial dwelling disappeared. What a panorama now stretched before me as I looked out upon the incomparable bay! One vast city surrounded it. The low-lying shores of New Jersey, the hills of Staten Island and of Brooklyn, were covered elegant edifices, while beautiful bridges spanned the straits and rivers, and, as I was informed, a network of tunnels under the bay and city afforded ample means for conveyance of freight in every direction.

The waters were covered with swift, strange-looking vessels, gliding over the surface like swans, and the air was alive with the bird-like anemons shooting across the sky, diving and rising like swallows. And in the midst stood Liberty, still enlightening and inviting the world.

I was certainly in a familiar city. I remembered well the day when Liberty was not there and the beautiful Battery Park was deserted save by the wandering emigrants who

there took their first look at the western world. I turned and walked up Broadway. The street was not as crowded as it used to be, nor did the passing people bear the appearance of having just been thrown together from the ends of the earth. They seemed to be somewhat more homogeneous ; fused into American citizens. There were no cars, trucks nor horses in the street, and—what struck me most strangely—they were clean. They were in reality tripple-decked. Beneath the surface was an arcade in which electric railways brought goods to every man's door ; they were light as day, and enclosed also all the electric wires, cables and pneumatic tubes of the city. Above the surface on each side of the street were what seemed to be light platforms or passage-ways. They were in fact traveling sidewalks, those on opposite sides of the streets going in opposite directions at about the rate of a man walking. Thus one could walk and ride at the same time, and double his speed.

The second stories of the buildings were used for main offices, while the surface and lower stores were used for the reception and delivery of goods. There being no vehicles in the street except the light electric carriages, their capacity for pedestrians was more than double.


I also observed the absence of the feverish haste and anxiety which marked the men of my day in the rush of competition, and pursuit

of fortune ; when men, even as they walked, seemed to be leaning forward to grasp the fleeing phantom, and their conversation revealed only their satisfaction in over-reaching their competitors or their disappointment at not being able to make gain out of their fellows ; when the appropriate epithets of speculators were "bears and bulls," and their victims "lambs" to be shorn. Now men had time to speak kindly to each other on the street, and to discuss matters of common welfare in business hours, without fear of losing a good bargain, or of advantage being taken by a competitor. Even the expression of their countenances was changed. Good-will sat on every brow and a brotherly regard looked out of every eye.

As I approached the site of my former dwelling an intense anticipation possessed me, mingled with an inward feeling of hesitancy and dread. The lines of the streets were not changed, and, as I turned into Fifth Avenue, I felt a strange familiarity with the scene, though fashion and pride had long since taken their flight, and their homes were either replaced by immense warehouses or converted into places of trade. They were relatively in the humiliating position of the once fashionable dwellings of Beekman Street and Bleecker Street, though not subjected to the same shocking degradation.

My home had been on one of the cross streets on Murray Hill, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. I had little difficulty in finding the site. The Cathedral still stood unchanged, but the millionaire's mansion opposite was converted into a warehouse. At last I stood before my former home. Its exterior was unaltered except by repairs to the brown stone facing which had been replaced with a much more durable artificial stone. But the same broad steps were there, and above them the old gargoyles stood with the same ghastly grin which had glared on me when I last beheld them. What had they seen since? Whom else had they seen carried down those steps? What lives had lived the loved ones that I left there a century before? Had they left any mark on their time by which I could trace them? I turned away sick at heart. I could not enter.

I now realized that I had not been dreaming; my recollections were no delusions. All was stern reality. As I wandered through the peopled streets, in the greatest emporium of the world's commerce, amid the busy haunts of men, I felt more lonely than ever I had been before. My isolation was complete. I was in the world, but not of it. Yet these discoveries aroused in me a strong desire to learn something of my family. I would know what had befallen them in their journey through the world. But where should I go for the infor-



mation? No one living knew them or could tell me of them. In a century every human being had been swept from the face of the earth and its entire population renewed.

I wandered on amid the throngs down the Bowery, until I stood near the old City Hall. I recognized it as an old friend. Its quaint carvings and arched windows looked at me with familiar eyes, though its brown stone back, which was not expected to be seen when built, had been repaired, and the statue of Blind Justice on the dome, with scales and sword, had been replaced with the white-winged figure of Truth. The old revolutionary prison used as a register's office in my day had been sacrilegiously removed, and in its place stood an immense building marked "Hall of Records."

"Here," thought I, "may be the missing clue. Real estate titles are jealously guarded, and I have often seen them reaching back for centuries and containing, amid their dry details and verbose descriptions, many most interesting traces of family history."

I entered, and asked an old, fatherly-looking clerk to let me see the records.

"If you want an abstract of title," said he, kindly, "why do you not go to the public title guarantee office?"

"I wish to see the original deeds and devises relating to a lot on West Forty-eight Street," I said with some hesitation. "I am not familiar

with the present methods of tracing titles. I am a stranger here," I added sadly, fearing lest I should betray my secret. But my guide, evidently perceiving my ignorance, readily proceeded to instruct me.

"The methods of recording and searching titles a century ago were strangely cumbrous and costly," said he. "They constituted a serious tax on real estate, and reduced its value by the difficulty of its transfer. It was a relic of the fictitious sacredness thrown about land in the British law. The legal barriers interposed to its transfer were among the pillars by which was supported a landed aristocracy. In this country, the abundance of free land and the brevity of its possession by white men made its transfer much simpler. But we blindly followed British precedent until, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, the change from the lot to the block system and the formation of title guarantee companies greatly facilitated the transfer of titles and increased the negotiable value of real estate."

"Yes, I remember when that was done," I remarked, eagerly; but the quick glance of surprise from my new friend, who did not quite catch my meaning, warned me to withhold any observations of that character.

"But that is all done at public expense now," he continued, "and any one can obtain an abstract at nominal cost. However, there

is little occasion for it, as the land is mostly owned by the city, as you know, and the users pay ground rent in lieu of taxes. In fact, that is all the tax we now require. These are mainly expended in public improvements, so that the land rent paid in taxes is largely returned to those who pay it in increased facilities for business. All the transportation, lighting and telegraph systems are operated by the city. Passenger travel is free, and freight and messages are carried at actual cost."

"And what is the usual land rent?" I asked. Upon being informed, I exclaimed:

"Why! that is less than that paid in 1890 for much inferior property."

"Yes," replied the clerk, "because the taxes, instead of being expended in municipal extravagance and to support those who lived by public plunder, are now expended on public works; the rate of interest is much lower also, and the increase in land values is distributed among the whole body politic."

"How do you effect that?" I asked in much surprise, remembering the immense fortunes accumulated in growing cities by those who did nothing but appropriate the rise in value of their property through the labor of others.

"We came to the conclusion that what the public produces belongs to the public, and we took it. We began by taxing land values

until we reached the whole of the increase not produced by actual improvements, so that all the unearned increment of value went into the public purse instead of that of a few idle owners. Then we taxed inheritances and bequests upon a graduated scale, until it became an advantage for a man to give away his property in his lifetime. When the owners of vast estates found no further prospect of enriching themselves or their descendants out of the public production, they hastened to sell their lands which were gradually acquired by the city. No one wants to own land unless he wants to use it. They who use it, pay for the privilege, to the advantage of those who do not.

“This is one source of the great increase in public wealth. Production being unchecked, unlimited and unmonopolized, while consumption is limited, and an ever-increasing product is diffused more widely among the masses, there is work for all, leisure for all, and enlarged opportunity for all. The political economists of the nineteenth century saw the desired end, and though differing as to the means of obtaining it, pointed out the path and made a bright beginning.”

“That was called the age of discontent,” I interposed, remembering the agitation in my time concerning these subjects.

“As usual, the golden mean was the true

course," replied the clerk. "The discontent of the past was not only disappointment with promising panaceas, but an evidence of desire and determination on the part of thinking men to improve the condition of the masses. The working classes, then, for the first time, had leisure to perceive their condition, and their opportunities created desire for greater. Evils heretofore regarded as irremediable had then become intolerable. It was the age of protest and of search. This is the age of co-operation and content. We are content, however, not because we have more,—man is never happy in having,—but because what we have is more evenly distributed and more generally beneficial. Men find their greatest good in giving."

While I was speaking, the old clerk had been taking down from lofty shelves the large musty records of the last century, and laying them before me.

"Some of these have not been touched for half a century," he remarked. "Ah, you wanted to search against No. — West Forty-eighth Street. Here are the records back to *ante bellum* times. Here is the description. You will be able to follow it. Here is an abstract of transfers down to 1950. This will show you where to find the other papers, wills, mortgages, and so on."

Then he left me. I was alone. With trembling hand I opened the huge volume of

records. What was my astonishment, when I saw upon the first page I opened, my own will. I had forgotten it entirely. Here it was, copied in full, before me. "I, Harold, Atherton, being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby devise and bequeath to my dear wife, Henrietta, to my son Herbert and to my daughter Theresa, etc., etc."—I closed the volume and bowed my head upon it. The past with all its avaricious aims, its self-seeking, its loveless and unloving life, rolled over me. All its aims and efforts, its strivings and seeking had been for me in vain. What good had it been to others after me? I opened the volume again and read. I was fascinated, lured to my punishment. Nemesis stood over me and directed me with fatal success. I found everything. With the aid of the records and my recollections, I recovered the whole dreadful past. I found the names of old solicitors and guardians of family documents, letters and memoranda; cuttings from newspapers, notices of deaths and marriages, suits at law, public and private scandals and misfortunes, even parts of my own library and correspondence. Together they told the startling story of the consequences of my deeds. I read the records of my life from beyond the grave.

This, briefly, is what I learned:

My "dear wife" soon after my death, had

married again. She wedded, this time, an old lover of hers, an indolent artist, who fanned her social ambition, squandered my hard-earned money, led her into all manner of foolish extravagance, and finally caused her death. He quarreled with my son and daughter, drove them from their home, and broke up the family. And my darling daughter!—I could not read her story without tears. She had for a brief season sported in the sunshine of society; then she had fallen in love with a promising young business man of the vicinity, and was engaged to be married. Through the extravagance of her step-father and mother, and her brother's mismanagement, she lost her fortune. When her *fiancé* learned of it, he broke the engagement, and broke her heart. She slowly faded and died—an unfruited flower, frozen in the bud—and passed quietly away like her lovely namesake, my lost Theresa.

With what burning shame did I read the record of my son's life!—shame, not for his misdoings, but for his father's. He had started out with fair prospects in life, determined to follow in his father's footsteps and increase his inheritance. But, with the over-confidence of youth, in his haste to be suddenly rich, he fell into a snare. By bad speculations and the treachery of a trusted partner in an attempt to "corner the market," he lost everything. When he found himself reduced to his own

resources, he discovered that he was badly equipped for the battle of life. He cursed his father for giving him no useful education or handicraft. He attempted speculation, but sank lower and lower, until he envied the independent mechanic going to his well-paid labor, and even the mail-carriers who in their daily rounds performed a useful service and received a certain recompense. At last, with manly determination, he set to work at the bottom round, to climb the ladder and learn a business. He was fortunately young and unmarried. By perseverance and application, he succeeded. Then he could proudly say in answer to the question, "What can you do?" "I can do something."

He acquired a good business position and married. He lived long and prosperously. He had an only daughter, the delight of his heart. She grew up and loved, "not wisely but too well." She was betrayed and deserted by the young man to whom she was engaged to be married. It created a great scandal at the time. My son, a man of great pride, was crushed, but determined to have satisfaction for his lost honor. He demanded it from the young man's father.

He had come from the part of the country in which I had lived. He taunted my son by returning the reproaches which he heaped upon the destroyer of his daughter. Letters passed

between them. In one, the youth's father wrote to my son: "Drop the matter. Your father deceived my mother. My son has betrayed your daughter. We are even." Father and daughter soon after died. My family was extinct.

I returned to Brooklyn as in a dream. I knew not where else to go. I felt ashamed to look my fellow-men in the face. I thought all must read in my countenance the story of my return to retribution. Yet no vengeful fate had followed me; no supreme Justice had meted out my punishment. The inevitable consequences of wrong-doing had fallen upon my descendants, "Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children."

How could I meet Helen Newcome and look in her pure eyes again? I recalled our conversation of the morning, her sad premonitions, and our happy walk in the park, now seemingly ages past in Paradise Lost.

"Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms."

Yet Helen could know nothing of my sins, and would not believe me if I should confess them. She had indeed begun to believe that I was forgetting my delusions, while she strove still more with the blandishments of love to win me from them.

Now, I knew she could never succeed. My impressions were confirmed beyond possibility of contradiction.

Yet, why should I burden her young life and sadden her heart by insistence upon them? The past could not be retrieved. Why should not I too strive to forget it? I resolved to say nothing of my experience to Helen, and to endeavor to be the same to her, though I felt my utter unworthiness of her and that I could never meet her again with the sincerity and love I had formerly felt. The shadow of a shameful secret must ever hang between us.

Yet, in my researches, I had made one unexpected and pleasing discovery. I found the will of a man of wealth, leaving a bequest to my family as a memorial of gratitude for a kindness done him long before by me, though it had entirely escaped from my recollection. In reading his will and recital of the benefit, however, I recalled the circumstance. It seems that one evening as I was hastening from my store to my home, I met on one of the cross streets leading to the river, a poor young man, who accosted me for aid. I rarely paid any attention to such requests, but a glance at the poor boy's face, showed that he was no tramp. He was fresh from the country. His look was so drawn with suffering and tense with despair, that it aroused my interest. I hurriedly gave him some money. I did not stop to listen to

his sad story, or his words of gratitude, but told him to call at my store in the morning. He did so, and as I was in need of a porter, I gave him employment. He was most faithful and industrious, but I paid no further attention to him, and after a time lost sight of him. But he rose in life from that day, and at length became a man of wealth and influence. He said in his will that I had saved his life and made him all he was. When I first met him, he was on his way to the river, determined to leap from the dock in his utter despair at the heartlessness and indifference of the great city. His appeal to me was his last hope. I had saved him; but as I had never inquired into his circumstances, he had hesitated to confide them to me, and when, in after years, he became rich, he was too proud to do so, not knowing how I would receive his confession. Thus I had died without the knowledge of my good deed, and he revealed it only on his death-bed, to which men too often defer the righting of the wrongs and performance of the duties of life. The deed of kindness I had done had been unintentional and unknown, yet it was none the less an act of unending beneficence and blessing.

It was late when I reached Helen's home. She had retired and I did not see her until the next morning.

XII.

WHEN I met Helen next morning, she came to me with a quick, glad movement, gave me her morning kiss and earnestly asked :

“Where were you yesterday? You were not with father. Are you able to go about again alone? I am thankful if it is so, yet I was anxious about you yesterday. I felt an intuition that you were in danger, that some evil was impending over you, that you——” suddenly she ceased speaking. An indefinable expression of fear and repugnance flashed across her fair face. Her dark eyes seemed to burn through my inmost being and read all its guilty secrets. She dropped my hand and stepped back as from the touch of shame, still piercing me with those awful eyes of innocence and truth.

“Harold, what is it? What have you done?” she whispered. “You are changed, you are not my true, faithful lover as before.”

“I have been to New York, but I cannot tell you what I have found,” I strove to answer, while my heart sank within me. “Can you not believe me, trust me, love me, as before?” I implored. “You may understand me better some time.”

"I know you perfectly now," she answered. "I believe you, trust you, and love you; but you do not know yourself. Some evil has come upon you. Oh Harold, why has all this befallen us!" she sobbed, burying her face on my arm.

"I do not know, I cannot tell. The mysteries of life are more than I can fathom," I murmured. "Would that I knew myself; whence I came and whither bound. But the narrow circle of our lives is rimmed by mystery and unfathomable oblivion. Who can pierce it?"

"I, too, have met a mystery," responded Helen, looking up and vainly striving to resume her former confidence. "Look at this paper. I found it upon my table this morning, though I am sure it was not there when I retired. Whose writing can this be? What does it mean?"

Absently I took the small, faded sheet from her hand, and glanced at the writing. It was somewhat indistinct, but I clearly read the words, "Somewhere, somehow, we shall meet again." Instantly, as by a lightning's flash, those words burned before my eyes and I was transported into the past. I was again young, and held in my hand Theresa's last letter. These were her last words to me. This was her very handwriting! With these words came before me in an instant, as with the

dying, all the incidents and feelings of my past life. Love rose from the grave and stood before me. All the old affection flowed into my heart. My love for Theresa revived and possessed me perfectly. My new life and love were swallowed up in the old. "Theresa," I sighed, "my long-lost love!"

"You seem to be absorbed in that piece of paper; perhaps you can explain its presence. And who, pray, may be your lost love?"

Clearly the words fell upon my ear, but I scarcely heard them. I had forgotten Helen's presence. I raised my eyes to her. Tall and stately she stood before me as an offended goddess. The majesty of love disdained was in her attitude, while the fire that shone in the deep orbs of her eyes threatened to consume me. But now I was not awed or melted. I looked at her with unconscious admiration of her beauty and splendor; but without love and without relenting.

"You are magnificent in your anger, Helen," I responded. "But why should you be angry? These strange words did but remind me of the love of my former life, my lost Theresa."

"Must I forever hear that name?" she exclaimed with fine indignation, which yet fell upon me unheeded. "Are you bewitched? Will you never cease to dream dreams and follow phantoms? I will have no divided affection. I will share your heart with no

rival, be she living or dead. Unless you can give me your whole heart you are not mine. Until then, leave me. Let me not see you until you come drawn by the irresistible power of love. Good-bye, Harold."

She stretched out her hand to me and strove to hide the rising softness in her gleaming eyes.

"Helen, do not leave me thus," I whispered, striving to detain her. "Do you not love me?"

"Love you!" she turned almost fiercely upon me. "Yes, Harold, I love you with all my heart; with a perfect and unchangeable affection. Hence I will have a pure affection in return. But you do not love me. It is better that we part. If you can be happy without me your love is not perfect." She clasped her hands to her breast as if to repress the rising sobs, and swiftly vanished from the room, her very movement betokening the goddess.

I was left standing alone, scarcely realizing what had occurred. Helen had left me; but I was more confounded by her last acts and words, than by that fact. Hers was the very act of Theresa when I left her. She had sank upon the sofa, clasping her hands to her bosom, saying, "I am weeping here." The very words Helen had just uttered, were those Theresa had written me, during our long separation. "If you can be happy without me your love is not perfect."

But I could not fathom the mystery. I was absorbed in my present situation. Helen had bade me leave her, and I was obliged to seek a new home. But whither could I go? I was a stranger in my own land, an untimely visitant to the world. What could I do without Helen? Yet I could not follow her; I could not see her again until she should send for me.

I turned away, while her last words lingered in my ears with a tender cadence that thrilled my soul. What depth of love they sounded, I did not then know. My acquaintance with her had been brief, while the love of a lifetime was in my heart.

At length I sought and found a new residence in the family of a widow. She had recently lost her husband in the prime of his life, who left her an inheritance of seven children, an unfinished manuscript, and many uncompleted discoveries and experiments. He had been a physician and scientist, and had lost his health and life through his too ardent devotion to his researches, and his efforts to discover the elixir of life. He had not succeeded in his experiments, but he had left behind him, in his sturdy offspring, the renewal of life. The widow Merivale was a buxom blonde of about thirty-five, devoted to the memory of her husband, and the rearing of her children. Their modest dwelling was secured to them through the Mutual Home Saving Association, of which

her husband had been a member, and the support of her family was assured through the Widows' and Orphans' Benefit Fund, established and sustained by the city from the taxes on the sale of wines, tobacco, and on places of amusement. Besides, the Widows' Committee of the People's Church consulted and advised with her, as to the care and training of her children, and by their sympathy and systematic assistance took the place, as far as possible, of the departed. They seemed to be persuaded that "pure religion and undefiled" in the words of a certain writer in the New Testament, called James, the brother of Jesus, "is to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction." But now, instead of its being left to the spontaneous impulses of human sympathy, or to so-called Christian charity, the care of the bereaved and unfortunate was made the business of the community.

The widow's family ranged from the baby, Howard, which had never seen its father, to a beautiful daughter of seventeen, Irene, the eldest. She was a perfect blonde, with short, golden hair, curling about a low brow of snowy white and a slender neck of swan-like grace. She was as bright and volatile as a sunbeam, and her rippling laughter bubbled through the house continually like a brook. But in her large, deep blue eyes, were depths of soul unsounded yet, and often in moments of repose, a strange

weird light shone in them which seemed strangely at variance with her usual evanescence.

The mother lived only in the memory of the past, and in constant reference to her dead husband's tastes and wishes.

"What would Harlowe say to that? I think Harlowe would have done so," were expressions constantly on her lips and in her thoughts. And often when alone, she would attire herself as he used to desire, and sit as if expecting him and ready to greet him. She often would speak of his coming, as if she expected his return at any moment, and had been known to go to the station to meet him as if on his return from a journey.

One of her boys was of a histrionic temperament and delighted in learning and repeating passages from the tragic poets. On the first morning after I had taken up my abode in the widow's family, I was awakened by hearing the boy Martin repeating under my window in sepulchral tones, "I am thy father's ghost."

One of my rooms was that formerly occupied by Dr. Merivale as a laboratory and physician's office. In it still remained some of his instruments, and upon the shelves of his cabinet the bones and skulls of dissected men and animals. Among them I discovered one day a very peculiar collection of what at first appeared to

be petrified bones, but they proved to be a marvelous collection of musical stones. Each, when struck, gave forth a clear, ringing, musical note. They were plainly natural objects, and the tone and pitch were inherent in them. It could not be given to them or changed. Yet strange as it seemed, each gave a definite note of the musical scale, so that when placed side by side, they constituted an octave, and could be played upon in the manner of a dulcimer or xylophone. But one, the fifth in the octave, was wanting. Upon inquiry, Mrs. Merivale informed me that the collecting of these stones had been her husband's cherished hobby and had occupied many years. He had found one on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, another in a mine in Peru, another in the valley of the Rhone in France, another in India, and a fifth in Abyssinia, yet when brought together they had constituted a perfect musical instrument. The finding of the fifth had been an almost hopeless task. All the others in the octave were found long before, and when it was at last discovered, and found to be in perfect tune, it seemed almost a miracle. The Doctor was happy in the possession of his unique instrument; but a short time previous to his death the fifth in the scale had been lost. Its removal was a great mystery to all. It had been kept in a case with the others in the doctor's room, to which no one

else had access. Its loss was a ceaseless source of regret and grief to the Doctor and his family. It had been his chief delight in his failing health to sit and play in soft, sweet tones upon the musical stones. Their sound, most weird and strange, had a very soothing influence upon his mind, and the breaking of the chord had doubtless hastened his demise. Since his death, no one had disturbed them, and they had remained in his room as he left them.

"I could not touch them," said Mrs. Merivale, with tears. "Harlowe's very presence seems to linger about them. Sometimes at night I hear him again playing upon them, and the strange sweet music comes stealing upon me like a refrain from the spirit land." I did not accept the widow's explanation of the music, but I deeply sympathized with her feelings.

I soon came to feel quite at home in my new dwelling, and to find diversion in the society of the widow and her children.

Here came to me the experience of my life. I had brought with me from New York, when I made my discoveries, a package of old letters which I had found tied up and packed in a case with old deeds, wills and memoranda in charge of the family solicitor, but now of no value. The package was marked, "Harold Atherton," but what were its contents I did not then know.

Soon after I was settled in my new home, I

took occasion to examine it. With trembling hand I untied the faded pink tape with which an old lawyer had bound it, and there, spread out before my wondering gaze, were Theresa's letters to me. For nearly six years we had corresponded, from a few months after our engagement until within a few weeks of her death; and here before me now were her deathless words of love, as fresh and true as when first penned.

I had piously preserved them all my life, and now I held them in my hands again, each in its envelope with its date, those of each year carefully bound together and marked, precisely as I had left them in my private safe, more than a century before. I had never read them all in order since receiving them. It seemed like removing the coffin lid of long buried love; but no death was there, no decay. It was undying love, immortal youth. As I read those words of sweet affection and tender interest, of youthful hope and confidence, mingled with angelic faith and patience in suffering and sorrow, the blinding knowledge came over me, that I loved her and that she was lost to me forever. My heart was in the irrecoverable past. Helen Newcome and all my new life were blotted out in the flood of memories and undying love which rushed over me as I read. Theresa's words of affection, and of gentle humor, of sadness at our separation,

of longing for the coming of our union, of grief at my words of misapprehension, of patience and sublime trust in God, were as fresh and touching as when first written. I read again the first letter of the happy maiden to her ardent lover after their separation. Ah! little did those young hearts realize that it was to be for life. But failing health had been her fate. Shut in from the activities of existence, with a longing for a life of usefulness, she could, as she said, but "sit in her room and see the world go by."

I read the whole story, through years of joy and sorrow, down to the day of our last meeting. Hearing that I was near, she had sent for me. She received me fondly, as before. Not a word of reproach did she utter, but uncomplainingly assumed that I loved her no more. Yet she made no concealment of her affection for me, but in seeming forgetfulness of the past, went back to the days of our early love, striving to be happy once more in their memory. My heart again grew warm toward her and I left her with a sweet kiss, as of old, little thinking it was the last on earth. Not long after, came the announcement of her death. A letter from her sister told how peacefully and sweetly she sank away with my name upon her lips in the very room where we had spent so many happy hours, and at the very hour of a Sabbath evening when we had often been together.

All this and much more, I read that afternoon, words and confidences too sacred to be repeated. Her very heart and soul had been made known to me: a heart of such virgin truth and purity, of such love for man and faith in God, as only the angels are permitted to look upon. Her patience in suffering, her courage in separation and trial, her entire unselfishness and her trust in God were nothing less than angelic. I read in an early letter:

“MY DEAR HAROLD:—

“You know, dearest, this is your day. I have been out several times to look at the sky, and cannot discern a cloud. May God grant that your life may be as cloudless, as pleasant, as this beautiful day. I know it is foolish, but I cannot help having faith in such things, and the clouds yesterday made me feel sad; but today I feel very happy. I am willing to have my life clouded, if yours may always be bright.

“7 P. M. You are never for a moment absent from my thoughts. I am sorry to note such a change in the weather; it is not unpleasant, only cold.

“May God bless you, my dearest, and preserve you.”

“DEAR HAROLD:—We are having a very lonely, rainy evening, and I will try to make it brief by writing to you.

“ At this season I can but recall those beautiful verses of Bryant’s :

‘ The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear ;’

they are so true, so pathetic. They have a peculiar charm for me. This often seems to me a cold world, but the thoughts of your love serve to make it bright. I wish that I could be with you, but it doesn’t seem that it is so decreed. Some day, dearest, perhaps, when we are united, we shall forget this separation. I while away many a weary hour of late, building ‘ air castles,’ dreaming of the future, the bright, happy future. God grant it may be bright ! Good-night, my dearest.”

And in her last she wrote :

“ I have such a desire this morning to see you and talk with you ! I am often with you ‘ in spirit.’ I cannot endure the thought of never seeing you again. *Somewhere, somehow, meet we must.* God bless and preserve you, dear Harold.”

I bowed my head upon Theresa’s letters and hot tears came to my eyes, as I recalled the tragic story of her love and sorrow, and realized that she was gone from me forever ; beyond reach of my regrets and penitence. My heart melted within me as the consciousness

possessed me that I loved her still, had always loved her, and should never cease to love her. Time was not. My heart was as young as in the days "when we were first acquaint," as she expressed it, and she, removed from earth, was ever young, ever bright and fair. A deep, unutterable longing came over me to see her and assure her of my love and penitence. A mad rebellion rose within me against the inexorable bar of death which separated us.

"She is not dead," I cried. "Such love cannot die. In some other world, if not in this, she lives and walks in peace. And if she lives she loves me still. In her last letter she expressed her strong desire to see me, and she died breathing my name. If aught survives the tomb, Theresa lives. If there be a heaven above, she awaits me there. 'Somewhere, somehow, meet we must;' but where is she now?"

As I called upon my lost one, I felt that the only real thing in the world is love. All else is a phantasmagoria, a passing show. All the activities of my past life and of the new world about me were as an idle dream. Theresa and her love, were all that existed. All life held nothing else; every other creature had faded away. For me they did not exist. But where was she? Her form had disappeared from earth; yet I felt that her soul could not die. The qualities of mind and heart embodied in her could not perish. Such love as ours

could not be for only a few brief years of mingled joy and sorrow.

I recalled Mrs. Merivale and her bereavement. I could not contain my anguish, and sought sympathy from her. I remembered how Theresa had often sighed for a sympathetic soul in which to confide her love and sorrow; but she had always felt it too sacred to disclose and had bravely suffered in silence. No one had known our story but ourselves; but now in this new world, I felt that I could partially reveal my grief. Besides, I had never before felt it so poignantly as now, when the habiliments of my past were removed. As impressions on the mind can never be forgotten, so with those made on the heart. The love of my youth had never been effaced; it had been only concealed by the vain passions and experiences which had occupied my life; now that they were removed, the early palimpsest shone forth in all its original perfection. The engraving on my heart was the image of Theresa.

“Dear Mrs. Merivale,” I abruptly exclaimed, “was ever true love happy? Did ever any one possess the loved being, the only passion of life. And were they happy? It is too great a bliss to be found on earth. Who having it could wish for other earthly good or even for heaven.”

The astonished woman looked at me for a moment in wonder, then suddenly seated her-

self without a word and burst into a passion of uncontrollable weeping. I could only look on in helpless bewilderment, realizing how I had unwittingly opened the fountain of her grief.

"Yes, yes!" at length she sobbed. "I loved Harlowe with all my heart. I never thought of any other. No cloud ever came between us, until the day of his death. I lived only for him!"

"Yes, I know," I interrupted, "but he died. He has gone from you, as my love from me, and you will never see him more."

"Do not say that," she exclaimed. "It is not true, I shall see him. I do see him daily. Every night I converse with him in my dreams. Every hour I feel his spirit near me. I live in constant assurance of his presence. I often feel the touch of his vanished hand."

"But how do you know it? You cannot see him," I said.

"We have more senses than five," she answered. "When the fleshly perceptions are bound in sleep, the free spirit can behold things unseen by day. Yet it is only a few years and I shall see him face to face. I shall put off my earthly garments and be with him to part no more."

"But how? Where?" I asked.

"In heaven, in the spirit world. That is the only real existence. This life is but a dreary waste that stretches on before the spirit's

home." Her voice fell as she gazed before her into space and a beautiful brightness filled her face, as she softly whispered, "Yes, Harlowe, I shall come soon."

I returned to my room, awed, but unsatisfied. I could but still ask, "Where is my lost love?" But no answer came to my voice; no vision to my longing eyes.

"If there be a life hereafter, will she know me? If identity be lost, she is worse than dead. Heaven without memory is a mockery."

I could not harbor that thought. Far better the faith of Mrs. Merivale. But that I could not accept. I looked up to the stars and beheld the vast, inmeasureable spaces and the silent orbs rolling in solitary grandeur, some filled with life and love and hope, some blazing suns of inextinguishable fire, others cold, dead worlds, whose history was written ages since, and which yet roll on in unburied death. "Where is heaven?" I cried. "Where the spirits' home?" But only the night wind sighed and the twinkling stars answered not. I beheld Arcturus, "a gigantic sphere, half a million times greater than the sun, rushing down upon us at the rate of fifty miles a second, sweeping from his celestial course the stellar worlds which, swerved from their appointed course at his approach, plunge into his fiery bosom and are swallowed up as a pebble in the ocean."

“Yet *she* is alive!” I sighed in dumb defiance. “Love cannot die. ‘Somewhere, somehow, meet we must.’ If the missing note of the musical stones could be found, why not the lost chord of my soul?”

I re-entered my room, but not to rest. I retired late, with faint hopes of another, clearer vision of my love; but it came not. In the early morning, just before dawn, I fell asleep; soon after, I was awakened by a strange, sweet sound. It was soft and musical, and seemed to proceed from my adjoining room.

I arose and listened. At length I perceived that it was the weird cadence of the musical stones—and, what surprised me most—the harmony was complete. The lost fifth sounded in perfect unison with the others. I was not greatly surprised at first to hear the sound. I was absorbed in listening to the strange, unearthly music, unlike anything I had ever heard, rising and dying like the tones of an æolian harp. But who could be the unknown musician?

Determined to discover the source of the sounds, I arose and opened the door. The music ceased; but in the dim light I beheld a slight figure in white, slowly moving across the room, toward me.

As she approached, I perceived, in the gray light, the golden locks and graceful form of Irene Merivale. Her deep blue eyes were wide

open, but she saw me not. In her hand she held a small object that I could not distinguish in the darkness. She passed me with a swift, silent movement, opened a door upon the opposite side and disappeared. I stood a moment in amazement gazing after her, then returned to my room; but not to sleep. The mystery of the musical stones was solved. The lost fifth was found. I could not divine by what means it had been discovered, but I had heard its sweet note united in harmony with its fellows. Thus, thought I, may the lost half of my heart be found. As all things in the universe attract each other, so must immortal love find its affinity at last. Thus I sat musing until morning.

Not long after daylight, I heard Martin Merivale reciting beneath my window, "The woman-soul leadeth us upward and on." I arose, hastened to the other room and unlocked the cabinet. The musical stones were undisturbed, and the lost fifth was not with them.

Next morning at the table as I greeted Irene, I noticed a faint flush upon her cheek; but although I watched her closely, I could not perceive the slightest reference to her musical performance. She was as bright and sparkling, blithe and gay as a bird flitting from flower to flower. Her mother seemed somewhat more restrained and calm than usual, as if she had heard again her husband's precious instrument.

She cast upon me a sad, sympathetic look, as if to encourage me with the assurance that she had again received communication from the departed ; but I had no such cause for comfort. I knew the source of the mysterious music ; yet I could not more clearly account for it. I knew that Irene was the unconscious agent, yet I was equally at a loss to explain her ability to produce such entrancing tones from the sounding stones, and to account for the presence of the lost fifth. Still I took hope from the event, trusting that in some unexplained manner I might be enlightened as to the mysteries about me.

Irene interested me greatly. In addition to her personal charms of youth and beauty, she possessed a mind singularly free from the influences of convention and education. She had been allowed to grow up in a perfectly spontaneous manner, and to follow the natural trend of her tastes. In consequence, her judgments and opinions upon men and things were strikingly fresh and unconventional. They were to me a constant source of interest and delight. I called her my pretty heathen ; for in matters of religion, she was as untaught as an Indian maiden, while her heart was as pure and transparent as the mountain spring, and its gushings as fresh and stimulating. Yet unknown to herself, she was possessed by a hidden power that revealed itself in moments of unconsciousness.

The knowledge of this fact made her doubly interesting to me. She seemed to take much pleasure in my society ; but my heart was burdened with its own grief and could find relief only in occupation. I turned again to Mr. Newcome, and sought some explanation of the mysteries that surrounded me.

But as I thought of Helen, it seemed ages since we had parted. Old love had revived and completely banished the new. It seemed to be the only passion I had ever known, and Helen a passing stranger. Hopeless as my love appeared to be, I could but cling to it as the only thing of worth and reality that I now possessed. It alone had survived the tomb.

When I reached Helen's home, a letter was put into my hand. Eagerly I opened it and read :—

“ DEAR HAROLD :—

“ I have placed the sea between us. Do not seek to follow me ; I cannot see you and know you do not love me. I know not if we shall meet again, though I know not how to live without you. Good-bye, HELEN.”

I was completely bewildered. I could not follow the mysterious movements of the female heart, which, true as the needle to the pole, yet upon the slightest occasion is thrown into the strangest perturbations.

I hastened to Mr. Newcome.

“Where is Helen?” I asked.

“She has gone to Europe for a few days,” he replied without surprise.

“To Europe!” I repeated. “How long does it take to make the voyage?”

“Ten to twelve hours by anemon,” was the answer. “But you seem surprised? Do not be anxious about Helen. She has appeared somewhat sad of late, and the change will doubtless be a benefit to her. Cheer up, my boy. Do not look so downcast; a little separation is sometimes good for lovers. What can I do to interest you?”

While Mr. Newcome had been speaking, my mind had rapidly run over the course of my acquaintance with Helen, as far as I could remember it. Our love, our happiness, our sorrow and our separation; all was a mystery to me. I hardly seemed to be an active agent, but to be borne along upon a tide, powerless to direct my course. I was completely at a loss to understand this last step of Helen's. I could only abandon the attempt to find a solution and wait with such patience as I could command, the developments of the future.

XIII.

IN my visits to Mr. Newcome's dwelling I had hitherto been so greatly interested in its occupants and in their disclosures of the social revolution in the world during the past century, that I had not been very observant of many of the objects about me. I had seen many strange instruments without understanding their uses or having opportunity to inquire in regard to them. In Mr. Newcome's laboratory I had perceived the chemical apparatus employed by him in his investigations in food products, among which was a sort of Aladdin's lamp, by which a good lunch could be prepared, including food and fuel, at a cost of less than two cents. Such miracles as this went far to explain the wonderful fact that no one in this age could want for the necessities of life. I could easily comprehend how, with such inventions, this could be the case, when the personal element was also fully trained to habits of industry and economy, guided by intelligence and assisted by the spirit of mutual helpfulness.

I had also heard the dulcet tones of Helen's strange piano which seemed to give forth music not only from itself, but to set up responding centers of harmony all about it. Thus, also, invisible orchestras had surrounded us with soft melody in the People's Palace, and floods of light had seemed to illuminate the whole building from an unknown source; not like the bright points of the electric arc, but with an all-pervading radiance like that of the sun; while the automatic telegraph transmitting man's thought around the world at the rate of a thousand words a minute, filled me with wonderment and awe. I had, in my former life, been greatly interested in the startling inventions made in the mechanical, chemical, and electrical arts, but they had crowded upon each other with such bewildering rapidity and advancement as to make it impossible to follow them. The mind had become so paralyzed that men ceased to be surprised at anything, and failed to appreciate the gigantic strides already made. It was characterized as the age of machinery. But while mechanism had extended man's power to the length of Archimedes' lever, so that he could move the world, it had produced too great a reliance upon machinery and methods in social, political and religious movements. Men looked to organizations and governments to remove all the evil that flesh is heir to, forgetting that no more power can be got

out of a machine than is put into it, and that no combinations of men can possess greater virtue than that of the individuals composing them.

During my last conversation with Mr. Newcome, I had observed through a half-opened door, a number of strange instruments, somewhat similar to telephones or telegraph machines, from which proceeded a succession of singing sounds and broken notes, different from anything I had ever heard. At the first opportunity, therefore, I interrogated my instructor as to their source.

"It is the harmonic telegraph," he responded.

"Do you send messages by music, and talk in tone?"

"Precisely so," he went on. "I have been much interested in some recent improvements in the art, and have set up an experimental apparatus in my laboratory. But if you would like to see the system in operation, I will take you to the central telegraph station or post-office where letters are dispatched by wire more quickly than a ten-word telegram and at less cost than letter postage."

I gladly accepted the invitation, and as we proceeded down the pleasant streets, Mr. Newcome continued:

"The communication of thought by visible signs, is undoubtedly the greatest achieve-

ment of the human mind. But, from the time of the Egyptians, no improvement in the mechanical means of writing had been made until the invention of the typewriter. That extended man's fingers tenfold, doubled his capacity and trebled his time, while he economized the most valuable of all labor, that of the brain-worker. The author is no longer chained to his desk, while the sluggish pen clogs the free flow of his thoughts, but his fingers find wings on which to fly with the speed of thought."

"That was one of the inventions of my day," I remarked with pride. "I had one in my office. But I often noticed the incongruity and inconvenience of writing out of sight instead of in the natural manner, and the frequently zig-zag appearance of the work which characterized it."

"Those early machines have long since been superseded," continued Mr. Newcome, "by others which remedied the defects you mention, and added many other valuable improvements. A similar history has attended the art of printing. The earliest printed books were as perfect and beautiful specimens of typographic art as have since been produced, and though the printing-press kept pace with the march of improvement, the compositor of the nineteenth century could do no better or more rapid work than he of the sixteenth. Each separate

piece of metal had to be picked up and placed by hand in its proper place and position, and again distributed in the same manner. Now we have machines on which an unskilled operator can play as on a typewriter, and the type is set up, justified, cast and composed ready for printing with the speed of typewriting. But here is our destination."

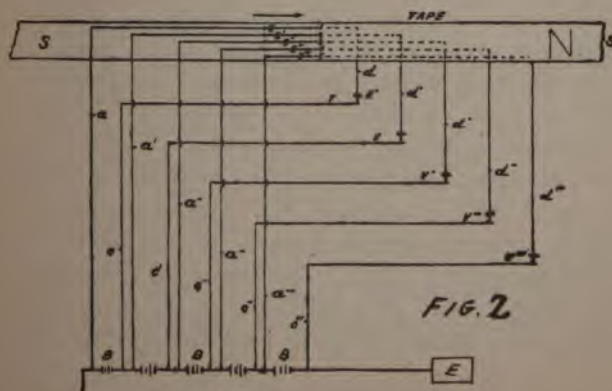
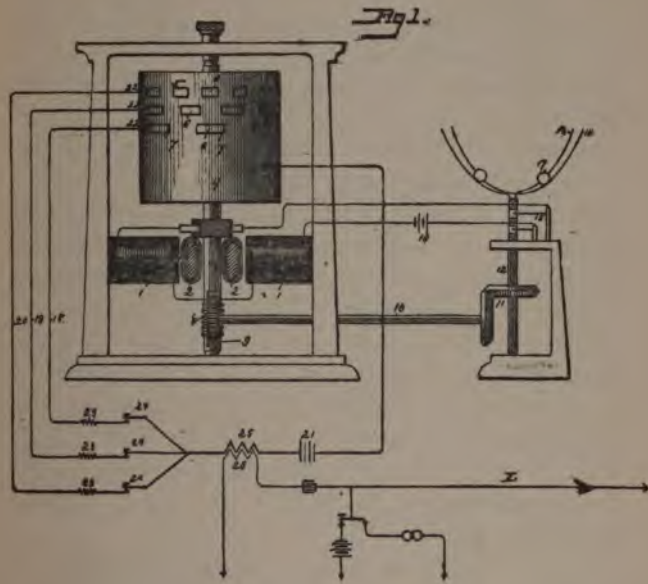
As we paused, I perceived a large, handsome building known as the Central Post Office and Telegraph Station, but I noticed no wires carried upon tall poles, no heavy mail-wagons nor bustling messengers, for the mails were all received and delivered through pneumatic tubes, underground, as were also the wires. As we entered, I perceived a young lady playing upon an instrument like a writing machine, which Mr. Newcome informed me was an electric typewriter or printing telegraph by which the message is printed, at the same time, upon the recording instrument and upon as many distant receiving machines as desired. Thus, a press despatch was recorded as fast as written in all the newspaper offices of distant cities, and at the same time, if desired, set up in type. But I was most astonished and interested as we entered the room occupied by the harmonic telegraph. We were instantly greeted by the music of a hundred different instruments, each singing to the key of a musical note. Each table was occupied by a number of operators, each listen-

ing to his own little reed, vibrating at a fixed rate and singing in his ear its own note of the octave, undisturbed by the others, and telling its own story of the world's doings. But I was most astonished when Mr. Newcome informed me that all these notes were produced by electrical pulsation coming over the same line wire together ; one series superposed upon the other, but all distributing themselves at the receiver to their proper reeds, and reproducing the same vibrations and musical notes as the reeds from which they had proceeded a thousand miles away. The electric current had been taught not only to sing and speak, but to print and write with a speed inconceivable for mechanism. An operator requested me to write a sentence upon a sheet of prepared paper, which I did, when it was inserted into an instrument and written by the electric current a thousand miles distant, and instantly reproduced upon one of the adjoining instruments in my own handwriting. I also saw strips and sheets of chemically prepared paper flying through rapidly revolving cylinders under slender steel fingers, through which the electric current passed, and in its passage marked its message upon the paper, in written or printed characters, at the rate of a thousand words a minute. And all the while the little reeds sang at their work, and music was transcribed into messages of love and labor.

“What is the function of the little reeds?” I asked. “They look like tuning-forks.”

“That is precisely what they are,” replied my friend. “You know each musical note is produced by vibrations at a given fixed rate. Thus, tuning-forks, made to vibrate at a given rate, when struck, always give out the same note. It has been found that a current of electricity, by being passed through these forks, is broken up into wave-like vibrations, and that a number of these waves of different lengths may be sent together over a single line wire and that, at the receiving end, each series of waves will go only to the fork whose vibrations are the same as that over which it was sent, which fork in its turn is caused to vibrate and repeat the initial tone. Thus the current is distributed among several receivers, by which means sixteen to twenty messages may be sent over one wire at the same time and in opposite directions. The same distribution of the current may operate to produce either printing or writing, as you have seen, and with inconceivable rapidity.

“The chief difficulties in the practical application of the theory have been from induction from other wires in proximity and in securing synchronism in the apparatus. But these difficulties have long since been vanquished. By the use of the harmonic system, as is now well understood, these wonders are accomplished.



“ Another difficulty to be overcome has been the production of over-tones. A tuning-fork, tuned, for instance, at the rate of three hundred and sixty vibrations a second, will respond not only to impulses of that rate, but also of any rate which is about an exact divider of the former—that is to say, that such fork, the fundamental tone of which is three hundred and sixty, will also respond to one hundred and eighty, ninety, sixty, or forty-five vibrations, and so on. Therefore we are compelled to confine ourselves to notes included within one octave only; at least the tone of one receiver of a set being, for instance, do^1 , we cannot on the same line have a receiver the tone of which would be do^2 or do^3 . We can use re^2 or re^3 , if for some reason we prefer to take a higher tone than re^1 .

“ The written and printed messages which you have seen are first prepared by writing them in insulating ink upon conducting material. Thus your message was written, and as it passed under the wire fingers and through the singing reeds it was broken into pulsations which reproduced it at the distant receiver.

“ The invention may be illustrated by a simple diagram,” concluded Mr. Newcome, as he quickly drew an outline sketch of the system. “ The operation of the device is as follows: The strips $S S$ and $S' S'$ move at approximately uniform rate of speed (absolute synchron-

ism not being necessary), which is accomplished by means of a weight, clock-work, or any well-known device. When a letter passes under the fingers s s,' etc., the contact between the said fingers and their contact-points will be intermittently broken. As these contacts are severally broken, the circuits through the corresponding fingers at the receiving end of the line will be closed through the sensitized paper, and a discoloration or mark will be produced thereon corresponding in length to the length of time the said contact at the sending-terminus remains disrupted. In this way it is possible to arrange a sufficient number of fingers so that a complete letter or character will be reproduced at the receiving end of the line over one wire, and with great rapidity."

While Mr. Newcome had been describing the apparatus in his usual animated manner, I had listened attentively, but unable to follow his explanations in detail. I could but catch at the mysterious connection between music and mathematics, electricity and sound, ethereal pulsations and the transmission of thought. There seemed to be a unity and simplicity in the universe, hitherto unsuspected.

"'Is this the music of the spheres?'" I exclaimed.

"Yes, truly," responded Mr. Newcome seriously. "For you know that sound and speech, light, heat and electricity and all other forms

of force known to us, are but pulsations of the all-pervading ether that fills the universe. We know that electrical energy can be transmitted in waves whose period of vibration is somewhat slower than that of heat waves. These waves can be caught up and reproduced as the still more rapid waves called light. As the electric light is but a series of vibrations in a material which first produces heat, and then becoming more rapid, becomes light, we have at length obtained means of producing light without heat. A room or a street is filled with artificially produced ether-waves just as we fill them with the sound from an organ or a band, and these ether waves can be picked up by conveniently situated receivers and reproduced as light, heat or power, just as one ear or any number of ears within range of the sound-waves may pick them up and hand them over as music."

"This is certainly a new and wonderful conception to me," I could but respond.

Unable to follow him further, my mind leaped to a new idea. "Why then, may we not be able to communicate our thoughts directly through space, by means of the magnetic currents or the pulsating ether, instead of being bound to a line of wire as the rail-car is to its track of steel? As you have abandoned that for the swift air-ship which flies free and far through the vast atmosphere, why may not also

our thoughts fly from soul to soul through the ethereal spaces?"

I almost blushed as I spoke, for I felt that I had but uttered one of those half-born conceptions which often arise in the mind, in the free intercourse of friend with friend, and fall forth unfledged. But Mr. Newcome did not disdain my idea as I expected.

"As we are able to produce electricity without mechanism and thus to light our streets and dwellings with its all-pervading glow, we may be able to telegraph through the air without visible tracks for the subtle current."

"But my thought was of the direct impact of mind with mind," I interposed. "Call it clairvoyance, telepathy or what you will, cannot one mind flash its thought directly to another, as flag-signals on mountain-tops wave from peak to peak over the world below? It seems to me to be no more mysterious than what I have this day beheld."

My friend took my arm and led me away.

"Indeed, it is not more wonderful," he continued as we walked on together. "There are no miracles. Nothing can be more mysterious than that I can talk to you; that the vibrations of the viewless air made by my lips can convey my thought to your mind, and that thus two souls can converse together in magnetic sympathy. Until this is explained we will not say that anything is impossible."

As my friend ceased speaking, I could but think of his lovely daughter and her strange influence on my life, and I felt that though she had withdrawn herself in unexplained absence, her invisible hand was still leading me in paths that I knew not, and her loving thoughts were still extended toward me. I returned to my room, full of the disclosures of the day in regard to the Harmonic Telegraph. The strange notes of the vibrating reeds still rang in my ears and through my mind ran the mysterious connection between music and magnetism, electricity and thought. The whole universe was bound together in bonds of harmony, and all things seemed to vibrate in rhythmic numbers. Light, heat, sound, life and love itself, were but the pulses of the all-pervading spirit of the universe.

“Why may not mortal minds thus communicate with each other through this vital fluid?” again I asked, as I brooded over my absent love, yet ever present to my heart.

As I sat, sad and solitary, my heart was filled with the old love and longing. The new world, with its vast achievements and wonderful scenes, was untenanted to me. Theresa was all and in all. I re-read her letters and reviewed the story of our love. The sense of my unworthiness and selfishness, my sins and shame overwhelmed me. Yet I believed that could our lives have been ordered differently, could we

have been permitted to enjoy each other's society like other lovers, unshadowed by sickness and separation, I could in her society have become more fit for a life of virtue and happiness. Her death, though an irreparable loss to me, had preserved her in immortality; it had enshrined her in memory in perpetual youth and beauty; but my loss seemed greater than I could bear.

"Does she yet live?" I cried. "Her pure soul must still dwell in some bright sphere. But where is she? Is she an impalpable spirit, or does she walk the solid earth?"

Again I reviewed the history of our lives and their imperishable influence upon each other. Again I reached the bitter end. Again I seemed to hold in my hand the fatal message which throbbed over the wire that never-to-be-forgotten, bleak March morning, more than a century before, saying, "Theresa is dead." Sadly I sat and gazed into the vacancy of my room. While thus I sat disconsolate, absorbed in my sad memories, I saw before me another message, as clear and legible as the first. A small square of light appeared amid the gloom, and in the midst I read in glowing letters, "Theresa lives. You shall see her." A roseate brightness seemed to spread from the little square, to pervade the room and fill my heart. I sprang to my feet to see whence it came, when suddenly it vanished and I was

alone. I sank into my chair, astounded, but I felt that the question of my life was answered. Theresa was alive and had sent a thought-message to me. I had now no impatience to behold her. I believed that she still lived and loved me and had communicated with me. The thought that she was indeed among the living and that, as she wrote me long before, "Somewhere, somehow, meet we must," filled me with peace and calm. After all these years, a few days more were nought. I could wait. I knew I could do nothing to hasten the glad-some hour.

In the days of our first acquaintance she had often set a time when she could see me, which seemed to me so unreasonably distant that I could scarcely control my impatience; but now I felt that all was well, all for the best, and I could patiently await the orderings of the destiny that led our lives. To her it had been the hand of a loving heavenly Father, "Too wise to err, too good to be unkind;" but to me it had seemed only an envious fate. Now I realized as never before, my utter dependence upon a Higher Will, and my unworthiness of the bliss which had been prepared for me. I saw that it was my own hand which had dashed the cup from my lips. I feared now to move lest I should repeat the fatal error, and I resolved to wait, as patiently as I could, the unfoldings of the future.

I retired, with a heart full of hope and peace, to dream of my lost one. Again she stood beside me, but with brighter looks of love and joy than I had beheld before. She beckoned to me again to come to her, but I could not follow. I sought to rise, but a great weight held me down; I could not move. At length the vision vanished and I slept a troubled sleep.

When I arose in the morning, Theresa's letters were lying upon the table as I had left them. I gathered them up to replace them in their cabinet, when a slip of paper fell from them and fluttered to the floor. I picked it up and perceived upon it a faint, phosphorescent writing. I seized my lens and read in Theresa's own hand, as if traced by the electric fluid, "Dear Harold, come to me." I stood fixed with amazement as I gazed upon the paper in my hand, unable to trace its origin or meaning.

Whence had it come? I was certain that it had not been among my papers previously. Theresa had never written me that brief message in our earthly correspondence. I thought of the mysteries of the musical telegraph, which had been invented in my day. I recalled the simultaneous occurrence of thoughts and impressions to different minds, many thousand miles apart. Strange "coincidences" they were called, but it seemed to me no more wonderful that mind should thus flash its thought

to kindred mind, than that the magnetic current should convey it under the depths of ocean. I believed that Theresa indeed was alive and had thus made known her existence to me and mysteriously impressed her strong desire upon the sensitive sheet before me. Beyond this I could not go. I carefully placed it among her letters and enclosed them in their case.

Beneath my window I heard Martin Merivale reciting from Tennyson,

“Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the
things that they shall do.”

And in the room below was Irene's clear, birdlike voice singing her morning song:

“For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.”

I left my room as one in a dream; but the broad day was before me, life with all its energy and activity was about me. New joy and peace possessed me. Existence held new hope. The thought-telegraph was a reality.

That day I received a letter from Helen. She was traveling in the south of Europe. She wrote:

“DEAR HAROLD,—

“The ocean rolls betwixt us. It is easily crossed, but the indefinable cloud that has

arisen between us is insurmountable. What is it? Why is it? We were so happy before this affliction befell us which has reft you from me, by a barrier worse than death! For what is life without memory? You once loved me, but now you have forgotten me. You forsake me for the creatures of your imagination. . . . I can write no more. I try to pierce the future, but in vain. My heart goes out towards you. I send my thoughts through the space between us and strive to see you, to pierce the clouds and behold your inmost soul: to learn if you truly love me or another. I dream of you and hold sweet converse in my visions; but the days are dark without the light of your eyes 'to shine amid the gloom.' I can only wait in hope for the hour when you will know your own heart. Then come to me. Farewell, dear Harold; somewhere, sometime, we shall meet again.

HELEN."

XIV.

As has been well said, some men are like mental derricks, hoisting everything within reach. Mr. Newcome was one of these. The breadth and freedom of his thoughts were like the fresh air and sunshine of a bright June day to one coming from a crowded, close cathedral, with its colored windows, unreal figures, clouds of incense and intonations in an unknown tongue. It was nature, life, contrasted with art and unreality. I began to feel a love to God and love to man which I had never dreamed of as a part of my life. But when I left him, I dropped again into my former doubts and despondency.

He had yet heard nothing from Helen. He did not seem to know just where she was or why she had gone. Upon the latter point I had perhaps a clearer notion than he, but he did not seem to be at all anxious about her. He was accustomed to the exercise of a great degree of freedom on her part. To me, her disappearance was but another of the unexplained mysteries with which I was surrounded. Her letter with its strange repetition of Theresa's words, and of the thought-message,

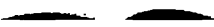
was another enigma. I could only "wait and hope."

But my loneliness almost overwhelmed me. No one in the whole world knew me or could understand me. The one whose confidence and sympathy I most prized, was yet persistent in refusing to accept me as I was, still firm in the belief of the mental aberration of her former lover. By no other could I hope to be understood or believed. Helen's father, though wise and patient in his explanations to me, was as far as ever from regarding me in any other light than that in which he first beheld me. Why should he do so? Such an experience as mine had never been known. Complete loss of memory had often occurred to men through injury or illness, and its restoration had been obtained even after lapse of years. With loss of memory had in some cases come recollection of former, long-forgotten facts, even of a whole language; but beyond the boundaries of the present life, memory had not extended. My experience was unique, but no less actual than that of others. But this knowledge was all my own. My dying prayer had been granted. I had been shown the complete futility of my former life, the utter emptiness of its vain pursuits; the suicidal selfishness of its social system; the hollowness and deception of its religious creeds and customs; its heaven-defying pride and folly; its despite to love, its

bondage to fear, and its turning to the darkness of human devisings from the broad sunlight of God's truth and love.

I knew not whether other souls had returned to earth for their purification, but I realized full well my unfitness for any other life, and that only here could I obtain the enlightenment I needed. Only here could I live and love and labor. Only on the earth could my faculties be made fit for a higher state of existence; only by the fires of discipline can the earthy matter be sublimated.

I could readily conceive that such beings as Theresa and all the throng of innocent infants might be fit for instant translation to a better world; but I felt that I had not been made worthy therefor by my journey through life, though it was all my own misdoing. Man in the world is like a traveler lost on a lonely island in mid-ocean. He has many talents and tastes which find in his circumscribed dwelling-place no opportunity for exercise. He has many ideas and desires of which he cannot tell the origin or end. He has the instinct of the homing pigeon. He longs to be set free and fly away; but often, like the weary bird, when released he finds not the way to his distant birth-place, and returns, sad and sore, to his desert island. I perceived the wisdom under these circumstances of making the best of my present lot, trusting and obeying the Creator who



implanted these strange instincts in the bird and in the human breast.

From these reflections, I turned for my only hope and consolation to Theresa's letters. There was the perennial fount of youth and hope. There was woman's pure, undying love for man and unshaken trust in God. The sadness and sorrow of that sweet soul I could never know. I read again her reference to Bryant's "Death of the Flowers," and could but think how fittingly it told the story of her sweet life and untimely death.

"Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprang and stood,
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous
sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race
of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and
good of ours.
And then I think of one who in her youthful
beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by
my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the
forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life
so brief."

I, too, could but weep that one so lovely should have a life so brief. I remembered the bright and happy future she had pictured for herself and me. I recalled her self-renunciation in wishing a happy life for me, though her

own might be overcast with sorrow. Doubtless she would have had it so; but early she had been removed from a world of suffering, and I had toiled on, unblessing and unblessed.

The "happy future" for us was still in the vast depths of futurity. It had been indeed a cold world for the fair, young flower. Yet had she not died expressing her great desire to see me, and blessing me with her latest breath? Had I not seen her at my bedside in my dying hour and often beheld her in my dreams? Still later, had I not received the message that she lived, and seen the strange, written words bidding me come to her? And more precious than all, I had beheld her own true image. I had found among her letters, a photograph given me by her in the early days of our love. With it was a simple pencil sketch of a half-opened rosebud, made and signed with her own hand. How aptly had she thus again unconsciously portrayed herself—the fair, unfolded flower of womanhood enclosing in its heart the rare, rich perfume of virgin love and purity.

Long I gazed upon the speaking image of my lost dear one. In the broad, low brow, the deep, dark eyes, the rounded face and speaking lips, with their cupid's bow compressed to hide the evidence of constant pain, I saw again the features of my beloved. Here, too, were intellect, penetration and depth of understanding, and the look of fearless truthfulness

before which all falseness quails and disappears. I recalled also a similar expression in my daughter and in Helen Newcome.

I could scarcely lay aside the prized tokens to retire. Never had she seemed so near me; so real, so truly living. I could almost feel "the touch of the vanished hand," as darkness closed around me. Again I dreamed that she was with me in all her youthful love and beauty. Death was overpast. She conversed with me as in the long gone days of our early love, living again their joy and peace as she had desired to do in our last interview. Then I heard her singing in soft, angelic tones her favorite song,—

"Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,"

and accompanying the heavenly voice were strains of sweet, unearthly music, such as never fell upon mortal ear.

Soon I awoke. I knew I was awake, for all the objects in my room were plainly visible, and through the open door I could plainly see Dr. Merivale's cabinet with its strange collection of skulls and curiosities. But the music continued. Now soft, now loud, now sweet, now sad. It was the strange, weird music that proceeded from the musical stones.

I quietly arose and entered the adjoining room. There stood Irene Merivale, as I had

before beheld her with her golden locks clustering over her white robe, playing upon the mysterious stones. And the octave was again complete. Her large, blue eyes were wide open, but she saw me not. With unerring hand she struck the notes, evoking music that would rival the fabled strains of Orpheus. I dared not awaken her, but stood breathless, gazing upon the fair phantom. Soon she rose, closed the cabinet, and with a blissful smile upon her face came straight toward me. As she was about to pass me, I grasped her hand. Instantly the whole room seemed to be involved in darkness. I stood as if paralyzed, seeing nothing, hearing no sound. Presently a small spot of light appeared before me and as I gazed it gradually grew in size and distinctness, until it seemed to occupy the entire side of the room. Nothing else was visible but from the picture, as now it seemed to be, streamed a faint, phosphorescent light. My eyes were fixed upon the scene before me, while it slowly gained in brightness and distinctness.

At last I was able to make out what appeared to be the interior of a room unlike any I had ever seen. A lambent light seemed to stream into it from above, giving every object an appearance of strange brightness and beauty. The walls were hung with tapestries inwoven with classic legends of Diana, Venus, and ill-fated Dido. Soft rugs and furs covered the floors;

luxurious chairs and couches filled the room, and within an alcove, between half-drawn curtains, I perceived what appeared to be an ivory couch with rose-colored coverings, fit throne for a goddess. Upon one side was an easel with an unfinished painting upon it and opposite to it, a kind of musical instrument different from anything I had ever seen. But the object which fixed my gaze and thrilled my heart was the figure of a maiden sitting at the instrument and lightly passing her fingers over its keys. She was dressed in white with roses in her dark hair and on her bosom. The form was that of Theresa, but I could not clearly see her face. It was bowed over the keys as if in tears, while her fingers swept slowly over them as if to find relief from sorrow in their tones. I felt sure it was Theresa. I yearned to comfort her and stepped toward her. Involuntarily I stretched out my hands to her. As I did so I dropped that of Irene, when instantly the vision vanished. Nothing was before me but the form of Irene gazing with wide, unseeing eyes in the direction whence the light had come. I was distracted, torn between hope and doubt, joy and disappointment. Irene stood fixed as a statue, oblivious of my presence. Again, not knowing what I did, I grasped her hand. At once the strange scene reappeared. But as its features, now indelibly burned upon my brain, resumed their outlines and appearance, a vast change was vis-

ible. The weeping maiden had arisen, as if suddenly aroused and listening. Her face was toward me. It was Theresa. I could not mistake those lineaments; they were graven on my heart and pictured in her photograph. She was the same as when I last beheld her in life, except her dress. The same tender look of love and trust was on her face, the same bright smile, the deep, dark eyes yet retaining in their limpid depths traces of her earthly sorrow. But as she stood and looked toward the door, a wondrous change came over her. Suddenly a light of recognition, of angelic tenderness and love, of seraphic joy and peace diffused itself over her radiant features and illuminated her whole figure with heavenly happiness. She stretched out her arms as if beholding me, her lips moved and she seemed to say, "come to me." She was looking directly toward me and seemed to be almost within my grasp.

I was transported by the beautiful vision. I knew not where I was. I only knew that I saw before me my longed-for love. I could restrain myself no more. "I come, I come," I cried and started toward the angelic object.

As I did so, I dropped Irene's hand and again the seraphic scene faded from my view. There were only Irene and myself in the room. An instant she stood gazing blankly as before; I spoke to her, when aroused by my voice, she

slowly awakened. A moment she stood in bewilderment and fear, not knowing where she was. Then as she realized her situation, a deep blush of confusion spread over her face. She clasped her hands to her breast, and with a cry of shame and terror fled from the room. As she did so a strange object fell at her feet. I took it in my hand and examined it. It was the lost fifth—the stolen stone.

I returned to my room as one who walks on air. I could not account for the wonderful scene which I had witnessed, nor Irene's participation in it. She seemed to be one of those rare natures, easily susceptible to the unseen influences which play so important though mysterious a part in our life on this globe and serve as a connecting link between those sundered by distance or by death. Call it mesmerism, hypnotism, unconscious cerebration—what you will—yet the mystery remains. Heredity stamps its strange composite photograph upon our faces; but underneath all, pervading all is the image of the soul. I could not understand the mysterious influence exerted upon Irene and through her upon me; but that I had beheld Theresa, I had no doubt. I was also confirmed in my belief in the thought-message communicated to me and in the mysterious writing. I felt that my love was daily coming nearer, and that in good time we should "somewhere, somehow," meet again.

No more slumber visited my eyelids that night. The succession of wonderful events in my experience ran through my mind. I recalled my strange translation to another life, and the renewal of memory of my past existence. All the momentous mysteries which had met me since I took up my domicile with Mrs. Merivale, clamored for explanation. What was Irene's connection with these events? How had she discovered the lost fifth and been enabled to play upon the musical stones while yet wrapped in slumber? What invisible electric current had completed its circuit through her hands to mine and revealed the wondrous vision? Whom had I then beheld? If my lost love were yet living, could she have communicated with me through the written messages and have been thus pictured to my yearning eyes? And where was Helen Newcome? I could but think of her with pain, that one so fair and sweet should meet a fate so sad and strange. It seemed that I was doomed to bring but sorrow to all connected with me.

At early dawn I heard Martin Merivale reciting beneath my window, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and all our life is rounded with a sleep." I arose, determined to fathom the mystery of the dead doctor's cabinet. There on the floor lay the lost fifth, a crooked, rough stone, apparently the petrified bone of a long dead animal. I struck it with a

piece of metal and it gave forth a clear, ringing sound as of a belfry chime. I decided to replace it with the others and for this purpose endeavored to open the doctor's cabinet; but it was securely locked. I paused astonished. How had Irene been able to reach the musical stones? She must have had the key. If so she may have dropped it where she let fall the missing stone—or was it all a dream? Eagerly I returned to my room, and after a careful search I found the quaint old key on the floor near the spot where the strange stone had fallen.

With eager hand I opened the cabinet. There in their glass case lay the musical stones in order with the vacant space for the fifth. I replaced it carefully, but as I did so it touched its mate and a weird, sweet sound came forth as of joy at its restoration. I was startled and turned half-expecting to behold their owner by my side; but I saw nothing, though I seemed to feel a cool breath on my face, while the gray morning light cast a diaphanous shadow upon all the objects in the room.

As I was about to close the cabinet, I heard a slight, rustling sound and a light object fell to the floor. I hastily closed the cabinet and stepping back beheld a roll of manuscript at my feet. Mechanically I took it up and bore it to my room. I laid it upon the table. I did not feel at liberty to open it, thinking it to be

perhaps some of the deceased physician's correspondence. But while I gazed upon it the morning light streamed into my room and I read the superscription in a large bold hand : "To my dear daughter, Irene. A father's last bequest." It seemed strange that this manuscript should have lain so long unheeded, but I remembered Mrs. Merivale's religious veneration for her husband's memory and the awe she felt for all his belongings. As for Irene, she was apparently unaware of her midnight visits to her father's cabinet.

"Here," thought I, "may perchance, be found a clew to her strange conduct. I will glance over the writing. It may contain matters of importance to the widow which she may not otherwise learn."

I opened and read. But from the first sentence I was possessed with a consuming interest and paused not until the last word was perused. It was headed :

"THE CONFESSION OF A SCIENTIST.

"My dear daughter, I am dying ; that is to say, the unknown principle called life is about to loosen its hold upon the particles of my material frame and let it fall again to dust. Earth to earth is the law of nature. Against this it is useless to rebel. I do not do so, but O, my child, how can I leave you thus ! Most

grievously have I wronged you. Most gladly would I repair that wrong, but now it is too late. O, the inexorableness of time! What would I not give for a portion of that elixir of life, in the search for which I have spent ten years of my allotted span in an enthusiastic endeavor to lengthen the stay of mortal man on this poor planet. Long life is not an unmixed good. Why should man dread its termination or seek to extend it, only that he may do his work here while yet it is day? But my work is done. And how shall I sum it up? I have alleviated a little physical suffering, prolonged many useless lives, and exhausted my own in seeking the means of purchasing a lease of life for others.

“But not of these things do I write to you, my injured daughter. I would kneel at your feet and beg your forgiveness. But now, alas! it is beyond your power to grant it, or mine to repair the evil I have done. I intended to undo it ere too late, but now I can only make this confession to you with my last hours. To no other human being would I make it. As you may know, I have always been a strong-willed, self-reliant man. I am not yet forty years of age, but I have made a name in my profession and in the world of science, more particularly in the new field of psychical investigation. Men no longer refuse to give the name of science to facts above their comprehension or beyond the narrow range of physical investigation. The

famed inductive method has long since reached its limitations, and men have ceased to pride themselves upon their scientific knowledge. Their vaunted science was but picking up dry driftwood on the shores of time, tying it into bundles and affixing a label thereto in a foreign tongue. They have not increased the boundaries of actual knowledge, but have only cleared the way for the advance into the universe of the Unknown. For this service we give them thanks. But their work is done, and men now begin to apprehend real knowledge.

“As has been well said, ‘There is no other way to account for energy in matter and the conservation of force than by the direct and present volition of God in each atom. The groping of physical scientists without this idea was senseless and unscientific. The universe is one. There is no supernatural ; all is natural. All is related—mind, matter and morals—all is continuous, here and hereafter. As to continuity of life, we feel that we reach back by birthright and will continue on by right of possession.’

“All honest investigation however slight, in whatever direction pursued, soon comes up against the invisible wall of the unknown Force, the adamantine circle within which we live and move and have our being. The moles of physical science creep along under ground and declare there is no sun in heaven. ‘Men say they will

not believe what they cannot understand, and yet believe in their own children.' The most patient investigator with his scales and lenses, cannot find the source of life. The true scientist cannot always be content with investigating merely the methods of existence, but must at last knock at the door of the great Unknown and pray for admittance. The universal law of the 'Persistence of Force' is but the thought of the great Thinker. Men have ceased to pick up sticks. The phenomena of the mind, the spirit, the being of man, have always been the most potent and prominent features of human experience. Yet at first, superstition awed men from their investigation; then religion sought to append these facts to her exclusive domain, while science affected to despise them, because, forsooth, they could not be tested in her tubes, and charlatans made merchandise of them. The formation of the Society for Psychical Research in the last decade of the nineteenth century, was the first rational attempt to solve the secrets that surround human life in the world. 'All flesh is grass,' said the ancient sage, and the physical scientist can say no more. Yet the thinker in all ages can but ask, 'Is not man more than matter? Are the phenomena of mind but forms of force, or is there something in us and about us, unknown and unapprehended by our five senses, which yet rules and dominates our lives?'

“ As Lessing says upon the doctrine of transmigration of souls: ‘ At present the soul has five senses ; but neither is there any right to assume that it has commenced with having five senses, nor that it will stop there. Since nature contains many substances and powers which are not acceptable to those senses with which it is now endued, it must be assumed that there will be future stages at which the soul will have as many senses as correspond with the powers of nature. This is certainly the oldest of all philosophical systems, for it is no other than the system of the pre-existence of the soul and of metempsychosis, which did not only occupy the speculation of Pythagoras and Plato, but also before them of Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Persians, in short of all the sages of the East ; and this circumstance alone ought to work a good prejudice in its favor, for the first and oldest opinion is, in matters of speculation, always the most probable because common-sense immediately hit upon it.’

“ Socrates, questioning the ignorant slave boy, brought out his assent to the truths of geometry and thus demonstrated that ideas are innate and concluded, that as they are inborn in all, they must have been brought with us into the world. And his pupil, Plato, says: ‘ The possession of intuitive ideas and the faculty of recognizing absolute truth, show that man must have derived these ideas from a previous state

of existence.' So also the theologians can account for the origin of evil only upon the hypothesis of a former life, whence we have brought it with us into our present state.

"These ideas, at an early age, took possession of my mind. I could not follow the fantastic fancies of the Hindoos and the Hebrew Cabalists as to the transmigration of human souls through the bodies of animals and inanimate objects ; but that the souls of men might return to earth in other bodies, seemed to me to be an idea peculiarly reasonable and fraught with much less difficulty than any other theory of existence. Of course, if memory be not continued, the old life is practically lost to the new man ; but who can say that it is not restored in another state ? without it is no immortality. At all events, I followed this line of thought and investigation. I considered the possibility of my being the renewed life of a long-departed being. That one might be, as it were, the soul-child of an unknown father, while his body was the offspring of living parents, seemed not an unreasonable belief. This finally took such possession of my mind that when my faithful father expired, I followed him to the grave with the conviction and grim consolation that he was not my real father. I was the child of his flesh, but I fancied that my soul-father was the poet Byron, that in me he lived again and my tumultuous heart throbbed

with the passions and sorrows which possessed him. I felt that he, burdened by the sins of his ancestors, had not had a fair chance in life, and that now with honest, humble parentage, transplanted to the pure atmosphere of the new world, his valiant, liberty-loving soul might find free development and growth.

“As Tennyson sings :

“All thoughts, all creeds, all dreams are true,
All visions wild and strange ;
Man is the measure of all truth
Unto himself. All truth is change ;
All men do walk in sleep, and all
Have faith in that they dream ;
For all things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow like a stream.’

“It was also from my early years, a favorite theory of mine that the human mind could impress itself upon other minds without the intervention of sound or speech or any sense-perception. ‘Thoughts are things !’ The air is full of untold secrets.

“Incidents of this nature frequently occurred in my own experience, or coincidences, as they were formerly called in the unscientific language of the past. As well might it be said that the explosion of nitro-glycerine is a coincidence.

“I had frequently attempted hypnotic experiments with varying success, before I met your mother. But from the moment when I first fixed

my eyes upon her, she came wholly under my influence. She was mine, with her whole nature, her intellect, affections and will. She loved me fondly and I found in her the sole solace of my life. She truly had no thought but mine. She was not hypnotized, so much as self-surrendered. I could make her do my will, whether present or absent. But it was the submission of love. The conquest was too easy to satisfy my ambition. I sought another subject on which to test my power.

“When you came, our first-born, you were a living miracle to me. By the hour I sat beside your crib and pondered upon the mystery of your coming. The babe, so weak, so helpless, so innocent! Yet how mighty, how mysterious! how vast its possibilities for good or evil! I watched for the first unfoldings of intelligence, of reason and of moral perception, with infinite interest and instruction. I beheld with awe the first manifestations of heredity. I sought to know whence came its first ideas of self, of externality, of cause, effect, love, fear and right. My child became to me at length merely a marvelous mechanism. I had brought her into the world, but her soul was an independent existence. Whence it came I knew not; it was a stranger to me. Instead of welcoming it I questioned it, opposed it, sought to control it. But you were not like your mother. Your spirit was strong and free as that of the

mountain lark, which would not be confined or sing another song. I could not resist the temptation to test my hypnotic powers upon you. Before you were out of the cradle the contest began. Long and fierce was the struggle of the eagle, that would not be confined by the invisible toils. But at length I conquered. Not knowing it, you did my silent bidding. Arrested in your gayest song, you knew not whence or why, you ceased singing until I bade you be free again. Even when invisible and at a distance, you were led to walk in the paths that I appointed. I rejoiced in my unsuspected powers. I gloried in the power of the will by which I could burst the bonds of the body and be a free untrammelled intellect.

“In time, it came to be, that by a mere volition I could cast the unsuspected spell upon you and transfer all my powers to you, as an unconscious instrument in my hands. Thus I taught you to play upon the musical stones, yourself all unaware of your accomplishment and of the power which possessed you.

“But now I have awakened to the enormity of my act. I have invaded the sanctity of a human soul and overthrown the God-given majesty of the will. I have entered the inmost citadel of being and destroyed the divinity that dwells within. And this was the soul of my own child; an immortal essence committed

to my care and training for a brief period. But now my opportunity is passed. I cannot now set free the imprisoned lark. It has forgotten its heaven-born song and its wings are powerless to rise.

“My child, can you forgive a dying man?—Your father, I dare not call myself, for such I have not been. I am about to leave ‘the pale glimpses of the moon’ and be seen here no more. Soon the great mystery will be revealed to me; or I shall rest unknowing with the clods of the valley, springing with the grass, blossoming into fruitage, soaring with the bird, or coursing in the veins of another race of men.

“But what of thee, my daughter? Who will lead your wavering steps, direct your thoughtless mind, guide your feeble will? O, my child, I cannot die and leave thee thus! *I will not die!* Nay, though my body moulder in the grave, I yet will walk abroad. No man can die whose will is not destroyed. Death I defy.

“When you read this, know that Harlowe Merivale is not dead.”

I dropped the manuscript, and as the yellow sheets curled upon the floor, I sprang to my feet almost expecting to see Doctor Merivale by my side or feel the touch of his invisible hand. I was confounded by what I had read. Could a man thus practice his strange experi-

ments upon his own flesh and blood? Was it possible to extend that power beyond the grave? But as I recalled Irene's strange appearance, the weird light in her eye, her rapid transitions from birdlike, animal innocence and joy to uncaused sadness and unreasoning action, and above all, what I alone knew, her mysterious powers in moments of unconsciousness by which she found her father's cabinet and produced the mystic music, I could but believe that Doctor Merivale still swayed the mind and held the hand of his unfortunate child.

The widow's superstitions were indeed, not all imagination. Her husband was perchance, nearer than I thought, and it was his power that waked again the singing stones and cheered his loving spouse in the dim watches of the night.

XV.

“O Love! in every battle victor crowned.”

SOPHOCLES.

THE reading of Dr. Merivale's manuscript gave me a tenfold interest in Irene. I knew that certain persons were easily made the hypnotic subjects of others, but I had never known of a man's thus throwing that influence over his own child. But besides and beyond this, it seemed almost incredible that such influence could continue after death. Yet, if this were the case, what stronger evidence could be given of the continuation of life after dissolution of the body. The only other tenable theory that I could devise, by which to explain Irene's conduct, was that she still continued, unknown to herself, under the power formerly exerted by her father, and in a sort of somnambulism, performed feats impossible to her in her waking hours. But such theories as this explain nothing. The facts of somnambulism are as inexplicable as any that attend our terrestrial existence. I had seen Irene but a few moments since our midnight meeting. As I looked upon

her fair young face with its innocent expression of animal life and joy, I could catch no trace of recognition or recollection of her part in our strange encounter. Her gay laughter rang through the room like the song of her canary, and her light figure flitted about the house as careless and happy as that of her kitten. Indeed, after reading her father's confession, I somewhat questioned whether she possessed a human soul; whether independent volition and moral responsibility were truly hers. She seemed to be blown hither and thither by every breeze, and like the leaf upon the stream, to be carried by unseen currents whither she knew not. Yet, I could but reflect, how much of all human life and destiny is thus determined by forces without our ken or control, set in motion, perhaps, long before our birth and warping us unconsciously to unseen ends.

As I sat in my room at Mrs. Merivale's one evening, not long after reading the doctor's confession, I fell to thinking about Helen Newcome. "Where is she? Why does she thus absent herself? Why thus conceal herself from me?" I reflected. "Not one word or message have I received from her since her abrupt departure. Does she still love me? If so, how can she thus desire to be separated from me? It is entirely of her own volition, for did she not in her last message say that it was useless

for me to follow her, and that some time we might meet again ? ” I did not doubt her love. I knew such an affection could never wane ; that our experience in the anemon and our last happy stroll together in the park, could never be forgotten. My heart was tender toward her, though it was entirely occupied by the image of Theresa. Before that shrine the fires of memory never ceased to burn.

As thus I sat in the dim shadows that played about the room, my heart went out still more toward Helen, until involuntarily I breathed her name and sighed : “ O Helen, where are you ? Do you think of me now ? ”

As I spoke, I heard a light step beside me, a soft hand touched mine and a sweet voice whispered : “ Dear Harold.”

A moment I sat in joyful awe doubting if I could have heard aright. I said to myself : “ It must be imagination.” But there lay that small, white hand on mine, and a round, bare arm rested upon my shoulder. Slowly I turned to scan the fair visitant, whose golden locks fell upon a snowy breast, and whose sweet breath fanned my cheek. As I did so I beheld Irene. There was no doubt of her identity, while at the same time there was no mistaking the look that fell upon me from her large blue eyes, the glow that suffused her cheek, the soft smile that lurked in the dimples of her rosy mouth, the warmth and tenderness of her touch.

It was love. It was the expression of one completely possessed by an irresistible passion.

"Irene!" I exclaimed in my astonishment. "Irene, why are you here?"

"Did you not call for me, dear Harold," she responded in sweet accents, while her eye beamed upon me with intense affection and her moist hand grasped mine with a stronger clasp. Could this be Irene, the light-hearted creature of the morning? Had she hitherto been able to conceal her growing passion for me which now had burst the bonds of maidenly reserve? I could not think thus of Irene. The love which now possessed her was, evidently, a new and sudden inspiration. Whence it came, I could not know, but of its reality and power I could not doubt.

"Dear Harold," again those sweet tones sounded, "surely you did call for me. Gladly I came to you. I am thine. Why do you not speak to me? Do you not love me?"

"Love you!" I murmured, unconsciously. "Who could help loving such a vision of youth and beauty?"

"Do you not know me, Harold?" again the sweet being whispered, as she drew closer to me, until her deep eyes looked into mine and her warm lips almost touched my cheek. "Harold, have you forgotten our afternoon in heaven, in the air-ship; our last walk together

in the park, our vows, our love, our last kiss ;
this dress, this rose ? ”

She clasped her hand to her bosom, half hidden by her white robe, which, however, held no rose, quickly imprinted a warm kiss upon my cheek and sprang from me. I started to my feet as one enchanted. I saw nothing but the fair form before me so tantalizingly near. I heard naught but the words of love and passion. I felt her moist kiss burn upon my cheek. The blood of youth mounted in my veins ; I sprang toward her ; I opened my arms to embrace her ; I exclaimed, “ Come to me ! ” when, in an instant—I know not how—while I gazed upon her, the fair being before me was changed. She was no longer the figure of love, of tenderness, and fervent passion, but the gay, careless, soulless Irene. An instant she stood smiling, taunting, while I gazed upon her as one entranced ; then with a quick, bird-like chirp, she turned and flitted lightly from the room.

The door closed, and I was again alone. Had I been dreaming ? No. I was never more alert, more sure of myself and my surroundings. It was not yet late in the evening. Without, I heard the voices of people passing, and above me in Irene’s room I heard her singing at her toilet :

“ So I tell them they needn’t come wooing to me,
For my heart, O, my heart, is over the sea.”

Who had been my visitor? Evidently it was Irene. But what had caused her to come to me at that time with that expression and those burning words of love? Whence had she derived the knowledge to which she had referred, of tender scenes known only to Helen Newcome and myself? I could find no answer to these queries. I determined as a final recourse to ask Irene herself at the first opportunity.

The next morning, at the earliest occasion, I called Irene aside and lightly alluded to our meeting. But it brought no blush to her cheek, no look or word of recognition. I then asked her plainly why she had come to my room the evening before, when, to my utter astonishment, she disavowed all knowledge of it and declared that she had not left her room that night.

“Why do you ask such foolish questions?” she laughingly exclaimed, as she turned away, with a light and innocent air which I could not possibly connect with the appearance of my strange visitant. I was convinced that in some manner she must have been unconscious of her act, even as when wrapt in slumber she had sought her father’s cabinet and wrung the chimes upon the musical stones. She was evidently subject to influences beyond my ken or conjecture.

One morning, a few days later, Irene again

appeared to me. This time she was calm, serious, positive. "You must go with me," she said, earnestly.

"Where must I go?" I asked, carelessly.

"I do not know," she replied. "But one who loves you has sent for you. I do not know where she is, but I am drawn toward her. I feel like a bird impelled, it knows not how, to fly away to other climes. I will find her; but you must go with me. Come! I am eager to be on the wing."

"How will we go?" I asked, more to test her purpose than thinking to take her words in seriousness.

"By anemon," she quickly replied. "You will engage one, with a guide, and make preparations for a long voyage. Haste," she concluded, impatiently. "Love is drawing us. Your lover awaits you. Haste, let us fly away!"

Thoughts of Helen, of Theresa, of all the mysteries that had met me in this new world, rushed upon me and bade me obey. I knew not whence the source of Irene's inspiration. I had ceased to seek to understand the reasons for conduct ere I should act. All life is a mystery. We live from moment to moment, hour to hour, year to year, only in the instant of time called the present. We seek to supply its pressing wants, gratify its passing pleasure, do its little duties, when—presto! it vanishes,

—and we disappear. The world moves on, but we are not in it, or of it. I decided to go with Irene.

My preparations were soon made. I procured an anemon with an experienced conductor and perfected my plans for a long absence, if necessary.

Irene was all uneasiness and excitement until we were ready to depart. Then an unexpected change came over her. All her former volubility left her. A calm seriousness and fixedness of purpose took possession of her. An appearance of dignified reserve and a sense of responsibility were manifested in all her words and demeanor.

As we entered the anemon, our guide asked for his sailing orders. I could give none. Irene was consulted. She was at first unable to give any intelligible directions. "Sail towards the south, towards the sunshine," was all she could say. Finally a compass was brought. Its points were explained to her, when, suddenly pointing to the southeast, she exclaimed, "Go that way. Keep that course until I tell you to change." The conductor looked confused. "Why, that takes us into the midst of the Atlantic Ocean," he remarked, turning to me. "But I can give you no other directions," I replied, "we will follow her decision. It may change at any moment."

No more was said. We mounted the shin-

ing, electric bird, were enclosed in the glass carriage and shot upward and onward. Far and fast from all the world of men we sped. Soon the Atlantic surf sounded in our ears, and the solid earth on which man is born and builds, and in which he is buried, was left far from sight and sound. Only the tumultuous waves of ocean rolled beneath and the clouds of heaven about us.

Straight and swift we kept our course—a veritable bee-line, which only the untaught instinct of the insect could trace in the viewless air. Straight southeast we flew, toward the equator and the “Dark Continent,” as Africa was called in my day. Hardly a word had escaped from Irene since we started. In the extreme bow of the air-ship she sat, peering eagerly forth into space, as if seeking to urge the flying vessel faster forward in its flight. On, on, we sped all day over the watery wastes. As darkness came on, a bright electric light was hung out from our bow, and still on we flew through the night, a shooting star, guiding its living freight to the land of love and light.

When morning dawned, our course was yet unchanged. But the Atlantic billows no longer rolled beneath us. A three months' voyage had been accomplished in twenty hours. I asked our guide what land was in view and he answered, “Africa. Shall I change our

course?" he asked. But Irene gave no sign and we flew straight on.

"We must be over the desert of Sahara," I remarked to our conductor.

"Yes; it was formerly so-called," he answered, "but there is no such place now. It has disappeared like the 'Great American Desert' which once ornamented the maps of the United States. Modern engineering has converted a large portion of it into a lake or inland sea, and the remainder into oases of fertility. The Central African Railroad runs directly across it, extending from Algiers to the Congo. The whole region is filled with populous cities and fruitful fields. Africa is again, as in Roman days, the granary of the world, and also now the chief source of its cotton supply."

"I remember," said I, "how Stanley explored the Congo and pierced the heart of the Dark Continent, until his day, the enigma of the world. And what a work he did for civilization and humanity in revealing the horrors which festered there and awakening the attention of the world to their enormity!"

"We are now over the Stanley State," interposed my companion. "All central Africa, including the Congo Free State and the Soudan, are united in a grand and prosperous confederation, named in honor of the great discoverer and philanthropist. Stanley and Livingston,

the Christian heroes of the nineteenth century, are the patron saints of Africa. The African in America has carried the torch of truth to the Dark Continent. The existence of the evils you mention seem to us now almost inconceivable, so great a change have the united and organized efforts of Christian nations wrought in Africa. The poet's prophecy is fulfilled, even here :

“For the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled;
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”

“When civilized nations began to expend one tithe of the energy and treasure in the enlightenment of foreign peoples, that they had formerly expended in subduing them, and in making war upon each other, the results were incredibly beneficent. The work of five centuries was accomplished in one. When missionaries and Bibles were no longer accompanied by rum and rifles, the benighted mind was found to grasp with unsuspected alacrity the idea of human fellowship and divine love. It was an experiment the world had never tried before.”

“Stop, stop!” suddenly exclaimed Irene, who still sat at the prow peering steadily before her. Her white hand waved command. “Stop! Descend!” she ordered. Immediately the huge fan-wheels ceased to revolve as the electric current was turned off; the buoyant gas was

allowed to escape and we slowly settled to the earth.

A large and beautiful town soon appeared beneath us with numerous towers and minarets, its broad streets and plazas shaded by tall palm trees, while silvery streams and lakes intersected it in every direction, giving it the appearance of an inland Venice. Electric gondolas plied its waters like swift swans, gliding gracefully hither and thither, stately camels stalked its streets beside the electric curricles, while the warm glow of a tropical sun suffused the air laden with the perfume of myriad flowers and pulsating with the sound of silver bells.

We alighted before a small, elegantly-shaped edifice surmounted by a mosque-like dome which gleamed in the sun like marble, between the shadows of the palm trees, while broad verandas and rose-embowered alcoves invited to comfort and repose. A Sabbath stillness and calm rested upon all the place. No apparent signs of occupation were to be seen. Was this the end of our long journey? For what purpose we had sped across the trackless ocean and pierced to the center of this unknown continent, I could not conceive. I turned to Irene. A marked change had come over her countenance. The expression of eager search and anxious inquiry had given place to one of complete joy and supreme satisfaction. Like a bird freed from its prison, she flitted about in gay unreflecting

gladness. I watched her closely to learn the end and object of our strange journey, but it did not now seem to concern her in the least. The old Irene was returning.

“Why do you stand here gazing about you?” she exclaimed. “Press the button and enter. I leave you here. I am satisfied. Farewell, my friend, farewell. Don’t forget your good angel,” she gayly exclaimed.

“Away I fly, so glad, so free!
Away, away, o’er the deep blue sea,”

she sang, as she waved her slender hand in adieu.

In an instant she had re-entered the anemon, and was fast rising into the blue ether above me. The words

“Fare thee well, and if forever, still, forever, fare thee well,”

fell upon my ear from the air above. Smaller and smaller grew the bright speck, and in an instant my “good angel” had vanished into the fathomless expanse of heaven.

A moment I stood in bewilderment and doubt. Here was I, transported in a few hours from the wintry air of the western continent to the heart of Africa, from the land of science and civilization to the land of palms and camels, the ancient seat of darkness and mystery. So suddenly had my guide disappeared and so little explanation or direction had been given me,

that I knew no more of the object of my coming than when I started. There was, however, nothing for me to do but to obey her orders, press the electric button and enter the beautiful dwelling.

As I did so, the door softly swung open, like the gate of heaven "on golden hinges turning," and a clear, silvery voice bade me welcome. As I entered, I stood upon marble floors, covered with skins of beasts, while beautiful statues, reflected from many mirrors, seemed to smile upon me and to be a gracious company awaiting my arrival. Before me a graceful winding stairway of ivory led to the upper regions; and, as I stood, doubting, wondering, admiring, a voice strangely sweet and familiar invited me to ascend. I obeyed, though almost fearing to place my feet upon the light and airy structure. Slowly I ascended, while my throbbing heart beat almost audibly in the noonday stillness, and my foot-falls seemed a desecration in the temple of a goddess.

Before me, as I reached the floor above, was an elegant apartment, apparently a maiden's boudoir. The door stood wide open and all its elegant interior was visible. As I caught a sight of the room, I involuntarily started back in astonishment and awe. I had seen it all before! but when? where? It was the room revealed in the vision of the night in Brooklyn, by the hand of Irene Merivale. Every detail

was reproduced. The tapestries on the walls, the ivory couch, the paintings, the musical instruments, all were familiar, indelibly engraved upon my mind. And what vision of loveliness and beauty stood before me? There, just risen from her piano, clad in clinging robes of pearly white, with roses at her breast and in her hair, her noble face illumined by a smile of joy, with outstretched hands, stood the angel of my vision.

Glad recognition gleamed in every feature, made radiant with love and happiness. The rosy lips parted, and in sweet accents that thrilled my soul with tender recollections, breathed my name in familiar, never-to-be-forgotten tones, "Dear Harold." These were the words of Theresa's letters, that recalled the expression and utterance of her love; the words repeated by Helen Newcome at our parting, with a cadence which strangely thrilled me with dim unrecognized suggestions and filled my heart with joy. The being of my vision stood before me. Again she whispered, "Come to me." Again stretched out her arms to me. Yet for a moment I stood irresolute, awed, uncertain.

"Who are you?" I murmured.

"Do you not know me, Harold?" she sighed.
"Do you not know Helen Newcome?"

"Helen!" I exclaimed in wonder, and advanced to meet her.

Not a step did she move toward me. She stood inviting, yet anxiously awaiting my approach, scanning my face with ardent eye to learn if love, love only, true, tender, and irresistible, drew me to her.

At that instant such a passion possessed me, that I sprang to her with outstretched arms and enfolded her fair form with the strong embrace of true, manly, unquestioning affection. She was satisfied. Undisguised happiness and love beamed from her eye, spoke in her lips, and caressed me in her touch. Again her sweet, musical voice sounded in my ears and her words set all my soul in glad vibration as she spoke.

“Dear Harold, I am rejoiced that you have come. I have guided you to this place; but freely, fondly, you have followed, and now I see, I know, you love me. No more shadows can come between us. I felt before that there was a divided affection in your heart and I could not abide its presence. But, now, it is one. Now it is mine in truth, and naught on earth shall part us.”

With a trustful, tender look, she turned her face upward to me and rested confident and happy on my breast. And truly I did love her at that moment. All my heart was drawn to her by an invisible, unreasoning, yet irresistible attraction, like that of steel to an unseen magnet. I could not reason. I could not reflect.

I could but yield to the strange power that possessed me. Yet, as I sat there, clasping her little hand in mine, listening to the throbbing of her happy heart, my eyes were drawn to the view before me. The room and all its furnishings were the same that I had seen in my vision; the strange musical instrument stood open, as if the fingers of its fair owner had just swept over them telling the tale of her love and grief. Her image seemed to stand beside it as I had seen her, just risen, expectant, vibrating with love and hope and joy, with arms extended to greet her welcome visitant. I could contain my curiosity no longer.

“Helen,” I exclaimed, “I have seen all this before. This room, these tapestries, that instrument, and you, as you met me; I have seen before.”

“Ah, I have seen you, too, dear Harold,” she replied. “Many times in my dreams, by night and by day, I have seen you entering that door. Many times I have almost sprung to my feet, as I listened for your footfall on the stair. Do you know that I came to know your footstep at my father’s house, in Brooklyn, where you came so often to consult him and see me, after your—your accident and illness? But I had learned it before, Harold, in those dear old days, ‘when we were first acquaint,’ now doubly dear to me, since to you they are no more. Yes, often in my day-dreams

too, I have followed you in your distant home, and waited, weeping, yet trusting for the day when your eager footsteps should turn again to me, when your heart would bid you seek me and guide you to my side. Yes, I have often lived this hour."

"But I have not been dreaming," I replied. "I have seen all this before, and awake, fully, fiercely awake to the wondrous vision. In my chamber at Mrs. Merivale's, at midnight, in the darkness, I saw this room in all its elegant details, these tapestries and pictures, that ivory couch—fit throne for a goddess—that instrument, and that fair form clad as now, in virgin white, yet sad and weeping, bending over the keys, telling them the story of grief, seeking in sweet music solace for the burdened heart and occupation for the lonely hours."

As I described that scene, Helen seized my arm with an eager grasp and looked into my face with wondering inquiry and whispered, "How could you have seen that?"

"And I saw again," I continued, "the same figure with love and gladness in her eyes, risen to greet her lover, even as you stood to welcome me to-day;—but it was not Helen Newcome that I saw."

"Not I?" exclaimed Helen. "Surely it was I that you beheld. It was I that rose to greet you; it is I that drew you hither; whom else could you have seen?"

At that question all the tide of past memories rushed over me. Theresa stood before me with her sad, searching eyes and bade me tell the truth.

“I will tell you all, Helen; then perhaps you will love me no more. It was not you that I saw in my vision—it was Theresa.”

“Ah! that name,” murmured she, “the name by which you called me when first recovering from your illness; the name which again you called, when in my dream, I saw you sinking in the waves; the name of her who has divided your heart with me; ah! tell me truly, Harold, who is she?”

A slight tremor swept through her slender frame as she spoke; yet she clung closer to me and looked up into my face with that expression of deep, unfathomable trust and confidence which only loving woman can give and which a true man can but behold with humility and fear.

I told her all my story. I told of my first true love of a century before, of her sorrow and her death; of my selfish, sinful life, its wretchedness and failure, and my despairing death. I described to her, while she listened in breathless awe, the vision of Theresa standing by my side, and her bright, beckoning smile, as I departed. Then came an unbridged chasm, until the moment when I recovered from my illness, a century later, and thought I saw Theresa

still standing beside me. "It was indeed Love, in another form ; but not less fair and sweet," I added, with a soft pressure of Helen's hand. But she did not seem to notice it. Her eyes were fixed before her and her deep, slow breathing told of the strength of the hidden emotions that my story had aroused.

Then I told her of my strange discoveries in New York, the confirmation of my beliefs, the records of the past, and, above all, of the finding of Theresa's letters and her photograph.

"Tell me of them, quick," almost gasped Helen, as she seized my hand and breathless hung upon my words.

I repeated many passages from those letters, for they were graven on my memory too deeply to be effaced. I recalled the lines on the death of the flowers, her frequent expressions of love and confidence as she wrote the name "Dear Harold," her hopes for the future, her dying message :—"Tell Harold that I love him,"—and her last written words, "Somewhere, somehow, we shall meet again." "And she it was whom I saw in my vision, standing in this room, even where you stood when I entered, clad in your robes, wearing the same ornaments, bearing the same flowers, welcoming me with the same words of love, and joy, and trust."

"Tell me no more!" exclaimed Helen, springing to her feet with a glad, half-suppressed cry of ecstatic joy, while her eye was

fixed before her with a strained look, as if she would pierce the space of heaven and behold its inmost mysteries.

“I have seen it all. I know it all,” she murmured to herself as in a trance of joy. “Yes, it is true! it must be true! You are indeed ‘dear Harold,’ the lover of my dreams. Have you those letters?” she suddenly, almost fiercely, turned upon me as she aroused from her trance-like ecstasy. “No, I need not ask. I have them!” she exclaimed. “I will show them to you;” and to my utter astonishment, she rushed from the room, leaving me alone in my amazement.

I was not long left to my thoughts. In a moment she returned, bearing in her hand a package of letters, which she placed in mine and whispered “Read.”

My pulses throbbed with strange emotions, as I saw spread out before me perfect copies of Theresa’s letters. Even the dates and references to contemporaneous events were the same; the handwriting and entire appearance of the letters were as if written by the same hand at the same time. I scarcely dared to read them.

“Where did you get these?” I asked, in awe-struck wonder.

“I wrote them myself,” replied she, calmly.

“You wrote them! Why, these are the very words and expressions of Theresa’s letters

—the tracings of a hand that has been a century in the tomb. How could you write them ?”

“I do not know how it was done, but I know now that I wrote them. I will tell you all. You cannot know, dear Harold, how I loved you when we were first acquaint, ere the cloud of your alienation, as we called it, came between us.”

“Ah! even now you use the very words Theresa penned,” I interposed.

“I cannot help doing so,” she answered, solemnly. “You do not know how I hung over you in your illness and hoped for your recovery ; nor my great grief and disappointment, that in your recovery you had forgotten me. But when I heard you call for Theresa, an arrow pierced my heart ; for I felt that another had divided your affection with me. For a short time we were happy again. But soon I saw that your heart was certainly estranged. I could conceive that your ideas of a former life were only the delusions of your illness, but I too plainly saw that I was not supreme in your affection. I felt that I must fly from you ; that if your love were true, you could not be happy without me.”

“Why, those are Theresa’s own words again,” I exclaimed.

“Yes, Theresa’s and mine,” she calmly continued. “At length I came to this secluded spot and sought to hide my sorrow and over-

come my unrequited love. But in vain. You were ever in my thoughts; your image was before my eyes, sleeping or waking. Most vividly in my dreams did I behold you and live with you a life of unalloyed love and joy. Strange scenes and events came to me in my visions, until I seemed to be another person and to live another life. One morning I found upon my table a letter. It was dated in the last century, but addressed to 'Dear Harold' and full of the most tender love and trust, just such as I felt and would have penned to you. I could not conceive whence it came, for no one had access to my room. But I carefully preserved it and perused it. Soon another was found; and another; until nearly every morning I came to expect one of the mysterious missives upon my table. Still my strange dreams of you continued, and often, upon rising, I could recall fragments of conversations and expressions, which I found repeated in the nightly letters. Then I knew that I must have written them myself. Unconsciously I had risen and penned my thoughts to you. They are the secret confessions of a maiden's heart, which only the truest, tenderest lover should ever know."

She paused to steal a look of love at my wondering countenance, while I listened, speechless with surprise, dumb with the apprehension of a mighty, most mysterious truth.

“Now that you have told me all, Harold,” she resumed, earnestly, “I believe you. I believe that your memory of a former state has been miraculously restored, and that in losing a quarter century out of the consciousness of your present existence, you have gained infinitely more in your wondrous recovery of a past life. I believe now that the affection which divided your heart with me was that of your former earth-love. But now it is wholly mine; though what may be the meaning of these mysterious letters, of my dreams, and of your vision, I dare not think. Can you tell me, dear Harold?” she concluded in a whisper, to which her last words gradually sank, while her slight frame trembled as she clung more closely to me, hiding her white face and tear-dewed eyes upon my breast.

A light, as of a new creation, suddenly burst upon me. A great exaltation and gladness possessed me, and a passion of love overwhelmed me, as I clasped the trembling, lovely creature to my heart and exclaimed:

“Helen, my own and only love, do you not see? Do you not know? The voice, the dress, the words; the thoughts, the heart, the soul, the very self: all are the same! *You are Theresa.* My lost love lives. You are mine again; mine forever. Unworthy as I am, I have been doubly blest. The irrevocable past has been restored. Death is overpast. Love is immor-

tal. Orpheus, searching through Hades, has found his Eurydice."

The dear form in my arms trembled more violently as I thus unburdened my inmost soul and declared my glad conviction and my joy. Then gradually she became calmer, and I heard her softly sobbing. I was perfectly happy; an ineffable peace and calmness filled my soul. As I reviewed my life—my two lives—I saw that all had been for the best. That only thus could I have realized my former failure, my suicidal self-seeking and my useless life. But the love and happiness of which I had been unworthy in one existence, had been vouchsafed me in another, and in a most wonderful manner. I could but tremble with joy as I traced the steps by which I had been led to this perfect consummation, and recalled the marvelous means of its accomplishment. I bent with reverent love to kiss the fair being in my arms; when she raised her lovely head, and with blissful peace and gladness beaming in her tear-dimmed eyes, she whispered:

"I knew we had met and loved before. Such love as ours could not be confined to one short life. Did not I say that love at first sight is but the meeting of kindred souls who have known and loved in another sphere? I have always felt so in regard to our love. I have always been as assured of my former existence as of a future one. But I had no remembrance

of it. I did not recognize you as my old life lover, though I felt that such an undying affection could not grow up in the brief period of our late acquaintance. And what an experience has been yours! It was indeed Theresa on whom you called in the hour of your strange recovery. But I will be no more jealous of her, for she and I are one. Did not I say in that dim, far away day, that 'somewhere, somehow, we should meet again?' And what a meeting! Is not this heaven?"

A beatific brightness overspread her countenance as she spoke, while a gratitude too great for utterance filled my soul.

"It is heaven enough for me," I answered. "Here are life, love and fraternity; brotherhood, beneficence, and labor for the good of others; self-sacrifice, Christian communism—the spirit of the Christ. What more can mortal man desire?"

"What ring is this on your hand?" she suddenly asked. She had been unconsciously twisting it on my finger while I spoke. At first, I did not weigh her question, but as I let my eyes fall upon my hand and perceived the object of her inquiry, a light, gold band bearing a small diamond, upon my third finger, I could but give an involuntary exclamation of surprise.

"Would you know its whole story, Helen, dear?"

"Yes, yes," she whispered, "tell me all."

"That ring, my darling, was given to The-

resa by me when we were first engaged. She wore it until she died. Then it was taken from her cold finger and sent to me. I wore it until my death, an ever-present souvenir of her pure, undying love. Then by my will, it was locked in my safe, with her letters and other precious tokens of our story. When I received the package of letters, I found again this ring among them. I instantly recognized it and with reverence I replaced it on my finger. It bears within, her initials and the date of its presentation. Do you wish to see it?"

"Wait! do not remove it yet!" she exclaimed, with an excited gesture. "Wait a moment! I can tell you the inscription on the ring." And before I could utter my astonishment, she continued, "the initials within the ring are T. L. S. and the date is May 20, 1866."

"You are correct," I replied; "yet how could you know? You surely have not seen the ring before?"

"Yes, the ring is mine," she responded solemnly. "You gave it to me more than a century ago. It was the seal of our betrothal. It is mine and I claim it now."

"Most gladly will I replace it on your hand, dear Helen. This most precious token of our love, our recognition, and our indissoluble union, is yours forever."


I placed the slender, golden circle on her fair finger, and sealed our new betrothal with a kiss.

XVI.

“On his own altar slain, Death lies dead.”

SWINBURNE.

MANY and most blissful were the days that Helen and I passed in her beautiful home beneath the tropics. Here we were wed. Yet no human ceremony could bind us closer than the love which had survived a century of separation. In the far-off time, Theresa and I had given ourselves to each other with pledges of eternal fealty, and though a maiden's love only had been hers, yet, in this renewed existence, we still felt that we had always been united and had spent a lifetime in the companionship of wedded love. Our honeymoon passed swiftly in a succession of cloudless days and moonlit nights such as come only in southern climes. We had so much to say, so many things to tell of our long, strange separation, and of our still more strange reunion, that it seemed the story could never all be told. Helen, indeed, had no history like mine to relate. Beyond the dim suggestions, dreams, and impressions which came to her and her strange knowledge of the letters and the



ring, she knew nothing of her previous life. From the hour when Theresa closed her dark, far-seeing eyes to scenes of earth, until the hour of her revealing to herself, all was a blank. I had the whole hard history of a lifetime to relate ; but her recollections of the beginnings of our recent love and of the lost quarter century of my present life were of great interest to me. My only knowledge of that period was derived from my sweet instructor who thus became in truth my "better half." She delighted to dwell upon those tender themes, but the story of my former state filled her with sympathy and sorrow. Said she,

"I cannot think, dear Harold, without a shudder, of your long, loveless struggling existence in the nineteenth century. You seem like a soul escaped from purgatory."

"It was purgatory," I replied, with a sigh of recollection.

We were sitting in the evening upon the broad veranda, overshadowed by the tall palms, through whose broad fronds the full moon shot its rising rays. The waters of the numerous lakes and canals reflected its silvery sheen, broken into myriad facets of effulgence by the swift-plying gondolas, from which came up the light laughter and gay song of youth and beauty. The tinkling bells of the slowly moving camels in the narrow streets fell upon our ears. But while the soft sound seemed to harmonize most

fitly with the peaceful scene, it could but remind me of the street cars of the nineteenth century, into which sweltering masses of humanity were patiently packed like cattle in a car. Yet, thought I, the horse car and the elevated railroad were great teachers of democracy. The rich and the poor met together and the conductor took toll of them all. They shared their common indignities, breathed in turn the infected air, and mutually imparted their diseases. The gentle injunctions "step lively," "crowd up there," were addressed with impartial authority to ladies and gentlemen, the humble and the haughty. The long-suffering public, having thrown off the political yoke of foreign domination, immediately, like the stupid ox, placed its strong neck beneath the burden of new masters, of its own choosing, and patiently dragged the car of soulless corporations of its own creation. There came over me, like a nightmare, the remembrance of the hard, hopeless, selfish lives we had led; rich and poor, monopolist and socialist, all alike in pursuit of the "almighty dollar." I thought of the misery which might have been mitigated, the untold suffering of little children, doomed from the cradle to forsake their God-given innocence and to fight for the crusts of life with the strong tigers of the streets. I thought of those enfeebled by age and misfortune, who sank hopelessly beneath the waves of the struggling sea

of life, with but a sob and a gurgling groan, whose last days might so easily have been made their best days ; of the many fair sisters, who might have been a joy and blessing to themselves and others, driven to an existence of sin and shame and unknown suffering, for lack of the touch of kindness and of human sympathy. I recalled the competitions of trade, in which the weaker went to the wall with as little sympathy as in the days of feudalism. Each was for himself, even to the saving of his own soul. And I had lived in that world ! I had been one of its toiling, struggling millions, seeking nothing, thinking of nothing, but my own success and advancement, my own family and their material comfort, my own church and the extension of its influence, my own salvation and the possession of a mansion on one of the most exclusive and fashionable streets of the New Jerusalem. Yet, through such experiences and discipline, is humanity by slow gradations raised above the level of its brute inheritance and purified from its innate animalism. Self preservation may be the first law of nature, but it is not the law of God.

Helen's last words still lingered in my ears, mingled with the sound of the tinkling bells which had called me so far away from my present surroundings.

"I am indeed a soul which has passed through purgatory," I continued, arousing

from my reverie. "My life, all life, is a discipline, an expiation, a preparation for a higher and better state, either in this world or some other.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

"Over the wrecks of our dead selves, we rise to higher things."

"But now purgatory is past," rejoined Helen. "We are reunited, no more to part. Death cannot sever us again. You will find in this new time greatly changed conditions. The application of the single principle of love for thy neighbor, or altruism as it was called, has revolutionized society. The practice of true, Christian socialism, in place of sacerdotalism, has introduced vital religion and made it an active element in human life and conduct. You will be far happier now, and in service to others, you will find a satisfaction that your self-seeking age never dreamed of. Here in this embowered refuge, amid the birds and flowers, the babbling brooks and flowing fountains, we cannot long remain. We must go forth hand in hand, strengthened by our mutual affection, for a life of loving labor."

"I would gladly remain in this paradise forever," I replied, "but I will go wherever you

may lead. I do not yet know how I found you here. I had no knowledge of your dwelling place. Another directed me to your door. Were you not surprised to see me ? ”

“ Not in the least. When my strong desire and will united to bring you hither, it was done. I sent my heart out after you, across the waters, to lead you hither. I stood expecting you, when you appeared at my door. ”

“ But you do not know the guide that directed my course ? It was Irene Merivale. There is something mysterious about that girl. She it was who told me that my love awaited me. She guided the swift anemon to your door, then calling herself my good angel, as indeed she was, she rose and disappeared. ”

“ Ah ! was it Irene ? I know her well. Tell me more about her ? ” Helen responded quickly.

“ I will tell you all I know, ” I answered, hoping to solve the enigma of Irene’s strange conduct. “ One evening, a short time previous to my departure, she appeared suddenly and unbidden in my room. Love, tender and true, beamed in every feature, spoke in every word and gesture. But most strangely, she seemed to have your voice, your words, your very expression, most unlike herself as I knew her. But as suddenly as she came, she changed and vanished. I could have declared that you, dear Helen, had been with me ; your presence

and influence were so near and so pervading. I had been thinking of you, lovingly longing for your presence ; but I knew not where you were in the wide world. Where were you at that hour, my dearest ?”

“I was with you, Harold,” She whispered softly. “At that hour, in one of my day-dreams, I beheld you. Love had overcome my pride, and I had ceased to struggle against it. My heart went out to you in intense longing to see you and be with you ; when suddenly, as through an open door, I beheld you. You were sitting in your room in a large old-fashioned arm-chair, your head bowed upon your hand, your table spread with letters—my letters—and the light burning dimly beside you. I crept softly up behind you, as when I first met you in my father’s room, placed my hand in yours, imprinted a kiss upon your cheek, and then as you arose, the vision vanished. I saw you no more, but I knew that I had beheld you and been with you.”

“It is true,” I exclaimed, astonished. “It is true in every detail. But the form that came to me was that of Irene Merivale. It was not Helen Newcome. Are you and Irene one ?”

“Ah, no indeed ; I hope you did not think so,” she answered with a smile. “Irene was a wild creature. Her father was a strange man. He was devoted to psychical investigation and research and, it was said, experimented upon

his own daughter until her mind lost its self-control. He often came to consult my father, and Irene came with him. At such times she would do and say the most strange and unexpected things, apparently unconsciously, which her father said were caused by his mere volition. He also declared that I possessed unsuspected powers of hypnotism, and urged me to develop them. But I refused. However, Irene seemed to have an irresistible attraction towards me, and would follow me about all day obedient to my slightest wish, even more closely and less consciously than my dog. When her father died, she seemed lost without him, and unable to direct her own actions. Her own mother was an utter stranger to her. But when she was with me, she seemed to be perfectly happy and obedient to my will. She would interpret my slightest wish, even before it was uttered. Indeed, she often seemed to know and do my will when I was absent from her. I appeared to impress my thoughts upon her by a sort of mental telegraphy or telepathy. I see now the cause of her strange appearance to you. My strong desire and will to see you, in my day dream, made Irene the unconscious medium of my thought. I drew Irene to you, inspired her with my feelings, invested her even with my looks. I was with you in the spirit, though it was Irene's hand that touched you."

"And did you thus also instruct her how to

guide the anemon through the ocean spaces, to this far off continent, this inland island of peace and beauty?"

"Indeed, it must have been so. Again most strongly did my mind go after you, and follow you in all your flight over the sea and over the land, even to my dwelling. Until that time I had not wished to see you. I had striven to control my passion. But then I had ceased to resist it. I felt that you were mine, wholly mine, and that you must come to me and search for me, even to the uttermost parts of the earth; and you obeyed. Do you not know that love has wings?"

"Ah, what mighty pinions has science lent him in this new century! Without them I should have failed to find you. You were in reality my guiding angel—as you will ever be," I added with a kiss, "though Irene's was the hand that led me. Now, I begin to understand her, for I have read her father's confession, telling all you suspected and much more. We do not know the debt we owe her, for without her mysterious power, I should not have seen you in my vision, and known you as you are, the idol of my soul, the love of my double life. It was the revealing of Theresa, as I beheld her, here in your room, weeping by her piano, that furnished the clue, which led to the interpretation of your dreams, and all the unrecognized indications of your identity."

I then related to Helen the story of the musical stones, of the lost fifth, of Irene's unconscious acts, and how, while wrapped in sleep, her hand became the link by which the thought currents were conducted to my mind, the distant scene was made visible, and love was enabled to leap the barriers of time and space and overpass the grave.

Helen answered only with a stronger pressure of my hand and a more radiant look of joy, while I could but clasp her closer in the arms of everlasting love. Long we sat thus in silence, viewing the shifting shadows amid the moving leaves, and the delusive lights that danced upon the flowing stream and glancing waves; listening to the uncertain sound of distant voices, and the dying ripple of falling waters, while the round-faced moon began to wane and lose its perfectness, the planets wheeled them to their setting, and even the fixed stars twinkled in the shimmering air and changed their place in heaven. Then hand in hand, we went within, shut out the world, removed its disguises, and were alone with love. "For whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall pass away. But now abideth faith, hope, love, and the greatest of these is love."

A few days later we returned to Brooklyn. Mr. Newcome was delighted to see us, but not greatly surprised at our return together. Even

when we informed him that we were married, he seemed to be expecting that information; perhaps he read it in our happy faces. At all events, he welcomed us to his home, and assured me of his pleasant anticipation of my companionship and assistance in his experiments. Even Charlie told his joyful greeting, not only in unmistakable dog language, but in the clearer tones of his strange speech. Helen immediately resumed her place as mistress of her father's house, and my new home. Queen of love and beauty, she reigned in both our hearts, while her wise ministrations and bright smiles brought peace and gladness to all within her realm.

Not long after our return, I visited my room at Mrs. Merivale's and found the precious letters and other tokens of my former life. Helen accompanied me to the room in which I had received her thought messages, and beheld the bright visions that restored my buried love.

On a calm afternoon that will be forever graven on our memories, we together read those tokens of our former life. With hushed voices and reverent touch, we unfolded the long closed pages and reviewed the old, old story. It was all as yesterday to me. I lived again those days of my youthful love with mingled joy and pain, and with a bursting heart, all the old love welled up and overflowed to Helen. The

author of those precious epistles was beside me. I could indeed scarcely realize that she was in truth the same ; that I had found my long-lost love at last. Helen, too, with palpitating bosom read the words that told her love of a century before. With frequent exclamations of surprise and recognition of long forgotten scenes and experiences, she lived again the thoughts and feelings so familiar to her heart. "They are indeed mine, mine !" she murmured, "we *have* met again." Then she solemnly refolded the letters and returned them to their casket. It was like beholding again the face of the long departed dead. Then I showed her Theresa's photograph. Long and intensely she gazed upon it. "Sweet girl," she whispered, as she kissed it. "So young, so fair, so good ; and yet how sad was her short life. I see the lines of pain and suffering in those compressed lips, calm resignation and unfaltering faith in the broad, smooth brow and angelic virtue in those deep, unflinching eyes that might look on God."

"But do you not see a resemblance to yourself?" I asked.

"Yes, I perceive it, though she had darker hair and eyes than mine and a sad expression in their depths that shows she had felt and suffered more than I."

At these words all the memory of my misdoings surged over me, and I felt as one who

disembodied first beholds the awful eyes of the Pure and Holy fixed upon his naked soul. I knelt beside her and besought forgiveness. "God forbid," I cried, "that I should bring to you again, the suffering that my selfish heart once caused. All my life shall be an expiation for my sin, though the past, alas! can never be recalled, or its deeds undone; I can only strive to make the future brighter as it stands revealed against the awful shadows of the past."

"I have nothing to forgive, dear Harold," whispered Helen, "and were the wrong a thousand times as great, it is forgiven ere it is done. Love does not wait to be entreated; nor does God."

"Whose portrait is this?" she asked, taking up another photograph of a fair young maiden, that was included among my treasures.

"That is the portrait of my daughter, Theresa, the namesake of my first love. A sweeter, purer, and more loving being never drew breath. Hers, too, was a sad story; but at the time when that portrait was taken she had never known a sorrow or a care."

"That is plainly seen in her smooth, oval face, in her clear, bright eyes and smiling lips. But do you not see a strong resemblance to the first Theresa? The features are very similar and the same pure soul looks out of the deep, dark eyes. Can it be that she—that I—visited

you again in that fair form? that the pure affection of a daughter's heart was lavished upon you to win you from the ways of selfishness and strife, and to recall her pristine purity and love?"

"I do not know," I murmured. "It may have been. Much as I loved her, I did not truly value her affection till it was too late. Each birth is an incarnation of the love of God; childhood bears His signet on its brow."

With bowed head and with tender heart, I placed these tokens of the past again in my safe. Then I turned the key upon them and addressed myself to the present. "Now, let us go," I said.

As we turned to depart from Mrs. Merivale's, a door opened and Irene entered. She greeted Helen warmly as an old friend, welcoming her back to Brooklyn in a most self-possessed manner, and turned to me. Without a trace of embarrassment, she expressed her pleasure at my return and congratulated me upon my success in finding Helen and my good fortune in being now united to her. This was a new revelation to me. Here was another Irene. She was no more the birdlike, unthinking being that I knew, singing and flitting about the house in idle joy, nor the impressible, unconscious instrument of unseen and unapprehended forces. Nor was she the strange, silent, mysterious guide of my recent journey, but a calm,

self-poised, intelligent woman. I was more surprised at this transformation than at any other.

“I have you to thank, Miss Merivale,” I responded, “for my great good fortune. Not only did you lead me to my distant love and teach me how to win her, but you, in some mysterious manner which I cannot understand, have enabled me to find my heart’s desire, and showed Helen to herself, uniting hearts long severed, across the wastes of years. You have indeed proved to be my good angel, as you called yourself, when I last saw you disappearing in the sky.”

“I am delighted to see you thus, Irene,” exclaimed Helen, giving her another sisterly kiss. “You are indeed another Irene. You no longer need my guidance or move responsive to another’s will. Pray tell us how all this has come about?”

“I fear you would not understand,” replied she. “I scarcely comprehend myself, even yet. What I may have been or done in the past, I surely am not responsible for. It was not I that lived and moved in my person. Another power seemed at times to possess me and strange impulses seized me which I could not resist or understand or scarce remember afterwards. Now I am free; but I have scarcely obtained full control of my faculties. Your husband has doubtless beheld some strange manifesta-

tions on my part, but I trust he will pardon me and forget them."

"There is no occasion for me to do either, I assure you. I shall ever remember you with the deepest wonder and sincerest gratitude. But who has broken the mysterious spell of your former life? Can you tell us that?"

"My father," answered Irene earnestly.

I gazed upon her with wonder at this announcement, for I knew that it was his influence that, in the beginning at least, had bound her with its invisible chain.

"I have read his statement," she continued. "I know all that he related then and much more. I have seen him."

At these words, both Helen and I could but start with amazement and express our surprise and incredulity. But Irene continued, unheeding our exclamations:

"Four weeks ago to-day, I saw my father, here in this room, standing where you now stand, in the broad light of day, at this very hour. I not only saw him, but I conversed with him for nearly an hour, and it was that interview and the disclosures he then made that have wrought the change which you now see in me."

We could only listen in rapt attention to Irene's strange story. She continued:

"After reading my father's confession, as he called it, I was at first more bewildered than

before. I could not realize that I had thus been the subject of another's power, and still less that such an influence could extend beyond the grave. I remembered my father well, for he has been dead but three years. He was a strong intellectual man whom I regarded with more fear than love, though my mother worshiped him. But there was never anything in common between her and me. I can almost believe that I am not her offspring. But my father's mind and mine were as one. My greatest delight when a child was to sit beside him and hear him play upon the musical stones. After he was gone, I had a strong desire to hear them, but I knew not how to touch them nor where to find the lost fifth. Afterwards I often dreamed of hearing them, but it was only when awakened by you on that eventful evening that I realized that I was the unconscious musician. Then I resolved to resist the unseen influence and assert my individuality. I securely locked my father's cabinet and removed the key. The midnight music was heard no more, though more than once I found myself wandering in my sleep in search of the lost key. But gradually my wanderings ceased and I became more confident of myself.

“One afternoon, not many days after reading my father's manuscript, I sat in this room, in his old easy chair, musing a maiden's idle day-dream, thinking of nothing in particular, when


a light shadow appeared between me and the window. Looking up I saw my father standing before me. I was not terrified nor greatly surprised. He was clad as usual when attending patients, and seemed to have just returned to his office from a professional visit. He looked upon me with his keen gray eye that always seemed to look right through me and motioned me to rise. I did so and he slowly seated himself in the easy chair. I stood beside him as of old without fear or questioning, as if he were in life. Indeed the fact that he had long been numbered among the dead did not impress me at the time."

"I do not comprehend the unreasoning terror with which many regard the dead," I interposed. "Even the appearances of those most loved usually bring but dread and desire for their disappearance. It must be a survival of the instincts of our barbarian, semi-simian ancestry, like the fear of serpents. Perhaps if the ghosts had received a more cordial welcome upon their revisiting 'the pale glimpses of the moon' their visits would not have been so few and far between."

"My father was not a ghost," declared Irene emphatically. "I saw him as certainly as I ever beheld him in life. He is alive, as truly as you are. He sat there, in that chair, that afternoon and talked with me as easily and naturally as he ever did."

“And what did he say?” we asked eagerly.

“I cannot recall all his words, nor the exact language of his discourse,” replied Irene, “but I remember well the substance of his words. ‘Irene,’ he said, in calm, clear tones, ‘my dear daughter, can you forgive your father?’ ‘I have forgiven already all that was to be forgiven,’ I answered. ‘I do not blame you for what you have done. I understand your intense desire to extend the limits of human knowledge.’ ‘And I have done so, have I not?’ he continued in more cheerful manner. ‘I have not lived in vain. I have demonstrated that the mind, the pure thought of man, can extend itself through the invisible ether which is the substance of the universe and impinge itself upon other minds. So much psychical research has already established. And now, my dear, that I am assured of your forgiveness for the evil that I unintentionally have done, and that the wrong is already partially repaired, I shall be happier. I shall seek to guide or control your steps no more. Assert your own will-power and no other can gain the mastery over you. Give not way to sudden and unreasoning impulse. Be not the creature of conditions. Let not the air, the climate, the food you eat, the friends you meet, the incidents that occur about you, rule your conduct. Be master of circumstances. Success depends upon having a programme. Make your own



plan of life and pursue it to the end. Thus will you develop your own energies and intellect, and become all that you can be in this life and be best fitted to enter upon another and a higher stage of existence.' As he paused a light of fatherly affection beamed in his eye and aroused an answering warmth of love in me. I stretched forth my arms to him, but they met only the obstruction of the chair in which he sat. I started back amazed, but he only gazed upon me calmly, lovingly as before. The strange thought that I was conversing with the dead now for the first time occurred to me.

"'Father,' I exclaimed. 'Dear father, who are you? Where are you?'

"'I am here, my child, as you see. Why do you ask?'

"'But are you not dead? Can the dead walk and talk as you do?'

"'My dear daughter, there are no dead. This is but another form of existence. We are the same. What would I not have given to know this fact in my former state! What a strength and reinforcement of man's mortal powers and activities this assurance gives! Men would work all the more earnestly while the day lasts, knowing that all the good accomplished, all the virtue attained, all the evil overcome, is but the vantage-ground from which they step into a higher life. It is only a thin veil that separates us. But, O! what

a light from the hither side shines back upon the other life! Could men but for a moment see all their vain strivings and imaginings, their cruel selfishness and worse than brutal conduct to each other, in its true light, then would they make life worth living and their hereafter would be far happier than now. Farewell, my child; I go not far away. We are all about you. This is the real life. You see but the appearances of things. The departed do not die.'

"As he ceased speaking, the rays of the setting sun shot into the windows and illumined his form with a faint halo of glory. Then, as it slowly descended and disappeared, his form seemed to vanish with it, and where he sat, at length I beheld nothing but the old arm-chair and the familiar objects in the room."

As Irene ceased speaking, we stood in silence, finding no terms with which to express our wonder or the thoughts suggested by her words.

"Do you now doubt that I have seen my father?" she exclaimed. "I am assured of it as certainly as that I now see you. I was not dreaming. And if I had been, I could not have conceived the thoughts that he expressed to me."

"They are certainly very suggestive," I could but confess, "and well worth the consideration of all candid men. They are an

inspiration to me. I know their truth from my own sad experience."

"Let us try to forget that," whispered Helen, drawing me away.

"Ah! if we only *could* forget!" I sighed. "But everywhere and always we must drag the body of the being we once were."

"Come!" she softly whispered. "The present is ours. Its duties call us. 'Soon the night cometh when no man can work.'"

We returned to our homes with humble, happy hearts, and addressed ourselves to the work before us. Helen aided and inspired me in my new labors with wonderful sympathy and skill. The wife of the twentieth century was not merely man's complement, the sharer of his domestic ties and partner of his lighter toils, but a participant in all his efforts, an organizer and guide in all his plans and leader in all undertakings for the refinement of existence. As man's main occupation had ceased to be war, actual or industrial, and brain instead of brute strength had become the chief factor in material and moral progress, woman had risen to her equal station, a God-given help-meet for man.

Helen keenly perceived the difficulties of my position, the prejudices, fears and phantoms of the past that still environed me. With wise affection and with loving tact, she sought by every method to dispel these brooding supersti-

tions and strengthen my heart with trust and hope, not born of vain imaginations and desires, but based upon the firm foundations of the facts of life and truths of science.

I became greatly interested in her work, and in her father's efforts. These were mainly directed toward improving the moral condition and surroundings of the young. "Rescue work must constantly be repeated," declared Mr. Newcome; "but all work done in the line of prevention, by training the young, bears fruit a hundred-fold. Let the drunkards die and the paupers perish; rescue the infants; train the children. In this way the world can be regenerated in a century."



XVII.

THERE were in Mr. Newcome's discourse many things not quite clear to me. I frequently failed to grasp the whole import of his words at the moment, but in reflecting upon them afterwards, I was able to comprehend them more fully. At the same time many questions arose to which I desired an answer in order to complete the connection of ideas in my mind and to understand the new attitude of men toward each other and toward God.

In a former interview, he had shown me an

example of what he called "Applied Christianity;" but I wished to learn further of the application of these principles to the world in general. "Is this a universal religion?" I asked him one day, soon after I had become settled in my new home. "This is God's world," he answered earnestly. "While the Christian theorist insists that selfishness is ineradicable, the movement of society is tending to a point where altruism must be accepted as a scientific necessity. There is no individual health, except in the health of the community.'"

"I recall," I added, "an illustration in my day of these statements. In the report of the surgeon-general of the United States for the year 1890, he says: 'The United States would be the gainer, even in a pecuniary sense, if it were to give the Cuban government sufficient funds to make Havana a healthy seaport. Yellow fever is almost always present in Havana and Rio de Janeiro, and they are a standing menace to the health of the United States.' The cholera makes all men kin."

"That lesson has at length been learned and taken to heart," responded Mr. Newcome with a smile. "Commerce and common advantage have drawn the peoples together. There are now but two nations on two continents; the United States of America, and the United States of Europe. When the influence of

religion, instead of keeping men apart, was added to that of society, science and self-interest drawing them together, they flew to each other like the armature to the magnet, and were welded into one in the fires of reciprocal benefit and beneficence. When the Christian treated the Jew upon Christian principles, it was found that they were at heart one. When the Christian sects became united they naturally drew other religions to them, when, to their mutual surprise, it was found that there was, and always had been, but one religion in the world—love to God and love to man.”

“And what became of the standing armies?” I asked, astonished.

“They were disbanded when men refused longer to fight each other. The white squadrons are used only to signalize the victories of peace. The appeals of kings and chancellors to national pride and narrow patriotism, to imaginary altars and fatherland, to race and religious prejudice, fell upon dull ears which heard daily of the peace and prosperity of their brethren in America, where the torch of liberty blazed beside the palaces of peace. The trade of king is obsolete. Aristocrats took on their true shape at the touch of Ithuriel’s spear,—the newspaper.”

“And what is the present form of government?” I asked eagerly.

“Democracy is now triumphant everywhere.

The governments of the earth are administered by the people, for the people. Yet we do not employ the national power to reduce all to a dead level of dependence, but to protect all in their innate rights and to foster the spirit of self-improvement and mutual helpfulness. A truly paternal administration does not desire its children to remain in a condition of helpless infancy, but to develop into stalwart and honorable independence. Nationalism is unnatural."

"But how has democracy become thus prevalent in one century?" I asked.

"All that you have seen," he went on: "the changes in society, industry, religion and government, are but the outcome of applied Christianity. To the true Christian, all men are equal. But what crimes have been committed in the name of religion! Its history has been but a record of wrong and conflict between classes and creeds."

"'As long as God is felt to be everywhere in his world as he made it,' says the author of *God in His World*, 'He is not sought elsewhere in a world of man's imagining. When man sets up for himself, he builds not only a palace of art, but a magnificent temple of faith, which in every part of the structure is a denial of God and Nature, and which he devotes to the supernatural.' 'The groves were God's first temples.' 'There our Aryan ancestor chanted

his Vedic hymn about the family altar at sunrise, offering not a sacrifice but a feast.'

"But this simple form of worship was soon succeeded by the system of Brahminism, with the introduction of caste. The sacred mysteries supplanted Nature worship. An exclusive priesthood intervened between man and his Maker. Royalty and priesthood united to enslave the people. The love of God was changed to fear, human fellowship to suspicion, and religious worship to mystery. Here the idea of mediation originated; the priest became a mediator. The primitive purity of the worship of the patriarchs, of Abraham, of Job and Melchisedek, was corrupted by the complex sacerdotal system introduced from Egypt. Instead of Abraham entertaining in his wide-leaved tent the messengers of God, we see the sons of Levi guarding a closed tabernacle, and a succession of priests butchering bullocks in the temple courts. The simple religion of the people and the sublime Theism of the prophets were both superseded by the ceremonial system of the priests.

"Jesus of Nazareth, a man of the people, 'approved of God,' cast himself against the priestly clan—and they slew him. But those who knew him loved him, and after his death banded themselves together in Christian community to do his work and spread his word. But they could not escape the influence of

Jewish priestcraft and Greek philosophy. The one introduced the idea of atonement through sacrifice, converting Jesus himself into a priest, removing the 'Friend of sinners' far from human fellowship and abandoning his ways and works for forms and ceremonies. From the subtleties of Greek philosophy sprang the doctrines and creeds which have been the source of endless contention ever since men began to confound piety with theology, and theology with metaphysics."

"But was not Christianity a religion for the people?" I interposed.

"In the early centuries of Christianity, for the first time in history, the poor had the gospel of good-will and fraternity," he replied. "But the terrible persecutions to which they were subjected, caused them to look to a future life for deliverance and peace and to regard the present with contempt. Again priests were prompt to take advantage of this feeling and to reinforce it with all the aids of imagination in picturing the rewards of the pious and the punishments of the impenitent. It was easy to be profuse in promises of bliss in a world to come, and to describe the horrors of a hell hereafter. They could draw *ad libitum* upon the bank of the future.

"When Christianity rose from the Catacombs to the throne of Rome, its pure spirit vanished. Again the people were reduced to a life of

servitude and superstition, alleviated only by gleams of hope of a better world to come, casually emitted through the closed doors of Paradise to which the Church held the keys. Royalty and religion have gone hand in hand for their mutual advantage. God was represented as a universal despot against whom man was by nature in rebellion. 'Roman theology made God an imperial Cæsar and the Bible the statute-book of his laws.' Protestantism simply substituted an infallible book for an infallible church. The doctrine of election set up an aristocracy more arbitrary than any ever instituted by king or pope. But all aristocracies are abolished now," he concluded.

"Human society," I observed, "seems to have been built like the pyramids of Egypt, constructed under the lash by the people, as tombs and memorials of their oppressors ; broad at the base, narrowing in successive gradations to the apex, each resting with crushing weight upon the lower strata into which was compressed the sighs and tears of the toiling millions."

"But the people have come to their own at last," he added, with animation. "God has always and everywhere been in his world. He would not abandon man, though man would abandon God. In savage and in serf, his image is stamped, his voice speaks. All the works of nature tell of his beneficence and love. God and man have not quarreled. Kings and

priests could not separate the lovers. Creeds and councils could not conceal the truth. The face of the Father, once made manifest in immaculate loveliness in the Son, could never be forgotten or disguised. Through all the wrong and wretchedness of barbarism ; the crimes and competitions of civilization ; in the childlike faith of the Aryans ; in the self-devotion of Buddha ; in the moral precepts of Confucius ; in the sublime judgments of Osiris ; in the Eleusinian mysteries ; in the Hebrew decalogue ; in their years of jubilee with release from debt, from slavery, and with rest for the soil ; in the warnings of the prophets ; in the divine-human life of Jesus of Nazareth ; in the lives and deaths of millions of his faithful followers ; in modern industry and invention ; in co-operation and Christian communism, the Spirit of God has been at work leavening the mass, training men by sorrow and by death, by hope and fear, by sin and suffering, to apprehend his nearness and benevolence ; enforcing the fact of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

"Is not this a beautiful religion?" whispered Helen, who had listened intently, dividing her glances of affection impartially between us.

"Do you still believe in the Bible?" I responded, recalling how it had been made the corner-stone of all the creeds.

“The life and death, the words and works of Jesus of Nazareth,” replied Helen, frankly, “are as well attested as the life and death, the wars and writings of Julius Cæsar. But there is no supernatural revelation. The Bible was made for man; not man for the Bible. The test of its truth and divinity is in its adaptation to human needs and human nature. Whatever its origin, it is here now. We take it for what it is. We judge it as we do any other book—by its influence. Yet one fact is evident. Composed through many centuries, by many hands, its various writings are strung on the golden cord of a single thought. It shows man’s course through the world from Paradise Lost to Paradise Regained; not in a translation to another world, but in a new city erected on the earth wherein shall dwell the just and pure. Bring the precepts of the Bible to the scale of conscience. Compare them with the moral nature of man. Evidently they agree. Apparently their author is the same. It gives us a religion to live by. It is not a ‘book of the dead.’ But the chief end of man is not to glorify God. The chief end of God is to glorify man. This world is not a ‘vale of tears,’ except as man makes his own miseries.

I have recently read an instructive parable, that I found in an ancient volume, which I would like to read to you,” she added, changing the topic.

“Anything from your lips will be sweet,” I answered. I half imagined she had written the story herself, but I listened with deep interest, while her silvery tones rehearsed the story of Ben Adhem.

“A certain man, Ben Adhem by name, a dweller in Mesopotamia, for an offense against his sovereign, was condemned to death, and cast into prison, pending the execution of his sentence. Here he was allowed a certain degree of liberty, while, at the same time, the day and manner of his execution were kept a secret from him. He was allowed to go about the prison-grounds and occupy himself as he pleased, and also to have the society of his family and friends. In addition, there were others of his tribe who, for the same offense, were condemned to the same punishment and cast into the same prison. Here he had the consolation of their companionship, while each awaited his death in ignorance of the time and manner of his taking off. One by one they were secretly summoned and removed, but no two in precisely the same manner. No one knew when his day or hour would come. When he lay down at night, he knew not that he would behold the morning sun and when he arose he said to himself, ‘perchance this is the day of my death.’ Ben Adhem’s pleasure in the society of his loving wife and pretty children was embittered by the thought, that at any

moment, he might be called to leave them forever. To add to his distress, they also were under the same condemnation as himself. An act of attainder had passed upon all his descendants who were thereby doomed to the same destiny. But his prattling babes were happy in ignorance of their fate, and when called, passed unconsciously to their death, while the agonized parents looked on powerless to prevent it, knowing only that soon their turn would come to follow them.

“ Ben Adhem, under these circumstances, could but feel a constant anxiety, not only as to the time and manner of his removal, but also as to his wife and children. At every stroke of the prison bell, he would start in alarm and gaze upon his little brood with deep apprehension, until the signal ceased to sound. At every change in their appearance, he fancied he perceived the sign of the dreaded hour. With every incident affecting himself or his surroundings, he thought ‘this may be the beginning of the end.’ Fire and water, sword and shot, heat and cold, every force of nature and of man were arrayed against him, banded together to insure his destruction. Escape was impossible. Still, as his doom was delayed, he and his companions came to accept their situation with considerable composure.

“ None could forget their fearful peril for a moment, but their methods of occupying their

time were as various as their dispositions. Some blindly refused to realize their situation and engaged in feasting and riot, thereby hoping to drown the impending fact of their destruction in brutish indulgence. But it was the feast of Damocles, with the sword hanging over them. In the midst of their festivities it fell and they were snatched from the scenes of their self-indulgence. But their companions continued their careless revelry unconcerned, singing 'here's a toast to the next that dies.' As when the eagle swoops down upon a bevy of unsuspecting hares, that run blindly about in helpless terror until one of their number is snatched away, they for a moment stand paralyzed with fear, and then calmly return to nibbling grass as if nothing had occurred. Some sought diversion in amusements and set up for themselves in a corner of their inclosure a mimic representation of their prison life. Here they arrayed themselves in fantastic dress and rehearsed the very sorrows of their sad state, as if fearful they should forget them, and represented the taking off of their companions, seeming to find a pleasure even in viewing another's afflictions. Others amused themselves by gathering sticks and stones and constructing for themselves little booths along the wall of their prison, in which they would sit and smile in silent superiority over those who did not possess them, though often they could inhabit

them but an hour. Others went so far as to toil with might and main to roll together huge stones and build themselves dwellings which should endure a century, while they knew they could not occupy them more than a few days at most. These were regarded by many as the most foolish of all, but others seemed to Ben Adhem to be even more demented, for they would work night and day to scrape together the dust of their inclosure in little heaps, over which they would stand guard with infinite anxiety, and toil until a sudden gust of wind would scatter it over the grounds, or they themselves would be taken away in the midst of their gathering and guarding. Others, following their instincts, like beavers building dams in dry places, would delve in the mud and water of their inclosure to construct bridges and roads over which they would convey stones, sticks and other debris, only to collect it in one place, and then remove it to another. This seemed a harmless amusement, until in their eagerness to enlarge these idle constructions they began to compel their fellow-prisoners to labor for them; snatching from the hands of their weaker companions the bread supplied to them, they thus compelled them to labor unceasingly to regain the pittance granted to all by the governor, for their sustenance, until they should be called forth. But in the midst of the building and toiling, both master

and slave were summoned to drop their work, and thus one found sudden termination to his ambition and the other release from his bondage together.

“But this attempt upon the part of some to secure more than their rightful share of the provisions allotted them, and to compel their fellows to assist them in their useless occupations, resulted in endless strife, confusion and cruelty, culminating in mutual slaughter and war. Thus were their miseries increased tenfold by their own acts.

“Others went so far as to pretend to be sovereigns themselves, and climbing upon blocks of wood, with ragged robes cast about them and a stick in their hands, they aped the manner in which they imagined their ruler lorded it over his domain; while others in imitation and hope of similar distinction, bowed before their false kings and in turn set themselves upon stools around him and endeavored to rule over those below them, who in turn imitated those above them and despised those beneath them, down to the lowest in the scale of imaginary distinctions. But the governor knew no difference and all alike were summarily called to their death, and deposited in openings in the ground of the same dimensions.

“Some of these buckram kings would induce their subjects to go to war with their rivals.

and thus by mutual slaughter, antedate the day of their death.

“ Many of the women amused themselves by picking up shining stones and cast-off feathers of birds, and tricking themselves out in these toys, paraded before their fellows in such pride and vanity, as brought a smile even to the most miserable among them. Generally, the older and uglier they were and the shorter their stay, the more they prided themselves upon their vain possessions, and clung to them as if they expected to carry them with them when called out to execution. But all were stripped of their jewels, and their hard-earned acquisitions were scattered among those remaining, who in turn repeated the folly of their predecessors. Some, less vain and envious, gathered their children about them and sought solace in their society. But usually, instead of informing them of the end awaiting them and instructing them to make the best use of the time intervening, they endeavored to delight their senses in delicate indulgence, teaching them to gain all they could of the baubles about them and to array themselves in vain attire, in imitation of the follies of their parents. They also taught them to build for themselves booths and dwellings, as if they expected to remain forever in their inclosure, and to seek idle amusement, unmindful of the sorrows about them or of the wrongs inflicted upon their fellows.

“ Many sought to disguise their situation by the hope of pardon and by speculations as to their state after removal. They knew that they could not hope for remission of their sentence, for not one had ever escaped the decree. But they endeavored to mitigate their misery in imaginations of a happier state which might be theirs after the death-penalty had been inflicted. True, no one had ever returned to inform them as to what awaited them after their departure. But in their dissatisfaction with their condition and hope of a better state, they constructed an elaborate ideal of such an existence as they desired and trusted to attain, though no intimation of such an existence had been received from their sovereign. But having persuaded themselves of its reality, they assumed that it belonged to them and to such as they might admit to its possession. They then proceeded to set up for themselves little shrines, around which they gathered in sacred seclusion and by performing certain ceremonies, imagined that thereby they were purchasing admission into the invisible estate. Those willing to conform to their customs, were admitted to their companionship, while those unwilling to do so were forbidden all participation in their friendship, as well as in their imaginary kingdom. Those thus excluded thereupon set up shrines and instituted performances of their own, which immediately resulted in rivalries, disputes and

endless wordy warfare as to the true touchstone for obtaining the fabled future. Some, not content with denying their fellows participation in their coming blessedness, invented another place as much more horrible than their present condition, as they could imagine, and carelessly consigned them to its engulfing flames. Others, more compassionate, proclaimed that all might share in the imaginary estate, who would assent to a series of statements formulated by themselves. 'If you believe there is such an existence,' they said, 'you can share in its privileges. If you will not believe in it and accept our theories regarding it and the manner of obtaining it, you will be shut out therefrom. We admit that no one has seen it. No one knows whether it exists or not. It all depends upon what you believe about it. No two of us believe alike, yet all depends upon a sound belief.'

"Though numberless petitions had been sent to the governor for information regarding the future state, no answer had been received. It is true that at various times he had sent messengers to the prisoners, saying 'Trust me. Be kind to each other. Cease disputing about my government. Stop striving with each other and making yourselves miserable. Comfort the sorrowing, aid the unfortunate, sympathize with the suffering, cheer the desponding, and

you will find your prison a palace and its penalties designed for your good.'

"At one time he even sent a messenger to remain among them, and in his own life and character, teach them how they ought to live and fulfill their sovereign's will. But instead of listening to him and following his example, some whose customs and characters he condemned, moved with envy, turned upon him and slew him, before the time appointed for his recall. However a few won by his loving example, believed in him and endeavored to practice his precepts. But the majority of their companions derided and persecuted them, and went on gathering dust, rolling stones, oppressing their brethren, strutting about in borrowed baubles, and disputing about the invisible world outside, until they were summoned to enter it.

"Ben Adhem was greatly grieved at what he beheld. The only bright spots in the wretched scenes about him were the little children playing with shouts of innocent glee and singing in tones of love and gentleness, and the young men and maidens wandering arm-in-arm amid the throngs, with looks of love and words of tenderness, unconscious of the misery and wrong about them and undisturbed by the thought of the future.

"Aroused by these sights and the words of the wise messenger, Ben Adhem began to lay aside his apprehensions regarding his own fate,

believing that the evidences of wisdom and goodness in his sovereign were sufficient to warrant his confidence and trust, and he resolved to devote his days to mitigating the miseries of his fellows. He soon perceived that these were almost entirely caused by themselves ; that the prison was really a pleasant place, if one made the best of it, and that the example of mutual love and trust set by youth and innocence, dispelled all fear of the future, and allayed the evils of their present.

“He thereupon set to work with all his energy to assist the weak, raise the fallen, cheer the despondent, and to awaken in his companions a sense of their duty to each other, and to unite them for mutual aid and sympathy. In so doing, they found that they not only made their companions happy, but they forgot their own fate in their efforts for others, and came to regard their prison with pleasure and their sovereign with love and confidence.

“Thus Ben Adhem became one of the happiest of the company, and when his summons came, it found him in the midst of his work of love and benefaction. He heard it undismayed, dropped his implements, laid aside his toil-worn garments, washed his hands, and went calmly forth to meet his lord, as if invited to a royal feast.”

XVIII.

“I sent my soul through the invisible
Some letter of that after life to spell,
And by and by my soul returned to me
And answered, I myself am heaven and hell.”
Omar Khayyam

“THAT is certainly a suggestive story, Helen. I should be pleased to read more of the ‘old volume’ in which you discovered it,” I remarked, with an incredulous glance, while she blushed with pride and pleasure, and her father added :

“The idea that man is under sentence of banishment and death on account of original sin has paralyzed his better nature, while his crude conceptions of a future life have perverted his whole thinking and being. The old theology was almost wholly concerned with the personal salvation of the individual and his happiness in the world to come. The Christianity of creeds and churches is outgrown. It was the consummate flower of loveliness springing out of the dry stock of Judaism. But now the flower has fallen away and brought forth the full fruit of the Religion of Humanity—the Christianity of Christ. The doctrine that a mere act of faith could change the character or destiny of

the dying, has deluded more mortals than all the devices of the devil. It has prevented the adoption of true religion by both the ignorant and the thinking. The former hoped to obtain the rewards of virtue after living a life of vice, by confession and repentance; while the latter could but perceive the utter futility of faith to change character, and the folly of hoping to reap that which they had not sown. "There is no salvation from sin except in a pure life."

"Is not a system of religion necessary?" I interrupted; to which he replied:

"An eloquent preacher of the last century said pathetically, concerning the religious agitation of the time, 'Whatever be the outcome, whether Christ be accepted as God, or as only a prophet of God, the world will still continue to be religious.' Indeed the world is religious, and far more truly so, now that it has a consistent, working scheme of theology, applicable to all the conditions and activities of life, than when it endeavored to hang its practical morality upon a theory of God which no man could comprehend, and accepted a doctrine of Christianity which men confessed in church on Sundays, but found themselves utterly unable to apply in their daily lives. We believe in the 'Man, Christ Jesus,' not in 'the mediæval notion of the mysterious combination of God and man.' Each holds such belief regarding

the Christian mysteries of the incarnation, resurrection, and ascension as seems most reasonable to him. But we would no more think of disputing about them or of doubting a fellow-man's sincerity and Christian character, on account of his belief or disbelief in them, than we would on account of his theory of light or of the origin of being."

"What then is the basis of your religion?" I could but ask.

"Christianity is a religion of the real," he replied. "It is not an ideal drama enacted upon an imaginary scene. It was introduced amid such a ferment of thought and life as the world has never seen. It was born at Jerusalem, the focus of the three great civilizations of the ancient world, under the shadow of Cæsar's standards, in the market-place of Greek commerce and culture. Yet in it was nothing of the mysticism of the Greek, the fanaticism of the Jew or materialism of the Roman. It is for man, as man, in his business and his home, in society and in solitude, in joy and in sorrow, here on the earth in every human relation. Our church is a federation of the Protestant and Catholic, Jew and unbeliever, in a union for the relief of our fellow-men from the evils of pauperism, intemperance, ignorance and immorality. Abraham and Job and our own Aryan ancestors walked and talked with God hand in hand. Prayer is the natural, scientific

recognition of His pervasive presence. This is nothing else than the Christian faith arrived at and confirmed through science and philosophy, that God is love. This is the Ultimate Gospel."

As my friend paused, I sat silent revolving these ideas in my mind, while Helen's sweet presence seemed to make them real and vital. In the presence of love and virtue, I could but feel their power and beauty. I began to see the light.

These truths seemed to be as old and immutable as the earth. As Sophocles sang, they were "The unwritten laws of God, which are not of to-day nor yesterday."

But thus far I had beheld and considered the life and duties of man dissociated from the thought of a future state, either of pain or pleasure. Nothing had been taken for granted. I had been shown the ground upon which all men could stand without assumption of any fact beyond the ken and reason of the most skeptical. In this new existence no appeal was made to man's faith, to his belief in the supernatural or to any inspired oracle. I saw that there were ample grounds outside of all these upon which all men might unite, for the promotion of their individual and common good, and that there were in the knowledge and experience of humanity abundant indications of the right way and inspirations to pursue it,

which would assure man's highest welfare here and happiness hereafter. I had seen that the movement of society and industry had demonstrated that selfishness is impracticable, and that in co-operation and universal brotherhood, man fulfills his destiny on the earth and the designs of his Creator. Yet all this truth had come in upon me like a flood, and my old faith was flying about like Noah's dove, finding no place for the soles of its feet.

"Are these what you call the facts of religion?" I at length asked, eagerly. "These are what I want, what I have been groping for all my life, what I sighed for on my dying bed."

"My dear boy, certain universal facts you have apprehended," replied my father, fondly. "Life is ours to use and enjoy; fraternity and mutual helpfulness fulfill its end. The divinity of conscience, the supremacy of love, the universality of moral law, the unity of man and nature; these are facts. What lies beyond the grave, we do not know; but hope paints the evening sky in radiant hues, and the consciousness of a life well spent closes the eyes in peace. If there be no God and no hereafter, it is better to live justly, to walk humbly, love thy neighbor and die in hope. If there be a hereafter, you have then made the best possible preparation for it. 'Nature is the voice of God, wooing man to paths of peace and pleas-

antness.' The tragic story of human history teaches that selfishness and sin defeat their own ends; unrighteousness works its own recompense. These are facts which require no faith for their apprehension."

"But is not religious worship an act of faith?" I interposed.

"Man is a religious animal," he replied, "and to worship is natural. The savage bowed in fear before the powers of nature, which he did not understand. The Persian worshiped God in the all-giving, glorious sun. The Egyptian adored the power of life in all living things. The Greek made his gods in his own image, deifying his own powers and passions, installing them upon Olympus, but little raised above the level of his daily life. The Hebrew worshiped the infinite might and majesty of moral law—the one God in all and through all. The Christian adores the same God, 'whom all ignorantly worshiped,' beholding his 'express image' in the face of Jesus Christ. 'This is the light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world;' 'for we all are his offspring,' as sang the Greek poet, quoted by Paul at Athens. We worship God in service to man. Those so disposed, meet together for prayer and praise, but they do not thereby consider themselves better than those who serve God only in deeds."

"But are there not those who do not believe

in God?" I inquired further. To which he made answer.

"The existence of God is not a theorem to be demonstrated. It is a problem that is solved. If there were no God, as Voltaire says, 'it would be necessary to invent Him.' Archbishop Tillotson said before him, 'If God were not a necessary being, He might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit of man.' So we lay down our postulate: 'Let there be a God.' From this we draw the direct conclusion: if there be a God, He is good, and all men are His children. Hence all are brothers, and He is best served by showing our love unto our brethren. We all claim the friendship of God by right of relationship. We are born into His family, not adopted. We do not need an introduction to our father. The poor Indian who 'sees God in the cloud and hears Him in the wind,' is much nearer to Him than the materialist, or the believer whose theology removes his Creator far away to a throne of idolatrous awe. Recognizing the actual presence of God compels one to live in holiness."

"But does not modern science reject the idea of God?" I again asked, recalling the assertions of certain so-called scientists in my time.

"On the contrary," replied my friend, "there is no science without it. One of the profoundest philosophers and ablest writers of the nineteenth century, Prof. John Fiske, says:

‘The presence of God is the one all-pervading fact of life from which there is no escape. For the great mass of men the idea of God is quite overlaid and obscured by innumerable symbolic rites and doctrines that have grown up in the course of the long historic development of religion. Such concrete symbols have in all ages been argued and fought for until they have come to seem the essentials of religion. Every pulsation of the universe is none other than the living God. We see man still the crown and glory of the universe and the chief object of divine care, yet still the lame and halting creature, loaded with a brute inheritance of original sin, whose ultimate salvation is slowly to be achieved through ages of moral discipline. And in all this we find the strongest imaginable incentive to right living.’”

“Do you believe in the devil?” I interrupted, recalling the creeds of my contemporaries on that subject.

“There are not two Gods,” he answered patiently. “Our faith can find and our reason recognize but one. The universe is not a divided kingdom. ‘God has not given power to resist his beneficent purposes into other hands.’ The idea of a spirit of evil at war with God is abhorrent to both reason and religion. The modern idea of the devil seems to have been largely derived from Milton’s Satan, the hero of his immortal poem. That does not

explain the origin of evil. The idea of a personal devil seems to have originated in man's innate propensity to shift his responsibility for wrong-doing upon others. As Adam in his transgression sought to lay his fault upon his fair partner and she in turn upon the serpent, so men in all ages have sought to excuse their inward dispositions, by the fiction of an outward tempter. Let us be honest and admit our own responsibility for our acts. It is absurd to speak of sin as something external to us. 'Sin is man setting himself against the law of his own nature.' No believer in God can believe in the devil. To assume both is to affirm a contradiction."

"We can willingly dispense with the devil," I remarked.

"The loving father will not allow any of his children to be lost," he answered. "He leaveth the ninety-and-nine and goeth after the lost one, *until he find it*. There is no 'plan of salvation' presented in the Gospel, but the Divine love, illustrated in a perfect human life. The only salvation is freedom from sin. There is no need of an atonement to reconcile God to man. He is not an angry Deity inflicting punishment upon a sinless substitute in order to satisfy the demands of 'Divine Justice.'

"The very term justice, is a misnomer applied to God. It can only arise from the human conception of injustice as an injury.

Man cannot injure God. 'He does not enter into Judgment with His creatures.' He ever stands between man and his misdoing. The idea of Christ as a mediator, standing between man and an offended God, is a total misconception of the character of both. How far below that of an affectionate father to whom his children come with the 'perfect love which casteth out fear' and speak face to face!"

"Have you at last found the desire of the ages?" I could but ask; "the common ground and basis of a religion acceptable to all classes and conditions of men?"

"Love and service to God and man," he responded, "furnish the common denominator."

"In addition, the scientific developments of the nineteenth century and the establishment of the doctrine of evolution, so far from undermining the idea of God and the hope of immortality, have established them upon an impregnable basis. The orderly sequence of the course of nature through evolution up to the mind and moral nature of man, can only be explained by the existence of a mind and moral nature, which is *the force* imminent in all the movements and life of the universe. The scientific basis of Theism is recognized practically by all scientific men. 'The universe in all its parts is the visible manifestation to us of underlying mind.' These

truths, dimly apprehended by the leading thinkers of the past century, are now the recognized and generally accepted facts at the base of our religious life. Our religion is not so much a matter of faith in a written revelation, as of demonstration from the truths of science and human history. As in the earliest ages, men met God face to face in nature with child-like confidence, and at a later period lost sight of Him in the fogs of their own follies and vain imaginings, only recalled by the voices of His prophets ringing through the darkness, so now we see Him again in all his works and hear His words in the still, small voice within."

"But is not the Bible the infallible rule of faith and practice?" I interposed again.

"It is to those who make it such," he replied, but 'not all God's word is scripture.' Ours is not the religion of a book. The teaching of the seers and saints of all ages have kept alive in the earth the knowledge of the living God. Now, we have a 'more sure word' in the interpretation of his creation and understanding of the moral constitution of society. The theologians of the past, laying down the nature and designs of God *a priori*, proceeded to deduce therefrom the nature, duty and destiny of man. We pursue the opposite course. Beginning with what is universally accepted as to the character, condition and nature of man and of the world which he in-

habits, we learn therefrom the character and will of God. Our ideas of God and moral obligation are not derived from theological theories, or based upon the will of an absolute ruler; but our theology is evolved from the ethical nature of man. Our knowledge of the beneficence and love of God and of His designs for human happiness are derived from what experience teaches to be the only means of perfecting human character. The mystery of sorrow and suffering, pain and misery, under the omnipotent rule of an all-wise God, is a mystery no longer. 'We must learn by pleasure to pursue the right, by suffering to avoid the wrong.'

"I begin to see the light," I exclaimed. "I can but shudder as I recall the mental darkness, as well as the moral degradation, in which I lived in the past. I thank God that I have been permitted to see this day and walk in its light. It only remains for me to find my place and begin my work in the world, if perchance, I may undo some of the evil that I have done."

"There you meet the most stupendous problem of life," exclaimed my friend; "the problem which attends us from the cradle to the grave, confronts us in the heaven above and the earth beneath. Evil cannot be undone. 'Not God Himself upon the past has power.' 'The evil that men do lives after them.' Repentance cannot restore innocence. Penitence

cannot prevail, nor punishment purify. Your friend can forgive your injury or insult to himself, but who can restore to your soul its pristine purity and peace? God has nothing to forgive. He is ever pitiful to His children; but he cannot restrain their hands from self-defacement, or restore their lost virtue. Opportunity comes once to all and is gone forever. Nature has no balm for a broken body, no cure for a cankered soul. Man may repent, reform, cease to do evil and learn to do good; but the past is his no more—nor God's. By every act of impurity or iniquity, the altitude and strength of his moral stature is forever dwarfed. Selfishness is suicide."

"But may there not be reparation and restitution hereafter?" I interposed, appalled at this view of the case.

"Never was there a more direful delusion," he went on, "than that death can change character. *We are in eternity now.* The laws of nature and of God must be the same, here and in the stars. All idea of immortality is abandoned, if we are not the same after death as before, if consciousness does not continue. But the soul cannot change. It is I, myself. Its conditions may change; its environment may be vastly different; but its life can be but a continuance of its earthly existence. It must go into another world, 'with all its imperfections on its head.' There is no remission. There is

neither punishment nor pardon. These were the twin pillars of Christian theology."

"What then," I could but exclaim, "becomes of the common idea of heaven and hell?"

"It is all an idle illusion, inconsistent with every truth of nature and of experience," he replied. "If there be such a heaven as men dream of, the only possible means of gaining it is by doing their duty in this world, and if they do not become fit for it now, they cannot enjoy it hereafter. If the selfish and the sensual could sit down with the righteous and redeemed, they would be as uncomfortable as a sot at a sacrament."

"I think I apprehend your meaning," I remarked, as he paused. "But through all this discussion has appeared a great *If—if* there be a hereafter. Do you not believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"I have made that reservation for two reasons," he responded. "In the first place, I feared the use of the term 'hereafter' might be associated in your mind with the ideas of heaven and hell prevalent with past generations. We connect no such ideas with the terms. In the second place, what you or I believe as to immortality does not affect the fact. In deducing man's duty in the world, we do not draw upon matters of belief; and in my statements to you, I did not wish to found any inference upon my personal opinions. We

seek a basis upon which all men can agree. The matter of religion has been presented to men wrong end first. The inducements and encouragements for leading a righteous life have been drawn from the rewards and punishments of a life hereafter, instead of deducing the life to come from the life that now is. The only absolutely and universally acknowledged facts—those of this life—were disregarded for matters of faith and inference. It was an attempt to demonstrate an axiom by a hypothesis. Now, I may say that the greatest achievement of this century is that we have overcome the fear of death. Socrates, whose death is the most noble recorded of men, said, ‘I would search over Europe and Asia to discover the man who has found a charm to destroy the fear of death.’ The Christian martyrs overcame it in the exaltation of their faith in an immediate paradise of glory. But such enthusiasm is not given to those who have not had their experience. We can no more feel their faith than die their death. But the future has for us no fear. The king of terrors is no more. Only the selfish materialist fears the grave. As Robert Browning says, ‘Without death, which is our crape-like, churchyardy word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life.’ Our only regret is at leaving life. There is here so much to interest a man of thought and observation, so much

to arouse his finer feelings to action, so much good to be done, so much evil to be overcome, so many grand achievements of science, art and humanity to be perceived and participated in, that one feels almost stunned by the brevity of life. Yet, when we consider that each year now is a century of the past, and that in thought and feeling, and all that make life worth living, a thousand years are ours, we take heart of hope. Again we have so far advanced in the cure and prevention of disease, and the extension of active life, both in its earlier and later years, that we find life much longer and more satisfactory. I am ninety years of age, though you doubtless took me to be a man of sixty. We do not spend our days running a race for a bauble and fall to the earth out of breath before it is half run. We now give as much attention to the rearing and training of children as former generations did to the breeding of prize cattle and fast horses. They are taught from the first the facts of the continuity of life and to regard death, not with horror, but as a step upward, a graduation.

“ Yet, death comes at last. But so gently does he disrobe us, and so insidiously unloose our bands of life, that we unconsciously fall asleep as one wearied with the toil of a day well spent. ‘ Life without death would be a fixed high noon of intolerable heat, a monotonous plain of existence, a day with no rosy dawn or

sunset glow, a year with no budding spring or golden autumn. But for death and sorrow, man would be given up to utter worldliness.' We do not regard death as an end, but a reversion, a return, the rounding of a cycle of life. The Nirvana of Buddha has for us no attraction. Without memory, death ends all. Unconsciousness is annihilation. The soul clings to its individuality as to its life.

“ ‘ We have ever been
And ever more shall be.’ ”

Matter cannot cease to be. Much less can the soul. ‘ The immortality of the atom is the guaranty of the immortality of the soul.’ ”

“ But where and how does the soul continue its existence? ” I asked.

“ Certainly not upon some ‘ unearthly continent,’ ” replied my friend. “ It cannot be different in kind from that on this globe.

“ Both sage and saint agree that ‘ the memory of the just is as a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.’ If ‘ true fame is the regard of our contemporaries,’ to be held in memory of good deeds is immortality. We live in our generation, in our impress upon the age, in our children, and in the succession of generations like the foliage of the forests. Nature proclaims upon a thousand shores the endless renewal of life.”

“But have you no more definite notion as to the place in which the life of the soul is continued?” I asked, unable to divest my mind of the materialistic conceptions of heaven, derived from my theological teachings. I had heard it described and measured and its capacity computed, and the ‘standing room’ assigned to each stated. The literalist had even gone so far as to calculate the size of the oysters in which grew the pearls for the city gates.”

“We do not speculate as to heaven,” replied my friend. “We demonstrate the advantage of taking it for granted, as Pascal did. He puts it as a wager. ‘If there be a God, a heaven, a hereafter, a man has everything to gain by living a good life. And even if he lose the wager, a man who has lived a life of rectitude and goodness has lost nothing.’ He has made the most of the existence which he possessed. The truths and obligations of religion are of universal application. They are eternal as nature, and as broad as the needs of humanity. However, heaven does not hang in the air. The Bible gives intimations in regard to it. The promises to the faithful Israelite were long life, children, and abundance in basket and in store. They hoped for a return to the world in which they lived. Man must enter the next world what he is in this. Death can make no change; nor repentance, nor faith. Not what you believe, or hope or

imagine can affect the future life. You, and no other, are the man who must live hereafter."

"But where shall I live?" I could but ask again.

"The millennium is here now and always, if we all want it. We are building here the temple of the hereafter. Science establishes it; Religion invests it with its divine illumination. Love and Hope and Joy dwell therein. It stands firm based on earth, but 'eternal sunshine settles round its head.' 'Man claims immortality by the divine heritage of hope.' 'Everywhere in nature we find death to be the first step to further progress, the invariable antecedent of higher life, the prelude to entrance to another state. The purpose of such a world is plain to read. It means that not happiness here is the end for which we are to strive. For such a personality as man, there must be a future. Such a personality belongs to the meaning of the universe.' The sons of God are not born to die."

As my friend paused, a cloud seemed to lift from my mind, and beneath it shot forth the beams of the broad sun of truth, flooding the earth with the hues of hope. I was dazzled for a moment by its splendor. I arose and grasped his hand in ecstasy. The prejudices of the past were gone. I was no longer the slave of superstition. The truth had made me free.

“I see it all now,” I exclaimed. “Lead me to my work. Let me aid in the regeneration of the world.”

As I said this, a new light shone in his eye. He gazed upon me with awe and exultation.

“You! You!” he declared, as he pressed my hand, “You are the evidence. You have consciously returned to earth. You are a living demonstration of the continued life of man!”

Helen placed her arm about me and in sweet tones whispered: “This is heaven; this is immortality. To live is to love and to labor. There is no death.”

THE END.

A Bundle of New Books.

A New Book of Social Thought. JUST PUBLISHED.

Price, paper, 25 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

B.O. Flower

The New Time: A Plea for the Union of the Moral Forces for Practical Progress.

The Social Factors at Work in the Ascent of Man

This new work, by the author of "Civilization's Inferno," deals with practical methods for the reform of specific social evils. The writer does not bind together a mere bundle of social speculations, that would seem to many to have only a remote and abstract relevance to everyday life. He deals with facts within every one's knowledge. "The New Time" brings its matter directly home to every man's bosom and business — following Bacon's prescription.

It is published especially to meet the wants of those who wish to apply themselves to and interest their friends in the various branches of educational and social effort comprised in the platform of the National Union for Practical Progress; but, from its wide sweep of all the factors in the social problem, it will also serve to introduce many readers to a general consideration of the newer social thinking.

Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

Rev. Minot J. Savage

The Irrepressible Conflict between Two World-Theories.

A New World, a New God, a New Humanity

Five lectures dealing with Christianity and evolutionary thought, to which is added "The Inevitable Surrender of Orthodoxy." By the famous Unitarian divine, advanced thinker and author of "Psychics: Facts and Theories." Mr. Savage stands in the van of the progress of moral, humane and rational ideas of human society and religion, which must be inextricably commingled in the new thinking, and a stronger word for moral and intellectual freedom has never been written than "The Irrepressible Conflict." We are now going through the greatest revolution of thought the world has ever seen. It means nothing less than a new universe, a new God, a new man, a new destiny.

The New Religious Thinking deals only with Verities

*For sale by all newsdealers or sent postpaid by
Arena Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.*

From the press of the Arena Publishing Company.

Fiction: Social, Economic and Reformative.

Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

**E. Stillman
Doubleday**

JUST PLAIN FOLKS.

A novel for the industrial millions, illustrating two stupendous facts:—

1. The bounty and goodness of nature.

2. The misery resulting from unjust social conditions which enable the acquirer of wealth to degenerate in luxury and idleness, and the wealth producer to slave himself to death, haunted by an ever-present fear of starvation when not actually driven to vice or begging. It is an exceedingly interesting book, simply and affectingly told, while there is a vast deal of the philosophy of communism in the moralizing of Old Bat. All persons interested in wholesome fiction, and who also desire to understand the conditions of honest industry and society-made vice, should read this admirable story.

A story of the
Struggles of
Honest Industry
under Present
Day Conditions.

Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

**Charles S.
Daniel**

AI: A Social Vision.

One of the most ingenious, unique and thought-provoking stories of the present generation. It is a social vision, and in many respects the most noteworthy of the many remarkable dreams called forth by the general unrest and intellectual activity of the present generation. But unlike most social dreams appearing since the famous "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More, this book has distinctive qualities which will commend it to many readers who take, as yet, little interest in the vital social problems of the hour. A quiet humor pervades the whole volume which is most delightful.

A Story of the
Transformation
of the Slums

The brotherhood of man and various sociological and philanthropic ideas, such as the establishment of a college settlement and the social regeneration of Old Philadelphia, are a few of the topics discussed in "Ai," a novel by Charles Daniel, who calls it "A Social Vision." It is alternately grave and gay; and the intellectual freshness reminds one constantly of Edward Everett Hale's stories, with which "Ai" has much in common. This is a clever book, and, what is much more important, one whose influence is for good. — *Public Ledger.*



From the press of the Arena Publishing Company.

Two Novels of Absorbing Interest.

Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

**Elbert
Hubbard**

FORBES OF HARVARD.

In "Forbes of Harvard" Mr. Elbert Hubbard has produced a work which has won the unqualified praise of all lovers of clean, wholesome and elevated fiction. Below we give some critical opinions of this most delightful work.

Syracuse Herald

"'Forbes of Harvard.' A delicate and artistic piece of work, full of high-toned sentiment, good-natured and finely shaded character drawing."

Boston Times

"The book has a flavor of Concord, and the influence of Emerson, the Alcotts and Thoreau is felt throughout it. It is philosophical, moral, religious and social in its bearings, but no one of these matters is given undue precedence."

The New York
Voice

"The author of 'Forbes of Harvard' has succeeded in doing what very few writers have done. He has told a bright, clever story by means of a series of letters. Instead of describing his characters he has let them reveal themselves in their epistles."

Detroit
News-Tribune

"'Forbes of Harvard' is a series of letters written by different persons, one of whom is at Harvard, and tells in an interestingly vivid way a neat and good story, sure to be read with pleasure."

Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

**Mrs.
S. M. H.
Gardner**

THE FORTUNES OF MARGARET WELD.

A novel dealing with the relation of the sexes in a bold but delicate manner.

This book tells the story of a good woman who made a grave mistake. It touches our hearts like an old sorrow, and we go with Margaret on her tortuous earth journey; we partake of her ambitions and her joys; we know the bitterness of her portion, and we, too, catch glimpses and feel somewhat at the last of her serene peace. A lofty purpose runs throughout the pages. A just tribute is indirectly paid to the Quakers, the only sect who having power never persecuted; the people who made the only treaty that was never sworn to and yet never broken. The world will be better for this book.

*For sale by all newsdealers, or sent postpaid by
Arena Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.*

From the press of the Arena Publishing Company.

"The Hit of the Year."

Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

**Helen H.
Gardener**

AN UNOFFICIAL PATRIOT.

Have you read Helen H. Gardener's new war story, "An Unofficial Patriot"? No? Then read what competent critics say of this remarkable historical story of the Civil War.

Chicago Times

"Helen H. Gardener has made for herself within a very few years an enviable fame for the strength and sincerity of her writing on some of the most important phases of modern social questions. Her most recent novel, now published under the title of 'An Unofficial Patriot,' is no less deserving of praise. As an artistic piece of character study this book is possessed of superior qualities. There is nothing in it to offend the traditions of an honest man, north or south. It is written with an evident knowledge of the circumstances and surroundings such as might have made the story a very fact, and, more than all, it is written with an assured sympathy for humanity and a recognition of right and wrong wherever found. As to the literary merit of the book and its strength as a character study, as has been said heretofore, it is a superior work. The study of Griffith Davenport, the clergyman, and of his true friend, 'Lengthy' Patterson, is one to win favor from every reader. There are dramatic scenes in their association that thrill and touch the heart. Davenport's two visits to President Lincoln are other scenes worthy of note for the same quality, and they show an appreciation of the feeling and motive of the president more than historical in its sympathy. Mrs. Gardener may well be proud of her success in the field of fiction."

The Literary Hit
of the Season

Rockford (Ill.)
Republican

"Helen Gardener's new novel, 'An Unofficial Patriot,' which is just out, will probably be the most popular and salable novel since 'Robert Elsmere.' It is by far the most finished and ambitious book yet produced by the gifted author and well deserves a permanent place in literature.

"The plot of the story itself guarantees the present sale. It is 'something new under the sun' and strikes new sensations, new situations, new conditions. To be sure it is a war story, and war stories are old and hackneyed. But there has been no such war story as this written. It gives a situation new in fiction and tells the story of the war from a standpoint which gives the book priceless value as a sociological study and as supplemental history.

"The plot is very strong and is all the more so when the reader learns that it is true. The story is an absolutely true one and is almost entirely a piece of history written in form of fiction, with names and minor incidents altered."

*For sale by all newsdealers, or sent postpaid by
Arena Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.*

YOU WANT IT!

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN."
LINIMENT

CURES

Rheumatism, Pains in Chest, Side or Back,
Neuralgia, Headache, etc.

*DO NOT WASTE MONEY if 5 Bottles do not cure
you, or 1 Bottle does not benefit you.*

TRY IT: { Per Bottle, 25 cents.
 { 5 Bottles, \$1.00.

YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT.

316,408 Bottles sold in the New England States in 1891.

WE WARRANT IT.

Minard's Liniment Manuf'g Co., - Boston, Mass.

THE "SYMPHONY."



WHAT MAN

has versatility enough to effectually play a **Strauss Waltz** and immediately follow with an intricate **Bach Fugue, Beethoven Sonata, or a Wagner Overture?** This is what can be done on the **Symphony** by even a child, whether possessing musical talent or not. All the **Standard Overtures, Popular Waltzes, Hymns, Tunes, Oratorios, and latest Opera Airs** can be rendered with true **orchestral effect, time, and power**, being under **your direct control**. You won't believe it until you call at warerooms and examine for yourself.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON
F. A. NORTH & CO., PHILADELPHIA
DROOP & SON, WASHINGTON, D. C.
OTTO SUTRO & CO., BALTIMORE,
MD.

ROOD WURLITZER, CINCINNATI, O.

J. W. DYER MUSIC CO., SAINT PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS

And over 200 music dealers generally throughout the world.

LYON POTTER & CO., CHICAGO
HARDMAN, PECK & CO., NEW YORK
A. L. BANCROFT CO., SAN FRANCISCO
PHILIP WERLEM, NEW ORLEANS
C. J. WOOLEY & CO., TOLEDO

SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

WILCOX & WHITE ORGAN CO.,
MERIDEN, CONN.

A **POSTAL CARD** request will bring descriptive Catalogue and further information about the wonderful **SYMPHONY**. Finished in beautiful piano cases.

1

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part of the document outlines the specific procedures and protocols that must be followed to ensure that all records are properly maintained and updated. It includes details on how to handle sensitive information and how to ensure the security of the data.



3 9015 00560 3967

BOUND

OCT 16 1946

**UNIV. OF MICH.
LIBRARY**

