# ZENIA, THE VESTAL; 

OR,

## THE PROBLEM OF VIBRATIONS.

BY

MARGARET B. PEEKE, AUTHOR OF "BORN OF FLAME," BTC.

# Assisted by the Brotherhood and by order of the Hierophant Egyptian and Alcantra of Granada, under direction of the Algerine. 



BOBTON, MASB.:
Strua Eubliohing cloutputy,
COPLEY SQUARE,
1883.

COPTRIGHTEE, $1899_{3}$ BY

䚡ARGAETB.PEEKE.


$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { Race for: : } \\
& \text { Cant:) } \\
& \text { Ps } \\
& \text { Pi } \\
& \text { F. } 44 \\
& 1813
\end{aligned}
$$

# DEDICATED TO THE 


w $\qquad$ S

WHOSE LOVE AND DEVOTION HAVE BEEN $A$ TOWER OF STRENOHY THIS BOOR IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

## INTRODUCTION.

Is sending this book out into the world, I am but an instrument; a servant under orders; obeying commands that have come to me from many sources, and leaving the result with those who have guided me.

In the beginning of a new age, like that upon which we are now entering, there are many souls awakening from their long sleep of death, and beginning to reach out after those spiritual powers, that are the birthright of every child of God, but have hitherto, except in isolated cases, lain undeveloped as potential possibilities.
Tne pith of this book, is true occult law; giving the mystical insight into all human possibility; and to the awakened mind of the student will reveal the steps to be taken, if he would enter the Temple of Truth, and abide in unchanging Peace.
The law of vibratory force and of magnetic power, has alrendy obtained a place among the scientific minds of the day. In attempting to prove that the knowledge of these forces is the key to all power, I have but hinted at a secret belonging to the coming age.
The order for this book was given some time ago, but as there was no one ready to perform the work, it waited; and was given me as an instrument to whom the Light has come from sources that I knew not existed, when I began my work. The Hierophant of the Order Egyptian; the Order of Alcantra of Granada; the School of the Prophets on Mount Hermon; the Illuminati, and the Nameless One, over whom the Keeper of the Lost Word presides-all these have given of their wisdom, and bid me say that some of the cult used in the Book has never before been put into English.

The author lays no claim to originality. The knowledge of vibrations was known many ages ago by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Jewish Kabalists, and are still held sacred by the Lamas of Thibet.

If the reader will delve deep into the spirit of this book, reading between the lines, he may find that which will be more precious than rubies, a light that will lead him to heights undreamed of, where he will catch glimpses of the majesty of God's great glory, and the fact of God will no longer be a belief of the head, but a knowledge of the heart. It will lead him across the threshold, into the Temple, where the secret laws of life and occult philosophy will be made plain, and he will find himself no longer a worm of the dust, but a Deific babe, whose life must ever be at one with the Divine Source.

The clock has struck the midnight hour of the old age. The sixth day's work is finished. The long day of Love's waiting is accomplished, and lo! the morning of anew day dawns, with hints of a coming glory too great to be imagined by the present race. To the people of this new time, the truths of this book will not seem strange, for they will be endowed with senses now but dimly presaged.

> "To-morrow's fate, though thou be wise, Thou cans't not tell, nor yet surmise; Pass therefore not to-day in vain, For it will never come again."

Omar Katam.
(A. Persian Poet.)

## CONTENTS.

CHAPTER page
I. Fate, ..... 9
II. Flogut, ..... 23
III. AEps, ..... 39
IV. Prophecy, ..... 56
V. Destiny, ..... 73
VL. Chamounis, ..... 89
VII. Meetmas, ..... 105
VIII. Insignts, ..... 125
1X. Hermitages ..... 141
X. Instruction, ..... 164
X1. Maderra, ..... 178
XII. Vibrations, ..... 197
XIII. Powers ..... 217
XIV. Parting, ..... 285
XV. Natures ..... 257
XVI. Tnterluds ${ }_{3}$ ..... 276
XVII. Anticipation, ..... 300
XVIII. Memnon ..... 827

## ZENIA, THEVESTAL.

## CHAPTER I.

FATE.
"We know but little of the way That the sacred Fates pursue."
${ }^{46}$ As gold is umeorruptible in the fire, so man is subject only to the One God dwelling in him."-JACOB Bcmme.
"Ye gods, what a creature! Such perfect curves of form! such grace of motion! What must the face be?"
" Don't rave, Cecil. Bad form, you know. Besides, it's a loss of vital energy. Keep calm. We can follow and see for ourselves."

The two young men hastened and entered the main hall of the Louvre, where, among many others, a young lady and her companion were giving their parwols in charge of the custodian, and then turned toward the grand staircase. They noticed no one, and seemed intent upon the subject they were discussing earnestly. The young men were now quite near, and overheard the younger say :
"I shall take but two pictures to-day, Mouessie, then sit in the atmosphere of the Venus de Milo and the ancient Greeks for
half an hour, and all the rest of the time we will have for the dear old Egyptians."
"As you lead, I follow, darling," replied the other; "only, I must take in more than two pictures. Life, with me, is too brief for such extravagances."

They were now quite near to the Winged Victory of Samothrace,* whose headless form scemed reaching out to meet them. That they were connoisseurs in art was very evident, for the girl's cheeks flushed as her eyes rested on the headless figure with flowing garments standing on the prow of the mystic boat. The mass of sight-seers moved by, some to the right, others to the left; but the young girl and her mother paused in silence, and the young men also paused, unobserved and unnoticed.
"Where is such grace to be found to-day, Mouessie? Why should the Ancients alone possess it? Each time we come here its power over me is greater, and I see with clearer vision that glorious time when the human moved and breathed in perfect unison with the rhythm of all created things,-of swaying tree, and flowing wave, to planet's cycle and the music of the myriad spheres-one universal melody. Ah, that was life, and worth the living! We of to-day are merely existing among the ashes of a buried past, too glorious to imagine."

[^0]"Jove! Does she think the folds and pose of that piece of marble more graceful than her own?" muttered the young man who had first been attracted to her. His companion laid his hand on his arm and said in a low tone:
"Hush! We shall be observed, and then your little game will be up."

The elder lady was now speaking, and he did not finish his remark.
"The world was younger then than now, and like all young things lay near its mother's heart, and being true to nature, was full of grace. I have sometimes thought this sense of distance from the source of life, must be the 'lost' that Jesus of Nazareth said He had come to seek and to save. We are altogether unnatural, and every thought is crippledin expression by cold conventionality. The world is sense, not spirit. Only when brain and heart are free as air, can men and women hope for grace. Can we imagine any head among the sons of men, fitted to be placed on yonder shoulders? We cannot even surmise what it might bave been, and all the highest ideals that have come down to us from Greece bave given us none worthy of that place. We know it must have been a marvelous blending of majesty and gentleness, to have roused the conquering Persians to such wrath that they severed it from the trunk. It was the symbol of our Highest; the head of the Adonai upon a woman's body, with wings of eagle, representing the two natures and the power of attaining the heights of power. Will the artist ever again be born that can execute such conception?"

- They moved on and entered the main gallery, walking with the assurance and directness of those who know what they seek and where to find it. At length they seated themselves before the masterpiece they sought, and were soon oblivious to all else.

How long they sat there they could not have told, but suddenly among the moving human tide that could not obstruct their view, for the picture hung too high, they became conscious of two figures standing just before them, gazing also at their favorite. It was a relief to come back to commonplace life and forget color, form, gladiators and athletes for a time, and their eyes rested on the figures before them with something like a genuine interest.
"English?" said the girl with an upward inflection of inquiry.
"The taller, yes, perhaps. The other unmistakably American, like ourselves, but of a different latitude and temperament. Like all the world, they have come to the Exposition, and of course must see the sights of Paris. The American has artistic tastes, for his eye takes in a meaning the other does not see; men in picture galleries without an artist's nature, are like swallows on a meadow, that dip and touch here and there, but make no part of it their own. That one is hanging in his brain a picture for future days."

The two young men sauntered on toward the farther end of the room and stationed themselves where they could watch an artist making a copy of Attila and at the same time keep an eye on the two ladies.

These men were strangely unlike in form, feature and temperament, and on this very account, perhaps, had been the self-elected friends that their manner betokened. The taller of the two was unmistakably English. With magnificent physique, smooth, cold, intellectual face, English clothes and aristocratic manner, he might be Lord This or That of some ancient house. He stood firm on the assurance of self-approval, never shrugged a shoulder or gave sign of foreign imitation. His friend was slight, almost femininely delicate, with hazel eyes softened by long lashes and
hair, mustache and French beard that gave him a decidedly foreign air. The merest amateur in observation would have noticed the size of his hand, the silky softness of his hair, and pronounced him a scion of some over-refined, over-sensitive family that had endowed him with greater capacity for suffering than enjoying. He held his cane behind him and watched the brush pick up its colors and touch here and there the canvas. He talked with the artist of pictures and prices; of life in the Latin Quarter and the struggle for fame, but his lips were doing all this mechanically. His mind was conjecturing all sorts of fancies about the girl whose form and motion had so fascinated him and whom he was covertly watching.
"Harmonious through and through," thought he; " from the curve of her cheek, to the tip of her finger, she is a Grecian maiden of a remote age. What has she to do with the world of to-day? What can she find here of her natural life?"
"Understands his work, eh?" The voice recalled him to himself and he replied to his friend,
"I should say so were I to be judge. Alas for art, if all were like me."
"Why, you're a bornartist, Cecil, but you've never been developed. You are an artist in black and white, in curves and poses, in motion and poetry. What more would you have?"
"Perhaps nothing, perhaps everything. It matters not which. Let us stroll through the open door, where we can see and not be seen."

They stepped into an adjoining gallery, and stood where they could watch the figures, still sitting before the Guido Rene.
"I am not a mind-reader, but a child could have seen that your wits were wool-gathering when you stood by that artist and plied him with your aimless questions. Keep your feet on the earth,

Cecil, and your head on your shoulders, and you will be a Solomon some day. I'll not deny that that girl yonder is rather unusual and all that, but what I say is, What of it? Again I say I am not a mind-reader, but by a glance I can see that even could we know her, we could never hope to be to her more than passing figures. She does not belong to a world like ours, where men are filled with lust of greed and women eaten up by lust of passion. She belongs to a different age and world ; all I can say is, God bless her. Her mind seems to run on a celestial melody, of which the meaning would be to us unknown."
"For that very reason I shall feast my eyes on her while I can," replied the other. "My heart has never been so stirred before. I have come from a race of lovers where the fires of chivalry never die out. I am not a frozen lump of manhood, Lord Royal."

The other smiled half compassionately, half disdainfully, as his friend ended his speech, by the title that had long been used by him half in sarcasm, half in admiration.
"Spare your sarcasm, Cecil. It is not a safe weapon in a friend's hand. I tell you I am not insensible to all the charms I see in yonder creature. I have been as keenly alive to beauty as any man that ever walked, and in her are combined beauty of form and feature, and a something I have never seen in living being before-an indescribable charm that comes from something deeper than can be measured by the eye of sense. She is such an one as would make a man forget all else, and die when the dream was over. I know her power. I feel it to the tips of my fingers, but my will is iron, and I shall not allow myself to admire, too warmly, a being I may never see again."
"But I have no such will. The power had touched ne ere I was aware, and I must follow that face to the end. Something in it reminds me of the Assumption of the Virgin. I mean that
one of Murillo's that cannot be photographed; with clasped hands and eyes cast down, and golden background. The purest face that ever breathed from canvas. All others might have thought of earth, but that one never."
"Are you losing your mind, Cecil? Do you know what you are saying? How long is it since you left Leipsic and our last supper? When the farewell hour came at dawn of day we vowed by all that we held sacred, that for three years no woman's charms shonld sway us. Look on that ring you wear, and then on mine, and tell me if you are ready to break the vow made then, after scarce a month of trial? I am at a loss to understand you, for all the years I have been the weaker heretofore."
"But this is not a woman. She is a superior being; a living power ; and if $I$ could but live where $I$ might see her face $I$ should be well content. I do not want to love her as you know love. I want to reverence and worship the power that comes from purity like hers. I remember well the night you speak of. I can give you word for word the speech I made on life's great race, and woman as its handicap ; and then our vow. I know it all, you see. But what of that, if over against the handicap is to be found a power for helping fully commensurate? Beside, the woman I then meant was the ordinary creature of flesh and blood, of vanity and selfishness, of sense and passion. I never dreamed of such as this except in days of ancient myth and Greece. Her very presence brings me to the verge of holy contemplation. My views of life are not what they were an hour ago. Fame, position, all have fled before the newly-awakened consciousness of what life might become. Perhaps they have been transmuted from lower into higher forces. Surely if I have a right to be inspired by a Venus in marble, why not by one of flesh and blood?"
"Not the same at all, my friend. You cannot look at them alike. There is no hope of reaching a point of recognition in the one ; there is in the other, and just here lies the difference. I am free to say, though, that in this case you would find no more response than if she was a statue. I know women. This one has no thought for us nor any coarser creatures. Of course you are the one to choose your own career, and I shall do the same. Years hence we can decide who acted wisely. I repeat my vow : -for three years no woman's face shall lure me from my selfelected path to fame. If my future fails of honors won; if all these years of midnight study do not bring forth a harvest of fame, it shall not be my fault. I am proof against all love's blandishments, and if yonder radiant face, immortalized by Corregio's pencil, could come to life this moment and call me by love's dearest names, I should say, ' Not yet. Some other day when I have reached my goal.'"
"And all this proves my theory true of individual vibrations and dominant notes. I have always said you could be moved to do your best and greatest work, by love of the world's applause, which after all is but another name for vanity ; while I would leave the stars I gained to win the love of a pure heart. Southern blood burns in my veins, and I was born in Sagittarius, a sign of fire. You then know what I am. With you it is very different, for you belong to the fixed domain of earth, and it is very easy to plan, and vow, and say the future shall be as you make it. Nevertheless, I need not break my own vow, for, as you say, this casual meeting can mean at best no more than a magnet that has drawn me from my orbit and given me a glimpse of -Where are they? They have gone, while we have talked like jabbering idiots, and I may never see that face again-"
"You forget we heard their program," said the other in tones of calm superiority. "Nothing easier than to be awaiting them in the Hall of the Egyptian sculpture."
"What a clever fellow you are, Royal. You never lose your head, and when you are made Bishop, a fev years hence, it will be your just due. The only time I ever saw you go to pieces, was over that German ginl in Heidelberg, and it was a miserable affair, but you came out of it with flying colors, and she is now happy, and so are you."
"It is not necessary to discuss anything as far in the past as that. Shall we go to the Sphinxes?"

The tone that accompanied the words was unmistakably chilling, and nothing more was said. The two went down the staircese, giving a last look at the Winged Victory, and out into the court, then in at another door, and were soon seated in a remote corner of the Egyptian room, behind a statue that seemed to par* tially conceal them with its heary shadows. They talked in low tones, and the ne called Royal took out a pencil and paper and began making an exact copy of some figures in bas-relief on a tomb before him. They were mostly birds, and, strangely enough, they resembled our own doves. Why he did this b's could not have told, and only when the meaning was made elear long after, did he know there was a special meaning to his work. His friend watched his fingers and the entrance alternately in silence. He suddenly exclaimed :
"Here she is now. I was just going to say what if they should change their minds? See the sunlight on her golden hair. The vibrations are intense, for the radiations form a nimbus, a halo, like that we see around the head of a saint. Wonderful effect. Do you not see it?"
"See what? I believe your brain is upset. I only see a
mass of golden hair and the summer sun reflected from it. There is something like a mist around her head, but I should never think of calling it a halo."
"You are blind, Royal. It flows out from her, as the rays of the sun when we watch it going down behind the western hills. Such things are scientific verities and come within the realm of radiations. There, they have seated themselves before the statues of Isis and Osiris. How oblivious they are to all that surrounds them! My goddess folds her hands and looks more saintly than ever, as she sits reverent and motionless."
"Your goddess, as you call her, is not a young girl, she is over twenty, if she is a day."
"Hush! Draw your birds and keep still."
Gradually the hall became deserted. In exactly the same position the two sat for many minutes, motionless and silent. Their eyes were open, but seemed fixed on vacancy, and Cecil Hautrave, to whom nothing was lost, fancied their breathing was uniform. At length by a long-drawn breath their reverie was broken by the younger saying :
"If we could sit like this in the halls of truth at Karnak or Luxor, what floods of light would come. Do you not feel the spirit of a mighty past breathing from these sculptured forms? Is not Isis speaking of her Lost Word, and Osiris bidding us ponder well the mystery of life and death he holds within his grasp?"
"I have not gained the inner sight and hearing yet, as you have done."
"You mean you have not learned to use them. You soon will have them and I shall not need to tell you what I hear. Tonight before our open window I will tell you what I heard just now. It came from yonder little statue. Strange, strange."
${ }^{6}$ We are alone, tell me now. You have excited my wonder and I cannot wait."
"No, it will keep till then. I am half famished, and must have some lunch. Shall we go to our old haunt and eat the self-same thing we ate yesterday and the day before?"
"As you please, darling."
The two arose and moved away, out into the air and across the court, giving a glance to the Arch du Carousel, the monument to Gambetta, then out into the crowded thoroughfare.

The concealed observers waited until they were sure of being unnoticed, and then followed; but it was too late. There was no sign of the ladies anywhere, and with an imprecation on his luck, Cecil Hautrave beckoned to a cab and ordered the driver to drive them to the Exposition. Had he waited patiently, he would have seen the object of his interest reappear after her lunch, proceed with her mother to the bank of the Seine, descend a flight of steps and enter one of the gilded barges that ran to the grounds of the Exposition. Stepping from the barge they followed as if by a single impulse the direction of the Rue de Caire, and at length paused before an open window where was seated a silversmith busily engaged upon a silver bracelet of Lotus flowers, which he was cutting and polishing and linking together with great satisfaction to himself. As he joined the last in place, he held it up and gazed upon it with the delight of a creator in his work; then laid it down and at the same moment saw the two ladies observing him, and held it toward the younger saying, in broken French,
"It was made for you, mademoiselle, and the sacred Lotus is the connecting link between you and your ancient mother, Isis."

Clasping it around her arm, he murmured something in an unknown tongue that ended in "Selah, Selah," then passed into
a curtained recess. When he came out his face was calm but grave. No persuasion could induce him to accept money for the gift. Buying an ornament for their room, they went their way.
"What made us go there? What led us to his window? What caused him to give me that bit of exquisite work?" were the questions asked by the girl when they had reached a quiet place.
"I cannot tell, it is all mysterious," replied the elder. "I wondered at our going there, for we had started for Les Beaux Arts, but a power seemed to lead me on."
"The same with me," replied the younger. "I had no thought of going there till I left the boat, and I almost felt something take my hand and draw me on till we stood before that Egyptian. I believe it is a talisman and shall never be without it."

That there was a resemblance between these two the most casual observer could see, but in their conversation no word betrayed relationship, and no one ever heard the name of mother or daughter pass their lips. Sitting there beneath the shadows, as utterly unconscious of pose or self as bird that paused to rest. upon a twig, Zenia Glendenning was a picture that day upon which many eyes rested to admire, and then came back to look and admire again. Her dress was brown and fell in folds from throat to waist, and waist to foot. A broad-brimmed hat that matched its tone, sheltered her face ; and next her face a soft encircling of golden-brown feathers broke the outline of the brim, and blended hat and golden hair harmoniously together. Somehow one could never think of patterns and stitches and work on any garment worn by her. They all seemed as much a part of herself, as the feathers of a woodland thrush.

As they talked low and earnestly, they rose to seek the picture that had brought them here; and walking slowly, hand in hand, they passed before the Eiffel Tower. A loaded car was slowly climbing, cog by cog, towards the next landing, when : "Let meout! Let me out! Stop the car!" rang out upon the air. And then remembering that English was not the language of the place, the speaker poured a volley of words, French, German, Spanish, all mixed together in lively confusion, but meaning one thing, viz: a desire for liberty. Every one was alarmed. The man must be ill or insane. Near him stood a friend, flushed, but haughty and calm, saying in suppressed tones:
"For heaven's sake be quiet, Cecil. What on earth is the matter with you? You can't get out till the car stops, and by that time we shall be arrested by the gens-d'armes."

The other became quiet, but never removed his eyes from the scene below. Royal Montrose followed his glance, and saw the ladies of the Louvre just entering the French Gallery of Fine Arts.
"Thunder! It's that girl as I'm alivé. The man has lost his senses," he muttered as he turned to his friend and with him stepped from the car, and made a hasty descent to the ground.

There was no time to speak, to remonstrate, or relieve his mind of its vexation. He could only follow as the other tool the lead, plunged among the crowd, went from room to room in the mad hunt; and at last, baffled and worn out, gave up in despair, took a cab and drove to their hotel. During all this time not a word had been spoken, but when half way home Cecil Hautrave said:
"I never believed in Fate till now. Hang me, if she is not a reality. Think of it. We went to the Louvre; by chance I saw that form ; I saw that face; II lost the track by chance, and now when the clew is given me once more, $I$ lose it all again.

It was not by chance. It was the work of Fate, and I am doomed. I'll haunt the Louvre, the Boulevard, and the Exposition till I find her. She shall not thus escape me."
"Cecil, you're a fool," was the only remark vouchsafed by his indignant friend.

## CHAPTER II.

## FLIGHT.

> " If Love be God, his path were safe to follow, Though bridging chaos with a single hair ; Hand the world's heart, corrupt and base and hollow,Love's guidance only holds us from despalr." The Great Republic.

When Mrs. Glendenning and her daughter Zenia reached Paris, they had found apartments in one of its most delightful suburbs, where the din of the city was lost in rural sounds, and the river Seine, like a silver ribbon, separated them from the babbling, rushing crowd of pleasureseekers. Seven minutes by train, and they were at the Madeleine; seven minutes' walk, and they were in Nature's arms. Their rooms were high, commanding a view of Paris and the vicinity. Up four long flights of stairs, they found many advantages. Smoke and dust did not reach them; noises that might have been disturbing nearer the ground, melted into a harmonious murmur before they reached that height; and sitting at a little distance from the window, they could see naught but the sky above-with its ceaseless panorama of cloud-land, and, perhaps a balloon, now and then, or a flock of doves flying to the belfry of the Church of the Virgin.

Here among strangers they had made a cozy home of a suite of rooms, and when the day's sight-seeing was over, were always glad to find themselves in their pleasant quarters.

To sit by the open window in the twilight, hand clasped in hand, and talk of loved ones in the home beyond the sea; to watch the life going on in the gardens and homes below; the boats pass to and fro upon the river; and then leave all these, and talk of the one great purpose, the one absorbing theme, that never left their minds, this was the delight of all delights, the crowning of each day. There were no intruders to be feared, for, beside the woman-of-all-work, and the mademoiselle who came to "causer des choses" no one crossed their threshold.

So aboorbed were they; so intent upon some cherished desire, that they gave no thought to their more immediate environment, and came and went, unconscious of who might be their immediate neighbors. Not so, however, with the other locataires. One after another had caught a glimpse of the fair, angelic face that radiated a light, in the darkest hall. Many a door was left ajar to catch a glimpse of her as she passed out in the morning or in at evening; and blessings fell from strangers' lips upon the American ladies and their stay in Paris. Shopkeepers along the boulevard soon learned to watch the coming of the "lovely saint," as they called Zenia; while mothers crossed themselves and prayed that the dear, good God would give such beauty to their little ones.

It is here that we find them at the close of that particular day, when all unconsciously they had caused such disappointment to a fellow-countryman. It was late in the afternoon, and Zenia, throwing herself in arr easy chair, exclaimed, in a tone of perfect content:
"Who would ever have dreamed one could have such a delicious sense of home-coming in a foreign land, with only an apartment of four rooms, and a few photographs and books! We find our way back to this little spot, as surely as a cat or
dog will reach its home. I wonder if we have the homing instincts of animals?"
"Not in the same degree-for we need streets and numbers, and an effort of memory to find our place, while they go, without thought or teaching, through pathless forests unerringly. But where's Marie?"
"As usual late, and I am famished."
" Poor child! Famished, and with such a brilliant color. Put away my things, and I'll have a repast under way fit for a queen, or a half-starved Juno."
"And the individual mentioned will condescend to arrange the table," laughed the other. "First, let me tell you who the letters are from, and after we have 'eaten a morsel and comfarted ourselves,' as Aunt Hettie used to say, we'll revel in home-news. Dear Auntie, how she would enjoy this life of ours."
"Leaving out the occult and mysterious. She has none of that in her nature."
"And strange too. Your own sister and so fond of you! I cannot understand it. Here's a letter from a stranger. Then there's one from Auntie Cox in England; three from home; and some from mere acquaintances. Let me psychometize this strange one," and putting it to her forehead, she held it there a moment in silence, then laid it down saying :
"It gives me a sensation of joy-yet not unmixed with pain. It is from a lady, but it tells of some one else, who is not very well. I wonder what it all means? We'll know shortly."

At this moment Marie entered, and it was not until dinner was over that they opened their letters. Mrs. Glendenning seized one from her husband and began to read aloud, but was interrupted by her daughter, who had opened one from her brother, and caught a word that startled her.
"Prepare for a mental earthquake, Mouessie. Are you ready? I'L break it very gently, F'loyd's engaged. Was ever anything so funny? I never dreamed of such a thing. Floyd, the Kyd of the family. Floyd, the fickle. Floyd, the loveliest of boys, but as little fitted for life as child. What do you say to it, Mouessie? Is it due to vibrations or planetary causes?"

The golden head fell back upon her chair, as she finished speaking, and a musical ripple broke from her lips. Her mother was slow to comprehend it all, but spoke at last, saying :
"Read the letter, Zenia. I catch your meaning, but cannot. quite comprehend it."
"I'should think not," replied the other. "If it had been dear old Eusonias who had lost his heart to some blooming client, it would not be so absurd. He is so strong and practical and self-contained. Even though he might be in danger of talking Latin to her one moment, and the next address her in the language of a legal document, he would always come down to practical life when necessary. But Floyd. Think of it! Floyd Glendenning engaged. It is really a huge joke. He, the swell of all swelldom; the delight of elder ladies and the desired of the young ones, caught at last. Imagine him a married man. Why, he does not know what marriage means. He thinks it is another name for a fête, or a light drama. He has evidently seen a new face, possessing some peculiar charm. To own this face, to be its sole guardian strikes him as the most desirable thing on earth, and so he has made up his mind to marry it. Not always the surest way of keeping it, but this is his dream. I wonder if he has asked himself what he would do in case of misfortune?"
"Or how he is to support a wife on a salary that at present
merely suffices for dress-suits, flowers, theater-tickets and carriages."
"I can hear his answer, Mouessie. He cannot believe trouble or sorrow will ever touch him."
"And if she should have moods and little tempers; or be careless, or unlike his sister, can you imagine what a fall he would have?"
"Again the laugh rippled out from pearly teeth, and then the letter was read aloud. It was full of a lover's extravagan-cies-yet breathing a love deep and unchangeable for mother and sister. It ran thus:

My Darling Motheri and Beloved Baby-St. Zenia,

"You will be surprised to see from this that I am in Saratoga, where we have spent so many happy summers together; but there is another surprise in store still greater. I am not only in Saratoga, but I am in love. Hopelessly, madly, desperately in love. I know that you will say this is nothing new, and begin to name over the many pretty girls I have admired, but this is nothing of that kind. I am an engaged man, ready to deny myself club-life, and all extravagancles for the sake of the woman I adore, and my future home. I wish I could describe her no you would soe her as ahe is. Tall, rather slender, but with a face all smiles and sunshine, and teeth almost as perfect as your own, my Baby. Her cheeks are like roses, and she hghte up a room when she enters, just as your friend Ethel used to do. Her disposition is perfect. I should love her for that alone,-even were she not so beautiful. You will understand from this that it is all settled and I am an engaged man. I know what mother's first questlon will be, and therefore I hasten to assure that she need not worry, for the blood In the veins of the Van Olindes is as blue as thet of the Glendenings, and my flancee is as refined as Zenifa, and imagination can no farther go. It all seems like a dream, and I am constantly worrying for lear it will suddenly end, and I will awake in the old world. The family came up here for July, and I am taking my vacation now, so as to be here with her, and we drive to all the places where as children you and I had such pleasant tlmes together.
"I tell you though, It was dreadful when I had to face her father and ask him for her. My teeth chattered and my knees shook, and there sat the Governor as unconcerned as if he did not dream what I was after. It is over now, and I am the happlest fellow on earth, and shall swear of on society and save money for nest to put my lovely bird in, for I want to have her all to myself. O Baby, you can't imagine how dffiferent everything looks when you are in love. Give up your whld sckemes of belng angelic, and come home and meet my friend Bo. A nobler fellow never wed, and he would make any woman happy. Tako
my word for it. You are as near an angel now as 1 ever care to have you, and there's tine enough for wings when you cannot walk. I forgot that I had not told you my darling's name, and will do it now. Her mother ls going to write a note by this steamer. By the way, Bo is talking of running over to England to see his friends. I wish he could run across you. He is my ideal of a man. I must stop now; we are goling out to the lake and shall tall of you. She says I make her jealout by my derotion to the lovellest and best of sisters. You first, Beby-miways. Kiss exch other for the Kyd and write at once to tell him you are glad he is happy.
"Your own lowing
${ }^{6}$ FLoxd.
"P. B.-I neming sealed this before 1 thought that I had not told you her name. Veressa. 'Very,' for short. Sweet, is it not ? As I tell her, it is Very, Very sweet. They are descendants of the Kuickerbockers also."
"And this accounts for the one in an unknown hand," she exclaimed, as Zenia finished reading. Opening it she continued, "It is from the mother of his fiancee, who evidently writes out of a full heart, saying she has become very fond of our Floyd and glad to have him for a prospective son. You and I must write to both at once, and after that is done we can take time to grow accustomed to the thought that our loving boy will some day have a home of his own. God bless him evermore."

Zenia looked up. Tears rested on her mother's lashes. Her own eyes filled, but brushing the mist away by a great effort they took up the remaining letters and read their contents. One of them told them to expect Mr. Glendenning in two weeks, and be prepared for a tour through the Netherlands and Belgium with him, and then back to Paris for the Exposition.
"This will give us just time to take a little trip to Geneva and Mt. Blanc before he comes. I thought of it to-day and kept it for our twilight hour, when you promised to tell me what you heard in the Egyptian Hall. A few days apart from all this rush and bustle, amid the glories of the everlasting hills, and within sight of snow-capped summits that never are or can
be touched by sense of earth's defilement, will be an uplift that will give us new strength and life."
"But can we do it? It is almost too good to believe."
"Why not? Are we not free as a bird to go or come? A turn of the key and we are absolutely without restraint."
"C'est vrai, ma chère. But when can we start?"
"At once."
"To-morrow?"
"Why not?"
"But how about our mademoiselle?"
"Send her word in the morning that we cannot have our 'causer des choses' any more at present. They must be discontinued for many weeks. Then we'll purchase our tickets and be off."
"It's really very exciting to an ordinary mortal, the finding of whose polarity has been a thing of recent date," said the girl laughingly. "It will be such a lark as we have not had since the old days at home, when we used to take Mollie and General and go off for days at a time by ourselves."
"We must keep in mind the teachings of Seneca "Modera tion and equanimity are the sources of all power.' I am saying this to myself, for you are always calm, but the Alps have been the dream of my life, and to see them will be the culmination of this whole trip. Though our souls are centered, polarized on an immoveable rock, our mind is atill very human."

The maiden looked into her mother's face, and, rising from her chair, seated herself in her lap and with her arms around her neck kissed her many times.
"And now shall I tell you what I heard?"-and the words seemed to come in murmurs of vibrations from the statue of Isis.
"You will not think me foolish, Mouessie, for you know my heart."
"Speak on, my darling."
"I was gazing at that Sphinx that has the lovely woman's face, and as my thought pierced through the rocky form to find the very soul, $I$ lost all sense of place and seemed to be upon the sands of Egypt. I knew that I was I. I knew that these had lived and known their wonderful secrets ages before this modern world was known. I found myself talking, but without words, to this being who was not stone, but flesh and blood.
"The early founders of Egyptian dynasties were ranged about me and they knew what I was saying. Centuries of time no longer separated us. The empires of the world had vanished. Nothing remained but the teacher and the taught. All else had fled. I fell upon my frce and cried aloud, ' O Isis of the sacred veil! Osiris of the mystery of life and death! O Motherhood ! O Fatherhood! The Two-in-One. Give me light. Absorb me in the quenchless glory. Illuminate my being, and let me evermore abide in truth.'
"Then a hush fell on my soul. Darkness covered me as with a garment. I could not move to throw it off, until a winged globe of golden light came towards me, growing larger and brighter like the rising sun, with rays of scintillating light vibrating from its heart. . It almost touched me, and with a terrible explosion vanished. In the silence that followed I distinctly heard the words,
"، Vestal virgin, thy prayer is heard. The greeting of immortal Peace to those who love the law of use, and seek after Truth and Knowledge. To them shall all things come, even Powers and Dominion and Light; for nothing that thought shall grasp or the human mind conceive is impossible. Love and Light are
the birthright oi all the human race and free to all. The echo of good words once uttered, vibrate in space to all eternity. The portals of the temple are open. Enter thou in.'"

She had become wrapt and inspired by the memory of her vision, and when she finished she remained for a time mute and motionless. At length she continued:
"What are mere personalities to the soul. What are all earth's external joys, when once the soul has awakened to its heritage of power? What is it to us that men toil and women sorrow, and the race struggle, and Paris surges, and the whole world runs mad?"
"True, Zenia. If we can keep our bearings toward the star of truth, and grow more like our Master day by day. The riddles that perplex mankind will only find solution when the children of the kingdom enter into life. As Jesus said 'The life was the light of men.' Love, hate, poverty, wealth, misery and happiness will all be transmuted by that light into spirit, and spirit is eternal joy. I too felt strange vibrations in that room."
"And what was most strange of all," contained Zenia, " those vibratory waves did not seem to come from any object orobjects, but from the unseen minds that had produced or caused them. When they were most vivid, I had a strong illumination that near at hand are great and sudden changes, and other lives are soon to touch our own with something in them rich and lasting. Perhaps among the Alps we'll find a valued friend, whose meeting with us has been hastened by our journey thither."
"As if a thing was ever hastened, child. We cannot make one hair white or black, and if we cannot hasten that which is least, we surely cannot change that which is greater. In the fullness of time all things come according to their pre-determined
time; Cyrus to his throne and you and I to the Alps. Of the Master it was said, 'He knew the time of his departure was at hand.' "

Afar in the dim twilight the marble pillars of Mont Martre gleamed like ghosts; the gilded Liberty on the Place de la Bastile seemed poised in mid-heaven; the dome of the Pantheon shimmered a moment and then became obscure; the Trocadero grew faint and the great tower of the Exposition of 1889 hung like a bit of lace against the waning light. Between all these familiar objects and the two observers, ran the Seine with its silvery flow. Zenia and her mother knew what was going on along its banks. They had often followed its course to see the happy life of the toilers at the close of the day, and it needed neither light nor imagination, to fancy lovers walking slowly with their escort not too near; families on the grass partaking of a frugal meal of bread and wine and salad; dogs brought for their daily plunge, and horses who had drawn heavy loads and given their strength for man's uses through the hot day, now were reveling in the cool water and kindly scrubbing. Close beneath their window they could see the little tables set for supper in the yards of happy families. Men sat holding their children on their knees, and watching the wife ply her needle while the cloth was laid. Walking up the street very slowly, arm in arm, there came a couple, who had never failed to come in at this hour ; had never been known to speak to any one; had never been seen to go into the city, but whose attitude and manner was one of perfect love and devotion. The man was very dark, the woman's face was never seen. A heavy veil concealed her features from public sight. The madam of the house had one day said with a shrug of her fat shoulders as they passed, while she was receiving Mrs. Glendenning's rent: "Very strange
people, see no one, always alone, but they always pay their rent and they have been here three years."

To-night they were walking as usual, arm in arm, very slowly, and were talking earnestly. Zenia's eye falling on them, she said:
"I met that lady in the hall today; a thrill passed over me as if in some way we belonged together."
"In which event I hope you will suggest to her the wisdom of discarding that long, pink ribbon which she wears."
"And the inevitable brown silk," rejoined the other. Their thoughts had evidently come down to simple ordinary topics, but not to remain there. As a bird touches the ground for a few moments that it may fly higher, so, sometimes the human mind needs rest and relaxation. It was thus with the two at that upper window. The couple they had noticed were soon forgotten, and as the shadows deepened, their thoughts traveled through space, far beyond America, or even the earth itself, until they found themselves with the Immortals of all Ages. At length the younger said:
"I am so glad that I had that little disappointment, which was then so hard to bear ; for out of it I reached for something permanent and have found a new world. I shudder when I think that but for that experience, I should now be chasing phantasms that have no substance, as all my friends are doing. What should I have done or been, without the guiding hand of such love and wisdom as yours, Mouessie?"
"We cannot imagine what we should have been without each other, but your words are true; had you not found that human够tachments bring pain and disappointment, you might not have been so eamest in seeking something enduring. From the face of my twin-boy, lying in the casket many years ago, I caught a
faint glimmer of light. For years I have followed that ray wherever it would lead, until now, $I$, too, live in a new world, and the old world of death has passed away. I sometimes fear lest my love for you will some day rend my heart with anguish, but our souls are as one, and I must try to keep this great fountain of love from the human personality."
"More and more I know that we have been together in other lives," replied Zenia. "It comes to me at times so vividly that I can almost describe the scenes about us, yet I know not where they are. I can dimly remember Greece and Egypt as one recalls a dream, but much farther than that I go with you at times-yet cannot tell where we are. One thing alone I know. There seems never a time when we were not a part of each other."
"And one thing I know, my child, that of all life's gifts such love is its crowning glory. It matters not what we have been in the past, nor where; but best that we can never fail to understand and love each other; this is all the world to me. Love lights up the darkness of life's disappointments, as yonder tower is lighting up the blackness of a Parisian night."

They sat in silence, hand in hand, watching the great tower glow from base to highest point, like molten iron against the blackness of night. Then the long stream of light flashed forth from its summit, changing from red to white, and white to blue, in loyalty to the colors of the nation. It was an old story, new every evening, and always waited for and enjoyed. To-night, more than ever before, it brought a sense of companionship, as if somewhere, somehow, they were shielded by a mighty power. When the lights of the tower faded into darkness, they went to their rooms, and were soon asleep.
"Next morning they were early astir, for there was much to
be done. Letters must be written, arrangements made for learing, and it was noon before they could lock their door, and sally forth. With no luggage but a handbag, they drove first to their bankers; thence to the Rue Scribe for tickets; then to lunch, and when all was done, there were nearly two hours before their train would leave. As if she read the question in the other's mind, the happy girl exclaimed :
"Let us spend it in Notre Dame, among the shadows and pillars that breathe an atmosphere found nowhere else."
"To Notre Dame," was the order, and with an extra crack of his whip, the carriage rolled rapidly along the boulevard, across the bridge and drove up in front of Notre Dame, just as Cecil Hautrave, sauntering aimlessly here and there, entering the famous church without motive, had gone to the tower, and was now watching the scene below. No sooner did he catch a glimpse of the inmates of the carriage, than he turned suddenly, and made a plunge down the stairs, nearly upsetting a fat man coming up, breathing rapidly.
"Thank Heaven, I have another chance. They shall not escape me this time," he muttered to himself, as he entered the church, "and, by Jove, I'm glad I'm alone. Montrose has been an awful bore lately, what-_" he did not finish his remark, for he found himself standing by the brass tracery around the altar, almost touching the garments of Mrs. Glendenning. She and her daughter were taking out note-books, to jot down something about the wooden carvings of the world's history. They observed nothing around them but the objects in which they were interested, and the young man quietly slipped behind a pillar and watched their movements. They did not speak. Their pencils moved rapidly, and after a time they passed to a chapel on the other side, and were beyond his range of vision.
"I dare not be too pronounced in my movements," he thought. "What shall I do? I have it. I'll turn worshiper and kneel at yonder shrine."

No sooner thought than done. A moment later, and there was no one more absorbed in their meditations than Cecil Hautrave, who, with face buried in his hands, was peering between his fingers at the two ladies, in whom he was so strangely interested.
"How very young to be so religious," said one of a party of tourists; " he must have had a terrible disappointment, to drive him from the world."

Suddenly Mrs. Glendenning and her daughter moved quickly towards the door, and the young man was following them. He was cautious, and did not hasten. He could not risk being observed. He must let them pass out before he could venture to follow, and when he did so they were entering their carriage, and before he could reach the sidewalk, were driving rapidly toward the Gare de Lyons. There was not a cab in sight. He would not give up and started in pursuit, hoping to find a cab as he ran. So he did, but it was too late, for, entering the Gare he saw them pass the guard and enter the train, as it was beginning to move. He tried to force himself past the guard, but was thrust back, and found himself again baffled. Fate had proved herself victorious. Turning to the guard with a five-franc piece, he slipped it in his hand, and asked if he had noticed two ladies, who arrived late and took the train. He remembered them perfectly. A madame and a lovely young lady. Their tickets were for Geneva and return in five days.

Thanking him, the young man turned away and walked rapidly toward the bridge, which he crossed, and passed on to the Rue Mont-Martre, muttering to himself as he went.

An hour later he was telling his friend that he was tired of Paris, and longed for a bit of nature, and had concluded to take a ran down to Geneva and see the Alps. He had concluded to leave in the morning.

At first he was not fully understood, but as his purpose was made clear, Royal Montrose rose from his chair, and taking him by the hand, exclaimed:
"All right. I'm with you, old boy. We can be gone a week and still have all the time we want for Paris. A capital scheme. How did you happen to think of such a thing?"
"I'm sure I cannot tell," said the other, dubiously, "are you sure you want to go? I did not expect you would care to leave Paris, and thought you could stay and study up art while I was gone. I would not take you away for the world."
"What's the matter with you? Go? Of course I'll go. You don't think I'd let you go alone, do you? Well have a glorious time, and may run across some cousins of mine on their wedding-trip. When shall we start?"

Had he looked at his friend at this moment he would have been surprised to have seen him turn first white, then flush a deep crimson. The answer came slowly after a pause, and with some hesitation :
"At eight tomorrow morning. I'm afraid you are doing this to please me, Royal; I'd really feel better if you would stay behind and let me run off a few days alone."
"Can't be done, old boy. This trip just suits me. What has put such fool-notion in your head?"
"Oh, nothing. Idon't want to bore you, that's all. Ill go out for tickets, you finish your letters, and when I get back well pack our grips."
"What the deuce ails him?" said his friend to himself when
left alone, "I never saw him have such moods as this, and I've known him over three years. There's something upset him. I'm glad he's going to leave Paris for a time, and perhaps he'll forget that girl he saw at the Louvre before he returns. I'll keep him away as long as I can, and hope to bring him back the same good fellow he's always been."

And his friend Hautrave threading his way among the crowd on the Boulevard was carrying on a conversation with some hidden ego much like this:
"Confound my luck, I say. Who would have dreamed the fellow would be willing to leave Paris now! Not only willing but bound to go; and if he sees what I'm after be'll preach me to death, get mad, and say I didn't act on the square. How can I manage to go alone? I'm tempted to make a clean breast of it and tell him I'd rather he'd stay. Can't do it. Sounds absurd. A man can't be a fool even for a woman. What on earth possessed me to go to the Louvre that day! Love is a sleeping giant in me. I thought I had downed him forever, but I swear he's grown stronger by his long sleep. How many years is it since that affair in Los Angeles that nearly cost me my life? Five? So it is. Lily Breckenridge was a beauty, but no more to be compared with this one than a fine diamond is to a bit of paste. She was only beautiful in face, while the unknown is perfect in form, grace, feature, expression and I know she is as rare in mind. If I could hope to know her I'd give up my career and_-"

He found he had passed the ticket office, retraced his steps, bought two tickets for Geneva, went back to the hotel and seemed quite like himself.

# CHAPTER III. 

## ALPG.

> "He whom no man knoweth, Brilliant are his forms, His glory is veil of lightes

> Hyme to Ra.

A diligence and six horses, trotting rapidly up the mountain road, with heights on heights above, and yawning chasms below; this is the Alps. Sharp, jagged peaks thrown together at all angles, ice-covered, snow-crowned; this is the Alps. Sudden halts for change of horses, while barefoot children press eagerly forward to reach up, on long poles, baskets of fruit; this is the Alps. The sweeping glacier moving resistlessly but silently from the far-off height, to leave its debris in a moraine at the mountain's base ; this is the Alps. Torrents dashing madly down; chasms yawning; mists rising; clouds descending; châlets peeping out of wooded heights; goats calling; cowbells tinkling, and now and then the flute-like tones of an Alpine horn: these are the Alps: while over all, and above all and everywhere, honored, and sought, and crowned, sits Mont Blanc in the isolation of purity, king of the realm now, and for ages yet to come.

When Zenia Glendenning took her seat by her mother's side in the diligence that morning, with the dream of her life about to be realized, she felt that all earth's surprises would be over when the day was done and Chamouni reached. They were the last to be seated, and no sooner was the ladder removed,
than the horses dashed off, as if they had caught the spirit of eagerness from the human hearts.

The air, scene, and movement of the vehicle, acted strangely upon the twenty individuals who had come from all parts of the globe and were destined to the same place. Some were wildly enthusiastic; others became communieative, while others were hushed to silent awe. It was another key to the reading of individual peculiarities. For many miles not a word was spoken by the two ladies that had been seated at the last moment. A close observer, however, might have detected an exchange of glances that were full of meaning, and now and then their hands clasped as if to emphasize their thought. It was not long before all eyes were interested in the fair, radiant creature sitting in wrapt unconsciousness in their midst.
"Will you not take some?"
The voice that spoke was at Zenia's side, and had the ring of youth in its tone. She glanced around, and saw a face young as her own, flushed with health and happiness, smiling at her, as her hand held out a box of bon-bons. By her side sat a young man whose air of proprietorship proclaimed him her husband.
"Thanks. You are very kind," and Zenia took a bit of candied fruit from the box.
"And your-friend-mother-sister-will she not take some?"
"Will you, Mouessie? Just in honor of the Alps. Please do, just one. Now I am happier, that I did not sin alone. It was lovely in you to keep me company."
"Sin in eating sugar-plums I! How very odd. I fancied you were Americans, and I thought they ate sweets all the time."

No one heard the reply that was spoken softly by the elder lady. "We are Americans, but-"
"I was sure of it, so was my husband. Why, when we were st Lausanne there was an American mamma at the same hotel, with five daughters. They were from Chicago, and were always eating sweets. They called it candy, and after we become aequainted, I asked them if they were not afraid of being poisoned. You should have heard them laugh. They were always laughing, and when they stopped, their mother told us that they were the belles of that part of the city, and had more young gentlemen to call on them than any girls there. When they left Chicago, thirty-five of these young men came down to the depot to see them off, and each one brought a two-pound box of candy. Just think of it! Why that would be seventy pounds. When you took your seat, my husband whispered, 'Americans." And I offer you sweets, as a card of introduction, and you hesitate to take them, almost refuse, and talk of sin in eating them. One cannot judge of a nation by a few individuals, can one?"
"Scarcely. In times past I fear I have eaten as much candy as the Chicago young ladies, but I am not eating it just now."
"Wauld you mind telling me why you stopped?"
The voice was sincere, the tone earnest. The brilliant color of the questioner's cheeks became more intense as she waited for her question to be answered, and turning to her husband in an appealing way, she said to him, hurriedly, in a low tone:
"Not at all like those Americans from Chicago, are they, Laurie?"
"I should say not," was looked rather than said.
"I forgot that you do not know us," continued the bride. "I am not generally anxious to add to my friends, but there was something, an indescribable something, about you that attracted me at first to you, and made me really wish to become
acquainted. Then, when you sat so still and did not speak, I grew positively impatient to hear your voice, and so I resorted to bon-bons. This will tell you who I am."

She was one of England's loveliest types, this bride of a few weeks, and as she held out a bit of pasteboard with a heightened color tinting her cheeks, Zenia took it and read:
"Mrs. Laurence Beaumaris. What a poetical name!" she continued, "and mine is Glendenning, Zenia Glendenning, and this is my mother, Mrs. Beaumaris. You shall have a card later, when we reach Chamouni. I had not dreamed I should need cards, and they are at the very bottom of everything."
"And may I introduce my husband? He will be very pleased to know you, forhe has been in America, and likes all Americans." Turning to the individual in question, she introduced him, saying: "You were right Laurie-they are Americans, but quite different from those we met at Lausanne. We could not be sure we were right, because you did not speak," she continued, turning to Zenia in a charmingly cordial manner, and then they all laughed and were old friends at once.
"I am glad to know you are mother and daughter," said Mr. Beaumaris, as they settled themselves for a chat. "I am not very curious, but my brain has been quite exercised to find out what relationship you are to each other. Notwithstanding a certain resemblance, there is a suggestion of something more than mother and daughter, if such a thing can be, a combination of the sisterly, friendly and most intimate ties. You do not mind my saying this, I hope?"
"Not in the least; we claim all of these and even more," replied Mrs. Glendenning. "I think there can be but few so favored, as every one seems to remark upon it."
"But for convenience, sake and the comprehension of ordinary
minds, we limit it to the parental and the filial," interrupted Zenia, smiling in her mother's face, with a look of intense devotion.
"And the secret of it?" he began, but his wife would not allow him to finish what she felt was sacredly personal-but interrupted him by saying:
"You have not told me why you think it wrong to eat sugarplums."
"There's really nothing to tell. We have made up our minds to forswear certain things, that is all. A freak, perhaps, you would call it."
"You do not look like one that has freaks. Whatever you would tell me I should believe, for your eyes are as true as the sky."
"Thanks. No greater compliment could you pay me, and I am sure you mean what you say. What time do we reach Chamouni?"
"An hour before supper. I hope you will be there as long as ourselves. We stay a week. No? Really. Why, your trip is a flying one. You must at least join us for the Mauvais Pas, to-morrow."
"We have never been separated an hour since we left America, and my mother is constitutionally opposed to trusting herself to four-footed things. I cannot imagine her, in any emergency, riding a mule."

Here her mother, who had just caught the meaning of her words, said :
"In the same degree that I am timid is my daughter fearless, and if she will not be de trop, I know of nothing that would delight her as much as a ride among the Alps. Do not think of me, child. Of counse you will go."
"How lovely you are to trust her to our guardianship, is she not, Laurie? We will take the best possible care of her and be grateful for the opportunity, won't we?"
"Indeed we will. I only wish Beverly was here to be one of the party," he continued. "Beverly's my brother just returned from the States, an awfully good fellow. Ought to have been in the Church. The piety of all the Beaumaris family for generations is condensed in him. You should know him, Miss Glendenning."
"Why? I am not very pious myself, as the world counts piety. He would find very little in me that would be congenial. I am just an ordinary girl."

A long, low whistle was the only reply, and as the young man raised his eyes to the heights above, she turned to speak to her mother about the purposed jaunt, and failed to catch the expression on his face.

The conversation never lagged. The hours of the day wore on. Height after height was reached, horses changed every hour, and a quiet settled over the passengers on the other seats. From clouds a gray mist began to fall, soon to change into a steady rain, and when they drove into Chamouni an hour before sunset, it was to find the grandeur of the scene quite shut out by a dense overhanging haze, and to learn that Mont Blanc had not been seen for a week. Mrs. Glendenning had only allowed herself five days for the trip, two for coming and going, and three for Geneva and the mountains. "What if, after all, they should be disappointed and be forced to go beek without having seen the king of the Alps:" As the thought flashed through her mind it was read by the other, who replied:
"All things come to those who know how to wait, you know,

Mouessie. When have we failed of our desires, if they have been unselfish?"
"Your faith is perfect, Zenia. I would that I could feel as confident as you, and yet my trust should be the stronger of the two, for I have come from long lines of the faithful believers in God's leading. I used to listen to the explanations why prayers were not answered, and the things desired never came, till I made up my mind the clergymen themselves looked upon the sentence, 'Seek first the kingdom of God, or heaven, and all else shall come,' as idle words. Now that I have proven the truth, I am always surprised, and ejaculate 'How wonderful!'"
"It is so lovely to feel one'sself guarded and led, and cared for by a hand that cannot grow weak or make a mistake. It is all very real to me. What will you do to-morrow when I am gone?"
"Wander in all the by-ways and wait for you to come back to me, Birdie. Our life is so entirely one that I shall probably feel like a forlorn cripple, very lop-sided."
"But something is coming to make you glad. I know it, I feel it in here," laying her hand on her breast. "And you know these voices never speak falsely."
"What can it be, and you away?"
Very early next morning, Mrs. Glendenning watched from the piazza of the Hotel d'Angleterre the departure of the happy party, and as the last glimpse of them was lost around a rocky point, she turned idly toward the hall, wondering what she would do next.

* I have long wanted to see the gems that are found on the topmost heights of the Alps, and cut and polished ready for a setting, and this is my time," she murmured to herself, as she
moved toward her room, from which she soon retumed ready for the street.

Every one knows Chamouni. Whoever has slept one night beneath those silent majesties that represent eternal repose and power, can close their eyes any moment and hear again the tinkling of the bells on the mild-eyed cows, the calling of goats, the horn of the Alpine shepherd. They can follow the path that leads to the little chapel and worship toward the sun, or the road to the Glacier des Boisson, or any of the little village streets. Every distant chalet is printed on the brain, to be reproduced at will, and Les Aiguilles once seen can never be forgotten.

As Mrs. Glendenning left the yard of the hotel, she paused a moment, and with downcast eyes waited, as if hesitating to decide, then turned to her left and was soon wending her way from shop to shop, pausing a moment to glance at the display of articles in one, then on to the next. At length she reached the last of all and entered. An old man with snowy beard, and long curling hair falling on his shoulders, sat on a bench near the door, and behind the counter stood one in middle life. She merely observed them as she entered, and made known her desires, then forgot their existence in rapt delight over the beautiful stones that were spread before her eyes from some hidden drawer. How long she stood there she never knew. She tried to remember later when telling Zenia of her day, but time had no place in that experience. One by one the jewels were selected, and then two magnificent stones were added; one for her beloved, one for herself. They gleamed like sunlight, they shone like stars; they burned like fire. Mrs. Glendenning was filled with delight.
"Why didst thou choose for thine own, one of the fated stones
of flame?" sounded in her ears, as she was about to place them in her bag. "Knowest thou not, daughter, the blue of the sky is yours, and sapphires should guard you and the one you love? The fire also is yours, but its flames must come late."

She turned, startled by the voice and words, to find the old man who had sat upon the bench, now standing at her side, earnestly regarding her. His eyes were fathomless, as they looked at her from projecting brows that seemed like snowy crags guarding a light beneath. What was their color she never knew. Such torches of light went and came that all else was forgotten in their gleam, and, unconsciously, she bowed her head and made no reply.
"Dost thou not know that to such as thee, the fire burns to consume? Self-love, yea, the life itself, must all be destroyed in the flames that aspire to heaven. Couldst thou pass through this ordeal, to attain purity and peace? It is not too late to leave the stones where thou hast found them, and go thy way, beneath tranquil skies."

As he spoke, she had involuntarily laid down the two stones she had selected, and stood waiting in an attitude of indecision. Why should she be affected by the worts of a strange old man?
"Come to me to-morrow at this time, and after that decide. Thou wilt then choose the path deliberately. Bring also the neophyte, and the Spirit will rest upon us in power."
"But where?"
"You will be led, daughter, just as you were led this morning, though you did not know it. Rememberest thou not the words, 'The blind are led in a way they know not'? Our poor blind souls would go far astray with no guidance but our little fragment of knowledge."

When she raised her eyes he was gone.
"Who and what is he?" came from her lips when she had recovered somewhat from her astonishment.
"He is known here as 'The Wise Man of the Holy Grotto.' He speaks to few, and his words are not idle. Blessed are the favored few whom he chooses."

The man spoke reverently and with deep feeling.
"And do you know what he meant by stones of fire?"
"I am a babe that has not yet seen the light. The Wise One has led me out of darkness, and the little that I know he has given me. Ask me no more; I must keep the silence. Go to him and he will give thy soul all it seeks."

He turned and busied himself with some stones on a distant shelf, and Mrs. Glendenning had naught to do but go her way and wait patiently her appointed time.

The sun was nearing the mountain tops when the mules and riders came into sight. As yet the monarch of mountsins had refused to be seen, and when Mrs. Glendenning held ther own in her arms, she had almost forgotten Mont Blanc, in her delight at having her once more. Clasping her in her arms, she kissed her tenderly and led her to their room. Once there she asked-
"Are you safe and well, darling? I had a terrible fright as I saw you pass out of sight, something whispered- What if she should never return.'"
"You see I am safe, and I assure you I am well, but there came near being an accident, and if Mr. Beaumaris had not been at hand, no telling what might have happened. The male was young and easily frightened. Tell me about your day, Mouessie? I know it was lonely and long."
"And you have been happy?"
"More than happy-I have been a child again. Tell me, where you went?"
"To begin with I went to a lapidary's shop to look at gems, and there I met-"

A shout long and loud rent the air, and was caught up by the: mountains and thrown back in prolonged echoes.
" Mont Blanc," " Mont Blanc," was repeated again and again, until every guest in the Hotel was standing on the piazza, to catch a glimpse of the monarch of mountains, now revealed in unrivaled grandeur, in the light of the after-glow. Pure, radiant, spotless in the repose of a sacred silence, amid the vibrations of rapturous ether, was that marvelous dome before which kings and monarchs have been but as worms of the dust.

Upon two souls in that waiting throng fell a great silence, as the atomic vibrations were inhaled in spiritual aspirations; but upon the rest it was the hush of expectant curiosity, followed by the babble of idle words.
"To think how long we've waited for it, and these late arrivals have seen it at once. It's not fair," said a quiet little woman to her clerical-looking spouse, who replied in a patronizing way.
"But we can afford it, my dear, and you must remember that some have come and gone without even a glimpse. It is just the election of life you know." The voice came from the depths of his saintly breast, and the two strolled off with their backs to the mountain, while a smile passed over the spectators. In the quiet of their room, Mrs. Glendenning told her daughter of the day's experience with the wise man, and the command to meet him on the morrow.
"How can we wait till to-morrow? It is the fondest dream
of our imagination about to be realized. How often we have talked of such a possibility, and to think we may see an adept-_"
"But do not be too sure, darling. It may not be such as we think, though his appearance and manner accord with all our fancies of what a sage should be. Here's the diligence; let me see the anrivals."

She went to the window and waited for the vehicle to come in sight.
"Wonders will never cease, Zenia," she exclaimed. "Whom do you suppose has just jumped to the ground and is shaking hands with Mr. Beaumaris? Why, those two gentlemen we saw in the Lourre that day. You remember you said they were English, and I said the small one was American. There he is, being introduced to Mr. Beaumaris by the other one, and they are looking to the windows for a sight of the lovely bride. Who are they? How do they come here?"
"For the same purpose as ourselves, perhaps. I am too tired or I should take a glance; to be sure you are not mistaken. As it is, it would not pay. I must rest an hour before I dress for dinner. Ha, ha, what a joke! Dress for dinner out of a little hand-bag," and a musical laugh rang out through gates of pearl, at the mere thought of conventionality and toilets.

However, when the two ladies appeared in the dining-room an hour later, although their fellow-passengers had laid aside their traveling dresses, there were few who recognized the fact that both mother and daughter wore the same dresses they had traveled in, least of all the two men who had been seated at the right hand of young Beaumaris, and were thus brought face to face with the ladies they had followed from Paris. Dinner with the one we have known as Cecil Hautrave was a mere
play. Long hours of riding and fifty-four miles of mountain roads, had not been able to give him an appetite that could endure the presence of that "Venus in flesh," as he called her, who devoted herself to her soup with a zest born of the day's fatigue and adventures, in blissful unconsciousness of her vis-avis. Her manners at the table were perfection; and all within sight of her watched admiringly the movement of her fork and spoon, the peculiar lightness of touch of the long fair fingers, the dainty morsels she ate, as she composedly went through the courses of the dinner. They also observed that no meat touched her plate, no coffee or wine her lips. "Another proof that she has the soul of a Greek and does not belong to this time and place," thought her admirer, who let none of these things pass unnoticed.
" May I introduce a cousin of mine to yourself and daughter, Mrs. Glendenning? I can vouch for him, and he stands sponsor for his friend; though you may think I need a backer myself?"
"Not at all. I shall be happy to know your friends." Mrs. Glendenning smiled cordially, and the party seated thendselves on the broad piazza to watch the moon rise over the mountains. It so happened that the young ladies and Mrs. Glendenning sat together, and in a semi-circle in front, the three young men. Each one addressed the neighbor adjoining, and Mis. Beaumaris was saying softly :
"You can't imagine our surprise at seeing Royal Montrose bere. I should just as soon have expected to see my grandmother. We knew he had left Leipsic, but supposed he was on his way home to America. I cannot see for the life of me what has brought him here."
"No one would imagine you had been on a mule since day-
light to look at your color," replied Zenia, anxious to talk on some topic that she knew something of. Royal Montrose was an unknown quantity to her, and she had nothing to say on the subject. "How lovely you look in that dainty silk!"
"Which is not half as much of an art as looking lovely in a plain brown traveling-dress. That is a mystery I cannot comprehend. Any girl with decent figure, straight eyes, and a pretty dress can look well, especially if she knows how to smile; but how you could look so bewitchingly fresh in the same dress we rode all day in, is more than I can understand."
"A bit of real lace at the throat and wrists is all. We can't be bothered with baggage for short trips. What are they talking about?"
"About your mulè. Did you tell your mother?"
"Yes, in a general way, but not so as to give her an idea of real danger, but she is waking up to it now."
"I really thought at one time that I should never dare come back to you without your daughter," Mr. Beaumaris was saying; "and when I saw that vicious beast turn suddenly on that narrow path, I was sure she was gone. That guide was a careless fellow. I felt like thrashing him, and if his knees hadn't trembled so, I am not sure I would not have pitched him over the chasm. I kept my hand on her mule after that."
"How can I sufficiently thank you? All the more, when you gave her the care that should have been your wife's."
"I knew I could get another wife, but you could never have another such a daughter," replied the young man, laughing.
"Are you really in earnest that there was such an accident?" Prof. Hautrave leaned eagerly forward to catch the answer.
"Sure as I'm sitting here. You see, Miss Glendenning joined us for the Mauvais Pas. She is a fearless horse woman, and the
guide seeing this, let her look out for herself, while he gossiped with my guide just behind. He either forgot the mule was a colt, or else he had been drinking, for just as the procession wound around a sharp crag, her mule took fright, turned suddenly, and came near losing its foothold, which meant a fall of two thousand feet at least. Both guides sprang forward, held the mule up, and I caught Miss Glendenning ; they turned the mule again and we were safe. The horror of the thing followed us like a nightmare all day, and I was glad to reach Chamouni again with no further mishaps. I shall complain of the guide to-morrow, and henceforth he will not have it in his power to do such harm."
"Oh, please do nothing of the kind. I am sure the man was punished by the fright he had," interrupted the young lady, who till then had not spoken. "Such a thing would probably never happen again. Let the man go."
"Such mercy is no kindness to those who come after us. Had you been less calm, less master of yourself and the mule, you would not be here to intercede for that wretched man, but, if you will both join us in a carriage-drive to-morrow morning toward the Tête Noir, I will do as you desire."

Mother and daughter here exchanged glances, and both spoke at once.
"If we do not, it is neither from lack of desire nor want of courage, but our time here is very limited, and we have an engagement for the forenoon that cannot be set aside ; but when you come back, we shall be here to welcome you. Next morning we must return to Geneva."
"How dreadful!"
"Preposterous!"
"The plan must be changed," came from one and another.

Throughout that brief evening, for they were all weary and needed rest, Cecil Hautrave never once addressed a remark to the woman he had followed so far. Once in their room, he turned suddenly, facing his friend with :
"What have you to say now, Montrose? Have I not proved the truth of the old adage, 'Faint heart never won fair lady'? Not that I mean to win her, but if I had been content with a single glance, and had not insisted on coming here, I might never have known who she was. I at least have the satisfaction of knowing her name is Zenia Glendenning. St. Zenia henceforth to me, for a more saintly face I have never seen. Such strength and loveliness are rarely found united."
"She is unusual. There is no denying it. But she has no interest in our sex, and the maturity of her face and conversation plainly show that some great upheaval in the past has left no smoldering fires of passion within. Her mind is fixed on other things."
"All the more charming. Where have we met her like before?"
"But surely you can have no idea of pursuing her?"
"Pursuing her? No, I have no idea of anything. I have no ideas about my future, since I have seen her. I only hope to know her well enough to discover the secret of her fascination, for in all my life I have never been so charmed."
"I should hope not. A man can't stand many such cataclysms in an ordinary life-time. I am willing to acknowledge all you say, even willing to say that I too would like to know beneath the surface, but my admiration is admiration. My pulses are not quickened. Feel for yourself. While yours, I am sure, are going like trip-hammers. We are both the same age; why is this? You have suddenly found yourself idle; no
books, no lectures. A magnificent creature comes along, and you throw all your ideality, intellect, everything, on the new line. Shake it off ere it is too late, old man, or your life is a wreck. Ten to one neither of us sees the real woman. If you should write a perfect description of her as she seems to you, I as she appears to me, her mother with her idolatrous love as she is in her eyes, how near would any of these come to the girl as she knows herself? She would laugh at them as caricatures. Mind me for once, and fly away from the flame before your wings are so scorched that you cannot fly."
"Never."

## CHAPTER IV.

## PRORHECY.

"Tet God comes by the inward-rolling sea ; Not waves of thought alone, but waves of ftre; Thrice blessed of Love's children shall they be Whose deeds embody all the flames inspire. The fires within them rise, the waves unroll, They meet, they blend, they re-attune the soul."

Ir was morning in Chamouni. Never again could Zenia Glendenning know the rapture of that first morning when she sprang from her bed to catch the first glimpse of the Alps in the morning light; but now there was something even more potent that thrilled her with intensest joy, as she and her mother stepped into the open air to greet the day. The sun's rays were gilding the topmost heights; the mists of the valleys were gathering up their garments and fleeing away; the rippling waters of the Arve made melody with all the sounds that were born of that hour; and the bells of the cattle grew more and more musical as they came toward the village.

No tourist was astir, and in silence they stood for a few moments, watching, waiting, feeling the uplift they knew would be borne to them. At length Zenia spoke, in a halfdreamy tone, but full of suppressed feeling:
"Is it a dream, ma chère, that we are here? Are we veritable entities of flesh and blood, or are we under the spell of some weird illusion? Here we stand in the presence of these
everlasting hills, with thoughts and desires and a fixed purpose as foreign to the life of those about us as can be imagined. A few short months ago, and we were chasing the same plantasms that they are. Then came that terrible realization of the hollow mockery of it all, followed by a flash of consciousness that revealed powers and possibilities hitherto unknown, but not undreamed of, and we started on the quest. We would prove their truth, and the moment our resolve was taken the door was opened, and step by step we have walked since then, till now we find a gulf has widened between the old life, and the new, that separates us from it forevermore. It never seemed so great as when I talked with that charming bride yesterday. She seemed so proud and happy in her life, and I fancied I could feel a throb of pity for me that I had no husband to love and adore me, when imagine my surprise as we sat together alone, she said :
"' Shall I tell you why I spoke to you in the diligence? Your face had such a light upon it, such a look of great joy, that I longed to know your secret. I am happy but not satisfied, even with Laurie and my beautiful new home waiting for me.' Imagine my surprise. How has all this come to us and not to others?"
"It will come to them when they are ready to receive it, child. Only through sorrow, and disappointment, and pain, are such flowers brought to bloom. Although you are young in years, you have always been old in mind, and the experiences of life have touched you as deeply as my sorrows have me, and no doubt there is a reason for it all. There may be a work for us to do that we know not of. One thing we know, that we have found a world of delight, that all the wealth and honors of this outer life could not purchase."
"I sometimes feel that those strange visions I had at first, were memories of a life we both have lived before. I know you do not believe this_-"
"Do not say believe-say know. I accept more slowly many things that come to me by intuition or suggestion, than you do, because my mind is full of ideas planted there in childhood, not easily uprooted. I have always left yours free, and truth can come to you without obstruction-',
"Ah, ma chère Mouessie, how wise you have been in your great love! Since knowing more of the powers of astral influences, and planetary effects, I often ask myself what I should have done or been without your guiding hand. Just imagine that had I been born under another sign, or triplicity, and we could not have moved in the same orbit, how different would our lives have been, and how miserable! We are both children of the same domain, and nothing can mar the harmony of our lives."
"It was all a part of the plan, and the Giver of Life gave us also our pathway to walk in and our work to do. I cannot but feel the old man of the grotto has a message for us. How strangely the light has been given to us in unexpected ways! Our mission is plain. Light, heat, power must be given to the world. Fire does not burn for itself. It purifies, transmutes, vivifies. It takes lower vibrations and raises them to higher octaves, that the power may be increased; but this is not for its own good. The fire in the locomotive shows us where our work lies. It is not there for itself, it is not there even to warm, its work is larger than that; it is to propel a train, to move a mass, to take them from where they now are to where they belong. Can we do this? Can we live entirely for others? Can we move living beings and carry them from a starting-point to an advance station? The Spirit
of the Fire must do its work, child. Woe to us if we hinder its flames or thrust self in its way. Over and over I repeat the words of the Holy Book, ' Behold is it not of the Lord of Hosts that the people shall labor in the very fire?' 'And the Light of Israel shall be for a Fire, and his Holy One for a Flame.' 'Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thine arm, for love is strong ws death ; . . . the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love; neither can the floods drown it.' And then comes the grand finale. 'And the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.' 'If any man's work abide, he shall receive a reward.'" She paused a moment, and then continued:
"These words are ever ringing in my ears, and when the time comes that we know the law of vibrations, and we can change our dominant note, we will rise toward the central fire of Love, to the very center of Life, but that is so far away. How are we to find the secret?"
"Ever since we entered the path two years ago, we have been constantly led step by step, why should we doubt now? When we are ready for the next step, we shall be led to take it," replied the younger, glancing towards the sun with a face glowing with spiritual devotion. Its rays were now flooding hill, and valley, and darkest nook. A moment more and it would rest upon the top of the mountain in fullness of glory. As if by a single impulse both speakers lapsed into silence, turned with bowed heads toward the east, assumed the attitude belonging to children of the Fire, and remained motionless, until the King of Day had crowned them with his benediction, and was pouring oter all nature the flood-tide of his glory. Breathing in unison for a space, they turned again toward the hotel.
"The baptism of the spirit of the morning will prepare us for
the wise man," said Mrs. Glendenning, taking the hand of her daughter and raising it to her lips. "What a power comes by the inbreathing of the rising sun, and all it represents of spiritual truth! To feel that as the palpable rays of that luminary bring us living atoms for our bodily life, so from the greater Sun, on auric waves, there comes at the same moment, actual, breathing atoms that enter into the waiting, longing soul, to vivify and enrich; this makes a new world of this old earth, and we walk its places children of the Most High."

The other did not reply. She felt the inspiration of the moment, and so, hand in hand, they walked through the newly wakened world, and reached the hotel before the guests had left their rooms. Three hours later they started on their strange quest. The ways were many that lay before them, and there was no guide to tell them which to choose. They started forth feeling their way as children grope who are blindfold and have no bearings. When they reached the gate, a dog came toward them, and in his eyes was the light of intelligence. He was of the collie breed, full-blooded and tawny with black and tan; and Zenia seeing him, rushed toward him and threw her arms around his neck in ecstasy of delight.
"It is the dear General himself, and see, he knows me!" she cried.

The right paw waved an assent as he sat upright. The tail pounded on the ground.
"See, is not that the self-same way my own would greet me? You blessed creature! You are not dog ; not beast, but alrealy owner of a human heart and brain! Can you not tell me who you are and whence you came?"

The ears and head drooped. The tail no longer stirred. He felt his inability to reply; but it was evident that he knew all
she said. When she rose to her feet and moved forward, he started on before, apparently delighted.
"He is going with us; can it be that he is sent to guide us?" exclaimed Zenia.
"We shall follow his leading," replied her mother, and from that moment there was no hesitancy. They turned as their guide turned, crossed the bridge over the Arve when he led the way, and then crossed fields and paths, till they came to the foot of the mountains. On and on they went, up and up a zigzag path, the faithful dog never stopping for word or caress. Suddenly. on a high projecting rock, they saw a solitary figure and knew that their destination was at hand.

The path now became a mere trail, and after a few more turnings, they stood face to face with the venerable man whose presence they sought. He came forward with extended hands, and, crossing them, took a hand of each guest in his own, saying :
"Welcome, my children. I knew thy hearts, and fear has no abiding place there. It is well. Fear is bondage, and children of the Most High are free. Such are ye, and ye are welcome."

He laid his hands, still crossed, upon their heads and remained silent. Then he patted the dog upon the head, saying:
"Well done, thou faithful servant. Thou art worthy of trust, and some day thou shall be called no longer Path-finder, but Leader, General, Conqueror."

The dumb Being seemed to know the meaning of every word and sank upon the ground in adoration, and licked the sandals of his master's feet.
"Ye have been led across deep waters, children of Fire, to this mountain height, and from thence will ye go to distant lands and fuller knowledge. At morning, at noon, at night, I have
followed ye, and again I bid ye welcome. Follow me. The prophet Zelo has a message for the strangers."

The sun was now nearing the zenith, and as he led the way toward rocky chasms, where even the noontide dared not enter, Mis. Glendenning clasped tightly the hand of her child.
" Fearest thou the shadows, child? thou who hast trod upon the adder and the dragons. Where the Vestal Virgin is, there is safety. The shadow of Omnipotence is over her, and the holy ones form a wall round about her. Under His wing shalt thou trust, and His truth shall be thy shield and buckler. There shall no evil befall thee, nor any plague come nigh thy dwelling (which is thy body), for He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. Enter into His sacred place."

As he spoke he stepped aside and revealed a new world to their eyes. A grotto suddenly opened before them, seemingly formed by the hand of man, but in reality a work of nature. Here he bade them be seated, and as they sank upon a mosscovered bench, the eye looking outward could see naught but the highest Alpine peaks and Mont Blanc, pure and serene, above all. The dog, Path-finder, came and crouched at Zenia's feet, looking into her face with a glance of faithful devotion. Silence reigned. The master had vanished behind a heavy curtain that fell across the rear of the grotto, and the breathing of the three was all the sound that broke the silence. Strange to say, the dog was breathing in unison with the human breasts, and as he did so, his great brown eyes grew beautifully clear, like amber beads. He seemed to see something far off in space and listened motionless and rapt. Then a curtain moved and the prophet once more stood before them, grand in the majesty of a presence found rarely among the sons
of men, such a one might have been Moses on the Mount of God; or Elias as he called down fire from heaven. His long white robe fell to his feet and was girded by the threefold cord; while in his hand he held a staff that represents all things manifest in matter, and has been the sign of power in every age, since Moses smote the sea or made the rock break forth in floods of gladness. He motioned to his visitors to follow, and led the way behind the curtain.

A raised altar stood beneath a sky-lit dome, and up the seven steps of stone that led to it he walked, and they followed. They could not but notice the rays of light reflected from the steps in all the colors of the prism, and as they reached the altar of wood, most beautifully carved, it seemed as if showers of arrows came from the dome and pierced their inmost being. Upon the altar seven candles were lighted, with one brighter and taller than the rest in the center. A signet, something like a cartouche, was in the wall above; but nothing of its meaning could be understood by the strangers. A bronze tripod at the side of the altar, of curious workmanship and quaint device, part Greek, part Egyptian, held blazing coals. Before it stood the prophet, with crossed hands, watching it glow and burn, as if his very glance were life unto its flames. His long snowy beard, his hair falling in curls upon his shoulders, his snowy robes, his inspired eye, raised in silent prayer, made a picture never to be forgotten by the two who were pernitted to hehold it.
"Draw near and worship." The tones were full and rich. They had no trace of all the decades that had come and gone since first they made a sound. The two knelt, one on either side of the priest, and suddenly a smaller curtain, hitherto unnoticed, slowly moved aside, revealing the face of Jesus the Nazarene. It had the likeness that was so well-known, but was
yet utterly unlike any masterpiece they had ever seen. All. Love, all Wisdom, all Power looked down upon them from that face. With eyes uplifted the prophet prayed.
"O Thou most merciful, all-wise Providence, in whose hands are the deep places of the earth, and all the experiences of life, kindle Thy flame of love and light on these hearts, we beseech Thee. May it burn all dross. Burn us, O Father, burn us, but let us not be consumed. Save oursouls though it be through all sorrow and bitter agony. Make us to rejoice in all tribulation that leads us nearer to Thee. O hear our cry for His sake, the Man of Sorrows, who endured to the end. Amen."

Strange vibrations thrilled the hearts of those who listened, and very faintly in the distance they seemed to catch the notesof melody as if divine harmonies filled the place. They grad-. ually grew fainter and died away into silence. Once more the Master spoke.
"Before yon mountain was created, this that we have done was decreed and foretold. In all ages the children of the Highest have been enlightened, but the world was dark, the lights few in number, and in earthen vessels. The school of the Prophets has never been without its disciples, but until now their lesson has been to learn wisdom and to wait. For many generations they have longed, and waited, and died, and saw no sign. The rising of the sun is at hand, for the time has come that all that has been hidden shall be revealed. The ruddy beams of the morning tinge the mountains. The sons and daughters of Light are ordered to march forward as torch-bearers of the Truth. They are chosen from the ends of the earth; as it is written: ' They shall come from the North and the South, and the Eastand the West, and sit down in the kingdom of Heaven,' and to you, daughters of a distant land, has been given a sacred trust, first.
told to me in the silence of the night, long years ago. It said to me, 'The world is travailing in pain; the hour of redemption is at hand; and the Learners in the Temple of Truth must arise and purify themselves. To-day a child is born across the sea, a Vestal Virgin from the Ancient of Days, who shall serve me in the great Temple. Seek the young child and lead the mother into the Light, for to this end was she born.' I went, in spirit, whither I was directed, and found it as the voice had said. The brave heart of a warrior of Truth was enshrined in a femaleform, and from that day to this moment, the child and her mother have been my care. Led through joy and sorrow to this. hour of covenant, the children of Fire must be baptized, before the stone can be worn which has been rejected by the Builders for long ages ; for it has been written that this is destined to become the head of the corner. The Temple of the Master is the Temple of Humanity, and the stone rejected is the stone of suffering, which no man desires till its meaning and glory are revealed, and thenits day will be passed. Blessed are they who have clasped it to their breast when it meant sorrow, defeat, and humiliation.
"Hail, thrice hail, ye children of the fiery powers! Here ye see the domain ye inhabit."

He threw upon some burning coals a powder of incense, and the smoke rose in heavy masses and filled the place.
"Coal, the darksome thing of earth, becomes glowing at the fiery breath. Clouds arise when the passions are burned, but from the consuming goes forth precious perfume, which is the spirit of the divine. As this flame ascends to be re-united with its primal source, so have risen for years, from the altar of thy hearts, devout longings for the Spirit of Love and Wisdom, that is now waiting to descend upon thee. It is thus the divine
spark is kindled. Thus is the spirit born into power. The earthly must rise into longing, to meet the quickening from above. Never again can ye go back from knowledge to ignorance, nor the earth hold thee in thrall. For there is a path to enter, a world to conquer, a work to do. It is for this ye were born. As I look in yonder burning coals, I see the years stretch out before thee. Years of overcoming. Ye must go to other lands. To the isles of the sea for knowledge, and the sands of Egypt for crowning and the Lost Word. Loves of earth must all be burned, and the trine of Love, Wisdom, and Use, be established."

Turning to Mrs. Glendenning he placed his hand upon her head, with fingers widely outspread and the thumb between the eyes. Raising his eyes toward heaven, he said, slowly and :solemnly:
"Through disappointment and heartache hast thou been driven to the life, Child of Fire, but in this new life shalt thou find peace now and forevermore. Strong art thou in faith, rich wilt thou be in knowledge, but the crowning must be in the great Unseen by the Master's own hand, for thou canst not sever the ties of love and family, and, bound by these, thou must reach within the veil for thy reward. Be brave. Be of good courage. For those that overcome inherit all things."

Turning to Zenia his tones changed and became tender as a woman's. Placing his hands upon her head, as he had done upon her mother's, his heart poured itself out in the following prophetic utterance :
"Vestal Virgin of the holy Fire, thou art come to Mount Zion, to the heights of Divine Love, and into thy soul shall flow the Spirit of Consecration. Thou art not a child of this earth and age. Thou hast come from distant spheres and other worlds.

Thy time on earth was in the days of Egypt's glory, when Moses was not born and the palaces of the Pharaohs stretched down the banks of the Nile, to Karnak and the Thebaid. Thou wert then a vestal virgin, pure of thought and pure of life, ministering in the temple of Isis, the keeper of the sacred veil, where no thought of mundane things could enter. Then thou didst pass to the land of spirits, and when Greece was at her height of power, and the temple of Athenæ crowned the lofty hill, thou wert again born for vestal service, and a keeper of divine secrets. Thy soul was there made perfect; for thou didst withstand all trials that might shake thy purpose, even the love of a heart as true and noble as e'er beat in human breast; and when the Master's voice didst whisper to thee, 'Well done, my child,' he also said the earth need never more expect to see thee serve her temples. But now, because the greater temple of humanity is crying out for servers, thou hast come again, and the love thou didst refuse before, was given thee as thy guerdon, and it burns within a mother's breast; the highest love that human heart can know. The soul that beats as one with thine, is no new soul to thee. It loved thee ages long since past as lover-king, and it loves thee even more as mother, aye as thine own self. Remember this, that separations of the body matter not; ye two are one and never can be separated. Inall earth's history, but few have come to do their Master's bidding so gladly and so freely as thou. It is because thy love has all been given to thy Lord, whom thou hast seen and known beyond this world of sense. When others wonder at your choice to-day, could they but see the memories that haunt thee in thine hours of sleep and press thee on upon thy way they would not marvel. Falter not, nor fear. Thy path will not be long. Thy work will soon be done. For a time thou must go back into the world, as one born in it, but not of
it. Be glad, and live a happy human life; so shall the Lotus strike its root more firmly in the earth, and when the vessel brings thy father, and the child of nature with him, seeking light, the way that thou must go will then be made more clear. This faithful dog shall be thy servant, till his life is given for thine. Whenever he comes to thee, thou needs must touch this acorn hanging on his collar, and within it thou shalt find a message. Kneel now before the altar for thy consecration with the holy oil."

With hands upraised, his voice ascended for a blessing on their lives and work ; and he ended in these words:
"I commit these dear children into thy hands, O most Merciful Providence, that Thou who hast lit their torch and sent them forth, wilt give them richly of the oil of wisdom, to bring light into the darkened world. Be thou their Rock and Fortress, and may the myriad angels that now surround us, and have witnessed what has been done, be round about them, from this time forth forevermore. May the new nume that will now be given them, be written in the Book of Life that is as enduring as the soul."

From out the silence that feil upon them, came a strain of music, as of little children's voices in a far-off land, saying: "Selah! Selah! Amen and Amen."
"Henceforth, O Mother of the Vestal, thou shalt be known as the Anchor of Hope, for thy hope will take thee within the veil."

To the daughter, he said, "Star of the East is thy new name, O Vestal; as a star shalt thou shine, and as a star shalt thou guide others. Go in peace." "Selah!Selah!Selah!" again floated in from the unseen choir.

They knelt long. When they arose the prophet led the way
toward the light, and raising a hand of each to his lips, he said, "Farewell, children of the Fire. Once again shall we meet in the flesh, then never again save in spirit."

While they looked upon his face it grew dim, and they were alone on the rocky hill, with only the dog for a guide. It was the Transfiguration lived again. They had been among angels and near to God, and once more must descend into the world's life. Slowly, talking of all they had seen and heard, with the baptism of a mighty power resting upon them, they found their way to the village, and the store where Mrs. Glendenning had seen the gems of fire.
"I have no longer any fear of wearing these gems. I have become a new woman since I was here last," whispered Mrs. Glendenning to Zenia, as they entered the shop, "and we can select them now under the vibrations of a clear sunlight. Everything has favored us."

The man had the stones spread out as if he knew just when they would be there, and the two she had selected lay apart by themselves. Taking them to the door she held them where the sun's rays would strike them, and looking steadily for a moment at the glowing disk, and then dropping her eyes upon the gems, she exclaimed:
"We can no longer doubt. They are our own color, and our choice is made."
"You mean they have chosen you," said a voice at their side. Looking up they saw the Prophet, serene and calm, observing them closely.
"They will give you power, if you know how to use them. Like a horse is a precious gem. Well broken, it is your slave ; but ungoverned, it is your master. Their vibration is in unison with your own, and hence will give strength. It will also help
you to attain perfection, which is another word for anguish. The hour of trial is near. Wear it and use it in the hour of need."
"Will sorrow come more surely by wearing these?" asked the mother.
"Not more surely, but more quickly, for they hasten the purpose. The martyrs of all religions have been children of the Fire, as it is written, "These are they that came out of great tribulation,' out of the fiery furnace, and drank the nectar of life from the violet cup of the throne of God. Eternal rest. Eternal peace. It is not by arbitrary law that men are chosen. It is the self-elected choice of fitness, and the fitness is purity; the desire for wisdom, and the power of overcoming. As it has been, so must it ever be. The martyrs of the future must be as the martyrs of the past. Easier was it to be torn by lions, or roasted in a furnace, than it will be in the coming time to hold the torch of Truth amid the commotions of the world, when the war of Armageddon rages. The time is at hand. Six thousand years of inherited curses, lust of greed, lust of sense, lust of power, have brought forth hundred-headed serpents, that will sting the race to death. In staying these will be the war of Armageddon, and the sufferings of that time no tongue can describe. Self will not die at a single blow. It is an hundredheaded Hydra, and it sways a scepter that is universal. When our great men and our mighty men, as the world counts greatness, are laid low, then the child of God will do his work. Amid the ruins of the past will be the upbuilding of a permanent future. The cry of the poor and the famished in a land of plenty and luxury will no longer be heard, for in that day the poor man shall be the ruler, and the rich man a laborer. The ear of God has heard, and the fiat has gone forth, that their wrongs are to be avenged."

Taking Zenia's hands in his, he continued:
"Small and white as are these hands, they shall bear the burdens of the world, for the sake of love, and the law of use. The human brotherhood are coming home, and these and many other hands shall prepare their places at the marriage supper of the Lamb. The Lost Word is again to be given to the race. Let him that can receive it so receive it." His tone now changed, and like a father he said: "Thou must ever go to rest early, my child. When all the vibrations are hushed, the holy angels of the Most High shall attune them to more exquisite harmony, and when the music of the spheres enters the Heart of Hearts, then will be planted in thy brain the seeds of thoughts that shall grow by these vibrations into lovely vines. In the morning. light, when the sun sends his rays forth in power, these vines shall bloom in beauty. Like the morning-glory that bursts into bloom with a song like a bird, could thine ears but hear the celestial harmony, so wilt thou find thoughts new and wonderful coming to thy understanding, and thou shalt be a seer, and thy visions will enlighten the world. At night when thou liest down, ponder the psalm I wrote many thousand years ago, beginning, 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High,' and in the morning let thy lips and heart repeat that one of a former incarnation, when I was on the Mount with Jehovah in the Burning Bush, 'Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.' Do not marvel at my words, for my generations have been many, and my soul has passed through many outward states. I have come to rule as King-to serve as subject, but always to do the will of God. Your life will be hidden from the world. You will be misunderstood and forsaken, for one's foes are they of one's own household, and the time will come, that ye two who are as one, kuit together by a love
born of flame, and past lives, will be separated for a time, for the sake of the Master. I feel the mother-heart shrink, but be not dismayed, my child. In the furnace of fire the smell of flame shall not be upon thee. Henceforth, count not your life as your own, and whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with all thy might. Remember what I say, when in the world, enter heartily into its pure life, so shall thy root strike deeper, and thy flowering be more perfect. As ye have chosen the stones of fire, so now I give thee each a stone, with the new name engraved, which only those know who receive it. It will give thee power from the sign and planets of thy nativity, Aries, the head, that governs and controls the great man, by its magnetic vibrations of amethystine light. As these stones held to my forehead for increase of power, were curiously wrought ia the innermost parts of the earth, ages before man existed, and at last upon the heights of snow-capped mountains were crystalized to the celestial music of the spheres, for this purpose; so through the spirals of time thy souls have been wrought and kindled into life, touched by the Spirit, and warmed by the vibrations of the great spiritual Sun, to go forth to warm and gladden the dark places of earth, and at last to be swallowed up in divine Light, Love and Wisdom. Go forth. Fear not. The seal is upon thee. He will never leave nor forsake thee. Henceforth, we shall not meet, face to face, in the flesh, but call me in spirit, and I will attend thy cry. Thou art now under covenant, and hast received the stone of the seal, that hath its place in the walls of the New Jerusalem. Remember me not as a personality ; remember me as a breath of God, a Deific babe, a spirit that has no abiding-place. Farewell, farewell."

They could not raise their eyes. Tears poured from them, but they were tears of joy. When they looked about them, no one was in sight; they were alone.

## CHAPTER V.

DESTINY.
"One in a millon thinks from inspiration;
And he all dimly tracks through dubious light
The secret path where ancient revelation
Gathered her multitude from height to height.
"All things in nature radiate from centers;
The individual much affects the race;
If by one soul an inspiration enters,
"Tis that the many may its light embrace",
The moon was at its full that night in Chamouni, and every one was waiting for its rising. Soft fleecy: clouds floated across the deep blue vault of heaven, and caught the light before the full-orbed moon appeared. A moment more, and every mountain was made radiant; the valleys were made visible, and on tha glacier a flood of light was poured, that flashed and scintillate $l$ like a sea of jewels. A sudden hush fell on the spectators. The dazzling summit of Mont Blanc, the glittering peaks of Les Aiguilles, the dark crevasses and yawning chasms, -all took on new expression in the moonlight.

Cecil Hautrave was the first to move. The glory of the heavens, the Alps, and all the world was eclipsed in his eyes by the face he saw opposite. Intent upon the magic-like sceue, absorbed by her own thoughts, Zenia Glendenning had forgotten time, place, all but the one engrossing thought that lifted her into invisible realms. She had felt the power of a
new life when the prophet Zelo's hands had rested on her head; she had tried to obey his words and come back to ordinary life and live as others live, but something in the silence and beauty of the hour had stirred again those spiritual depths, and she had floated away from earth into the realm of ideas and substance, while the glory of her visions was reflected from her face in a most startling manner, giving it a saintly and holy look. She and her soul were afar on their quest after God, and the shell, the human encasement, sat motionless.

Again and again he looked. He forgot moon, Alps, everything but that face. The dreams of his life ; fame, honor, love, were alike forgotten, and in their place he felt a hunger for something, he could not have told what. It was the first awakening of his higher self-hood, and the spell of immortality was upon him.

Nothing of all this escaped his friend, who regarded him steadfastly for a moment, and then said in a tone of deep significance,
"It was all lost on you, Cecil. Never again, if you should be here a year, could you hope for such a view."
"I saw it all."
"Yes, I know you saw it all, but not the 'it' I mean. I only wish to tell you I have solved the problem. It is the stars."
"The moon, you mean."
"Nonsense. To the moon may be attributed the cause of your lunacy, but the attraction is due to unusual planetary juxtaposition. You'll see if I'm not right."
"I see now what you are driving at, Royal. A little more astrology, and a little less speculative philosophy, and the lunacy would have been in your brain, not mine. I never was crazy enough for such notions."
"Who spoke of astrology ?" asked Mrs. Glendenning. "Can any one here cast a horoscope or read the destiny of a life from the planets?"
"My friend Montrose dabbles in it at odd times. He came across an old fellow in Heidelberg who taught him a lot of stuff, and ever since that he tries to explain everything that happens according to a diagram that might have been well enough in the dark ages, but is scarcely up to the nineteenth century."
"And what was he trying to account for at the present time?" the lady questioned.
"The important reason why I turned my head at the moment the moon's disk came in sight, over yonder mountain."
"I think my friend would scarcely wish me to go into detail, and though his words are not untrue, they are as wide of the mark as you may well imagine. You know the maxim, 'True, but to truth most false,' " interrupted Montrose.
"I am one of the foolish that are interested in astrology, and if you will cast my horoscope I will read your hand. If you will write out my horoscope, I will write out a chart of your life from the cradle to the grave, according to a science as old and perhaps as true as astrology," continued Mrs. Glendenning.
"O, really?"
"Can you do it?"
"Are you a palmist?"
"Why did you not tell us your mother was a palmist, Miss Glendenning?"

The questions came from one and another of the group, and when Mrs. Beaumaris asked the last one, every eye was turned to Zenia while they waited her reply.
"We are not posing as phenomenal characters, and she so rarely consents to read a hand that I should never have thought
of mentioning it. I never knew her to speak of it before. The full moon must have had an uncauny effect on you, Mouessie," turning toward her mother with a tenderness of tone that did not escape the notice of any of the group.
"Uncanny or not, her word has been given, and I will provide a written horoscope before I sleep, if she will read my hand. There is more, no doubt, in the science of palmistry than the idle world dreams. You need not write it out, Mrs. Glendenning; my friend Hautrave will take it down as you give it. This will save your time and strength to read his palm, and I will cast a horoscope of Miss Glendenning as a small return."

At the time he was speaking, Royal Montrose had not the slightest particle of faith in palmistry, but his belief in astrology was daily gaining ground, and he had been planning to secure the young lady's time of birth, that he might cast her horoscope. His friend, who refused to credit either science as reliable, said nothing and followed the rest into the parlor, where they found a bright light, and were soon seated around a center-table, Cecil Hautrave ready to take notes, Mr. Montrose also writing, and the rest in expectant attitude listening to what might come.
"What a piece of luck that I brought my ephemerides with me!" exclaimed the young astrologer as he seated himself, book in hand.
"Now for the date. April 8th, Sunday child. Planets looking well for mental and spiritual conditions. But Jupiter causes trouble in the house of health. I can see that by being born in Aries, under these conditions with the sun and the metaphysical planet in the natural house and Mercury in mid-heaven, you could be illuminated to a wonderful degree, by interior light; I do not wonder you can read hands, for all that is occult belongs to you. The intensity of your nature allows you
no half-way measures, and whatever you do, you do it with your whole heart. Your gift is imparting knowledge, and as a writer you could be almost inspired. The planets give you great love for art and all that is beautiful, and your genius will lead you to achieve success. The gems belonging to you are the ruby, amethyst, and star-astral."

As he was talking and scribbling at the same time, he suddenly became aware of a tremor thrilling all his nerves.
"Deuced queer," he said to himself. "I never knew I had a nerve before. What's the matter with me? It's the effect of that full moon on the mountains of snow." Aloud he said, as be wrote the date of the young lady's birth:
"You are just four years younger than I am, and born in the next sign, which puts you in the fiery triplicity and myself in the earth. I should have guessed we were nearer in age, for I am sure you look more than your years. Or perhaps you will not think this complimentary, but I mean it so, I assure you. You have the calm repose of one who has lived many years." Then as if talking to some invisible self:
"I wonder if I am not to find it after all. Strange, strange."
"What's that you are saying?" asked Mr. Beaumaris.
"Merely that I could not find what I was looking for among the planets. I find you," turning to Zenia, "with planets more phenomenally placed than usual. Jupiter and Herschel lifting you high in spiritual and intellectual gifts; your house of death singularly bright, and marriage omitted. How very strange! It is such a horoscope as Swedenborg or Plato might have had, giving you all things belonging to the mind and soul, but saying nothing of the world and its honors. I see now why you and your mother are so completely absorbed in each other. It could not be otherwise. You have had a little love affair, the only one:

I see in your life. It occurred when you were sixteen. Pardon me if I tell you that I do not believe the man lives. that could stir your pulses. Your love is a thing for the mass, not for the individual."
"I think I have monopolized your time sufficiently, thanks; now let us hear your hand read," said Zenia, with a heightened color. "Of course our gems are the same, my mother's and mine."
" Gems, but not genius, nor work, nor life. They are widely different. You bring to your work the same natures, for both are in the positive pole of the fiery triplicity, with its quivering rapid motion, its power to lighten, to burn and purify, to make alive and to destroy, and above all to transmute into higher forms. Both born under the sign that gives you dominance and power. Truly these horoscopes are very wonderful. Only in one house do the planets fail you, and this is the house of marriage. It is too late to counsel Mrs. Glendenning, but not too late to say that between the years of twenty-two and twenty-seven any marriage would bring you misery. A word to the wise is sufficient. To-morrow morning these will be written out, and now for the hands."

His end was accomplished; but courtesy required that he should be apparently interested in the rest of the performance. Mrs. Glendenning took out her glasses, drew nearer the light, took the young man's hand in her own, held it a moment palm upward, bent its fingers and thumb, its wrist and joints, scanned it minutely and carefully as any professional chirosophist would have done, and then began to speak the truth that had come to her in a single flash when she hah first touched the hand.
"I see you are American born. I had taken you for English when I saw you. You are English in all but birth; English in
temperament, taste, and personal peculiarities, and this is the more pronounced, because there is a vein of Norman lineage running through your family for generations. You are very proud of this, almost as proud as if it were something of your own choosing or doing."
"A good hit on your pride, Royal," interrupted his cousin laughing. "I always told you this was the weakness of your character. Beg pardon, Mrs. Glendenning, but I could not resist saying it."
" All strong natures are in danger of having an excess that is weakening. It is well to know where the danger is to be feared."

After telling every little phase of temperament, or idiosyncrasy of nature, she finished with his line of destiny, and the mounts that held his future career. By this time a breathless stillness reigned. All were intensely interested, and none more so than the young man himself.
"Shall I tell you what has been ?"
"Yes, indeed. Tell it all !" came from every lip. He himself said nothing.
"I see a great wave of circumstances waşhing upon your shore. It has rolled again and again toward you, leaving each time some precious gift to enrich you. When it comes next, it will bring you the gift of all gifts. You will pick it up, admire, examine, and try to keep. But not understanding its virtues, it will fall from your hands back into the great ocean and never again will you see it.
"This is a rvarning. It may be that by watchfulness this calamity may be averted. On another line I see events which have thrown a shadow over others, and shut a door against yourself. A young girl is crying for you. You did not tell
her you would marry her. You did not say in so many words that you loved her, but the blue eyes looked for your coming; the heart was warmed by your smiles; and soon there was no world but the world of her dreams, and your presence. You felt sorry for her, but your vanity prompted you to keep this love, though you knew you were taking what was not yours, for you could not use it, and when you left her, it was with a mute understanding that you would see her again in a few years. That girl is crying to-night, she will cry many nights, and never will she love another as she has loved you. Why, oh, why did you win the child's love and make this wretchedness come upon her?"
"You need tell me no more of the past. If the future has anything worth knowing tell me that."

His voice had lost its tone of firm assurance and wavered as he spoke. His face was paler than its wont. His friend kept writing, but occasionally glanced up as she proceeded:
" Your future leads out on broad lines that bring you fame, honor, money, all things for the outer man, but within there will be a worm that will eat into your heart, and only when it is killed will you have peace. Remember my words. The worm must be killed. One year from now you will occupy a position that would seem incredible to you to-night. A year later and your feet will step higher.
"You will think it due to your merit, and be vain ; but you have really nothing whatever to do with it. It is all the result of the wibrations of magnetism from Jupiter and Mercury being intensified by higher laws, and this affecting these bits of muscle in your hand, known as mounts. All uplift, all downfall, is due to vibrations of ether, and when man has learned to master or use these, the age of electric marvels will be left far behind."
"This is truly wonderful, madara. I was not prepared to accept anything from mere lines of the hand, but here I find they rival astrology, and are based on the highest laws of the universe,-vibrations. That old Professor at Heidelberg was up on this, Cecil; but he said he could not tell me the secret yet. You have made a hobby of vibration, madam, and should know its laws. I am intensely interested. Where did you learn all this? Give me the names of authorities, and I will get them at once."
"The real knowledge cannot come entirely by books, though these may be helpers. All real knowledge comes from within, and moves outward. The law of vibration is the great cosmic law. By it worlds are created and destroyed; lives helped or ruined; and everything political, financial, or humanitarian, carried on. In an old translation of Genesis is this sentence : 'Through vibrations God created all things.' I am a mere babe myself in this knowledge, and cannot teach what I do not thoroughly know, but every one that desires may learn."

This was uttered so quietly yet so positively that the young man, covered with the honors of a German University, suddenly felt himself all ignorance. It was a new sensation for Royal Montrose and not a pleasurable one. He looked in Mrs. Glendenning's face as if he would read there the source of her knowledge. He saw only a clear-eyed woman looking at him kindly and inquiringly.
"Can I see you alone to-morrow moming before breakfast?" he asked, almost unconsciously.
"I think so; the diligence does not leave till nine, and I am always up to see the sun rise."
"You are not going so soon? We had hoped you would change your mind," broke from the group.
"I think so. There are a few things to see in Geneva, and we must be in Paris in two days."
"We are all to meet in London in September. I mean we four, no more," said Mr. Beaumaris, laughing.
"Would you shut us into outer darkness, if we were in London?" asked Royal Montrose, and was repaid by a glance from his friend's eye.
"The latch-string is always out, as they say in America, but I feel a little selfish about our friends. Beverly is the only one to be invited to meet them. If you come it is by your own election, and to remain you will not be permitted to monopolize them, as you have done to-night."
"By Jove! That's so. I'm awfully sorry. Here, Hautrave, come and have your hand read."
"If he really cares to have it done, it will be better to wait until morning. The sun-rays are always best, and I am a little tired to-night." So it was arranged that they should see the sun rise next morning, and Cecil Hautrave would then have his hand read. Next to him, if there was time, the lovely Mrs. Beaumaris was to know what the future held for her. It was quite late when they parted for the night, and no sooner had they closed their door than Montrose said to his friend:
"You're the oddest mortal I ever saw, Cecil. Here you are in the same house with the woman you have been chasing from Dan to Beersheba, with an infatuation worthy of a better cause, and you do not make a single move to gain a better acquaintance. I can't understand it. You have scarcely spoken to Miss Glendenning, and to-morrow morning they leave us. Mind, I am not urging you on, but I simply wonder at you. I think I am in danger of falling in love with the mother. I doubt if the daughter will ever be as magnetic. When she was speaking of

Gretchen, her eyes were positively moist. Heavens! Do you suppose that girl is really crying for me?"
"Why do you ask? You know it; and you knew it would be so months ago, when I told you to keep away from her. Those simple-minded girls believe, not only every word you say, but every glance of your eyes. Poor Gretchen! While we are enjoying life, she is wishing to die. Such things are wicked."
"That's enough on that subject. I did not intend to give you text for a sermon. Let bygones be bygones, I say."
"I wonder who has been doing the preaching lately?"
"That's so, but only to save your future, old man."
"And this was only to save your future, young man. But say, Royal!"
"What shall I say?"
"O, you know what I mean. I have an idea."
"Hold on to it."
"Suppose we go to Geneva to-morrow? There's nothing to keep us here any longer. We have seen Mont Blanc."
"Be honest, and own that all the Mont Blanc you care for, will go in the diligence to-morrow. What excuse could we give for breaking our promise to my cousin and his bride, that we would search the moraine for stones? I'll confess it would be more to my mind to have good company for that ride than to go as we came, but it can't be done, as I see."
"What's to hinder our saying we have an important engagement in Paris that had slipped our minds? They'll enjoy their honeymoon just as well without us."
"A good idea. In that case you'll not have your hand read here. What hits that Mrs. Glendeming made!"
"I should say so. If I had any Gretchen in my hand, no money would tempt me to have it read. As it is, I am not
afraid. When it comes to family, and pedigree, and brains, I'm not afraid to compare notes with any family in America. As a scholar I am not to be despised, and no Californian of family was ever known to be disloyal to his friend, so I do not fear her insight."
"You talk as if you were on the point of proposing for the hand of her daughter."

A flush rose to the pale face of his friend at this remark, but he made no reply except to say :
"Is it settled that we go in the morning?"
"I suppose so. Call me if you wake first."
"All right."
All was quiet for a short time; then a voice said :
"I say, Royal!"
"What?"
"Perhaps we can't get a seat in the diligence. What then?"
"Go to sleep, I'm tired," and the one tossed, and planned, and worried, while the other passed over into the land of dreams, and was looking into the eyes of pretty Gretchen.

Along the corridor a light was still burning in the room occupied by the two American ladies, and low voices might have been heard in earnest conversation. Zenia was saying :
"How could you embarrass that young gentleman as you did by alluding to that love affair, Mouessie? I felt really sorry for him."
"Such as he are never humbled. In his own eyes all his own acts stand approved. His pride is invulnerable, but he has grand traits that offset this. Nature has done much for him ; if she could only make him unconscious of his magnificent physique and great mental endowments, he would be ann of a thousand."
"And what of the other?"
"Wait till I read his hand. He seems quiet and sensitive; beyond this I have no thought. Strange that we should have seen them in the Louvre, and now meet them in Switzerland and have become acquainted. Can it be that these are the ones that are to cross our path?"
"That was the adept and the man with the child-heart coming with Pater."
"How like a dream it all seems. We are living a romance every hour, and when we leave these heights we must descend in thought as well, and be just like every one else,-creatures of the outer world of sense for a time. It will be almost like becoming children again and playing with cast-off toys. Of course I can see why he told us to do this. Our life would be too intense and one-sided. The world needs practical people, not dreamers of dreams. Our work will be among every-day people, and therefore we must not be too transcendental."
"Very true, my dear. It may be that you will not come before the world as a writer, but a busy worker. This would be strange, indeed, with your gifts in that line. Like all the rest we must wait and follow the leading. The Master's life looms up in history in gigantic proportions, when we realize its humble walk and think of all he might have been and has voluntarily resigned. Ambition had as great power then as now, and the temptation in the wilderness comes to every soul that would enter the higher path. To have one's will entirely subjugated to the divine is no idle thing, and this is what I desire. May we have strength to give up our personal ambitions, must be our constant prayer."
"The wise man spoke as if he saw sorrow coming toward us. I have never said this, but sometimes I have felt a shadow of
great darkness, a something intangible, but real, that is to come to us as a family."
"I, too, have felt this, but have thought it a morbid fancy, though at times it has made me shudder. When he spoke I felt the same shudder pass through my frame, but it may mean nothing. Perbaps because we fear, it may come. We have been many years untouched by sorrow. It cannot always be thus. The Book of books says it is a proof that we are children if we are chastened, and we must never lose sight of our royal birth-right, our divine inheritance. Now to our pillows, and tomorrow we turn our faces homeward."

Silence reigned here for many minutes. The light of the full moon lit up the room to its remotest corner. Shadows black as night were thrown upon the floor by every object that intercepted its rays, and vibrations of light quivered in long and broad shafts.
"I cannot sleep amid such glorious scenes," exclaimed Zenia, sitting bolt upright. "I wish we dared to go out on the piazza to see Mont Blanc."
"It would not do. We need rest. I will darken the window, and then you can sleep. I was already off to dreamland when you spoke."

The mother rose and pinned over the window a dark shawl, and once more they relapsed into silence.
"Mouessie?"
"Yes, darling."
"I have just been thinking I am not much of a girl, not over half a one."
"Why, darling?"
"Because I am pleased in just the same way that other girls are. I am ashamed to acknowledge that the coming of these
young men, in whom I haven't a shadow of interest, has been a pleasing episode in our journey, and the thought of meeting Mr. Beaumaris's brother is quite pleasant to think of. This proves that I am hopelessly commonplace. Where is the slaying of the senses and all our rules of high living?"
"Just where they should be. I'm glad to know that in some respects you are like other girls. You could never be commonplace, and I hope for many a year you will not be more angelic. Now, good-night, my loved one; all good angels surround thee."

This was the last sound heard that night in the Hotel D'Angleterre.

## CHAPTER VI.

## CHAMOUNI.

> "By culture of the sonl through things, the chord attenuates, and under the hand of the spiritual tuner is worked into a perfect vibration in accord with .God."-Hidden Way.

"IT is day, our last day in Chamouni. Wake up, Mouessie, and lose no more time sleeping," said Zenia to her mother as she stood leaning on her window-sill in the early morning. It was fairy-land without. Clouds were aglow with the promise of the sun; mountains were veiled in amethystine tints; the Arve was bubbling and singing on its way to the sea, and a beautiful silence rested over the world. Her mother was quick to respond to her call, and just as they were ready to leave their room, Zenia's quick ear caught the sound of voices beneath the window.
"Do you hear what he is saying?" she asked, as they gathered their shawls and wraps together.
"I heard nothing, my dear. What is it?"
"Why, that Mr. Hautrave is making arrangements to go to Geneva; what can be the matter? They knew nothing of it last night. I am quite positive I heard them plan going to the moraine for precious gems. I heard him say he must go at once. No bad news, I hope."
"That would not be possible. This is not the place for telegrams. No one could be so cruel as that; what did he decide?"
"I heard the porter say, 'It is not possible. Every seat is taken, unless the gentleman will ride inside.' Then the answer came in a decided and autocratic manner, as if he were a young Napoleon: 'There is no such word as impossible, I must go.' "
"And what then?"
"The usual result of a determined will, the man said, 'Ah, now Monsieur says that, we must see what can be done." "

By this time they had reached the piazza and were stepping from it, as the young gentlemen came around the corner of the house. They were surprised to find any one astir so early, and after the usual salutations were exchanged, Mr. Montrose said, turning to Mrs. Glendenning :
"I can understand your health and spirits, if this is your custom. It is worth all the effort it costs, to see a world as beautiful as this old earth is here and now."
"We are off to see the sunrise, from that rise of ground yonder, and if we stay to parley will lose it all."
"But may we not accompany you? Will it be an intrusion? We would not do that for the world."
"If you will not mind our silence, come. We are not very talkative at such times, but the mountains will be eloquent, and Nature will charm us into rapport with her own vibrations."
" You speak as a scientist, Mrs. Glendenning."
"Far from it. They speak with lips and mind-I only know he:e "-putting her hand to her breast. "There comes the first sunlight. Hush!"

They had reached the knoll, and just as the first rays of the sun fell upon the distant hills, she and her daughter turned toward the east with bowed head, and stood motionless. The young men uncovered their heads, and bowed in respectful silence, until the entire disk of the sun appeared ubove the
horizon. The ladies were still absorbed in thought and rooted to the spot. When they at last moved, a reflection of the sun seemed to illumine their faces. The young gentlemen were startled, but said nothing for some moments. Then Montrose said, half inquiringly-
"You are enthusiasts I see-almost worshipers of the sun and nature. I have never met any one before who seemed to feel so deeply the Beautiful about them."

They smiled. Mrs. Glendenning replied:
"You compliment us, Mr. Montrose, and I can assure you I could not put in words the effect of this sunrise upon me. All sunlight is a benediction, and, next to the noontide, there is no time in the day when it touches with such power as when it first comes above the horizon. At sunset the vibrations are powerful, but not as beneficial. The old adage was besed on a great natural law. Early rising brings health and wisdom by a process as simple as that of bodily growth. Our inner senses are fed by a fine magnetic substance of which we are unconscious, and physical and mental conditions are thereby stimulated. If you would prove this some time, ask the brightest and healthiest people you know, if they do not rise earlier than those about them."
"I shall make a study of the subject, Mrs. Glendenning, for you have interested me in the theory. This may account for the Parsee's faith and worship."
"Without doubt, and what has been the result? They have a religion to-day purer than that of any socalled heathen people. They do not worship the sun, any more than we do, but they reach out for illumination, with all the aspirations of hungry souls, and the same light will come to them as to us. There is no monopoly in Truth."
"Surely not, if they seek it in the right way. As I am hoping to enter the Church, and minister to souls, on my return to America, I am interested in all these questions."
"And as I have been the wife of a clergyman these many years, I, too, am interested in humanity's outlook, and glad to know that God is no respecter of persons, and, whether heathen or Christian, will regard those who seek Him."
"A broad ground. Is it safe?"
"Truth is always safe."
"I observed that you spoke of the heathen, as 'so-called,' surely you do not rank all together?"
"Definitions change boundaries. Those you would call Christian, I might call heathen, and vice versa. I think I told you about the Duchess de -_ in Paris? We had letters to her, and dared not ignore them. Of course we put it off as long as possible, and did not present them till after our return from Geneva. We were obliged to accept an invitation for one of her Monday evenings, and really were glad to do so, as we were going to Boulogne next day, and so could escape being drawn into the social vortex. Among her guests was a learned and brilliant gentleman who had lived much of his life in India. He had gone there full of missionary zeal when very young, and being inspired by wisdom, concluded to study the heathen under one of the sages of their land. Accordingly he put himself under a Moonshi, and was daily instructed by him until he found his missionary spirit turning toward America, and a great longing took possession of him to teach some of their beautiful truths in his own land. He came back, but found no one ready for his bits of gold, so he shook the dust of his country from his feet and went back to engraft upon their wisdom Christiam truth. It made a great impression on me to hear him talk."
"Was he in the true Church?"
"You mean-?"
"I mean, of course, that which has been handed down by apostles, and the laying on of hands; but I never dreamed you were a clergyman's wife. It has almost taken my breath away."
"Surely, I hope my conduct has not been inconsistent--"
"Oh, not that; but you know as a class they are very meek and gentle and inoffensive, wearing neutral tints, and absorbed in parish-work, but-you will pardon me, I am sure-you are so free in thought, so very independent."
"And I am almost as much surprised to find you choosing the Church as your field for future work. I must speak honestly, but I cannot think why you should have thus chosen."

He straightened himself up with a conscious air of his own value as he replied:
"My friends have made me feel that the Church needs ability, and also that it affords a large field for an ambitious man, at the same time giving him great usefulness. Surely the path trod by bishops, apostles, and saints, should content any man."

Zenia had heard the closing sentences and now paused for them to come nearer. Her mother was saying :
"I cannot imagine those early saints, apostles, and bishops, to have had any resemblance to the leaders of our churches to-day. The simple-hearted fishermen, without purse, or home, would not be at home in our life of to-day. They had a following because they were general benefactors. From that time until the present, as power and wealth have increased, all the spiritual gifts have degenerated. Who, of all the Church lights you know, can either heal, or prophesy, or work miracles? Yet every child of God should have a spiritual gift, if we are to believe St. Paul."
"I had never thought of that, the age is so different."
"In what way? Are there no longer the sick and distressed?"
"But there are always provision made for the poor of the Church."
"And the poor of humanity at large?"
She was pushing him into a corner without intending it. As if to aid him at this time, his friend began to talk to him of their plans for the morrow, and the necessity of reaching Paris at once ; then, turning to the ladies, he explained that there were no seats to be had, and they were sorely puzzled.

Zenia spoke to her mother in a low tone for a moment. Her mother thought a moment, and then nodded assent, and her daughter said:
"Mamma and I might give up seeing Geneva, and go tomorrow."
"Oh, not for worlds. Do not think of such a thing. If we could only buy off some one, it could be easily arranged."
"Now I think of it, I heard that French lady say to her husband, that she was not half rested, and if their tickets were not already bought, she would remain another day. How fortunate that I heard it!"
"I'll see the porter at once. We shall have a magnificent day for the ride down, and your mother can read may hand."

They returned rapidly, and as they entered the hotel, they found Mr. and Mrs. Beaumaris awaiting, entirely unprepared for their change of plan. When it was made known, a visible consternation rested on the faces of both.
" Absurd."
"Preposterous," fell from their lips at the same time.
"You see Cecil had forgotten an important engagement, and must go back at once."

Laurence Beaumaris took him aside, and laying his finger on his arm, said:
"It is all moonshine, Royal, and I know it. Do you think I cannot see through a thing as plain as that? I have followed pretty faces myself, and know all about it. But I never lie about such things. It don't pay."
"But listen-"
"All I want to know is, which is it? I'm not blind. I never saw a fairer face, and a purer, than this, nor one that would lead me farther, if I were not married, and to the loveliest of women; but Miss Glendenning makes me think of Undine, she is so very spirituelle and dream-like. I am always wondering when and how she will vanish, and which of you is most hopelessly enthralled."
"Can you ask? You have known me many years; have I been a fool? Do I seem one of those who, having set out to. attain a certain position or object, am going to let it escape, because a beautiful girl charms me? Royal Montrose is not that kind of a fellow. I cannot afford to throw away three years of my life, and all it has cost, even for such a glorious creature as that," pointing toward Miss Glendenning, as he spoke.
"And your friend?"
" He is of a different temperament. A Californian, with a trace of Spanish blood in his veins, he will not listen to reason."
"But he has not spoken a dozen words to her, that I have noticed."
"The volcano is slumbering. You do not know him. At present he is living in the world of vision, and to watch her movement, her face, her expression, is enough."
" He is badly hurt if that is so. If he would talk more, it would dissipate it."
"Of course it would. But now he is determined to go down in the diligence, and I cannot see him go alone."
"And it will do as much good as if he sat at the foot of Mont Blanc and expected it to warm him."
"Laurie is right, Royal. Try to talk him out of what is a most fatal fascination," interposed Mrs. Beaumaris, who had come up and leaned on her husband's arm and heard the last words. "As we were riding side by side, the day we went to the Mauvais Pas, I was saying how incomplete every woman's life is until she is married and settled, even though one married a man like Laurie."
"Hear, hear!" came from her listeners.
"I was saying," she continued with a dignified air, "that I was inculcating this important truth as forcibly as I could, and when I finished, she merely said in a most indifferent tone of voice:
" ' How charming, that you have achieved this completeness, or, as we say at home when we dance, you have your program filled, and there is nothing more to come. You must be very happy.' I was not quite sure whether she were in earnest or not, but she settled the matter by saying: 'Anyone who has had for constant companion such an one as my mother, needs nothing to make life complete; and, as for the other sex, my brothers have been so devoted that I could never hope to find any one like them." She said they were ideal men, not in perfection of character, but in tenderness and devotion. They have never allowed her to be escorted by any one else, and she could not imagine herself ever finding any one like them."
"If this is true, I should be tempted to enter the lists myself.

I have lived in America all my life, and such things are not common. No girl there is restricted to her brothers. They go where they choose, when they choose, and generally with whom they choose."
"I am sure she spoke truly. She was very earnest, and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke of her brothers."

Here they were interrupted by the others, and all was confusion until breakfast was dispatched and the time came to be seated in the diligence. The young men had the seats of the French couple, separated from Mrs. Glendenning and her daughter by a row of strangers. Mrs. Beaumaris held Zenia's hand till the last moment, and then whispered in her ear:
"I feel as if I had known you always, and as if nothing evil could come to me when you are near. Remember you are to come to us for a long visit in London, and if Beverly is at home you will find him every whit as nice as your brothers."
"I am glad to have met you, and shall always love England because it is your home-"

A crack of the whip and the great vehicle began to move toward the main road that led to Geneva. When it was out of sight, Mr. Beaumaris turned to his wife with-
"Will you start at once for the Righi, my dear, and let the gerns go?"
"As you choose, Laurie. What a lovely girl that Miss Glendenning is. I wish Beverly could meet and marry her."
"You think she would be happier, but I doubt it. That look of peace upon her face would soon be gone, if she had her mind on household matters. She is not one of the kind to marry."
"Too bad that the young men could not have had seats. nearer, where they could have talked with the ladien."
"Trust them for that. An hour hence and they'll arrange it as they wish it, or my name is not Laurence Beaumaris. I alsopredict, that in twenty-four hours Royal will be as much in love as his friend."
"He is very sure of himself now," replied his wife.
"Royal is always sure of himself. He always had assurance, and of late years this has become excessive. As soon as he decided to be a learned man, he went to Germany, and impressed every one with his ability, and ended by carrying off with hisfriend the honors of the University. If he made up his mind to win Miss Glendenning, I cannot imagine such a thing as failure. He never gives up."
"That may be true in most pursuits, but in this case he would fail as surely as I am Ethel Beaumaris."

All this time the young men were planning how they could secure seats nearer the ladies, and Royal Montrose, as spokesman, had managed it so well, that at the first relay of horses they exchanged seats with a couple of young Germans, and sat facing the ladies. Nothing could have been better. Conversation never flagged, and at length, as they drew near the Grand Falls, where they would dine, Mr. Hautrave said-
"My hand has not been read yet. Perhaps, while we wait after dinner, we can find a quiet spot, and I nay learn my fate."
"You deserve a fine destiny for being so patient," said Mrs. Glendenning with a smile, as she took from his hand the horoscopes of herself and daughter.
"To make an honest confession, I believe far more in palmistry than the stars, although I do not doubt all my friend has said."
"I must believe in chirosophy, or palmistry, for I have tested it many years. It has never disappointed me. I would not be willing to choose a single friend by the face, but I
would be perfectly willing to choose by the hand without seeing the face."
"Really? You make more of it than I thought. I supposed you found it an interesting study and a pleasing way of entertaining your friends. I did not dream you believed all you said, though some of your hits were certainly remarkable."
"It is a science."
"But how do you account for it? We can imagine that deep feeling or earnest thought might print itself upon the hand, but how of the future? Those lines have not been put there by feeling, for the feeling has not been. As I understand it, each hand has the main lines, has it not?"
"Yes, just as each face has the same features, but differs from every other in expression. In the face we sometimes see a nose belonging to an ancestor, or a mouth or any other feature, so in the hand we attribute the form to heredity, the lines to personality and individuality. I am inclined to believe that it will all some day be found due to vibratory action of planets-of people-of one's self."
"You spoke of vibrations last evening," interrupted Montrose ; "I wish you would say more on that subject."
"I know but little about the law; I have only seen a few effects," was the answer. "It has been a subject that has fascinated me ever since I was six years old, when I saw the first snake. My sister was with me. It lay by a fence, and when I first looked it was spotted, but after a little it became a living rainbow and I could not remove my eyes. My sister seized me and carried me off, and long years after I was told it was all due to vibrations; the interest has steadily increased, as I find all phenomena reducible to its laws. It will be but a short time before it will be recognized as a practicable force, a :
electricity is now, chained to do our bidding. Light is vibration; eleotricity is a higher vibration, and life itself with all its emotions is but a still higher mode of vibrations. When once this is believed and understood, sickness must be banished; unhappiness must be abolished, and the radiance of pure emotion, as manifested in the vision of St. John, will ever produce perfect harmony in the life, the home, the community, and the world."

She had spoken more earnestly than she had intended, and as she finished her sentence, relapsed into silence. Her daughter's eyes were on her face, and Cecil Hautrave, eager to pursue this line of thought, said:
"There was an old chap at Leipsic who was always talking on vibrutions. At first he bored me, but after a bit I became interested in his theories, and frequently sat far into the night watching him experiment. He was a genius on musical lines. Such harmonies as he would produce would make your heart stand still. I have seen him so absorbed in these sounds that he was utterly oblivious to all beside. Students would enter and speak to him ; the bell ring for dinner; a bee sting him, but all to no purpose; he was as good as dead. Then he would rouse himself by a violent shake and say-
" 'Colors wound themselves about me in bands like ribbons, and if I had a brush I could paint a picture that would be to the eye, just what those sounds were to the ear.'
"Sometimes I have seen him do this. Such strange pictures they were. I have one now, a bit of sea, and rocks, and it impresses you as having a soul, though there is not a bit of animate life in it. He has hit the truth, perhaps, but it comes in moments of great mental excitement; and of what good is it, if nothing practical comes from it? Say that he does revolutionize art
some day, and give us a scientific standard of true criticism. What then? Will we enjoy one of Couture's or Bougoureau's creations any better, when we know that every tint is chosen according to the law of vibrations? I do not think so. Art is high enough for me as it is."

Mrs. Glendenning smiled, an amused smile, and said nothing. It was very evident she did not intend to be drawn into a discussion.
"If it were only in art that the change would come, I do not think that we should.waste time upon it. If electricity had done nothing more than thrill us with its power, I do not think Edison would have been raised up to invent the mechanisms that we use," suggested the daughter. "That vibrations of light and sound are equivalents, has long been known, and in a small town of Ohio was a young man who did just what your friend did; but he died, and no one coming after, nothing practical came of it. This decides everything,-Use."
" My daughter has said what I did not think best to say. All things must be useful to have any place in the economy of things. Unless there is a truth underlying vibration, as broad as humanity and as deep as the race, we shall give it no place. Unless marriage, business, society, politics, all are found capable of transformations through its laws, it will avail nothing. A certain learned man says all love is electricity, but I would say all love, all accomplishment, is vibration."
"And we have vibrated along the wires of life to dinnertime," exclaimed Zenia, as the horses stopped at the door of tho hotel and the driver hooked the ladder for them to dismount.
"One hour only," he called out as the passengers scampered along the veranda, and were soon appeasing a mountain appetite at the bounteous table. Just above the hotel was a wild gorge,
from which leaped a foaming waterfall into the Arve below. A seat between two trees enticed our party to its shelter, and here, after dinner, Mrs. Glendenning read the hand of Cecil Hautrave. She told him of individual peculiarities known only by himself; of aspirations that had led him through years of physical weakness to high achievement; of a path in the future more and more assured, but covered by an impenetrable cloud. Of earthly hope, and joy, and love, all banished from his heart, and while fame would crown him it would be unsought, undesired. In the past were few mistakes of his own making; a pair of dark eyes had once lured him to a dream of joy only to dash him to an abyss of disappointment. It was the pivot on which his life had turned, from which all his future would come.
"I do not care for that. Tell me of the present," he interrupted with a dash of impatience.
"Well would it be if your future could be as your present, yet it reaches higher and stretches farther than anything you have ever dreamed. Into it come hopes not yet born ; out of it die loves and delights that are now your very life. Build no hopes in the branches of any tree of earth. Think not that you will find satisfaction where you now seek it. Your life is that of one strung to vibrations that have become attenuated, yet refuse to unite with their parent source, and because of this comes heart-ache and desolation. Sensitive as a spider's web that floats in the morning sun; rich in all possibilities of worldly fame; lonely as the eagle in its nest, such will your life be unless changed by your own will. At the present moment your mind is in a state of upheaval. Its cause I do not know, but overit is a glamour that changes the perspective of all you think or care for. Wake up. It is a dream. The reality lies far away."

When she finished they were all silent. Young Montrose spoke first:
"If you have fame, Cecil, it is enough. She did not give me fame. I must be content with high positions, great wealth; and you have the fame. I will exchange gladly."
"That is one of life's mysteries, that we must take, nolens volens, the result of our own lives. From his hand your future could not result; neither from yours could his, and strangest of all, you would not exchange it if you could. It is Karma."
"Tell me what you mean?"
It was a moment before she answered. When she did so, she spoke quietly, almost solemnly, fixing her eyes on his as she spoke.
"Should we meet a few years hence, I might be able to gratify your desire for knowledge or curiosity, perhaps. At present I cannot explain. I am still too ignorant to teach another, and one word must again cover the phenomena, the word vibrations. Let us talk of other things, and follow the path to the hotel."

It was evidently useless to pursue the subject, and the conversation fell upon Switzerland, Napoleon, France, everything but palmistry. When they were once more seated, Mr. Hautrave leaned forward, and said in a low tone:
"Your mother is a remarkable woman, Miss Glendenning. Is it the result of study or natural gifts?"

The fair face beamed as she answered:
"No one can ever know how wonderful she is as I know it. It is gift, it is heredity, it is culture. Oh, I cannot tell you all. She is truly a wonderful woman."

Her enthusiasm betrayed her into more than she intended, and when his admiring glance rested on her face, a bright flush
passed over it, and as if pained by an exposure of deep feeling, she said, hastily :
"It must seem very foolish to you that I speak as I do, but you spoke so earnestly that it touched my heart."
"Here's the key to her heart," he thought. Aloud he said:
"Not foolish but very beautiful. Mothers and daughters are rarely so united in love and admiration. According to my friend Montrose, it is all the result of planetary influence; according. to your mother, it is due to vibrations. I wonder how you explain it."
"I never explain it. It is one soul in two homes, that is all.. Do you notice a change of atmosphere as we descend; I mean a change in its color?" she continued, as if to shut off all return to personalities, and as he fell into the same train of thought, the conversation became general and commonplace, tinged with a humor as amusing as if they were four children at play. Here Zenia Glendenning was at her best, and the side of her nature that lay on the surface gave no hint of that which was lived below.
"Of course you will see all Geneva tomorrow,-the Russian church, etc., etc., and perhaps try to do the castle of Chillon?"
"Scarcely as ambitious as that. We have a few bits of shopping to do and then shall devote the day to sightseeing and driving. Next day on to Paris the magnificent. Home we call it, because we have a petite foyer of our own within its limits, where our household gods are established. I never thought we could feel so much at home in a foreign city."
"I have been so long without a home that I should srarcely know the sensation," said Montrose; with a long breath of longing. "When I hear the word home, I think of something that
has vanished, like a dream or a sunset. Let me see: three years in Germany, four in college, one in the preparatory, eight years in all. Take these from twenty-five and it leaves me but a boy of seventeen. I wonder I have anything good in me, hey, Cecil?"
"I have been even more unfortunate, for I have never known 2. mother's care," replied his friend, "and a sister I have dreamed of, but never experienced."

A shade passed over his face as he spoke; the long dark lashes fell over the handsome eyes. As if to lighten the mood that was in danger of falling on them, Mrs. Glendenning said:
"You remain some time in Paris? Of course the Exposition is the main attraction."
"Hardly that," replied Montrose. "We are just off for a rest, then back to Leipsic for a special course. Have you been there? A most interesting place. Great musical advantages. An American colony, good society, and all that sort of thing."

His friend raised his eyes to his face as he heard him speak, in a glance of undisguised astonishment, that he could hope to entice them away from Paris. He was relieved when Mrs. Glendenning replied:
"We started from home for Leipsic, and have a package of letters of introduction quite formidable to present there ; but something diverted us toward Paris, and there we have remained. We shall not be in Germany before next year, if at all. All our plans have been changed by circumstances."
"And will you spend the winter in France?"
"Oh, no. We move southward, as the birds fly."
"And shall we not see you in Paris? It is like meeting old friends to find Americans, and we hate to part with them. One day's ride in a diligence is equal to two years of an ordinary call-
ing accquaintance, so we may set ourselves down as very old friends."

Royal was doing all the talking, and his friend waited for the reply.
"It has been a very agreeable episode in our quiet life. We have made no acquaintances since we left home, and the memory of our chats and mountain ride will not soon pass. Rest assured, that all that is good and powerful in the vibrations of kind thoughts will be yours."
"And may we call to ask after your health ?" Again it was Mr. Montrose who spoke.
"Were we to remain in Paris, I should say yes, certainly, but we go in a couple of days to Boulogne to meet my husband."
"Ah, yes, I see. Then farewell." Thus they parted, and no one could have prophesied where they would meet.

## CHAPTER VII.

> MEETINGS.
> "Before beginning and without an end, As space eternal and as surety sure, Is fxed a power divine which moves to good; Only its laws endure.
> " Out of the dari it wrought the heart of man;
> Out of dull shells, the pheasant's penciled neck; Ever at toil it brings to loveliness All ancient wrath and wreck.
> " It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved, Except mto the working out of doom; Its threads are love and life, and death and paln The shattles of its loom."

They were at Boulogne-upon-the-sea, with the historic past reaching down the memory; the high cliffs rising above its busy life; the blue sea stretching out and on and away, covered with ships going to and fro. Boulogne, with its quaint buildings, its distinct lives, its nobility, its fashion, its fisher-folk. Boulogne, that has been linked with the names of kings and emperors; Boulogne, that is now but a shadow of its former glory, but always and forever holding a charm peculiar to itself, that must endure as long as its stones stand. They were sitting by the great Crucifix, on the topmost height of the cliffs, and Zenia was saying, still holding her glass to her eyes for a trace of the steamer they waited for:
"I wonder where our two knights are now? I believe, if they
had received the slightest encouragement, they would have come straight to Boulogne, and taken a tour through Holland and Belgium. It must have been the pleasure of falling in with Americans that was the secret of it all."
"Whatever the cause, the result was certainly agreeable to us," replied the mother. "Seldom, if ever, have I met such phenomenal young men. Almost too intellectual, but that is the result of three years' hard study in Germany, and once in the work-a-day world, that will gradually evaporate."
"Evaporate, Mouessie? You speak as if their knowledge was something the nature of steam, and could escape by a safety-valve."
"All mere book knowledge, that which can be taken in by the reasoning powers and held by memory, is evanescent in its nature, and has not the real life that makes it permanent."
${ }^{6}$ Now I draw a breath of relief, if that is so. I shall hope, then, that some of the ideas of Mr. Montrose will vanish in thin air, when he comes in contact with the uses of life. He interests me strangely. Something in his grand physique and noble bearing makes me feel like calling him Lord Bishop, and to see him fettered and in chains is as painful as it must have been in olden times, when a magnificent gladiator was cast into prison. Perhaps the day will come when le will be made free. Some great circumstance may with Thor's great hammer crack the shell, the Ego, and let the spirit go free."
"Not for many years, child. That Ego is the result of many lives, and has acquired a power not broken by a single blow of even 'Thor's hammer. But why waste time on this when coming. toward us every moment is the vessel bearing our loved one?"
"True, Mouessie, but these young men have lent a brightness to these perfect days, and an I am to be a girl like other girls
(except that in my soul the fire will bura for truth) for many weeks to come, I am trying to obey orders, and do as other girls would do, talk of young nen. I have no doubt I should have been full of nonsense, if I had not been your child, and trained to know better things. Is it not strange to feel that we are under the guidance of one who says 'do this' and we do it. You and I never felt this before."
"Perhaps if we had learned the lesson sooner, and been led more by the Spirit, it would come easier for us to obey. At any rate, we have had new links joined to our chain: by these new lives we have met and touched, and each must have a bearing on the all. I agree with you that it would have taken but little encouragement to have them join us, for it was very evident that all their talk of a pressing engagement in Paris was a figment of imagination, since it was set aside at Geneva and they remained with us the following day."
"Yes, and how confused the garde looked when he saw their first-class tickets, and tried to make them leave our compartment. They pretended they could not understand him, and at last he left them there, muttering to himself some dreadful things about the stupid Americans, and shut the door at last with a bang."
"Which was followed by a laugh so hearty, that if he heard it, must have added to his wrath."
"But what about the prophet Zelo's words, 'To the Isle of the Sea and the Land of the Nile.' How can we do it? Pater cannot go with us, and we cannot go alone."
"That, like all the rest, will be arranged. Since the consecration of those hands in that sacred grotto, I can never doubt the divine leading; if we are to go, the escort will be provided. You do not forget the guide that was sent to us that morning?

What a glorious creature he was! I thought the prophet said he was to be my own. I must have heard him wrongly, for he did not stay with me."
"I heard him say it too. I cannot understand."
"We need not mind. Like all the other riddles, it will solve itself. Whoever would have dreamed that two defenseless women could be as long in foreign lands as we have been, and never once betray their family history or individuality? Until we met Mr. and Mrs. Beaumaris, not a soul could say they knew us. We have done our sex great honor. And now we are to take a tug, and join the blessed Pater, and see once more the gallant captain of the 'Amsterdam,' and have a taste of those delightful days upon the ocean that were like fairyland to us. When I told Mr. Montrose about it, he drew himself to his fullest height, took a long, deep inspiration that seemed to make him twice his size, and said in a tone of great commiseration, intended to wither me at once:
"I I never have been able to understand the infatuation of young ladies for brass buttons and uniforms.'
" I smiled inwardly, and said, meekly, I had been brought up in New York, and display of cloth and buttons did not seriously affect me, but I could not meet a brave man like Captain Vat-tier-Stanger without admiring him."
"And then?"
"He said it was proverbial that they made miserable husbands, and broke more hearts than any other class of men, at which I laughed outright, and replied, 'That inasmuch as I was not in pursuit of a husband I was still free to admire a brave, good man.'"
"' Comme c'est drofle,' as the French have it. He must have felt foolish. What did his friend say?"
"He gave a little applause with his cane and said, ' Bravo! You have answered him as he deserves.' Of course I-Is there not a steamer coming round that point? Look quickly."
"I see a smoke and a vessel. Let us hasten to the hotel; the tug may leave. How good it will be to see the dear Pater again! He is one at least that is not in the ministry because of honor and worldly fame, bless his dear heart!"
"Such lives, like all true lives, are their own gospel. Like the Pyramids, they need no argument, they are their own fact."

They were now walking quickly down the narrow street, where homes of fisher-folk were set on steps, and lined the way, and women toiled at the open door and watched them hasten past, intent upon the coming of their own.
"Ah, madame, the word has come. The boat go out toute de suite, and all is ready, but never did the boat take ladies out before. Will you indeed go?"
"Why not? Is it not safe?" came from both at once.
"Ah, oui, certainement; but never has it been done. There will be no other ladies going out."
"That is nothing. Do not ladies come back from the vessel?"
"Oui, madame, toujours; but that is different."
"Order a cab. We shall be ready in time," and they disappeared, to pack their hand-bags and wonder over another phase of French conventionality.

Three hours later, they were on board the "Amsterdam," and steaming away for Holland, sitting on either side of a tall man, distinguished in appearance, and with a decidedly military as well as clerical bearing. They had a quiet corner all to themselves, and it was evident to beholders that they were a world in three beings. The Pater, as be was called by both wife and
daughter, glanced from one face to the other with loving pride and approval. It was very evident that his heart was warmly alive to his own family, though the head had for many years been his guide, and had gradually chilled his inner nature by its logic. It was not long before he left them for a moment, and soon returned with a man nearly as tall as himself, but more angular and brawny.
"This is a man who was placed under my care by our chief parishioner, Deacon Harmon. He has lived much of his life under ground in the coal pits of Ohio, and there, amid silence and darkness, has kept up a vigorous thinking. I have been greatly surprised at the originality of his remarks, and I find we have the same opinions on the labor question. He has saved up a little money and is going to Egypt. He tells me he has heard a voice in the night telling him there is some one there waiting to meet him. Of course I know nothing of such things, never having heard, or known of any one, who has heard audible voices, except little Joan D'Arc a long time ago, but he says he has found God, and it is His voice, the voice of the Spirit, that calls him. I have learned many strange things from him, things never taught in colleges and theological seminaries, and might be disbelievcd by them. But there is something about this man that carries convincing proof that he is speaking the truth, and he tells me things that are akin to subjects you spoke of a few years ago, when you were so interested in what I then called your heathenish reading.-Mr. Aberdeen, come forward and meet my wife and daughter. We are to be together several weeks, and I would have you know each other. This is Mrs. Glendenning, and this is my daughter Zenia."

The stranger looked from one to another and crossed his hands, giving his right hand to the mother and his left to the
daughter. He held them a moment and when he dropped them he said:
"A bonnie face for the Sperit of Wisdom. Mither and daughter are baith as one."

Mrs. Glendenning looked into her daughter's face as he turned away, and her husband, intercepting it, read her thought.
"I told you that he was a strange man. Strange, but very good. You will see more of that as you become better acquainted. Now we'll take a few turns on deck and be ready for dinner, after which we will talk of home and our plans."

They had not made the first round before Captain VattierStanger came forward, with a face beaming with delight, and after shaking hands with both, took Miss Glendenning under his wing and marched off with her. He was by no means a rare type of his countrymen physically, for many of them are tall and finely formed. Mr. Glendenning himself showed his Dutch descent by his height and the breadth of his shoulders, but the captain's face was fuller than the ordinary Holland faces, and when he spoke it became as genial as a rising sun. Miss Glendenning had been a marked favorite going over, always sitting at his right hand at table, and invited to promenade more than any one else. He was radiantly happy to have her on his arm once more, and was saying:
"We have no pleasant times on board since you left us, Miss Glendenning. I have taken my meals in my cabin, because it made me very triste to miss your lovely face."
"You must not try to spoil me by flattery, if you really like me."
"You could not be spoiled, and you know I like you without my saying a word. I dare not say more. I have a terrible secret on my mind. Perhaps I can see you in Amsterdam, and
you will let me confide in you. What I was saying was all true. I have never talked with any one since we had our last promenade together, and that was-let me see-four months ago. Never any more continental whist, nothing but walk the bridge and count the stars ; but there is the dinner, once more I will sit in my old place and you shall sit at my right hand."
"A deuced handsome couple they make," said a young American to his sister. "I mean the captain and that new arrival."
"She is the daughter of the Reverend Glendenning. Yes, a striking couple, but he is a trifle too ponderous for our American tastes. That girl looks like a lily by his side."

The conversation was broken by a general stampede for dinner, and it was only after all were quiet on deck that home matters could be enjoyed.
"Now tell us all about it, Pater." A soft hand held his strong one. "You saw Floyd's fiancee, and is it really true that he is deeply in love?"
"I do not think you would ask that question, could you see them together. He is desperately in love. Intoxicated with love, hypnotized by an angel, and lives in the clouds."
"But what is she like? Is she really beautiful and good and all?" interrupted Zenia almost impatiently.
"Give me time and you shall know all. She is tall, as tall as yourself, my pet, and has a face glowing with good-nature for its chief attraction, but really her features, taken separately, would not be called beautiful."
"But he said she was a beauty, and he has always been such a judge of pretty girls."
"You did not let me finish. I think you would call her decidedly handsome, for her face, as a whole, is so glowing with
good-nature, and so brilliant in coloring, that it is irresistible. I was greatly pleased with her, I can assure you."
"And is she practical, my dear?" It was the wife that interrupted now.
"I could not judge of that. The dear boy thinks she is perfection, and capable of running the universe. If he should some day find her human, it will jar upon his sensibilities; but till that time comes let him revel in his neivly-found happiness. Would you believe it, he is really trying to save money, and showed me a drawer full of neck-ties all done up in tissue paper, which he said must go him for a year. He said he should not buy a new suit every season, but economize at once. Love is the moving power of the universe, and if it makes our dear boy careful, it will prove its power to work miracles."
"All this time you have told me nothing of Eusonias, the grand, unselfish, plodding fellow. He is an ideal man, such a one as people put in books, but you never meet with in real life," said Zenia, the tears coming to her eyes as she thought of these two brothers, who so filled her life with love and devotion. "Never a girl was blessed with two such brothers. I really ought to be an unusual girl in return for all this."

The eyes of both parents rested fondly on the glowing face, and as her father began to speak, she said, "O, I know what you would say, but you do not know me as I know myself." Then in another tone, she continued:
"Mouessie and I have a new plan after you turn your back on us, Pater. We would like to go down to the Mediterranean, and run across to Egypt, and we did not see how we could do it alone, but here comes this sturdy Scotchman bound for this very place, and what is to hinder his acting as our escort? What do you think of the plan, Pater?"
"I see nothing to object to. You can as well be in Africa as Europe, when the Atlantic separates us again. You could have no safer guardian than this plain man, who certainly has grown in mental stature in the bowels of the earth."

And so they talked until the time for retiring came, and when they awoke next morning they were in sight of Holland. The hours flew, that are usually so tedious, while they moved up the great canal, and came in sight of all the hundred wind-mills of the greatest country in the world. All was confusion and excitement on board, but our little party were quiet and undisturbed. They went on shore after all the rest, and quietly drove to the hotel. Here they rested, visited, went out for a promenade, and, after dinner, with the Scotchman adjourned to a small reception-room for general conversation. Soon after the waiter brought in two cards, and presented them to Mrs. Glendenning.
"It must be a mistake; we have no friends in Amsterdam"" said Zenia.
"Read and see."
Zenia took the cards in her hands, and no sooner had she read the names upon them, than a smile rippled over her face, and a tender flush came to her cheek.
"Cecil Hautrave."
"Royal Montrose."
"I am also a prophet, Mouessie, but I was not prepared for the fulfillment of my prediction. Show them in, of course." Then turning to her father she said:
"They are the two gentlemen we met at Chamouni. You will enjoy them. They are bright, learned, and have been crowned with honors at Leipsic."

She had no time to say more. The door opened, and the two
young gentlemen were ushered in, and came toward them with faces beaming with delight.
"How charming of you to give us such a surprise," was Mrs. Glendenning's cordial greeting. "Now you will know my husband, who has been telling the story of Love and Life for many years. Mr. Glendenning, these are friends we met in Switzerland, Mr. Hautrave and Mr. Montrose. Mr. Montrose is destined for the Church."
"You should say Professor Hautrave, and the Right Reverend Montrose," interrupted her daughter, smiling. "I am not sure that these are all the titles lying hidden in the next few years for them to pick upand honor by the wearing."
"I did not think you could be sarcastic, Miss Glendenning," said the first named, while the other bowed in mock humility, and added:
"When I wear the bishop's miter, may you be one of those who minister in my diocese, and bring benediction to all its churches."
"My prediction is a natural step from present conditions. Yours is not only an improbability, but an impossibility, but here while we are chaffing each other, you are still strangers to a gentleman that has come with Pater from America, and is on his way to Egypt. Mr. Aberdeen, these are quite old friends, Mr. Hautrave and Mr. Montrose."

They could do no less than extend a hand toward the brawny one that reached toward them, and when it closed over their delicate, white, symmetrical palms with the clasp of a giant, they felt a strange, life-giving power surge through their frame $: 3$ though they had been galvanized.
"You have something to look forward to, Egypt and the Nile, the cradle of knowledge, and the birth-place of Moses," said Mr. Montrose, in his lordly way.
"And I think he is prepared for all that is there for him to receive. Perhaps I should not say all, but the forest is contained in a single acorn, you know." It was Mr. Glendenning who spoke, while he drew the chairs into a circle and they prepared for a social evening. He saw at a glance that these young men were at home in all ologies, all sciences, all questions of the day; and for some time the conversation was a rambling without aim, through home-matters, politics, the labor question, and kindred topics, wherein all took a part. All, did I say? Mr. Aberdeen had not spoken a word. From time to time he was addressed, but merely nodded a response. At length the conversation had drifted into a religious channel, and Mr. Glendenning had spoken with deep feeling and much regret of the utter indifference of so-called Christians to the sufferings of the workingpeople; of the wickedness of Trusts and the curse of Monopolies, until he paused in sheer despair because language was all too inadequate to express his thought, and concluded by saying, "It almost makes me doubt the existence of a loving God, His times are so prolonged."
"We can no longer doubt that the Center of life exists, since it is now proven by a scientific formula equal to a mathematical problem," replied Mr. Montrose, not quite certain whether Mr. Glendenning was in earnest or not, but thinking it well to guide the conversation into less exciting channels. There would be time enough to be troubled with sociologic questions when he had launched out as a teacher of divine things.
"We really are not helped by such proofs. One kind of proof is not sufficient for all kinds of problems. Anything that appeals to the reason may be proven by reason, but that which belongs to the heart must find some other method of establishing
itself as a fact. Now here is Mr. Aberdeen, who has sat in silence, while we have, no doubt, in his estimation, talked much but said little, who needs no proof of God's existence. Why? Because he has found Him and knows Him. Where did he find him? In dark mines under the ground, amid death-damps and walls of coal, in solitude, and without science, or preaching, or other guide than the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. 'Where is this God?' He says He is in his heart. You see he has had none of the helps we depend on, no outer leading, no education, yet his position seems to be impregnable, and many times coming across I have talked late into the night with him, and always with great profit to my soul. I have many times felt that I know absolutely nothing, for what I know is so much of the head-so little of the heart."

At this his wife and daughter glanced at each other and smiled. The Pater saw it and a memory came to him of these very things having been said to them some years before, when he had feared they would lose their souls because they doubted the divineness of the creeds of the Church.
"Tell us something of the way you were led, Mr. Aberdeen. It all proves the truth of the saying, 'God left not Himself without a witness.' Of course under ground he could have no sacred ordinances and church services."
"What d'ye say, mon? Nae sacred ordinances in the secret chambers of the earth? Surely ye forget the words of the mon of God, "The airth is full of the gudeness of the Lord.' It is in the bowels of the airth that ye can see IIis glory beyond all description. When a man spends His days in darkness, he kens what light is mair than a mon who thinks. naught of it by reason of too much sun; and when the heart is sick with trouble, it is then that it kens when joy comes in to abide."
" And you say you have seen beautiful things down there, have you not?" inquired Mr. Glendenning, anxious to lead him on farther, "and you know what the life of the soul is too, I think I heard you say?"
"It is all true. Mine een have seen the glory of the Lord a:d the faces of His angels. I dinna care to talk of these things. When the Maister comes and whispers to me, I need nae proof of science. I feel the thrill of His ain words in here," touching lis hand to his breast. "And when my feyther andmy mither and my bairn come to me, and are with me day by day, when I am alone under the ground, do ye think I dinna know them? and dye think I can go wrong when my feyther always tells me what to do? Mony a mon have I tried to save, telling him he must. flee the damp, and when he would not follow me, he has lost his life. I need nae proof of all this. I know."
"But," said Mr. Montrose, turning toward Mr. Glendenning, "this is surely the result of morbid dreamings and a diseased imagination, something like the peasant girl of Domremy." Then turning again to the Scotchman, who had relapsed into silence, he said :
"These things of which you speak are merely subjective. The world to-day demands that all truth, metaphysical, psychological, and the so-called spiritual, must undergo the same test. You see science has made rapid strides, and can go step by step, from the universe as a whole, to the protoplasm from which it came. It has now been discovered that what is called Soul-stuff or Biogen is capable of proof and description. This being so, you can see that any mere individual hypothesis or experience has no weight whatever."

The brawny miner raised himself to an erect position, and, turning toward the speaker, said with a tone of intense earnestness:
"Is this true? Can you tell me how the warl" was created, and the human soul formed, sir? I would gladly learn. I know something of arithmetic, and I could comprehend a proof like the one that makes us know that two and two are four, and twice four is eight."
"It is easily done, my good friend," said the young man in assured tones, "and more than I have said."
"And can ye tell me what is life, sir? Where did I begin, and where do I leave off ? What made me me, and what kept me from being you?"

Mr. Glendenning smiled at the look of dismay passing over the young theologian's face, and so he said:
"He evidently wishes to know where unconscious life ends, or begins to become conscious ; or else where conscious life ends, and unconscious begins. I think this is a good question for any scientist to solve. Don't you? Even Huxley could do himself justice on this subject."
"Yes, indeed, the man is a natural philosopher and the world has lost something by his being elected to a life in the mines. You see, do you not," turning to the stranger, "that science knows everything?"
"It is not at all clear to my mind, sir," the other interrupted him with, "and is just about as clear as mud. I do not see how any amount of reasoning can prove what is felt in my heart. It is not even as clear as the muddy brook I used to find in the mines, for that would clear up by waiting, and all this talk about science makes things darker and darker." In a low tone to himself he said:
"These must be those scientific weeds that choke the spirit, that my Master warned me of."

Mr. Glendenning here felt that he must stand shoulder to
shoulder with the young man, who was about to enter the same path he had chosen, a quarter of a century before.
"Surely, Mr. Aberdeen, Mr. Montrose has expressed very forcibly the power of science to demonstrate Truth. Give him f chance and he will unravel the mysteries of life for us. He, from the Objective, means, what you, from the Subjective, would say."
"If the young man will only tell me by what numbers in mathematics I can know how my child loves me, and test the quality of its love, and weigh the quantity; or how the child knows that I love it; if he can tell me these things in figures, and what numbers must be multiplied to produce Faith, or Love, or Patience "
"But these are ideal things. They belong to the realm of mind-what we of the schools call metaphysics, and they have no tangible, no real existence."
"And are ye gaun into the kirk wi' a lee on yer lips, mon? How can ye say to your hearers, 'Have faith in God,' when ye dinna ken God, and dinna believe there is sic a thing as faith? Hoot and awa wi' sic preachers of righteousness. It were better for the warl' if the people were left to find the Almighty for themselves as I did in the mines," exclaimed the other in indignation.

* My good friend, wait a moment. You do not understand me. You jump at a wrong conclusion and then are vexed at it. I did not say there was no such thing as faith and love; I only said they belong to another realm and cannot be demonstrated in the same way."
"An' didn't ye say everything could be demonstrated? Didn't ye say they knew about the stuff our puir souls are made of? It is either one thing or the ither, which is it?"
- I wish you would tell us more about God; how you found Him, and what He was like." Mr. Hautrave joined his question to the young girl's by a sudden impulse. She was looking intently in Mr. Alerdeen's face, as if her eyes looked into his very soul. She felt that she could understand him, and the clasp of her mother's land assured her that she was right in her conjectures. He saw it, and turned to her saying-
" I cannot resist yer bonmie face, lassie, though I have been sair vexed at all this talk aboot things holy and sacred, and I have told but few aboot my soul, and her search after God, and I am but a little babe yet and only know enough to look up in my mither's face and let my heart go out in love, and the mither and feyther is God. Ye see I had a gentle lassie o' my ain, and she was precious as the apple of my ee; a wee bit of a lassie with a smile on her face for her puir tired feyther when he cam' hame. One day I was leaving the mines for a moment of rest, and I was thinking o' my angel lammie, and knew she would be glad to see me, and I could e'en hear her voice crooning to me a bit of a song, an' there was nae king in all the land I would have changed places with that very minute. I opened the door. Neebors were standin' aroun', an' there in the midst lay my wee lassie a deein'. She only opened her eyes once, and then she smiled as if she had seen heaven, an' was gone; an' though my heart was crushed out of me, that smile kept me alive, and when I went back under ground, I was glad I couldn't see the sunshine, nor hear the birds sing ony mair! I was glad to be where all was dark and still. I was like a man dead and yet livin'. An' the days an' the weeks an' the months went by, an' I said to my soul, 'Let us go an' find God; perhaps if we find Him, we shall find my lassie, Somethin' said to me, 'Go above and set your face to the sun an' ask for light
in your soul.' An' when I stepped my foot on the groun' I did as I had been told, and I turned my face to the East and cried out, 'Give me Light, Give me Light.' I had no sooner spoken than I felt a hand on my shoulder raisin' me up, an' when I turned, I saw a plain man wi' a long sad face, an' a staff in his hand, and the sign o' years upon his head. 'Come in wi' me,' he said, and he led me into the woods, and there he knelt down by a fallen tree and laid his face upon the earth, and was silent a long time. When he stood up his face shone as if it was the sun shining on it. Then he took my hand an' said my soul-cry had been heard, and he had been sent to tell me that God was not afar off, but nigh unto all such as had a child-like spirit and in patience and silence would wait for his coming. He said if I would seek God through my heart, I would find Him. Then he left me, but said he would come to me again, when I needed him. I went down under ground, but dinna ken what to do nor where to look. I could only say over and over, 'As the hart panteth after the water-brook, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!' and then I waited. It seemed as if the answer would never come, but I didna doot, for there was truth in the stranger's eyes and he had promised. One day I could not pray, I could not speak. I could only long and sigh and reach out. I threw myself on the cauld wet groun' and said not a word. Then a strange power came over me, and I shook as a tree shakes in a strong wind. When I grew quiet, I looked up and something white, like a bird with wings spread out, was flying away to a corner of the mine, and a fire blazed out before me, that blinded my een. From that day I knew God. I can talk to Him at all times. I love Him as I never loved my little lassie, and since I have known Him, she comes to me in the night and tells me what I must do. If every mon in the world said he could prove
there was no God, I would say I knew better. I have seen Him and loved Him as I have loved my ain child, and mair."

He paused, overcome by the recital, and wiped his face with his handkerchief. Zenia asked :
"Did the stranger ever come again?"
"O yes, often an' often, but he has bade me keep silent. An' he has taught me many things, but I am but a wee child, an' have a long lesson to learn. I now ken hoo to love all things that speak of God, because God is in everything that is true and good, an' He says that is much, for love is the key to the kingdom, and the child-heart is full of love."
"I should like to hear more of your experiences," said Cecil Hautrave, with a longing look on his face, while a hush had fallen over the listening group.
"Glad will I be to talk to ye, mon, for I see in yer een a light coming when your soul will start out to find God and Light. Ah, mon, how glad ye'll be to give up all your idols, when the light bursts!"

The door opened and the servant appeared with a card, and a gentleman at his elbow. It was Captain Vattier-Stanger in citizen's dress, handsomer than ever, coming to inquire after the comfort of his friends and see what their plans might be, and invite them for a drive in the early morning. The young gentlemen arose to take leave, acknowledged the introduction with formal courtesy, and promising to call on the morrow, left the field to the man whose manner alone commanded admiration, even if they had refused it to his genial face.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## INSIGHTS.

${ }^{3}$ Aye free, off-han' your story tell When wi a bosom crony; But still keep something to Joursel' Ye scarcely tell to ony."

Burks.
IT was settled that as the young men were alone and going through the same cities, they should be invited to join the Glendennings, and it is needless to say this is what they desired above all things. It was for this they had gone to Holland. All formality was set aside, and the party became quite a family affair. Besides being at home in all modern languages, the young gentlemen were walking encyclopedias of knowledge on art, history, and biography. They laid aside their reserve, and in the society of Mr. Glendenning appeared delightfully genial. At the close of each day, plans were arranged for the next twenty-four hours, always leaving a certain number of hours of perfect freedom.

James Aberdeen, the Scotchman, had quickly discerned the spiritual natures of mother and daughter, and was attracted to them as readily as the needle is drawn to the magnet. This was not particularly gratifying to the young men, who could only wonder and wait.
"What in heaven's name such a man can talk of, to interest.
those ladies is more than I know," said Royal to his friend, as he saw the three evidently talking earnestly.
"I can imagine. He is simple-minded, dead in earnest, and meets them on the spiritual plane."
"As if we were not all that, with culture thrown in," replied the otner.
"Intellectual we may be, but spiritual_-_no."
"Complimentary surely, and I intending to take Holy Orders as soon as I reach America. Perhaps you think I'm not fit for it. Perhaps Mr. Aberdeen would suit your taste better."

His words were met by a laugh. His friend merely said, "You're huffy to-day, Royal," and they joined Mr. Glendenning, who now came from a side street.
"We were just speaking of Mr. Aberdeen, and his spiritual condition," said Mr. Montrose; "I wonder he does not set out to preach."
"He has no thought of such a thing," was Mr. Glendenning's reply. "He is like a child, and has no desire to be or do except as he can glorify God. He has been a great example to me. I have learned from him the value and power of a true life, as never before."
"Really?"
"Yes, really, if you will lead him on, you will find him well worth cultivating. A nugget of genuine gold. I must talk with my wife a moment, and will send him back. Draw him out on spiritual lines. He has a cextain timidity with you, thinking you are very scientific and learned."

As he joined them, Montrose said: "It is not often you honor us with your company, Mr. Aberdeen."
"I didna think ye cared owermuch for my company. I am a plain mon who speaks freely his ain mind. I have naethin' to
talk aboot, but just the ane great thing o' my soul, an' God; and sic things are not to be mentioned lightly."
"Ah, I see. You find Mrs. Glendenning and her daughter more spiritually inclined than we, and so you naturally enjoy being with them. I do not blame you in the least."
"Ye may weel say that. The lassie has the Lord's ain mark upon her, an' the mither is maist the same. The whiles they are gaein' here an' there like all the warl', their minds are on the invisible things that belong to the kingdom. It is mair refreshing to hear them speak than to see all the pictures, an' buildin's, an'sights in Europe. Sae rare it is to find souls awake, an' livin'."
"And are not our souls alive, Mr. Aberdeen? Surely I believe in God and His works as much as any one can."
"I dinna doot it. I dinna doot it. I mustna sit in judgment on ither souls, an' my ain but just come to her senses. What right would I have to say there wasna an oak in an acorn, because my een couldna see it? I only meant that bein' out o' my ain shell, a wee bit, it gave me strength to see ither souls a growin' too. Besides, these ladies have had muckle advantages an' blessin's over here, an' they're aye willin' to tell me what the wise man said."
"Whom do you mean?"
"A man in the mountains that gave them his blessin'. Oh it was mair wonderful than onything out o' the gude Book."
"Can you not tell us more alout it?"
"It is not mine to tell. Some day when the conversation is gaein' that way, ye can lead it to the wise man. I dinna ken whaur to begin to speak, an' whaur to stop. I am weak an' not ower wise, an' fear to tell too much. The gude mon who came to me in the mines always said, 'silence, silence, silence.'"

He stopped and they saw he would say no more. Their curiosity was aroused by his allusion to the wise man, but it was plain that he would not enlighten them farther. Montrose was the first to speak.
"Did I not hear Mr. Glendenning say you were going to Egypt? When do you start? Will you remain long?"
"I dinna ken. I should ha' gone at once, for I would like to be there, but there seems mony a turn in my road before I see the Nile."
"How so?" asked Montrose again.
"Just now it seems as if I must wait for these ladies, an' if I do, we must go elsewhere first. The Lord is guidin' us and so I wait on Him. Wisdom can come to us here as well as there."
"And what will you do in Egypt? Work?"
"I hope never to be idle, but I ken naething o' what lies before me. I follow the light wherever it leads me."
"But are you never mistaken? How can you be sure it is His leading?"
"Oh, mon, when ye speak like that, it makes my heart as heavy as lead. Do ye doot yer mither's ain love? Do ye doot ony feelin' o' yer heart? How can ye doot a love that is greater than a'? When once ye ken that ye are leevin' in the sperit yo will know what it is to meet the Lord in the air, an' be filled wi' his knowledge. Ye cannot doot what ye ken."
"Did you say the ladies were going to Egypt?" questioned Hautrave eagerly.
"Sae they tell me. They can be here two years, an' the Rev. erend says they can as well be in Egypt as France or Germany, an' since the prophet told them they must go, they will follow the voice."

Turning to his friend, the questioner said in a low voice, "I
wish we could understand these people. They are as incomprehensible as if they had come from another planet. We cannot go to Egypt, that is certain, but we can go back to Leipsic and await their return."
"Since I have given up all thought of going home for another year at least, I shall take a post-graduate course in Germany and fit myself better for my special branch."

As he spoke he noticed the others, who were in advance, pause and motion to them to come up, and then it was arranged that after going through the palace they should go to Scheveningen to see the sun set, and dine. As they were passing through that lovely palace owned by the little Queen of Holland, Hautrave whispered in Miss Glendenning's ear, "I wish you would manage to give me a few moments at the seashore ; I have something to ask."

She glanced up hastily. He smiled, and she said, "I see you are in earnest. Of course you can speak to me."

So when it came to pass that they sat in front of the Cursaal watching the waves rise and fall, the bathers, and fisher-folk, and the children on the sand-dunes; and the little donkeys waiting for riders; and the foreigners buying trinkets; it seemed a mere happening that Zenia's seat was a little apart from the rest and Professor Hautrave on the sand at her feet. The others were so absorbed in conversation about the Hollanders and their place in history that they did not notice, for some time, that there was any separation. Mr. Glendenning was an enthusiastic admirer of his countrymen, and was just now attempting to show that in all history there had never been such heroism and bravery known elsewhere, as during the life of William of Orange. Zenia caught by intuition the subject and said to her companion-
"Pater is carried away by the grand qualities of the Hollanders,
and I do not wonder; if I ever have a coat-of-arms, it will be a stork, to show I am descended from a nation who made their country as well as its wealth."

Mr. Hautrave laughed. "That is the first thing I have ever seen, that showed there was a mundane nature in you, Miss Glendenning."
"How formal that sounds. Why not call me by my name? It seems more friendly. Do you know what it means?"
"Your name?"
"4 Yes."
"No. Has it a meaning?"
"It has, indeed, and a very nice one. Zenia-Lily of the Valley."
"Surely nothing could be more appropriate, for of all flowers I know, that is the one most fitting for you."
"You are kind. So you think I am worldly? I am very 'human-'
"I do not think so. I do not think you could be worldly, though I said it a moment ago."
"Was this what you wished to say to me?"
${ }^{6}$ No, indeed. Something that is quite important to me. Today, as we were walking with the Scotchman, he said something about your going to Egypt, and we began to think about our plans, and have nearly decided to take a post-graduate course in Leipsic, if we thought we could meet you and your mother, and all go across together."
"How very odd. Why should you care to go over with us?" and her honest blue eyes looked full-orbed into his hazel ones.
"Just because we like good company. You are the only Americans we have cared to be chummy with since we left lıme."
"I am sure we appreciate the compliment and it certainly is a compliment, when two gentlemen like yourself and Mr. Montrose care to talk to two quiet strangers, who know nothing of fashion, theaters, society or small-talk. In regard to our movements, I would like to explain to you, but I could not make you quite understand. We are not sure just when we will go to Egypt, nor how long we shall remain there. We may go elsewhere for a time first. You see it would be uncertain, and not worth waiting for."
"We shall decide that. Will you know before you leave here?"
"Yes, I know now, that we are to go elsewhere first, but where or when I know not."
"How strange! Who will decide the matter?"
"You will smile when I tell you I do not know."
"How mysterious! Can you not explain?"
She placed the tips of her long white fingers against her head and seemed to he listening. When she removed them she said:
"Not now. Perhaps later. It concerns others than ourselves, and I must wait."
"I shall begin to fear you will vanish in spectral mist, you are so vague, so unreal. I wonder the Scotchman does not call you uncanny."
"He knows better," she replied, laughing.
"Of whom are you speaking, daughter?" asked Mr. Glendenning, coming up at this moment and viewing the scene with evident pleasure.
"We were just speaking of uncanny people, and that brought us to thinking of your Scotch friend, that was all."
"He has little use for scientific knowledge," said the Professor, anxious to keep the conversation as far as possible from the real
subject. "I thought Montrose got the worst of it that night he tried to explain the law of creation."
"I am always astonished at his knowledge on the subjects; I am sure he has had no opportunity to study. He says it is not his brain that knows it, but something that comes to him when needed."
" His faith in what he knows of God is quite remarkable," said Hautrave. "I wish he would tell us more of his experiences."
" Perhaps if we shall go toward them, as the twilight comes on, we may lead him into it, almost without his knowing it." They arose and moved toward the others, and Zenia motioned for her mother to look toward the sunset. Clear, cloudless, tinted in pale green and amethystine colors was the sky, over an ocean that reflected every variation above. The tide was going out and the waves lapped languidly upon the shore, as if weary of their continual and useless motion. Between the beach and the horizon were a few sail-boats, and they too seemed dreaming on the treacherous sea, indifferent to all the world. The day had been warm for August, but the season had not opened, and the guests were mostly tourists taking in the Holland wateringplace. Of these many had not waited for the sunset, and the party in front of the Cursaal were alone at this hour. The sun was almost touching the horizon. Mrs. Glendenning and her daughter walked a little distance apart, and stood silently looking toward the glowing disk. When it had sunk behind the horizon they went back to their seats.
"I wish you would tell me what made you do that?" asked Royal Montrose.
"Do what?" replied Mrs. Glendenning.
"Go off to see the sun dip beneath the waves. I remember
that morning we saw him rise in Chamouni, and I know you have some belief about it that you do not tell. Are you Parsees?"

At this, Mr. Glendenning, always a trifle nervous about others' opinions, interposed with-"Why, certainly not. Tell him no, my dear. How absurd to associate you with such people. You will have to explain yourselves."
"Shall we?"
"Certainly, daughter."
Zenia looked at her mother and waited for her to speak.
"I shall not take the trouble to deny being a Parsee. Parsees do not belong to America and we are Americans. But I do believe that the sun has power to vivify all nature; I know that his vibrations at morning and evening are more powerful than at any other time. I also know, though not by scientific knowledge, that there is a Sun for our spiritual life that will do for us what this will do for us physically. If I am to explain why we stand silent before the sun when it rises or sets, I should be obliged to tell you what you would not believe, and what could only be proven by experience. Shall I tell you?"
"By all means, my dear. You see," turning to the rest, "Zenia has a fine imagination, and clothes the sun with great power, as all do who admire nature."
"There is a vibration that belongs to each of us as individuals," she continued, "forming around us certain atmospheres, and we have been told that if we can see the sun set over the water, and watch it till it dips below, we will find a film of some color moving between our eyes and its disk, and this color is our own; belongs to us in a peculiar way. Mother and I wished to try it, and here at Scheveningen, where the line of separation between the sea and the sky is so clear, we thought would be a fine place to test it."
"And did you see it ?" asked Mr. Hautrave.
"What did it prove?" came from his friend, while Mr. Glendenning said, rather coldly-"I am not interested in such things. They border on the realm of the occult, and this I believe has always been associated with darkness and evil."

Mrs. Glendenning smiled, and said nothing. Mr. Hautrave repeated his question, and awaited her reply.
"Yes, I was not disappointed."
"May I ask what it was like?" continued the young man.
She paused before replying, and then said: "It looked like a volcano-of a beautiful, reddish purple, moving between the sun and my eyes."
"And was yours the same?" turning to Zenia.
"No, indeed. Mine was a most delicate blue, as well as red, and the shape was like a heart."
"And is it true that we are like the flowers, and have a color of our ain?" asked the Scotchman, now speaking for the first time. "Surely that must be the meaning of that passage in the Word o' God, where Job says, 'He cometh for'th as a flower and is cut down.' I always thought it meant he was unco short-lived, but now I see it means mair,-muckle mair. King David said a man was like a flower of the field, but I never thought that meant they had a color. I can see now why my master in America used to say to me, 'James, you must move in the path you belong in, an' then you'll aye fin' yer ain. Daisies like to be in a field by their ain selves, and so do poppies, and if ye'll leave 'em alone one kind'll always drive out the others.' I wish much I had looked at the sun and seen what kind of a flower I am myself."

Royal Montrose looked bored at the turn the conversation had taken, but at this point ventured to remark,-
"It would give one a fresh idea for novel, prove that friends and marriages chosen according to colors that harmonized were always happy, and the reverse also true. It might be a little difficult to have a setting sun over the sea as test, but a small thing like that could easily be arranged."

Of course he was jesting, Zenia knew it, but, as if believing. him sincere, she remarked quietly, "If you believe in clairvoyance it would need no sunset, for every one shows his colors to such."
"Do you believe it? What causes the color?"
"I am sure of it. I am not much of a cluirvoyant, and yet at this moment I can see a hazy red around you that tells me what your color is. The action of the mind creates the color of the atmosphere around you."
"And what is my color?" he asked.
"Dark jasper. Some day it will be a lovely pink."
"What are you saying, Zenia?" her father asked, coming toward them with some shells he had picked up.
"Do not ask me to repeat, Pater. I have no encore ready. Mr. Montrose and I were talking on color."
"As you will, child. You always did love argument."
" But I do so no longer," she replied, smiling.
"Since how long?"
"Oh, a long time." And then the conversation became general. They sauntered along the shore in the twilight, on toward the great dunes that rise in the shadows like ghosts, and Prof. Hautrave, silent and preoccupied, seemed lost in thought. This was their last night in Holland. The days were passing rapilly. Soon they would separate, and as yet he knew no more of this lovely girl than when he saw her enter the Louvre that day, weeks ago. He grew desperate. He would speak.

He would not let days pass as they had done. Bracing himself with his resolution he moved around to the side of Zenia. Mr. Montrose was talking with her mother, and James Aberdeen was saying to her father how glad and thankful he ought to be that he had "sic a lassie for his ain bairn." By a natural law, the couples grew more absorbed and gradually slackened their pace, until a little distanceseparated them from the others. This was Cecil Hautrave's chance and he seized it.
"Miss Zenia, since I may call you thus, I am going to speak of myself, and I would like you to listen to me. I come from a race of people that brook no obstacles, that fear no foes, that hate a coward, and love all loveliness. Among my ancestors were Spanish kings, and something of their fire burns in my veins. I am not patient. None of my people are, and I must tell my story to-night, and by yonder sea I swear that every word I utter is true. I have met women lovely, gentle, fascinating. It would be foolish to say I had never loved. What son of the far west has lived to see twenty-seven years pass and not been in love! I have loved. I left a beautiful girl in my native State whom at one time I said was the loveliest of her kind. Do not interrupt me. I know what you would say; you would ask why I bring all this to your notice. Let me tell you. I must first tell you something of my home life. It has been like a beautiful dream. I was the youngest of a large family. My mother a widow and rich. I have never known hardship or denial. My income is more than I can possibly use; and were I not an enthusiast over books, I should probably be a ruined man. With all the temptations of such surroundings I have been kept away from the whirlpool that has caught many a brave fellow. My love for books and my mother has saved me. I came to Europe three years ago to study. I have lost no
time. I have won honor and knowledge, and I said, I will go home to America. One day I was walking in Paris with my friend. We looked here and there but cared for nothing. Suddenly I saw you and your mother crossing the court to enter the Louvre. From that hour I have never been the same man. Something in your motion, as you walked, charmed me. I followed you, watched you; saw you in the Champs de Mars; lost you. Saw you start for Chamouni, followed, and ended by knowing you. Do not speak. Hear me through. If I had spoken at first it would have been from the surface of my Spanish nature. It would have been a wild raving of imagination which I should have called love. To-night I could not say such words to you. The feeling has changed. The admiration has grown greater with each passing day, but what I would have called love then has become something far more powerful now. I have no word to call it. Reverence, inspiration, worship, all blended together would perhaps express it. For you I could be anything, could do anything, and it is because I recognize in you this power that I spoke to you this evening, of staying in Europe till you came back from Egypt, and then I could return with you to America."
"But, Mr. Hautrave," began Zenia in a tone of most intense regret and surprise," I never $\qquad$ "
${ }^{\text {" No, I know all you would say. It is because my feelings }}$ have been so very deep that I have not been able to talk lightly. I want you to understand me. I am not hoping, not asking for anything. I only want you to help me to be what you are. I cannot tell why or how you are so different from others. I have seen young ladies as fair-I have seen them as gentle-I have seen them ns-no, I have not seen them as graceful; but it is none of these things that affect me. Neither is it your
naturalness, your wit, your intelligence. It is all these and something more. I can only compare it to the perfume of a flower that intoxicates one. Can you tell me what has drawn me to you with this indescribable power, deeper than love, and as much a part of me as my own soul? To offer you love, as men give love to a mere woman, would be as presumptuous as to attempt to force onc's self into the companionship of angels; yet I long for your presence, and when we are separated shall think of you as the stimulus to every holy aspiration."

He paused because he could say no more. His feeling overpowered him, and he had poured out his thought so vehemently that he was almost breathless. There was a brief silence. Zenia held out her hand, and taking his in her own for a moment, said earnestly-
*I understand you. I know it all. It is the divine in you waking to life and reaching out for its own. It is not $I$, nor any human being that you care for; it is only that your spirit has wakened from its long sleep, and feels a longing for God, the Divine, the great Father-Mother. Our personalities are mere bubbles on the stream of life, but this spirit, this immortal thing within us, will go on and on when worlds have burned to ashes. This only will endure. It is eternal, for it is a part of God. Your feet are at the very door of the kingdom, and if you will be guided by the spirit, you will find joy and peace. Sit alone daily in the silence of God's chambers and hush the vibrations of intellect. You will hear voices you have never heard, and know that angels are about you."

She spoke with an eamestness quite unusual. Impressed by her words, he took her hand in his and bowed his head in silence.
"Hautrave. Hautrave, I say; are you deaf? Look there!"

His eyes followed the direction of the voice, and across the white sand was a procession of donkeys following a man. He looked again, and Zenia spoke.
"Why, it's Mr. Aberdeen. What are they doing?"
They moved toward the scene, and found their Scotch friend had suddenly appeared in a new character. Not asnake-charmer, as it might have been in the far East, but a charmer of children and donkeys, all striving to touch him. Children, half laughing, half scolding; donkeys snorting and braying, and the man in the midst, trying to pat each head of donkey and child alike. The swishing of the waves upon the shore; the shadows of the twilight; the lights from the Cursaal gleaming down across the sands added to the strangeness of the scene, and printed it indelibly upon the memory of those who witnessed it. After each had received a word and a caress they departed content, and when all was over, the Scotchman joined his friends, and together they turned toward the Hague.
"What in the world created such an excitement?" asked Montrose. "I never thought you had magical powers, Mr. Aberdeen."
"Not at all. Not at all. It has been so ever since I can remember. Bairns and dumb things hae ever been unco fond of me, an' ye see it is the same language in a' lands. Love is aye felt, here as weel as at hame."
"How did it come about?" asked Mr. Hautrave, as they sauntered slowly on.
"I dinna ken. I was alane, an' then I was surrounded. It hus been so ever since I was a bairn. All dumb things and bairns like to follow me. My wise teacher said it was aye weel, an' I dinna think aboot it."
"Who would have dreamed there were so many donkeys and
children here. They made a large congregation," said Mr. Glendenning.
"It is aye so. They come from a' directions, just as birds do. I have seen the wild squirrels, and birds in the forest, gather together in such companies they would tire ye to hold them up, and maybe not one was in sight when I sat down. E'en the snakes come for a touch an' a word. Ye see all livin' things are hungry for the love of what is above them, and the animals ken we are their ain kin."
"That is practical evolution, Montrose. When a man has his nature so controlled, that be can talk with the animals on their own plane, and be led by, and commune with God at the same time, he has reached an enviable state," said Hautrave.
"It seems logical, surely. Why should we not know as they know, if we have been through all rounds of the spiral from germ to man."
"It must be a freak of nature-an instance of continued memory. I should not be surprised to find Mr. Aberdeen, some day, constructing a spider's web on a large scale, or doing any of those things that man cannot do, yet are done by most inferior creatures."
${ }^{\text {" }}$ Nae, nae. The maister said it was nae freak o' nature. He said that he had found men in a' parts o' the warl' that kenned these things, an' it had come to me, a livin' in the dark warl' under the airth, as a gift to comfort me, because my heart was sair an' alane ; an' I loved every bug an' beetle an' worm, as if it were my mither."
"The child-heart, you see," said Mr. Glendenning, as they entered the Hôtel Belle Viue, and parted for the night.

## CHAPTER IX.

## hermitage.

" Then afterward from a great temple came A priestly man, aged I ween was he; For every atom of his blood shot flame, That robed him like the starred immensity."

It would be in vain to attempt to give, even in outline, the pleasures of the weeks that followed. How the little party went through the cities of Holland and Belgium and back to Paris, seeing the great works of all who had left their seal upon those countries in art, literature, and history, and what was of more lasting pleasure, finding themselves more and more united in thought and in those finer interpretations that come from spiritual insight. Wherever they went they generally paired off in couples. Mrs. Glendenning and Mr. Montrose leading, Mr. Glendenning and James Aberdeen just behind, near enough to enter into their conversation when they desired, and Zenia and Cecil Hautrave following. Sometimes the order was changed, as Mr. and Mrs. Glendenning locked arms and went in advance, and then it was always Royal Montrose that walked with the young lady, leaving his friend to enjoy the Scotchman's society. There were picnics on the battle-field of Waterloo; boat-rides on the Seine; lunches over in the Latin quarter; and always the Exposition and sights of Paris, with the usual amount of funerals, weddings, and strange customs filling the days to overflowing. There was at last an end to all this delight. The day of separa-
tion drew near, and as it approached, Mr. Glendenning changed rapidly. The life of the miner and his steadfast purpose had not been lost upon him. Where he had before been coldly intellectual, he now became warmly alive, and sitting between his daughter and his wife the night before he was to leave them, he spoke freely of his desire for a more vivid knowledge of God in his heart.
"I have not been insincere in my calling, but I have been wickedly cold," he said. "For over a quarter of a century I have stood as a teacher of men in spiritual things, and now I feel that it has been time lost, and I have done nothing. Instead of saying to my people, 'Live His life,' I have said, 'Believe this or that. Be sure you hold no erroneous faith.' I have found in James Aberdeen a wisdom far transcending that of a Calvin, and now I am going back to begin anew. I understand, as never before, why you have found such comfort in a life that was before incomprehensible to me; and while you are reaching after God here, I slall be striving after the same knowledge at home. This will bring us nearer to each other in spirit, and we shall not mind the separation. For the first time in my life I see that the spiritual world is a reality. May God forgive me and all others who attempt to preach to men their little words of mers intellect, instead of giving a message from the heart to the heart."

It was useless to try to comfort him. The long past was lofore his eyes, and its years seemed a pathway of failure. The sermons he had preached, and that men had called cloquent. sounded in his ears like hollow mocking ghouls. His prayers, that had been called "wonderful," haunted him continually, and the praises of men that had once been sweet sounded as the hissings of serpents in his ears. He found that he had thought
intellect eternal. And the realm of spirit hitherto but a dream, was now a reality. The life that had been, was as a dismal swamp full of a Self that was offensive and destructive, a huge decaying self that had no beauty, no permanence.
" When I think of our theological seminaries, I feel like calling a halt and reform. Why do they train men to preach and pray from the head? Why do they not train them to lead men to live the Divine life? Who has opened my eyes? Was it the learned Prof. Doutel or Rev. Dr. Textwise? Was it not a common man enlightened by God's wisdom? And did he do it by exhortation and learned teaching? Was it not rather his childlike heart and daily life? I have no time to waste. I must reap tares where I have sown tares, but I have no time to waste before getting the seed sown for a better harvest."

As he spoke they heard a noise near their door, and thinking it might be the young men come to say good-night, Zenia opened it and found herself face to face with the dog that had led them to the Prophet. Her delight knew no bounds. She kissed him, she patted his head, she looked into his beautiful eves, and as if he knew what she would say, he sat upright and waved his right paw to express what he could not utter. By this time the others had arrived, and all attention was for a time turned toward the General, who would not leave Zenia but kept pressing his nose against her hand. At length she recalled what the Prophet had said, and kneeling down she took the acorn in her hand and pressed a spring, which opened and showed a tiny package of thin paper whereon was written :

[^1]She reached it to her mother who read it and handed it to her husband, saying :
"It would seem strange to many, that this should come just as we were about to separate. All the cogs of the wheels of circumstance fit exactly."
"I am no longer surprised at anything. A sense of rest comes over me, when I realize that we do not plan or carry out plans."
"And you are perfectly willing we should go to Madeira for instruction, even though for many months you would not hear from us?" asked his wife, looking into his face with a tenderness that brought a mist into his eyes.
"More than willing. It will help me to forget myself, and be reaching toward the same plane. I leave you in God's hands, and will discipline myself into being brave and worthy of my wife and daughter."

And so the little group that had grown more and more to each other through all these weeks separated, and went their several ways. Mrs. Glendenning and daughter and James left Paris the day following that on which they had seen the beloved Pater off for Boulogne, and the young gentlemen took the evening train for Germany. The life had been natural and happy. Zenia had entered into all beauty and pleasure as the Prophet had commanded, but now that they were once more on the sea, her thoughts became centered and fixed on celestial things, and before she reached Madeira the scenes of Parisian life were vague and half forgotten. Her father walking the deck of the "Amsterdam" and watching for the sun torise, held many a communing with himself, as he found his soul going out in strong desire.
" Am I becoming a Parsee? I, the Rev. Harold A. Glendenainc,
who have held these ideas in such abhorrence?" Then he would smile unconsciously and say:
"Better a Parsee than a Pharisee. I will be true to the inner voice and then I shall know the truth."

It was difficult to live according to the Master's law. He found it easier to believe all creeds than to break the fetters of un-Christlike habits carelessly formed. To look upon himself as nothing; to avoid speaking of himself; to practice the Pythagorean precept of attending to those things that concerned him, and to leave all others alone; to criticise only himself; all these were labors worthy of a Hercules, and requiring the united energies of mind and soul. The fact that he attempted all this when he might have continued as his brethren, preaching able sermons, praying eloquent prayers, and attracting the refined and intellectual, was proof that he was'a rare man to find in the ministry. Judged by the world, they would have said:
"What can such a man need to make him more perfect? He is genial, elegant, social, an excellent preacher and a good pastor."

Judged by his own heart he said to himself,"I am not fit to preach to the veriest child till I know God as the Scotchman knows, and see the Unseen as my own child does." He recalled. the time he left his father's home in the country and went to college under the glow of conversion. At that time he did not think of himself. He longed to do some grood in the world. The professors soon saw his ability, the students pushed him to the front, and the Ego grew rapidly. He was still sincere and unworldly. The first years of his ministry were phenomenally successful. He visited the poor and sick and afflicted, and as a result his church was always full to overflowing. Then he began to think of himself, his talents, his future, and he studied
more and more, and visited less and less. His mind now dwelt more on fame and prosperity, and less on the Lord's kingdom. Each year saw him grow more in intellect, but, alas! each year saw him growing more and more centercd in self. The light that was kindled in his boyhood was smothered by the ashes of the world, and at forty-five he was, like the mass of those who preach the Word, lifeless. The effect of contact with the simplehearted, earnest Scotchman had been to kindle the flame anew, and this time the flame should never more be quenched. Thinking this all over in the early morning on the deck of the steamer, when no one was astir but the hands and the sailors, he would raise his hands to his breist and mutter to himself"I am not fit. I am not fit. I have never known the Lord till now, and I am not fit to lead others when I know so little my:self." From each conflict with himself he came out a stronger man. The light within grew brighter, and his interest in his soul kept him from being lonely without his loved ones, while they were steadily turning their eyes to the work before them.

The Scotchman was now happy. No more young men talking of soul-stuff and foolish knowledge, and with the faithful collie he devoted himself to the ladies from morning till night. He and the dog had made frients at once with cach other. He bad held out his hand and said in his broadest Scotch brogue, "Ah, mon, ye've a brave heart in your shaggy breast, and ef ye could tell me all ye know, how wise we would be!"

The only answer vouchsafed was a thumping of the tail on the floor, but from that monent they were allies, and on deck, everywhere, the two were inseparable. The dog was the constant guard of Mrs. Glendenning and her daughter; and their fellow-travelers never tired watching the intelligent creature's devotion. There were times when it seemed as if he had a
human heart beating in his breast; sometimes laying his head on Zenia's hand he would look into her eyes with intense affection and drawing a deep breath seemed to say, "I cannot tell you what I feel." There was something that she knew that he was trying to impress upon her mind with all the intensity of a determined will. Flashes of thought came to her mind, butshe dismissed them as untrue, for when was it ever known that an animal could send its knowledge to the human mind?

Thus the days passed, and Madeira was in sight. Eagerly they watched the first glimpse of the shores of this remnant of Atlantis, where, high above the ocean, masses of basaltic rocks were piled in mid-air. The verdure of vineyards and olive trees decked it with green, and somewhere amid its luxuriant foliage and wild scenery they were to find a hermitage of wise men. They could not but wonder who would be the first to welcome them to its shores. They looked in vain among the strange faces for one that might be seeking them. None came. They were in a strange land without a friend. General, however, seemed at home. He sniffed the air. Me ran to and fro. Then he seated himself on his haunches and began to pound the rock with his tail, waving his right paw in the air as if welcoming a friend. "He's leen here before," said Zenia. "We will follow him."
"His wisdom is not frae books, an' we may weel trust it," said James, raising his eyes to heaven as if in prayer. By this time the crowd who had gathered on the dock, after looking at the strangers, gradually departed and they were left alone. General now gave short earnest barks and grew more excited. His eyes burned like coals. He fairly danced with joy. He leaped up and licked his mistress's hand, and tried in every way to make her understand how glad he was.
"Tell me what it is, you dear dog-wog," she said, patting his head. He turned his eyes to the sky, threw back his head, and gave a short exultant bark, and following the direction of his eyes they saw a snow-white dove floating through the golden light among the hills. It was coming toward them. It came nearer and nearer, and at last fluttered down and rested on the dog's head, evidently to his great delight, for he neither moved nor stirred. Giving him three little taps between his eyes with her beak, she jumped to the ground, raised her wings, and showed a letter tied beneath. General evidently understood this little pantomime, for, biting the string that held the note, he took it in his mouth, laid it on the ground, placed his nose upon it, and spread himself flat upon the ground. He drew several long breaths, waited a moment, then started toward the hills with the note in his mouth, the dove going on before.
"D'ye see that, my leddie? It is an angel come to guide us," said the Scotchman, pointing to the dove. "We can do nae better than to follow its leadin'."

The path at first was amid shadows and cool ravines, then gradually began to wind among the rocks, up and up the steep ascent, passing simple homes and olive gardens and vineyards, where the natives were at work gathering fruit. Whenever they saw the dove or the dog they crossed themselves.

It was plain that the dove was an old friend of General. It never flew far from him, and often came and perched upon his back for a few moments, cooing softly in a language he well understood, and to which he replied in suppressed grunts. The pilgrims had seen enough to convince them that they could confide in their leaders, and so chatting and enjoying every moment, they climbed the rock-cut steps that led them among some of the grandest views they had ever beheld. The way was long,
the ascent was steep, but they did not grow weary. The Scotchman paused at a vineyard and told the owner that the Lord's children had need of some fruit, with the same confidence that he would have shown in his own brother.

The man did not understand him at first, seeing which James pointed to grapes and olives and then to the ladies. This was sufficient. They were invited to be seated in a cool place, and soon were enjoying some of the delicious fruit. Finding that the ladies spoke French, the hospitable man asked them if they were going far, and learning their destination, he said:
"I am very honored to meet you all. I know many of the Brothers. They are wonderful men. They can make you well by a touch, and they take no money. Will you not stay and rest?"

Assuring him that they must press on, they thanked him, and continued their journey-ever going up-ever finding rocks more grotesque and the sea farther off. At length they came to a topmost peak where were no signs of human habitation, and the path grew narrower and led them among deep gorges. The dove now flew lower, and the dog seemed impatient as if nearing home. At length the dove paused upon a rocky pinnacle until the dog and his followers approached, when she pecked against the rock, and the dog gave a short bark. Around were solid masses of stone, a part of them highly polished, and as they stood waiting for what might come, Zenia heard the voice within say, " Knock."
"The voice says knock," she said to her mother, and almost before she had uttered the words, James, with his natural impulsiveness, had reached forth his hand and knocked vigorously against the rock three times. There was no response. Then Mrs. Glendenning knocked and gave five distinct raps. Still
no response. It was Zenia's turn now. She tapped the rock seven times, and as noiselessly as a shadow moves, the rock opened and revealed an enclosure with a porte-cochère on the opposite side. All was silent as the grave. As if at home and happy, the dog sat down and waited while the dove flew and led the way to the entrance and up the flight of steps. Zenia counted them and found there were seven; of snowy marble, broad and low. As they ascended they heard a subdued harmony-so strangely like the human voice that they could fancy it was saying:
"These are the portals of the heavenly way. Enter ye into the realms of peace."

They paused and listened. There was no one in sight, and all around them was the massive rock. Then they glanced up, and over the door they saw the sentence, which they had just heard, engraven on a marble arch.
"It is an Æolian harp of marvelous power," whispered Mrs. Glendenning to her daughter ; but James, hearing her words, shook his head and said:
"Ye must na' be unbelievin'. We are in a holy place, and angels are all aboot us."

At this moment the door opened and they passed into a vestibule of white marble, on either side of which was a large urn containing flowers. Suddenly there appeared before them a young man dressed in the long robes of the order. He was a sunny-faced youth, and looked as guileless as a child. His eyes were the same color as the dog's; his face was beardless and pure. The dog reached his paw for a welcome, and the youth chose from the urn a white lily, which he gave to Zenia; a passion-flower to Mrs. Glendenning, and a strange vine-flower to the Scotchman. The dove and dog received one also, and
the bird taking hers in her beak was seen no more. They were then led through long corridors and passages hewn out of the rock itself. On the walls were hieroglyphs and cartouches like those found on the tombs of Egypt. James, pointing to one, said, eagerly :
"This is the verra same as was in my master's ring in America. I wish I might ken what it means."
"Oh, Mouessie, I have been here before. This is not strange to me. I know every turn and step as I do our own home."

The youth smiled gladly as a child might have done, and replied, "Many times have they seen you before. I have seenyou often."

Before she could reply the door opened, and they were shown into a room furnished with seats and divans, and heavily draped with Oriental curtains around its sides. Their guide motioned them to be seated and disappeared. They had scarcely time to glance around them before a curtain moved, and there entered a man of extraordinary presence. He was dressed as the young man had been, in flowing robes, confined at the waist by a girdle, and his robe had figures wrought upon it. His face beamed with benignity, and as he passed to take Mrs. Glendenning's hand, James Aberdeen made a plunge toward him exclaiming, " My ain master. Do I see you again? Who'd 'a' thought I should see you sae far frae hame?"
"Yes, James, I am here waiting to greet thee and lead thee into the realms of the truth of God. Welcome art thou to this retreat." Then turning to Mrs. Glendenning, who with Zenia had looked on this meeting with astonishment, he said, looking steadily into her eyes:
"Welcome, Anchor of Hope! Thy way has been long, and sometimes the storms have beaten wildly, but thy desire has
been earnest and thy illumination clear. Thou hast done well. The lesson before thee is to learn how frail are earth's strongest ties, how unsatisfying its brightest joys! The women of the world will take ages to reach where thou hast attained. Thank God and be brave, even though disappointment may crown thee. In the Unseen thou shalt win the victor's crown. Thou art marked with a star. Thou must lead others on the way, and if :sorrows come to thee, remember it is to make the star shine m re brightly. Be of good cheer, Daughter of Fire."

Turning to Zenia he bowed his head over her hand in silence. When he spoke his tones were softened with deep feeling, and, looking into her face with a searching glance, he said, tenderly :
"Star of the East, the Brotherhood bid thee welcome. Nothing is of chance. Since the day when thou first saw the Sun was it said of thee, she shall come to Atlantis once more. Aye, before thou wert born was it known. Linked with thy mother's destiny now, as before time thou wast linked by other chains to her, the laws of stars have made as one the souls that live in two bodies. Each has a lesson to learn here. Each must be trained for greater use. Because thy flight will be high and far, thy wing must be made steady and strong. Rest now. The walk was long. When the bell rings for vespers, come to the chapel. Dinner will be sent to thy room. Womes have come here often. Women are here now, but long age: have passed since a vestal virgin has given up the world to sel ve her Lord. It was for Isis then-it is for Isis now. Isis i:s the great mother, and the motherhood must save the race. At mom, at noon, and at evening call upon her from thy very soul in these words :
"' To thee, O Holy Mother Good, sent by God quicken me for thy name's sake. Mother-Good, let thy loving spirit lead me forth
into the land of Holy Light, and teach me the things of higher loves that pleaseth thee, that I may learn the pathway up to God ; and at evening-time find that true majestic light, Eternal Love, Eternal Good, Eternal Hope.'
" We shall meet at prayers."
The same youth reappeared and led them through a different passage, rock-hewn but not damp, into a beautiful room containing a small altar with incense and candles burning, two beds, couches, and some singular pictures. Here they found themselves alone beneath a flood of sunlight that came from a dome high above their heads. They looked into each other's eyes and seated themselves on a soft couch, and remained some moments without speaking. They then spoke simultaneously and said :
"Thank God."
"And Mother Isis," added Zenia. "This is the sanctuary of our souls."
"No dream was ever more unreal than this hour," said Mrs. Glendenning, as she glanced about her. There was all that betokened a woman's tastes. Soft rugs beneath the feet; exquisite draperies on the walls; flowers, birds, and pictures everywhere. Pictures hanging in panels between the curtains, pictures to the very floor and to the dome above. If the eye fell, while walking, to the floor, it would be arrested by a picture ; if raised, it would meet another. Strange as it may seem, they did not observe that there was not a window in the room, nor a mirror in which they could see themselves reflected. It was some time before they realized that everything was arranged to make them forget externality and personality. As for the pictures, there was a meaning in each detail, and all combined they taught the steps of discipline and progress of the soul, from its lowest earthly desire to its highest attainment. This was only perceived vaguely then, and
needed many suggestions to make plain in after days. There were views of caverns and mines; mountains and valleys; endless stretches of desert, the ocean in calm and storm, skies and stars, and pyramids that held the mystery of ages; forest and rivers and mountain rills, all were there. One of the largest, covering nearly the entire end of the room, represented Sun, Moon, and Stars sending out currents of electric force to our earth, and these were regulated and adjusted by a power that was guiding human destiny with one hand, while the orbits of planets were held with the other. Fur down in the foreground of the picture lay new-born child sleeping and helpless, while attached to it were myriad infinitesimal wires that ran from heart and brain out into the world of planets. They crossed and recrossed each other continually, but were controlled mainly by the sun and planets. A dim path stretched before the child, sometimes becoming so vague as to be invisible, sometimes overspread with darkness, sometimes branching in many directions, but returning after a while to the main path. These were the hindrances and mistakes that thwarted the soul's destiny along the path. By close olservation a spark of light could be seen in the child's bosom capable of controlling and directing all infuences. This they learned afterwards was the Will, the divine germ in man. At the other end of the room, upon a background of golden light, was a most remarkable picture-the fulfillment of the life predicted by the child.

Jesus of Nazareth, notas a weary man, or sorrowing human, but in all the power of a divine consciousness, sat, gazing into the unseen. Upon his face no trace of earthly emotion could be seen, as he looked upon the army of unseen forces that surrounded him, while upon his bosom, gazing into his face with unspeakable love, reclined the beloved disciple, absorbed by
love; hungering and thirsting for Light; content to abide on thit bosom forever. Toward this, two figures floated; a power from on high, at first vague but at length assuming the form of a dove. It was the lesson of life perfected, crowned by the Holy Spirit.

While they were thus engaged, quite a different scene was being enacted in the room they had just left. The Master had tarned to his old pupil a second time with extended hand, speaking to him words of heart-felt greeting. It was too much for the tender heart of the miner, and falling on his knees, he cried out:
"Oh, my ain blessed Maister, what have I done that I should see yer face ance mair? I never thocht to see you again. Wha could ha' kenn'd ye were a great mon, when ye came to me in America? Help me to live weel, an' hear ye say to me at last, weel done!"
"Rise, James! I am but a man, kneel only to the living God. You are now to be with me in daily training, until the sixth sense is well developed, and you will then be ready for the next step. Seventysteps lead to the great temple, and each one must be gained by earnest endeavor and determined will. Day by day, thought, speech, and act, the threefold girdle, must be watched and trained to make ready for advance. I will rest on this couch, and you, my son, come near, until we gain a unison of vibration. Breathe with me in silence. Keep thy mind passive. Shut out worldly thoughts; let the intellectual currents be stilled, and hold thy mind on the thought of God, the great Mother-Good and Father-Love, from whom are all things and in whom we live. Ah, that is well done. Thou hast grown in power since I saw thee last. Dost thou feel the sixth sense? As soon as the mere mechanical part of the discipline is gained,
thou wilt have great delight in thy interior gifts. Let no day pass without practicing the spiritual senses, that the Deific babe may grow into larger stature. The spiritual sight, hearing, touch, all are waiting to be brought forth, when the ethereal and fluidic thought-waves will blend in full accord with the celestial harmonies of nature. Remember that all life, all thought, all results, begin and end in breath, and thy soul's atmospheres are according to thine own desire. On desire and will begin all achievement."
"Oh, my Maister, gie me muckle wisdom to ken hoo I am to grow, an' hoo I may ken my ain sel'."
"Knowest thou, my son, what thou askest? Wouldst thou turn back the life-forces of thy being from all external lines? Wouldst thou seek only the pathway of spirit? Wouldst thou forsake those things that most men value? Choose ye this day whom you will serve, and according to your choice, and your will, will be the result. Then will come to you memories of lost scenes, of former lives, of powers now unknown. The soul will arise and take possession of its citadel, and the world and its phantasms will be under thy feet. Thou hast the child-heart, the first great essential, even as Jesus of Nazareth said, 'Except ye be as little children, ye shall in no wise enter in.' No matter how terrible the conflict, or the heat of battle, or the strength of foes opposing, thou must stand fast and waver not. Light shall triumph over darkness."
"I would na' boast, oh! Maister; I would na' promise in words. I wad just say, Tak' my heart, my han', my very life, only gie me Light."
"It is not mine to give, James. I can show the way, but the steps must be taken by thyself. Thou must tread the winepress alone. The action is all thine own, and the reward will be
according to thine own application. Because we are in the same orbit, I can help thee. 'As one star differeth from another star in glory,' even so do souls differ, and their paths. We are in the pathway of fire, and the One-Spirit works along this. groove to enlighten, as by a flame of love; to vivify, as by the fire of life; to purify, as by the coals of the altar. This Spirit, the Holy Ghost, leaves nothing to perish. From the All, the bosom of Infinite Love and Magnetic Life, it draws that which builds stars and worlds; the macrocosm and the microcosm ; the body of man and his immortal soul. It is by the celestial melody of vibratory law, the cosmic inbreathings of vital Spirit, attracting to itself the qualities of earth and planets, that all those tissues and bones and muscles are found, by which we assume tangible form, and are known to the senses of others."*
"I dimna ken a' ye wad say, but I ken eno' to lead me to the Licht. Tell me mair, an' make it unco plain to my understandin'."
"It is a wonderful secret, James, and if thou wilt only catch a faint glimmer of what I would say, it will grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day. It is marvelous in its simplicity, and for that very reason is difficult to comprehend. A babe breathes, but it does not know it. A child breathes, but it does not know how. A man breathes and says, it is an unconscious act of his lungs; but beyond this, he knows nothing. They

[^2]are both alike ignorant of the fact that there is an atmosphere for the body, for the soul, and for the Spirit. As the body would die without air, so will your soul perish withont breath. This is what breathing will do for those who understand its laws. Itwill give life and power to your spiritual nature, and bring it to a higher development. It is a simple but mighty law based on vibratory action, and underlies all attainment in higher powers."
"If I might ken the first step, I wad try muckle to tak the next."
"The first step is concentration. To hold the mind on a principle for a time, untilin rhythmic breathing thou hast found s centre, from which henceforth all thought and act will radiate. This will give a point, a sphere in the self-conscious universe, of which thou dost not dream now; but it requires time, patience, silence, and drill. This is what breathing means to the child of the Most High. To open the inner senses to the great Over-Soul, and by desire and inbreathing to come into full rapport with the life-current of the cosmos is to live anew, and awaken new powers and possibilities that will give you joy forevermore. The law of breathing is a great and mighty law, based on vibratory action, and underlies all growth and development."
"But can a puir weak bairn ever ken a' that you wad tell me, Maister? I should be unco glad to ken a single step, an' bide my ain time to tak' anither."
" The first step is difficult and will not be taken easily. It is the training of the thought-forces. It is to be able to fix the mind on a principle, and hold it there steadily without wavering. When we have sat together day by day, breathing harmoniously, a new center will be established, from which will
radiate lines of power now unknown to thee. Then a new world will be opened, a self-conscious universe within, a part of the great ocean of Being, wherein is reflected all mysteries, and contained the lost secret handed down from past ages. Here is the celestial mystery of the Conception of Spirit-truth. Here is the portal to the knowledge of God. Here is the law of the universe and majesty of God's great love, and of all these the ordinary man knows not that they exist."

His tones grew strangely solemn, and as he finished he rose to his feet and laid his hand upon his pupil's head, in silent benediction. When James opened his eyes he was alone, and the young man stood waiting to conduct him to his room.

He found it walled in rock, dimly lighted from above, and furnished with a bed, a table, a chair, a Bible, and a picture of the Nazarene.

When the hours had passed and the day was drawing to its close, the tones of a deep melodious.bell rang out upon the air. They might have traveled miles, or even across deep waters, so distant did they seem ; and the vibrations echoed and re-echoed along the rock-hewn arches, until they blended into each other as the waves of the sea might flow, and mingle, and yet ever roll forward in a mighty individuality. Sweet, strong, deep, and from afar came the thrilling melody, and when it fell upon tho ears of those who heard it for the first time, they were startled by a strange sensation, and at the same time the dog rose from his long sleep on the rug, and putting his cold noze against his young mistress's hand, went toward the door. They did not move. Again he touched her hand and went forward, but it was not until the third trial that the meaning was made clear. He was telling them to go somewhere and he would guide them.

Zenia and her mother followed him; after crossing a court

而
that was filled with statues and plants and sheltered from rain by roof of glass, they entered a long passage that terminated in a descending staircase. It looked dark before them, but they noticed that with each step down, light came sufficient to show them the next step. They did not count the steps that first time, but learned afterwards as they passed over them that they were in groups of nine, seven, five, and three; after these all the rest were in threes, with a square landing between, affording a place to rest and to make the turn. Thirty-three times three; -ever turning-down and down, and ever the light moving on before to show the foot where to go. At length they reached the lasi landing, where was a fountain with two great griffins and a long hall. As General gave a little bark, a door opened and they found themselves in a dimly-lighted chapel containing but one person besides themselves, a musician at the organ. The seats were arranged in a semicircle. In the center stood the altar. At the right of the altar was the organ. Without the least hesitation, General led the way to a couple of seats somewhat apart from the rest, but so near the altar that everything upon it could be clearly seen. A peculiar atmosphere filled the room. It was alive with presences, and a holy awe seemed to fall upon the inmates. The musician played on, but his theme was not of earth. The strangers knelt, and, lost in rapture, were carried far beyond scenes of sense, out toward the fountains of life, whence they could see the waves of divine harmony move ever outward and downward. As if by a silent command, the spell was at length broken; they raised their heads, and saw from a distant window, far above their heads, before unnoticed, the beams of the setting sun pouring in upon the organist and bathing him in light and rainbow colors. His eyes were closed. His fingers moved as one moves in a dream, and
from the organ came exquisite hurmonies; a mystic melody wove in and out among the strains, and to the sensitive soul it was very clear that not the mind of any mortal man was guiding the hand that touched the keys, but an unseen musician was the performer. Just then the rays of the solar light separated upon his head and revealed the iridescent tints of the prism in brilliant hues; they gathered themselves together and rose upon the air in the form of a celestial being who held above the player's head a circle, from which descended an infinite number of golden threads all attached to his brain. It was an object lesson wrought by sunlight, to show these children of Light, the law and power of vibrations. The angel floated away; the circle and the threads were loosened; the organ pealed forth in joyous strains, as if at the coming of a conqueror; and two by two came into the room, a procession of white-robed men, who took their places in the vacant seats. The last one was alone and knelt before the altar, while a voice from above said: "The last shall be first, and the first last."

All this time the intelligent dog sat upright, with paws upon the seat and nose upon his paws. He did not move. When silence, long and deep, fell over the worshipers, a voice came from behind a mystic veil, that formed a partial screen behind the altar, saying :
"Welcome, thrice welcome, thou Anchor of Hope. ThouStar of the East, and the strong man who shall be called henceforth the Torch-Bearer of the West-Give greeting."

A peal from the organ reverberating through the arches and domes of rock with an almost deafening crash, was the response, as every form rose from their seats, and then the service was resumed and all human individuality was lost in the worship of the Divine.

The scene was indescribable. The white-robed figures; the solemn silence; the strange chapel; the phantasms of light blending with musician, music, and worshipers; the altar with its strange lamp hung aloft, burning with a steady glow; the veil behind the altar whence had issued the voice; all formed a spectacle never to bs forgotten by those who witnessed it for the first time. When the brotherhood rose to chant the evening chant, Zenia, sensitive to all vibrations, clasped her hand to her heart as if to still its beating, and listened spell-bound to the words:

Oh, Holy, Holy, Holy God!<br>The One God, the Gol of God. Selah; forever and forever Selah. To thee who art the eternal Life of all, To thee who art all Love in all, And thou art God, eternal Love. To thee who art all Truth in all, And thou art God, etemal Truth. To thee who art all Wisdom in all, And thou art God, eternal Wisdom. To thee who art all Knowledge in all, And thou art God, eternal God.<br>To thee who art the wondrous Source, And thou Art all in all, the God of all thine ownThine own inner life ever blending With all crested things.<br>Oh, mysterious soul of all the stars! O Father-Mother, great Fountain Of our sun, its light and heat!<br>How vast thy power throughout all space, Ever in thy path thon sheddest love and joy : O Pather-Mother, divine Two-in-One! Our ever-living souls are a little part of thee. Illuminate our pathway with thy light, That each may know its soul's completion. O, absolve us with thy quenchless love<br>In the glory of thine immortality.<br>Let us abide forevermore<br>In the splendor of thy mighty Name, That emblem of eternal Hope.

Holy, Almighty, Infinite!
Love in all and all in Love, For Love is thy great majesty. O God of Love-eternity! Soul of our soul's immortality. Goll of God, 0 God the Goodl Fountain of eternal life.
O Love divine! O God of God! Light of all hearts, and Life of all souls, All glory and all majeaty unto theel
Selah, Selah, Selah, Selah!
Amen, Amen, forever and forever. Amen.
Then followed the Logos and a time of silence. When the services were ended they went out on the terrace for a little time, and here our party were introduced to many of the inmates, among whom they found several ladies. Shortly after the Master came to them, and requested them to meet him in half an hour for little instruction, and thus began the life at the Hermitage on Madeira.

# CHAPTER X. 

INBTRUCTION.

> "My thoughts, like golden serpents in a fire Fed by the fir-cones and the cedar tree, Leap to expression through the blaving pyre, Making a flame of whirling melody."

IT was twilight, almost night, when the strangers were summoned to go to the Master. They were led along narrow passages and winding halls to a room that seemed apart from all the rest, and different from any they had seen. It was large, circular, lit from a dome, and the ceiling was concave, representing the heavens as we know them from the earth. The sides were covered with allegorical scenes portraying a human entity wandering among the signs and triplicities of the heavenly bodies.

A large fire-place on one side held a pile of blazing sticks, before which the Master sat, with head resting on his hands, lost in thought. He was roused by the rustle of garments, and seeing his pupils, greeted them with a smile, and motioned to them to be seated. The dog crouched before the fire and rested his nose on his Master's foot.
"It is not necessary to ask if the day has fared well since thou camest hither, for peace is written on each brow, and I know it has been well. It did not seem necessary to begin so soon our training, but the Prophet Zelo sent me a message on the sunbeams while we were in the chapel, and he told me of
the work to be done and that time was speeding, and ye must be made ready for the rites of Azoth. This means travail of soul and constant labor fed by thy heart's desire. The secret of Azoth is no idle thing, and few have hardihood to seek its meaning. To know is to be enlightened. To be enlightened is to have power, over thyself first and then the world. It is the choice of Solomon, obeying the words, ' My son, get wisdom. Wisdom is the principal thing, and with all thy getting, get understanding.'
"All things in nature have an orbit, beyond this they cannot go. From the lowest to highest, from atom to angel, this is true. To know thine own orbit is to know the beginning of wisdom; and knowing that, we soon shall learn who are our companions on the way. From the atom to the angel, there is one law of interior states; it is the law of the trine. There is also one law of outer expression-it is the law of the quadrant. There is no God that is not known as a Trinity; from the ancient Mayas who had their trine, the Thunder, the Lightning, and the Thunder-bolt, to our own God-the Father, the Son, and the Spirit. It is because this is in the nature of things that nothing can exist without it. In plants it is root, stem, flower; in the earth mineral, vegetable, and animal ; in man, body, soul, and spirit. It originated when the world of phenomena evolved from the ever-existing, the prototype of the pre-existing.
"The Swedish Seer, according to his law of correspondences, found in man the trinity of love, wisdom, and use. It is a great fact. Without use the most divine quality of God, His boundless love, is worthless. It is this that distinguishes all that is most divine from all that is merely human, and if we do not consecrate all we know, all we have, and all we are, to the use of the world, we will be but chaff for the burning.
"In our study of the human soul, of its wanderings among the stars, and its spiral pathway, there may be crumbs of wisdom, dropped from sages of the past, that will enrich the children of the present. Sitting here before the flames, that represent the orbit of our present destiny, it is but natural that the mind recalls the sources of our knowledge, and sends a thought of gratitude to ancient Greece, where, through the many centuries, the wise men watched the stars and noted down the traits of those who first saw light, when certain planets were above the earth's horizon. From Egypt and Phœnicia came more light, until it was established as a fact, that every soul was played upon by starry hosts according to its hour of birth. They found among the signs of the Zodiac a natural division of the constellations, whereby the four elements of the universe were represented, in perfect trine, giving to the human soul the underlying characteristic of the element in which it was born. Fire, air, water, earth, gave zeal, inspiration, healing, fruitfulness, and many variations, according to the sign. To-day the world needs practical knowledge, and whatever nid can come from ancient lore, must be garnered for the race. Thou knowest much of all these things, but still thou dost not know the secret of control. What matter is the knowledge of the positive or negative pole of the battery, if thou canst not bring its action into use for others. It is to have more perfect knowledge that the fire itself must be studied by the children of its domain.
"Imperious, aggressive, fitful, and fearless, are those born beneath the sway of Aries, the sign of the head in the great Man, the positive pole of the fiery triplicity. To still the too great zeal, to glow with steady heat, to carry wisely the torch of knowledge, must be the lesson learned. From deity came the fire-mist, from fire-mist came the air, from air water, and from
water earth; not four elements in reality, but only one in fourfold manifestation; making the perfect seven when added to the trine of signs.
"Separated in their essence, they war upon each other; water trying to quench fire, fire devouring air, and earth refusing to coalesce with any. Herein lie hidden the mysteries of ancient Greece and Egypt, of which the modern world knows nothing except that man is born, lives, dies. To know the orbit of one's being is to know the path of life, and who among the myriad children of earth belong to us by genuine kinship. To choose our friends from those who journey with us, or at least in kindred paths, were surely wise. We could not hope to join for life the worm that crawls with those winged creatures that flit from bough to bough, and rarely touch the ground. Nor could we take the grand, magnetic ocean, and hope to warm it by the fire, or chain its darting fishes to a bird. Each realm must choose its mates more wisely. When warmed by spirit all can be harmonious, but not by nature. Yet a child of fire will find among the children of the earth those in the sign Virgo-those who have all the ardor of their own domain. It is because there is within the earth a molten sea of fire imprisoned in her cold shell, that forms a bond of sympathy between these souls and all in our domain.
"Century after century passed while Greece was bringing to her flowering-time the human race in grand perfection. Never have such men and women walked the earth as in those days when Pericles and Aspasia, Phidias and Plato, with poets, generals, historians, and artists too many to number, all lived in little Attica, a spot too small to scarce be noticed now. Why was it that such human gods could then be born and not to-day? Why is it that in all the world to-day we cannot find their
equal either in perfection or number? It is because the human race was held more dear. It could not have its freedom if by its freedom came degeneration. No child could be allowed to wed unharmoniously, for broken hearts were better for the nation than a base humanity, deformed, diseased, imperfect. When young hearts loved they must love and wed according to the stars.
"Man was a sacred being, born with complex nature, belonging to three worlds. They knew the law and forced obedience. A nature keyed to a was not allowed to marry one whose note would strike a discord. To-day the world is filled with discord and divorce. No happy homes as in those days of glorious Greece, and children now are mere apologies for human beings. 'The animals are being brought to high perfection, but the children of the Most High-ah, no!
"Body, soul, spirit-the threefold nature, a part linked to our lower earth; a part to the infinite auric zone ; and a part to the astral plane. Man throws his thought, his love, his all, upon the little dream of threescore years, and loses even the psychic pleasures that might be his. The germ immortal, the spirit, has not had a thought, a care, moment's labor. Like a weaver's shattle, from the cradle to the grave, has the web of thought been woven from the body to the soul, until at last the astral forces are all centered on the fleeting, material portion of man that must perish with the using.
"As we belong to the Fiery triplicity we will follow the maxim of the School of Athence, und attend to those things that concern us. For this reason I have brought ye hither, that in the presence of the glowing fire, the lesson of its control may be learned; and while we watch the blaze leap higher and higher, we can talk of vibratory law and see how every step of
our unfoldment is according to a law as immutable as God himself; for he is Law. Now, watch the fire. It blazes here, but there the wood is still untouched. What sense guided its steps, or told it where to kindle, and where to stop? Who can tell? Where next will be its flame?"

He poked it for a moment and then covered all with ashes, until no sign of fire was seen.
"Where is it now, this daring, aggressive spirit of destruction? It was here and is gone. Watch."

He poked away the ashes, and lo ! a blaze sprang up and tried to reach the wood. Its tongue grew stronger, and when it found the wood, it hissed and fastened on it like a starving thing. He turned now to his visitors, saying:
"When ye can say to this flame, go here or go there, rest or consume, and it obeys, ye then will know that ye are masters. No step can be advanced till then. If man, the microcosm, cannot show that he can govern all lower creatures, and the very elements that fill the macrocosm, he has not reached the heights.
"In. every human being lies the buried glowing coal. It may be that the ashes of a self have buried it so deep, its presence is not known, but some day, somehow, somewhere, the golden law of liberty, necessity, opportunity, will give it air, and lo! the upward path is well begun. Thrice blessed are they who lead the flame forth from its dark prison, and haste it on its way to God. To know this truth, and where and how to find this holy germ is man's divine work upon our little planet. To give it food, as yonder wood was given to the flame, is each soul's daty. Our mission here, for man's brief threescore years, is but to help, to guide, to lead. It is the ever going out to others, as the Master did of old.
"The soul is a flame, and a flame is the soul. As the one
touches and merges and adds force to all others, so will the individuals of each domain be drawn to, and become an added force to all others. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.'
"It fastens on the lowest things, for they are always easiest of access, and one after another are tried and found worthless, till the proper food, the divine Truth, the immortal Word is found, and then it turns its heat and light within, and shines henceforth with a true radiance. The torch-bearers are to go up and down the ways of the world, searching for the latent fire, and fanning it into flame for service. Many are called, but few are chosen. All knowledge is worthless that is not of use to others. Understandest thou the lesson, $O$ children?" The three heads bowed in reply.
"One hour each day there will be given thee an opportunity to obtain mastery over these fitful flames. To-morrow at this hour come to this room. Seat yourselves thus before the fire in silent, oblivious composure; remain in repose with the Spirit for thirty-four minutes, and the remainder of the hour concentrate every power upou that place where thou wishest the fire to reach. Do not speak. The fire will always begin at the right hand. Select your spot to which you would move it. Be harmonious and united, both in inbreathing and willing."

Placing his hand upon the head of James, he continued:
"To you this will be mechanical, but to the vestal virgin itwill be a pleasure. Do not be discouraged because the fire obeys her thought so readily. She will always be far in advance, for these are truths she knew ages ago. One week from to-day you shall tell me what has been the success. It is all governed by the law of vibration, and as in days of old the coming of the Spirit was revealed ly tougues of fire, so now in this
second coming of the quickening Spirit, the sign and the work must be of Fire.
" Already we see the advance guard coming, coming, forcing, by the vibratory law of attraction, all kindred souls into rank. It is the Christ-Spirit of all time, coming in new power to the children of earth, and marshaling the leaders into organized force for conquests that have long been foretold, but for which the world has grown weary of waiting.
${ }^{6}$ When with the first rays of the sun, thou didst stand with earnest aspiration reaching out and up for light; and this man in the bowels of the earth also, knowing the exact time for the first rays of the sun to touch the earth, dropped his work and bent in supplication, little didst thou then think that throughout the world were a host of souls doing what thou wast doing, and that every one was seen and known and sealed by the Intelligences; for every act of praise to God in the majesty of love, remains vibrating in space throughout eternity. As the magnet draws by its secret force the bits of iron from the sand, so these living magnets have drawn thee from the dust of earth, and now the bits are all soon to be brought into organized rank and file and disciplined for work for the Master-the unconquerable Galilean. The dill may be irksome, the discipline severe, but the work will be a delight and the result a victory final and glorious. As one of earth's seers has said:
"" When the spiritual fire and light has become ignited in the darkness (it having, however, burned from all eternity) the great mystery of divine power and knowledge becomes eternally rovealed therein, because in the fire all the qualities of nature appear exalted into spirituality.
" When God created the angels, the principle of fire and light became manifest. Their spirit or life-anguish conscious-
ness has its origin in the fire. From thence it passed through the light, and became there the anguish of love, by which the wrath was extinguished.'
"This language of one of earth's greatest mystics may not be understood now, but the time will come that ye will know its meaning. Thus ends our first lesson, the lesson of knowledge of our own path and environment, and may each day bring ye happiness as it will bring knowledge."

## CHAPTER XI.

## MADETRA.

> And one might read a Rpened soul wagust, Waiting transhation, hardly mixed with dust ; And one might sense a pragrance where he trod, Dlffused, as from a heart ensphered in God,"
"Seven months now lie before thee, daughter," aaid the Master to Mrs. Glendenning one morning soon after their arrival. "Does it seem a long time to be exiled from the world and hear no word from thy loved ones? Attachments sometimes bring joy, but they fetter us, and the soul is not free that knows personal attachments. Believe me, the months will fly like a pleasant dream, and seem but as hours when they are gone. There have come here from the outer world those who have sought light, and years have passed before they went back to the old life; yet they have said these years were but as a dream filled with all delight and satisfaction."
"And would they return to the old life as before? Could they enter the shell again, having once tasted boundless freedom?" asked Zenia, raising her large blue eyes, with earnest inquiry, to his face.
"The will of man is his. The law of use cannot be broken. When once the torch is kindled, and the inner senses have been trained, the neophyte must leave the sheltered life and go among his kind to serve. Here lies his test. The soul that
loves to serve is safe. His feet are walking in the path that once was trod by Him of Nazareth. But if perchance he tires of serving; or his gifts have made the worldlings babble: or the touch of gold or human love has lured him from his aim, he falls as angels fell, and woe is his. Better for that soul had it never been born, or that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

He was silent for a moment, and, as if overcome by the train of thought evoked, he moved away, and was lost amid the clustering vines. For a time neither spoke, and then it was the elder who said in a mournful voice :
"Could it be that the world would ever attract us again, my ohild?"
"It does not seem possible, Mouessie, but we are merely human, and liable to human weaknesses. I fear nothing for you, but your devotion to your loved ones. You would be willing to lose your dearest hopes if you felt you could help one of the boys or me. For nothing else can I imagine you giving up the real for the husks."
"Did I not see the Master with you, ladies?"
The voice was musical and low, and belonged to a Spanish countess who had met them the evening before. She was tall and dark, and might have been forty years old.
"I fancied he was teaching you the lesson of the morning," she continued, giving each a hand, and leading them to a seat.
"Not that, though I am not sure what you mean, but he was speaking of something very solemn. He was telling us of those who are tempted and fall back."
"Ah, yes. It makes one always sad to hear of those. There have been men and women all devotion enter here, and give their lives and money and all they have to good. Their gifts
of soul were great, and all the brothers rejoiced to think what they would do. A few years passed and some unlooked-for good has come to them and turned them from the path. They fell to earth like wounded birds, and met a tragic death or great dishonor. Ah, such things are dreadful!"
"But the lesson of the morning, what is it?" asked Zenia.
"I cannot tell. It is not for me. It will make your heart throb with a great joy. We never do forget the morning when we learn it."
"And you have been here long?"

- "Not this time, mademoiselle, but many times before. I come for quiet and the blessing of the Master, for I am but a little child that knows but little. Ah, there comes back the Master. I feel he has a message for the strangers. If you ever wish to see me, send for Number Two."

As she rose to go, the Master approached. A luminous atmosphere seemed to surround him, as he moved in the sunlight, and his face had recovered its usual serenity.
"All nature sings its morning song in universal harmony, and we have here a lesson to be learned that gives divinest meaning," were his first words as he drew near. "Once learned, wherever there is nature you can find companionship and a voice. Follow me."

He stepped from the piazza and led the way to a group of trees, still glistening with dew-drops in the morning sun. He bared his head and stood in listening attitude, while all around a hush of expectancy seemed to be felt. He bowed his head, and his example was followed by the others. The silence was only broken by the gentle movement of the leaves overhead and the songs of birds. After a few moments the Master spoke :
"What message do the leaves bring this morning, my chil-

dren? If not a thought, perhaps a feeling comes to thee in this early morning hour?"
"They rustle in quiet content, I can get nothing else," replied Mrs. Glendenning. "I never dreamed that we could know aught by listening to the leaves. It means more than idle words when poets sing of nature's voices."
"Aye, truly child. And thou? What didst thou hear?" turning to the daughter.
"I hear a sound of vibrations, like a certain chord of music. I cannot give it words, but it speaks to my heart of gladness," was Zenia's reply.
"An' it sounds to me, as if there were feet comin' toward us," said James.
" You have done well for the first time, children, and the sixth sense is well developed. You will soon receive the morning message of the trees, and know what the days are to bring of sunshine or rain, heat or cold. Do this every morning and write down the message you receive. Follow me."

He descended the steps of the terrace and walked to its very edge, where there was neither tree nor vine. Again he listened. and bade them do the same. The gentle zephyrs of the morning passed over them, and $a$ low undertone like the diapason of the sea could be distinctly heard. It was sadder than the song of the trees, and the Master said:
"It comes from afar, and is a prophecy of coming storm, and the sadness is the cry of those who weep."

Once more he turned towards the steps, and suddenly prostrated himself upon the ground and motioned them to do the same. Never had they dreamed that the lifeless earth had a heart till now, when they listened to its pulsations. They were fitful and at times heavy, and when they rose the Master said:
"To be healthy the heart should beat regularly; this feverish action that we hear is a sign of distress among the poor, who are the blood and sinew of earth's children, and when they are ill, the whole body suffers. This is what is known as the lesson of the morning, and the lesson of the evening is the same.
"Strange secrets are sometimes learned by these gentle voices, and guidances come to the children of the Most High, if the heart listens. We will now join the family in the dining-room, and hear what the others have heard."
"I believe I have lost my appetite in this new experience," said Zenia, taking her mother's hand as she spoke, and turning to follow their leader. "When I was a child and feasted on the myths of Greece, that story of Melampos always had a particular charm for me. I have thrown myself upon the ground many a time, hoping the serpents would lick my ears as they did his, and finally gave up the hope in despair. Now, when I had no thought of it, the reality is at hand. How charming. I shall never give up till I know what beast and bird and leaves are saying."
"And weel I mind hoo the voices $o^{\prime}$ the mines used to tell me strange, unco strange things. I thocht it was mair like the workings $o^{\prime}$ my ain min' than onything else, but they never told me wrong, an' noo I see it matters not whaur a mon may be, he can have the voice o' the Lord aboot him," interrupted the enthusiastic Scotchman.

They had now entered the dining-hall, an immense circular room, in which many tables were so arranged as to meet in the center. It was flooded with sunlight, and around its sides vines clambered, birds flew, and in niches were beautiful statues looking down upon the scene. The effect was heightened by the loftiness of the ceiling terminating in a dome. It was nature
brought into harmonious rapport with the spirits of the inmates. Around the tables sat nearly three hundred men and women, the former dressed in the robes of their order, the latter in white flowing dresses, all confined at the waist by a threefold girdle. As the beloved Master entered, every face was raised to his, glowing with the morning's joy; and as his eye scanned them, he hesitated and did not ask the usual question: "Well brethren, what have the voices of the moming taught," for he saw they had received a revelation that conld not be repeated. Merely bowing, he seated himself, and with Mrs. Glendenning and her daughter on his right, and James on his left, was apparently intent on the morning meal. As he took from his napkin at the side of his plate the flower that lay upon it and proceeded to pin it on his robe, all the others did the same; lut quick and earnest glances at the same time sought the face of the young lady, who sat radiant as Aurora in their midst. This little custom of the flower was one of the beautiful things of daily life at Madeira. When, or by whom, instituted no one knew ; but from the time one entered the hermitage until their departure, they never failed to find each morning by their plate the flower that had been presented to them on entering. This was to be wom or preserved, or exchanged with some kindred spirit for the day, and when any one received from Number Eight* his flower, there was always a rivalry as

[^3]to who could keep it longest. Long after it had faded was it held sacred, because it had been touched by his hand.

This wonderful man, known far and wide among the Sages, had felt the vibratory action of those assembled minds as soon as he entered the room. Thought-waves were to him as a morning bulletin, and he knew there had been knowlelge received that had told a more wonderful tale than of a coming war or pestilence or storm, for it had told them that once again in the annals of man a vestal virgin had left the world to serve the Altar, and had come for instruction to this remaining vestige of the lost Atlantis.

All unconcerned sat Zenia Glendenning, wrapt in contemplation of all that she had seen and heard. No thought of self or her surroundings entered her mind. A sunny peace fluttered in her heart, and like a child in summer-day that throws itself in Nature's arms and sleeps, so she rejoiced and could not have told a thought she had.

Whenever and by whomsoever this building had been constructed, its plan, size, and workmanship precluded all idea of modern architect or workman. Whether dating back to old
"I will do it ," was all he said.
From that time he devoted a part of every year to going through different countries, finiling out children of soldiers whom he could educate or widows Who needed help. He never helped men unless they were blind. When he died there was just enough of his fortune left to pay the expenses of the Brothers to come and see him pass from earth. After his death requests were recelved from every quarter for permission to contribute something toward a monument, to the noble man. It stands in the cemetery of Florence, made up of every variety of marble, each piece given by those he had assisted. The inscription reads:
here lies leontine,
Who laid up a very large fortune in heaven of good deeds and charity, and has now gone thither to enjoy it.

Atlantian days, as many claimed, or built by Moors in times of Moorish glory, it mattered not; the wonder only grew and lessened not. Hewn out of solid rock, in arches, pillars, halls and chambers, its work was done so perfectly that ages of time must have been spent in its completion. Along the passages the walls were polished like glass. Within the rooms the most perfect arrangements for admitting light had been planned and executed; while laws of acoustics beyond our present knowledge had been everywhere considered. In some places the rooms were down, down, beneath the sea; in others up to the topmost beights of the basaltic rocks that form this island. The rooms of the main building were lighted from one grand central dome, that threw the full blaze of light beneath. Reflectors of various colors were so arranged that certain rays could be excluded and the room keyed to any color desired. Here had been studied to perfection the effect of color waves upon the brain and heart. Here, when the summer days were at their height, most cooling shades pervaded all the rooms. When winter brought the shadows, then light and warmth flooded every niche and comer, while through all, interwoven like a thread of gold in royal fabric, was the breathing of seraphic music, floating here and there; above, around; now soft as zephyrs, and again swelling into pæans of loudest orchestral tones. Nature touched the unseen wires, and in her harmony betrayed her mood. On this morning of which we write, the strains that floated on the air were clear and joyous, but subdued and tender. To take the morning meal amid such scenes made of the act a worship. The highest, deepest aspiration was evoked, and all the holy influences of seen and unseen intelligences were attracted to the spot. It was veritable dreamland. No sound of all earth's discords could be heard, and in
each human being the highest Self, the subliminal, the divine, was alone conscious of existence. The key-note of the day was sounded in this room, and, thus attuned, the day went forward on busy feet, in duties done and lessons learned and practied.

At the appointed hour the three children of the Fire met before the burning wood, to learn the lesson of control. The flames responded not that day, but after many trials the young girl found her will was dominating them, and when the Master came to see how they had grown, he seemed much pleased.
"Well done, my children. This step had not been gained but by patient inbreathing and devout prayer. Ye must persevere for many days; not because the power to lead the fire is aught, for mere phenomena is less than nothing; but the soul grows strong by drill. The time will come that ye can do with flame what now would seem impossible. Its spirits love to serve its masters. I have seen men lie down in India's jungles and sleep like babes, because around them was the circle of fire, where all the spirits of the Flame stood guard. The will of man is his eternal heritage. When Moses learned the secret, the flame came in the bush, and lo ! he knew God's presence. No soul can ever know these heights, until the hidden powers have been evoked by patient labor. Some men have gained a mastery over nature's forces to use for selfish ends. Their ruin has been sure and terrible. When once the soul has met its Father-God face to face-it cares not for Phenomena, it only longs and asks to grow more like its Master. Psychical gifts are never indications of high spiritual attainments, judged solely by themselves; but when the human soul starts out to walk the path of Azoth, it needs its minor senses well developed, and hence the voice of Wisdom says-'Give heed to make thy calling sure.'

The rcalm of fire, is that of power. As the oracle of Zoroaster saith,

' The Architect who by his power alone Built up the Cosmos, manifests Himself Another orb of flams.' Eternal Father both of Gods and Men, Who doth the fire, the light, the starry air, And all the golden sequence of the worlds, Most copiously animate.'

" This being true, is it strange that all who follow in the footsteps of the Nazarene, broone nailed to the cross of their animal desires, and guide the sacred fire toward all the dross that needs to be consumed? It is only here that the soul regains its freedom. As Jacob Boehme hath said: 'There is a life superior to life in this world. It hath within itself the qualities of this terrestrial world; it hath also a fire, a very powerful one: it does not consume, but causes majesty and living splendor, and its spirit is pure love and joy. Within this holy fire man was to be reconciled with God. A soul that has gathered her garment of divinity around her like a garment of light has no more interest in terrestrial matters. Guard well thy thoughts. Thoughts sent out with earnest prayer almost have the power of omnipotence.' 'More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.' The domain nearest the great source is fire. Take courage, be patient, and your reward is sure."

As he finished he laid his hand upon Zenia's head and said in low tones, "Your higher senses are well developed and need but little training. You will soon recall what you have known before, and comprehend the mysteries that your soul seeks. Your eyes will then follow all the path o'er which you have journeyed, and in every obstacle, as in every help, you will recognize the hand of God leading you. In those ancient days of Egypt's glory, when Moses was taught her highest wisdom,-as
well as in those laver days of her decline, when the lowly Nazarene knew the deep mysteries of her temple,-vestal virgins had but to breathe quietly in unison with uature's melodies, and the dying flame would glow and pulate, keeping time to the rhythmic beatings of her heart. When the longing hearts of the true disciples, beat in unison of desire at Pentecost, ther Spirit came and rested upon them in tongues of fire. So shall it be again. The fire is smoldering in the human heart; deadened by material desires, only waiting to be kindled into flame. Give it air and it will rise toward heaven, as every flame has. done since fire was known. Our God is a consuming fire, but. fire is not flame. Worship not the symbol, but seek the true. God bless thee, child. Thy fire is burning; thy work sacred; thy leading sure."

As he ended his voice grew fainter and fainter; his eyes became fixed, and his soul seemed lost in communion with the invisible world. He remained thus for many moments, and when he came to himself, he drew a long breath, and, turning to Mrs. Glendenning, said in gentle tones:
"Thou knowest not now, oh, mother! but thou shalt know hereafter. In the world thou shalt have tribulation; but rejoice, because tribulation worketh glory and gladness."

Again silence fell upon them, broken at last by the voice of James asking:
"I should sair like to know mair aboot this masterfu' fire, Master. Mony a time in the bowels o' the airth ha' I thocht aboot it. It is mair like a livin' thing than onything else."

He had not moved from before the flame, upon which his eyes were fixed spell-bound, as he waited the Master's answer.
"It is the very essence of life itself, this fire that you well call wonderful. To know all about it, would be to know the

Almighty himself, of which it is a symbol. Whenever you watch it, whether smoldering beneath ashes, or glowing as now; or burning as in a lamp, study its working, and from it learn a lesson. When it starts from the smallest and lightest object, and thence gains courage and strength to kindle upon a huge log, and burn until it is ashes; let it remind thee of that intenser fire, burning in thy breast, beginning first to consume mere trifling evils, like foolish loves and ambitions, then climbing on to greater and more substantial obstacles, until the great self is forced to surrender to its flame.
"When thou seest how it will melt two pieces of iron and fuse them into one, rest assured the diviner fire will never cease, until it has harmonized all thy discordant and incongruous natures into one substance-Love. Nothing teaches such lessons as doth the fire. In it is hidden the mystery of the economy of suffering ; and in it is comprised those great and fundamental truths known as Vibration and Magnetism. All there, all there," pointing to the flame leaping high in the air.
"And are numbers there, my Master?"
"Numbers are everywhere, James. Could there be fire without the union of gases and combustion? There's the trine; and is it not one of the four domains, and, do not the trine and the cube make the perfect seven? Some day we will devote the lesson to sacred numbers, but not to-day. Be patient, eternity is before us. Thou art too impatient. Master the fire in whose orbit thou dost belong. Study vibrations in all thou seest, and on the terrace, we shall begin this evening, our first lesson in motion and color, in the light of dying day."
"But what becomes of those who live, knowing nothing of the laws of their domain?" asked Mrs. Glendenning.
"They are like drift-wood in a surging stream, mere creatures
of circumstance. Here, as in all things, we are either masters or slaves. We either obey or govern. It is for us to decide which it shall be. This, too, is embraced in the economy of suffering."
"It seems as if all things were locked fast in fate. We are in certain domains with no choice as to position or individual traits, yet you say we can choose and control, oh Master!" she replied, with a puzzled look upon her face.
"Our place and tools to work with are indeed appointed us (as it would seem by an arbitrary fiat, though really they are the results of what has gone before) and to that degree we may say fate rules; but back of all this is the spark of unconquerable fire, the Spirit that has all power within its grasp, and when the man says to this 'Come forth,' it can do what it will. You and your daughter, and this honest man, said to your soul, 'Live, be free,' and others with gifts and aspirations far above the mass, living by your side, said 'Be still, you shall not be free, I will make you a bondsman, for the body's sake and the mind's sake.'"

The thought seemed to overpower him, and he walked slowly from the room, wrapt in deep contemplation. It was a glorious day out of doors, and when their Master left, they took the General, and all three walked out among the vines. They had been told the order of the day, and there was still a short time before the call of the mid-day hour for meditation would summon them. There may be those who would like to know something of a day's routin' in these hermitages. To rise whenever the Spirit moved, give thanks to God, order coffee served in their room, breakfast from ten to eleven, from eleven until twelve a school of instruction, and when the sun's rays are most powerful, to sit in silence from noon until twenty minutes after. Then follow questions for personal advice; all repeat
the Logos, and meet for dinner at four. After dinner, talk on the terrace, followed by vespers. During the evening, conversation and music fill the hours with delight, or if any care to read, they may do so.

As our little party strolled under the shadows of the vines, they could licar the chant of natives far distant beneath them, singing among the fig-trees at their work.

Zenia, whose complexion had always been transparent and beautiful, was already showing the effect of the warm sea-breezes that breathed upon her. The interblending of pink and white was now like the most delicate opal, whose flame shines everywhere, and, as one of the number said, gave her the appearance of a Dresden vase lit from within; a spiritual condition of which the golden chalice is a symbol, which when broken sets the spirit frce. She was as unconscious of all this as a child of its grace, and said to her mother:
"They call me Vestal Virgin, Mouessie. I suppose it is a tribute to my youth, but sometimes I feel that I shall never go back to ordinary life again. I must serve humanity; I must kill self, and perhaps the name means more than we think. You know I used to say that I had dim memories of having lived in old Greece in the time of her glory, when you were there, a brave hero, who loved me. There now come memories of a temple service, when I walked apart from the rest near the altar, and you were watching me with loving eyes among the worshipers. Is it not strange that these visions come to me? Last night I was dreaming of that time again, and suddenly we had gone from Greece out among the Immortals, and were spirits. How beautiful it was to be free and together, through the ages of spirit-life. We were never idle, never sad, always at work for the Master. Then I was carried far back into a
mighty Past, and I saw the Nile, and near it were the Pyramids being built. A magnificent temple, with pillars of Lotus and Papyri that stretched as far as I could see, was now shown me, and into it I whs taken, and, when I entered, there was nothing there that was unfamiliar. I knew the use of all the vessels; I watched the sacred fire, and when the old Egyptians came in to worship, I heard them say, "Behold the Vestal Virgin, whose heart is pure !' When I awoke voice whispered in my breast and said:
${ }^{66}$ : Know, child, that thou art in very truth a vestal virgin. As thou didst serve the altar in days of Egypt's splendor, when Isis and Osiris were in power; and in more modern Greece, in the school of Athenæ, when thou didst breathe upon the sacred fire, and make it glow and burn, so now in the later times when only gold is God, thou shalt serve in the temple of humanity, a vestal virgin still. This training and this knowledge is to fit thee for this service.'
${ }^{6} \mathrm{Oh}, \mathrm{Monessie}$, if you were not so fond of all the dear ones, we need never more fear separation."
"But, surely, Mother-love is pure and unselfish, my Zenia. It is from that sacred flame of life we are taught to call our Father-Mother."
"Yes, yes, dear Mouessie, that is all true, and never was there more unselfish or devoted mother than you, but I can see how even this may be a hindrance, and why they are ever warning you to guard the home-loves from becoming idols. You cannot tear from your heart the attachments that have grown around the personalities of husband and children. I am glad you cannot, for I am selfish too, and rejoice in my place in your great heart; yet I know there is a deeper bond between us, that will outlast all memories of earth. The voice last
night said: 'Strive to rise above the love of human personality.'"
" Perhaps the message was sent, my darling, to prepare me for the time when I must see you enter in the sacred temple while I remain standing without."

She spoke mournfully but with patient resignation, and added :
"If through my failure to keep pace with thee, I may the better save my dear ones; so may it be. I shall bide my time."

The other kissed her thrice, and pinned her flower upon her -flower memorial of Holy Ghost-smiling.
"I sometimes think I am only spirit in your eyes, Zenia."
"So much the better. The spirit alone is true, all else is manifestation; the more exalted the love, the more enduring and unchanging."

So on they walked, and the conversation turned to all they had learned since leaving France, and what a dream their life had been among these holy men and women, and on and on till the chiming of bells bade them hasten back for meditation.

That afternoon they were sitting on the terrace as the sun drew near the horizon. Never had the sea looked bluer or more beautiful. Never had the perfume of roses and vineyards been more entrancing. No sounds reached the ear, save a song of bird, or rustle of leaves, and echo of distant natives, singing as they worked. All nature was in her tenderest mood. In one group were Mrs. Glendenning, her daughter, the organist Carlo Odiardo, and the young man who first opened the door to them. He was fair, a blonde, young, not twenty, and silent as a sphinx. From the first day he had seemed so absorbed in this girl, that his eyes never wandered from her, when not observed, yet in his look was more of worship than admiration. He now sat in the group around her, intent upon her every
glance and movement, yet quick to see if there were any service he could do for others.

Fillippi Valencia had been in the hermitage a year. He had come from Egypt, where he had been with the order Egyptian many years, until all memory of his old life in Spain had been blotted out. In appearance he was like a lad; in reality he was twenty-four years of age. When a child, he had shown remarkable gifts of clairvoyance and psychometry, and happening to come under the observation of one of the Masters, was persuaded to go with them for training and teaching. He begged to remain and promised to be a server in smallest matters, if he would never be forced to leave them. His mind was in a strangely infantile condition, much like a boy. It was as if he had developed as far as boys of that age, and then stopped, giving him all the whims of a child, joined to the physical strength of a man. There was something so ingenuous and intense about him, that Zenia had been attracted to him at once, and as she saw more and more of his child-like spirit and unselfish devotion to others, she felt a gentle sympathy for the affliction, whatever it might have been, that robbed him of the vigor of his mind. As they were talking of the inner life, she noticed his eyes fill with tears as he bent his head lower over General, with whose ears he was playing. Instantly it flashed to her mind what troubled him, and reaching her flower to him she said :
"Did not the Master say, 'Except ye become as little children ye shall in no case enter the kingdom?' We all must labor for what is already yours as a gift. Grieve not, that you are not like us, Filippi."

The dog raised his head and looked suddenly toward the sky, from which the dove was coming. It settled on his head.

James reached forth his hand to take it, but General resented the movement, and Zenia, trying to soothe both dog and dove, found a note beneath the wing of the latter. She took it and read :
"Send thoughts of health to the Pater. He is sick." Taking the flower from her breast she kissed it and breathed upon it a prayer, and tying it beneath the bird's wing with a few words on the note she saw it fly off as it had come. She told nothing of this to her beloved Mouessie, and a few moments later could have been seen listening to the Master's teaching, with face as serene as a summer's sky.
"What are the most striking external features of this hour, my daughter?" said the Master, looking toward Zenia, as he spoke.
"Color, beauty, perfume," was the prompt reply.
"And these are all names of motion, and motion is life. There is molecular motion, and atomic motion ; the one of matter, the other of spirit. The secret of life is to bring all vibrations into harmony or at-one-ment. The one who understands this, has the key of power and of knowledge. All miseries, that fill the world to-day; all anguish of soul; all torments of the visible world, are scientifically reducible to inharmonious vibmtions. The motion of molecules differs from that of atoms, not only in number and quality, but direction. According to Von Bezold, all light is the passing of minute vibrations through ether, and at right angles with the motion of ether itself. When the sun to-day was over our heads the motion of ether was horizontal. All vibrations are in waves, and the colors before our eyes at this moment are due entirely to the length of the wave, while the brightness or intensity is due to the height. Does this spoil your view, daughter?"
"It seems strange to think of all this beauty in such a scientific way."
"An' what is the gude $o$ ' it, I should like to ask? " inquired James. "Is it not as well to think of it as from the hand of God?"
' Is it less from the hand of God because we know something of its laws? If we are to be children of His, must we not know how to do his work according to his own laws? When you are told that your task must be done by overcoming, and when I tell you that the overcoming is all done by vibratory and magnetic law, you will, I am sure, be able to understand the importance of this knowledge. This evening it is only as it affects color and sound that I shall speak, and this because these sisters asked me to explain the colors of your chapel window at vespers. Are you conscious of the effect produced when those rays meet on your head, Odiardo?"
"Most certainly, brother. Before that, I am trying to give expression to some ideal harmony that dwells within my own soul. But as soon as that influence rests on me, this ideal floats from me ; and though I play upon the keys, I feel myself, as it were, outside of it, and listening with rapt delight. Although I cannot see the sky, I know instinctively what colors are glowing upon it, for the sounds are colors to me. Color is sound to the clairaudient ear."
"And you become passive and negative and let the vibration take possession of both you and the instrument, do you not?"
"In other words, I am nothing. I uncluteh and let go of my personal self."
"You see a little how it is, do you not, daughter? When this world was yet uncreated, there yet was motion; and now throughout its planetary range, its cosmic forces, its laws of
attraction, its loves and hates, the same law enters in and governs. It is for man to understand and harmonize them, and then the spirit of Peace will descend and abide. It was the living rays caught from the setting sun that set our souls in tune for worship, and when the beams of the great orb touched the horizon, there burst forth such a peal of harmony as set the strains in higher, fuller key, and made the chapel glorious with the pæan of praise. Never do we hear those deep reverberations and exquisite harmonies save when the setting sun is playing his own requiem. To paint a picture well, is to paint it according to the waves of sound. Unless it can be transposed from color into music it has not the essential of fine art. Come. hither, Coco."

As if in answer to his name, alovely dove flew down upon his hand, and looked up in his eyes. Its neck was iridescent, and where the colors began or ended, the human eye could not distinguish.
"These feathers are the expression of the varied and beautiful vibrations that radiate from the bird's gentle soul," said the Master. "And to prove it, we will take it to the chapel to-morrow at vespers, and when the notes that correspond with these tints are touched, you will see the delight manifested by the bird. Its own vibrations have been recognized by something objective to itself, and this alone gives pleasure; when sent back to it, it has the effect of intensifying its nature, as one tunes up a musical instrument to concert pitch. This is the mystery of wearing a precious stone as a talisman. The inner nature, the real individual, always has its key-note to which the harmony of its being is set. Whatever has the same length of vibration, though it may differ in pitch or amplitude will always bring it joy, beauty, power; and whatever differs in quality, will procure
discord and misery. The same vibratory note or some multiple of it must be sought in everything, to complete the life. Dress, companions, occupation, all must be gauged by the one standard. Take the people of the fiery triplicity; they are always keyed to a note, that when vibrating in full power gives in music A flat, and in color red and violet. Aries, the Brazilian amethyst; Leo, the Ruby; Sagittarius, the Carbuncle; they are the first, third, and fifth of the same chord, and when worn properly, augment the power of the wearer, by adding strength to his or her vibrations. Nothing superstitious, nothing mystical about it; simply a scientific fact. I do not say that this is all. Far from it. There are spirits of air, spirits of stones, powers and principalities everywhere, and to make these our slaves is far better than to leave ourselves negative to them and allow them to injure us by creating inharmony of vibratory action."
"You speak of wearing them properly, Master," interrupted James.
"To wear them properly is to have them wisely chosen, sol. emnly consecrated, secretly cherished, and intelligently used. But more of gems when we meet again. As I have said before, all lvelong to the realm of vibration."

The colors of declining day on the island of Madeira are beyond the power of words to describe. If, as has been asserted by certain writers, it is a remnant of Atlantis, we can understand what glories of nature stimulated the powers of those ancient minds, from whom may have descended to us some of the grandest truths of to-day." Bathed in an atmosphere of

[^4]perpetual delight, surrounded by Nature's most magnificent colorings, hearing only the great diapason of the ocean, the songs of birds and vibrations of the breeze, what wonder that the outer senses become dormant and man's real self gained supremacy?

Where else could this language be comprehended as here, among the blended rays of gold, and ruby, and blue, that filled the sky and air, and were multiplied and reproduced in the calm sea?
"I understand why this place was chosen for a retreat," said Mrs. Glendenning, speaking to no one in particular, but breaking the long silence as by an effort of will; "surely there can be no other spot in all the world where its highest self is so constantly attained as here, for nature must have a higher as well as a lower self."
"Ah, surely, yes," replied Odiardo. "When we are in the world, and our thought drops down to the world's things, we feel that we die to the higher. Then we go alone into the mountains or out by the sea-shore, and sit still a long time, and we find a peace coming in, and when we feel the wave coming toward us, there is an inflowing more spiritual that we do not see, but it lifts us high toward the great Unseen. Ah, yes, nature can take us high."
"Do you understand this subject of vibrations that we are to learn about this evening? I have been a long time studying
right angles to this, extends from Newfoundland to Iceland. A curious fact regarding the mountains is that their tops are as white as though they lay in the region of perpetual snow. The reason for this, according to the Rochester Poxt-Express, is that the mountains are thickly covered with a species of pure white shell. The legends of the lost Atlantis are borne out by the finding of "an elevated platean, the shape and extent of which corresponds to the size of the lost Atlantis almost exactly."
its laws, but find the so-called teachers of science know but little about it. There has been no work written upon it, and only as a part of some theory is it alluded to. Some writers touch it in books on color, and of course we find allusions to it in works on musical harmonies; but that has not given us much idea of the scope of its manifestations, much less its underlying philosophy."
"I only know about it, where it belongs to my beloved music, but the Master will make it all clear to you. He has been many years thinking about it, and knowledge comes to him so very wonderfully that he knows everything. When I was called by the Voice, I could not understand anything. I only knew that $I$ was not my own master. On such a night as this, I have followed the lights in the sky, out and out toward the west, my soul seeming to leave the body, and I would hear music that does not belong to earth; but I could not keep it, nor could I understand the law of its coming. When the Master found me, and taught me the law of in-breathing, I found the secret of the inglowing and inflowing, and ever since heaven has been always near."
"The blessed Maister!" interrupted James, "was there ever a man like him? He knows everything, yet he is no more than a bairn in his own eyes. And to think I took him for just an ordinary man when I saw him in America. It makes me sair at heart to think o' my blindness."
"He does not desire to be thought of as a wonderful man. He cares only to do good, and keep the child-heart; nothing so vexes him as to have us fix our minds on him, instead of on the truth he teaches. He says we do not think of the pen that writes a letter, or the wire that sends a message; or the paper of a letter; and why should we think of a mouth used to give
out knowledge, or a brain that is the instrument of collecting it?"
" That is a' very easy to talk aboot, but who can ever think of sic a grand mon as a mere instrument? It is the height of absurdity," replied James warmly.
"A year hence you will think very differently, or you will not have gone far on the way of life, my good brother. But there is the dove, with the olive branch in its beak, calling us to hasten to the ark, as we call the terrace. This is the nearest path."

## CHAPTER XII.

## VIBRATIONE.

"Anear us, all unseen, flows on the river
Pale river of the ghosts;
Fibrations touch the air we breathe, that quiver To the Hadean coasts."

He led the way between two rocks down a short flight of stairs, and after a turn to the right, they were in the midst of the Brotherhood, all waiting their arrival. Number Eight sat in their midst, benign, venerable, and serene. He was touched by the illumination above, around, beneath, and sat in rapt meditation. When he saw the Vestal coming toward him, he motioned her to a seat on his right, and after all were seated he said:
"All things unite here and now, to give expression to the law of vibratory force which we are about to study. We are vibrations in a universe of vibrations. There is but one law that must be understood, if men would live rightly, wield power, serve God, and not see death." He paused and waved his hand toward the firmament, the ocean, the vines, and rocks. There was a pulse that seemed to breathe in each and all. The faces gathered before him were a study. Nearly three hundred in all, mostly men, and all betraying an earnest interest and intense desire. It would require a vivid imagination in this material age to picture the life of that Brotherhood
in the hermitage on the island of Madeira. With no communication with the outside world; with no postal service, telegraphs, or newspapers ; with no allusions to kingdoms, empires, or republics; to personalities or politics; no crime or gossip or social convulsions; could anything be more absurd than to call such an existence life? Where is the man or woman of today, accustomed to the sensations of an overstrained, unhealthy effort to keep their place in the mad dance of death, that would not look upon such a life as monotonous and unbearable? A six days' voyage across the ocean can be endured because there are hundreds of other humans as willing to amuse, as anxious to be amused as themselves; and hence the events of the mundane world can be re-hashed ad infinitum for mutual edification, but to condemn these individuals to a place where these things are not admitted; to forbid them to think or speak of self; to bind them to the law of silence as regards all that is mundane; would be to cast them into an inferno of which Dante never dreamed. Then, where were those souls found who sat that evening on the terrace at Madeira, not only content, but beaming with delight? Were they from some other world,-or had they never known the rush of the nineteenth century? Lines of care or suffering or passion were not written on their faces; and strange to say the channel chased by the animal desires on all the mature faces we know, could not be found among that gathering. Moments passed. The silence became oppressive. The colors of the after-glow grew more and more intense, and the breath of these three hundred was as the breath of a single individual. After the long silence when the clouds began to pale, and the torches of the sky turned out, the Master spoke-beginning as he did before:
"We are all vibrations. As I speak, my words enter your
ear by vibrations, and through this law is your mind acted on. By it worlds are created and kept in place; and it has been revealed to me that once fully comprehended there will be no other problem to master in order to know the heights aud depths of all things. I do not speak to you, my brethren, as a mere scientist, for they know but the mere shell of vibratory law. It is well to know the outer, for the outer is an expression of the inner; but true knowledge is not a thing of memory and intellect, of names and appearances-it is of the interior, and the beginning of things. To go back to this in macrocosm and microcosm is to resolve it all into the word, breath. As we find it written in the most ancient book of the Bible, 'The breath of the Almighty hath given me life.' 'God breathed into man the breath of life and he became a living soul.' The grossest materialist will admit that all forces may be resolved into one which he calls electricity or sometimes motion. Those who go further and are illumined by truth call this motion breath or vibration. According to the rate of vibrations is the manifestation produced, whether in the physical, mental or spiritual world. The Orientals have carried the study far beyond us. They have discovered that from the All or Central Breath which we call God are sent forth five modifications of breath that respond to our five senses. They have also found the exact forms produced by these different vibrations or varieties of breath. We have attained the knowledge of the phonograph through this, and have thus progressed one step where they lave made five. They can give the external form of each as accurately as we produce the external form of the vibrations spoken or sung, in the tube of the phonograph. They have also classified them according to the planes in which they exist, and show that these affect different parts of our organization:

The lower plane or slower vibrations belong to the physical, the next mental, and the next psychical, and the next spiritual. It is only where these are capable of being perceived or sensed, that we can know aught of what is transpiring in these realms. You will see that this gives us the key to the difficulty experienced by many in cognizing the finer forces of Nature. They have no senses to hear or see, and so pronounce the verdict, 'impossible.' The world is full of these minds;-honest in intent, as a savage is honest who worships a man as a God, because he can remove his teeth or a false hand. Honest but ignorant. As you have all discovered by personal training that a new world was revealed to eye and ear never before dreamed of; so, as the vibrations become keyed to higher tones, will the revelations still continue. The scientist and materialist know nothing of the colors and sounds as real to you as any they know; and as they will not develop their inner powers, will continue to cry out against our knowledge, because it is beyond their rate of vibrations. Like a child who only knows his multiplication table to twelve times twelve, and when asked how much fourteen times fourteen is, replies there is no such number, for he has learned it all. You must not be disturbed at this. No student in the higher course of mathematics blames the boy who has not mastered the fundamental rules. Wc know the power of breath. We know what change of breath will cause in man or beast. We know how easily the dread diseases of the world are held in check by tatwic changes, and well we know how many years of threatened war between two of Europe's great nations was held in check by a chosen number of the Illuminati, who controlled the situation by vibratory power. It is a practical thing, this law of vibrations. The new age, with all its spiritual lights and sixth-race people,
will understand its use; and children of the coming race will do what adepts only can perform now. This knowledge will revolutionize the earth. The spirit of discord will be banished from individuals and nations; disease will hide its head and take its place among the memories of a forgotten past; and even death will henceforth lose its power to terrify earth's children. All will be effected by a bit of knowledge so simple, that the marvel will be that it was ever hidden. To change vibrations, to lower or heighten their pitch, or to increase or diminish their amplitude, is to know what Egypt knows of old, the Secret of the Sphinx."
"We sit to-night upon this terrace and watch the tints of sky and sea; and listen to the murmur of the waves that break upon the shore below us; we hear the echo of the voices singing among the vineyards; we catch the notes of bird and insect - and all this varied phenomena is but the result of one law, viz, vibration. Euch sight we see or sound we hear can be resolved, like snow, ice, water-that changes into steam-into a single word, motion. To understand this fact the race needs higher development, another step in upward march of evolutionary spiral. Were we to bring the untaught native from the vineyard, and the man of scientific knowledge here to-night, their verdict would be much the same though reached by a different process. The child of nature, looking hence would say-' I see the colors, or I hear the sounds;" while the scientists would also say, 'I see,' 'I hear,'-but the unleamed would know no law, and the scientific man would proceed at once to formulate the vibration into its simplest form of motion, $\mathrm{HO}^{2}$, and say. "This is a molecule. A molecule represents one atom of this and two of that kind of motion. Beyond this he knows nothing, yet thinks his knowledge far more valuable
than that of the peasant who only says he hears and sees. Compare such knowledge with that of Odiardo and James, who know the sounds and colors of nature as a mother knows her children's faces and tones. When men can hear the sunsets in the western skies, or catch the notes of harmonies that rise from fields of flowers they know what none can know by mere external sense. The man of science and the child of nature meet upon a common ground. They know what can be known by revelation of the physical senses. The one thinks not nor cares how sound or color have been produced; the other has a formula of words that satisfies his intellect. But could we bring these two extremes together upon the psychic plane, and show them how the colors seen by outer eye are making melodies celestial plainly heard by finer sense, think you they would not find a world around them never dreamed of? It is only when a language can be translated into other tongues that we call a man a linguist; how then shall he be called learned, who only knows a single expression of nature's forces, and cannot translate them into other forms?
" It is because the world needs active workers, and the day of dreaming has gone by, that I would have ye study well the vibratory law of nature. The long day of Love's waiting is accomplished; henceforth Justice walks the earth with all the majesty of coming judgment. The workers for the vineyard must be sent among the world's wolves. No sheltered life in quiet hermitage can henceforth hold the sowers of the seed of Truth. To meet the horrors of a life of externality; of sense, and lust, and greed, and pride, ye must know the law of waves of thought, and knowing, ye must master and control. The work for some may be with single lives; others will be given larger fields; but everywhere the law will be the same. Never
more will ye find rest until the war of Armageddon has been fought and victory won."

For a moment he paused, his eyes were fixed upon the sky. He seemed to read upon its clouds a message of the moment, and as he read he smiled assent. At this point James, with that vehemence and impatience that always characterized him, blurted out the words:
"If only, Maister, ye could take us back to a' these things, as bairns are taught. I ken so little that I am ower sure I'll never comprehend sic things."
"Thou must not forget that the soul's journey is on and on, and time is nothing. What thou dost not learn here, thou wilt learn farther on. I will try to make my meaning plain, James.
"In the beginning of all things-God breathed-God spokeand from that breath went forth the waves of vibratory force from which all worlds were created. The primal splendors of that divine out-breathing have never wholly faded from the world; and now when man has lived through all the evolutions of a gross material existence, he catches a faint glimpse of the great law underlying all things, filling all things, working in all the universe, and in his own organism-the law of motion or vibration. As he rises in the scale of being, he will gain finer powers of perception, and the Seventh-day people, the children of the near future, will know the power of breath, as none of mortal kind have ever known.
"Ask a man of science and he will tell you there is simple motion and vortex motion, and he will proceed to show you their peculiar differences, and trace effects, and tell their cause. But if you ask what was the first motion that sent forth fire-mist and nebula whirling into space, he will answer-it was vortex.

Ask him when that vortex motion first set up another of a different nature, and he cannot tell. If each and every atom has its motion in a spiral, and these atoms come with opposite movements into each other's embrace, and still go on in spiral whirl, when can we imagine they could cease that motion and become direct? Among the men who dare to think and stand for truth, whatever comes, is an American. He is fearless and original.* His recent work takes a position more advanced than scientists have heretofore taken. He speaks of the imponderable ether as something now established, and quotes from Newton, who said, that though he could not make out its mode of action, he would discount any man's intelligence who doubted it. He then proceeds to speak of atoms and vortex movement in a way quite new to science, and these first bold steps will lead to changes that will revolutionize the scientific world. For ages men have thought an atom indivisible, and all the realm of physics has been built on this hypothesis.
"As surely as the longestablished views concerning Mars are now to be overthrown by the revelations of the more powerful telescopes, so surely will a new science be formulated on a new basis of vortex motion. $\dagger$ There will be found a law of spiral movement running throughout the universe, and even motion that we call direct is subject to the law. Remember this. All is motion. All is vibration, which is another name for motion. All is magnetism, which is the great sea of force, the car, the vehicle on which all thought, all will, must move.

[^5]"The world will call you visionary and transcendental, and tell you that the men of science are the ones who have the solid substance beneath their feet, when well we know they stand upon the invisible immutable law that binds the atoms togetherand call it the name of Attraction. As St. Paul says, the visible is but a symbol of the true. Remember that the realm of spirit, and the knowledge of the higher self are true. All else will change. These change not. The world will ask you what hypothesis upholds your structure, and then it will proceed to tell you all the genesis of worlds begiming with the atom. A scientist has even gone so far as to describe and draw an atom. He tells how they are formed, by what law they are attracted, and held together and form a molecule; and listening multitudes drink in his wisdom open-mouthed. From atoms, it is on and on through creative process, till man the microcosm, stands upon the earth-the final outcome of the atom.
"But should some curious mind inquire where they might see an atom or a molecule, that they might better know their own ancestral germs, imagine their dismay when told, You cannot see what man has never seen. But surely, they will say, You could not photograph and know so well unless the eye has seen; again they answer, Man's eye nor even most powerful microscope has ever seen a molecule, much less an atom. His scientific structure has been built upon a thing unknown. The foundation is an idea and only this. We stand upon the basis of etermal verity. Whatever is made manifest is but a reflection of what has ever existed, and motion is the ever-weaving shuttle of Omnipotence, bringing to light the thought of Infinite mind. You will be told that no one has been able to see a vibration of light or sound, that the word is used to represent something that corresponds to it. Then must ye answer, as did He of Naz-
areth : 'Having eyes, ye see not; ears, ye hear not;' for well we know that with the spirit's senses we can discern vibrations too fine and subtle for the eye of flesh. Or ye might say to such,' Neither have ye seen atoms nor molecules, nor wind, nor choleraand yet ye do notsay they do not exist.' When men have developed their higher powers they will not doubt the vibrating laws. They then will hear a color, and see a sound. The wounded bird that flutters in the hand will not be felt alone, but heard like song, in minor key. The rustle of the wind in field of grain will seem to such a ceaseless flow of waves of color, blending and interblending most harmoniously. It will not matter then whether one sees or hears. The music of the spheres is not a poet's fancy. The worlds are moving in a grand symphony, where atoms have their part, as well as suns and planets, constellations and systems, and man the microcosm is marching on toward man the central and perfected sun-whose center and circumference is universal Love."

His voice now ceased, and all was silent. Up from the distant rim of sea and sky a single star resplendent shone. Venus, the evening orb. As if he was transported thither by a single thought, he gazed and smiled, but did not speak.
"How wonderful must it be to live in sic a warl' of licht!" said James, in a sort of rapture.
"And are we not upon a star, that to the eyes of other worlds is bright as that though not so large? And are we not this moment whirling through space in rhythmic melody with all those worlds? Children of the starry host; a part of the eternities; immortal spirits moving on to 'God, who is our home,' how can we for a moment think of ought unworthy such divini ties?"
"I never quite could comprehend why we never feel such rapid
motion as science proves we make through space," suggested Zenia.
"Again the mystic word vibration solves the problem, my child. The same old story, ever told and retold. In all crested things, a certain note is struck that tells the vibratory rate of all the parts that make the whole. Though some are not as rapid as the rest, the difference is always sure to be a multiple, or parts that make a chord. Man placed on earth, is keyed to such vibrations as harmonize with those of the planet's motion, and hence he does not feel the movement of which he is a part. If brain and heart and every radiating center of his organism were not vibrating at these perfect rates, he could not live a moment. When sickness troubles him, it is because some action has been lessened or increased, and discord reigns. To cure all trouble, to heal all ills, to restore a perfect state of man, is only to attune the vibratory action to perfect harmony."
"And just here comes in the problem over which I have puzzled my brain a long time," interrupted Mrs. Glendenning eagerly: "How to change vibrations. Who can do it? Is it in the power of all? What is the secret that will help the world?"

The Master smiled at her questions, following each other with the rapidity of an anxious, impatient desire.
"It is the problem of the ages, now to be solved for the first step of the new race. A great writer has said that when the first note of a new octave is evolved, man first begins to live! That time is now. Since 1881 the seventh note has ceased, and the new octave has commenced. The time has come to prove the truth of words long since uttered: 'When man becomes attuned to music of celestial spheres, his thought can heal at any
distance.' You ask me how. The rule is simple-for it is but this: Take all the four centers of the microcosm, and hush their separate action, and so unite them all in one within the heart. This is to change vibration. To change vibration is to change the world. On it depends all choice of friends, all joy and sorrow, all that ever can be known of paradise upon this earth."
"And where are there books to give us light on this important subject?" asked Zenia.
"There are none. Except, as here and there a musician, or an artist, or a man of science touches on the great vibratory law, it never has been brought within the range of practical minds. Goethe, full-orbed, could not ignore it; and others touch it lightly. And this is all. Of all the scientific men, the German writer, Reichenbach, perhaps has caught the highest inspiration, until this American has written. Reichenbach discovered a difference of vibration in individuals through sensitiveness of sight. Some could perceive a moving flame at the poles of a strong magnet, while others saw nothing, and he was bold enough to assert that: "There were changes going on in nature every moment which we do not see because we hare no sense fitted to perceive them. Electrical motions take place around us that we do not perceive in the slightest degree. If a man should descend from the clouds with a sixth sense, to point out these changes should we not listen to him?' Here is a scientist reaching out for a sixth sense, as something belonging to another world; while with us it is a simple fact, and proven to be the heritage of all, if they will claim it.
"All vibration depends upon the balancing of currents-and this depends upon polarity. Study vibration. Study polarity, if you would enter into the secret chambers of the law of
universe. Everything must have polarity-the action that results depends upon the center. This same writer asserts that vibratory law enters all domains of life and is the cause at work in physical, mental and moral disturbances. He says these currents act upon the human brain from birth till death. They play upon the forehead during the day, and on the back head during the night. How long will it be, before such men as these step one step farther and stand upon our platform? Silence, and wait. SHence, AND Wait.
"A few years hence, when men see more clearly, and do not darken understanding by many words, the world will smile at what is now accepted as a proof of learning. A deep emotion of the mind that brings a tear upon the cheek will not be looked upon as a chemical action producing a compound of chalk and lime and water. Even now we cannot read a scientific description of a kiss unmoved. A mother bends above her child, and in the rapture of a pure unselfish love, she kisses it. The angel would behold and weigh the deep emotion, but a scientist would quote the formula and only see that "The true nature and signification of a kiss is, that the lips are one of the foci of odyle, and the flames play a part therein. The kiss gives nothing, but strives after an equilibrium that it does not attain. Psychically and physically it is one of negativity. $A h$, children, can such words as these measure a mother's love? If these wise men could hush the nction of the brain, and all the outer senses, and let the higher, their most subliminal self, assert itself, they would find about them an ethereal world of which they do not dream. Beyond this they would come in touch with auric atmospheres still finer, and by its power all things can le transmitted that pass within its realin. Once understood, a world as new as ever
burst upon a new-born soul would open to their senses, and then such men as Reichenbach would see why sunlight, moonlight, everything in nature has power to quicken human forces, and precious stones have power for good or ill according to a law.* If light is the passage of minute particles through ether, at right angles with its waves of motion, and the intensity of light depends upon the height of its wave; its color on the length, we see that all phenomena of light and color are merely differences of vibratory force, and the modifications produced by the media through which they pass. $\dagger$ As one has said, 'If we imagine that the solar ray is a nerve, a wire for living vibrations of intelligent harmony, as of old the Ancients figured Apollo leading forth vibrations from his lyre of morn, so now it is the divine natural humanity that is Apollo, and the plectrum is in the solar ray, and the wonderful instrument is the solar plexus. An orb is touched whose matter is of the substance of humanity and whose light and heat are born of the mingled love and wisdom of its unified immortal people.'"
"And is it really true that scientific minds begin to see why gems should have an influence on the wearer?" asked Zenia, regarding a magnificent star-astral that shone and pulsated from her finger. "How can they affect us, Master?"
"Some hold that certain lower intelligences belong to different gems, and when their owner calls upon them, they obey his bidding and are slaves to a higher will. This would not satisfy the scientific mind, and so, again we solve the problem by reducing it to its simplest form-vibration. Ages before man trod the earth in human form, the rays of light went forth

[^6]upon their mission. Sometimes they fell upon an aggregate of atoms in process of crystallization, and the ray was caught and certain of its vibrations held and fastened in the bit of rock. Man, keyed to different rates of vibration, strengthens and fortifies himself by focalizing on a corresponding stone. Philosophers have sought to know the reason why a certain gem will help a certain individual, and Aristotle says 'The virtue in stones is in the heat and cold. The heat induces form, the cold subsists in the aqueous part.' Another says, 'The stone that a man holds is a family of mineral egos, that have their exits and each in turn plays many parts.' Theophrastus held that all metals were of water, but the precious stones of earth. Plato and his followers belicved they held a sort of personality that infused its virtue into them. Hermes said that all power was due to planetary causes, that virtues of things below must come from things above. Albertus Magnus, the greatest of his kind, asserted that the power lay in the form. Pythagoms maintained that all things have a soul, and in the hidden subliminal self, hidden in the soul of the stones, their virtue was concealed. That when a man gazed upon a stone whose soul had power upon his own, it threw out certain radiations that charmed him as a serpent may charm a bird. He believed that by a certain way of fixing the eye, the soul of one man could be made to enter another. A fact that seems established by the newer facts of hypnotism. Democritus said plainly: 'All things are full of gods.' Jacob Boehme, who saw with deeper spiritual vision, declared that precious stones have their origin in the flash of light caused by love. He calls them 'the eye of the natural world.' Their flash was born of meekness in the center of sourcive spirits. In each externai thing there are two qualities, one originating from time, the other from eternity. The first
revealed, the last hidden.' That beautiful corundum or starastral on your finger, child, reveals a certain quality to all the world, but to your newer soul it has a voice of power that speaks from the heart of its six-pointed star, formed in it when the earth was young. It is a stone of wondrous power, yet people wear it without a thought of occult meaning.* In hisstory we are told of Lady Hildegarde, wife of Theodore of Holland, who gave a ruby to the Egmendenses so brilliant that it gave sufficient light in a dark room to read by. The fact that Tourmaline and Zircon have a power to polarize the rays of light, has long been known, but who among the men of science will say why this is so? Ah, the heights and depths, the length and breadth of all the knowledge hid in precious stones, and linked with man's eternal destiny! In holy books they have a first and last place always. When the Temple was to be built, and a holy priesthood chosen, the order came for them to have a breast-plate made of precious stones, one for each tribe or sign of the Zodiac. Within these gems a power was hidden whereby the priest could know the future, or guide the people. In John's vision of the Apocalypse, these gems come in again, in rainbow-colors round the throne, and in the walls of the New Jerusalem. Always the same-for truth is always one. It is the story of the stars and man; of how the planets and the constellations play on man from birth till death: aye, more, -these colors represent the evolution of a human soul from animal to angel. The lower layers are thick, opaque, and do not let the light of spirit through, till suffering of every form has been endured, and in its fires the finer essence has come forth.
"The scope of human possibilities will never be attained until men know these finer laws of color; until they know the use of

[^7]silence and darkness and pain; until they know that vibrations that are sensed by eye and ear are born in noise and discord; while all the tones and tints of the astral world come only from the silince and the dark. All root-life has its growth here, and even human life obeys the law. Can man, then, hope to break the law when he would enter the world of spirit? Long must he wait in silence, before the vibratory law can work within, to bring him into rapport with the sea of mind, the Over-SoulThe One whom we call God. 'All things come to him who knows how to wait'; aye-as the Master said, 'All things that ye seek shall ye find.' One with God, a channel of inflowing established; at-one-ment made with the Divine, and shall not all healing, all knowledge, all life come? The physician of the near future will not be one whose right to heal was given by college or diploma. He will be the man whose right is proven by results; whose mind is cognizant of all the laws of magnetism, and electricity, and waves of thought, and change of vibrations. He will not need to name each organ and its function to do his work, but by a touch, a word, aye, even a look, the center springs of life will be readjusted, and nature does the rest. There are those on earth to-day who begin to see that, by whatever method cures are wrought, they all must be resolved or followed to one primal source. There is but one great reservoir of life, and he who knows how to reach it most speedily is the master of the age. Men wonder why electric currents drive out germs of deadly disease. They never stop to think that these very parasites have set up in the system a vibratory action of their own that work toward death; and only by a more intense vibration can they be conquered. Hence electricity will often cure where all elso fails. Where just tho opposite effect is needed, the quiet subtle current of the negative
or magnetic force will do the work. As all the world is sick and needs the healing touch, I would that ye might learn the law of healing, as the Galilean healed in Palestine. No word, no drug, but knowledge how to open wide the flood-gates of God's life. Follow the law of Silence. And when ye go into the house of mourning, it is the same, do not speak. At such times, words are weaker than at any other. Do as did they of old who tried to comfort Job; sit ye in silence and breathe with those whose hearts are heavy. The lav of equilibrium will always prove its truth; and in the silence ye will change vibrations and lift the shadows from the stricken ones. So, too, of all life's troubles. Of inharnonious lives, and tragedies of daily life that make this earth a pandemonium. Only when ye have become attuned to the music of celestial spheres, will ye be a power for good. Then will ye be able to send a thought around the globe, and heal at any distance. In the grand old Baptistery at Pisa, ye know how wonderfully this law of vibration is shown forth. Upon the lower plane, all sounds are rough and inharmonious, and almost unendurable. Then as the stairs are climbed, in the dome ye listen; and those very sounds become the sweetest music, harmonious and celestial. 'Tis thus with life, and all the change is wrought by change of vibration. When, years ago, some of our number visited America, they went to see the Luray Caverns of Virginia, so famous for their beantiful stalactites. As rays of light fell on these figures, they could hear distinctly most celestial music. The guides heard nothing till they struck the subitance with a stick, and then the coarser ears heard sounds of lower rate. This is the meaning of our life in this secluded spot. We wish to come in touch with finer forces, that we may take a power to help the sons of men. The iaterlocking of the atoms is a fact, as well established as a fact of
science. How best to use this knowledge is the question of each day, and when in love and wisdom ye desire to help, remember what I say-the result will never fail. Love is absolute over all mind. Love is the creating power. Love is the propelling force. It is the clew to the great secret, and the only key to God's mystery of the human soul. As all vibration is another word for involution and evolution; as finer waves are set. in motion by the higher nature; it is easy to be seen that loveand thought keep up the currents in the involving and evolvingof their forces, causing him to reach out to God and light, or casting him down to self and darkness. The soul's prayer must. be understood aright. Its positive and negative action must bekept in perfect equipoise, and thus the words.of the apostle will be fulfilled-- Be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds.' The universe is a product of thought and love united with Will and Wisdon. Unless the science of equilibrium is understood in spiritual as in material things-destruction comes. From lowest form of material to highest intelligence, one law governs all-and this is the vibratory action between the firebreath and the Breath of Life, the Holy Ghost. As a writer who has attained great wisdom on this line has said, "The first rhythmic octave leads up the processions of its universal Kingdon, the second octave leads up the vegetable, the third the animal. Every spherule of organized universal respires into the planet to its universal Soul; every vegetable to its vegetable soul; every animal to its animal soul. The quickened man, through the universal degree in his sensation, makes every nerve of his universal sensitiveness an ear-passage and is brought into the song of nature.' Evolutions are vibrations, whatever stirs evolutions will set the vibratory wires of man's nature in motion. According to the cause of emotion will be the plane of action,
and strange to say, the emotions produced by tones of color, when these are attuned into their true reflex, are far more subtle and exalted than those that come through waves of sound. Color permeates the universe. To assist the soul in its upward march, the emotions must be trained that bring the soul and mind into harmony. It is all reduceable to scientific rules, when our senses are developed to a higher state. As microscope and telescope have revealed worlds never dreamed of, so, in the cultivation of the sixth sense shall we find the way to all mysterious realins; for this will lead to the seventh sense, and the open door of the third way. We see the steps of progress in the colors of the rainbow. The outer edge of slower vibratory rate represent the senses of the body that only can receive and recognize a slower range of tone and color.-These merge at length to higher states, and here we find the spiritsenses coming into power.
"The night has fallen, $O$ children! and if from all that I have said, ye will be stirred to faithfulness, such power will come as now ye dare not dream of. Ye will walk the streets, a living, healing force. Your shadows, even, will have a blessing where they fall. Silence, patience, wait. These thoughts of God's great law will lead ye on to that blessed state, where, as Boelime has said, the third way is reached, and the mind receives the image of the sixth coil, and awakens to a realm of bliss. Here, in the glowing and the growing of the powers within, the spirit that is immortal, that knows neither age, nor sex, nor time, nor space, will come to its throne of power, and ye will dwell no longer amid earth's coarser joys, but in the effulgence of the primal splendors of creation, where all these truths will open into avenues of use. Some future day we will say more, perhaps, but for the present it is wise to make what ye have heard your own. Farewell."

## CHAPTER XIII.

POWER.

Shall any gazer see with mortal eye? Or any searcher know by mortal mind? Vell after veil will lift; there still will be, Veil upon veil behind.

This is enough to know. The phantasms are The heavens, earth, world, and changes changing them, A. mighty whirling wheel of atrife and stress,

Which none can stay or stem.
Ir was now winter in Madeira, and winter here has charms peculiar to itself. There is a glory in its fleeting days that makes it loved and longed-for. No chilling winds can come untempered to this magic land, and gales and storms must lose their frenzy ere they can touch her shores. Deeper burn the lights in the sky and on the sea; brighter webs of color are woven in the West; a minor key is running through the natives' songs, as on they clamber over paths of rock, and in the hermitage the souls are keyed to closer ties, and in the opalescent tints they lose themselves in worship.

To Mrs. Glendenning and her daughter these days were filled with tender, solemn rapture; for the shadow of their departure was already over them. Day after day had they hoped and waited for the master to resume the subject of vibrations, but never again had he touched upon it, and the time drew near that they must go. By thought and meditation, by interchange of views with others, by experiments in light and sound they
had proven true what he had told them that day long ago on the terrace. Messages from far-off lands had reached their ears; even words from the Masters in the Lombard hills, and they had breathed a reply by deep inbreathing. Doves, snowy white, gray, and iridescent, had been used to test the harmony of sound that was keyed to their nature, until bayond a peradventure they knew that color and sound were one and the same. The different poles of the triplicities had been discovered and arranged by clairvoyance and astral atmospheres, until the groups were known by their colors, and when arranged for drill, would have appeared to the Psychic as a living rainbow.

The evenings were now passed indoors. Music, conversation and books filled the hours, and, in this delightful communion, friendships were formed that could not perish. On one of these evenings, when all were gathered together in the large, circular room, listening to Odiardo, Mrs. Glendenning, sitting between the countess and her duughter, slipped away from Madeirn and traversed space in a second's time. She saw one moment the full moon rising above the rim of the horizon, and the next moment she was in her old home in America. Nothing was changed. They were all there, and the home-life was as it had always been. Eusonias, with a Latin poet in his hand, was smiling as he read; Mr. Glendenning, resting his head upon his hand, was deep in reverie. The burning coals revealed the scene in subdued tints, and the visitor knew that she had been called thither by the longing of loved ones. Suddenly the book was laid down, and the young man spoke. His words were full of affection, not unmixed with reproach.
"Yes, the home is lonely. The light went out when they went away. It sometimes seems to me it need not have been. What could Europe give them that home could not?"
" Knowledge, my son, knowledge. I am lonely, it is true, but I have been made better by it; and they will come back to us so ripe in wisdom, so beautiful in life, that we shall always be thankful they left us for a time."
"I camot see why all this could not have been without the separation "
"You forget I should not have seen the Scotchman, and through him been touched with coals from the altar; and you, yourself, say I preach like a new man."
"I do not deny it, and with my peculiar notions I suppose I should accept it all as part of the plan, but I am selfish enough to wish they were at home. Talk of their coming home more wise and beautiful; I am quite content with my mother and sister as they are. To be any better would be to make them unfit for this world, and I propose to keep them here many years yet. I never saw a girl in my life like Zenia. Although I have known her ever since she was born, she inspires me with an awe, a sense of separateness, I have never felt in any other presence. When she was a child, she had the same power. Other brothers would tease their sisters, or play roughly with them, but we could never do so. I cannot account for it."
"She has never been like other girls, I will admit, and sometimes I wonder how she will go through life. To see one move serenely through the days-never ruffled, never swayed by caprice, is scarcely human, and all this I am sure you will see intensified when she returns. Home will be all the brighter then. Do you remember what she said when a mere child?"

[^8]glowing planet one evening, and said, "I lived there once, I shall go there again."
"What a strunge idea for a child to havel I never expect to understand her. There is one thing, and only one, that will make her live a natural life."
"And that is__"
"Love. I would be rejoiced to see her desperately in lovefor that would make her human."
"And would it bring her happiness to be more human?"
"Not that, but she would stay here longer. Such as she are not for earth."
"Alas, your words are true, but misery would be a terrible thing for Zenia. We must leave it all in God's hands. I wonder where they are to-night."
"Among those heathen. I have no use for any of those strange ideas, but this is a free country, I suppose. Carl Austin was asking after her to-day. Now he is a fine man, and loves her. Any one can see that. How much more sensible it would be to settle down, have her own life, and with a beautiful home, and art, and books, she would be as happy as__"

She heard no more. She became conscious of her existence, and found herself, not in America, not in the old home, but many thousands of miles distant, among strange faces and foreign scenes, on the island of Madeira.

The moon came up. Its light fell clear as amber on the inmates of the room, and quite transfigured them. On Zenia, such $\Omega$ flood of light was poured with tracery of vines and tendrils thereon in shadow round her, that she looked like a saint of olden time, in aureole of light. The vines had grown in strange, fantastic shapes, and where they were reflected over her head, they formed a cross of leaves, and just above the
cross a heart. Lost in the music, motionless she sat, unconscious that the eyes of all were fastened on the vision. At her feet lay General, ever and anon raising his eyes to her face, which rested on her hand. She, too, was far away, among the radiant centers of the universe; beyond the starry systems-out and out upon the wings of music had she gone, until all consciousness of self was lost, and for a moment she had found Nirvana. There was no more a finite individuality. There was no time or space. There was no life, no death. A sea of radiance stretched everywhere around her, that issued from a central source. Here was she lost. Intoxication of sight and sound carried her forward toward this point, and as she felt herself drawn onward, she found herself before an Eye of matchless power. Into this Eye she passed, and, as she passed within, a whirl of deep sensation and emotion shook her being, as a leaf is shaken by a tempest. The movement was felt by those around, and, looking toward her, they saw she was unconscious. Her mother, recalled suddenly from across the sea, slipped her hand in her daughter's and scarcely breathed, until she saw the flush creeping over the fair face and knew her darling had come back. With a gasp-a tremor-a shudder-a start-the eyes opened. It was a full moment before she realized her surroundings. She saw the moonlight, the dark shadows falling on floor and wall; the silent figures sitting motionless around the great room. She heard the strains of music like a far-off orchestra; and then she remembered the radiant center of the universe, and, uttering in tones of awe the words-"The Eye, The Eye," she raised her hand to her head and bowed her head; then once more was herself.

At this moment the Master entered and took his seat in their midst.
"As a grod physician watches his patient, so, my children, have I watched every variation of your spiritual pulse until its beat was even, and the spirit calm. Life's fever is not cooled at once. There is a haste for knowledge; an eagerness for power; a pressing on to win, that hinders always. Whatever grows in haste dies easily. The tree that lives a century has battled with all adverse fates, and gained its power by fiber being added to fiber. The acorn longs to be an oak, but knows the law and waits. Thus, my children, must the soul reach perfection. All the ages lie before it. There is no haste."

For a moment no one spoke. Each felt that he had read their own thought, and Mrs. Glendenning felt a flush rise to her cheek as if she had received a merited rebuke.
"Our time here is so short, Master, you know," said she, "that we do feel impatient sometimes, so anxious are we to know."
"If not here, elsewhere will ye learn. To do-is to know, and as ye do, so shall ye know. When ye go hence I would that each step here has been taken with an earnest purpose, and each principle become a part of your daily living. Then shall ye rejoice. Once truly learned, ye shall not need to learn it over. The mere knowledge is of little value, compared to the patience that has been acquired by waiting; for this has made character. Character is an eternal quality. Let me tell you what I saw one day. A violet grew side by side with a lily. The spring had been warm and dry, but the violet did not mind it, because in its blossom was a secret cup that held the dew and supplied its need. It looked up in the lily's face, and seemed to mock it. The lily said-Silence, and wait. Its head bowed lower and lower, as if all its life had gone. The violet was looking up in its face exultingly. That evening a
shower came, and the violet was overborne by the storm, but the lily raised its head and filled the air with fragrance. It had two things that the violet could never have-fragrance and patience."

Zenia smiled and said: "We shall never again murmur at any waiting, for we shall think of the gain. We shall not forget the lily."
"Thou art in that receptive state that brings wisdom to thee, child. What askest thou in thy heart?"
"I was thinking of the wonderful Eye, my Master. I would know its meaning. I was drawn into it and the voices that I heard were as the music of many waters; they were like stars singing for joy; they were like the leaves of the forest-yet I was alone."
"I know, child, I know. The eye is the source of light. Once bathed in its glory, thou shalt never more hunger and thirst. It is the Eye of God, and the more you come into the divine qualities of love, joy, liberty, and wisdom, the more will you be made all glorious within. Dost thou know the rim of thine own eye, how across its threshold comes all that thou dost see? It is the radiating surface of the central focalizing point ; and when thou didst pass into the Eye-thou didst enter into the Holy of holies."
"Dear Master," said James, coming up breathlessly, "I ken something aboot life, but I ken naething at a' o' death; an' death is the one solemn thing we must a' meet. Will ye not tell us some'at aboot the great enemy? You ha'e told us hoo the Lord blew the warl' into bein' by a word o' His ain. You ha'e told us hoo we are held in His grip, an' swing aroun' and aroun' on this ball o' earth. You ha'e told us hoo we can sen' over thochts to the ither side o' the warl', an' hoo we maun choose
our frien's frae our ain' folk, an' noo will ye not tell us some'at to gi'e us licht when we gae alane on that ower-lang journey that ilka mon takes by himself?"
"Art thou really for death, James? Thou must be ready for the lesson before it can enter thy mind. To hasten is to delay, perhaps worse. When General was so young that he could not open his eyes, had an impatient hand pulled the lids apart, his eyes would have been injured or ruined. He lay in darkness till the time came to see. Our spiritual sight must follow the same law. We must gain the heights step by step. You have taken many steps since I first met you, James, and scarcely realize how gradual the growth has been. I could not have told you then what you have received and enjoyed since; and in this question of our great change, called by the unwise, death, you will grow into the truth and some day know there is no death. Could words have told you what it was to live? Can any language tell the difference between a lifeless mass of matter and one that palpitates and glows and breathes? Even now you cannot tell me what it is to have a conscious existence. No words make it plain. How then can $I$, or any human being, explain what death is? Give it no thought. It is a natural change that comes to men as sleep comes every night. Who fears to sleep? Who dares not close his eyes and leave his body? Ye do it daily and never think of fear, yet dread to close the eye, and let the spirit go on longer quest. It is the sense of separateness from the source of All that makes men cowards. To be at one with the Eternal is to banish evermore the thought of death, and know that ye can never die. When men can see the presences around them they will rise at morn and toil and do their best, but long to drop the body that they may be as free as the Immortals. I have seen men live this life and bear
the prison of the body as brave men of the world face death, and when their summons to depart has come, they go rejoicing into fuller life. They call their friends and say-' Rejoice with me, for now the time of my departure is at hand and I shall be rewarded for my waiting. Breathe with me till my soul is free.' Our wise men all have gone like this, their spirits breathing into the Infinite. When first they heard the call they said-' Yes, Lord, I hear, but I must do the work Thou gavest me to do. Give me the years I need.' It might be ten or twenty or a full fourscore. Then came the second call to remind them that the time was passing; and when at last the third call came they sent the message to their friends, and all rejoiced to know their time had come. Is such a thing a cause of sorrow? So live that when life's day draws to a close, no thought of fear on earth can mar the glory of thy going! Dread not the shadow through which thou must pass to perfect light and grand reality; from earth's restless dream to perfect life-conditions."

His words, so full of tender meaning, touched the hearts of all who heard; but Mrs. Glendenning was the one to voice the thought that lay upon their minds.
"Will the time ever come, O Master, that we shall see our loved ones depart, and shed no tears, but bid them God-speed bs we do now when they start on a journey?"
"Ay, surely. As surely as the race moves on in the march of progress. Ye could not weep, when ye could see the full beatitude of those ye love. See them, notonly living as before, but glowing with a life diviner, surrounded by conditions in such perfect harmony with all interior states, that merely to exist, brings rapture. Seeing them thus, and holding converse with them day by day, this earthly state would seem but as a
prison-life, to be endured until the day of graduation came. Our flesh is but our swaddling-clothes; the garments of the soul while in the process of development. Forth from this garment steps the Deific babe when called of God, and, in the majesty of heavenly powers, goes forth to higher life. Upon it is the stamp of God's great glory, well-known to all the universe of being. Fear not death, nor dread his coming, nor mourn for those who go across the threshold. They are the favored ones ; we must bide our time."

A solemn hush fell on them, as they listened to his words, that seemed prophetic of a time when he might leave the mortal :and become a perfect spirit.
"I have a question I would ask, O Master," said Odiardo. "It is of thought and its vibrations. If, as you say, a thought is an entity-a living thing, and thought with will is a projectile, why can we not catch this fleeting thing, and print its form like any other entity. Surely, if we can fasten sound and reproduce it by the phonograph, it must be possible to fix a thought and recognize it."
"It has been done, my son. It is but carrying out in finer form the process of photography. The film that must be used is almost evanescent in its fineness, and, when the process is perfected, there will be no difficulty in the matter. As yet the invention is butcrude. It is reserved for a more advanced age when men will not dislike to have their thoughts made known. At present, it would not be pleasant for nen to know that their inmost thoughts were known. Lips do not always utter what the heart feels. The man who made this discovery-or rather produced this invention-is the Edison of the coming age. He prepared the film of exquisite delicacy-and had a friend throw upon it an intense thought of a single object. So, like a cloud
it was printed upon it, and he knew success was achieved. It is to the perfect thought-reflection, what an old-fashioned daguerreotype is to the present perfect photograph. The time will come that men will be obliged to speak the truth. They will not dare utter with the lips what the heart does not feel."
While he was replying to Odiardo's question, he was watching the Vestal, who sat motionless before him. Fillippi also was gazing intently upon her-and the dog at her feet ever and anon laid his cold nose against her hand. It was evident that she had not fully recovered from her flight. Suddenly her eyes rested on the magnificent ring upon his hand and Number Eight, turning toward her, read the thought that flashed across her mind.
" It is indeed a wonderful gem, my child, and I do not marvel that its flashes of light caught your eye for a moment," he said, holding toward her the hand that wore a ring that had often flashed a truth into her mind as she glanced atit. "I have long promised to give its history to the inmates of the hermitage, and what evening could be more fitting than the present?" He touched the ring as he spoke, and around the central gem, which was like a globe of dazzling sunlight, flashed forth a scintillating wealth of opalescent light, composed of all the colors of the rainbow. The colors multiplied, and interwove, and flashed, and sparkled from the gem in unison with the Master's mind, and then would die away and vanish. The gems were truly wonderful and encompassed in a hieroglyph of the divine word, the builder of the two states.
"The central gem, tradition says, came from the island of the lost Atlantis, and found its way to Egypt, and a place in the diadem of her High-Priest, where it graced his brow at the prayerful rites of the Thebaid. The glory of the land of Egypt at length became dimmed, and through love of self and ambition,
was lost. This gem then found its way to Ceylon's isle, where many of our brotherhood find refuge and a sanctuary. It was at Ceylon these four other gems were added by that holy man, the Master Konathar, and hadst thou been to vespers on fair Trincomalee, on that mighty rock Sammi, thou wouldst have seen it placed upon my finger as we chanted hymns to the one Almighty God. I was bidden take this gem to the world beyond the seas, and there ruise up a new people, who would hold each year a tribute of praise to the God of Gods."
"And when will that day be, O Master?" asked James.
"When the fullness of time has come. Already are we a part of a new age; old things have passed away and all things are becoming new. Weeks have passed since our evening on the terrace, and our talk of vibratory force, and in that time ye have improved your time well in observations and experiment. This evening I have come to tell you how to use your knowledge, how to change the rate of vibration and bring harmony

[^9]out of discord. This is the wisdom of the Children of Light whose work is to bring about the Kingdom of the Father. Here comes in the sacred trine, Love, Wisdom, and Use. Use is the meaning of life. Whatever is useless has no place in the economy of things. Knowledge that cannot be of practical use is folly. It occupies thought, takes vital force, and is a cumberer of the ground. As God, the great All-wise Creator, works, and works unceasingly, so must His creatures work. From atom up to angel there is no cessation of activity. Stagnation would be death. Motion is the universal law, and man, the ruler of the world, needs but to understand this one liw, and all things bow subservient to his will. Mark well the evolutionary spiral. Beginning with the atom and the firemist, on through serried ranks of mineral, vegetable, and animal life, to worlds of unseen intelligences, up to the very center, the Eye-the Heart of God-the law of harmony is never broken, the law of activity is never set aside, save where man comes in with feeble human will and tries to frustrate the divine plan. When ye listen to the sounds of Nature, or watch the changes of her face, mark well my words. Ye never will find discord. Whether in the jungles of the tropics, or among the polar regions, or on highest mountain, the rhythm is ever perfect, the harmony complete. There is no sound or tint so small and weak that it is not needed to complete the orchestra of Nature. When once we know this law, our constant effort must be to attain the One-ness with the whole; the passivity of trees and plants that are content to let the life-force work; we must be instruments upon whose strings the Unseen Hand may play what melody He will. This is our one great lesson, embraced within the single theme-vibration.
"Perhaps in all the range of literature there is no book so rich
in hidden meaning as the Revelation of St. John. Its tones of colvr and its grandly pictured scenes show perfect knowledge of these occult secrets-and the law upholding them-the law of vibrations. How was that revelation given? How were those visions seen? How did the world receive them? The instrument to be used; the environment securing most perfect conditions, time, place-all things were arranged by unseen Powers to bring about the desired result. The Roman emperor had his part to play in the important work, and in banishing John to Patmos fulfilled a divine purpose. On that island, lying on the peaceful bosom of the Mediterranean, are caves that lie beneath the sea, where sounds from any part of earth are carried by the waves of air and water as nowhere else. In one of these caverns lay the A postle, a prisoner of Rome, in a cavern beneath the sea. The emperor and his satellites danced the mad dance of Death, to the music of Rome's legions; and round and round they whirled in the vortex that they called Life, laughing, if they thought of him at all, at the prisoner in far-off Patmos, banished to darkness and silence. Where was God's child now?
"In that rocky cavern; alone with the Unseen, John laid his hend upon a rock, and looking up he beheld wondrous visions. From the silence of the Alone he heard wonderful voices. Instead of darkness, the cavern was full of light; and in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks was one like unto the Son of Man, holding in his hand seven stars. The cavern was filled with beings of another world, and the voices that he heard uttered words of wisdom. Vision followed vision. The Great White Throne and the River of Life; the sea of glass and the rainbow of many colors; the four and twenty elders and the Book of Life; the four beasts full of eyes; the Lamb with
seven horns and seven eyes; the angels round the throne, thousands and thousands; the white horse, and his conquering rider; the white robed immortals; the City of God; the great dragon, the woman clothed with the sun ; the beast and Michael, and the Temple; the new heaven and the new earth; all were there in the cavern under the sea. Instead of silence was the music of harps, the voice of many waters, the song of the one hundred and forty-four thousand who were redeemed from the: earth, the chanting of angels, the alleluias of vast hosts, the murmuring of the leaves of the Tree of Life, and the voice of the Son of God. Through the riven rocks that held him came such vibrations of air and ether, of such sights and sounds as mortal ears have never heard, and lo! God's will was done, and his enemy had been his instrument. Compare the pigmy world of the Roman Empire with John's world that time in Patmos. Who was free? Sometimes John left his body and went out into that other world, winged by divine inspirations that carried him beyond the littie earth; beyoud the cruelty of Emperors, beyond the stars-into the realm of endless day. Which was the prisoner? Which was the king? Ah! surely in this book of Revelation, we can find the key of knowledge to all mysteries. The law of color and its meaning is given nowhere else as fully."
"And do the colors of one's aura change from year to year, 0 Master ?" inquired Zenia.
"In shades and clearness-yes, but never in the tone. If born in Jasper, the life will never leave the Jasper ; but if the soul grows Godward, the tint will change from darkest red to delicate pink. So it will ever be. The key-note struck at birth cannot be changed, but as the life grows finer the symphony will be more perfect, and rise to higher octaves. The
wise men teach that somewhere, somehow, sometime, each child of earth must move through all the seven colors in different incarnations and so at length can blend in true perfectness as a solar ray. This is the aim, the end of being, and this bespeaks celestial growth. The tints I see around thee today are not the same I saw that day when first thou camest hither. To test the truth of this, thou wilt but study well thy friends when thou returnest to the world again. Many whom thou couldst once have liked will give thee pain unconsciously. They cannot harmonize with thee. Their thoughts have grown more mundune, thine more spiritual, and the discord is more plainly felt than when thou sawest them last. This is the reason why so many homes are made unhappy, and divorces are so frequent."
"But where is the remedy? Can we not change vibrations and bring the true lives into harmony? " asked Mrs. Glendenning, her mind reverting to the multitude of unhappy homes she had known.
"It would not be worthy of our consideration if we could not change conditions," replied the Master, smiling as he spoke. *When thou wilt go out into the world, this is thy special mission and the Spirit must give thee power, for the work of the coming age lies just here-in changing vibrations-whenever and wherever there is discord, there must thou labor. Though two souls after years of bitterness and estrangement have found themselves as far apart as earth from sun, yet if they cease to think of self, bring down the vibratory currents of mere intellect, and draw up those from lower appetites, until they center in the heart in deep spiritual longing, both natures will be at once attuned in unison, even though one may be esthetic and refined, while the other is commonplace."
"I dima ken the way to do it, though your words are aye plain to understand," interrupted James. "If I could change my thoughts an' those of a' I meet, I should be weel content."
"I see thou dost not understand me, James. One person cannot change another. The change must come from within. Each man is an epitome of God's great world. His laws are in himself, and he is ruler of his kingdom. Look within. There was a time when thou caredst nothing for these things, when thou lived in thy lower nature as much as any animal. Could any man by talking have changed thee then?
"Yet thou wast not satisfied, and in dissatisfaction merely showed that thou wast in a state of evolution. Thy child wast taken away. At once the vibratory action was increased, and from that time the change has still continued. In individuals, in families, in nations, the law varies not. The change must come from within, and to awaken a sense of need is the first step.
"If two have married on the mundane plane, one being a child of Fire, the other belonging to the earth, we know the discord must be great; but let a great sorrow fall upon the household, and open their eyes to a spiritual realm, and they will be as perfectly harmonious as if born under the same sign. Behold this is a great mystery-the mystery of perfect Love. There might be volumes written on the application of this principle of vibratory action, as related to science, inventions, politics and religion ; but when the key is given, each man that cares to know, can work the problem for himself-and this is the key.
" Mental action must be hushed and brought to the warmth of heart-action or love; physical senses must be hushed and brought to the same center-these, uniting, make a new vibra-
tion that is in harmony with the spiritual or unseen, and an new world is entered. In other words-the world is a huge musical instrument strangely out of tune. To bring, out of all its discords, sweet music, the key of the tuner must adjust the wires to harmony. A healer must awaken the higher nature-if he would have the body respond; the teacher must appeal to the divine within, and in the nations of the world a thought-wave must be thrown from batteries of earnest men, or all the world will be hypnotized by greed and lust, and dominance of self.
"Electricity and dynamite are vibratory forces to be feared, but they are naught compared to powers of mind that men are learning how to use. To-day there are magnetic batteries that play upon the individuals, and wield a mighty power in mundane things; the day must shortly come that spiritual forces can stand guard over earth's diseases, infelicities, and crimes. To those of us who will mingle in the world, I say Watch and Wait. As the Psalmist of old said:-" Why do the heathen rage, and the kings of the earth set themselves? He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh : the Lord shall have them in derision.' When men think their hands are holding the reins of earthly power, lo, the sons of God, unseen, unknown, rule all.
"The clock strikes nine. The time has passed quickly, and the hour has come for silent meditation. The key of power his been given, and each soul must learn to use it. In daily use lies growth. Life here is but a passing dream. We have no time to lose. Good-night."

He was gone, and soon the great room was silent and empty, but the memories of that evening were henceforth a part of each life.

## CHAPTER XIV.

PARTINO.

> So every human soul
> Set here betwixt its twin eternities, Stands open to heaven, aye, rolls on to doom
> 'Mil opposite mysteries.
> Above, beneath, around, Broad destinles encompass great and small. One Wil, one Hand, one dread, all-seelng Eye, Sways and governs all.

The months, weeks, days had passed, and the last day in Madeira had come to Mrs. Glendenning and her daughter and James Aberdeen. Like a dream of paradise had been the experiences of these seven months. To go into the old life again -to mingle once more with its mad throng, was to be driven from Eden as was the Adam of ancient time.

A glorious sunset gilded the sky, and in a solemn procession the inmates of the hermitage walked up and down upon the terrace, hand clasped in hand, talking of future work-of vows that must not be broken, of friendships based on eternal principles, and an immortality linking them with the great souls of all time. A sadness fell upon them, for the Vestal Virgin would go hence upon the morrow.

When the bells rang for vespers, the after-glow was fading from the sky, but the subdued tints woven into harmonies of sound were in perfect accord with the thoughts of each mind.

Odiardo was inspired. Not one but many great musicians could be seen around him, and the organ seemed as if many instruments were united in its tones. The great lamp shed its mystic light upon the altar, where Number Eight stood motionless.

It would take too long to describe the mystic sights and sounds that added their impressive spirit to the hour, but in the light that fell upon the altar could be plainly seen the form of the prophet Zelo who came hither only at times of great import. He was clad in white, and stood as he had stood and ministered in the grotto that day in Chamouni. In his right hand he held a palm and moved it to and fro, looking toward Zenia as he did so. Through all the service he did not vanish, and when the voices swelled in one grand chorus as they chanted the Logos, a voice apart from all the others could be distinctly heard: "Fear not, for I am with thee. Fear not. Fear not. For I am thy God. There shall no evill lefall thee." Through the vast chapel in volumes of rare harmony floated the words now in subdued tones, now sung by a single voice, echoed and re-echoed, till all the earth seemed filled with the tidings that the Omnipotent reigned.

When the last sound had died into silence, the Master stood before the altar, and with upraised hands uttered a silent blessing before he spoke.
"The time for separation has come, my dear children. Eurth is a school where we are taught to meet and part, and be unmoved, because the soul is to be fixed on God. Nevertheless, as we are human, so we love the human, and while we strive to keep the heart from earthly attachments, we all are drawn more closely to each othex, while living near the Master. Madeira will not forget the children that go forth tomorrow. Each
heart will send its prayers to God for them, to help them on to Azoth. To learn the mysteries of Azoth; to worship at the altar of Azoth; to rightly serve Azoth-this is the Vestal's destiny. What honor came to Madeira a few short months ago -when first this maiden stepped upon her shores! Now we must speed her on to greater knowledge."

He paused, and coming forward toward the Vestal, he spoke in lower tones, as tender as a mother :-
"See to it, child, that ye lose naught of all that thou hast learned here. Life lies in this. Watch well thy thoughts. Watch well thy speech. Let each day find thee stronger grown in all that shows the Spirit's power. Allow no thought of self or personality to eat its way into thy life. Its end is death. Be not a prisoner, bound in chains of self-but strive to be a free soul, a citizen of universal life. So shall there come to thee the wealth of all the worlds, and thou wilt care for naught but just. to do God's will. Higher and still higher wilt thou go. Onward, ever onward. New heights will bring thee new companions. Choose wisely those whom thou wouldst make thy friends, and listen ever to the voice within. When souls come hungering, give freely of the truth, but not to all who ask. Some seek to know for motives all of self. Such are the swine that trample pearls beneath their feet, and turn to rend their owners. Throw not thy darling to the dogs. Ye have been chosen out of the world, and for this cause the world will hate thee. In silence measure all who come to thee, and learn to know the true. If they are silent, patient, calm and gentle, speaking not of self, or externalities, or moving restlessly, or given to evil thoughts they have already entered on the path, although they may not know it. To these the quickening Spirit will surely come, and bring them knowledge. For these the torch is lit
within :-once lit there never can be darkness more. The true light cometh from within. As once the Master said, "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" Here comes in the second great law. The law of exchange. Use and exchange, are but the branches from the tree of vibration. To give is to receive. The circle of blessing has no end. When the thought, or word, or deed goes forth, it passes through many individuals, and changes its quality, increases its power, and comes back to thee from some other source-the same, yet not the same. The law of love is the law of use-and eternal justice cannot fail. Love is God-and dies not. Love, Mercy, and Justice are the pillars of the universe."

Distant reverberations could be heard as the Master knelt in silence by the altar; voices of unseen beings sang softly in the distance. The veil parted and revealed a mass of faces and forms, while the prophet Zelo, with outstretched arms brought a cloud of golden light upon the assembly. From the tripod the smoke of incense rose, and as the fire burned brighter, the forms grew more distinct, the voices became stronger, and lo, there walked from the shadows wise men robed in saffron, in purple, in gray. Then all was still. The veil had fallen. The worshipers went out silently, and the Master was left alone with his pupils. Turning to Mrs. Glendenning, he spoke as the dying spake to their loved ones.
"Go hence, O mother with the strong faith. Go hence, to labor in the Master's vineyard. Thou hisst borne bravely separation from thy home and dear ones, and in the Book it is all recorded. Great shall be thy reward. In the future I behold thee -I see the shadows coming, I see the night falling over thee, but thine eyes are not dim and thou seest the Master, and art strong. When grief and desolation come upon thee, I see thy
head bow, but not in despair. Thou lovest with a great love, and wilt serve to the end. Remember this when thine hour of tial comes, and when suffering comes, be brave; when sorrow over. takes thee, be brave; when desolation sweeps thy heart, be brave; these are all tests-and myriad witnesses are watching theo. *Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of Life.'
"Thou, O, my son," turning to James, "must watch thy words and thy steps. The flame is not always steady, and sometimes thou wilt lose thy self-control. The eye of God is within thee. Though thou hast notseen Him, He is not far from thee. Destroy not the serenity of thy mind by idle thoughts or dreams of self. From the depths of the earth wast thon called, and thou must walk all the way to the heights, step by step, but thou dost not walk alone. One like unto the Son of Man is thy companion."

In all that he had said there was a tone of great tenderness; but as he again turned to Zenia this changed, and there was something akin to awe in his voice as he addressed her.
"With the prophetic eye, O, Vestal, I could tell thee what lies before thee,-what destiny is thine. I see thee in thine olden place at the altar; I see thee in the Temple; I see thee in the world. Then do I see thee translated from all earth's trials to a land of light and peace. This is thy meed, because thou hast kept thy thoughts unspotted from the world. Thou art a white soul, whose fires of purification consumed thy dross in former lives, and when thou hadst passed beyond the touch of earth, thou didst come back gladly to give a new meaning to the latter days. Thy coming hither was divinely ordered. It was meet that thou who didst once serve in old Atlantis, shouldst leave a blessing on her shores again. For earth's time of travail wast thou sent, and, because thou didst offer thyself gladly, thy trial
will be brief. Thou art fully ripe-and thy home is not far distant. Thou wilt have an added glory because thou lovest all, and art perfect in wisdom. I have here a talisman for each. Wear it with a consecrated spirit, and thou shalt have its power in the time of need, for thou art brave as men are brave who go to battle. None of earth's little toys will ever tempt thee from the path. Thou wilt walk the avenue of Sphinxes in the land of the Nile under the guiding hand of Azoth; thou wilt once more minister in the temple, butit will be the temple of humanity. Thou wilt not crave the love of man, and thou wilt finish the work gloriously and quickly. Visions will come to thee of other worlds, and thou wilt know of coming events, and the sorrow of thy young life will be that even for a brief time thou must walk a higher path than thy beloved mother. May the Light born out of the darkness guide thee to the realm of the solitudes of the Alone. Go forth for a time among the thoughtless, and be happy and glad. When the Staff is brought, thou wilt know it is time to journey. Till then, live in the joys of youth, and the God of Peace will never forsake thee."

He finished, and laid in each hand the talisman he had publicly mentioned, then blessed them and led the way from the chapel.

It was their last night within those walls. Sleep refused to come to their eyes, and the hours of silence were spent in a review of all they had learned among the Brothers of the Hermitage of Madeira. It was yet early when the message came that the steamer would be waiting for them in two hours, and in busy cares of preparation the sadness of the last hours was lessened. When the time of departure came, General was once more the leader, with the dove flying near, and all the inmates of the Hermitage following to see their Vestal Virgin and her mother
with the faithful Scotchman leave the shores of Madeira forever. Each wore her flower in honor of the day.
"Listen always for the Vesper music," said Odiardo to Zenia as he bade her farewell. "Whenever your eyes see the sun sink behind the western hills, listen to the music floating on its rays. I shall always send a message to the Vestal at that. hour."
"And my ears will be open to receive it, for my soul has been uplifted by the magic of your music, Odiardo. We can never be entirely separated, when vibrations are passing and repassing between us, and each one voices a thought."
"Perhaps our paths will cross in the coming years, for we know not where we shall labor. Remember the sunset, and when the glory of Omnipotence covers you, think of Odiardo."

She raised her eyes to his face, and caught a shadow of an expression that startled her. It was the look that sometimes flits across the face of the dying when they catch a glimpse of a long-lost loved one,-an interblending of rapture and surprise, with fear lest it might vanish and be seen no more.

Quietly, serenely, she replied-
"I could never see a sunset without thoughts of Madeira and Odiardo, and I shall listen to their music rather than see their colors, for in the memory of our evenings here, come hallowed associations. We are all bound together in the bonds of a great faith. I have had many happy years, but none like this."

She felt Fillippi pressing closer to her side, and turning toward him, she saw a glow of pleasure upon his face, kindled by her last words. As if speaking to a child, she continued:
"Yes, it is true, Fillippi. I have been very happy among the noble souls here, and if he is greatest that serves, surely none of us can be as great as thou who art a servant of all. Do
not forget me, and when festal days come, wear my flower in memory of me."

His head fell upon his breast, and a great sob convulsed the gentle being who had been her constant shadow since the day he had opened the portal-that first day of her coming to Madeira. Others pressed around. For each she had some words that they would never forget, and then came the moment of parting, when, amid tears and benedictions, the Vestal stepped upon the vessel that should take her forever from these loving hearts at Madeira.

It was not until many leagues had separated them from their recent home that the gloom of that last hour lifted from their hearts. The sense of loss at the Hermitage swept across the space that lay between them, and brooded over the three souls on their way to the outer world.
"Who would think, even here on ship-board, that anywhere on earth there could be a spotas quiet as that blessed Hermitage," said Zenia to her mother next morning, as they watched the sailors rushing to and fro on the deck, and heard the rattling of chains, and sound of loud voices.
"I was just thinking that if this small world, floating on the bosom of the ocean is so confusing to us, what will the ant-hill of cities be? We would be wise to go to some spot in the country for a time. I do not believe we can endure Paris."
"We would be but feeble bairns, the Master said, if we maun aye be guarded. Ilka soul kens its ain powers better after they ha'e been tested. We should never ken our strength when we had naething to annoy, an' the commotion o' Paris will be to us very like the temptation in the wilderness, when the devil cam' to the Master an' thocht he was sure o' gettin' Him for his ain."

Zenia laughed a low ripple of a laugh like summer's brook ruming among the hills.
"Just now I feel strong enough for an encounter with even his Satanic Majesty, but how soon I would be vanquished remains to be seen. I am surprised to find myself wondering what news awaits us, and looking forward to home-letters with eagerness. I cannot understand it. I am not given to fluctuations. What does it mean?"
"It means that you are still a child of earth, subject to its laws, my dear," replied her mother. "The pendulum never swings half-way. When the Master told you to go forth and be glad in all that makes an innocent heart glad, he touched the pendulum, and set it swinging. Remember we have been a long time at the extreme of the arc-and we cannot be developed on one side only. For a time we must be interested in the mundane."
"That was what I was tryin' to say aboot the temptation. We can tell how much strength we have gained when we are tried. I ken whaur my feebleness lies, an' day an' nicht I maun have a watch on the door o' my lips, an' the temper that aye tries to bring me to ruin."

As each day brought them nearer their destination, their hearts grew more and more buoyant, until, when they at last reached Paris, and once more found themselves among her brilliant throngs, they were quite at home. Not that for asingle instant the earnest purpose of their lives was obliterated; not that their thoughts were absorbed in passing events; not that communion with the invisible world was broken; but that the mature belonging to the earth was allowed more freedom than it had known for many months.
"Paris the Magnificent," exelaimed Zenia, as they stepped
from the car at the Gare de Lyons in the afternoon of the early spring. The trees were clothed with a tender green; the sun was gilding road and river; the old familiar landmarks gave a welcome to the wanderers; and never had the city been more beautiful.
"What a pageant it is, Mouessie, and we are for a time to be a part of it, and join the scampering throng, as if somewhere we were to find satisfaction. I dreaded to come, but now that I am here, I find it strangely beautiful-almost interesting."
"It will never interest us as of old, child. The day has passed when you and I can play with toys, or willingly let our progress be hindered by barnacles, but there is something of the real in everything. This we must seek, and enjoy, and in this way we shall have a genuine interest in all we see. I wonder if our young men are still in Leipsic?"
"I was just thinking of them. If we had been seven months in paradise and then returned to earth, it would not be stranger than to begin to pick up the threads that bind us to those in the world. They were banished, almost forgotten. They are recalled, and we cannot realize the separation. Strange, strange."
"A part of the training. As long as our feet press this planet, so long must we be in the world, but not of it. A recluse never knows his weakness, for it is never tried. Remember the Master said- Every soul is tried and tempted in every way possible, before it is crowned.' We must watch our temptations."
"I know where mine will come; and yours, dear Mouessie, will be greatest on the line of pater and the boys and me. To tell you the truth, although it seems pleasant to be in the world again, I know I shall soon weary of it. I was made for solitude. Even as a child I loved it."
"It is a flitting memory of some previous life when, like Buddha, you sat under the Bo-tree."
"That makes me think of Floyd's friend Bo. Perhaps I shall meet him; who knows? He would smile, no doubt, to think his name was suggested by the Bo-tree. Do you feel the vibrations of the city, Mouessie?"
"Yes, in a way, decidedly unpleasant. That is one of the compensations. Gain a power-it adds to your misery as well as happiness. When we left Paris, we did not feel these things."

They were now rolling along the Boulevards, where throngs of people moved to and fro with apparently no method in their motion.
"Look at that carriage coming toward us, with high-stepping horses, and emblazoned with gold plate and a coat-of-arms. That woman reclining on cushions, wrapped in oriental shawls, and sparkling with diamonds, is a dead soul. She looks neither to the right nor the left, and in her heart wishes she was dead, though afraid to die. A moment ago, when her driver nearly ran over a street gamin, she gave no more thought to it than if it had been a dog. How the wave of her thought comes toward me. All of Self-all of corruption. It sickens me, and makes me long for Madeira. The cries of the poor make a horrible discord among the mad rioters of the higher classes. How must Jesus have suffered, who could hear what we cannot."
"I feel the discord, and think we may yet be driven to solitude until more accustomed to the world of animals in human form__"
"And my head is pierced with pains. I'm fixin' my mind on a Logos to keep my senses," interrupted James. And he added-
"The poor dog is more advanced than we, for he does not seem to mind it at all."
"I can now see why people in large cities have fine lines all over their faces. This conflict of vibrations passes through them in all directions, and though they are unconscious of it, they are affected by it. Who could help it? The cries and prayers of the starving; the yells of demons in human bodies; the rich man gloating over his power to grind the life from the poor; the poor hating him for his cruelty; the sensuous, living for the flesh; the few honest souls trying to hold their places and not be drawn into the vortex-this is what I hear as I ride along."
"But why can we not stop our ears as General does? If we know it is God's plan for good, we can wait."
"He keeps closer to the heart of life, the dear God, and does not mind the lower currents," was the reply from the daughter. "When will we be so strong that none of these currents will affect us? If it were only the vibrations of the present life, it would not be such torture, but as we pass the Place de la Concorde, I can hear the shouts that filled the air when the cry for blood raged in the multitude, and victims to the guillotine, daily, could alone pacify the demons. I can hear it all, feel it all. It still lives in the very air of that fated spot. The roar of the wild beasts ; the yells of demons; the piteous wails of the innocent and suffering; and alas, the anguish of the rulers who should have served their people and did not. Why did I not hear this before? Hark, there comes a distant sound like a storm in the mountains, gathering power to make its destruction more complete. What does it mean? It is that old cry of blood and revenge, and it reaches across the sea. Drive quick, and let us flee to a quiet spot with trees and God's sky to quiet this tumult."

Rarely did Zenia Glendenning ever become so excited. Her mother looked at her in astonishment, and gave the order to drive to the bankers for letters, merely saying :
"It is because of all this coming woe that we must labor and wait, my child," relapsing into silence till they reached the Rue de Provençe and the banking house of Hottinguer \& Co. Thiswas unchanged, and each figure was at its desk, as if they had never moved since last these Americans had asked for letters.

Receiving a bundle of letters of formidable size, they drove at once to the Gate St. Lazare and thence to their old quarters at. Madame Delaire's. She was ecstatic with joy at again beholding: her bon Americans. She could not speak fast enough to pourforth her delight, and, best of all, their rooms were vacant and in perfect order. General was to have an apartment in the little garden, and James a room on the next floor. Hours passed unheeded as the news from home were read and discussed. Letters had accumulated to such a degree that the clerk at the bank, remembering the lovely smile on the young lady's face as. she thanked him for letters in times past, took an extra hour and arranged them all according to dates, so that they could read them in the order received.

There were scores of letters from the loved ones, and one of those from the pater ran thus:

[^10]now how little I understood the spirit that led you to give up mere externals, even in church-work, that you might live true to the Spirit. I sit alone an hour every moning and an hour before retiring. These hours have become very precious to me. I am nearer to you then than I have ever been in my life, and this nearness is a growing one. $O$, my dear ones, how could $I$ have been so blinded by my intellect, as to believe for a single moment that creeds and mere belief could bring the soul in touch with God! The simple faith, the assured knowledge of James Aberdeen, has done for me what all the professors of all theological seminaries could never have done. It has led me to distrust mere reason, and in its place put love. Why did I never understand the true meaning of 'God is Love?' Why did I not see what Jesus meant when he said 'Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of God.' It is a most difficult thing for me to cultivate this child-heart, but I ahall never give up trying. The world is new; my preaching has a power it has never had before, and life is worth the living. You should hear the people talk. They say it has done me good to be alone, and though they do not see the cause, they feel the effect, and are already reaching out after a something, they know not what.
"I have just looked over my diary for the date of a strange occurrence, that I want to tell you about. I was taken very ill one day; called a doctor and saw from the way he acted, and Ensonias also, that they were alarmed. My mind was clear, and though I was very ill, I did not feel troubled. They thought I was sleeping and as I lay with closed eyes, I found myself thinking of wife and daughter across the ocean. How long I lay thus I know not. But I saw you both as plainly as everin my ufe, yet I could not speak to you. You were sittling together on a high place, in the open air, and a dog, like the one you told me of, was lying by Zenia's feet. A white dove was Aying over your heads and I thought it came toward me and sat upon my hand, and I put in its beak a sllp of paper saying I was ill. It flew away, and I awoke in my room, singularly conscious that I had been with you. I told my dream to Eusonias, and began to mend at once. Four days after, a bird like the one I had seen, flew in at my window and laid upon my bed a slip of paper and a flower bearing the words: 'He shall give his angels charge over thee. I have seen you, darling pater, and I know all. You will soon be well.'
"In a few days I was able to resume my studies and duties, and have never been better in my life. Strange to say, the mental agitations that hal preceded my illness, and had no doubt been the result of finding it necessary to throw away much that I had acquired during twenty-five years, had all gone : and I feel like a new man, living under healthy conditions. To find the Lord within, and know that I am led, and taught, and guided, by the spirit, and that only as I live the life of a son of God, can I be at one with the Father, is a delight that can neither be taken from me nor destroyed. Some of the ministers have asked me the reason of my change, and why I no longer preach intellectual truths, but I remember what you said,--'Silence,'-and I do not reply. The very duties that were so irksome to me before are a pleasure now. To visit the old, or sick, or afflicted is not a mere form, for I can tell them some-
thing that I know from my own experience. Let me know your plans. Do not think of coming home till you have learned all you can, for I am assured you will receive great light in Egypt, which you can share with me. More and more I see that Egypt was the cradle of the wisdom of all ages, and the lives of Moses, Daniel, and the Prophets have a meaning I never saw before. This has been the year of all years in my life. May it be the beginning of great things for all of us, is the constant prayer of your devoted and faithful husband and father,
"Archibald Glendenning."
"Miracles will never cease," said Zenia. "If only dear Eusonias could see the Light, our happiness would be complete. He is such a noble fellow, I am not sure that he would not be too perfect, though."
"And you say nothing of Floyd?"
"He is already in heaven, and heaven in him. I am laying aside his letters for the last, as we take sweets for dessert."
"We shall be obliged to arrange the letters according to importance, and put some over for another day. Here is one from London. That is, of course, from the Beaumaris house, and we must see what the charming bride says. Only that and the one marked 'Leipsic,' shall be read before those of the family." She opened it and read a most urgent invitation to come to them at once, and join in certain merrymakings, ending with,-

[^11]From Leipsic came the astounding information that the
young gentlemen would be in Paris the following week, en route for London to visit the Beaumarises.
" No sooner do we leave the ark than we are in danger of being submerged by the flood," laughed Zenia. "What astonishes me is how they could have known just when we would be here."
"They have not been in Europe all these years not to know that bankers know where their clients are. I think you will find Messis. Hottinguer \&. Co. have heard from these young men during our absence."
"Do you think so? It seems absurd."
"I am sure of it. I begin to think their sudden appearance at Chamouni was not at all accidental. Of course I have no right to say this, and would not hint my surmises if you had any interest in such things. As it is, we may as well study all phases of human nature. Since Number Eight has taught me more about vibrations and the way to change them, I begin to feel that we must sound the key-note of all who touch our lives; more especially if they have talents to be used for the world, and thus learning their nature, try to harmonize them with the All Life by thought. Now these young men are quite phenomenal in mental ability. We have seen much of life and have met none as promising, if we except Eusonias. Could their talents be devoted to spiritual work, what a world of good they could do."
"But you remember that the elder Brother said," replied Zenia, " never attempt to change a life by any act or word. If some act or word changes it, it is well. All things are drawn to their own place as they ripen."
"True, Zenia. I should have erred through over-zeal. We will just go on living our lives and follow the first rule of the school of Athena, 'Those things that belong to me I will
attend to, and those that do not belong to me I will leave alone.' Let us finish the letters before James comes."
"I must read you this one from Eusonias. It is so characteristic. He is the funny man of the family. Hear it:
"'Darling Baby,-
"' I am indeed bereft, for my Baby is across the sea, and Floyd is as good as deai-being dead in love. Such howls of angulsh as come from him, because he cannot marry without a moment's delay, would break your heart. Were I not Immersed in politics I should be inconsolable; as it is, I have no time. The old parties that you know so well are showing signs of an early domise, and in a few years our party will have the pleasure of cleaning the Augean stables, and preparing the way to our country's success. Such a flop as the recent elections have shown is more than a more symptom of discontent. It means business. Look in your Bible, if you have not soared so high that you have discarded the good Book, and you will find in Samuel an exact description of the party just defeated: "And when they arose early on the morrow morning, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his tace to the ground before the ark of the Lord ; and the head of Dagon and both the palms of his hands were cut off upon the threshold; only the stump (or the fishy part) of Dagon was left to him."
"' Of course you are once more among civilized people, and perhaps like the man (or woman was it? Iforget), who had his house swept and garnished, had seven spirits worse than the first come in and take possession. I cannot imagine you more lovely than when I saw you last, but if it has been intensiffed by your seven months' sechusion among those heathen, I pity any young man that sees you. Serlously, what did you do there? and what has cone over our pater? Whew ! How he preaches! John Wesley could not hold a candle to him now, and he grows more patient every day. Even when I beat at chess he just looks his disgust and says nothing. He was awfully sick a while ago, but he would not let me send any word. He got well wery rapidly and mysteriously, and has almost made me believe in the supernatural.
"I have some news that will astonish you. Two of your old friends are to be married soon. How glad 1 am that it is not my darling sister. I would rather know you on the island of Madeira or in the kingdom of the Moon, than marry any man that walks the earth. The man is not yet been born good enough for St. Zenia.
"' I have almost made up my mind to fall in love myself, just to have something to think of. If yon stay away another year you may expect to see me married before you again meet,
" • Your devoted Brother,
"'Eusomas.'"
And so they read and talked until evening; and James, when
he came to supper, found them surrounded by piles of literam ture.
"It will not be easy to keep the chaff from our eyes," he exclaimed; "this is not only a godless city but it is sair deestractin'."
"All the more must we be on our guard. We are to live in the world and must become positive to it," was Mrs. Glendenning's reply. "There are some quiet spots near here, however, where trees grow just as well as in Madeira, and where trees grow, we can grow."
"I dinna think the figure is quite the same, for the puir human plants cannot reach out after what they need, without somethin' else urgin' them another way. A tree just grows down in the airth, and up to the sky and has naething to keep it back."
"Some day we shall learn to silence the voices that hinder us, and then we shall not notice the bustle of a city any more than a tree does. This is where such men as the prophet Zelo and Number Eight have attained. All sorts of commotions might surround them, and they would not know it. We are such babes yet."
"Babes-but not Deific babes," said Zenia, smiling; " unless we keep before our minds the possibilities within, we shall soon become weak and fall. We are standing amid discordant vibrations, and they will overpower us, if we are not careful. It is easy to be strong with a wall around us as we had at Madeira. We are to live natural lives, but we must hold the spiritual firmly at the same time. When the order comes to go to Egypt, it will bring us disappointment if we do not. To-morrow, James, we will go out to St. Cloud, take General, and lunch, some books, and our thoughts. There we can find a secluded spot and breathe with the waving tree-tops."
"Mair and mair, I can see that the breath is the life o' the world; and when we read how God breathed into man, it means far more than just what the world thinks."

At this moment they heard the bell ring, and opening the door found the two young gentlemen from Leipsic waiting to be admitted.
"This is really not my fault," began Mr. Hautrave, extending his hand, "I insisted on waiting until to-morrow, but happening to hear at Hottinguer's that you were here, we were too impatient to see you to wait twenty-four hours. How well you are all looking; even Mr. Aberdeen looks quite like a new man."
"Just let me say a word," broke in Mr. Montrose. "I am willing to shoulder all the responsibility of this call, and we are not going to stay a moment ; just came to ask if we might call to-morrow."
"But how did you find us?"
"Where there is a will, you know the rest of it. You told your banker not to give your address, but we told him we were very particular friends, Americans, and pressing business, etc."
"And you are going to be a minister?" queried Zenia, smiling a mild rebuke.
"Why not? Surely it was all true as gospel."
"And the business?"
"To see that you are looking more and more like a vase lit from within," replied the handsome young fellow, bowing low.

Zenia frowned. "You will spoil me if you talk so. A thought of myself is a zero on the wrong side."
"Who says so?"
"Those who know; therefore, we will talk of your cousins. You see this stack of letters."
"Call it an avalanche. Have you heard from Laurie and Ethel?"
"Yes, urging us to go to London at once, which is impossible. We are really older friends than you knew, when you were at Chamouni, for I find Mr. Beaumaris' brother Beverly has been my brother's chum for three years. He has written to us about Beau-spelt with two letters-all that time. He has told us that he was the embodiment of everything noble, lovable and manly, and all their little ways are as familiar to us as to them, and here in Europe I meet his brother and hope soon to know one who has been such a true friend to Floyd. I have had my own pet name for him all this time too. Strange is it not? And he for me. I had it in my mind that he was such a very English young man, that I called him the Prince of Wales, and Floyd telling him of it, he began calling me Queen, so all our messages have been seat as Prince and Queen."
"Quite romantic, indeed," said her listener, looking quite glum. "Beverly is a good fellow, awfully pious and all that, but no swell airs about him."
"You must stay and have a cup of tea, and some bread and honey," said Mis. Glendenning. "We can adjust our plans at the table."
"But it is an intrusion to bore you at all. You have not had time to read your letters. I can see a lot unopened. We will go at once."

And nothing could persuade them to remain. The next day would be spent in writing letters, and the next they were all to go to St. Cloud.

Once more alone, supper was dispatched and then home letters were discussed. Floyd was more desperately in love than ever, and ended by saying if they remained another year, he
would not promise to wait till they came home before getting married. All the adjectives of the language were exlausted in a vain attempt to describe her beauty.
"Poor fellow. He no longer stands on earth. He lives in the clouds and has lost all interest in neck-ties," laughed Zenia. "What a tumble he would have if the clouds should fall to the earth!"
"Many a life is wrecked by just such an event. From what your father said, Iknow she is a lovely girl, and as there are a few in the world, we will believe he has found one of them. Read me this letter, from his fancee."

Zenia glanced it over and began to read:


#### Abstract

"'My dear new Mamma and angel Sigter,- "'For I know you must be anangel or my beloved boy would not idolize you as he does. Sometimes, when he is talking of your loveliness and purity and goodness, I am almost crazy with jealousy, and theu I think what a compliment it is that he sees anything in me at all, and am thankful; for after looking at the sun we cannot always see small stars, and I know I am a very,small star by the side of Zenia. When your lovely letters come, I read them over many times; then read them to my dear' Flo (I call him that altogether), and then send them down to my mother to read. "' Yeaterday was the happlest day of my life, and I have lived twenty years; Flo was with me. Think of it I I had him all day, and he never was quite as lovely before. It is perfectly heavenly to have some one love you as Flo loves me, and I know it is sincere and lasting, for no one could ever show such deep feeling if it were not there. I am as happy as a bird, because I have the dearest and best man in the world for my very own. We often talk of you both, and I feel so sorry that Zenla does not care about love. She would be so much happler if she had some one to love her as I have. Some time I am awfully miserable though, for fear something will happen to separate us. You know such things do happen. I know it would kill us both if we were ever separated, and I pray God to never let it come. I know from what Flo says that you are so far above me that you will not care for all these earthly things. He says you do not like society, or dress, or theatres, or young men. What an odd girl you must be ! I never saw a girl who did not like these things. I hope you will like me, though, because Flo loves me and I am devoted to him.


" Y Your lor ing girl,
"'Vanessa Van Ollnda.'"
"There is a genuine love letter. No mistaking the ring of the article," exclaimed Mrs. Glendenning, as Zenia laid it down with a smile. "I am glad you are not of the mundane order, to be caught in the whirl of an intense vortex, for this is human love; and yet right here there comes a thrill of fear, lest your absorption in the Spirit will draw you from earth by sheer force of attraction. We must keep an equilibrium of forces, and belong to both worlds. I sometimes awake with a horror that is terrible, and a fear that you and I will some day be separated."

She could say no more. The thought of such possibility overpowered her, and her head fell upon her breast. Throwing her arms around her, Zenia kissed her on brow and cheek and lips, and lifting herhead in her hands looked into her eyes tenderly, saying, "Is this my brave Mouessie? Is this the speech of a soul that has clung to me through many lives? As if we could be separated. We who have known and felt as one soul. I have often thought of what the prophet said. We are now as mother and daughter, so that from my first breath till my last we need not be separated. In any other relation this would be impossible. Nothing can separate us, Mouessie. But how absurd to talk of these things, when we have everything to rejoice over and be thankful for. Health, loved ones, and best of all, the illumination of the Spirit. It shows how easy it is for us to forget our wings and be worms; to leave the air and crawl. Let us take a Logos and breathe ourselves into harmony with the AllLife, the Father-Mother, the Everlasting God."

## CHAPTER XV.

## NatURE.

> That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder felds. The sesamum was sesamum, the co rn was corn. The silence and the darkness knew.
> So is a man's fate born.
> Edwin Arnold.

Ir was a glorious morning for the country, and no one familiar with the environs of Paris but knows what a day at St. Cloud means. There are such endless vistas of magnificent arches whose tracery gradually becomes narrow, and more and more dreamlike; such miles and miles of rambling walks and terraces; such historic memories and vestiges of past glory ; such heights for repose with the City of Domes spread like a picture before the eyes, such ruins and desolation to remind one of what has been and may be again; that at St. Cloud, more than anywhere else, it is enough to sit and dream and ponder with hands idly folded and sometimes with eyes closed.

Our party went to the Trocadero Gardens, back of the ruins of the palace, then up the terraces and steps where flowers are always blooming in well-kept parterres. Here they found seats. overlooking the distant city, and adjusted themselves for comfort and rest. It was yet early, and they were the only ones. stirring. The young gentlemen were to join them an hour or two later, and, once more in Nature's arms, they were glad.

Placing themselves with their faces to the east, they began to
breathe with the rhythm of the swaying trees and soon were lost to their surroundings. At first the immediate objects vanished, then the palace walls and gardens destroyed by the Prussians, then the nearer landscape, the city with its glittering spires and domes; Europe, America, the World. They were in space moving toward the center of All-Life, coming into harmony with higher intelligences, and being suffused with the light of God's goodness. How long they enjoyed this rapture they never knew. They were suddenly made conscious of existence, then voices were plainly heard, and looking up, they saw the two young men who had promised to join them.
"I thought you were all dead," began Mr. Montrose. "We called to you from below, but you were as still as mummies. What on earth were you doing?"
"Merely breathing."
"But why merely breathing? I am not very curious, but there is something that you know, or think you do, that I do not, and I want to find it out. That day we saw you in the Louvre, we were in the Egyptimn Room and you did not see us, but we noticed then, just what we have witnessed now, that you both seemed to breathe in perfect unison, and became absorbed in something quite apart from your surroundings-"
"But let us say good-morning, before you call us to account," interposed Zenia, rising to greet them.
"Certainly, I beg pardon. I'm always rushing into things. Of course you are well, for you are absolutely radiant."
"Hush, you must not talk about personalities to me."
"But why not?"
"I think ny wish should be sufficient, don't you, Mr. Hautrave?"
"I should ask nothing more, yet I should be glad to know all
you can tell me about your belief and life, and I really wish I understood it better."
"If you really wish it, be sure it will open to you. There is not a desire of our hearts that does not bring about its own fulfillment. No, I do not believe it, I know it. We cannot believe what we know. We believe with the mind, and we know with the heart:"
"Now, if we sit down here and put our whole mind on what you say, will you tell us why you breathe, and how, and when?"
"Ask yourself the same question, why do you breathe?"
"To live," he replied, laughing.
"Exactly. So do we. If we think that we know how to get more of life by breathing in a certain way, we are only doing what every living creature does as to object. The difference lies in results. You stop breathing, you die. So do we. In that we are alike. But when you merely inhale and exhale the air from your lungs, you are only furnishing life to the shell. We believe, yes, we know that there is a way to breathe that does for the mind and spirit what the ordinary breath does for the body. Study this subject for yourself. Try for yourself, and you will know the power that lies in deep and rhythmic breathing."
"But why has the world not known this before? Must all our wisdom come from Asia?"
"Our Bible is filled with it, but you do not see it because words mean little to us. Job, the oldest look in the Bible, makes much of this, and says, 'The breath of the Almighty has given me life'-and then accounts for the processes of Nature by this same breath and says, By the breath of God frost is given.' This is what Prasad teaches. All life is simply variations of vibrations or breath."
"And is it merely for health that you devote yourself to this thing?" asked Montrose again.
"Why do you ask?"
Zenia looked at him with a quick glance as her mother spoke, as if she would detect the real motive that prompted the question.
"I, too, might gain light," was his reply.
Mrs. Glendenning was silent for a moment. James Aberdeen looked off toward the city, as though he would not by a glance influence her mind, and Zenia played with General's ears.
"Let me be frank," she said at last. "We are forbidden to speak of sacred things where the brain only is asking; where the heart asks it is different. I cannot read you well enough to judge whence comes your interest, but to show you that I have faith in the germinal spirit at least, I will tell you something of what I know and what I hope to know. I slways separate knowing from believing. I know that I breathe, that you breathe, that every living thing breathes. You know this also. But do you know how many kind of breaths there are? Have you watched a sleeping child, a sleeping man, a sleeping animal? Have you heard the breathing of an angry man-of a frightened woman, of a terrified child? Why do they differ, and how? Why should strong emotion change one's breath? You cannot answer; neither could you tell me how many breaths have come from the one Great Breath. There are those who we have found that mental action as well as mere emotion depend on the quality of breathing; and there are those who take us a step higher and say that all Spiritual growth is marked in the same way. To know that the music of the spheres is a reality, and that by certain development we can hear it, and that, as we harmonize
with these heavenly vibrations, we see and know things that were before non-existent, you can imagine why we love to be in a quiet spot like this, to train our breath to vibrate with the swaying of the trees in yonder park, until we lose all sense of outer things as much as they, and find our higher natures at one with an element not recognized."
"But what is this element?" asked Mr. Montrose.
"Some call it the realm of universal Mind or Will, or Love, or Knowledge. Some cull it God. We should call it this. The name matters not ; it is the fact we seek."
"And is there such a fact?"
"You ask this, Mr. Montrose, and yet you are going into the Church to teach others the way? If you know not God, how can you lead others to Him?"
" O, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Glendenning. I do not doubt the fact of God ; I merely asked if it was a fact that we could be at one with Him."
"You doubt that there has been at-one-ment made, I see."
"O, not at all. You do not understand me. Your way of putting this seems so very commonplace, if you will pardon my expression, that I did not think it had anything to do with the great plan of Salvation as taught by the Church. Of course I believe in the atonement provided by the Son of God."

She saw that they were fast drifting into an argument, of all things to be shunned most, and wisely tried to divert the conversation into other channels; but the young men would not have it so, and persisted in questions until she replied with -"I think you will find in the account of the day of Pentecost a hint of what I would say. If we meet in a spirit of perfect harmony and, I might add, breathe together, reaching out as did they after some promised gift for ten days, I believe we
should see tongues of fire and witness the same phenomena they saw. Men are the same to-day as then; God does not change, and His laws are immutable."
"Ah, I comprehend. Your belief would quite abolish all hopes of miracles, and you would have no greater demonstram tions of the Almighty's power at one time than another. I am not trying to argue, as I see you wish to avoid that."
"I must not argue. Argument kills. I can talk quietly where minds are receptive, and even that is not wise. As Laotze said, ages ago, 'They who knono do not talk; they who talk do not know.' When the law of vibrations is better understood we shall see why silence is golden. But speaking of miracles: if by miracles you mean a broken law, surely you cannot believe God would break a law that exists as an expression of His very being. This would not give us confidence. It would rob us of our rock of trust. If once broken, why not always broken? If on one occasion set aside, why not again? You surely must believe in the persistence of Force, and Force is Law. When you speak of special revelations of power that have ever accompanied great epochs of the world's history, who can doubt them? May they not, however, have been the higher workings of the self same laws?
"Do you remember the words of an American writer?'The world sleeps like an Alpine village under the impending avalanche of a Divine Manifestation. Crises in the uplifting of the race bring, or may bring, commensurate changes in Nature. The globe is governed by occult forces.' The fact that there are men who can prove these existing laws as one proves any other fact, is to me a convincing proof that the world is preparing for another step upward in the evolutionary spiral, and we may expect more astonishing exhibitions of occult force
than it has ever yet seen. They will not be miracles, though the ignorant might call them so. Indeed, I think we can imagine our grandparents suddenly restored to earth, and hear them say, as the cars dash along by electricity, or they use the telephone, or listen to the phonograph, 'This is an age of miracles.' Shall we not wulk awhile and take lunch nearer the Jet Giant?"
"I hope you will not refuse to tell me more about the atonement, as you believe it__"
"And the power of breathing, which interests me more than theology," said his friend, interrupting him.
"Just now, before we go further, let us take a glance at the city lying before our eyes. All its points are familiar to us. We can trace the Seine, and the Bois de Boulogne, the dome of the Invalides, St. Sulpice, the Pantheon, and the Trocadero. Now let us fix our eyes on the highest point of the Eiffel Tower, and concentrate every thought on the powers of the mind, breathing together thus. You must not use the chest. It must be abdominal. Breathe in perfect time, and do not think of anything else. Perhaps you may get a suggestion of facts that are not taught in college."
"Agreed, only tell us how." So she showed them how to place their hands and feet, and how to keep time, and then they began. All was silent, and when Mrs. Glendenning ten minutes later asked their experiences, Royal Montrose started as if from a sleep and rubbed his head and eyes saying:
"I was way off. My head is dizzy, and I feel as if I had been drinking champagne. Nothing else that I know of."
"And you, Mr. Hautrave?"
"Not at all like that. I did better, for this is not as new to me as to my friend, thanks to your daughter. I began to dream. I
man ashamed to tell what I heard and saw ; of course it was all imagination."
"Tell us all," interrupted Royal.
"At first I saw a gathering of people of a century and more ago in the air over the ruined palace. They were dim like clouds, and I could distinguish no faces. Then the wind seemed to sweep them away, and nothing was left but the sound of cannon. It was a strange experience, for I have never seen anything but solid matter in my life."
"Your poetic imagination ran riot with you, Cecil. I knew you were growing queer at Leipsic, but I never dreamed you were taking up any such notions as these, meaning no disrespect, ladies, I assure you," he continued, turning toward them as he spoke. He did not finish his sentence, for his glance had rested on the young lady, and something he saw made him suddenly pause. She was sitting motionless, almost rigid, with an expression on her face he had never seen before. He knew she saw nothing outwardly-that she did not even hear his voice, that she was for the time as insensible to all surroundings as if she bad passed from the body. The others also saw it, and Mrs. Glendenning, putting her finger to her lips to conımand silence, looked at her steadily a moment, and the light began to glow in the beautiful eyes, the color came to the cheek, and, turning to her mother, she said, "It was a beautiful but horrible sight, ma chère Mouessie. I saw the beautiful Queen Marie Antoinette, so - young, so full of life, surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen and ladies. At first she was laughing and seemed happy. Then a darkness came over her, and she was crying and wringing her hands. She was on her knees begging for her life. Sbe was praying to God, not man. It grew darker still ; I could see no one for a time, and then I saw her walking out to be beheaded, and around her
were beautiful angels holding her in their hands and whispering beautiful things in her ears, and showing her the realities of their world, to make her forget the horrible dream she was in. I heard the ax fall. I saw the head roll in the dust, and then I saw Napoleon sitting in the same room she had occupied, and he was walking up and down, thinking of France and the Emperor, and how he could be both in one. As he walked I could see him scowl. At first 1 did not know why, and then I heard a voice, and I knew he heard it too. It said to him : "You have my place now. You will fail at last. Make me free and you will not fail." He looked everywhere for the voice, but he could not find it. I knew it came from the head that had rolled in the dust at the Place de la Concorde. Then you called me, and it all vanished. Can it be true that she is held here?"

James, who had been listening with silent eagerness, now spoke for the first time:
"I dinna doot it, my leddy. Once at Madeira, when my gude Master was talkin to me o' life an' death, he said whenever a puir body was taken awa' verra sudden they were bound to the body until the last bit of it was destroyed. I remember it weel, for he told me aboot a couple o' Moors he saw in the Alhambra, who had had their heads cut off a long while ago, an' they could na' leave the body, an' were sair miserable on account o' bein' held there. He prayed an' prayed till they were free, an' sae grateful were they to the blessed deliverer that they have been his protectors ever since."
"To return to the subject of breathing," said Cecil Hautrave, "I have tried it a little myself during the last few months, and I am convinced that it is a power. Just how much it can do, I am not qualified to say, but sure $I$ am that it clears the mind as much as it invigorates the body. I have proved to my own
satisfaction that I think more clearly, remember better, and feel more vigorous since I began it."
"Why did you not take me along? rather selfish to keep a good thing to one's self, don't you think so, Mrs. Glendenning?" and Montrose put on an injured air as he spoke. The other did not reply to him, but was talking in an undertone with Miss Glendenning. She was saying-
"If you once feel the inward power of vibrations, you will never go back. There is no such thing as going from light to darkness. When the Ancients pictured their god of day as making music with the strings of a musical instrument, it was buta pre-figuring of what is coming now to every son of man who has taken possession of his birthright as Son of God. His whole being, physical, mental, spiritual, is playing upon the unseen wires of the universe, until the vibrations reach farther and farther out, and finally touch the central Sun."
"I have not reached these lofty heights," replied her listener. "The very power I have cultivated most assiduously all my life, my intellect, is now my greatest foe. I cannot still the mind."
"The universal cry," was Zenia's reply. "The surging of a stormy sea is nothing to the restless mind-currents. To silence them, you must be dead in everything but heart. Feelfeel intensely, but do not think. When the heart alone is sending forth its vibratory waves, we receive into our innermost, the very essence of life. As the desire goes forth on the unseen wires, reaching out for God, there will meet it the return wave of divine melody, and, thus interpenetrating, we are fed by God and nourished into the real life."
"I can now see why you are willing to leave all that young people care for. You are enthusiastic because you have felt this Presence." Mr. Hautrave looked into her face and awaited.
her answer. It came in dreamy tones, as if she were lost to outward sense and sight.
"There is but one life. To know this is to live it. What you call leaving all is nothing of the kind. It would be learing all to be obliged to be a part of the world of externality. As the Scriptures saith-of the prodigal-when he found he had been living on husks, he said, 'I will arise and go to the Father,' but have you ever thought what a terrible thing it would be, if we were driven from the Father's house and forced to eat husks?"
"What are you two talking of? Mrs. Glendenning and I are going for a walk," called out Mr. Montrose; "will you go along?"
"Certainly. Lead on."
They rose to follow, still talking low and earnestly. The park was now alive with visitors, and as they passed a mother singing to her child, Zenia said :
"All ages, all nations, have one language for the babe. I wonder if there ever was a race of beings who did not sing to their children. Do you remember the passage in one of our modern writers, 'Song is the cradle of the stone, the world, the universe. The deeper and fuller song is the cradle of man and his living soul.'"
"I do not remember it. I presume I have never seen it. I have read no such books as you have read, I am sorry to say. I feel, when I talk with you, that I know absolutely nothing. What I have called knowledge seems mere foolishness, when I come against this higher and more subtle consciousness that you possess. If I could know what you know, I would leave all as you have done."

She looked up and smiled. "I see," she said, "it is impos-
sible to make you understand that I have not left anything. I have instead gained everything. Some day you will know what I mean, now let us talk of something else."
"Miss Glendenning, are you earth-born? Where is your home? You are so unlike all the young ladies I have ever known that at the risk of seeming rude, I must tell you that I do not believe you are of the ordinary clay of common mortals."

He was interrupted by her musical laugh rippling like a singing brook. Her mother glanced bock at the unusual sound, and seeing the two evidently absorbed in their own conversation, went on talking with Mr. Montrose, merely saying: "It is long since I have heard her laugh like that, and it makes me very happy."
"She seems always glowing with life. I had never noticed that she rarely laughs. Why should she not laugh?"
"Only because her mind is in a different realm from ours. As well ask why those snowy clouds above our heads lie still and peaceful, while the lower ones are flying along at the mercy of the winds. The one is in the lower realm ; the other so high no winds can reach it.
"It is so in life. The people with an earnest purpose and who are awakened, are not given to ups and downs. They are serene."
" You mystify me more and more. From the first day we met you, you and your daughter have made us feel that you have unlocked the door to another world, and while you have all that we common mortals possess, you have something more. Can you not, will you not, explain this and set our minds at rest? Am I not right?"
"If true, it is only true as an artist or a scientist knows and lives in a world that we do not. We might all have the same
did we but make the effort. If we have a realm that you have not, it is only because we have persistently groped toward light until we have found it. You too may do this; so may every one."
"Just what I was telling Professor Hautrave," joined in Zenia, who had now overtaken them. "He has been saying all sorts of extravagant things to me, too amusing to repeat!" and she glanced at her escort with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.
"We will prepare for lunch, and if the young gentlemen will secure us some coffee from the restaurant, or, better still, milk, we can enjoy a simple repast on historic ground."
"Do you mean that you have brought lunch with you!" exclaimed Mr. Hautrave.
"How delightful. A picnic at St. Cloud," echoed his friend.
"Not worthy the name of lunch to bona fide Americans, but you have lived here so long, and we have such simple tastes, that some nice sandwiches, some eggs and fruit will serve quite a petite dejeuner."

They had found a sheltered nook, and here upon the grass they spread out the contents of their lunch-basket. A few large elm leaves pinned together made excellent plates, and when the milk arrived, they sat down under flickering shadows, and never was a repast enjoyed more heartily. The conversation ran upon history, France, Germany, music, and art, but it was evidently kept there by an effort of the ladies. Suddenly Professor Hautrave broke in with,-
"You have not explained why I saw misty figures after our breathing, and Royal, here, saw nothing, Mrs. Glendenning."
" I am not sure that I know, but I should imagine that at the
time you let go of your intellectual forces more than he, and as soon as you were passive there came to your hitherto sleeping inner eyes a faint vision of what had been."
"But where was it? Came from where?" he persisted.
"From the Astral light, as we call it. Mind, I do not say this explains the difference. Only of one thing am I sure, and that is, all can develop this power."
"I wish I were more credulous."
"Try it and see for yourself."
"Where do you find all this knowledge? What books do you read?" asked the other.
"Real knowledge does not come from books."
"Ill make out a list of some books for them, Mouessie. You know there is much to be learned from them, although the higher comes not thence."
"Where is it to be found ?" queried Mr. Montrose.
"To answer you, I will quote from the Mystic Jacob Boehme."
"There, murder will out. What did I say?" exclaimed Montrose. "I knew they were mystics or Buddhists or Rosicrucians, or something of the kind. I have read ' Zanoni' and a few things on that line, and Imam quite prepared to see all sorts of phantasms. Will you make out the list now? I have pencil and paper."
"Some day at home I will think just what you would like best. Minds a little skeptical, you know, not too credulous:" here she smiled at Montrose, as if to say, "I understand you, you see," and continued, "such cannot be fed on the same food as weaker minds. If you could read but one book with no preconceived ideas of your own pressing for recognition, I am sure you would see enough to convince you of certain facts that would serve as a foundation for future action. Surely
there have been some very bright minds on the transcendental (if you call it so-I call it very practical) side."
"But what was the quotation from Boehme you spoke of?"
"It was this, or something to this effect-‘Spiritual knowledge cannot be communicated from one intellect to another. It must come from the universal Spirit' (which Emerson, you know, calls the Oversoul). Boehme says, 'It is not the intellect, but the Divine in us which gives us the knowledge of God and the Divine powers.'"
"But how to attain this?" asked Hautrave eagerly; "I have read the German Philosophy of the unconscious mind by Hartmann, and I know something of the principle, though the practical experience is to me utterly vague. What is the first step?"
"Do not believe him, Miss Glendenning; I know him too well for that. It is only because you are interested in it that he gives it a thought. Nothing is worth while to Cecil Hautrave that is not of the intellect pure and simple. I am a better candidate for the life of a mystic than he, for $I$ at least shall enter a profession that is the outgrowth of mysticism."
"Nevertheless, I feel the vibrations or tatwic changes of your mind much stronger than his."
"Which means that I am stronger-minded than he. Hear that, Hautrave."

The other said nothing. He sat quietly waiting for the little passage-at-irms to be ended, his dark eyes luminous with a tender feeling and looking out with a new purpose.
"This milk is delicious," said Mrs. Glendenning. "We have a long walk before us, and General thinks it time we started. See, he is waiting to lead the way."
"The days are long. We need not hurry. The twilight of June is the best of the day, you know."
"You forget, Mr. Montrose, that we have other duties and cannot spend all our time pleasuring. If we go to London in a week or two we must do many things first."
"And why not go together? It is much pleasanter traveling in a party. Go to Dieppe and New Haven, stop at Rouen, and see the cathedral there, the finest example of architecture of the twelfth century to be found in France, and then over the channel to England."

She was glad to have the conversation take a different line, and followed it up while getting their things together. Zenia, the General, and Prof. Hautrave had already started down the walk. James remained with Mrs. Glendenning. He had little to say when these young men were present. He had an unpleasant remembrance of their tour in Holland. As he watched the General and his party pass beyond a turn of the walk he muttered to himself:
"An' great luck will it bring to him. Wi' all his book-learning I would like to tell him it is of no use." Then he clapped his hand suddenly to his head and exclaimed, "What a puir weaklin' I am, not rememberin' my ain Maister's words, 'What belongs to me I will attend to, what does not, I will let alone.' I'll never be mair than a boy."

Mrs. Glendenning saw that something was on his mind, but, knowing it was not best to notice it, said nothing. No sooner had they gone beyond the sound of voices than Hautrave began, and now his expression was earnest and intense:
"I cannot talk of these things before others, but that I am greatly interestel in the subject I need not assure you, Miss Glendenning. From the time I first saw you in the Louvre until now you have haunted me like a ghost. I am not in the habit of following young ladies, but I want you to understand
me, for I am sure you can help me. I followed you to Chamouni, and then to Geneva, and Paris, and Holland, because I could not help it. My friend laughed at me and I should have laughed at myself, if I had not been so terribly in earnest. Then we went back to our studies for seven long months and never heard from you. I do not know whether you will believe what I am about to say or not, but it is true. All those months you were in my mind constantly. Sometimes I would see you as I saw you among the statues, sometimes as you are now, but always, and everywhere, you were apart from all others and from mo. I know all you would say. I have not the feeling toward you that I had at first. It was then a wild frenzy of admiration with the one desire to be near you, to see you, to hear you speak. That has gone. Something in your presence has killed out every thought of you as an ordinaxy woman, and when I asked you if you were born of earth, I was sincere; for to me there is something most unearthly about you. What drew me to you at first I fancied was some grace of movement, some tint of color or flash of eye. It might have been, but the real power lay back of that and came from a self I heard you call divine. I want this life. I have seen faint visions from a child, and I know there is a world in which I could find happiness that is lasting. Royal is a grand fellow, but he is born, as he himself says, under different stars; and not understanding these things, he laughs at them and thinks he has demolished them. Give me, as I said before, the first step. Teach me as you would teach a child, and some day I will know a little of what is such a power to you."

She looked into his face with a glance as quiet as though his words had been merest commonplace, and at the same time intense as though she would read him through and through.
"You are speaking truly, Mr. Hautrave. I see the new life has begun to waken. Whatever I can say to you to help it forward, be sure it will be given gladly. I know the light will come as soon as the windows are thrown open to welcome it. I also know the delight awaiting you. Your interest in me has been the reaching out for light which your soul fancied or felt it might find through me."
"Perhaps. We will not talk of that now. Enough that I see on what heights you walk and aim to reach them. I hear the voices that tell us the rest are near; tell me quickly the first step."
"To realize, to feel, to know, that we are nothing, and God is all. This achieved, the rest is easy, though the time required may be long. May you indeed master the first, that all others may obey yours. If thoughts can help, mine shall assist you."

She reached out her hand as she spoke, and takiug it he bowed over it as if in reverence. At that moment Royal Montrose, turning the corner of the walk, saw the action, and saying to himself, "After all she is a girl like other girls, and Hautrave has reached his goal," he called out to say, "We are proposing to go to the barracks and see the afternoon drill, unless you object."
"Not in the least," replied his friend, annoyed that his action might be misconstrued.
"And what do you say, Miss Glendenning?"
"Charmed, of course." Her reply was brief-her manner calm-there was no trace of embarrassment about her, and yet he had seen with his own eyes the tableau. As they walked he watched her. She was more silent than usual, and her thoughts seemed far away. It was not until the day was done, and in their own room at the hotel, that he could relieve his mind; and
when he did so, his friend turned on him with a severity quite toreign to his nature and silenced him by saying:
"Let me repeat your words to me, uttered many months ago, 'Don't be a fool.' Can you not see with half an eye that Miss Glendenning lives in a higher world than we? Can you imagine s man so lost to all sense, as to dare think of her as he would think of other wromen? I only hope some day to be worthy to be called her friend."
"Whew!" was his friend's reply, accompanied by a long whistle, "It is even worse than I thought. The case is hopeless."

Hautrave glanced at him with a look of mingled surprise and reproach, but said nothing. Zenia was saying at that moment to her mother:
"Another soul has been wakened into life, Mouessie. Professor Hautrave has started to live the Life:"

## CHAPTER XVI.

## INTERLUDE.

> "The stafl I lift with prayers for men And touch the living heart again; There Chriatos dwells, tn that bright form, He won from the sepulchral worm."

The visit to London was over, and memories of the beautiful Beaumaris home must be forever a part of each life that had enjoyed its cheer. Each day had been perfect in itself, unlike any of the others. James had remained in Paris with General, and Royal Montrose would have given special thanks for this, had not the presence of Beverly Beaumaris been even more unbearable. From the time he met Miss Glendenning at the station, and with outstretched hands had welcomed her, saying: "At last, Queen, we meet and on the soil of old England. From this day I swear fealty to thee as knight and subject," until he bade her farewell at Folkestone and was the last to touch her hand, he had been absorbed, and devoted to her at all times and in all seasons. He was perhaps thirty-five; not so handsome as his brother Laurence, but perfect in manner and bearing, and filled with a spirit of sincere goodness. Had he never known of Zenia Glendenning before, he would have recognized her power over his spirit the moment he saw her face, that face which Robert Browning would have called, "one out of thousands." His air of proprietorship, while it annoyed

Royal Montrose, greatly amused Laurence and Ethel. They were watching a bit of life's drama that was fast becoming tragic. At length, when it could be endured no longer, Royal said to his friend:
"I think it is deuced cheeky in Beverly to come over here, and just because he knows her brother, to act as if he, and he alone, held a mortgage on her time and affections."
"You forget how long they have sent messages as Prince and Queen. This gives him a prior right. As to affections, we have long ago decided they were out of the question, you know."
"I know you are almost as great an enigma as Zenia Glendenning. Sometimes I think, you are an idiot-_"
"Thanks_-"
"Hear me out. When we first saw her, you were a madman, ready to follow her to the ends of the earth, or jump from the Eiffel Tower for a glimpse of her. To-day, how is it? You see another come in and monopolize her without a thought of annoyance. Between you and Beverly, I think I shall lose my senses."

Cecil Hautrave smiled, and this so exssperated his friend that he left the room. It was true. Cecil had entered upon the path where self must be laid upon the altar of service. He had been well content with the quiet chats he had with Miss Glendenning on the one absorbing subject, and beyond this he did not trouble himself. His feeling to her was akin to adoration, and adoration knows no jealousy.

How different with his friend. From a fixed determination that he would not be interested in her, he had suddenly awakened to a consciousness that this girl was filling all his thoughts. It was a new experience to him. Heretofore this had not been. The lovely American and English girls in Leipsic did the ador-
ing. They attracted and held him by their accomplishments and fascinations a day, a week, a month, as the case might be; and then he eluded them. Here was one of a different type. She did not care whether he noticed her or not. She never thought of him, and seemed no more flattered by his attentions than by those of the Scotchman. The reault was as might be expected. He found himself thinking of her at all times. Now it was something she had said; again it was the starlight in her eyes; to-day it was her beautiful teeth, complexion, or hands; to-morrow-it would be her manner, her voice, her subtle soul-qualities. Sometimes he would keep at a distance for a day or two and devote himself to Ethel.
"I have something else before me than to dance to the music of even such a girl as Zenia Glendenning;" he would say to himself, or, "I'll let Cecil singe his wings if he chooses, but I'll keep at a distance." The next day, all this would be set aside and he would argue with himself, "I guess there's no danger. Have I ever been caught napping? I'll enjoy the good things the gods provide."

This would end by an attack on Hautrave, telling him to "brace up and not dawdle around her, and let Beverly carry her off, but either take the fort by storm, or else give it up;" ending with, "Do you know that you are not the same man you were a year ago?"
"Thank God!".broke from the lips of Hautrave.
"You'll not thank God for the heart-ache you are laying up for yourself. To-day, if that girl took it into her head to marry, it would not be you that she would choose; it would be far more likely to be that cousin of mine that she calls Prince. But you can comfort yourself with the thought-she has no idea of marrying any man."
"That is the only sensible thing you have said, Montrose. If you think I have an idea of marrying her, you are as far from the truth as one pole is from the other. She is a saint, and saints never marry."
"But saints sometimes fall from their high estate, and become ordinary human beings."
"Not such as Zenia Glendenning. She will become less earthly and more heavenly as the years pass. But come, they will be waiting. This is our last pleasuring in Merrie England.'

They were off for a day's jaunt. First to the Common beyond: Brixton Hills; then to Sydenham, where they could stroll and enjoy fresh air and freedom; a drive home-and a last evening together.

Royal Montrose was no longer the self-satisfied, lofty fellow that he had been. An observer could easily detect the spirit of unrest that had seized him of late, and with the loss of poise, much of his charm had vanished.

Ethel, the beautiful bride and hostess, had observed the change at once, and with her husband had not been long in locating the secret of it. To-day she determined to give him an opportunity to see her friend alone, which she knew could only be done by very shrewd maneuvering on her part. It seemed a mere chance that threw them together on the Common, but it was more than chance that arranged that they should drive home in the dog-cart.
"It will be such a favor if you will, dear," she had said to Zenia. "I want a little talk with your mother before you leave."

It was his chance and he seized it. The long conflict between love of self and love of Zenia Glendenning was at an end, and he began with,-
gle
"How long have we known each other, Miss Glendenning?"
She had never given him permission to use her other name, as she had his friend. She was thinking of this, and hesitated before replying,-
"More than a year, is it not?" looking up into his face as she spoke.
"Do you remember our first meeting?"
"In the Lourre? Yes, very well indeed. I remember saying to Mouessie you looked as if you might be Lord This or Lord That. You were very grand-looking then."
"And now?"
" $O$, I should never call you lordly now, for I know you better. After that we met in Chamouni, and when pater came, we together; you see I remember it all. My memory is the best gift I have."
"So it seems," he said, "and mine also. Let me tell you what I remember-the same facts, but the point of observation differs. Let me preface my recollections by a remark, which I do not intend as personal, but simply a truism. If I were to go to Egypt to-day, the Sphinx would not be more unintelligible to me than are you; yet it would not interest me as do you. I remember that day in the Lourre. I have somewhere the birds I copied in that Egyptian-room, as we sat behind a pillar, and I was laughing at my friend because he had been so infatuated; at first merely by your grace of motion, and after by your face as well. I remember all I said to him that night, and all the ridicule I heaped on him in Chamouni, and yet today I am more your slave than he. If I understood you better, or you were more like the young ladies I have known, I should know better how to say what I have in my mind; but you are so very different. You care for nothing the
ordinary young lady cares for, and therefore I will be frank with you and tell you that I love you. It has not been my own desire, for I have other aims than love, but it came, and I am conquered. Do not interrupt me. I know what you would say. I know you have some object to attain, though I do not know what it is, and my love shall be no hindrance. It shall be a help_-"

She interrupted him, saying, "Why, Mr. Montrose, I never-_"
"Let me finish. I know you have never dreamed of such a thing. You did not even notice me; I was of no interest to you. I have seen it all. Will you answer me truly a single question, Miss Glendenning? "
"Most certainly."
"Then tell me if you were ever in love? Has there been a time in your life when your very existence seemed to hang on the smile of some one else? When to miss that smile, was more than to have the sun blotted from the sky? Do you know anything of such a state? Have you ever dreamed dreams that were the most real of all realities?"

She caught his meaning, and for his sake she would not only answer truly, but explicitly. Her brief dream of love had long since been forgotten, or remembered as an episode in her life. So, without a tremor in her tones, she replied:
"No woman lives twenty-one years without having loved. I feel that I can say this, for my life was as guarded as that of cloistered nun. Not that I was denied any pleasure or freedom; but with two brothers and my parents to idolize me, I never was thrown with strangers alone. Yet, Love came to me, and I knew every height of its highest flight, every depth of its anguish. I am different from others, older, and more
capable of deep feeling than many. At sixteen I met my fate. You will smile when I tell you I was engaged, and had thirty days of what I called paradise; yet, in it all, I never met my lover alone. Having seen the close union existing between my mother and myself, you may be able to comprehend that I could not enjoy love without her presence. I need not say more. A shipwreck of his father's name and fortune took them to a distant country, and I can assure you I know all a heart can suffer from a disappointment of that kind. It has left nothing but a memory, and I smile now to think it pained meso; for, in my brothers' love I have had an unselfish devotion that no one else could bring me, and in my parents' I have unfailing happiness. I will not speak of my mother. She is my world. Why should this have been thrust into my life? To teach me how unsatisfactory is the human. At that time I longed to die. I thought all life's sweetness and beauty had gone. But my world is a myriad times more lovely now, for it will endure forever. At this time, we-Mouessie and I-caught a glimpse of a great Light. We followed its leading, and in this and her love is a constant heaven. I have thanked God a thousand times for my experience, for I know all that human love can bring of joy or wretchedness. One hour of my present life will outweigh all personal attachment that could be crowded into threescore years and ten."

He looked into her face. It was calm, and she did not blush. He took courage, "For," said he to himself, "the old love is all dead." Something of his old manner came back, and in a more assured tone he said,-
"You have risen on the stepping-stone of your dead self to higher things,-as Tennyson puts it. Hear me speak. That you loved so deeply then, proves your capacity to love now-__"
"Hush. You must not speak like that. I told you my little story, when I should not even speak of myself."
"But I cannot keep still. You must hear me out. I will talk sense; I am no fool. I know what you would say, and I would echo your words, 'I too have other plans,' but let us understand each other. Three years hence, when I have position and influence as a rector of a large church, you, with your devotion and earnestness, could be the power behind the throne. In the true Church, as my wife, your gifts would find expression in a way you scarcely dream of. You need promise nothing. I am content to bide my time. I have watched your every thought and movement-your radiance, and unselfish earnest-ness-until I have sometimes doubted if you were human. And when I tell you that it is this which has won my love, and that never before have I told any woman what I now tell you-that Ilove you-shall always love you and you alone, I think I am at least worthy of your consideration."

He said no more. Deep feeling overcame him. He awaited some word from her lips. It came.
" Impossible."
"What do you mean?" His tone was almost fierce, as he leaned forward to catch every word.
"Our paths lie apart. Our mere wills could not change them. People who walk in different paths cannot touch each other's lives. You have chosen your work according to your nature, within the confines of church organization-of ceremonies, creed, and ritual; my work is more simple, and lies among the byways of the world, wherever a wound can be healed or a seed sown. I must show my love to God by love to His children."
"And you do not think the Church does this? Look at her eleemosynary institutions, her missions and charities__"
" 1 was speaking of love."
"Has she no love?"
"I return the question,-Has she? Yet I know some churches that shine as suns in the world, thank God."
"Would she give her money so freely without love?"
"It is easy to give that which costs us little. When the Church gives herself, then the world will know she loves. To give a little money, or teach a class in mission, or sew and make garments for the poor, talk to few women or children once a week, and organize clubs-this is not love's way of expressing itself. Love never faileth. Love knows neither weariness nor discouragement. All things vanish, but love abides. We have only to look in the family to see what love is. By night, by day, in all ways and at all times, the mother carries upon her heart the child of her love. She never asks, 'Have I not done enough ?' but rather, 'What more can I do?' This is what love means, and though I am not criticising the Church except as you have forced me to explain myself, I can assure you that I will gladly work within her walls when she has this spirit of sacrificing love toward the world."
"Your views are the views of an extremist, my dear Miss Glendenning. Surely you must see that what you speak of is a state of things belonging to another age; it is the dream of an enthusiast."
"You are quite right, Mr. Montrose, and I have dedicated my little life to help bring in the new age when this love will be possible. You stand where the Church of to-day stands, and have numbers on your side, and in numbers there is a feeling of security, but one with God is a majority, you know."
"And you believe the time will come when these things shall be?"
"As surely as I believe the world is ever outgrowing its imperfect conditions, and becoming more perfect. If any one believes in evolution, he must believe this."
"It is a long way off yet. There will be many cataclysms, social, financial, and religious, before we can hope to see this universal love prevail, of which you speak and dream."
" A thousand years are as a day in His sight. The waiting is not tedious to Him, who sees the end from the beginning, but the blessing is great to those that work for its accomplishment. You speak of universal love as a wild dream, or a poet's fancy, yet if Jesus taught anything, he taught this. Would it lessen our love for our own, to love every one else? Does it take from the mother's love for her first-born when another child comes to her home. Multiply this endlessly, and the love never weakens by giving out. Ah, as the old Master used to say : 'How soon the world would be redeemed if her children would love freely.' Have you ever thought that the Christians of to-day say one thing and do another? They pray to be like their Father in heaven, and never take a step in that direction. They are always reaching up after something higher. They want more money, greater influence, an increase of knowledge, everything on the upward line, while the All-Father whom they profess to imitate is always reaching down. He cannot reach up. Are we content to give up all thought of advancementand go down to those who need us? Does God love a few? Does He love even by classes or churches? Does He not send his blessings on all alike? Does He not love with a universal love? To be like Him, must we not do the same?"
"I see. I see. You would bring about Utopia at once if such ideas gained a hold. Where is the promise of such a state?"
"In His purposes, for they never fail. There are to-day on this earth those whose one aim is to be God-like. In Asia, in Africa -aye in the isles of the sea-are those who love with a universal love every living thing that has breath. That live to keep truth and love alive, until this new age is strong enough to receive it. They come and go among the haunts of men to bless all human kind."
"But is it not selfish to live apart, and keep from the world knowledge that it needs?"
"They are but stewards. When the Master says, 'Give out,' they will pour it out like water, for they live only to bless. We cannot send a child to college until it has learned to read, and men must master the spiritual alphabet before they can be taught advanced truth."
"You speak of this age as near at hand_-_"
"It is here. We have already entered its portal. But the world is still sleeping, as unconscious of its condition as a sleeping child. It will soon awake and know that the time for justice has come. The age of proffered love is passed. Ten, twenty years will bring great changes; so the Masters tell us. Cyclic changes cannot be measured by finite minds. This is the seventh cycle. The Cycle of cycles, and already the Quickening Spirit, is abroad in the land. O, that men would see and know! Then would they praise the Lord for his marvelous works to the children of men."

She spoke with the glow of inspiration, and became silent. Her eyes were fixed on the sky, and she seemed to see where her companion saw nothing. His words recalled her to her surroundings.
"Every word you utter tells me you are destined for me, and me alone. With you for my inspiration, what can I not do? I
will do all-be all you say, if you but give me hope. Do not now give me your answer. As I said before, we can wait."

She shook her head quite slowly.
"And were I to choose some other path, and not be in the Church, what then?"
"It is not your work, it is your-_"
"Self-do not be afraid to say it. I understand."
"No, not yourself, your real self, but the motive of your life. We are not keyed to the same note, and until we are, there can be no harmony. You think, live, believe, by the head; I must feel, love, serve, from the heart. The two never meet in church or out, except by being at one in Spirit."
"You puzzle me more and more. I will become as spiritual as mortal man can possibly be. I will breathe, meditate, do all that you do. You surely do not dislike me?"
"Fur from it, I like you, and more than this: if I was called to choose from all the men I know, one most congenial, I should say, 'Let it be Royal Montrose.' But I am not choosing. My mind is centered on something far removed from matrimony, or self, or mere pleasure. I must do my work."
"Alone? Would it not be better done with a strong heart to sustain you? You surely do not think it wrong to marry? You are much too sensible to hold such a ridiculous notion. Tell me more fully your views. It is my due. I have loved you against my own will. I will wait years, but some day you will be my wife."

She glanced at his face. His mouth was firmly set, and on his brow resolve was plainly written.
"Five years ago, I saw a light; it was small and dim, but it was light. I arose to follow its leading. That light has grown brighter, and the old paths are now left behind. I live in a
new world. Its inhabitants are real ; they are immortal, and I am one of them. I. have learned to distrust intellect. I have proven the fact that I am a child of God, with powers capsble of unlimited development and use. This, not because I am a member of some church, but because I feel the thrill of the Oversoul in my heart. Knowing this, I must work while it is day. I am nothing, but the Life that uses me is All in All."
"I believe all this. I too have chosen this work."
"But I must work in the by-ways and follow in the steps of my Master."
"So would I. I am sure that in lineage, brains, cultureall that makes a worthy man-I am worthy to be your husband. Love is not so plentiful that one can afford to throw it away."

He was now his old self, proud and poised. She raised her head, her eyes glowing like stars, and extending to him her hand, said, as if speaking of some one else :
"I am destined for other things, Mr. Montrose. I am not insensible to the high honor you have done me; for when a man like you asks a woman to be his wife, it is an honor. No man will ever call me wife. Not because I think it wrong to marry, but because I have tasted of love, and its taste was bitterness and ashes. When we can love as angels, the sweetness will last. Human love, like the apples of Sodom, is beautiful without and ashes within."
"But I would love you thus. To me you are not human."
"Hush! I have done all in my power to take the bitterness of denial from my words. Beyond this I cannot go."
"And I will wait. I will reach your own plane. You shall yet be mine, and be happy. Zenia Glendenning is the only woman who will be my wife. You know my will : what will it
not do when urged on by a love as intense as ever burned in mortal breast?"
"And I know a love that urges you even more. Love of fame, position, worldly success. To lay these on the altar of a Divine Life would cost an effort you could hardly make."
"You shall see. You will marry me when I have attained this?"

He leaned forward, eagerly as a child reaches for food, and in her eyes came a great tenderness as she said:
"In that state, marriage means only the rapport of two souls that beat as one. Nos let me tell you about my brother Floyd, of whom you have heard us speak so often. Last evening his letter was a grievous wail. The ashes are already reached, and he is in despair. I am sorry for the dear boy-he is such a bit of sunshine-and it seems too bad to have him know any shadow. It seems she shows symptoms of a family malady quite alarming, and all thoughts of marriage must be laid aside until her health is fully established. He writes: 'All the delight of love-all my rapture and joy-are as nothing to the anguish I feel now.' You see what I mean? I am not very wise, but when a small child, I found my dolls were stuffed with saw-dust."
"I see. Your heart has burned its fires out. You can never love again. I will not ask love. Be my wife, and let me love you and make you happy. At least tell me the real aim of your life."
"Use," came from her lips, as they drove up, and she stepped from the cart.

Telling her mother that night, of all that had been said, she added:
"If I had not been fortified by those seven months in Madeira, I fear I might have yielded to his importunity, for you know, Mouessie, he is very attractive. As it is, I am saved."
"And you will not regret it, darling?"
"No, indeed, but if a miracle should lead him into the real life, I should be proud and happy to be his wife. One need not live like a nun to be' earnest. Do you remember what Odiardo told us one day? That when a woman knocked for admission to these orders, every kind of temptation was thrown in her way to turn her aside, and if young, she would have two or three most eligible offers of marriage. I have now had my number, and henceforth I hope the question of marriage will not be thrust upon me."

There was a tone that said more than the words, and her mother detected it. Could it be that she had more than a passing interest in the handsome Montrose?

In her sleep that night, Zenia tossed her arms to and fro, and murmured:
"I want peace. I want peace." And the mother, with clasped hands prayed:
"Give her thy peace, O God."
Thus had ended the visit to London, and now they were again in Paris, waiting for orders. The young men had gone on a walking-tour through the Highlands, and were not sure of meeting them again. In park and suburb they reveled in nature's delights, and with the glorious days grew strong in spirit. The world had never been so beautiful before. Even the boys across the sea began to show a tender longing for things they had always laughed at, and Mr. Glendenning was a surprise to all who knew him.

As the October days drew near, the Leipsic students returned. They were changed. Cecil Hautrave was calm, firm, nnd earnest. His friend was calm, but it seemed forced. Zenia understood the one, but the other she could not read at first.

They were going once more to St. Cloud, as they had done that pleasant day many weeks before. The leaves were changing to russet tints. A chill was creeping through the air. Travelers were now leaving Paris for Rome and the Riviera, but still our Americans were waiting. With wraps, and books, and lunch, they started for the park, where wretched royalty had walked with aching hearts. They strolled through the deserted walks of the palace; they sat once more in silence overlooking the gay city. Each thought of that first day together here, and was contrasting it with the present hour. Hautrave was gratefully thinking of his growth on new lines ; Montrose was comparing the indifference then with his forced indifference now. He knew that Zenia had dropped the subject of his love forever; that she treated him in that halffriend, half-brother manner that she gave to his friend, but this did not please him, and his forced calmness made him irritable. More than ever, there was but one woman in his world, and that woman was Zenia Glendenning.

They were strolling under the trees after lunch, and happening to see a golden leaf on the ground, she picked it up and said tenderly:
"Why were you so unwise as to live at such speed, my little leaf? Better to live at a normal rate, than to quicken vibration and be the first to fall."
"Yes, and a mortal would do well to heed the words you utter, Miss Glendenning. Can you tell me how to quiet the vibrations of intense feeling? Shall I acknowledge, St. Zenia, for you are a saint, that I have not slept soundly for weeks?"

She interrupted him with-
"Why, I-"
"Yes, I know. I seem calm, but it is the calmness of a
summer's day that heralds a cyclone. The tempest is not for the public. It is for my own amusement, and you are ruining a useful life with your saintly ways and unearthly career. I have lost interest in my calling, my future, my life. Are you ready to answer for all this? Can you not bid me hope? It is all I ask."
"I have already said, that when we meet in the same orbit I am yours."
"God bless__-"
At that moment the rest, coming by a different path, joined them, and from that moment Montrose was the life of the party.
"What do you think Mr. Hautrave has been asking me?" said Mrs. Glendenning, as she approached her daughter.
"I am sure I cannot tell. What?"
"He wishes me to tell him who the Masters are, and how they came to be such wise men."
"Yes, I think if such gifts are within the possibility of ordinary mortals, we should know how to attain them. I am sure I would sacrifice almost anything to have such powers as you describe."
"What did you tell him, Mouessie?"
"Only that they were beyond ordinary words to describe; I should never dare tell all they know and do."
"Yet, in a general way, it would do no harm to tell how they project themselves to any distance; how they read and interchange thoughts across mountains; or send solid substances through the ether; or heal diseases by a thought-wave, or step into the world of disembodied spirits as easily as we step into the next room."
"And you know this to be true? It sounds like a page from the 'Arabian Nights,' Miss Zewia."
"That is why we never speak of their works. Yet there is nothing supernatural about it, and if we would follow the law we could reach the same heights of power and true life."
"I would leave all else, did I but know surely I should reach that state," said Hautrave earnestly, almost solemnly.
"I am too young to speak on subjects of such vast import," said Zenia, "but I think if you knew what that means-to leave all-you would hesitate. It means : to leave home and kindred, and what men call joy and ease; it means a long journey over rugged paths, alone and forsaken by human help; it means crucifixion."
"But who could not bear it with such a goal in view?"
"Odiardo told me of the early life of the Hierophant of the Orderi Egyptian, and I will give it an outline, that you may see what I mean. Odiardo had it from an Ancient from Asis. He said to him: 'There has never been a Sage or Socalled Adept, who has not attained the height through physical and mental suffering, too terrible to describe. Moses, forty years in solitude; Elijah, alone on the Mount of God; Daniel, in the den of lions; are all types of those who would climb the paths that lead to knowledge. The Prophet Zelo was one of those mentioned by Odiardo. He is now one of the most holy of holy men, an aged man, preparing to go forth into the spiritual world. Each day, from two to four hours are passed among the disembodied intelligences, laboring for them as he labors with those in the body, and then the work of helping mortals here is resumed. Perhaps no sage in all the world can leave his body at any time, remain absent as long as he chooses, return at pleasure, and then remember what he saw while absent, as does Zelo, the prophet of the mountain. Yet this wonderful man has never known any kind of
human love. His mother died when he was born. From a babe he showed peculiar gifts, that made him an object of dislike, and because of these his father hated him. He was shut up in the dark; was beaten because he said he saw beautiful beings, and when nothing would injure him, was bound to a cruel captain of a ship at the age of twelve, when a mere babe. It was the old story of Herod killing the infant child Jesus. Even the rats came to his lonely room and bit him on the temple till he bled nearly to death. As he grew in years, the horrors grew also. Beatings, cold, hunger, were now his daily food. The recital of his physical sufferings would make the coldest heart ache, and as he grew to manhood the war over his soul nearly maddened him. Had he not, at the early age of fifteen, had a vision of God in a lonely wood, he would have taken his life. But from that moment he could bear all martyrdoms, and lived on and on. When others would have been striving for wealth, fame, or worldly honors, he was preaching to the prisoners east and west. When others were enjoying the pleasures of the world, he was healing the sick; and, at last, came fame, honor, wealth-poured upon him like a flood; but it was when all that could respond to them had died. To-day he lives in a grotto near Chamouni, ministering to souls seeking light, and being ministered unto by angels without number. Would you care to pass such ordeals, to reach his height?"
" And the other?" asked Mr. Montrose.
"Much the same. A story of solitude, isolation, homelessness. With sufferings more severe on the mental side, and not so terrible on the physical. He is a man of few words, but his presence is a benediction. To see his smiling face you would say he was the happiest man in the world; yet, ask farther, and you will find his home is wherever his duty lies; and like the

Prophet Zelo he has never knowin woman's love, as mother, sister, or wife. They both saw the Unseen, and this nerved them to endure. When cruelty and venom could not kill, those who saw marveled, because they did not know he was a child sent here for a purpose; while he, who was to be one of earth's great prophets, fell upon his face exhausted and fainting. It was: then he heard the words : 'Bear on. Drink the violet cup, child. After that, the staff shall be yours.'
"These men already know what day they shall depart; and this without a touch of weakness or disease. The younger brother moves among the haunts of men, with face aglow with love and joy. He talks as well with bird or beast as with his. human friend; the reptiles come to him for love, and wild ferocious beasts, and timid things from forests dark. They know him well, and he can tell you what they say. To everything on earth he gives what never has been given to him-love. "Think you these gifts have come at once? Think you, he has not paid the price? All that is worth our having must come from suffering. It is easy to look at the sun and say, 'Magnificentl' To look at ripened souls and envy them the powers they possess; but the one began with gaseous atoms and the other came, we know not whence, but each has grown by the same law-the law of persistent purpose and overcoming."

As she ceased, her listeners sat motionless. At length Mr. Hautrave spoke, and his voice was tender with deep feeling.
${ }^{6}$ You have taught me a most valuable lesson, Miss Zenia. I felt that power was to be sought; that gifts were to be seized, but I did not think of their value weighed in pain and suffering. I am not equal to such trials. I should be a coward, and give up all. I shall never ask for wisdom like these men you tell us. of. Some time, I may be more courageous. Somewhere, I may
find light. Somehow, I may be more like you. I dare not wish for more than this."
"It is not power, or even wisdom: it is joy in doing the work given us to do," replied Zenia, with hands crossed, and eyes looking dreamily outward.

Montrose sought to turn the conversation, by asking Mrs. Glendenning to tell him what had been the most astonishing thing she had seen done by any of these Masters. She paused before replying, and then said:
"I have seen so many things that you maight call impossible, that I could scarcely name a single one. Perhaps the one most startling to me at the time, might not prove so now, when more accustomed to the workings of law. We were sitting on the terrace at Madeira, a few of us, around the Master. Odiardo was there, and so was Fillippi, and a few others. It was the hour of sunset, and the colors were most brilliant. Not a cloud could be seen, and over our heads was the clear sky, tinted in every hue. Suddenly, as the twilight deepened, we saw something like a tiny spark or star floating far above us in the air. It paused just above our heads, and slowly fell to the ground at the feet of Number Eight. He stooped to pick it up, and found it was a tiny egg-shaped basket, tightly closed, with one end burned, and opening in the middle. As he opened it, we gathered round, and saw, upon the cotton that filled it, a magnificent gem, blazing out upon us. No one seemed astonished but ourselves, and as the Master listened to the voice of his familiar, he called Odiardo to his side, and laying the gem within his hand, said:
""This has come from the Alhambra. From the mound of buried treasures, and it is for thee-a reward of thy patience and meekness. Wear it next thy heart, and see thou tell no man.'"
"And you believed what he said?" asked Montrose, with a touch of scorn in his tone. "You did not see that it was all a piece of clever jugglery to impress your mind?"
" He could not he false in word or deed. If he were, his light would be removed from its place. I know that I saw it ; I know it was what he said. I have seen many things more wonderful since, but none that made such an impression as did that."
"I cannot believe such things are right. They savor of what the Church calls ungodly works, soothsayers, and witchcraft."
"You forget that we are to try the powers, and hold fast those that are good. Do you think we have been injured by our belief?"
"I cannot say that, of course. You are both exceptional, and very lovely, but this development of interior gifts I feel must be dangerous."
"When you find any one less Christ-like because of it, I will agree with you. My experience has taught me that the people on this line live a life of unselfishness you do not find elsewhere."
"In the first place, I do not believe in these superhuman powers, and if there are such, I should believe they were evil."

He was sitting on an iron bench as he spoke, and suddenly felt himself lifted from the ground. He had not observed that James had laid a small object on the seat and was resting his hand upon it. At first the astonished young man could not speak; then he began to call on Cecil to pull him down, and his friend, trying, found his entire strength had not the slightest effect."
"For heaven's sake, help me out of this infernal seat," cried Montrose.
"An' ye'll own ye believe in some'at ye dinna ken aboot, will ye, mon?" said James, removing the scarabæus and letting the seat down to terra firma again.
"I believe it is the devil's own work, and if you do not get out of his clutches you will all be lost. Follow my advice, and throw that thing into the fire. I neither know nor care. I only know that such things are not according to God's law."
"Then there must be another Governor. I tell ye, mon, ye are an ignoramus. There is but one law, for there is but one God. D'ye think ye ken a' there is to ken? Are ye as wise as the Almighty? There are powers aboot ye, that ye ken not of, an' they are mair than those ye see. That little beetly once belonged to a king of Egypt. He kenn'd a' the wisdom in the warl', an' when he was dead, they buried the beetle in his tomb. It has been there thousands o' years, and seemed to be filled with unco power. When the tomb was opened it was sent to the wise man, an' my ain Maister laid it in my han' and said I must never use it unless in a great emergency. I fear I did un-wisely-but I was sair vexed at your sayin' ye didna believe. It has muckle power, an' can do mair than you think."
"Again I say, the devil is in it. You will lose your immortal souls if you go on in this way
"Hoot an' awa' wi' ye, mon. What are ye sayin'? Hoo daur ye say sic things an' yerself as ignorant as a bairn just born? How can a bairn o' darkness sense the light o' day _-"
"Hush, James. You are losing your temper, and that would be worse than all," said Mrs. Glendenning.
"Who can haud his temper at sic times, an' he a Scotchman? To think o' sic as he, callin' my blessed Master sic names! The Lord forgive him for the sin !"

Royal Montrose had now walked over to the young lady, and began expostulating with her earnestly on the danger she was in, but before he had uttered a sentence, General came to her with
a beautiful staff, which he laid in her hands. The top of it was a sistrum and the ornaments were of silver. With the staff came a note from Zelo, saying-
"The time has come for thee to arise and go into Egypt."
Had an aerolite fallen in their midst, the astonishment could not have been greater.
"Do you mean you must go away?" asked Hautrave.
"Where did the dog find it?" queried Montrose.
James was rocking himself to and fro, muttering to himself-
"If we had gone sooner, I wouldna ha' lost my temper, an' noo I am in disgrace forever. Wha could ha' dreamed I would ha' fallen so soon-an' a' because I was lifted up by pride and wantin' to show the power o' the beetle."

They gathered up their things and went back to Paris to make ready for an early departure for the South of France and thence to Egypt. A spirit of gloom had fallen on the young men and James, while Zenia and her mother walked with joy in their faces, and the sistrum grasped in the young girl's hand imparted new strength to her purpose.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## ANTHCIPATION.

> The aternal pyramids, Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoever of strange Sculptured on alabaster obelisk, Or Jusper tomb, or mutilated Sphinx; Dark Ethiopia on her desert hills conceals. Bub ever gazed And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw The thrilling secrets of the birth of Time.

Skexiey.
" On, my bonny leddy, what would my blessed Master say if he knew that I lost my temper and fell into sic grievous sin? But could a saint help it? much less a puir miserable mon? To hear those conceited fellows talk when they knew nothing, was too much for flesh and blood. The Lord forgive me for the temper, and I know it will be long before I reach the old place again."
"Do you think the Master did not see it all, James? And then the other greater Master, can we hide aught from Him? The young men were not as much to blame as we. They knew no better, and we had been taught the law of Silence. I blame myself for what seemed more your fault. As the Master has always said, if we cast our pearls before swine, they will forsooth first trample our sacred things in the mud, and then turn and injure us. I was too anxious to have my friends see the light."
"I am aye thinking what the Master will say. It seems as if his words are mair to me than the words of God."
"Beware, friend James," interposed Mrs. Glendenning. "If you think so much of his words, you are thinking of the personal man, and that will injure."
"I know it. I am like a puir weak babe, trying to walk alone and always tumbling doon. I am glad that we shall soon be awa' from this land of show, and things external, among the wise men again. I hate the world, for it always makes me weak."
"That was the way the holy men of the past felt, when they fled into monasteries, but we are to stand our ground and be conquerors," replied Mrs. Glendenning. "I think Zenia and the dear General are the only ones who will not break many times. You, James, are so easily moved to anger and ny heart turns so often to my home-loves that the best we can do are very poor."
"But time is nothing, you know, darling;" said Zenia. "If one falls a little behind, what does it matter, if the purpose is the same. Now that we are really bound for Egypt, we can keep the eye single. The Master always said 'a backward-looking tree is not a growing tree, and we must not look backward."

They were on the vessel bound for Alexandria, and the time was in the short autumnal days, when in our land the chill of coming winter is already felt, but on the Mediterranean, oh, how different! Days beginning in sunshine and ending in glorious tints. Perfumes stealing into the senses so subtly as to defy identification and analysis, and mingling with the colors of sky and sea until the dullest soul could easily be made to feel that sound was color and color was sound. The splashing of the water from the wheel, the cry of the sailors, the near noises of the deck, would have drowned all distant harmonies to the
ordinary ear, but our little trio, sitting in a retired part of the deck, could silence the external and catch notes of the divine harmonies that seemed to flood this place. The staff brought to Zenia at St. Cloud was rarely out of her hand, and as she grasped the sistrum she could feel the vibratory notes of ancient times stirring her soul to more intense harmony with all Egyptian cult. Her soul, her very being, was uplifted by the touch. She floated on and on, in higher realms, until called back by the voice of James Aberdeen, lamenting his spiritual downfall at St. Cloud. Another day and they would be amid scenes of man's earliest history in distant Egypt. It was sunset. Only those who have seen the lights of day fade into the colors of evening on the Mediterranean can realize the meaning of these words. Iridescent, opaline tints, blending, changing, transforming, clothed the West in a glory beyond words. And the East, catching these up by laws of refraction, touched every filmy cloud with the same tones multiplied and intensified. Others were exclaiming, or chatting, or promenading; but the trio on the deck were silent and motionless. They had been too long under the training of the Master at Madeira, had seen too many sunsets from the terraces and heard them played by Odiardo, to lose the exquisite vibrations of a scene like this. Zenia's face was transfigured, and the tints of the sky seemed to touch her golden hair in a radiant halo.

Ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed, and neither of the three spoke or moved. When the fires burned low along the western horizon, and a gray hue told of approaching night, a long-drawn breath escaped as from a single breast, and they became conscious of their near surroundings.
"Gray, gray, the world is all gray, and color itself is dead," said Mrs. Glendenning half mournfully.
"Not dead, merely changed into another key. A minor tune for hearts bowed down," replied Zenia.
"Or for those hidden in the bowels of the earth," said James, * who never see a setting sun, and ken naught of either color or music. Just the sound of pick and shovel, and the voices of masters swearing, and the dripping of waters. Oh, if such as these could see the bright sunlight, and the sights we have just seen, how their hearts would leap for joy, and they would find God as they looked."
"But none of these on deck have found Him in the beauty of the scene; why should the toilers in the mines?" asked Zenia.
\% True, my leddy, I had not thought of that. And well I know it was in the blackness of death I found Him my ain self. It just seemed as if to those who had never seen a glorious sunset, it must seem like the gate of Heaven."
"How few are led by joy and light, James. We all grope in the dark, and happy are we if we find the true light in the groping. Through the door that opened for my child many years ago, I caught a glimpse that ravished my soul, and in the gtrength of that glimpse I have walked on and on, but the idols of my being will not yield to the rightful owner, and I know that I shall fail of highest earthly attainment in this life because of my divided allegiance. I am glad that an earnest purpose and a consecrated heart will be accepted by the Master in Heaven, if not on earth."
"Dinna be discouraged, my good leddy. It is the humblest that is aye exalted. If the Lord gave ye children, he meant that ye should love them. It is far worse and mair disheartening to climb a wee bit up the pathway, and then, by losing the grip on your temper or being too free wi' your tongue, find yoursel' not only at the bottom but bruised like a punished bairn. Think of
the staff of the dear Master! When I think how he came to me in the sair grief I was in, and lifted me up and gave me hope, I shall never forget it and the day I left America, and he came down to see me off. He carried his staff in his hand, and when I asked him what it meant he looked in my eyes as if he would see my very heart, and holding it in his hand before me he snid, - When I hold a staff like this, I hold in my hands a sign of all things manifested and unmanifested.' Now, who but a man without brains but would have known that he was a wise man? And when he greeted me in Madeira I could have fallen to the ground to think I had been sae blind as not to ha'e seen. The same staff was in his hand, and one day he said to me, 'Shall I tell you about this staff, my son?' And then he showed me the silver horn of power, that no man can carry till he has overcome all the desires and ambitions of his lower nature, and he told me to count the silver knobs that represented these desires. There were ninety-two, and the serpent of wisdom was below, and the horn of power above them, and all had been overcome, or, as he said, made a stepping-stone to the higher self. It took my breath awa', and when he saw it he smiled and said: 'There are long ages in eternity. Begin now to overcome. When the voice of the soundless sound is heard, and the feet do not falter, you too shall have a staff, and one by one the desires will be overcome and the silver signs placed on it.' But noo I have lost all hope. I shall never have a staff, for I shall never learn to master myself. How can I ever meet his eye again?"
"By taking a new covenant and keeping silent. If you give up, he will indeed be grieved."
"If I were only dumb like that faithful creature by your side, I would at least not sin with my tongue." "But you could not know the height of a conqueror over self, and you would
not be content with the measure of light given to the dear dog;" added Mrs. Glendenning. "We had best go below and getsome sleep, for in the morning we shall be in Alexandria, and we must be ready for new sights."

It was early morning when the steamer came in sight of Egypt, and many of the passengers were stirring, eager for their first sight of the land of the Pharaohs. It was not the history of her past, nor her buried greatness, nor her Pharaohs, nor Cleopatras, nor Cæsars, nor yet her pyramids or magnificent architecture, her obelisks and ruins, that filled the mind of the young traveler who bared her face to the Eastern sun, as it crept above the horizon and threw its beams upon the city of Alexandria. With her golden hair lit like an aureole; her eyes fixed upon some vision of the mind, her soul warmed into ecstasy by the hour and place, and a light kindling the eyes that rivaled the blue of the skies, Zenia Glendenning was as unconscious of her surroundings as if buried in the dreamless sleep of night. Through her mind was moving a panorama, not of external things, but of pageants long passed, when Isis and Osiris were in their glory; and a meaning long since forgotten was hidden beneath the sacred rites of their temples. She was no longer flesh and blood. She was a spirit-a memory. She saw herself moving near the altar. She saw old Atlanteans among the worshipers. She saw Isis as the Mother-God, crowned amid great anguish, and then there burst on her ear such rapturous strains of divine melody, that she raised her hands and reached them toward the sky, and suddenly became awake to the outer world. She knew the music she had heard was the harmony of ages long passed, and became conscious that in her subliminal self she had crossed centuries in a few moments of time.

They were all now alive to the scenes before them. Mosques, 20
obelisks, forts, palaces, lined the shore, while shipping of many lands formed a screen before, and a cloudless sky the background of a view never to be forgotten. As they steamed into the harbor, it was impossible to remain unmoved before such a clamor of tongues and variety of costume.
"Where are we to go when we land ?" asked Mrs. Glendenning of her daughter, as she saw the passengers preparing to go ashore.
"We shall be led, Mouessie. Remember Chamouni and Madeira."
"Hoot, my leddy. D'ye ken who that is in the boat yonder? Do my een fail me, or is it Fillippi? Whaur has he came from, an' hoo came he here?"

Thoy turned their heads in the direction he was looking, and there in n gay boat was their old friend from the Hermitage, who soon came alongside, and was on deck shaking hands with them.
"An' hoo did ye ken whaur to fin' us, mon. We didna ken ourselves that we were comin' till we started. Hoo glad I wad be to be here, if I had na' been sic a puir weak bairn!"

They gleaned, from what the young man said, that he had left Madeira soon after their departure, and had been in Egypt ever since, waiting for orders. Egypt was home to gentle Fillippi. He had been brought hither by a wise man when a mere child, and because of his rare gifts of clairvoyance and intuition he had always remained among the Brothers. Sometimes he would be sent to Madeira, or the Lombard Hills, for a brief time, to perform some service there, and then returned to Egrpt once more. A server without thought of self; with the child-heart ever guiding him, this man, whom worldlings would have called half-witted, was greatly honored by the wise men of earth. He now led the way to his dahabeah, and soon the little party were at home on its deck, and the boat began to move.
"I shall never again doubt," ejaculated Mrs. Glendenning, as they seated themselves. The hour was noon, and from midheaven the rays of the sun fell directly upon desert, sea, and city, alike. The Nile, with its mystery of by-gone ages forgotten, was a scene of activity beyond the power of words to describe. Women carrying pots of water on their heads, men as dark as bronze images, toiling and singing beneath the blazing sun, boatmen also singing as they floated along the river, pelicans on the sand, and the strange city lying back of them, touched the eye and mind of our travelers as no place had stirred them before. A sudden silence fell upon the world, and as every head was bowed in prayer to Allah, Zenia heard distinctly the sound of bell at the Hermitage at Madeira, and when it ceased strains of music followed-delicious, rapturous, thrilling.
"And can you not hear it, Mouessie? It is Odiardo himself in far-off Madeira; but how can we hearso far? We are not ligh enough for telephonic ether, and the explanation must be that rays of light falling directly on the vast desert and the Mediterranean sea, strike chords of sound so strong that it can be heard by the natural ear. You hear it, do you not?"

They all heard it, and for at least ten minutes they listened spell-bound to the old familiar notes that brought them into close accord with the mystic Brotherhood at the Hermitage.*
"There must be many bells ringing at this hour. Why should we hear only those of Madeira?" asked Mrs. Glendenning.
"Perhaps each hears what has become most interwoven with his life," suggested Zenia. "Do you know Fillippi?"

[^12]He nodded his head and then asked if they were pleased with his dababeah.
"It is a surprise and a delight; Fillippi was going to speak of it when I heard the strains of music. Is not this more beautiful than the ordinary boat? See the lovely plants around the decks, and easy-chairs and draperies. Whose taste arranged all this?"

The young man did not answer, but a flush of pleasure overspread his face, and he bowed his head reverently before her.
"You, Fillippi! Is it possible? How did you do it?"
"I must not speak of myself, but the Master gave me permission, and it was easy to do the rest. Here are the snowy lilies that belong to thee, $O$ Vestal!" handing her a bunch of flowers.
"How exquisite!" And she took her mother's hand and led her around the deck and examined carefully the beautiful plants that everywhere greeted them. Then they cut those belonging to them, by order of the Master, and seated themselves on easychairs to watch the distant scenes so soon to be left behind. There was no sleep on that dahabeah that night in Egypt. To watch the stars above and the strange scenes below, and talk of all the knowledge cradled on that desert in pastages; to enumerate the names of those who had been learned in Egypt's lore from Moses' time to the youth of Jesus of Nazareth; to yearn for the light long since lridden from men, whereby the human soul could know its powers and be at one with the forces of Nature; to yearn still more for that diviner spirit that must come to every heart that would be regenerated; and these and many more themes were discussed that night upon the Nile. The early morn saw them all on deck. James, who had been unusually quiet for him, suddenly spoke.
"What I dimnn ken, is this. Here are men sae wise they never make mistakes livin' in the same warl' wi' the rest o' mankind who never do right. Hoo is it? I would like to be sic as they, but I am like a bairn that tries to walk, always tumbling doon an' being picked up. What any mon has done any mon can do. Buthoo? that is the question. Did these wise men just grow to this state naturally? I am sure it is not a matter of age, for here is my bonnie leddy, a mere bairn, standing like a snow-white lily in the warl', while we that are dooble her age canna' get her gifts. Hoo is this? Why should she be sat far beyond us, ma'am," addressing Mrs. Glendenning.

She shook her head and did not speak at first. Then she said, "It is the age of the soul that makes all the difference, James. While I am old enough to be her mother in the body, in her soul she has attained far more than $I$, and so when she came to this body she took up the old desire for truth where she had laid it down. You and I have had much to undo before we could do. Some day, we too shall be where the Masters are, but it will be through overcoming and suffering."
"I ken that is so," replied James, "but why can we not advance faster? I am willing to suffer if I can only grow strong."
"Growth cannot be hurried, James," said Zenia. "The Master has taught us to go to Nature for all types, and you know the most enduring trees grow the most slowly, fiber by fiber. But see the flock of white doves yonder!"
" I see no birds, Zenia," said her mother; "where are they ?"
"Coming from the East. They are white as snow and in three groups. There are a hundred, I should think. They fly towards us. Now they flutter and coo as they see our dove. What can it mean?"
" I wish I could see them. I see only some white clouds in
the distance. But, see, the dove is flying in that direction and is in haste."
"Yes, and General sees them too. He does not move, but watches them intently. How much wiser he and the dove are than we!"

All this time Fillippi had not spoken. He did not even appear to listen, but reclining on a low cushion near Zenia's feet, seemed lost in thought, gazing with fixed look on the sky.
"Do you see those snow-white doves, Fillippi? where do they come from and what do they mean?"

- He started, as if awakened, and with his great eyes still dreamy and vacant, replied: "They come from the Lombard Hills. They come from the mountains of India, They come from South America. They are thoughts and messages sent from all parts of the worid where the Brothers have a place. I never saw so many before. It is a great sign."

Again he relapsed into silence, never taking his eyes from the birds. Mrs. Glendenning and James could now see them, and as they watched their movements they flew nearer and nearer, until they were almost over the dahabeah, when they formed themselves into figures, and moving closer they became the words, "Glad Tidings. Welcome to Azoth." The bird from the Hermitage was their leader, as they flew on and over the heads of the travelers.
"The white eagle is coming. I can hear his wings. I feel his breath, and the camel of the tombs is coming also."

Fillippi was evidently talking to himself. And rousing himself by a supreme effort, he crossed his hands upon his breast and listened.
"I see no one. I hear a breath and the sound of wings. What is it, Fillippi, and why do they come?"
"The eagle comes for the Virgin, and the camel for her mother, and the dromedary for James. Ask me no more."
"How strange! What can I do with an eagle?" murmured Zenia to herself, then suddenly exclaiming, "I see them, I see them, and the camel has a rider with a long beard. I see them plainly."
"But not with your outer eyes, child, else I am growing blind."
"You will see them soon, I am sure, though, like Paul, whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell. What a dream this life seems, and we can scarcely know which world we inhabit!"

The doves now moved in solemn phalanx toward the Sphinx, while the misty forms of their strange escorts for a time could not be seen at all. The last glimpse of Alexandria had now faded away, and even Pompey's Pillar, seen so long after all other landmarks were lost, could not be discerned. Cairo, with its ancient life and mighty pyramids, was near at hand, and like a sea of frozen sand, lay the great desert with the Sphinx in its midst. The Nile here is gay with fluttering flags of dahabeahs, the chattering of tourists and voices of Arabs, but as they near the Sphinx, the most thoughtless is made quiet ; and in Fillippi's dahabeal, manned with silent Mozambiques, and having the Children of Wisdom on her deck, it was not strange that a profound silence fell upon all. None may mock the Sphinx. Holding in her heart the mystery of a mighty power ; crowned by centuries, enduring amid the shifting sands of the desert, awaiting her time of recognition and crowning, she sits facing the eternities. To the eyes of the seer, endless processions of worshipers still walk between her extended paws, and enter the mystic Temple, hidden somewhere in her breast; to the ears of the wise, music is still heard issuing fiom her lips of stone;
but to the ordinary mortal she is a relic of a benighted Past, sitting desolate amid desert silence and sands. No one can scorn the Sphinx. The world's children may criticise, question, investigate, but they cannot deride. When they, and all the nations of the earth, shall have passed away, that Mystery of mysteries will face the world with an immovable calm, as it has done through changing dynasties and thousands of years. It felt no thrill when Napoleon shook the earth; it showed no fear when Egypt was overthrown; it has seen famine and pestilence devastate the world unmoved; and will see religions change as doth a garment, and still it will abide as a symbol of truth. Our travelers could but gaze and wonder; they could not stop. They had no time for sight-seeing on their way to Luxor, but the mysterious guides stopped now for the first time, and Fillippi said, "It is because we must visit Heliopolis; " and the dahabeah was headed for the shore.
"Do youknow the history of these escorts of ours, Fillippi?"
He shook his head. "The Master will tell you all."
*Do you not remember, Mouessie, that the sacred Apis of Egypt must always have an eagle on his back, a crescent on his side, a white square on his forehead, and a beetle on his tongue? *
"Perhaps this has something to do with the worship of the ancient temple. As I speak I hear a voice. It says, "White eagles fly high and far, their home is the sun, and they carry the Vestal Virgins. White camels never tire, never hunger, nor thirst, but they walk the earth and do not fly in the air, they carry

[^13]the motherhood of the earth safely; and the dromedary is for the patient soul that has overcome, while the doves carry messages from earth to heaven and from heaven to earth. Silence and wait.' "
"What a mysterious message! Who shall interpret it?"
"I feel the interpretation but I will not give it voice," said Zenia.

They landed and made their way to the Abode of the Sun, as Heliopolis was called; the Oxford of Egypt, where were taught the sacred mysteries of their religion to all the wise men of the Past. From the time of Moses, who was here initiated into the rites of her aacred temples, Egypt has given light to kings, prophets and philosophers. If Jeremiah came here to be inspired, and Plato to gain wisdom, was it strange that our neophytes were led to her ruin, for a touch of her mighty past? As their hands rested on the obelisk, their psychometric gifts revealed 'marvelous glimpses of what had been, and what was still to come. James, meek and humble, silent under the weight of his weaknesses, buried his face in his hands, and groaned out"O, Lord, how long must there be such wailings and desolations before the kingdom will be established? Can naething stay Thy hand?"

Distinctly they heard a voice. It said, "Amen-So must it be."

Zenia had laid her staff by her side, and all sat in silence upon the sand, that had felt the feet of centuries. No thought of fear entered their minds, and breathing together a few moments, their souls went far beyond Egyptian scenes. A shrill bark of General's roused them, and they beheld a Bedouin in mortal combat with the dog. He had crept up silently to seize the sistrum, knowing well its power, when he was caught by
the teeth of General and held, the blood streaming from his throat. By a desperate effort he freed himself and laid the noble dog lifeless on the sand, then fell upon him and expired. For a few moments there were grievous sobs and groans. Zenia had never before been called to witness death, and awed by its mystery, grieved by her sense of loss, wept bitterly.

Fillippi was the first to act. Rising from the side of the lifeless form of his friend, he began smoothing the long silky ears, and caressing the noble head. Then he found a spot near the obelisk where he could lay him, and with tears streaming from lis eyes, he began digging in the sand a last resting-place for his friend. James, stunned with the sudden calamity that had fallen on them, now broke out in a wail of anguish.
"O my brave mon, my brave mon! How could it be that ye fell into the hands of the Philistines and heathens? Yer brave soul is worth mair than a' the Arabs that ever lived. How can we go on without yer care. Oh, what a terrible thing is death!"

Mrs. Glendenning and Zenia were both silently weeping, as they watched the faithful Fillippi dig the General's grave. They were thinking how much they had learned to lean on his mute guidance; how often he had been their sole companion; how nobly and unselfishly he had served them.
"It is a great loss, darling, but it might have been one of us," said Mrs. Glendenning, still holding Zenia's hand, watching James and Fillippi carry the body of their favorite to his grave. When all was over they seated themselves around the spot, and waited for some message, some light, some comfort.

The moon was well up before their return to the boat, and in her silvery light, objects stood forth as clear as at noonday ; not an Arab was in sight, and alone, under the cloudless sky, with
the silence of an Egyptian night around them, they went on board their dahabeah and moved up the Nile. James was inconsolable. He could not be induced to take a Logos for some time, and refused to be comforted. As they passed beyond that region they heard a shout of rage, and Fillippi said:
"It is the Arabs. They have found the dead man."
"I never could bear them," said James, " and from this day on it is war between them and me."
"But we cannot feel like that, James. We must leave those things for higher judgments. That is worse than losing your temper as you did at St. Cloud. Pray earnestly to be kept from falling into sin, I beg of you," said Mrs. Glendenning.
"But you forget that I am a Scotchman, and the Scotch dinna forgive like ither folk. The Lord kens a' that. He kens how sair my heart is in the muckle grief that has fallen on it."

A few hours later, borne from the distant desert, came vibrations that brought a message from Madeira. All heard it. The words were-"It is well. He sleeps in the dust of kings and wise men. His life was given to serve others and he has won his reward."

Next morning, as they came on deck, Fillippi came toward them more than usually animated, and waving his right hand.
"How much that looks like the motion of General"s paw," exclaimed Zenia.
"I thought the same thing," replied her mother. To Fillippi she said, "I hope the night was well with thee, Fillippi?"

His face beamed with delight, as he answered with an animation he had never before shown, "I have had the most wonderful night of my life. It was as real as anything I see now, but if I tell it to you, I know you will not believe it, for it will
seem impossible. I do not believe it was a dream. I believe it was real and true."
${ }^{"}$ Tell me, Fillippi," said Zenia, looking at him in astonishmeat, for he was no longer dreamy and quiet, but in every sense alive and alert.
"I had not gone to sleep when I felt something cold against my hand, and wondering what it was, I reached out to find what I had touched. There was nothing there. I lay quiet and there came again that coldness. I knew then what it was. We had not left the dear General behind us, at the obelisk, but he was still with us. I was so pleased that I could not sleep, and so I lay thinking about the brave fellow that would not let that Arab tonch a finger to your staff, and soon I heard some one say, far-off, like a voice very dim, 'If you like I will come and live with you. I knew more than I could show when I was a dog, but we both serve the same lovely mistress, and I will give jou my knowledge and we will always be together.' I was so glad. I said, 'Yes, yes, stay with me,' and then I went to sleep, and slept till the sun was shining. I forgot all about my strange dream till I found myself trying to do things I had never done before. I could smell camels as I breathed the air. I could tell when you were coming on deck. I knew so many things I had never known before. Then I remembered my dream. That is all. I must learn everything now, for I know I must be wise some day. Why has no one told me this before?"
"Because the spirit of service is better than mere knowledge, and you have always been so devoted to others, that we could learn from you," replied Mrs. Glendenning.
"But I must have knowledge too," cried Fillippi. "I must improve every moment. I have been asleep all my life."

From that hour Fillippi was a new man. There seemed implanted within him a sudden desire for knowledge he had never before shown. His devotion to Zenia was even more intense, and where before he had been as her slave, he now acted as her keeper and guard. Even his gait lost its old peculiarities and motion ; gestures, attitudes, were all a constant reminder of the noble General.
"Can it be that Fillippi's dream was true, and some new power or intelligence has taken possession of him?" asked Zenia of her mother one day, when something Fillippi had done reminded them more than usual of the dear and faithful friend.
" O, no, child! It cannot be. He has been shaken to his soul's center by seeing the Arab kill our beloved General, then wearied himself by digging his grave, slept more heavily than usual, dreamed vividly, and when ho awoke remembered his dream so plainly that he could not believe he had slept."
"But how account for the change in Fillippi?"
"Believing his dream real, it is but natural that he lives according to his belief. After the sudden shock which roused latent energies into action, all the rest is easily explained. He thinks of General constantly, of his actions and intelligence, and this thought is a power to mold him into the same nature. We are always molded by our thoughts, as St. Paul said: - But we all with unveiled face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory.'"
"Your explanation is sensible and may be true, but I always felt that General was not a mere animal; that he showed a spiritual as well as a moral and intellectual nature. How he used to sit motionless in the chapel, or when we were meditating. He never was found negligent or untrue to a tiust ; never
disobeyed; never thought of his own comfort or pleasure, and seemed as completely dominated by high motives as any human. How can we prove that finding himself free from the body, anxious still to be of use to those he loves, he should not be willing to add his keen intelligence to the passive virtues of Fillippi, and thus be ever serving us? I love to think this may be true, and shall feel that in the gentle Fillippi we have also the brave General."

Her mother smiled, and directed attention to where the young man stood leaning against the railing of the boat. His hands were stretched forward and you could almost see the paws that would have taken their place if the dog were present.
"Alinost I am persuaded, dear," was all the mother said.
Still on and on up the Nile went the strange boat and its four passengers. The palms nodded as they passed, and their fronds sang celestial melodies to the earnest souls seeking truth. The doves never left them, and the white eagle and the camel and the dromedary kept alongside of the dahabeah. At length they reached Luxor, and as they came in sight of the mighty ruins of this ancient glory of the Thebaid, they heard the chant of many voices giving thanks to God. Not a soul was in sight. As they left the boat, Zenia felt distinctly some one take her by the hand and lead her forward, the others following. The voices chanting now grew louder, but still no human being could be seen. As they approached the ruins, bats flew out from the dark niches, and passing, hit their faces with their wings. Overcome with the grandeur of the ruins, the intense silence broken only by the voices of the singers, the utter solitude, and more than all else a sense of holy presences, they seated themselves at the entrance to the ruins, and remained silent and passive. Silence in Egypt is unlike silence
elsewhere. It is silence that may be felt; yet in it is contained the potentialities of all things. In this silence is the voice of every living thing. The air, as it fans the cheek, whispers of lives that have long since been forgotten. The sand shifts, and, shifting, reminds you that empires have been buried in its silent movement.

It was now late in the afternoon, and there was no sign of human being to meet them. They did not doubt. They had passed beyond that lion long ago. They waited, and watched the clouds deepen in golden tints to usher in an Egyptian twilight. The bats grew more numerous, and circled around their heads, peering into their fnces with those queer little eyes that shine like lights. The dove rested on the Pylon at the entrance, and the white eagle and camel were now close beside them.
"We must go to the boat. To-morrow we will come again. We are not very welcome," said Fillippi sorrowfully.
"It is my temper. It has ruined everything," said James in doleful tones.
"Do not worry, James. Human nature is human nature. If we were perfect we would not be here, for we should need no discipline."
*True, leddy, but I am mair grieved than I can tell ye, that I have hindered the rest by my ain feeble will."
"Not really hindered. One soul cannot hinder another unless he consents to be hindered," she replied. "It is all for the best. When we are ready, we shall find some one to help us on."

Slowly they walked back to the boat, and parted for the night, but in the morning it was very evident that James had not slept. He looked haggard and had aged. When pressed for the reason he finally said:
"I am o'er sinful and I should never have tried to be so great. I could ha' ken'd I wadna do it. If at the last, I am permitted to stay at the door $o^{\prime}$ the sanctuary and lie wi' my face to the earth and cry unclean, I shall be unco' delighted. I shall never mair try to walk the narrow way. Weel I ken how I ha' disgraced ye a' and the blessed Master who has cared for me as if I were his ain bairn. When I left ye last night I sat on deck and listened to the wind an' the water and the livin' creeters near by. I thought my heart wad break a thinkin' o' my shortcomings. By an' by a blessed angel came and told me to take a Logos. 'How do I know it was an angel ?' By its warks. That is the way to judge everything, the Master said, an' ye ken I could na' see it. I just spoke and said; 'James, take a text.' So I thought over the words, 'Who forgiveth all thine iniquity?' and I said it over an' over, an' my heart grew comforted an' my head fell on my breast, an' I must ha' fallen asleep, though it seemed as real as I am at this moment. I was alone in a desolate place, with a fiery circle drawn around me. It wasna a blazin' fire, but justa ring like melted iron, an' naething dared step across it. As I sat there snakes began to come, an' when they got to the ring they could go nae farther, and began to hiss and shoot their forked tongues at me. They kept comin' an' comin' till there were millions o' them, darting their heads at me from the ring. Then the big ones came and tried to push the others away, and cross the ring, but they rolled back an' waited. I was a' alane, an' I wished for some human bein' to talk to, an' as I wished I looked up, an' there before my very een was a beautiful woman comin' toward me, an' I asked her to come in the ring an' I wad keep her safe. No sooner had she come in than the ring began to grow smaller, and the snakes hissed for joy an' said, 'Now we can get him.' The biggest one o' a' nearly touched me as it reached
its head at me. I said to the woman, 'Go, it is death to both to stay here.' Then the circle grew wider an' wider, an' I began to run away as hard as I could run. I could feel the groun' tremble as that army o' snakes followed me, but I went on an' on, never turnin' my head to the right or the left. Suddenly I came to a deep chasm that went down into the bowels $0^{\circ}$ the airth, an' I knew if I fell in I should be lost forever. So I made a desperate effort an' jumped across it, an' as I did so I heard the snakes fallin' over the rock. Ilooked aroun' an' the biggest were rollin' over as fast as they came up, an' when I looked down I saw a blazin' fire an' it was roastin' them. Some o' the last ones did not fall over, an' turned back an' went away. I looked aroun' an' found a cave, an' went in an' lived there; an' after a long time $I$ found I had a neebor livin' in a cave back o' mine a' the time, an' I ha' never dreamed it. We were baith livin' the same life an' neither o' us kenned the ither. When I began to speir at him, who do ye think he was? The verra same mon who lifted his han' against our General; the same mon who sent a true an' noble soul out o' a shaggy body; the same mon who lies cold an' stiff in the sand yonder. He saw the look o' hate in my ee, and he said in plain English, 'Ye bate me sair. Ye feel murder in yer heart to me, an' yet we are baith livin' the same life; baith have fled beyon' the snakes; buith ha' been guarded by fire; an' baith-will meet at last. Mon, ken yerself an' see which is waur ; for me, who knew the power o' the sistrum an' reached forth my hand for it, an' killed the dog that would ha' torn me to bits; or yerself, wi' greater light, who ha' had wiser men for teachers, to feel the bitter hate in yer heart that would slay anither brother? I didna hate the dog. I meant nae harm. Can ye say the same?' I couldna sleep after that; I tried to ken what I was like, an' when I saw
my ain $\sin$ I was sick at heart. I shall never daur meet a Master an' ha' his ee search me. I am a'thegither unprofitable."

They could not comfort him, and knowing that he had come face to face with an unknown phase of himself, they wisely kept silent.

Again they went to the ruined temple, carrying hammocks and some crackers, so that they need not return to the boat at night. They now investigated more thoroughly the entrance to the temple, overgrown with bushes, and proceeding a long distance among broken pillars and arches carved with Lotus leaves and stems of Papyri, they came to a wall that was impassable; sitting down beside it they ate some crackers and fruit, and wondered if they had mistaken their message, and had come too soon or in a wrong spirit. Then they recalled the meeting with Fillippi, the dahabeah, and all the significance of the preparations, and took courage.
"Silence-and wait," passed from one to another, as they sat beneath those noontide shad ows of a mighty Past. Time passed unheeded. They did not speak. Thought was busy with aspirations for the coming future, interwoven with memories of a mundane life, now separated forever from them. Suddenly there stood before them an aged priest with snowy locks falling over his shoulders, and a beard like snow lying upon his breast. He wore loose flowing robes of white wool, and from the threefold cord that confined it at the waist was suspended the symbols of the Lost Word and the Holy Spirit. His eyes were blue, clear, and penetrating; kindly in their expression, but keenly penetrating.
"What dost thou here, strangers from another world?" he said.
"We are come to seek wisdom and light, O father," said Zenia, in gentle tones, rising to her feet and standing before him.
"With garments of the animal world upon you, with thoughts but little sanctified, with hearts divided, with tempers unregenerate, thou couldst never walk the avenue of Sphinces, and wouldst meet not life but death. Leave this sacred spot and flee to yonder mountains. There thou wilt find knowledge and guidance, and more perfect discipline. Make no delay."

He vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared, and they began at once to make preparations to obey his words. The Nile, here turgid and broad, sweeps on with resistless force, and as the mountains have approached nearer its shore, it has the effect of a valley of water, between walls. The dove, which had not been seen since they reached Luxor, now hovered over their heads, alone as at Madeira, and circling round and round, led the way from the water to the mountain wall. It was but a pleasant walk in the cool of the evening, and with no thought of what might befull them, they followed their guide until they reached a waterfall tumbling down the mountain side. What had they to do here? They looked from one to the other and then at the dove. It was gone. Then it reappeared, and they saw that it had come from behind the water. It came toward them and again flew behind the falling sheet of spray. At last they understood and followed. From their former position the water had seemed tofall near the rock, but now they found abroad, dry path leading under it, and entering it they walked boldly forward, the dove leading the way. Suddenly they came to a rude niche, in which stood an old man, as if waiting for them. He beckoned them to enter, and they noticed that his robes were of a different color from any they had seen. Turban and robe were saffron color, and the girdle at his waist was golden.

He motioned them to follow him, and led them to an inner hall, long and narrow, lit with small flames around the ceiling,
and through this they passed into a circular room lit in the same manner. Here were seats, and waving to them he spoke, saying, "It has been revealed from the higher Intelligences that ye are all Children of Fire, bearers of the Torch of Azoth, come hither for Divine light. I have been appointed to instruct all such, for I come from the ancient worshipers of fire, by order of the Master of Azoth, and where this work is to be done I must obey. This is a hidden temple of many cults. Here are many who belong to the school of the prophets; the Rosicrucians; the Order Egyptian, the Illuminati. The initiates of all are here trained.
"Among the Brothren of Madeira thou hast learned to use the inner senses; to be led by intuition; to know the science of the earth and stars, as related to the great vibratory law of the universe. This is a different world. As Madeira was above and beyond the outer world of sense, so this is above and beyond mere psychical development. As one star differs from another star in glory, so there are different degrees of knowledge to be attained, and Egypt is the highest, the most spiritual state to be reached upon this planet. 'Out of Egypt have I called my son,' was not a vain utterance. The soul that gains the heights of wisdom must learn from the land of the Pharaohs. While here you will continue to exercise your psychic gifts in daily training, but this will be for idle moments only ; your soul, your immortal spirit, must here be brought into the light of Grod's great glory. For this many months will be required. As the number nine contains the essential all, it is required that nine months will be needed from the day you reach Luxor till you depart. To take the vibrations of the physical senses-the finer ones of the brain and intellect; and while not destroying them, attune them to the higher melody of the psychic world, was the lesson of Madiera. To learn the law of magnetic inflow and outflow, with a
view of helping a distressed world, was an important step to take. Here, the psychic must be laid aside, except, as I have said, in moments of relaxation, that ye may know yourselves, Deific babes, and find your way to the bosom of God's great Love.
"Here thought must be stilled; longing for knowledge must be set aside; all that is of merely human powers be unrecognized; and the Spirit alone be realized. The germ within must rise to meet the Spirit from above, as of old did that king of Israel who cried aloud, 'As the heart panteth after the waterbrooks so panteth my soul after thee, O Grod.' It is not thought, or reason, or knowledge; not vision, nor voice, nor psychic power, that will give the soul this revelation of God. It is desire, hungering and thirsting, a deep feeling after the living truth. The world is growing old. The pyramids and sphinxes are crumbling. Out of their ruins will come wisdom to all the world. The Christ-child, born so long ago, has come to manhood. From Egypt he came then. From Egypt he comes now. Then it was as a child to usher in a reign of love. Now it is as a son of God, to bring the world to justice. Believe my words, that now is at hand the time of prophecy, when men will call upon the rocks and the mountains to cover them. For nearly two thousand years the world has been told of Divine love. The child has cried to the human heart to be warmed and sheltered. Now there will no more be heard that sound, but groans and lamentations, because justice is near. In the evolution of the race, cyclic changes are at hand. Silence, and wait. As the first man, Adam, was made a living soul, so must the last man be made a quickening Spirit. The day is dawning. Woe to the spirit that does not rise from its earthly thralldom to meet the Lord in the air. The ears of the world are three. As the first represented the material, it was less than four thousand
years; the second represented mental development and was a trifle over two thousand years. The third, now being ushered in, will be the spiritual, and will perhaps exceed in length, any gone before. For nearly two thousand years the Babe has cried to the human heart for love. It will cry no more. It has risen to majesty and power and has now begun to rule as King. Blessed are ye that have felt His love; blessed are ye that fear not His justice; blessed are ye who have left all to follow His footsteps. Thrice blessed are ye who will enter into His service with joy, and His gates with rejoicing. Spoken of by all prophets; written of in all Bibles; sung by all angels, is the last and greatest of earth's days. Truth hidden in the Pyramids will now be revealed. The silent riddle of the Sphinx is now to be broken. The knowledge of all mysteries will be made known. The Nazarene said, "When the Spirit of Truth shall come, he will make all things manifest." That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. When ye shall know the fuller knowledge; when ye shall see these truths upon the monuments of Egypt; when ye shall realize that the wisdom of ages is here; then will ye be truly enlightened, and children of the Most High. As Jesus was sent hitherto, and as have been led the wise men of all countries in the past, so are ye now led, and so will be many who shall follow after. Remember the age. Remember the work. Remember Grod. Seek silence. Seek solitude. Seek the darkness which is the light of the spirit. The esoteric cross is the eternal enigma of spiritual unfoldment. It represents the mystery of eternal life. No light comes from the centuries excepting that which was known by the riddle of the Sphinx, the eternal light of the cross. The first step is to silence self. The love that kills is the love of self."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

MEMNON.
" The foot-prints of an elder race are here, The memories of an herolc time, And shadows of the old mysterious faith.
" Ages have gone, and creeds, and dynasties; And a new order reigns o'er all the earth; Yet still the Mighty Presence keeps the isle."

The Master led them through long, narrow, rock-cut passages, dimly lighted, silent as the grave, and brought them to a niche wherein a door opened without sound, revealing a large room, plainly furnished, from which opened two others. These were ready for guests and had been prepared for the strangers. Here Mrs. Glendenning and her daughter were to take up their abode during their sojourn under the Master in Luxor. Just beyond the niche was the room for James Aberdeen. Servants were in waiting, silentas the rocks. They were all Mozambiques, dressed in lonse flowing garments of delicate colors; the lower one being of robin'segg blue, with sash of shell pink. They wore white turbans upon their heads, and the woman given to the ladies brought forward two robes, motioning them to put them on. One was white cotton, the other of soft white wool. The latter was for Zenia, and when robed in it, she was no longer a child of the nineteenth century, but a veritable Psyche of two thousand years ago. Here they were to legin a spiritual discipline, in some ways like that of Madeira, but more severe and silent.

Egypt is the land of silence. One is always surprised at a sound at Karnak or Luxor. The winds sing a requiem over departed greatness and power; the Nile makes a dreamy response, but human voices are strangely out of place here. No matter how severe has been the training elsewhere, the neophyte must at last come to this silent land for a power that can be received nowhere else. It has ever been thus. "Out of Egypt have I called my son," has a meaning other than is generally known. The son of God who would attain the highest, must do so through the darkness of Egypt, and by hearing the voices that belong only to the Silence of the Alone. The Master explained that the servant would bring their meals and perform all necessary service, but would not be expected to speak. Calls to any service, or teaching, or meal, would be announced by flash-lights reflected from polished metal mirrors. They would never meet socially those within the Hermitage, and for nine months they would have no society but their own, and a daily walk with James and Fillippi. "Each soul comes into life alone, and alone must it go hence," said the Master. "Wise is the law that it must tread the wine-press alone. From the gate of Life to the gate of Death, the path of real life is solitary." .

This Master was one of those Persian Magi, who for ages have kept pure the religion of the Fire, embracing some of the truest Christian cult. He had come into the Order Egyptian, many years before, and though he still wore the Zoroastrian dress, he was looked upon as one of their holiest and most devout teachers. Only those were put under his care who had been called to some high and sacred work. Never before had he been called to train the representatives of the Motherhood. Much of his teaching was done in the open air beneath the palm-trees, and here, on the second day, they began their work,
sitting upon the sand with James and Fillippi near, or walking to and fro in the shadow of the hill. He commended their growth and patient obedience, and touched on many things they had learned in Madeira, which he said were so many steps leading up to the entrance of the temple, into which they could enter by consecration alone. "This does not mean, my children," he said, " merely a form of words or a portion of yourselves to the All-Wise Father-Mother ; but an entire surrender of all you have, and are, and hope to be. No desire, or intention or aspiration must remain belonging to the old Self, the first Adam. Friends, fortune, happiness, must be no more to thee than enemies, misery, or dishonor. Thou must have no choice, but daily pray-- Whichever cup, $O$ Father, thou givest me to drink, I thank thee.' Thisis to be thy aim, and for this didst thou come to Eggpt. Pray, pray, pray. Pray without ceasing, that thy coming may not be in vain. On thy prayer all depends. As the Master in Madeira taught thee the principles of vibration, now must thou put them into practice, to gain light from on High." He looked at Zenia alone while he spoke, as if in her he saw something new and glorious. He continued: "Behold the tints and colors around us. Canst thou dream how rapid are the vibrations to produce such tints. On these must flow to thee messages from the Unseen, that will enter thy heart, and speak to thee as plainly as I am now speaking. Yea, even more plainly, for they must stir in thy soul emotions it has never known. These waves of color permeate the universe, and are living voices. More and more wilt thou become attuned to their melody, and they will play upon thee as they now play throughout the universe. This is the first lesson of the Land of the Nile, to prepare thee for that descent of the Quickening Spirit which must baptize thee from on High. As the Master
said, 'Behold, I make all things new. Because I live, ye shall live also.' This is the corner-stone of Truth. This supernal love, that is made manifest by the indwelling of the Divine, is the Mystery typified by the Sphinx which the world has never comprehended. As Paul saith, 'Behold, I show you a mystery,' the Christ-principle or divine spark, that makes the human in actual fact, a son of God, which is the ultimate purpose of every soul."

From that first day's teaching a perceptible uplift was felt by the pupils. They seemed conscious of a spiritual life, to which all that had gone before was as nothing. Beneath the stately palms, always guarded by their phantom guides, the white eagle, the camel, and the dromedary, with their own dove plainly in sight, they often wandered among the ruins of Karnak or Luxor, or among the crypts of the hillside, stilling all those voices of the mind and sense that shut out the presence of the Divine. One day the Master joined them, and as they neared Karnak, and the mighty temple of the King, he was carried away by the inspiration of the hour and place, and, walking along the avenue of Sphinxes to the Propylon, he spoke of Egypt's past grandeur and marvelous power. He paused at length before a mutilated fragment of one of the Crio-sphinxes and said:
"The time was, when all this avenue was filled with processions of the great and learned, seeking the sacred temple. No king so great, no station so high, that was not glad to be abised, if ly so doing he could gain admittance. No labor too great, or privation too severe, if through them the portals might be opened to Wisdom and her Temple. Six thousand yeas have passed since then. The glory has departed, but the wisdom lingers still. For ages no vestal virgin has served Mother Isis, and now when the temple is thrown down,
and the sands of the desert cover its ruins; when the world speaks of Egypt as dead, and her power as a thing of the past, another era dawns; a new age comes, and with it comes again a Vestal to the Temple. It was I who led the Vestal then, as now I lead thee, $O$ daughter; and as I spoke then, so speak I now. Attend well my words, for they have a meaning thou shalt know hereafter. Thou wilt be sorely tested; thou wilt be terrified and affrighted, but if the new center is established, thou art safe. Knowest thou what I mean ? This center must be the center of a universal circle. Herein be all the powers that make the impossibilities of the past possible to thee. This center is reached by the conjunction of the true principle of feeling and sympathy, with the true principle of intelligence or Spirit-idea, and the first point of illumination by the Holy Spirit, in regenerate man, is to bring the full action of his true life to this point. Then will be brought to light the true genius of each soul, for it has awakened to the consciousness of divine substance, the illimitable Sea, where all Wisdom and sense of departed glories are open to it, and all forgotten knowledge is made plain. Here must ye enter, if ye hope for wisdom. Thou must not fail, O Vestal. Examine well thine heart; its motives and intents and secret desires; so that, like the Vestal of that distant time, thou, too, shalt be received by Memnon with song and sacred rite of Azoth. Ten times the sacred number nine was told before her tempters of the mind and lesh were conquered. So must thou fight the fight, if thou wouldst win. The sistrum in thine hand is filled with power, as thou canst see whene'er a serpent crosses thy path, or danger threatens thee. See."

He took it from her hand and held it in a peculiar way, and continued: "It is long since a sistrum was in woman's hand.

Thou hast been greatly honored, $O$ daughter of a strange land, and on thy neck I see a token greater still that thou art under sacred guidance. I will tell thee of these symbols. Some day at Denderah, I will show thee the private room of Hathor, into which no ray of light has ever entered, and in it we will find the niche where the Goddess's golden sistrum was kept. None but the king could take it down on days of holy festival. And none but he could place it in its veiled shrine, within a boat of cedar wood or silver, to be carried forth upon the shoulders of the Priests. We scarce can think what they would say who lived in Egypt then, to see thee grasp it in thy hand as lightly as a common staff. The Lotus leaf upon thy neck is thine by right, for it was made of precious bits that came from the most holy altar, preserved from all the world in secret temple. Some day thine eye may see this altar, and thou wilt know why it was held so precious by the princess who wore it upon her neck. Thou wilt also know why it was buried in her tomb, and why the Master of Madeira gave it to thy keeping. It has a power thou dost not know. It brings to thee its former owner. It forms a wall like adamant of spirits true around thee. No Arab's hand will ever be raised against thee if thou wilt show him this. There is no ruin of ancient Egypt, whereon the Lotus is not seen. It represents the human soul and all its struggles through the circle of time, and, like the Scarabæus, holds the modern world's attention to most ancient rites; the Lotus for Isis; the Scarabæus for Osiris. Upon this pillar thou wilt see it, here with wings extended in a boat, clasping the rising sun within its claws; and there as-."

He did not finish, for James impatiently interrupted him, saying :-
"O Master, I have one like that, an' muckle I ha' sinned aboot
it. I ca' it just a beetle, an' the blessed Master gave it to me for a little while, an' then it gaes to him again. I want to-tell-' "
"I know all, James. I saw thy weakness, but the time has come to think no more of self. Look ever forward, never backward."
"But, Master, tell me, are a' the beetles like the one I have?"
"No indeed. They have no more power than the sand itself, but these have been anointed with oil and endowed to govern forces without intelligence; and they have mighty power." *

They walked among the ruins until they came to one more massive than the rest, upon whose propylon were carved innumerable hieroglyphs and cartouches. The Master pointed to it with his staff and said:
"Behold this obelisk, it tells of Thothmes First. There once were two, but years ago the other fell and lies upon the sand. As we enter the great court and count the pillars leading to the two lesser courts, we shall find the number nine has been expressed in stone sixteen times. The roof above was once of azure, studded with stars of gold. Here came the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, ay, the lesser deities, to view the avenues of the kingdom. This was the spot where captives were executed, and honors given to valiant men. Here, far back, when Time was just begun, the wise men knew the law of Silence, and on this Stone they have engraven it for us to see to-day. We hold the truth to-day as they did then, and almost in the self-same words.
"Remember, those secrets imparted to thee are on and by the Holy of holies, of which thou must not use audible language,

[^14]even to thy sage, much less to men. Tell it to no one, $O$ thou who canst understand me, for the world is not yet ready. Let it be seen by no eye, heard by no ear. Close thy mouth lest thou shouldst speak of this the great mystery; lest thou shouldst think aloud. If the thought of thy heart has escaped thee, bring it back to its silent places in our holy sanctuary. Peace be to thee. By this sacred covenant are presented to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Silence." "

The Master now left them, but after this frequently joined them in their long walks, and as weeks grew into months, and months multiplied, the time drew near that they should be tried by the great tribunal, upon whose decision rested their acceptsnce by Memnon.

The last day came, and once more they went to Karnak, and the Master walked beside them, and talked of hidden mysteries, of the Mypostatic union, the state of Angelhood, and the Secret of the Spirit of Life.
"There is no rest in God's great world," he said, " no star or planet that floats in yonder firmament is for itself alone. It has an influence on all the worlds within its system, and in its turn is influenced by them. Like star and planet, man repels or attracts the human worlds ahout him, ay and the world of animals below, and intelligences above. The law is never broken, and from first to last the higher lives upon the lower. Wouldst thou know whom thou art drawing to thyself? Watch every thought, for by thy thoughts thou dost attract like to like. Thus must emotions be cultivated, that thou mayst gain

[^15]advanced ground, and thou wilt find those produced by color far more subtle than those of sound, and once attuned into the faithful reflex of our minds, we can enter more readily into Nature's secrets, until we can feel the pulsations of the stolid earth. Nowhere as in this silent land can those ethereal forces, known by the Greeks as psychoplasm, and by us as odyle or electric-magnetic currents, be produced. It is the land of mystery-the very realm of spirit. The union of magnetism, substance, and love, being principles, produce the result known as the Hypostatic union, or the power of God's Spirit manifested in man. This power belongs to him who knows, feels, and keeps silent. As light preserves all scenes, and air preserves all sounds, so does universal love preserve all life, truth, and wisdom. As silent sympathy and good holds within itself the germ of eternal reproduction, so love begets love, and from it is bora eternal life. We can see, then, that if air preserves sounds, and light scenes, and love holds in itself truth, wisdom, and life, it must be possible that this All can be found, known, and cultivated, and evoked again and again.
"The Hypostatic union is to liberate our true imperial consciousness from the personality and attractions of objective self. It is to prove and experience the knowledge of the fact of God. Those who have attained the Hypostatic union are done with all bodily attachments and desires. Here all experiences are on the broad plain of universality; the divine man is awakened to regenerate life; the imperial consciousness is open to the glorious secrets of the divine purpose of the ages, and the golden mystery of Spirit-power in man. The one law leading to all Truth, to all Wisdom, to all Power, is the Law of Love. All this has long been buried in these tombs, now to be resurrected and given to a waiting world. As the letters of
the alphabet are to the world's literature, such is the knowledge of mankind to-day, compared with that which is to come. Look at that whirlwind toying with the sand of yonder desert. The grains of sand know nothing of its law, but let it sport at will among them, as human beings leave themselves within the whirling power of circumstance. The clearer eye can see in cities a million maelstroms whirling round and round to catch the human sands. It sees them tossed, and dashed and flung aside, when ruined. One vortex seizes men and women fired by passion, and ere they know it, they are lost. Another, and the larger, draws within, the multitude who long for gold, and others seek the proud, ambitious, or the learned. The end is just the same, and only when it is too late do souls wake up to know their fate. This vortex movement is not found in cities only. It is seen in hermit-life and perfect solitude, for men have pride and evil thoughts, though all alone. Our only safety is in keeping but a single image before our mind. - If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. Ye cannot serve two masters,' was cult once given by the Master's lips. To those who gain this height, the adeptship is near, and from their heart will blossom gloriously the rose that has a place within the cross. This hast thou reached, O Vestal, and after thou hast trod the avenue of Sphinxes, and heard old Memnon's voice, it shall be told thee what it means to call thee one of those who bear the rosy cross. In silence, meditation, and prayer, must ye spend the day to-morrow, that ye may have all guidance on the days of coming trial. Alone with God, cry to Him and Him alone. When I call, come to me."

After laying his hands upon her head in blessing, according to the ancient Egyptian service, saying :
"May the One God, the Father and Mother of Heaven, Zeus Osiris and Isis, stretch herself over thee, and cover thee under her mighty wings in the name of all the heavenly mysteries; so that thou mayest hold sacred the trust God gives unto thee. So I give thee cedar-oil wrappings and the Lotus leaf, and the cord of three strings. These will bind thee to the Truth, and thou shalt know the golden ways of spirit, and these shall make thee acquainted with the sacred mysteries." He left her, and they returned to the Hermitage, to ponder his words in solitude and silence. There was about this man an indescribable awe that surrounded him like an atmosphere. His thoughts were in a higher realm; his intercourse with immortal beings. His age and history were alike unknown, and one could not imagine he had ever had the ordinary life of man, nor its relationships.

From that day's solemn fast and retirement, the three were summoned the next morning before the Master, in a room of lights and incense, and golden curtains, and all the paraphernalia of a sanctuary. Soft music met them as they entered, but there was neither musician nor instrument. The Master alone stood near the altar of incense. Around him was a strange luminous aura, as if he stood in an atmosphere of golden atoms, and from his head radiated white streams of light, and from his bosom scintillated waves of rosy light, showing the divine love of the exalted state within the man. The same flame-colored robes were upon him, but to-day were of richest silk, and at the throat they were held y y blazing stone.

As they entered, he raised his hands in blessing and welcomed whem in the words of ancient cult: "The greeting of Peace and the immortal Life to those who love the law of Use, and seek after spirit-truth and knowledge, for to them shall all
things come, even power, and dominion, and light. For nothing that thought can grasp or the human mind conceive is impossible. Love and light are the birthright of all the children of the Father. The peace of the ages abideth with him who attains to truth of love. Let your light shine. Power belongs to him who knows and keeps silent. O thou holy Mother-Good! O thou divine holy Father-Love, the Spinit of divine love! The Two-in-One, absorb these souls in the quenchless glory of thine immortality! Illuminate them, and let them evermore abide in Thee, finding their souls' completion!"

His voice ceased, but echoes of its last words were repeated over and over. "Children, ye will go hence. Through the avenue of Sphinxes will ye walk. Hasten not the steps of progress lest ye deceive yourselves. The pendulum is swinging; may it bring the peace that comes from perfect poise. Into other hands I commit each soul. There are those who shall lead thee higher. If Memnon speaks, ye shall enter the temple and be initiated into the true mysteries. Fear not. The Spirit will not desert thee, if thy faith is sincere. There were mysteries in the days of Paul; mysteries in the House of the King of Shadows, in which the candidate saw and heard things unspeakable; scenes of grandeur, and music in indescribable harmony, and received truths of such grand import that to speak of them was death; but these were as naught compared with what thou wilt know and see, if Memnon bids thee enter. The dead past is to bring forth a living present. The choirs invisible, chanting pæans of praise then, are to be multiplied into a universal chorus of human souls calling to God for Light and Love."

He motioned them to kneel, and resting his hand upon each head, he said a few words in a foreign tongue, and the light blazed into flame as the music grew louder. They were alone.

Their sojourn here was at an end, and the Master who had taught them was no longer seen ; like an instrument no longer needed, he was set aside.

When they left the Hermitage next day, not a soul was in sight. They were to return each night after sitting alone before the Sphinxes of the avenue of trial.

In ancient times there were four of these avenues. The Sphinxes were seventeen and a half feet in length, and separated by a distance less than their length.

The first sphinxes represented the animal passions; then came the natural or intellectual desires; and these were followed by the spiritual, fewer in number. To pass these one by one, examining, searching, measuring, questioning one's own self, honestly and fearlessly; to wait in silence till the inmost recesses of self were revealed; to be able to say of every longing, or desire, or aspiration, "It is silenced," was never an easy task. In the whirl of the nineteenth century, what man or woman could hope to win the goal, and that individual an American?

They all began at the same sphinx. $\dagger$ It was a part of their nature that could never have had a power to hold their soul in thrall, and so they soon passed to the next, and the next. As

[^16]they reached the higher spiritual desires, it was more difficult to test themselves, and so day after day was passed, by the three now separated, for what was easy for one might be formidsble for another.
" $I$ attract certain entities-now Where am I?" Is the question asked.

Days wore into weeks, and still the ordeal was unfinished. Pride, envy, anger, jealousy, ambition, love of fame, criticisms of others, and scores of subtle fiends remained to conquer, far more difficult to master than all that had been met before. At length the last was reached, and here they knelt and poured out songs of thankfulness. There now remained but one thing more, and this was to walk toward Memnon at sunrise and listen for his morning song. Should he fail to welcome them in notes of mystic music, long since lost to common ears, their hope would be forever gone, or long delayed.

What pen can describe the mingled emotions that swayed those different minds, as they began their solemn march!

All nature seemed attuned to the occasion. The early morning lit the sky with gorgeous tints; the palm-trees' fronds tossed lightly overhead in rhythmic melody; the very movement of the doves bespoke a tender sympathy, as on they led the way to Memnon.

Ah, Memnon, mighty monarch of all ages, what mind can know thy mystery? From one great block of granite wast thou born, and through the centuries hast thou defied destruction. Memnon, that has lived in history and song. Memnon, before whom monarchs of the earth have bowed as children ; then gone to dust and been forgotten, while the king of rock has been and is immortal. O Memnon, back of thy symbol lies hidden the secret of the Ages. Ask the Arabs of this mystery, and they
will tell of the song that Memnon sings at sunrise, when the light steals 0 'er the desert, and the first touch of the sun's rays create vibrations of celestial melody. They will tell you that when birds are singing to the All-Life, then this mighty Memnon salutes the day with joy in the glory of the morning, and the neophyte who has walked the avenue of Sphinxes, and has reached this arbiter of Destiny, if the song is heard, and the Temple entered, is rewarded by a winged globe held out by the Monarch.

The Greek poet has written-"Know, O sea-born Thetis, that Memnon could not die. When the hot rays fall brightly on him, ${ }^{\text {" }}$ his clear song rings out from where the spreading Nile parts the Libyan hills from hundred-gated Thebes."

It was to this kingliest of kings of earth that all eyes were now turned; for in all their rigid selfexaminations, as they had crossed from side to side adown the avenue of Sphinxes, they never had forgotten this final test, and tried to look within as Deity itself would look. Like an ever-present God of judgment, walked this spectral figure unseen with them.

Nine months of solitude. Nine months of daily communing with the Unseen, had not been without its effect upon the earnest neophytes. Those who have witnessed the transforming power of seclusion in all religions would expect to find all noble resolves made stronger, and new impulses of the divine life started into activity. James, no longer impetuous and easily angered, was now calm and serene; Mrs. Glendenning,

[^17]while still loving the dear ones, was more willing to leave them in the Father's keeping, while Zenia had become almost glorified. Hand in hand they start abreast, to meet Memnon. Slowly they approach his presence, step by step, in silence. Nearer and still nearer they come. The dawn has passed, and on the viow of the horizon the golden tints predict the coming of the Sun. They glow, and throb, and vibrate, while the waiting souls stand close to Memnon's knee, in "listening attitude. At length he comes: Osiris, as of old, the Ruler of the world, and as his disk appears above the horizon, they hear faint sounds from out the giant rock. To 'Zenia's ears it was a song by many voices; a choir celestial, singing to her heart; to her mother it was soft breathings of eternal hope, so faint she scarce could say she heard it; to James it was like murmurs of the winds through fields of grain ; to each it was a heavenly strain, and brought a moment's rapture ne'er to come again. When it had ceased, there rose upon the air, from whence they could not tell, a chant of "Glory, Glory, Glory, to Thee the crowning majesty of All-Life," and then a silence followed, deep, profound.

To Zenia only was the winged-globe held out, but to the others came the words, "Well done," and promise of reward. They were to be permitted to enter the outer courts; and through the vast hall of columns, beneath a roof supported by two rows of pillars of the sacred Lotus, they passed with unseen guidance, until they reached a gilded door that opened as they came, and lo, before them stood their Master well-beloved, from isle of old Atlantis. His hands were both extended as in welcome. In an instant all else was forgotten. Trial, solitude, discipline, Egypt, aye, even Memnon, in the joy of seeing once again that holy face.
"Well done, my children. Didst hear me say well done at Memnon's shrine? Ye have fought the lions and dragons well, and overcome the things of time and sense, but only to the Vestal Virgin was the winged globe held out in token of full victory. It could not have been otherwise, for James must conquer many tendencies, and the mother-heart will love its own as long as life endures. Though Memnon did not bless, the order comes from those who have the power, that thou, $O$ Mother! shall be taken to the temple with thy loved one, and be instructed to the Third Way. Thou, O James! my own disciple, who hast the child-heart even with thy frailties, because thou hast preserved and hast not grown cold by many failures, nor lukewarm by solitude, to thee is given the right to try if thou canst pass the terrible ordeal of initiation. Unless thy purpose is as clear as day, and thine eye as steadfast as the sun, do not venture unless thou art determined to prove the new center within thee. Dangers many, and terrors many, will oppose thee, and if thy courage falters, do not make the trial. If there is a spot of weakness in thy purpose, wait for future opportunity. The foes of light will gladly destroy thee. Enter the outer court and then decide."

He led the way, and they came to a room large and square, with an alcove in three sides, in which sat a Master, clothed in robes of royal purple, with a cape of shell-pink over his shoulders. Three others, robed like him, were standing in each comer, and at the door of entrance. One stood before the altar in the center of the room. This altar was of strange shape and workmanship, and its top was of the precious jade. Upon its surface was a horoscope, that told of some event that was to happen to our globe. Around this was a living snake of emerald green with a head at either end of its glistening body and these
kept watch in all directions. The altar had come down from carliest Pharaohs, and the value of the jade was like the diamond for preciousness. At the time when it was carved, the bits that fell were fashioned into Lotus-leaves for the princess of the court, the daughter of the king. The gift was from the people, for the princess was their idol. She had wrought a great blessing for them, and these twenty-four Lotus-leaves were given from the hearts of the common people. The necklace never left her neck, was buried with her, and to this day we know her name and works.*

As they entered the room the motionless figures all stepped forward and formed a circle round the altar, while the Master in the alcove advanced to meet them. The altar stood upon a platform, and upon it knelt the neophytes.
"Arise, my children. The witnesses are well-pleased with what ye have achieved. That one has been found worthy to drink the violet cup of Azoth, to hear the voice of Azoth, and to learn the rites of Azoth, is truly wonderful. When Pythagoras came to Egypt, wise in learning and intent of purpose, he went from Luxor and from Karnak, and from many other temples, and could not be admitted till fifteen years had passed. $\dagger$ No Order is so rigid; no ordeal so severe as those of the Thebaid. This Virgin has leen here before. She did not need another touch of earth, but came to help the race. Behold upon her neck a leaf from Egypt's once loved Princess' necklace. I

[^18]will not tell ye more, save that the time will come when ye will see I tell ye truth."

Stepping to Zenia, he took her by the hand and led her toward the golden veil that reached across the end of the room, where there was no alcove. It parted, and they passed within. To what vision of glory, or sound of harmony, or experience of desire, none may know save they who have attained that state. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God has prepared for those who love him."

To those waiting in the outer court was heard the sound of many voices, singing in mystic rhythm the hymn Thebaid. Each word was plainly heard and brought a sense of peace to those who listened.*

> EGYPTIAN HYMN.
> "To Thee, O sacred Spirit-life of All! All hall To Thee, who art the Light and bread of Life, In all the mansions of the universe. O Thou, most Holy of the Holy Ones, all hall We salute Thee in all thy crowning majesty! Thy almighty love fills all the earth with pradse. O Thou, the loving Glory, the infinite One, All atars are born; all worlds spring forth from Thee. O give to ue thy refreshing breath of truth, As Thou gavest man his immortal Soul, To praise thee in those realms of Light. In Thy great Love is hid the mystery of Life: O Thou Most Holy of the Holy Ones, All hall! To Thee who holdest in thy hands The two truths of all Mysteries, O Thou, Eternal, Infinite. Unspeakable; Most Holy Father, Mother, God !"

As the voices died away the priest returned, leading the Vestal by the hand, clothed in a garment of white, that enveloped

[^19]her like a cloud. She now had lost the human, and as butterfly might leap from chrysalis, had sprung divine from shell of eirth, a winged soul complete. She did not seem to walk, but floated toward the altar. The veil now parted, and from it came a long procession of holy ones, both men and women, dressed in violet and pink. They form a solid wall around the room, and while the incense rises, and the music softly dies away, they wait in silence the coming of the holy Spirit on her, now kneeling at the altar. Witl holy breathing and intense desire, the silence deepens. A cloud arises round the Vestal, and through the cloud upon her head shot tongues of fire. A voice from above is heard to say:
"Daughter of Isis and Osiris, hail! Daughter of God the God, hail! Daughter of the Christ-heart, hail! Go forth into the temple of the world, and sow the seed of Truth, and do the Master's work. In the hour of trial, in the time of sorrow, when the waters would go over thee, and the floods destroy, or songs of joy would entice, or the world attract thee, touch the Lotus-leaf at thy throat and remember this day in Luxor. Great has been thy Love, and great has been thy reward. Love is all-and in all-for God is Love. Go now and walk thy own path. Tread the wine-press alone, but know that the Most High is with thee, and 'there shall no evil befall thee.'"

Through the veil the ark of the covenant could now be seen; again the voices from the unseen chant a sacred hymn.

[^20]For thou art the truth of all in all;
And on thy head is placed the dual crown, The glory of subilmest thought of men.
Hall, O Fountain of everlasting Love;
Hail, O River of everlasting Truth;
Hail, O Sun of everlasting Power!
Creator God, O, self-Creator, hail:
In homage to thy everlasting grod,
To thee all hail! Forever hail, O hail!"
At this point the Master led the way, holding Zenia by the hand and motioning the rest to follow. At the door of a cavern, black as night, he left her.*
"Thy intuition must guide thee, O Daughter. Fear not. Say continually, 'Thy words are a lamp unto my feet.' May God bless thee in the way."

At the entrance to another cavern he led James, and left him with his blessing. Roars of wild beasts could be heard; torrents, and thunderings ; and Mrs. Glendenning, losing faith in fear, covered her eyes with her hands and prayed aloud, calling Zenia to return. The words were lost in the roar, and falling upon the ground she called for help from the Most High-
"O Heavenly Father, why hast thou tried me so severely? Why hast thou separated my heart's delight from me?"
"Nearer to thee than ever before, 0 Mother! Mourn not because thou canst not see her."

* Apuleins tells of Lucius, a priest of Isis, thus: "I went frequently to the chief priest, and most earnestly entreated him to lnitiate me into the mysterles of the holy night, but he checked my importunity in a gentle manner, and said that the day on which each aspirant was initlated was indicated by the goddess, and by her providence the prieat was selected and the expense ordained. It was necessary to avold haste or delay. Silenee, and wait. The gates of heaven and the realms beneath are in Isis' hands. The Initiate bears a close rescmblance to a voluntary death. The sensations are described at that time thus : "I approached the confines of death, and having trod on the threshold of Proserpine, I returned, horne through all elements. At midnight I saw the sun shining with a brilliant light, and I approached the presence of gods beneath and gods of heaven, and I stood near and worshiped them.

Still uncomforted she turned to Memnon in reproachful cry-
"O Memnon, couldst thou have no victim but my darling? Could no other sacrifice delight thee? To see her leave her body would be easier than to know she is in darkness and terrors, without my hand to grasp. Bring her to me, O thou silent King."

No answer came. The agony grew more and more unbearable. Had her hair turned white in that time of waiting she had not marveled, for in mental strains like this, such things have been. It seemed as if years had grown to ages while she waited; and when her agony had grown more calm, she said, "I will arise and go to my Father. There is no darkness with Him. He is in deepest night, as in most radiant day."

She took for a Logos, "When thou walkest through the fire I am with thee ; be not afraid, neither be dismayed." In a moment, all fear had left her, and overwhelmed by her weakness and lack of faith, she buried her face in her hands and cried aloud-
"O Lord! I am not worthy to take Thy name upon my lips. Be merciful unto me, be merciful unto me!"
"I have blessed thee and will bless thee again," fell upon her ears, as a great peace fell upon her heart. She saw a wondrous vision. She saw her daughter walking in thick darkness, amid terrors unspeakable, but her step was firm, her countenance serene and bright, for by her side walked One whose radiance was as the sun at noontide, and He leld her hand in His, and ever and anon He whispered words of cheer into her ear. She heard the rapturous strains of music not of earth; she lost all sense of self, and in the truth of Azoth found eternal peace.

As those await the meeting of the lost of earth in other realms, so now she waited for her own. She had no fear, for Love was guiding all. Thus lost in thought she saw no one approaching until a voice aroused her. It was Zenia speaking as she approached, and, radiant with joy, embraced her, saying:
"I felt thy fear, O , Mouessie. It was the only thrill that weakened me. I now know how souls beyond the body must be pained and hindered by the moanings and the lamentations of those who cannot see, and have no faith. I saw thy grief and terror, and I whispered words of cheer, but thou wouldst not hear, my Dearest. Not for a single moment were we separated, and I was guided by a Loving Hand, through every danger."
Her mother was weeping. Tears of joy were in her eyes.
"This anguish was her rite of consecration," said a wellknown voice, and, looking up they saw their Master by their side.
"Henceforth ye are bound with a tie more sacred than any heretofore-the bond of fellowship in the rites of Azoth. For while the Vestal Virgin walked the dangerous way alone, the mother's soul was torn by lions, and she saw, and suffered, and was strong."

At this point James appeared, bearing marks of falls and bruises. His feet were cut, and he had fallen in the waters.*
" O, my blessed Master, do my een see your blessed face

[^21]again? I was sair afflicted by the terrors o' the way, an' ower confident $o^{\prime}$ my ain strength. I am a'thegither unprofitable. I am unco weak. When the way grew narrow, my lamp went out, an' in the muckle distress $I$ was in, I didna think o' turnin' to the light within. When dragons came upon me, and lions roared, I could only cry for help. I will be a slave a; my life if I may keep near thee, 0 , Master! "
"For a few years, James, thou wilt have thy desire, but then thou must do thy work. Vestal, didst thou fear the lions? I need not ask; thy face shows joy."
"Such joy as only those can know who have gone down into the depths and then had their feet placed on the heights. To him that overcometh shall be given all things. Henceforth I can bear all things, endure all things, for His sake."
"Ye have now to go forth into the world bearers of a truth inwoven in your innermost being. Ye have learned, not only the sacred mysteries, but the great lesson of the Master, for ye will go forth to serve, and to serve is to change one's Karma, and help dispel the gloom of ages. "He that will be greatest among you let him be a servant.' Whatever ye become will be the result of the thought-forces; therefore, hold the thought away from personality, and keep it fixed on a principle. The heritage of each human soul is angelhood. Century after century has merged into the everlasting past. Age after age has brought to humanity its heritage of disappointment, and men have been slow to learn that only through the portals of the soul can the eternal truth of God's great glory be made manifest. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.' The health-giving, life-giving power must ever come from the Spirit that is inborn in the soul, giving to the entire organism new centers of action, so that every cell, nerve, and organ becomes polarized and con-
centrated in the Central Will. This is the imperial consciousness ; the immortal, subliminal Self; in harmony with the Sonship, the Christ-state in man; the at-one-ment with Universal Law. One with God, with whom is life and joy forevermore. This is the message ye will take a waiting world. Farewell."

The story of the Vestal and her quest after God is ended. It is the story of all who would seek Eternal Life. To those who read between the lines will come knowledge and power. These are the Enlightened, and for them the message was sent from Hierarch and Hierophant and Masters. To those whose eyes are not opened, but who long for the true Light that lighteth every soul that cometh into the world, the word comes-Search. To take what is here revealed, and live it day by day, is to enter the path that leads to the heights of Immortality. The path may vary with each individual, but the soul will find the same experiences awaiting it.

To those interested in mere personality, who would like to know more of these lives, $I$ will add a conversation that took place between the two young men, in their cabin, on their homeward voyage. They had joined Mrs. Glendenning and her daughter at Boulogne, and were now at the end of their journey. We find the one we have known as Cecil Hautrave greatly changed. A calm, steadfast purpose looked out from his hazel eyes, and there was no hint of the impetuous nature that characterized him when we first met him.

His friend was talking. He was saying :
"If it were not unbecoming to a man destined for holy orders, I should be profane. Did you ever meet such a mortal in your life, Cecil? What can she do in a world like ours? A world of sense, and greed and cruelty? She is farther removed from it now than when we first saw her. But I will never give up
the hope of winning her as long as my name is Royal Montrose."
"If it were not unkind I should repeat a few of your own sentences. I will merely say-You will find it all worse than folly."
"But why?"
"She is farther from all thought of marriage than when we saw her last. She is constantly growing less human. How can you hope to reach a point where she can meet you. I tell you it is worse than folly-it is madness."
"But she is interested in her brother's marriage, and in all that touches the lives of her family. This shows she is still human. After a time she will long for love."
"Perhaps. I doubt it. I knew one old lady once who liked to play with dolls, but never another. Miss Zenia has found a love and purpose that fills her life, and to come down to what we call love, would be another case of playing with dolls."
"But what will she do?"
"Live, and teach the Truth and make history. The day will come that she will be known as the modern Hypatia, and you will then see the wisdom of my words."
"Ten years hence, visit me, and see if Zenia Glendenning is not the hostess. What is a modern Hypatia to a wife and mother?"
"The invitation is accepted, and if your words are verified, you'll find a handsome souvenir of our conversation upon your. table."
"Shake hands, Cecil." They closed their pledge with a hearty grasp, and while Royal moved off to promenade with the lady in question, the other sat down to think of the changes that had come to him since that day in the Louvre. When he rose ta
go on deck he heard a voice whisper in his ear-Silence and Wait.

Mrs. Glendenning and her daughter, sitting quietly in their room, were talking in low, earnest tones, a few hours later.
"I could avoid it no longer, ma chère Mouessie. He was determined to resume the old subject-"
"And what did you tell him?"
"Many things. When he alluded to extremists, I smileu, and said people did not mind them in woridly things, why should they in spiritual. The money-kings of the land were all extremists and had a large following. Then he turned and said:
"، You have had a surfeit of love in your family, and you do not feel the need of it now, but the day will come when you will be alone, and remember that you once had a devoted love laid at your feet, and you threw it overboard.'
"'Not that,' I said, 'all that is worthy the name of love I cannot lose, nor you cannot take from me. It will be mine forever. Physical nearness is not love. If there is aught in me to command a noble thought, it will come to me. Love, as the world calls it, I have had, and know its value; riches, fame, position-all these must some time, in some previous life, have been mine, and when weighed on a death-bed, been found valueless, for I desire them no longer. I desire nothing that is not transferable to other worlds.' I thought it best to speak plainly, but I felt sorry that it was necessary. He is a grand man, and one could easily feel him a necessity to her existence, if there was nothing greater in her mind. He called me a modern Hypatia, and said that such a life was not to be compared with that of a wife and mother. Of course I did not reply, and then he said I must forgive him, for he did not
mean to bo unkind. He seems to be more humble than when we left him in Paris. Perhaps somewhere life's experiences may lead him to a knowledge of what he now only believes."
"God grant it. The light of a new day is dawning on the world, and soon it will be in the glow of a sun it has never known before."
"I thought of this when he was talking, and I repeated to him some of the old Master's teaching, in the hopes that a seed might drop into good ground. I told him that what seemed to him visionary and even foolish now, would one day be to him the most precious thing in all the world, not as something he believed might be true, but something he would know. That in some time of desolation, when bereft of all he held dear, suddenly a voice would speak to him from the depths of his own heart, and it would say-•Be still, and know that I am God, and thou art my child'-from that ray of light would come an impulse to follow its leading, and not in power, not in great gifts, not in peace and joy alone would be his heritage, but in the sense of oneness with the AllLLife, and the incoming of that quickening Spirit, which would make for him a new heaven and a new earth, for former things would have passed away."

After a brief silence she began reciting the Invocation of Thebaid, in a soft, low voice, as if by its rhythmic tone she would forget the present and the human, in the grandeur of a truth universal. It had allen from the lips of the beloved Master as she had knelt before him, and by its power she would rise to clearer vision.
"May the One God, the Father and Mother of heaven, Zeus, Osiris, Isis, cover thee under his mighty wings, in the name of all the heavenly mysteries, so that thou mayest hold sacred
the trust God gives unto thee. So I give thee cedar-oil wrappings and the Lotus-leaf; also the cord of three strings; these will bind thee to the Truth, and thou shalt know the golden ways of Spirit and the Sacred Mysteries."

Three times she repeated these words, and, at the end, no trace of earthly thought or memory was on her face. Her mother's hand clasped hers in silent pressure, and as the hour for meeting home and loved ones was at hand, they felt the need of higher power to keep their souls ummoved. In unison they breathed the seven deep breaths of Prana, and recited together the prayers of the Master of Fire in Egypt, knowing well its power to give them strength.
"O Thou, everywhere and good of all, whatsoever I do, remember, I beseech Thee, that I am but dust, but as a vapor sprung from earth, which even Thy smallest breath may scatter! Good God, beside Thee nothing is! 0 , stream Thyself into my soul, and flow it with Thy grace, illumination, and revelation! Good God, ray Thyself into my soul! Take me from myself, and fill me but with Thee."

When they stepped upon the shore and were once more with their own, the halo of a holy atmosphere encircled them, and Zenia, the Vestal of Egypt, took up her daily life, as Zenia the Burden-bearer, the Helper, the Beloved, in whom was seen the power of the Living God. In the temple of humanity was henceforth to be the altar, whenever the Vestal would keep the sacred flame alight!
"It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life. But there are some of you that believe not."

THE END.
II. PETER, 1st Chapter.
"According as His Divine Power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life; whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine Nature; for if ye do these things ye shall never stumble.
"We have also a more sure word of Prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the Day-Star arise in your hearts."

"MEMENTO VIVERE."



From the Press of the Arena Publisbing Company.

## The Rise of the Swiss Republic.

By W. D. MCCRackan, A. M.
It contains over four hundred pages, printed from new and handsome type, on a fine quality of heavy paper. The margins are wide, and the volume is richly bound in cioth.
Price, postpaid, $\$ 3.00$.

## Sultan to Sultan.

By M. French-Sheldon (Bebe Bwana).
Being a thrilling account of a remarkable expedition to the Masal and other hostile tribes of East Africa, which was planned and commanded by this intrepid woman. A Sumptuous Volume of Travels. Handsomely illustrated; printed on coated paper and richly bound in African red silk-finished cloth.
Price, postpaid, $\$ 5.00$.

## The League of the Iroquois.

By Benjamin Hathaway.
It is instinct with good taste and poetic feeling, affluent of picturesque description and graceful portraiture, and its versification is fairly melodious. - Harper's SMagazine.

Has the charm of Longfellow's "Hiawatha."-Albany Evenin" Fournal.

Of rare excellence and beauty. - American Wosldyan.
Evinces tine qualities of imagination, and is distinguished by remarkable grace and fluency. - Boston Gazette.

The publication of this poem alone may well serve as a mile-post in marking the pathway of American literature. The work is a marvel of legendary lore, and will be appreciated by every earnest reader. Boston Times.
Price, postpaid, cloth, $\$ 1.00$; Red Line edition, $\$ 1.50$.

For sale by all booksellers. Sent postpaid upon receipt of tbe price.

## Arena Publishing Company,

Copley Square, BOSTON, MASS.


From the Press of the Arena Publisbing Company.

Is This Your Son, My Lord?<br>By Helen H. Gardener. The most powerful novel written by an American. A terrible expose of conventional immorality and hypocrisy. Price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $\$ 1.00$.<br>\section*{Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?}<br>By Helen H. Gardener. A brilliant novel of to-day, dealing with social purity and the "age of consent" laws. Price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $\$ 1.00$.

## A Spoll of Office. <br> A novel. By Hamlin Garland. The truest picture of Western life that has appeared in American fiction. Price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $\$ 1.00$. <br> Lessons Learned from Other Lives. By B. O. Flower.

There are fourteen biographies in this voiume, dealing with the lives of Seneca and Epictetus, the great Roman philosophers; Joan of Arc, the warrior maid; Henry Clay, the statesman; Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson, the actors; John Howard Payne, William Cullen Bryant, Edgar Allan Poe, Alice and Phcebe Cary, and John G. Whittier, the poets; Alrred Russell Wallace, the scientist; Victor Hugo, the manysided man of genius.
"The book sparkles with literary jewels." - Cbristian Laadior, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Price: paper, 50 cents; cloth. $\$ 1.00$.

For sale by all booksellers. Sent postpaid upow receipt of the price.

Arena Publishing Company,<br>Copley Square,<br>BOSTON, MASE.



From the Press of the Arena Publisbing Company.

## Along Shore with a Man of War.

 By marguerite Dickins. A delightful story of travel, delightfully told, handsomely illustrated, and beautifully bound. Price, postpaid, $\$ 1.50$.
## Evolution.

Popular lectures by leading thinkers, delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. . This work is of inestimable value to the general reader who is interested in Evolution as applied to religious, scientific, and social themes. It is the joint work of a number of the foremost thinkers in America to-day. One volume, handsome cloth, illustrated, complete index. 408 pp . Price, postpaid, $\$ 2.00$.

## Sociology.

Popular lectures by eminent thinkers, delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. This work is a companion volume to "Evolution," and presents the best thought of representative thinkers on social evolution. One volume, handsome cloth, with diagram and complete index. 412 pp . Price, postpaid, \$2.00.

For sale by all bookseliers. Sent postpaid upon teceipt of the price.

## Arena Publishing Company,

Copiey Square,
BOSTON, MASS.


From tbe Press of the Arena Publisbing Company.

## The Dream Child.

A fascinating romance of two worlds. By Florence Hunt. LeY. Price: paper, 50 cents ; cloth, $\$ 1.00$.

## A. Mute Confessor.

The romance of a Southem town. By Will N. Harben, author of "White Marie," "Almost Persuaded," etc. Price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $\$ 1.00$.
Redbank; Life on a Southern Plantation.
By M. L. Cowles, A typical Southern story by a Southern woman. Price: paper, 00 ; cloth, $\$ 1.00$.

Psychics. Facts and Theories.
By Rev. Minot J. Savage. A thoughtful discussion of Psychical problems. Price: papar, 50 cents; cloth, $\$ 1.00$.
Civilization's Inferno: Studies in the Social Cellar. By B. O. Flower. 1. Introductory chapter. II. Society's Exiles. III. Two Hours in the Social Cellar. IV. The Democracy of Darkness. V. Why the Ishmaelites Multiply. VI. The Froth and the Dregs. VII. A Pilgrimage and a Vision. VIII. Some Facts and a Question. IX. What of the Morrow? Priee: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $\$ 1.00$.

For sale by all booksellers. Sent postpaid upon receipt of the price.
Arena Publishing Company,
Copiey Square, $\quad$ BOSTON, MASs.


From the Press of tbe Arena Publisbing Company.

## Salome Shepard, Reformer.

By Helen M. Winslow. A New England story. Price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $\$ 1.00$.

## The Law of Laws.

By S. B. WAIT. The author takes advance metaphysical grounds on the origin, nature, and destiny of the soul.
" It is offered as a contribution to the thought of that unnumbered fratemity of spirit whose members are found wherever souls are sensitive to the impact of the truth and feel another's burden as their own."-Aulbor's Preface.
256 pages ; handsome cloth. Price, postpaid, $\$ 1.50$.
Life. A Novel.
By William W. Wheeler. A book of thrilling interest from cover to cover.

In the form of a novel called "Life," William W. Wheeier has put before the public some of the clearest statements of logical ideas regarding humanity's present aspects, its inherent and manifest powers, and its future, that we have ever read. The book is strong, keen, powerful; running over with thought, so expressed as to clearly convey the author's ideas; everything is to the point, nothing super-fluous-and forthis it is specially admirable. - Tbe Boston Times.
Price : paper, 50 cents; cloth, $\$ 1.00$.

For sale by all booksellers. Sent postpaid upon receipt of the price.
Arena Publishing Company,
Copley Square,
BOSTON, MASs.


From the Press of tbe Arena Publisbing Company.

## Jason Edwards: An Average Man.

By Hamlin Garland. A powerful and realistic story of to-day. Price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $\$ 1.00$.

## Who Lies? An Interrogation.

By Blum and Alexander. A book that is well worth reading. Price : paper, 50 cents ; cloth, $\$ 1.00$.

## Main Travelled Roads.

Six Mississippi Valley stories. By Hamlin Garland.
"The sturdy spirit of true democracy runs through this book."Rroiow of Recious.
Price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $\$ 1.00$.
Irrepressible Conflict Between Two WorldTheories.
By Rev. Minot J. Savage. The most powerful presentation of Theistic Evolution versus Orthodoxy that has ever appeared. Price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $\$ 1.00$.

For sale by all booksellers. Sent postpaid upon receipt of tbe price.

> Arena Publishing Company,
> Copley Square, BOSTON, MASS.


From the Press of the Arena Publisbing Company.

## Songs.

By Neith Boyce. Illustrated with original drawings by Ethelwyn Wells Conrey. A beautiful gift book. Bound in white and gold. Price, postpaid, $\$ 1.25$.

## The Finished Creation, and Other Poems.

By Benjamin Hathaway, author of "The League of the Iroquois," "Art Life," and other Poems. Handsomely bound in white parchment vellum, stamped in silver. Price, postpaid, $\$ 1.25$.

Wit and Humor of the Bible.
By Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D.D. A brilliant and reverent treatise. Published only in cloth. Price, postpaid, \$1.50.

Son of Man; or, Sequel to Evolution. By Celestia Root lang. Published only in cloth.

This work, in many respects, very remarkably discusses the next step in the Evolution of Man. It is in perfect touch with advanced Christian Evolutionary thought, but takes a step beyond the present position of Religion Leaders.
Price, postpaid, $\$ 1.25$.

For sale by all booksellers. Sent postpaid upon receipt of the price.

Arena Publishing Company,<br>Copley Square.<br>BOSTON, MASS.

## CIVIIIZATION'S INFERHO.

## STUDIES IN THE SOCIAL CELLAR.

## EY B. O. FLOWER.

A bold, unconventional book which in a metchess manner lays bare the criminal ca. travagance, the disguating fluakyism, and the inmorality found in what the unthor terma the "Froth of Suciety."
If fearlessly contrasts the criminal extrawaynace and moral effeminney of the shothful rich with the terrible nocial, moral, and physical condition of the ignorant, starving, wad degraded poor.
It cirrie the reader into the nocial cellar where uninvited poverty mbounds, and from there into the anb-cellar, or the world of the crimimal poot.
If in rich in sugestive hints, and should be in the band of every thoughful man med woman in Anericn.

Table or Contisnts.- I. Introductory Chapter. II. Society's Exiles. III. Two Hours in the Social Cellur. It, The Democrucy of Darknens. V. Why the Ighmaclites Mulsiply. V'I. The Froth and the Dregs. VII. A Pilgrimage and a Vision. VIII. What of the Morrow.
Frice: paper, 60 centa; cloth, 11.25.

## PRESS COMMENTS.

It is a strong appeal to the Christian civilization of the timea to arise and change the carrent of human misery whith in these modern times in driving with such resistles: force. - Chiatgo Daily Inter-Ocean.
A thoughiful work by s thoughtful man, und should turn the minds of many who are now lyonrant or exrelees to the condition of the countless thousands who live in the "sseinl cenlar." - Courier-Journal, Louispille, Ky.
Society, as it is now constituted, is nothing less than a sleeping volcano. Who dares to say how soon the uphearal will come, or whether it can he eraded hy the adoption of promp meanures of relief? Certainly the condition of the fower social atruta calls for immediate action on the part of those whoac safety is at stake. Mr. Flower bas accomplished a great work, in setting forth the ezact truth of the mutter, without any effort at pallation. -Boston Beacon.

For sale by all booknellers.
Arena Publishing Company,
Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

$\therefore$ From the prese of tha Arena Puoltithing Company. $\therefore$

## SIDE POCKET SERIES.

## a GUIDE TO PALLIISTRY.

By E. J. E. Hemperson. One of the mostinteresting and clarming bookn of the year. The hand is a perfect indicator of character. This book gires yon the ley. Haudsomely illustrated. Price, cloth, 75 centy.

## THE OPEM SECRET.

By A. Pmanarn A mestage from Mars, The secret of life and deatioy. A unique nud intensely latorestiug book. Hilusarmted with head and wil pleces. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

## DR. JOHM SAWYER.

By Mras. Elyina J. Babicurw. A besutiful med interestiug atory. Illustrated with head und tail pleces. Price, cloth, 7t cents.

Por sate by all sooketlert. Sent poat-paid upon recetpt of the price.

## Arena Publishing Company,

Coploy Square,
Boston, Mass.

## BORM IN THE WHARLWIND.

By Rev. Willian Adama, D. D. Thore who read this boek will be convineed that "Truth in indeed strunger than fiction." A wonderful tory, and told in a masterful way. Paper, 50 centa; cloth, 81.23.

## THE CHLDHOOD OF AM AFFINTTY.

By Katbarine E. Rand. A story for the millions. The interest grips yon from the start. Price: paper, 60 cente; cloth, 81.25.

## a WEDDIMC TAMGLE:

By Francis Canpbell Spariamz. A romance that has the double intereat of historicul mecarney while retmining nll of the charm of a delightful story brillimply told. frice: paper; 50 cente; cloth, 81.25 .

## WHERE THE TIDES MEET.

By Edwamp Pswon Benar. A story of intense interest by an anthor who


## EARTH REVISIED.

By Breow A. Brooss. A book crowded with laterest from cover to corer. Trice: paper, 60 enta; cloth, 11.25 .

For axate by cill booksellere.
Sent pont-gaidi npon receipt of the price.
Arena Publishing Company,

$\therefore$ From the prese of the Arena Pubitithing Company. .*

## ZENIA THE VESTAL.

By MAncaret B. Pezke, author of "Born of Plame," etc. Assisted by the Brotherhood and by order of the Hijerophant Egyptian and Alcantras of Grenada, under direction of the Algerine. This is a book embodying the occult laws of spiritual development, as given by the wise men of other lazids, some of which lawa are now presented in English for the first time. The vehicle of these teachings is a story, seenes of which are laid in Europe, but the charactere are American. Theles of gome of the chapters: Fate, Alps, Destiny, Reunion, Hermitage, Vibrations, Paris, Interlude, Egypt, Flight, Prophecy, Chamoun, Inaights, Madeira, Farewall, St. Cloud, Ancicipation. Price, in handeome cloth, ${ }^{2} 2$.

## IT IS POSSIBLE.

Uy IIzen Van-Anderaon: The mathor shows wonderful insight into chldlife, and the story is delightful. Frice: pont-pati, paper, 50 cence; cloth, s1.25.
"It Is Possible," by Mrs. Helen Van-A ndereon, is at of written evidently by a thinker of more than usunl ability. - Inter-Ocean, Chicago.
" It is Ponsible," by Mrs. Helen Van-Anderson, is a work deserving of a large sale and of being widely read. No one ran read the book withont partiking, in some measure at least; of the intenge spirituality which pertades the story. American Parm Newe.

## THE RIIGHT KHOCK.

By Hezen Yan-Andeason. 818 pages in handsome cioth. Price, poat-paid, $\$ 1.25$.

If a book comes from the heart, it will contrive to reach the heart. - Carlyle.
"The Right Knock" in presented with no other apology than this, it has come from the heart. - Author's Preface.

For ale by all bookeollore. Sent port-pata upon recetpt of the price.

> Arena Publishing Company, Copley Square,
> Boston, Mass.

$\therefore$ Prom the prequ of the Arena Publiahimg Company. $\therefore$

## ONE OF EARTH'S DAUGHTERS.

Hy Euliw Ronerve. A bribinnt story of to-day. The plat of this unique book fin wholly origian. The story gitbers interest as it unfolds atep by atep. The character of Josephine, the heroine, is drawm with the hand ofanartiat.


## UHVELIMG A PARALLEL.

 gives a most interestiap account of his visit to a neighboring planes whem
 paper, 50 cents; cloth,

## A MEMBER OF THE THIRD HOUSE.

By Haylir Gimiand. Thls book created s sensation by the boldnens and terseness of ite treatment of the Lolby that forms a "Third House" in every State legislature in the country. Price: paper, 60 cents; ciold, $\mathbf{3 1 . 2 5 .}$

## PRAIRIE FOLKS.

By Hamar Garmand. "armirie Folks" is Mr. Gerland's Latest and brightent. book. Price: paper, to centr; cloth, $\$ 1.26$.


Arena Publishing Company,<br>Coploy Squarn,<br>Boston, Mass.


[^0]:    * Samothrace, or the island of Samos, rocky and mountainous, has come down to us from the age of myth, connected with the mystic and sacred rites of the Kabeirl or Cabeiri. This mysterious and silent order grew from the Greek desire of perfect humanity, and no one was admitted to this fraternity who had mot been born of an archetypal man and woman. All that belonged to mere externals they held in contempt,-riches, self, sex, and the ordmary marriage. They held that the mystery of their goddess, which to-day cannot be imparted by words,-the love of Truth, the love of Man, the love of God,-la all that should be given to the public. The third way of human life was their basic principle. The Winged Wictory represents the attainment of their highest dideal, and so angered the Persimas by representing the head of Adonal, on a woman's body.

[^1]:    "There is a steamer that leaves Lisbon for Brazil, the ninth day of October, stopping at the ialand of Nadelra. The Intelligences say that you will find at the Hermitage on that Island the wisdom needed to prepare for Egypt. Fear not.
    "The angels are over thee and this faithful guide will lead thee.

    "Zelo."

[^2]:    * "The tissues of the body can be reduced to flud or gas, and can be operated on by human will, or infuence of spirits, and made to take on any form or fulfill any purpose. It has been seen to pass from the side of a medium like a white vapor. It transmits thought from brain to brain, and brings kindred eouls into sympathetic relation though hundreds of miles apart. It is the 'elixir of life,' the 'Philosopher's Stone.' No mysteries of the past can outstrip the manifestations of modern times."

[^3]:    * Number Eight was one of the famous Masters of this order. He excelled in wisdom, and his goodness exceeded his wisdom. Ite was at this time ant aged and venerable man, for he had trol the path almost a century, and his holy life was known in every country of Europe. While he was still young a large fortune was left to him, and his Master calling him to his side told him what had happened. IIe expressed neither pleasure nor interest. "You know it is not too late for you to go back to the world and enjoy its pleasures," he said.
    "I am not going back to the wordd," was the reply.
    "But you have an account to render for all this wealth."

[^4]:    * Four years ago the British Government sent out an expedition to map the bottom of the Atlantic ocean. The work is now about completed and a report has been issued. It shows that if the water were drained awny, the bed of the ocean would show a vast plain traverged near the center by mountain range, running parallel with the American coast. Another range running almost at

[^5]:    "Professor Dolbeare, whose recent work, "Matter, Ether, and Motion," is here referred to.
    $\dagger$ When Keeley found an explosion result from blowing up the cylinder of a pump, he cangit the first glinmer of a light that will one day lighten the world. He found a something finer, and more powerful than anything before discovered. On the explosion of atoms will depend forces-beyond present range of possibility.

[^6]:    Every crystal, natural or artificial, exerts a specific action on the animal nerve ; feeble in health, powerful in weakness.-Reichenbach.
    t Von Bezold's "Theory of Color."

[^7]:    *To fully comprehend the vibrations of light in certain gems, study thera with a magnifying glass at Enowlton's in Boston or Tiffany's in New Tork.

[^8]:    "About what?"
    "About the planet that she came from. She pointed to a

[^9]:    *This tribute of praise and thanksgiving is still held as a sacred duty by a faithful few at the Sammi Rock, on Trincomalee Island at Ceylon, where once a year, in the full light of the harvest moon, this sacred rite exists that links us back to ancient history. A recent traveler gives an account of these rites. "Two of us were permitted to witness the ceremony of the harvest festival on the mountain rock of Trincomalee. The grandeur of the mountain, the silence of the people, the glory of the sunset, were indescribable. Each person carried a bunch of fruit, or sheaf of golden grain, while the High-Priest, clothed in saffron-colored robes of silk, joined with the people in worshiping the sun and the dying day. Not a sound was heard for half an hour. Then, with one accord they burst into a glad refrain of praise and thanksgiving to their God, symbolized by the orb of day. The chant was a stupendous chorus to that Amighty Giver of light to man, and this was followed by an ablution of water, and kinding of the Fire. The High-Priest kindled his with fire from a brazen censer and swung it high over his head, while he chanted a hymn to the God of Love. For a little time all bowed in silence, until the evening air was well perfumed with the fragrant incense. After this chant the peopie responded and then arose, and in silence passet around the fire, and each was marked upon the forehead with the ashes, as a memorial of the change that must come wo mortals.

[^10]:    "My beloved ones,
    "So far and yet never so near as now, so near that our spirits touch, and I have counted the days and send this as a welcome when you come back to Parls. I have written you weekly just as if you were there, and it will take you some time to read all the sheets of payer covered with my hieroglyphics. Whenever I sent a letter of, I hal a feeling that its thought would reach you in your retreat. I too have been developing the inner Voice and senses, and the months of sllence have not been as tellious as I feared. I preach with a power I have never before possessed. If I have not found God as plainly as friend James, I have at least tonched the hem of His garments, and am a new man. I see

[^11]:    "Just think, Beverly knew your brother in New York; has roomed with him, andsays he is the truest fellow he has ever met. He has heard your praise sung by him for three years, and says he knows you better than I do. He tells me your brother always calls you Baby. How strange, and you so elegant and dignified. Tell me what day to meet you at the Victoria station, and make it as soon as possible, for we are all dying to see you; and Beverly declares he will go after you if you do not come soon. He is quite American, and cuts his words ; murders good Engllsh, and talks slang. As ever,
    "Your loving friend,
    "Ethel Beaumaris."

[^12]:    * Mr. St. John, in his work entitled Egypt and Nubia, mentions this singular effect of the midday sun that brought to him the bells of his native town. He also says "it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sallor, becalmed undera vertical sun in the midst of a wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chiming of his own village bells."

[^13]:    * At 524 B. C. when Cambyses was defeated in the desert, he returned to Memphis and was angered by finding the inhabitants rejoicing publicly over a call found with the sacred marks. Believing it was delight at his defeat, he condemned the magistrates to death as liars and killed the calf. All the disasters that followed him were thought to be the result of this act.

[^14]:    - The Bramaracheshasas and Nirvanymesm

[^15]:    - Herodotus read to his school, "I have seen that in Egypt which is so holy that it is not lawful for me to utter, and things I dare not divulge only to you two, for thou and thou are as it were a part of me, and are in my own glory."
    Brugsch says that the pure doctrines were tauglit only to full initiates, those who had found the spiritual center.

[^16]:    - As everything in Egypt has a significance, it may be well to state that the number seventeen and a hali is called the dead number, signifying that this particular desire was dead.
    $\dagger$ These sphinxes form the main avenue from Karnak to Luxor. There were originally four such avenues, but this,-a path way of measurement for eternal purpose of the Ages to reach the highest goal of human attainment-the Genius. Leading to the grand temple, was the avenue of trial for all neophytes, and this ends in front of the entrance to the Temple of Isis, connected with the grand temple two hundred feet distant. There are ten temples, forming one immense temple, within a radius of two miles. Each of these sphinxes held between its paws an upright human figure with hands crossed, grasping a sort of mace or crux ansata, representing the subliminal or immortal self.

[^17]:    * Humboldt found upon the banks of the Orinoco, in S. America, granite rocks that hailed the morning with majestic mustc. At Syene, the most unimaginative of French naturalists heard a sonorous creaking in the granite quarrles. At the rulns of Karnak, Napoleon's commission heard the same creak at sunrise. Of Memnon, one has written-" To Hadrian it sang of a morning, yet to Serverus, who repaired it, it was silent. But he came to it a raging rellgionist, while Hadrian stood with Antinous, whom the Morming loved and stole early away."

[^18]:    * When the tomb of this Princess was opened this necklace was still around her throat. The writer has seen three of those leaves sent to this country, and has one in her possession.
    $\dagger$ He was too scholastic and could not hold his center.

[^19]:    *This hymn is stll used in the sevices of this Order.

[^20]:    "All hail, O Sun of Life, thou Lord of radiant beams.
    All hail to Thee, the self-existent One, Our divine Father and Mother, inseparable, Athough in essence One, yet thou hast made Mother Isis our truth, Father Osiris our power. In thy supreme unmeasured glory, O thou grand, majestic Form, incomprehensible, Thou pervadest all, the eternal Life of lives,

[^21]:    * " In the most ancient initiation the neophyte was tied to a conch in the shape of an Egyptian fan, and at the end of three days and nights was carried from the temple crypt to the entrance of the gallery, where the early beams of the rising sun would strike full upon his face." Here we have an interpretation of Paul's expression:-"Our old man is crucifled with him, that the body of $\sin$ might be destroyed."

