Sema-Kanda:

THRESHOLD MEMORIES.

A Mystic's Story.

BY

COULSON TURNBULL.

"The heavens are calling you and wheel around you,
Displaying to you their eternal beauties,
And still your eye is looking on the ground,
Whence He, who all discerns, chastises you."

—DANTE.
Dedicated in Humility

To those who have watched terrestrial transformations and eruptions, have asked for answer Why, and have received None.
To those who, tired and home-weary, in a long and slow journey, have yearned and sought for Justice and found her not.
To those who have suffered as humans suffer, waiting in Faith for liberation.
To those hearts who in Faith and Patience have mystic-wise found a golden thread so delicate, so strong, delicate as human frailty, yet strong to draw the tossed and home-weary from out the ocean's tempest to the Harbor of Light, from out the dark ocean's tempest to the Light, Divine in its cheer.
To men and women Regenerate, to the Illumined Ones.
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CHAPTER I.

"The mind which aspires to the Divine Splendor flees from the society of the crowd and retires from the multitude of subjects."—GIORDANO BRUNO.

RA-OM-AR AND SEMA-KANDA.

Two men standing under an arch facing a little temple or shrine, may interest the reader. No other buildings are near, or in sight. The men are alone. Everywhere around is a beautiful plain, semitropical in aspect, except in the north, where a dim ridge rises. The ridge looks like a cloud, but as the early morn advances, mountain peaks stand out clearly and gloriously, reflecting later the golden sunlight on their massy snows. An energy and strength is at once associated with these mountains; they give a newness and freshness to the plain. The whole seems newly-born, quiet and solemn.
The little temple or shrine alone looks dingy, yet as it was raised for service and honor to God, the mind reverences it; and although dingy and time-worn, this little temple shows traces of a certain ancient grandeur and costliness which, with its obscurity, renders it perhaps more acceptable to the human heart.

The arch stands apart, and is not architecturally necessary—built, it might be, to arrest the worshipper's mind, recalling to him that none but the first fruits of his heart are received while renewing his offerings to Him who has covenanted with man.

All is silent this morning, no signs of human activity anywhere. Only these two men, a youth and a sage or aged priest, stand talking together under the arch. A strange meeting this, ages ago, known to the few.

The appearance of the elder man is striking. Dressed in a priestly garb which well befits his noble and erect figure, a face strong, yet sympathetic, denoting one habitually introspective, as if intuition and foresight are common traits of his character; a deep look in his dark eyes, their brilliance softening into a pathos rare as he
addresses' the youth at his side. He is a man whose face reveals God's foreknowledge and mercy, a man of power, an efflorescence of an age.

The youth stood by the side of the sage, body bended and one foot resting on a stone, head bared and shepherd-clad. Around his neck and dangling at his side hung a reed-like musical instrument. His attitude was one of innocent and careless naturalness; his face spoke refinement and a strong imagination; his mouth was delicate, and while it did not show the patience, endurance and holy simplicity like that of the priest's, still the natural sweetness of expression indicated one capable of quickly touching into tenderness those of lesser sympathies.

An imprint of the higher self rested upon his face at this moment, for the youth was gazing reverently and wonderingly into the face of his aged companion. As he listened the countenance changed to a look of tranquil sorrow and resignation, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Sema-Kanda," said the sage, "our parting is near. Thou hast served me faithfully in my seclusion. Thy sorrowing eyes show
thy soul is sad. Fitting is this, for ours is a solemn departure, more so for thee. Trend now my Brother thy footsteps toward the temple, and give this scroll to the Brothers. Thou knowest its contents, how it records the prophecy concerning the coming catastrophe to our people and our country. Not many moons hence the Brothers will discover a deep red star of the greater magnitudes ascend, culminate, and rapidly sink. When that star occults with a feeble moon, the Brothers will depart, embarking with all who will leave this country. This is the time of balance. Our Brothers will scatter, becoming wanderers in new lands, carrying their light and wisdom to primitive races. North, and to the South, East, and to the West, go they. This is a time of tribulation and discipline.

"Many signs will be seen telling of near destruction. The sun will not care to sink that day, for he fain would become a fixed star comforting those enveloped in the dark shadows of death; and when his rays are no longer seen, a pale golden light will appear.

"Forget not, that nature will now favor thee, nay, smile on thee; and as thou ad..."
vanccest in wisdom and becometh a true Brother, thou wilt learn how nature ever reflects thy thoughts, and the thoughts and actions of others. Nature ever reflects wisdom for the wise, the silent ones. So now thy discipline commences. Thou wilt be a server to others. Encourage the weaker in thy new resolve and ever inspire hope. Go forward with faith. Fear not at any moment, forget not, thou art ever protected by the Unseen. Remember thy vigils and thy prayers. To Karomeda and Posidona, his sister, I send love's greetings. Take the scroll, Sema-Kanda, and hide it under thy sheepskin from the expectant gaze of the city's multitude. The arms of Mother Love and Father Wisdom enfold and guard thee!

"Ra-Om-Ar, my Master, knowest thou if we meet again?" asked Sema-Kanda, the youth, his voice strained with emotion.

"I will meet thee many centuries hence, at which time thou wilt have met others who will teach thee the ancient wisdom. Until that time we shall not see each other in body; so, farewell, my young Brother, become a worthy aspirant to that secret knowledge held by the great Brotherhood of Teachers. The Blessings of the Masters
and of the Father and Mother One are upon thee."

Sema-Kanda took the parchment scroll, and kissing the ring on the hand of his master, departed.

The sage looked long and wistfully after him, then turning to the shrine, knelt in prayer, his face becoming miraculously tender, as one transfigured.

We shall leave this solitary man in the silence; a forerunner of a new time; a soul who ushers in and directs the unfolding of a newer cycle of life; a light bearer of the Past.

Sema-Kanda sped on to a city, traveling to the south, the parchment scroll hid under his sheepskin, and his thoughts intent upon the strange duties he had undertaken. He felt himself a new being, with awakened intuitions. This last sojourn with Ra-Om-Ar had quickened new desires and hopes.

"What said my master? The twilight of our race is upon us? a time of transformation is near, a time of death? Who can measure the mysteries seen in ever-changing nature? O, Atlan! my beautiful country, art thou to pass away? The Divine Ray is now to flash, and illumine those who can
behold it, the Ray that is darkness to those whose minds are dimmed with passion, and who are sunk in the pleasures of sense. O, Atlanteans! my people, pride has filled you, ye are sunk in the errors of sense. May Heaven have compassion on you!

Ending his soliloquy, he turned and looked back upon the shrine in the distance.

Ra-Om-Ar had gone.

As the shepherd youth hastened on, he reached the outskirts of the city by sundown, and scanning the faces of those he met, mused, half asking and answering questions:

"Why do these souls differ so much in wisdom and experience? Some are gay and careless, others sad and reserved. See this haughty man, how disdainfully he eyes me. Ah! he is clad in silks, and many decorations adorn him; pride, my friend, will bring thee many pitiable longings, and a sad end I fear. Now, see that alchemist, with his metals of baser order, and gold. Dreams he that alchemy deals with the material? Rather turn thy genius, O friend, to transmute thy baser self into the Real.

"Why beat those animals?" he called aloud to a driver wielding a lash over a
heavily-laden yoke of oxen. "Seest not their load is heavy? Some day death shall free the oxen, but not thee, for thy heart will be bound by cords of anger woven from thy uncontrolled passions. Withold thy hand, I pray thee," Then to himself: "What is this power of discernment I feel? The secret thoughts of others I readily discern."

With sundry ejaculations he passed on until he arrived in the center of the city, where stood the temple of the Brothers.

Around the temple, as usual to custom, the populace had gathered, the larger groups always assembling near the temple gates, Feeling fatigued, and that he might better see the people, Sema-Kanda sat down for a moment. The inhabitants of this city were lavishly dressed, such splendor of ornamentation Sema-Kanda had not before witnessed. The scene around him was one of great activity. The crowds were noisy; violent discussions were engaging some, others were jeering and disputing, the confusion grating on Sema-Kanda’s sensitive ear. He noticed others drinking, others yet again sleeping, their countenances telling of jaded debauchery. No care had they for
virtue, for their language was vile. Children playing merrily amongst them, like oases in a human desert, served but to more clearly outline the darkened and soddened visages of their parents.

A lull in the noise occurred, when strangely contrasting did he hear the voices of the Brothers within the temple chanting in unison. The youth listened, forgetting the din around him, as he fitfully caught snatches of those soothing measured tones.

As the singing ceased Sema-Kanda roused himself, and knocking at the temple gates was admitted by a young Brother dressed in white.

"Ah! my Sema-Kanda, welcome, welcome, thrice welcome," said the Brother.

"My Karomeda, I am here, thou seest, to follow thee, and I have Ra-Om-Ar's message." Greetings exchanged, as other Brothers joined in the welcome, all making some enquiry concerning their elder Brother, Ra-Om-Ar. To one who had received him, he handed the scroll, and was soon domiciled for the night. As he retired, he viewed the silent glories overhead, and as if moved to prayer he exclaimed, "O silent One! keep thou me silent, that I may know thy will.
Teach me to understand thy action, and let me not sleep in forgetfulness of thy Good and Mercy."

He soon slept, a peaceful smile stealing over his face, as if a vision enchanted him.
CHAPTER II.

"Religion can never be merely ceremony, but hidden and holy mysteries penetrate through symbol into the outer worship to prepare men properly for the worship of God in Spirit and in Truth."—VON ECKARTSHAUSEN.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

Early morn the youth awoke, feeling joyous and calm, his whole being persuaded into an effective harmony by his peaceful sleep. This tranquil happiness seemed everywhere, for as he joined the Brothers, who were walking in groups along the courts and aisles in and around the temple, he could not help noticing these men's faces, so calm and deep-thoughted, not a trace of apathy or passion, not a word uttered by them, yet such eloquence!

They lived simply; were content with the food nature had abundantly provided, knowing not the taste of blood, or flesh-foods. They were men with regenerate and cleansed bodies, who had chosen that more austere path of life which has its own beauty. Hav-
ing no perverse will, and with the sub-human passions fully conquered, their faces were veritably illumined. These monks were souls purified in flesh.

Sema-Kanda stepped out into one of the open court-ways, and was soon joined by Karomeda.

"Thou hast slept well Sema-Kanda, I see by thy radiant and restful face. It is always true, when an aspirant enters our gates, the currents of his mind become steadied and the physical impulses softened, and one of the first signs is a gentle sleep with complete harmony and rest of body."

"Yes, my sleep was refreshing after my journey, but my spirit was best soothed and lulled by the sweet singing of the Brothers last evening. I forgot to tell thee our friend and Master Ra-Om-Ar sends to thee and Posidona his love. Where is thy sister?"

"Posidona is in the choristers' rooms, across these gardens, directly under yonder little dome. Thou wilt see her to-night, for she leads the singing at sundown in the large hall of the temple, when Ra-Om-Ar's message will be read."

Sema-Kanda glanced in the direction indicated by Karomeda. An immense quad-
rangle bounded by massive and graceful buildings, adorned and decorated in marble and mosaics, at once fixed his gaze. Spires, domes, statuary, gardens bordered with shady shrubberies, miniature lakes, all appealed to that sense of refinement and delicacy, which is only reached when rare taste has been worked out in loving and patient toil. From the larger view he turned to the more minute chisellings and lineaments on the walls of the hallway he had just left. On these he noticed various symbols as well as paintings of principles and objects he did not fully understand.

"Am I to be instructed by thee, Karomeda, in the meaning of these symbols? Art thou to be my first teacher in this temple as thou wert my first teacher in the hills at home?"

"My instructions are simple," answered Karomeda. "I am at present to be thy companion as in our boyhood days. We have no regular tasks except we shall attend the daily choral exercises in the temple. We try to see gladness and beauty in everything at all times. I shall be thy companion until thine instinctive sense merges into the intuitive sense, and these symbols show the steps the aspirant takes as he treads the
Path which leads to the secret wisdom known through the intuitions, or as Ra-Om-Ar told us in our boyhood days, through the hidden center within!

"Yes, Karomeda, how often our Master told us that none are able to fully understand the laws of being except through revelation, apprehended as it were by the spiritual intuitions."

"Thou my Sema-Kanda, hast voluntarily chosen to discover this in thyself. Keep to this desire and thou wilt rapidly progress."

"How beautiful are the colors worn by the Brothers!" said Sema-Kanda. It was a most beautiful sight. The Brothers were walking erect and very leisurely in groups of three, all dressed in loose-fitting robes of a silvery whiteness, yet from each robe a second color glinted and gleamed. Each group of three wore this second color alike, and Sema-Kanda soon noticed the beauty and grouping of these colors, which suggested some unseen relation one to the other, as if a silent, active, interplaying energy drew them together. Some purpose strange in this, thought Sema-Kanda.

"When shall I put on a dress like this?" he asked his companion.
"Just as soon as thou hast discovered the meaning of control, and felt the gladness following it. Perhaps in a day, a month, or in years. As thou art active, and full of natural emotions yet unchecked, I predict for thee an early opportunity and full conquest. Thou wilt soon know of thy first conquest; a new strength will be thine. The first victory is ever an important one."

"I am sure of conquest, for I have but one purpose, and that thou knowest. That purpose has been strengthened in my fellowship with Ra-Om-Ar while in the mountains. I shall conquer, Karomeda," replied the youth, somewhat impulsively.

Karomeda looked lovingly upon his charge, as if a little in doubt, though Sema-Kanda noticed it not; his eyes were again turned to the vari-colored robes of the Brothers.

"What mean those various tints on the silvery white, my Karomeda?"

"The silvery white is symbolical of the spiritual purity common to all," answered the initiate, Karomeda, "while the colors represent different intellectual states. When an initiate's intellect is perfectly harmonized with his intuition, he takes the white robe.
Note the first group of three Brothers; one robe is of pink, the other two are shades of red. The beauty of each is enhanced by the presence of the other two, each seemingly necessary to the other. These Brothers when in the outer world represented the warrior class, fiery and impulsive, brooking no interference with their worldly plans. They have learned control, and are now characterized by their spiritual zeal and tenderness. See their limbs, how hard and white, as hard as ivory, and how purple their veins. They are still brave and courageous, and know what endurance means. All our best mathematicians, sculptors, and scientists, belong to that group. They will be thy teachers in the physical sciences, and will instruct thee in the laws of correspondence seen in nature's manifestations. Seest the three Brothers of the second group? Their colors are orange, gold, and a blue-grey; look closely; there is a greater delicacy than thou wouldst at first perceive. The two in gold and orange will teach thee the great law relating to the germinating principle in nature. They, too, are renowned scientists, and direct the studies of the younger initiates."
“And that Brother in the beautiful blue-grey?” inquired Sema-Kanda.

“Ah, friend Sema-Kanda, we hold his cult in great reverence. That Brother is of the Nazars, and from this cult a great Light-Bearer is to be born; but of this more anon, when thou seest the pictures on the walls of the temple. Three other Brothers are robed in purple and blue, a rich crimson, and a pale sky-blue. These, my Sema-Kanda, are adepts in the unseen forces, in music and the occult action of light and color. The crimson-hued Brothers are natural artists. Each in this cult has discovered the Real in himself through art, either in music or painting. That particular Brother in azure blue is the Recorder, the Master of the Secrets; thy lessons with this group come only when thou hast adequate knowledge in the meaning of form, color and sound. Their teachings are most marvellous, yet simple nevertheless.”

“Turn us now, my Karomeda, to the last of the groups, and instruct me in the meaning of the colors worn by them. One I see is a sea-green, the second a golden brown, while the third I note has a dress of pure
glittering white alone. What symbols are these, I pray thee?"

"The mysteries and symbolism of these colors I cannot fully explain to thee now. Those of the light sea-green color are Brothers who come among the children of earth as forerunners of a new vortex of life, or cycle. They, my Sema-Kanda, are the watchers, the souls who usher in a higher birth of humanity. Full, full of the tenderest sympathy are they, and I may tell thee they are closely allied to those of the golden-brown hue. These last are souls who watch the close of a cycle of Time. Their presence on this planet shows we are near making an upward spiral turn, a new orbit of action. As the brown leaf warns us of the close of a year, so do these souls minister to those of lesser knowledge, when an old dispensation or cyclic year draws to a close."

"The pure white, Karomeda?" inquired Sema-Kanda, reverently.

Karomeda paused, then lowering his voice to almost a whisper, said: "They are Sons of God. We shall not behold them again on this earth. They go to return no more. Perfected are they, my Sema-Kanda, in earth's experience. A solemn occasion indeed is
THE BROTHERHOOD. 27

the departure of such souls. We gather together in the supper-room, and eat together. It is noticed the choristers sing with a deeper rapture, and we all breathe as with a newness of life, for we know the unseen comfort of such souls is silently shed over us. Many of the choristers belong to this nameless cult. Let us enter the temple; there is much of interest to thee, I believe.”

The two entered within the doors of one of the several massive buildings. Sema-Kanda stood for an instant transfixed at the degree of splendor shown in the architectural design, and the magnificent embellishments. Fresco paintings of cups, crosses, geometrical figures, a tree, and of a bull adorned the walls.

A fresco painting especially prominent and lifelike attracted the two men. It was the picture of a man lying in a garden of weeds, in the last death-throes of agony. The sky was heavily cloud-laden, as if a thunderstorm were about to break. The gloominess had been diminished and subtly relieved with the last traces of the artist’s brush, for a little flower, a white flower, peeped into evidence, and quietly invited closer observation of the picture, when
the dying man's face was seen to be drawn into deep lines of suffering, yet the sublime tenderness had not been lost. The damp perspiration on the anguished brow seemed to soften the very air, giving a true balance to the whole. A cross of gold was hung directly over this picture.

"A cross, a dying man, a white flower," said Sema-Kanda, as he mutely appealed to his companion.

"He is to be born," answered Karomeda, "in the Nazar group. This picture is a prophecy, and comes from the inspired hand of a Brother in the crimson group. We believe this suffering man will be one of the greatest Teachers of the New Cycle."

The two then turned away to see the many carvings and other decorations.

"What are these peculiar letters, Karomeda?" asked Sema-Kanda, pointing to some strange characters gilded on the wall.

"My Sema-Kanda, learn these if thou wilt. They are the characters in which our prophecies and secret truths are written. The language is a perfect and a sacred language. A Brother may measure his spiritual progress according to his perfection of utterance; our sacred songs are chanted in this lan-
guage. A moment ago thou said our singing softened thy spirit and rested thee; ah! sometime our singing in this tongue will set up a new vibration in thy being that will bring with it a desire to escape all limitations of body. The circle on the right—note thee, Sema-Kanda—and the two smaller circles on the left, form the bases of all the succeeding characters. When men love harmony better than discord, they will then adopt this as the universal mode of speech. But come, music we hear has already commenced, inviting us to morning worship.”

Sema-Kanda, arm in arm with Karomeda, left this large room, and passing through the gardens entered another magnificent temple, near the choristers’ rooms. Sema-Kanda was again hushed. The sun shone through an immense transparent dome upon the variously colored garments of the monks, who were assembling in large numbers, filling huge balconies and galleries above and larger areas below. A group of maidens, fully five hundred, dressed in white, were noiselessly walking down the aisles to a raised dais or rostrum, in the center of which was an altar of bronze and gold. As these choristers ascended the steps to the altar,
the company broke out into a grandly impressive chant, followed by a refrain from the other end of the temple. Sema-Kanda turned to see, while he took his seat with Karomeda. A second choir, composed of Brothers, occupied one of the large galleries.

The maidens seated themselves on the rostrum, in a semi-circle, and Sema-Kanda noticed that each carried a musical instrument like a harp, except instead of strings were suspended pieces of shining metals which, when struck by a little hammer, emitted a clear bell-toned sound and a color. These colors were as varied as the tones, and waved in every direction. One portion striking a huge silver disc immediately above the rostrum, became translated into forms of plants, leaves, ferns and geometrical figures, ever changing as the music changed in rhythm and note.

Sema-Kanda was fascinated with these graceful forms and the inconceivable delicacy of the changing colors.

As the music rose and fell, first intense, then soft and sad, the vibrating color-waves seemed alive with animated force. From the lower base tones darker colors and simpler forms would appear, which instantly be-
came marvellously elaborated as tones of higher vibration were introduced, and harmony measured harmony. When the notes fell in unison the color was one, though in several shades, and the figure of like design. Then as the music glided into more complex harmonies, the variety of forms would mingle into an imagery of ceaseless and exquisite shapings, again and again changing into newer arrangements. The complexity of coloring, the elaborate contrasts in the renewing forms, their delicate and well-balanced symmetry changing simultaneously with the music, no words can describe.

A longing after all things holy seized Sema-Kanda. He felt he must sing, for the music and singing was reaching an intensity of melody that touched his deeper soul. His heart became overburdened with thoughts of the troubled human souls without the temple, and he found himself sobbing.

Gradually, most gradually, the music softened to a mournful strain. He fancied it was mysteriously whispering to him, and he was half consciously answering it back, and, like a second person, listening to his own answers. He realized that a soundless voice
came up from a deep within, telling him of his Past, eternities ago. He felt a conscious Presence, glad and joyous. A new power he felt was his whenever he needed it.

"I am Life, I am Power, I am Love. Thou hast my secret," the voice said. "I am known through Faith and Silence." The music ceased. An aged elder with snow-white hair took his place at the altar, and in a low musical voice addressed the assemblage. The voice, Sema-Kanda thought, held some affinity with the inaudible voice within himself; it carried the same comfort and spiritual uplifting. He listened intently, the elder's words producing a serenity and calmness he had never before experienced. A silence followed, during which the elder with outstretched hands and face upturned asked a blessing, and the assemblage departed.

Sema-Kanda did not wish to leave the temple. He sat still in meditation. This best suited his feeling of gladness and serenity. Alone in those quiet moments a higher consciousness was born, one that revealed new wonders of his being.

Shortly after Sema-Kanda left the hall and went in search of Karomeda. In doing
so he passed the picture of the dying man, the little white flower, and the glittering cross, which some way recalled the question of yesterday. Why this difference in wisdom and virtue among men, when all are children of the One Father!
CHAPTER III.

"The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of Nature is he whose inward senses are still truly adjusted to each other, who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth become part of his daily food."—EMERSON.

SEMA-KANDA'S CHILDHOOD.

The childhood and early youth of Sema-Kanda had been spent among the lakes and mountains of Northern Atlantis. His earliest remembrances were of wanderings along the wooded hillsides with two companions, Karomeda and Karomeda's sister, Posidona.

Many an enchanting nook and cave had these three friends discovered together, many a cascade and waterfall had they listened to, and watched the rushing, foaming waters fall over the hillsides during the rainy season.

Karomeda usually led to the discoveries of new sights, and planned the more distant excursions from home. Being the eldest, he had taught his sister and Sema-Kanda how
to play the reed, and the three would vie
with each how best to imitate the different
bird-calls, the hum of the bees, the noise of
the waterfalls, and nature's songs. In no
fitter place could childhood days be spent.
Amid their child-world of dreams and fanc-
cies, the three had grown together, when
their young hearts were vividly impressed
with an event that changed the current of
their childhood experiences.

One day an old man met these happy
wanderers and became veritably their en-
chanter. He was no other than Ra-Om-Ar.
He told them of a past Golden Age, and
enriched their dreams with fables and tra-
ditions of deities, who guarded their hills
and woods and lakes. Sometimes he spoke
of angels who watched over and protected
them. Occasionally, and with gentle hand,
he plucked a flower, and to wondering eyes
showed the construction of stamen, petal
and cell. The lessons would be varied by
illustrating the movements of the sun, the
earth, the moon and the stars, the coming
of day and night and the changing seasons,
making clear these facts with the use of a
globe he carried, or sometimes he used only
a fir-cone. His apt and intuitive method of
drawing from his pupils, by dint of close questioning, the answers he desired, surprised his eager listeners, even amid constant surprises. This kindly nature, simple, his presence inspiring, his love and playful manner soon quickened in the children a fondness for these delightful studies, and made him a god in the eyes of his admiring pupils.

For days and weeks Ra-Om-Ar would leave them, when these young hearts would discuss the things they had heard and seen. His return, always longed for, yet ever uncertain, was a tremendous event, and was heralded often with noisy greetings. A multitude of questions were to be asked, new treasures of rock, crystal, plant or insect life to be carefully uncovered. One or another would boast of a better imitation on the reed, of this or that bird-call. Each had some conquest or discovery to relate.

With a rush to some favored retreat, slowly followed by this aged teacher, or often good-naturedly allowing himself to be dragged more quickly, the happy lot would retire, when Ra-Om-Ar would listen to every query and suggestion, and the lessons would be resumed. From his well-stored memory
he advanced their knowledge of circles, triangles, and ellipses, and their relations to the geometry of the heavens. Gradually their minds became filled with an endless procession of wonderful facts.

He spoke of our earth, its extent of ocean and land, and compared its size as a planet in the system to which it belongs. He next showed how our system was very small when compared with the starry space possible to be viewed by human vision, and how that space was but like a tiny field in the vast radiant fields unseen. In this wise did this noble soul instruct and mould their plastic minds, and almost unwittingly quicken within them the feeling of nature's Silent Presence. The one task he had allotted to himself was fulfilled so far as concerned his meeting of these children, and that was when he saw how his little friends worshipped Nature, though they knew it not as worship.

As time rolled on, Ra-Om-Ar directed their attention into a larger understanding of life's mission. He for the first time spoke of the temple in the city across the plains, where the spiritual perceptions and deeper inspirations were encouraged and developed.
Karomeda and Posidona soon left for this temple, where their higher instruction could be received. Sema-Kanda therefore was left alone, assisting in the tending of his father's sheep and goats. This was his first sorrow. Posidona and Sema-Kanda had been much together, and innocently and unconsciously love's subtle passion had woven itself around them. They had sung to the stars together, searched for the water-nymphs playfully, and one time when Karomeda was away attending to some duty, they had mentioned to each other their mutual fondness and affection. This soft acquiescence steadily worked on the minds and hearts of each, and now they were to part from each other. It was his first sorrow. Sema-Kanda would miss her singing, the reed playing, and her sunny laughter. Few words were passed between them, for they had scarcely learned to speak to each other of this newness of life. Still, their mutual fondness was not unknown to the sharp perception of Karomeda or to Ra-Om-Ar.

So the first teardrop gathered in Sema-Kanda's eye, and reflected itself in the rapidly filling eyes of Posidona.

How the first days passed after his friends
had departed he could not say. They were blank, blank days. His consolation at first was only in his shepherd's duties, and the solitude pleased him. Gradually as heretofore he resumed his chanting to the stars, but the memory of Posidona never left him an hour. The stars and his Posidona became ever associated. He fancied they responded and felt the touch of their breath. He would weave a mystic lay to some star, and throw over it his ideal of Posidona, to hear in return a memory echo of her laugh, or song. So while his life was lonely, it was not void of imagination or romance, for crowds of fancies, and dreams and melodies were born and repeated or sung to the stars and to his departed Posidona.

Ra-Om-Ar would visit him and friendly messages were carried and exchanged, which always cheered him. Thus Sema-Kanda's youth passed along. He continued his studies, growing thoughtful, serious and questioning. "Have those world's above us life like ours? Is there consciousness and intelligence there like on our tiny earth? Are they silent because of desolation or because of their distance? Perhaps their very dis-
tance hides their very life. My Master has shown me life in the minute, and how smallness hides life. So cannot greatness and distance hide life?"

Questions like these would throng upon him, to be answered by his old master on some subsequent visit.

One evening while his flocks were peacefully grazing, Sema-Kanda saw Ra-Om-Ar's figure in the distance. This was a second visit following closely upon the one two or three days before. Sema-Kanda became at once curious, and as he hastened to meet him he noticed a wonderful quietness was over Ra-Om-Ar.

"Is thy spirit saddened, my Master?" Sema-Kanda asked, saluting Ra-Om-Ar. "Thou lookest so quiet and grave. Are our friends in the temple well? How can I serve thee?"

"My young Brother, my spirit is not saddened, and thy friends in the temple are well and send their love's greetings to thee. To thy last question, I am here to seek thy services, while I go in solitude and seclusion in our hills yonder. Strange times are upon us. Our Brothers have noted for some time fair Vega's course, for she is
leaving her position as Pole-star, and this portends the birth of a new vortex in the great life Wave. A new star is appearing which will take Vega's place. A new Pole-star ever portends a new cycle. Other stars have we noticed. The grand Oak is spreading his branches to the Milky Way. New life is upon us, and to some this means destruction and death. A new humanity is to be born, and we foretell the passing away of beautiful Atlantis.”

“Fair Atlantis to pass away, my country that has dominated the other isles of the sea! Atlan to pass away?” asked the youth amazedly.

“Ah! our people have no moral excellence, but I will not censure or condemn them,” answered the old man, with face troubled. “Come, let us hence, to the mountains, for there I shall have the truth more fully revealed. In the mountains will I record it, and thou, my Sema-Kanda, wilt carry a scroll telling of this mysterious but natural and orderly event. Now, thou wilt become an aspirant to secret wisdom.”

They retired to a little shrine near by, where the two were first introduced to the reader. Later they left for the mountains.
CHAPTER IV.

"I saw her Genius arise from the mansions of the dead; not such as she is painted by the impassioned multitude, armed with fire and sword, but under the august aspect of Justice, poising in her hand the sacred balance wherein are weighed the actions of men at the gates of eternity!"—Volney's Ruins of Empires.

THE SCROLL.

"The Brothers are gathering in the larger temple, Sema-Kanda, let us attend, for our Master's message is to be read to-night. It is an especial gathering and our chief musical composers are to attend, and as I told thee this morning, our sister Posidona leads the singers this night."

"My Karomeda, life has been full of music and divineness this day for me. I shall never forget this morning's ecstacy, and the inspiration of that music and singing. Have you music each day?" queried Sema-Kanda.

"Yes, my Brother, music is truly a mother, which carries us like children back to the spirit of truth. It is the religion we here
teach. As it was a part of our boyhood worship on the hills, you remember, Sema-Kanda," said his companion, smiling, "it is so now. Our sister choristers have often assisted a Brother in the solution of some problem in natural law through music's tongue. Many a riddle may be solved through music. Think it not strange, thine experience this morning, for on the wings of music can we best take flight and free the soul from the consciousness of body. The subtle atmosphere in which we are enveloped, and through which the soul speaks, is better known and understood when the divine currents of melody are set up. Ah! Sema-Kanda, we wish the Atlanteans had been cradled and rocked to softer music; our temples would then be full, and the disaster which is predicted would fall lightly on our people; for then they would be better attuned to listen to nature's harmonies which become prophecies to the wise. Their feelings would widen, their hearts be ennobled, and instead of seeking pleasure in cup and carousing, they would listen to the songs divine that flow so sweetly from the lips of our singers. Again, let us hence to the gathering."
As our aspirant took his seat in the well filled hall with his companion, he felt once more stirred into an awe of joy. There were again assembled the Brothers, and the choristers were again treading slowly and noiselessly to the altar. Posidona was leading the singing. Sema-Kanda could hear her rich voice leading off the slokas of a hymn.

The choristers were in greater numbers than in the morning. Innumerable horns, harps, flutes, reeds, clappers, drums and other instruments were played in sweet and sympathetic accompaniment, which was brought to a close as Posidona reached the altar. Then ascending the seven marble steps alone, and facing her sister choristers, who were still in the main body of the hall, Posidona began to sing in almost a whisper that echoed through that vast hall. As the tones trembled along, the wonderful acoustic properties seemed to magnify the splendor of her voice.

Sema-Kanda betrayed his wonder, pride, and joy. That melodic tongue seemed to easily communicate his every wish and desire to the Universal Father and Mother. Both chorus and instruments now joined in,
then again changed to a recitative from Posidona.

Sema-Kanda's soul began vibrating to higher impulses that touched the divine currents of joy which had awakened that inner voice. The singing ceased, and the choristers encircled themselves around the priest and other elders at the altar. A short silence followed, each heart joining in meditation. It was the twilight hour and Sema-Kanda could not refrain from looking around on the massed groups of Brothers in their colored robes, and the white dress of the choristers. Perhaps this act helped his meditation, for he immediately thought of the struggling world with its obstinate desires, desires that were touched not nor moulded by the better soul. Within the temple chastity, which had given birth to higher impulses seemed to contrast strongly with the wild desires of the outer world. Within the temple the one desire was the fuller living and expression of the Divine, while without the temple another desire, the satisfying of sense.

The priest arose, the parchment falling in rolls at his feet,—that scroll, thought Sema-
Kanda, over which his Master had labored so faithfully. The reading commenced.

"Our Master, Ra-Om-Ar, sends to us his "love and greetings. His retirement for "deeper meditation has brought much Light. "Prophecy declares this cycle closes. Our "Polar star has changed. A new day dawns, "and such days the heavens reveal speak "great disasters, as earthquakes, deluges, "upheaval of new continents, and the sub-"mersion of old. Nature is in travail. The "nodal lines of the newborn wave meet in "our country, and the culmination can be "only one of disaster to those whose wills are "contrary to these new-born forces. 

"In this hour of interpretation, we find "the heavens bespeaking that the acts of "our people are now germinating,—nay, "near their full fruition;—and what have "been those acts? O Brothers, ye of many "lives, have not our children through their "wills sought the pleasures of sense? Has "not honor and chastity been long banished "from our race? Have our children sought "for wisdom to guide their acts? We are "now called upon for our answer. The "balancing time is Now! According to
"eternal law, effects are to be bound to their causes.

"Masters of the Secrets approach the future in that consciousness, wisdom and courage, born of right.

"Still strengthen your wills by patience and perseverance, and this apparent antagonism of forces will be a quickening to your souls, bringing you into higher action and understanding.

"Let each one choose his path according to the starry science. Make your computations from the newly appointed star Polaris, which star will now occupy the Throne of the Most High in fair Vega's stead.

"The wisdom you have taught in the past is to be proclaimed anew, to new and primitive peoples; ye are still to teach the known to the simple.

"Be ready to leave Atlan, taking with you those who will hearken to this prophecy; and when our people shall cry aloud for their lost and departed brothers, encouraging them, dispelling their fears in reminding them of Him to be born. Watch for His birth among you, for He shall draw all people to Him. This in the future of time.
"A deeply red star of the greater magnitudes will ascend and culminate in Scorpio. This star will occult with a feeble moon, which will have little power to absorb his virulent vibrations; his powerful rays will strike our planet at this point. Nature will reveal her new pulsations. Again, my Brothers, fear not, for true insight into the profounder workings of life creates deeper love of Him whose wisdom endureth forever.

"An Ancient will meet you in your new homes. The fifth cycle opens. Ye are to assist in the building of temples, and the monuments which shall index nature's secret laws, in the new lands, that the secrets of the Nazars and the Atlans may never be lost.

"Farewell to you, my Brothers and Sisters! In joy and peace farewell! "RA-OM-AR."

The musical tones of the priest ceased. The mystical and peaceful surroundings were a memory for the ages, never to be forgotten by each soul there present!

The priest gave to each elder near him a second scroll, with maps, diagrams, and numbers.
"These," said he, "are the keys whereby each may discover the current thought waves, which are ever received, and mirrored in the creative energy, and reverberated through and back. Measure the force and motion of this wave, retain the number, that it may be handed down to the unborn nations. Go, listen to the breathings of Deity manifest, and may that Light which is ever symbolized by the Sun direct your paths, and may ye partake of that power and intelligence which shall bring you to know that man's destiny is commensurate only with the boundless expanse above."

Again the music, and the gathering dispersed.
CHAPTER V.

"As they stood, the God-wed lovers
Stood apart and plain before me,
In a pure and radiant vision folded in a radiant glory.
Slowly did a change come o'er them
And they seemed but one, yet two,
As they faded from my view."

—Marvel Kayve's Vashti.

POSIDONA.

The reading of the scroll and the address to the elders had made a great impression upon Sema-Kanda. He mused over the one passage, that different paths were to be taken on leaving Atlan. He at once thought of Posidona. Would their paths be taken together? Pondering somewhat moodily over this, he was joined by his now constant companion, Karomeda, who after greeting him smilingly, asked,—

"Thy mind seems much disturbed; hast fear overtaken thee?"

"No, no, not fear, but—knowest thou the fate of Posidona in the coming changes?"
"Be not disquieted; she whom we both love is free from danger. I wish thee to visit her, and thou wilt find she knows the reason of thy disquietude. From thy affection so early given to Posidona, thou wilt gain illumination, for there is a discipline in thy love in this:—the hope thou secretly cherishes will not now be realized. Thou knowest this in thine inner self, but it is not in thy thoughts, hence thy gloom. Thou dost not care to part with Posidona I see."

"Part with Posidona? never, never through all eternities! Wilt not Posidona accompany us to the new lands, as told of in the scroll?" and the young aspirant began to walk in an agitated and rapid manner. "Nay, Karomeda, thou hast startled me. Answer me, I pray thee!"

"Thy path will be directed by Aries, mine by Persius, while Posidona will follow the setting sun to a country under the sign of Gemini. Each one I know full well, Sema-Kanda, will be apart; yet thou and Posidona will meet again, though not for many centuries to come. Then will hope, love, and peace again be thine."

"Withhold thy consolations, for I defy
such hope to return to me, if Posidona now leaves me!"

"Nay, nay, my Brother, be not so vehement; thy will is impulsive, and fear and doubt overtake thee. If thou wouldst catch a glimpse of the creative spirit of love, thou must accept this as a part of thy discipline. It is well for thee to hold Posidona's love as an ideal, but learn to throw that ideal over all. Yes, Sema-Kanda, I see a separation,—a just one,—although thou canst not see it now as just. Posidona will give thee better understanding; she hath unveiled her soul and received prophecy through her harmonies. She will give gentle ear to thy protests and lamentations, for she loves thee well with a love that is for all time."

Sema-Kanda was still much agitated, and ceased his restless pacing to and fro. Karomeda continued, seeing he elicited no response.

"Thou art not in mood, nor sufficiently receptive to receive instructions upon the emotions of the human heart; so away thee to Posidona; give to my sister my greetings; I go to my study," and rising, Karomeda left. The youth sat down a few moments. The
tumult of his mind was great; a strange sorrow was filling his soul, and the depths of his nature were stirred. All this was new and very unwelcome. For some moments he sat silently with head bowed.

"It cannot, cannot be," he said aloud, and rising; "yet Ra-Om-Ar said I would be called upon to have sorrow and trial, and Karomeda also said I had to learn control. Am I weak willed? But I will go to Posidona and hearken to her instructions and perhaps her singing."

Across the courts and quadrangle he went to the building occupied by the choristers. He entered by a beautiful arch, finely sculptured. He found Posidona seated in front of a group of young maidens, giving musical instructions. As he approached his heart beat rapidly; he had not spoken to her since his arrival at the temple. Posidona arose and silently greeted him, and with a smile motioned him to take a seat opposite a circular silver disc, similar to the one in the temple upon which he had seen the musical pictures. He noticed her dress, a loosely fitting robe of scarlet and gold, scattered over which were curious little figures exquisite in their embroidery, representing
a circle divided into twelve parts. Each part of the circle had a different color, and each color dexterously shaded.

He also noticed in the center of the circle a stone, like a chrysolite, but never for a moment did the color of this stone remain the same. Occasionally a pure glittering white would for an instant be more prominent, but it would change to all the different shades of color in the circle. An ornament of gold similarly designed, except the colors were shown to be very fine stones in mosaic, so arranged as to be an exact blending of the colors like unto the circles on the robe. This ornament was fastened by an almost invisible golden chain, and worn as a necklace. A like ornament also decorated her black hair.

Sema-Kanda was glad to sit in the presence of his Posidona. His heart was too full for wordy greetings; he felt his soul feebly responding to Posidona’s, as he looked on her radiant and peaceful face.

Posidona quietly resumed her lesson; and as she explained the relation of sound, color and form and their meaning in life, an awful splendor overshadowed her.

In front of each pupil was the little musi-
cal instrument like a harp with the suspended pieces of metal. On the ground were bits of crystals, ferns, blossoms of various hues, twigs of trees, leaves of different shades and forms.

Posidona struck the little instrument with a small hammer on one of the suspended shining pieces of metal, and a clear white vibration showed itself, while no particular form was at first seen on the disc; but as the tone set up sympathetic harmonies in the other pieces of suspended metals, the color became changed, and simultaneously with the change, forms translated themselves on the silver disc, forms like those Sema-Kanda had seen in the temple, and which had so much attracted him.

A second blow to another piece of metal, and a red color was emitted, with forms on the silver disc not so graceful. A lower, sweeter tone was shown to give off a pale creamy yellow, the vibrations in which immediately modified the rigid lines of the red form into more graceful curves. Before the notes died away one of the maiden pupils under Posidona's direction struck a green note, which instantly revivified the now dying forms in the red and yellow.
"Like forms are produced by like sounds and colors," Posidona was saying. "Sympathetic tones modify each other's forms. The red tone will destroy when not in harmony with the concurrent sounds, but will assist and strengthen a form if in sympathy. Yellow and green tones assist also in elaborating forms of like vibration, while the white note intensifies and graces all forms; the harsh brown will contract all forms."

Sema-Kanda wondered as she spoke of Jupiter harmonies, Venus colors and Saturnian vibrations, the red Mars sound, the pale blue Uranian. "And," she continued, "all colors alike, whether in plant, animal or planet, are of like vibratic energy. Some build, others preserve and others again destroy."

Sema-Kanda listened to her wonderful teaching on correspondences in sound, form and color, and their relations to the human family.

Under Posidona's apt instruction, that which seemed so complicated became very simple; simple, he thought, after his busy questionings in biology.

"These vibrations," continued Posidona, "act in harmony with man if he will. We
link ourselves to these ever-playing energies constantly by our thought. Our thoughts are colored. The red color of anger destroys; the grey color of selfishness causes the Saturnian waves, which are of like color, to act upon us like an evil force. But were our hearts filled with love and peace, Saturn's waves would be a grand builder, calling into play our intuitive perceptions. So then our thoughts become the energy which allies itself to the unseen forces, and together these build, destroy, or preserve; hence the necessity of harmonious thoughts. An atmosphere of harmony will attract harmony, and repel all inharmony. Sometimes we question, when pain and sorrow cross our paths, the reason of the affliction. We then ponder and meditate, and in this meditation and sorrow the soul speaks; the thoughts become purer and holier; the colored vibrations are feeble; the white ray of the soul may shine out, often through an unconscious appeal for unseen help. My Sisters, we have great need of wearing this garment of pure white thought, often called in our Hermetic teachings, the 'wedding garment;' yea, let us dress the soul in pure
white until it joins its Mother who gave it birth."

A low chanting followed, and the lesson closed.

Posidona's language, her sweet accents, her soulful face, spoke directly to the hearts of her hearers. It was not exactly her words; there was something more that touched the intuition of her pupils.

As the students left, Sema-Kanda felt there was no protest in his heart; he, too, must gather around him those harmony waves. A few moments ago he was petulant, even angry, but now resigned.

He rose to again greet his beautiful Posidona. Neither spoke for a moment; a prayerful silence was the greeting. Posidona's face upturned to Sema-Kanda's, Sema-Kanda holding her hand to his lips, both standing silent, each receiving and giving blessing; in this wise did these two souls profit one another.

A tear trickled down Posidona's cheek as she led her lover to a little arched recess lighted from the dome. In this alcove, simple yet rich in its decoration, the two lovers sat on cushions. It was Posidona's place of meditation with nothing obtrusive to the
vision. Every object seemed blest with a quietness. It was the room in which Posidona had gained the truth that had given her illumination.

Posidona in voice of subdued sadness was the first to speak.

"O, my Sema-Kanda," she began, "I know of our parting, I have learned all, all, our separation, thy wandering life of sorrow and persecution. On the prophetic disc this morning I read it all; I know of thy distress of mind. O would that I could follow thee, and in every wrong and pain cheer thee. O my beloved, my beloved."

Posidona wept. She was now full of love's sadness; a moment before she had been bravely proclaiming the wisdom and godliness of sorrow.

"Posidona," replied Sema-Kanda, still holding her hand, "weep not, I pray thee; my heart too is much troubled for thee. We part, I know, and I cannot follow thee; I know not thy path. Thou hast all my love, Posidona; I love thee, I love thee, I love thee," he went on, passionately. "Thou hast become my life's desire, and it has at once become my sorrow. I shall be weary without thee, O beloved one!"
"Cease, cease, my beloved," interposed Posidona; "our souls are one, our joys and sorrows one. True it is, thou goest East, and I to the West, both to teach in new countries. Sometime in the many lives before us we will meet together as one, in a distant city, in a distant country west, whose people will be the first fruits of the new spiritual dispensation ushered in by Him to be born. These people will know the truth and boast not of their knowledge. Sema-Kanda," she continued, "my sorrow is great, for I have seen thy soul in other lives in which there will be much vexation, aye, even untimely death. Know, my beloved, my spirit will ever visit thee, in dream perhaps will I comfort thee. Think not that death or change can part us, for thou art my companion Ray."

"My beloved Posidona, shall I know thee in this new country thou speakest of? I am perplexed with this thought; again, wilt thou know me?"

Posidona answered: "As our love, my blessing, is real, and springs from the soul, it is a possession therefore that cannot be ever lost. It is one of the soul's treasures, and so will be eternally ours. Once united
in soul-love, ever united. Ask'st thou me how we shall know each other? Listen to this strain I will sing to thee; and when bowed in sorrow, these strains will echo, and memory will strive to recollect them. But, my Sema-Kanda, they will not be reflected in the ordinary memories of that time, but will steal into thy consciousness as a dear reminiscence of by-gone days. And this flower will I give thee; its odor and leaves may pass away, yet the essence of its memory will be a part of thee."

Posidona drew from her bosom a water-lily, kissed it and passed it to her lover.

"I love the lily," she said; "it symbolizes purity; its roots lie darkly in the ground, its new-born stem is tossed by troubled waters, yet it stays not its growth until in virgin whiteness it kisses and embraces the sun's rays of light and love. O virgin lily, thou hast lost nothing in thy struggles; thy supreme desire was to kiss the sun; thou givest thine odor and sweetness, asking no return except to be embraced in love and light. Our lives are like the lily's, my beloved."

Catching the stem of the lily, and with hands united, and looking into her lover's
eyes, with softly tremulous voice, Posidona sang:

Grant me some fair favor, from thy tender leaves,
Something ever living, for my spirit grieves
For some richer treasure, with Heaven's breath inblent,
To sweeten change and parting, and leave my heart content.

Again tears filled Posidona's eyes, and her shepherd lover, her neophyte Brother and companion in childhood whispered: "I shall ever remember thy words and the song of the lily. I am ready now to meet the future. In my sojournings, Posidona, I will keep thy words and reclaim in time of sorrow the bliss of this moment."

"So fear has not overtaken thee, beloved?"

"No, no, Posidona, only love has encompassed me."

They parted.

It was evening as Sema-Kanda left the choristers' rooms. He turned back to look on the little dome directly over Posidona's rooms. A light was shining and reflecting its radiance on the columns of the colonnades that surrounded these buildings. The trees lining the walks stood out definitely in their darkened colors, throwing
shadow on path and the sloping banks of the little lakes. The scene was one of solemn beauty in fit keeping with Sema-Kanda's state of mind. Every direction, look which way he would, told of culture and refinement, all tending to raise the human mind to its better thoughts. Again at this quiet moment could he hear the din of the city without, and again he thought of the scenes of sensuality, the slave merchants, the wine-sellers, and the debauchery.

"O, how swiftly is this to pass away! O. Atlans! pause in this madness!" Sema-Kanda cried out as he seated himself to view the quiet beauty. In the distance with measured tread a number of the Brothers were leaving the temple to go out and repeat their exhortations to the populace.

Many, many times had these gentler sons gone forth. Many times had they been scoffed and jeered. This was their last message. Would they be listened to?
CHAPTER VI.

"And far away our faces met
As on the verge of the vast spheres;
And in the night our cheeks were wet,
I could not say with dew or tears."

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"Keep the secret sense celestial
Of the starry birth;
Though about you call the bestial
Voices of the earth.
If a thousand ages since
Hurled us from the throne;
Then a thousand ages wins
Back again our own."

—HOMEWARD SONGS. (A. E.)

QUESTIONING.

Karomeda had noticed more than once a perceptible seriousness in his companion’s sensitive face. He had not questioned Sema-Kanda upon his experience in the temple, and he had also refrained from mentioning Posidona’s name. Yet he knew that Sema-Kanda had experienced the inner breathing of a quickened spirit, or that higher consciousness the soul can best discern in another, and speak of in silence.
QUESTIONING.

His pupil would now often isolate himself from others, and sometimes fits of restlessness would come over him, when Karomeda quickly at his side would turn the thoughts of his pupil into the more subjective and peaceful channels.

So quietly was this soul nourished and freshened, that only a short time elapsed before he was ready to enter the real path of positive knowledge,—ready for the greater wisdom. His recent intense experience had been the means of strengthening that inward calmness he had first felt in the temple, and he now found himself steadily growing into that oneness that proclaims a relation with all living things. He began to speak of this feeling to Posidona and Karomeda one evening after the choral services.

"I have felt since my experience in the temple, that I have always been," Sema-Kanda said. "Sometimes I have felt it at home in the hills. An indistinct feeling of a relationship with every expression of life below man, the hills, the stars, the trees, yea, everything that had life seemed to have its memory reflected, yet unreflected in me. I felt, Posidona, that I was there when the
stars were born, when Mother Nebulæ first tremored with the quickening spirit, and set in motion and growth the voidy mass. Deeper thoughts and yearnings have been mine, but now I am beginning to realize that so far I have been living in darkness, knowing not the Light, seeing shadows of everything and considering them real. I have been asleep. Posidona, tell me what thou knowest of this. Since thy music in the temple, I have found myself mourning and longing as one away from my home,—our home, Posidona. Have we had a home together a thousand ages agone and forgotten it? As I heard thee sing and the music floated around me, I hearkened as if to hear—"

"Life is a journey," interposed Posidona, a smile breaking over her face, as if to recall her back from realms supernal,—for she had been taking one of those rarer flights away from earth's limited vision—"Life is a journey," she repeated. "We enter it in darkness. We were once an effulgent Light. Slowly has it lowered until fully embraced in darkness, and in that state we awoke tiny points of consciousness,
QUESTIONING.

with tiny bodies. What sayest thou of rock, and mountain, or star? 'Tis truth, and in that first tiny life there was I with thee. The hidden fires of rock warmed us, and as this planet rolled on, we unbiden cried for another life expression. Our tears surging in the rock and meeting the hidden fire, we shone a diamond, I reflecting back thy glittering smiles. Thou then wast my sunlight, and I felt thy love.

"But parting came, and in a cold and dreary climate with darkness everywhere, in the icy breezes I wept for ages, for I had lost thy brightness. Hope stealthily caught me, and one bright day,—a midnight day,—I awoke a lichen, close to thee, and found that thou, too, hadst wept, for around thy roots were salty tears.

"Again to change and parting. In brooding woe and deepest sorrow I found myself in ocean bed, yet the golden sunlight on my shell showed me that thou, too, wert there, thy shell more resplendent in color than mine. For this I loved thee, and clung to thee. Sporting together we arose and first saw the beauty of the world, and breathed our first warm air. O that day! 'Twas but
yesterday we played hide and seek in rocky crevice; we rollicked on the sands; we wandered, became lost and hungry. We tried to lick the mosses and weeds, and for our pains we tasted but their saltness, and died.

"Beloved, I again found thee, for in a forest I awoke, the torrid sun o'erhead. With fleeting wing I mounted, and sang when I saw thee with vari-plumaged wing. How the nymphs below strove to listen to thy pretty love song thou sang to me in welcome.

"Again to change both we obeyed. I a damsel was born, imperfect, yet perfect to charm and to soften a little my warrior lover. With joy my heart was filled on thy return from strife and chase. I bathed thy wounds and laved thy feet. I watched o'er thee when in writhing pain thy head would toss. Many are the lives we passed in this day of our life's journey until, my Sema-Kanda, my heart, my heart was gently swayed as girl with thy lute in yonder home hills. I followed thy footsteps fleet, and learned to know long before thee that thou wert my own sweet Past Gift. And here to-night I solace to thee impart, to pay thee for thy
past protection, and in the future thou wilt again protect me, and I again with truest heart will ever encircle thee. O Sema-Kanda,—an immortal love-light shining in her eyes,—"we have been together. We have lived through the night-time of a past day, and now a new Day dawns. Canst not thy spirit follow me? Were we not together pushed with gentle hand from out our Father's home? Yes, together we fell, together shall we rise. Sometimes I saw thee fluttering and struggling when my pinions were strong. Again have I felt thee fluttering o'er me with spirit-wing when I with little strength fell back again to earth. Know this, my Sema-Kanda, with each flutter and fall gained we strength, and some day our strength will be such that we may together return to our Home, perfected and ready for larger experiences, not of mortal kind, but angelic. Knowest thou not that Life's a journey?"

As Posidona looked up rapturously her soul had reached that elevation where mortals can speak to higher Intelligences at will.

The three companions went to sit out on the colonnade.
"This," said Karomeda, "will be our last meeting until we part with our several companions. Let it be hallowed in silence."

Words at that moment would have been painful, for soul spoke to soul.
CHAPTER VII.

"This life ought to be approached with faith and reverence, and viewed as an Immensity which abides in its own glory. That immensity extends from above and from below, from behind and from before, from the South and from the North. It is the Soul of the Universe."—FROM THE SANSKRIT.

RAMANTHA'S LESSONS.

Deeper and more serious studies taught by this Brotherhood were now undertaken by Sema-Kanda, another teacher named Ramantha assisting the young neophyte in his preparation for final initiation. When Sema-Kanda first saw Ramantha he felt like a simple child before a giant mind. The answers he made to his questions were often only a simple yes, or no. As he and Ramantha met, Sema-Kanda felt that this new tutor could read his every thought, such foreknowledge spoke from those woman-like, soulful eyes. Ramantha was indeed a magnificent man, with a grand, magnetic presence. His touch was as smooth, soft and divine as that of a baby. He was ever a favorite teacher among the neophytes.
To Sema-Kanda the mysteries of Ramantha's laboratory were a new delight. There were charts, diagrams, maps and scientific instruments. Daily did he visit these new treasures. He commenced with the study of numbers and their harmonies in nature, their secret use in determining the astral power of days, and he learned how these powers were varied by month, year and cycle.

Ramantha led him on into the mysteries of prophecy seen in the starry system. He discovered, with Ramantha's aid, the astral signature of a great teacher; the time of a new Messianic dispensation; the occult meaning of every zodiacal degree. He saw how man was a miniature universe, corresponding to and breathing with the great outward universe.

Ramantha showed him by ample illustration, how the human is built from the tiniest form to its present grand architectural beauty; how in this building the soul is the link that helps to hold continuous memories of these growths, and becomes the guiding power that determines the future associations in the onward march of experience.

"The soul," said Ramantha to his pupil,
"careens on and on through cycles of existence, each round producing a series of associations that become the intelligence whereby its ideals are determined. These ideals are ever growing grander. We have not reached the grandest expressions of soul. There are still hidden in its divine potentialities newer beauties, lovelier treasures, happier birthrights. One is to be born who in purified life shall freely express these grander ideals—a soul fully born in wisdom—a truly begotten Son. Semakanda, faith is the power that gives the soul its drawing force. Faith joined to desire brings the soul into surroundings, however exalted or debased they may be. Think of this, that the universal Mother never refuses to answer a cry or desire of the soul. She invariably stoops to answer the feeblest call of every member of her innumerable family. Life to thee will be difficult and strange without faith. The almost imponderable vastness of the knowledge yet to be gained becomes a possibility, and that revelation necessary to guide the soul back to the mystical Light is directed by faith. In the effulgence of this Light stands a Silent Watcher, ever ready to receive a
searching, faithful soul, a Watcher who is more ready to receive and welcome than the neophyte is to be welcomed, gladder to help the trembling one than I can tell thee. Some day, some time, thou wilt be welcomed by such a Soul, and thy experience at that moment of welcome will be like all others who have crossed the threshold, namely, that Faith was always thy best helper while traveling the path. Make Faith thy yoke, tightly bind it around thee, make it thy slave, until thou findest thyself in the Court of Love. This slave will then release thee with a kiss, and she will change magically and whisper to thee her new name,—KNOWLEDGE! How beautiful becomes the face, how lovely the speech, how finely wrought the texture of the body, after that kiss! The eyes of the Watcher will inflame thy heart into still higher desire. Truly, then, can faith overcome all opposition, until that same name,—KNOWLEDGE—is thine. No test is too great, or crucible too severe; not even death can overbalance thy reward.”

Ramantha’s presence was ever a stimulus to Sema-Kanda. He advanced rapidly until interior illumination energized his higher self
and opened the inner sensorium. Greater liberty—a spiritual liberty—made him cognizant of his inner senses. Vision rent the outer world, and showed the hidden, transcendental world. Each bodily sense became transmuted into a spiritual sense.

One day Ramantha asked Sema-Kanda to accompany him to a poor, forlorn and discarded sick woman, who had claimed shelter in the temple. She had been brought in by the Brothers on their last visit to the city. In the sick ward lay this woman, bravely enduring the pangs of travail.

"We have many such who seek our aid," he whispered. Then aside he said, "Poor sad soul, so this is thy first experience of sweet motherhood?"

As Sema-Kanda and his teacher Ramantha entered the room, the sufferer turned with questioning look to her helpers, as if to catch in the eyes of either a trace of condemnation. No, nothing but the gentlest words of sympathy fell from the lips of Ramantha, while Sema-Kanda, touched with the squalor and wretchedness of the woman, would have magnified a grain of goodness into a mountain. With a delicate perception he placed his hand sympathetically on
the woman's forehead. He felt his fingers prickle with a new sensation, which had been aroused in him for the first time. It was as if a life-giving sympathy were being transmitted to the sufferer, who, sighing as she felt the soothing touch, dumbly thanked him with gaze that asked in surprise, Why this kindness? Have ye no rebuke?

A few moments of ease, during which these Brothers of a larger humanity spoke not, Ramantha was smilingly watching Sema-Kanda, who, wonderingly, saw in the subdued light of the room millions of vibrating waves of light, resembling a moving atmosphere of colors. Around the mother the waves became darker as the travail increased. His pity was again aroused and seemed to be communicated to the mother through the lighter waves. He also noticed the same light rays of vibration coming from Ramantha, but with greater force. As the moment of birth arrived the mother seemed enveloped in a second atmosphere of color-waves, one atmosphere being of opal-like color, the second more like the darkened red rays he had first noticed. These two atmospheres,—for he could liken them to nothing but atmospheres,—seemed
to be crossing and struggling with each other for dominace.

Ramantha received the child, and Sema-Kanda perceived that at that instant the two atmospheres, which a moment before were around the mother, had separated, the opal-like colors surrounding the new-born babe, the darkened red colors still remaining over the mother. A moment later the mother was released and placed under the care of a chorister.

"I desired thee to see by thy higher vision the secret of pain," said Ramantha to his pupil; "and I believe thou hast discovered it thyself." The two men had walked out, and crossed over to a deeply shaded garden immediately in front of the sick wards.

"The colors thou sawest," continued Ramantha, "are to the initiate an index of soul consciousness. The colors surrounding the mother denote an impulsive, thoughtless nature, while the finer colors thou sawest around the child denote a dreamy, imaginative nature. These two colors were at war and so signify pain. If we look above with the same rarified vision, we shall see the rays of Mars crossing at right angles the softer rays emanat-
ing from dreamy Venus. ‘As in the great, so in the small,’ our Hermetic writings say. Mars is at war with Venus, and every note in nature whose vibration is of like tenor to that of Mars, will at this moment be fighting all of Venus’ centers of energy throughout the universe. Let me again repeat, the sidereal circle above is reflected fully in every circle below. Every atom on our earth vibrates in sympathy with the larger atoms above. We are ever giving and receiving, for all is intimately related. The celestial bodies are but the focii, or receiving centers of still more distant energies. Beautiful Venus benefits our earth with the rarer vibrations of the beautiful Pleiades.

"The love-light in thine eye, Sema-Kanda, is the more beautiful by reason of Venus, who may have transmitted to earth the beauties of the distant Aldebaran, or even Alcyone. By this reason man is capable of being in touch with all the love vibrations throughout this grand and immeasurable universe. Again let me say, man cannot live to himself alone; he responds to the tiniest atom and to the distant and massive Sirius. Our circle of greatness is unlimited; our circle of serv-
ing increases our circle of understanding; service and love go together. These two lessons, then, my Sema-Kanda—Love and Faith—are to be lived by thee. In other lives thou mayest be unhappy for a time, by reason of the wickedness of those who assume virtue. At such times hasten to replenish thy strength for further service, by remembering this lesson in Love and Faith. One life I see before thee. That will be a bitter experience,—travail, sorrow, mockery, and more than these, perhaps. An unhappy monk, yet happy, wilt thou become at this time, teaching these universal truths to the ignorant. Wilt thou be faithful to these precepts, Sema-Kanda, even amidst the bitterest of trials?"

"Yea," said he, humbly, "even unto death."

"That may even be required of thee," Ramantha answered, solemnly.
CHAPTER VIII.

"These are the names which I will give from the infinite downward. Write them with a sign, that the Sons of God may manifest themselves from this region downward."—

THE NOTE OF A SCRIBE (Pristis Sophia.)

THE GREAT WHITE LODGE.

The time had come for the initiation of our neophyte. The vow of service was to be made, a vow to be redeemed in many lives. Sema-Kanda was conducted, together with many other neophytes, to the Hall of initiation, known as the Great White Lodge.

The building was more massive and grander than the other buildings, and was only used for the crowning of the Kings of Atlantis, the initiation of neophytes, and other solemn conclaves. The architectural design showed genius and poetry in every line, facade and spire. Numerous paths from the other temples led to the many entrances of this white marble Lodge, and the paths were lined with flowers and foliage. The outer walls of this building were studded in delicate patterns of polychro-
matic mozaics. The building itself was elliptical, and two broad colonnades surrounded it, of beautiful pillars of chalcedony and porphyry. The floors were of pure white marble.

As the aspirant entered he was suddenly enraptured with the exquisite design of the interior. Nothing could have exceeded its richness. The walls were of white and gold. Two circles of pillars supported the dome, and each pillar was set with precious stones. Immediately under the dome was an altar led up to by nine steps of the purest whiteness. The altar was of gold, and also elaborately chased in delicate geometrical designs, each design again patterned in parallel lines with precious gems. Around the base of the altar white linen was spread. In the walls were alcoves and niches containing statues of the Kings of Atlantis,—Kings who had reigned in that golden age before the degeneracy of the Atlanteans. Everywhere to the eye endless galleries seemed to be ranged like a succession of huge steps. These were well filled by the Brothers and choristers, while the body of the hall was filled with the elders. The scene gradually unfolded.
itself to Sema-Kanda, who had thought it impossible to exceed the beauty of the temple. He remembered it was the holier hour of twilight when he entered, yet here it was as light as day, and no candelabra; light everywhere without shadow; light, the vivid brightness of which did not inconvenience him. He rather rested in it, for it came like an exquisite wooing to his body. He felt ready to fly as if on air. As the light fell on the many colors and gems, their brilliancy became intensified, as that of a sunset tint, yet none of the brilliancy obstructed itself on his vision.

"Ah," said Sema-Kanda to himself, "this is the zodiacal white light Ramantha showed me, and which is ever present. This must be his highest attainment of experimentation and applied knowledge."

This was to be the last meeting of the Brotherhood on the island of Atlantis, and henceforth its members were to assemble in a country north, by east, under Alcyone's direct rays. All but twenty-four elders had assembled when the neophytes entered. Sema-Kanda noticed yet another seat vacant. Music and singing commenced. A woman entered, the High Priestess of the
Temple, named Vinhesta. She was dressed in white, with a golden band around her head; and a cluster of diamonds shining from her forehead. In her right hand she carried, sceptre-like, a triangle of flame. Her calm, yet commanding face, with an almost invisible beauty, hushed the assembly. It was as if the door of heaven had been opened and an angel ushered in, who had brought with her a holy, unseen radiance.

Then came a chant to Divine Motherhood, after which, in accents clear and tender, but which filled the vast hall, this divine woman addressed those present. She recalled the history of her people, their birth and growth, the ancient line of kings, who had ever been chosen from the Brotherhood, and crowned in this one lodge room. Then in graver tones she spoke of the coming change, yet she spoke as if every care had been forever lifted from her.

"Let not this thought o'ercast your souls; let hope inspire. It is but another upward turn in life's great spiral. Grieve not because some of our people have not hearkened to your warnings. They remain behind, because to go further in the present path loaded with errors and shame would prove
too great a burden for their young souls. No responsive chord can yet echo from these mute souls. Long, long must the music of the heavens play upon them, and only a note inharmonious may be echoed back to ye of gentler ear; yet 'twill be music to them. In truth, the time is here when pulse may thrill and tears may flow. So guard ye and prove steadfast, nor be swayed by what ye might in questioning mood think lost, for none can be lost. Lament not the living or the dying. These souls left behind shall all live hereafter. Think not this ends their Year of Life, for their year is only in its springtime; yea, and this fair planet has not yet seen a full day. So while earthquakes rock, and the mighty chorus of raging elements shall efface from view our fair Atlan, look upon it as a ripple in the ocean of Time, or as a song of Nature while she weaves her texture into finer patterns or more beauteous flowers, thus preparing the way for nobler man. She is enlarging her sphere of beauty, and gives sweet promise of the New; she is gathering her first fruits, and the unripened go back again to the soil. Only another link is this in the mystic chain of birth and death. So
welcome it most kindly, judging none, condemning none. Shall we judge the imperfect, the blind, who cannot see the beauties in this Day’s setting sun? Let us still hold the erring in bonds of love, serving as true witnesses. Need I remind you once again to watch for our new King, who shall draw all our wanderers together?”

Soon thereafter the neophytes marched to the foot of the altar, immediately before Vinhesta, each of them accompanied by a sponsor Brother. Soft music hushed their footsteps. Ramantha stood immediately behind Sema-Kanda. As the neophytes answered Vinhesta’s questions, they each advanced one step nearer the altar, leaving their several sponsors at the base of the steps.

Vinhesta, the Priestess, turned her gaze downward to the sponsors, and asked. “Have these young men, my Brothers, been instructed in Hermetic law?” to which the Brothers answered: “We ask thee, O Vinhesta, to inquire of each aspirant here present such questions as seem befitting to thee, before they take their final vow.”

Turning to the neophytes, she asked:
“Come ye here with purified desire for the spirit of wisdom and knowledge?”

They affirmed by bowing and advancing one step.

“Know ye the riddle of the zodiac?”

“We have learned to understand the invisible things of God, for they are understood by those things which are clearly visible; the zodiac’s riddle we have solved.”

“Understand ye the harmonics of numbers?”

“These laws have been brought to our remembrance, O Vinhesta.”

“Have ye harmonized well your intuition and your intellect?”

“In this, O Vinhesta, have we discovered and reclaimed our past knowledge.”

“Discovered ye the secret of fire?”

“We know that the spirit of God is like unto Fire, never exhausted, never decreased, in all things latent, or burning most brightly in our hearts, when fixed on Him as a central Sun.”

“Know ye of Death?”

“Yea, O Vinhesta, we do know that Death frees the hidden Incræte Fire, and shows the goal through which all sacred
THE GREAT WHITE LODGE.

sciences proceed. She gives to us that understanding which robs us of fear.”

The neophytes were now close to the altar, having proceeded as each question was answered. The Priestess poured water over their hands, saying: “As the hands symbolize activity, may your actions be pure and spotless until your final union. The path ye are now to travel is one of action. Ye are to live the truth ye have received.”

On each was placed a robe, according to the progress he had made in soul culture, which was same in color as the star vibrations at the moment of his present birth. A ring was placed on the finger of the left hand, a double ring of peculiar design. The young men were then led to another room, and while they were passing from the large Hall, the immense choruses burst into song. In this secret room Sema-Kanda received a new name, and a number by which he could calculate his own progress and the progress of the times in which he might live. A mystic salutation was set invisibly on his forehead, unseen to the outer world. He was given the star of the White Magician, and his cyclic tarot. As the assemblage dis-
persed, Sema-Kanda realized the oneness of the Brotherhood; his blood was in their veins. He was bound consciously to Eternity and Now.

The Brothers began to prepare to leave Atlantis that night, for the red, red star could be seen low down in the horizon. Each day it had been slowly ascending northward, and its virulent vibrations caused the hidden fires of earth to smoulder. Sema-Kanda welcomed it; it was the index Ra-Om-Ar had first mentioned to him. A few hours later, partings were many, and sadly human, most of them. The Brothers left for the North, South, East and West.

Karomeda, Sema-Kanda, and Posidona were together a few moments for the last time. Karomeda beheld his sister for a moment, and turned away. Tears rolled down his cheeks, tears that spoke of strength rather than weakness.

"Think not, my sister, that I mourn, for unbidden spring these tears," he said. "In some glad day we meet. Know all my heart would say to thee at this moment. And, Sema-Kanda,"—a solemn composure steadying his face—"I know thy heart is full of grief and love; like mine, 'tis human,
yet. There is a nobleness in thy life that will prove its rack,—a nobleness that will not be understood for centuries to come. A devotion to truth will cost thee much, yet that same devotion and nobility of character will carry thee through great trials, and will make thee many friends. Speed on, dear souls, in your labors of service until your hearts seek each other and rest together."

He hastened away and joined his friends, the two lovers watching him from the colonnade. A thousand thoughts were filling each other's breasts. Sema-Kanda could not utter his, and hardly felt he could look on Posidona.

"The bond of Brotherhood, my Karomeda," said Posidona, as Karomeda waved his hand back at them from amongst those he had joined. She put her hand tremblingly in Sema-Kanda's, saying, "At this moment I would have thee look on me as no better and no worse than any other soul. I understand thee well, and have faith in thee. Remember his Presence is always in our world, and all is right. Profit by every affliction, be firm and brave, fulfilling thy promises, for the future will need thee. May heaven smile on thy wanderings."
He could not answer, but kissed her hand reverently. He left her with a saddened smile, but it was a new smile, withal.

He embarked, and Posidona was lost in the crowd amongst her own group.

"It is well it is so," mused Sema-Kanda. "I think I know why she would have me look upon her as a soul no better or worse. Who can tell of the mysteries of love?"

He, too, sailed away.
CHAPTER IX.

"But yet for some in vain the call is heard,
Needless and unprepared, they mind it not."
—GLI EROI FURORI. (G. BRUNO.)

THE DESTRUCTION OF ATLANTIS.

The Brothers had gone. The immense temples, the great White Lodge of Initiation, and the choristers' apartments were deserted. The gold and silver, statuary and the other beautiful decorations were left behind. The Brothers had only carried with them their sacred writings and other manuscripts. In all their grandeur were these buildings left to fall rapidly into the hands of the vandals of that day. In a few hours crowds were in the grounds, and began the work of desecration, by carrying off the gold, silver, and precious stones. These people had free access to the richest products of earth that had been gathered together for many hundreds of years. They were dazzled with the sudden wealth. In one fell swoop was the beauty of ages assailed, wrecked, and despoiled. Grinning
scoundrels searched through the sacred apartments of the choristers in quest of treasure. It seemed as if those most steeped in debauchery invaded these apartments first, as if to assail the fair name and virtue of the maiden Sisters,—virtue and honor, which had been proverbial many centuries.

Gradually the confusion and din grew louder, as crowd after crowd reached the gates, pushing and jostling for quicker entrance, and heeding no extreme. Quarrels and oaths were common, coarse epithets were many, as the relics were rudely handled; curses, even, when perchance some piece of statuary was ruthlessly hurled from its pedestal. It was an awful sight. As evening advanced it became one grand Saturnalia of drinking, carousing and dancing,—a heterogeneous assembly of merrymaking and clamor, even while others, with keen satisfaction were hurrying away with some new found treasure. The din advanced with furious pace, and degradation and worse debauchery was followed by a delirious frenzy. It was appalling. The basest passions were free!

Those who were left behind were those
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who had habitually scoffed the Brothers, and converted their sayings into licentious meanings. As many as were willing to go, the Brothers had taken. The day had been long, as if the sun's sinking rays had cast a longer light as a mute warning. The night was advancing, advancing—the furies beyond belief.

The ominous red star shone brightly, its glare strangely in keeping with these wildest scenes. It was near its zenith.

When the noise had reached its loudest, a low, underground rumbling was heard, which at last broke into a mighty crack, causing even among the most frenzied a horrible and sudden stillness. The massive walls of the buildings trembled, and the ocean's roar in the distance suddenly became plainly heard. A precipitous flight commenced. Another mighty crack followed, causing every heart to stand still. The air was filled with a mist, as if the ocean had scattered a salty spray over the land. The red rays of that star were looking sickly through.

"To the boats! to the boats!" was cried, and staggering, blind and frenzied, the people rushed in medley to the sea. Convul-
sion upon convulsion followed, echoing and reverberating. The land was tossed and submerged. The temples and the dreamy White Lodge were no more. The sea rolled in on every side until all was completely engulfed.

The wail, the death-dirge of millions, the roar of the waters, the darkened sky relieved by the fiery star's glare, the travail of nature—who can depict its awful grandeur? Nature's unit memory has this event recorded.

The dawn witnessed nothing but a troublesome, foaming sea, where only the day before had lain the once rich and beautiful continent of Atlantis. Noisy waves were singing a fitting requiem over the departed. Perhaps the sea was only shuddering at the part it had taken in the evening's tragedy, or was it seeking to drown the wails of the submerged?

Many years after, a few hardy adventurers, who sought to escape their exile and return to fair Atlan, found nothing but the murmuring green waves. They told it to others, and it went from tribe to tribe, from nation to nation, and is now an accepted tradition.
PART SECOND.

CHAPTER X.

"Who condemns the birds in the woods when they all praise their Lord, while each, in its own mode, sings as its nature bids? Does Divine Wisdom condemn them because they do not sing in unison? No,... The men who quarrel and despise one another are inferior in this respect to the birds in the woods."—Jacob Boehme.

THE TWO PRISONERS.

In the sixteenth, and the beginning of the seventeenth century, a surprisingly interesting development was taking place throughout Europe. If the reader were to take a general survey, he would perhaps find it difficult to express briefly in words what were the characteristics of that development. It would, I think, be generally conceded that discontent filled the land. Doubt seemed to stay the hands of men of action, for we learn from those who have written of that period, that the Reformation...
had purified the Christian faith, and worked irreparable harm to the Catholic Church—not that portion of the church which enriches the heart and soul, and makes the lives of Christians better,—but to the mechanical, ill-founded devotion which the common people had adopted, and which has filled the minds of millions with an almost heathenish superstition and a belief in barren and cold ritualism.

The ecclesiastical claims of protestant sovereigns had called forth counter claims from the popes. Each was fighting for so-called temporal power, and each considered it his sacred right. The struggle had begot corruption of the ruling ecclesiastical institutions, and this again had reacted and developed a new and earnest intellectual tendency which sought for a solution of the higher problems affecting human life.

Many earnest thinkers had quietly retired from the cover of Rome, and in ancient literature had searched for light, to make plain some of the newly-created controversies left by Luther, and the Council of Trent. The scientists and philosophers who were bold enough to escape the dark shadow of Rome, often wrote with intent or ten-
dency to weaken the Romish faith, at the same time sowing seed of atheism in the public mind. Only the few stand out as beacon lights, they who paid the extreme penalty for differing with the secular and spiritual authorities of Rome, by dying on the faggot.

All speculative and scientific views were at once considered inconsistent with Romish dogmas. This great revolt and breach had within it the elements of strength, and a possible, powerful futurity to oppose which the entire forces of the established Church were found necessary.

To aid herself, the ecclesiastical Unit sought through her own political powers to ferment the courts of Europe, and to pit people against people. Opposing currents were started which formed rapid combinations with mighty forces. These required a mightier resistance than could be summoned even by Rome, whose powers were made to tremble, until she feared her own future stability as the dictator of men's consciences.

After the Council of Trent, when it was seen that no reconciliation could take place between the leaders of the Reformation and the Curia of Rome, it was decided that new
SEMA-KANDA.—THRESHOLD MEMORIES.

and vigorous efforts should be introduced. History tells us how the Inquisition was instituted, and the struggle for supremacy was most damnably carried on throughout village, city, and country, for many years. We shudder as we look back on that period. Its blasphemies are inexplicable. That it was all done "for the glory of God," only shows the blind fanaticism of that day. Let us be lenient, however, and forgive the errors that misguided the spirit of that time.

It was from the intrigues, cabals and jealousies of the Curia of Rome at this time, that a poor Cremonese author had been imprisoned in one of the bastiles of Venice. Terror-stricken, he had been pulled and jostled by a boisterous crowd to the prison, and pushed into a cell with coarse epithet and more grievous blasphemy.

"Thou devil incarnate! bear company with that base heresiarch, that sprawling, ragged son of obscurity! A pretty pair together will ye make."

The door banged to with a thud that shook the dark little cell. Breathless, and panting heavily, eyes dimmed by the sudden change from sunlight to prison gloom, he stood stupified and trembling. Putting
out his hand he began unsteadily to feel his way, when the first occupant of the cell, alluded to by the goaler as "that base here-siarch," falteringingly said in kindly tones: "Friend in sorrow, give me your hand and take this seat until you discover yourself to the dimness,"

The Cremonese author grasped the friendly hand and sat down. Regaining his breath somewhat, he turned to this unexpected comrade and slowly discerned the ghastly, pale and haggard form of a tall, middle-aged monk, dressed in the garb of the Dominicans. This monk was standing, for the little wooden platform that served as bed and seat was scarcely broad enough for two to sit upon, and the cell was long and narrow. The monk was seen to be athletic in form, even in his gauntness. Every defect that this comfortless solitude had enforced on the body had not hidden the beauty and manliness that invisibly mark the idealist. In those sunken eyes, even to the obscure gaze of the author, could be seen a subdued, gleaming sadness, while at the same time the massive brow and arched heavy eyebrows made him look capable of much endurance, like one who commands
with conscious power. The monk was standing, and bending down to his new and unexpected companion.

"Speak not yet, my friend," the monk said, at the same time holding the hand of the wretched man, who tried in return to address the monk. "Take a little water from this pot; it is almost exhausted, but a little remains I see."

The new prisoner drank the offered water, the monk soothing him with kind and sympathetic words. The monk noticed his comrade was small in stature, and slightly stooping. This would stamp him as a student. His face was that of a sensitive, but he was so terror-stricken at this moment that it looked shrunken and almost expressionless.

"Your name, my friend," queried the monk, after a brief interval.

"I am a Cremonese author and printer, named Bernardi. Ah, woeful day I touched a pen! Ah, woeful day!"

"Your pen, like mine, has brought you this mourning," answered the monk. "Be rested a moment and regain your composure, and tell me if there is not a festival now being celebrated in honor of a new
pope. I know not the events of these
times, except what I hear the warders speak
of to each other while passing my cell.”

“This is the second celebration within a
few weeks, my friend. How long in this
gloom have you abided, pray tell me?”

“Six years,” answered the monk,—“al-
most seven long years of dreariness.”

“Six years? So then the events of recent
weeks are not known to you?”

“No, friend Bernardi, the world without
to me is as if it were dead,—dead,—so
dead,” the monk repeated, sadly, “that now
I have lost all hope of release and further
activity.”

“Many, then, have been the changes.”
replied Bernardi. “Two months ago Leo
XI. was elected pope after Clement’s death,
and great was the rejoicing. He was a
near relation to the French Queen. Leo
XI. died in less than a month after, and
Paul was elected,—Paul V., he wishes to be
called.” Then Bernadi continued bitterly:
“He has graced his elevation by first plac-
ing me here. Other stern acts have fol-
lowed, which have excited distrust through-
out Italy and the Catholic world. This
shows him to be a man of harsh and eccen-
tric character. He has cast a gloom over Italy, and what my fate may be I know not.”

“What have you written to thus bring on you the vengeance of this arch-enemy?” asked the monk.

“I have written a book comparing the life of Clement to that of Tiberius, and it has been construed into the crime of lèse-majesté, and the law appoints decapitation as the punishment. I cannot think that that sentence will be executed upon me, for I have many friends in the court, some of them powerful ambassadors, who are interceding for me.”

“I would not check your faith, friend, but I, too, had similar hopes when first imprisoned. But new charges were brought against me, causing long and tedious delays, until now I would fain wish for death’s release.”

“Your name, friend?”

“Gordianus. I am or have been a monk of the Dominican order. Letters and science have engaged my life, and because I would not conceal my convictions, the Church and Curia have in their arrogant stupidity found cause against me. My
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books and writings have been placed on the Index."

"Gordianus? Am I with Gordianus, the philosopher and traveler? I have heard the denunciations uttered by the Congregation against you, for the independence of tone and spirit in your books, and that only recently. Gordianus, your books are attracting the thinkers in Germany and France, and this the Church fears. I know something of your travels and your books."

"Speak in lower tones, my friend," cautioned the monk; "not for my sake, but for your own, for hope is new in you. Do not spoil the prospects of your release by conversations upon matter considered heretical. Until daylight glimmers we must be cautious. Bernardi, I live over again daily my travels, and the lines in my books come up fresh before me, and the discussions with the pedants in France and England I well remember. I live that life over again during the long hours of the day, and the longer hours of night. Yes, I remember my hurried writings, for I was driven from city to city, poor and illy clad, yet teaching and lecturing whenever and wherever opportunity presented itself. And all that
IO4 SEMA-KANDA.—THRESHOLD MEMORIES.

time the eye of Rome was upon me. She secretly spread her invisible nets that finally enmeshed me.”

“Tell me, Gordianus, why have I been placed in this cell with you?”

“I cannot say; it may forbode evil or good,” the monk answered.

A warder passed and peeped through the bars, then pushed in a small black loaf and replenished the mug of water. The prisoners became silent.

The day passed wearily along for Bernardi, but to Gordianus it flew rapidly. During his six long years of prison life he had seldom spoken, and then only to the keepers; so when Bernardi was pushed headlong into the cell, Gordianus could scarcely believe his eyes. Bernardi became downcast; a heavy gloom that would not be lifted settled over him. Gordianus offered a share of the small rye loaf which he broke in two, but poor Bernardi refused. Gordianus did not urge him unduly, for he knew how deeply depressing was this prison life. The monk ate a little of the bread, and then offered some water to his comrade, but Bernardi again refused, saying, “Nay,
friend, let me rather die by starvation than under the headsman's axe.”

“Hope on, Bernardi, hope on, I say. Think of your friends and their influence at the court.”

“Ah, Gordianus, the powers of the Inquisition terrify me. The fearful rigor of their actions is not fully known to you. Burnings follow thick and fast, and are becoming public feasts and holidays for the mobs who gather. Barbarous prerogatives of employing torture for the detection of heresy are common. Even a doubt expressed by a priest is sufficient to cause arrest and imprisonment. Every week it grows worse, for new laws are passed, new offences devised, and the wisest and godliest men are imprisoned, excommunicated, or burnt at the stake.”

After a moment's thought Gordianus replied: “In this solitary cell I have pondered greatly over these matters, and have learned to forgive the ignorance of these times. The obscene and shameful acts of those in power are yet to react upon them. Can I accept truth from the lips of priests, who, when mass is finished, the next moment blurt out blasphemy? The priests
must reform themselves. They know this, but dare not say it to themselves; it would strike too near the heart. Let me ask you, Bernardi, how is science and philosophy advancing in these days? How are the present investigations being carried on?"

"The Church still pretends to prescribe what principles relate to and govern the higher problems of life, and forbids all doubt or other research. Poor Telesius, whom I know, has made wonderful discoveries in science, keeps to his own little village; he dare not let his ideas be known. Campanella has been forced into exile, and, I hear, finally tortured for his researches. The Church is vainly trying to hide the discoveries of Copernicus, and you know the fate of Galileo!"

"That was the cause, Bernardi, which led me to escape from the Dominicans. The abbot would exact from me a blind compulsory faith in his dogmas. He deplored that I secularized spiritual things; but my desire was always for freedom of man's active intelligence. My studies in astronomy revealed a beautiful order above, which showed me how marvelously the Infinite acts through the law of nature. This
THE TWO PRISONERS.

prompted me some way to search for unity—some unit law. Why should I cease these studies at the abbot's request, when they brought me new light? aye, and seemed to awaken emotions, half dreamy, and perhaps unreal cravings. I long to behold the stars again; they seem to bid me look up, but I cannot see them. I have only the dull prison compound, weary at best to gaze upon, until my sight is dimmed. I have not seen those glorious radiant orbs for six years, except once when I was questioned by the Congregation of the Inquisition after being in this cell seven months. It was dark when I returned that night and, while manacled, I looked up to them and felt more encouraged in my beliefs. The little part of the heavens I saw that night seemed to admonish me in a friendly way and say, 'This little life of thine, Gordianus, is like the limited view thou now seest. 'Tis not the whole, but only a part, and so thy life is only a part of the great Life, only a preparing of thy faculties for greater scope and greater endowments.'

"And, Bernardi, I feel that the stars have watched over me, which has been sweet comfort many times when depressed with
the thoughts of my misery. The stars never spoke wrathfully to me, never taught me of a Deity full of man's passions and weaknesses, as the Church would have me believe, nor did they ever show me a God that was pacified by ritual or moved by ceremony. In some way the stars spoke to me as if I had known them before, and had come hither to take another step, another look at their glory, and pass on. From sadness I became joyful with that thought. I would love to see the stars again, Bernardi," complained the monk with despairing tone. "I would so love to see the stars! When I see the moonlight glimmering on the stones in the prison compound, I know they are watching o'erhead. Oh, the days and nights I have passed here longing, longing!" He paused a moment, then putting his hand in a friendly manner on Bernardi's shoulder, said: "Forgive me, Bernardi, for speaking so gloomily. I sorrow much, although I have tried to cheer you to-day. My thoughts this moment are too sad for helpful utterance, Bernardi, I do so long to see the stars once more." These were truly doleful murmurings of this imprisoned soul.
The two continued their conversations well into the night. Gordinus again and again tried to cheer his comrade, who could not sleep. Gordinus, however, went to sleep as usual, leaving his comrade brooding over the coming day, with its sameness and sadness.
CHAPTER XI.

"Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!"
—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE CONGREGATION OF THE INQUISITION.

While the two prisoners were trying to comfort each in their prison cell, their peace of mind would not have been improved had they heard the conversation at a secret conclave held in what was called the Chamber of the Inquisition in Rome. Round a long table sat a council known as the Congregation of the Inquisition.

The walls of this Chamber were decorated with banners of the Inquisition from nearly every European country, even from Goa, India, where the Roman Catholic mission had met with abundant numerical success. One small window alone admitted light to this room, so it was rather difficult to make out the inscriptions and mottoes on the banners. These mottoes were Latin
quotations from the Psalms, some from collects, whole passages from famous dialogues, and each of these quotations seemed to indicate that the measures there enacted, and the principles held by the Inquisitors, were just. The furnishings of this Chamber were very costly, and it could be readily seen that patient, delicate art had been prodigally indulged in. Papal crosses adorned every chair. On a raised platform stood the escutcheon of the Inquisition, elaborately embroidered in its coverings of silk. A few paces to the left was a little reading stand, similarly decorated. The stand was generally used at this time by one of the members who read out the verdicts upon the poor unfortunates who fell in the traps of their hardened persecutors.

The council had assembled one Thursday afternoon, and were gravely discussing with many gestures and whispers something more important than the trifling duties that had called them together. Some trouble was being scented, and a feeling of uneasiness seemed to prevail.

This meeting was one held immediately after the election of Paul V. to the papal chair. Much gossip had been occasioned,
for things were taking a contrary and formidable turn, causing consternation and astonishment among the Cardinals and those uppermost in ecclesiastical circles. It was generally understood, and always expected among the prelates, that on the accession of a new pope he would be expected to grant requests and acts of grace readily, and administer favors more liberally and without the delay of gravely referring to precedents. The most opportune time, it had been found by those most concerned for asking favors, was during the first flush of success; whereas Paul V. was no sooner declared pope, than he displayed a gravity and cold reserve which forbade approach even by his former intimate friends. When he was frocked and crowned, he declined to grant one request addressed to him without many delays and irritating considerations. At the end of the first week then, when rejoicing was expected in all quarters, a few, a very few, could boast of having received friendly favors. This state of affairs had to be met, and this straitness overcome. These inquisitors believed they were not unaware how they might find such favors. The little incident of lèse-majesté on the part of Ber-
nardi had given them a clue, inasmuch as Paul V. had refused to listen to ambassador or any friend who might present himself on behalf of the poor author. The pope's will was supreme; so gossip was rife at this meeting. This was the trouble which now concerned them.

"Gaetano," said one, "we might have spared our pains. I almost repent taking so difficult a part in Paul's favor. I always thought Borghese to be more liberal. Did not Aldobrandino choose him because he had few enemies?"

"Few enemies, forsooth!" replied the one addressed. "How long this will remain so will be seen in a few days. Notice his abrupt manner, his few cold words."

"We must be on the safe side," said another; "it is not too late, perhaps, to help ourselves into favor."

"Perhaps Aldobrandino and Montalto will now be better friends, since they have one common enemy to conciliate," said Gaetano, with angry frown. "Paul is already protesting against every cardinal in caustic language, and without any precedent. Everything is most unexpected, he is so vehement and speaks with such heat."
Not at all is he now as when a cardinal. Then his speech was easy and his manner perfect—now crowned with dignity he has become uneasy and fills everyone with fear."

"He has sent bishops hurrying home; he will allow no absentees, and no mortal sin," joined in a tall priest at the end of the table. "Only yesterday one bishop was begging a dispensation to remain in Rome on account of his health, and even this was refused, and yet only six days have passed since the election."

"I hear Cardinal di Verona wishes to resign on account of his great age, and has been refused; such severity!"

"And if we wish to escape his animosity," said an authoritative voice louder than the rest, "we had best take up our task and adopt measures to advance our favors."

Silence was observed and business commenced. A list of the heretics who were now under conviction was read, as well as the names of those who had since the last meeting of the Council pleaded guilty; upon these, sentences were passed. Another list of those who were seeking pardon was passed over. The names of prisoners who
refused to answer questions were next read, and all were prescribed to further torture. News from England, France and Spain was discussed, and the Council commenced the inquiry in what they called “particular cases.”

“This Cremonese author, Bernardi, has considerably irritated His Holiness by some stupid blundering. We had better refer him at once to Santa Severina, as deserving no consideration,” said the chief councilor.

“Cannot we choose another?” spoke up Gaetano. “The populace is much excited over this event, and the imprisonment has caused much anger and discontent?”

“I think Paul will answer them in few words if he deigns to listen,” said the chief councilor. “Let us consider the case of that arch-heretic who has long polluted our gaols. I refer to Gordianus, who is now with this Bernardi in the prisons used for the services of our holy office. Has not Gordianus praised heretic sovereigns, and written the most satirical and unbecoming things about the Church? The worst of apostates is he.”

Another said: “While it is true that Gordianus is well worthy of a capital sen-
tence, we must proceed cautiously. He has made friends in England, France and Germany, and it behooves us to pacify those who have listened to his teachings. It was only by the greatest stratagem, you will remember, we persuaded him to Venice. A communication from the Vicar of Venice says it is a safe opportunity to remove Gordianus to Rome. Let us ask the illustrious Santa Severina to order his transfer hither. Let sentence be passed on Bernardi, and we will then better know, perhaps, how to tread the floors of the Vatican. We may better please His Holiness by trying publicly in Rome this intolerable Gordianus."

It was thereupon agreed and instruments were written to Santa Severina conveying the advice and resolve of the Congregation. Gossip was again in order while the papers were being written, that condemned Bernardi to decapitation at the foot of the bridge of St. Angelo, and Gordianus to public trial. These papers, together with others, were despatched to Santa Severina, the Inquisitor-in-Chief.

When that most zealous and cruel of in-
quisitors read the message, he shook his head.

"A hundred men like Bernardi will matter little, but one death of a man like Gordianus will make a hubbub hard to suppress. That man, apostate that he is, is not a blind fool. He has appropriated to himself the works of the ancients, thanks to those dastardly Arabs and Egyptians, whose theosophized ideas and perverted astronomy are eternally traveling westward. The visionaries! I hate them! I would like to disen-cumber this Gordianus of his fantastic notions. He would soon fill the world with his vagaries. He has attracted already too many scholars. Why ventures he so boldly on forbidden and untrodden ground? No one can follow his obscurities. Yes,—they may be right. It may not be untrodden ground, who knows? Yes, he is competent; his persuasive tongue I remember. Why did not the fool join the Jesuits instead of the Dominicans? What a power in that eye! No wonder he charmed Elizabeth with his tongue. And so, my confrères, you wish a trial to make yourselves look like asses before the world. What prompts this
eagerness, I wonder? To please me—or—"

He did not finish his soliloquy. While he had been delivering aloud his thoughts he had picked up this paper and that, attached his signature to others, and again laid others aside without reading them. With restless air he again picked up from the bundle of papers before him the one referring to Gordianus, read it and re-read it, and commenced further to remark:

"Try my brothers as you will against this antagonist, he has left a name which if I doubt not—and my soul contradicts not itself—will not die. Beware of his cutting words. Yes, bring him into the arena, and weal to your souls. Methinks this is your business, not so much mine. Yes, I will sign it." And he signed it.

His signature boded no good for the Congregation of the Inquisition, and certainly none for the poor sweltering, sad prisoners in Venice.

He wrote a short letter regarding his last signature, commending their action, hoping they would put out once and forever the beacon this wrecker had chosen to light. That it was such heresiarchs as these that
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should feed the fires of the Inquisition; such as this Gordianus whose ingenius sophisms would persuade souls away from the true Church. He commended their action, and asked them to bring him up to the stake for a full recantation, foregoing trial, as circumstances and other exigencies now suggested this method to him.

"There, that will be an outlet for their grievous feelings," he said, as he sealed his letter, "and perhaps it may bring censure upon their heads instead of favor," he added with a chuckle.
CHAPTER XII.

"Oh, Angel of the East, one, one gold look
Across the waters to this twilight nook.
The far, sad waters, Angel, to this nook."
—BROWNING.

A DREAM, OR ——?

The prison life told heavily on Bernardi. The first night he had had two short snatches of sleep, and these little periods were disturbed by horrid dreams of the mob the day before. The occasional footsteps of the warder in passing would startle him, and the scenes of his dreams associated themselves readily with the noise. The fatigue, the continued tension of mind, the sadness of a sinking heart, the suddenness of every event of yesterday, the surprise and disgust and the treachery had wrought his nerves into an intense degree of vibration, which now had its currents of reaction.

He would have felt more alone and more acutely this sorrow, he thought, without the monk as his companion, who had tried well to encourage and give him fresh life and
hope. This thought prompted him to turn and look at his companion sleeping by his side. Early dawn was nearing, and he could faintly see the thin, drawn face, the features of which he watched attentively for an instant. There was a look on that face which drew him nearer. His companion seemed entranced, the breath was so slight and the face featured itself as if ensouled by an unknown power of wonderful tranquillity. The face would change but slightly, as if longing and expectant, and then again as if listening to sounds the sweetest. As Bernardi looked intently on, he became deeply interested. He saw the body of the monk so quiet and full of peace and dreams—or something more than dreams, Bernardi thought. It seemed to him as if the soul had stepped over the margin and had strayed away to other spheres.

Anon the monk’s face would change, as if his lips had met and kissed. This would move the expression into one of intense rapture. Even Bernardi felt an irresistible, subtle overpowering of comfort, as he watched this new transfiguration and forgot his own misery. The lips now parted as if to speak,—yes, an effort was made, though
hardly perceptible, yet it was an effort. His friend seemed to be trying to hold converse—the lips are pressed together now, a faint whisper. "Might I not hear it," said Bernardi to himself. Without a word he bent over the sleeping form, when there came a faintest whisper "Posi—Posi—."

The sleeper seemed again to try to utter this word, and Bernardi listened, but the faint, faint whisper died away in the silence. Then a slight moan, which struck a chord of sorrow in Bernardi’s heart so deeply human was it, escaped the sleeper’s lips. The body trembled, and the face again changed into an expression of untold agony. This was followed by another change as that of weeping. Oh, the sadness there revealed! A powerful sustaining presence seemed to uplift Bernardi and fill his soul with rest. How blissful the sensation to one who had been so overborne with strife and pain!

Bernardi likened the feeling to a fire that smote through every heart-pain, and he thought of the glory of those saints who had seen and felt the presence of the Holy Virgin Mother. Bernardi looked again on the face of the sleeping monk; it still held that pitiful, imploring look. Tears sprang
into Bernardi's eyes, and he fell on his knees and engaged in prayer. While telling his beads the monk moved and outstretched his hands, crying aloud in a voice of anguish:—"With thee a moment more!" Then he awoke sobbing, and in a moment was overcome with a fit of uncontrollable weeping. This man of giant intellect, he who had thrilled the most eminent scholars of Europe, who had defied cardinal and pope, and the terrors of the Inquisition; this man who had drank deeply from sorrow's cup, this Gordianus who had suffered all so patiently, was weeping as if his heart would break. Bernardi went on praying, swaying his body, and if anything, raising his voice a little louder. With a great effort Gordianus ceased and tried to compose himself, which he did after a little time. Just then the convent bells began their morning peal, and this in some way helped him to become calmer. When Bernardi finished praying, he found his comrade looking steadily at him, as if measuring his mental strength and fortitude. No words were exchanged for a time, although one subject held each mind; this made them both hesitate. The monk ap-
peared only half satisfied after his questioning look.

"I awoke from a strange dream, one that has filled me with forebodings concerning you, Bernardi," Gordianus said, finally. "I feel the truth of my dream so strongly that it has become a conviction that will not depart from me. It has left me very sad, yet full of strength. I have not told you, Bernardi, that I have been a regular dreamer while a prisoner here. Many a heart wound brought on by my day's broodings have I had healed at night in dreams. To one who has no sympathy with the subjective side of our nature this might sound foolish. During the day I try to remember them, but cannot always do so, for they far outshine in beauty the scenes and thoughts of this world. They refuse to reflect themselves at all times. It is a rare day when I remember them clearly. Sometimes when the sun is sinking, and the quieter twilight moves itself over the compound without, these dreams have play, and bring thoughts like rays of hope from a hidden sun. They come stealing into my heart and whisper me into forgetfulness of my surroundings. The dream of last night, or better, this morning, I well
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remember, except a name. I leave my body many nights and go in search of a friend or saint, and when I am in that world I find I have forgotten her name. She tells me her name each time we meet and part, yet when I leave her world memory refuses to recall it. Sometimes I see her coming from the long distance, and I hasten slowly to meet her. I talked with her this morning, and she spoke words, Bernardi, that stay all my sadness and bring resolute fortitude to my aid. I could not tell the world of the sweet words I heard. Oh, were I free now I would seek to persuade those in high places to see they are making for themselves a sad world, and filling it with despair and unbelief! This saint told me words this morning I must remember—words that will give courage to truthseekers. Ideals she spoke of that far outshine the ideals seen in the religious life of the Church of Rome. Bernardi, I wish I could remember the name, for I think it would give me the key to unlock some memories—what memories they may be I cannot say. It was a beautiful dream, nay, Bernardi, it was more real, I think, than dreams usually are.

"That dream, Gordianus, called me to
prayers this morning. I could not sleep, and chanced to look on you, when I saw a smile as of wondrous grace light up your features. You tried to call a name, or repeat something, and then a low moan that penetrated my very soul you faintly uttered,” and Bernardi described as well as possible the mysterious rapture that had filled him with a desire to pray.

“Tell—pray tell me what I said, Bernardi. Did I call a name? I tried to call a name aloud, I knew my body was asleep. What was it I called, Bernardi?”

“It was too feeble, too soft a sound, and died away before I could catch it. Your lips closed as if you called Posi—Posi—, this name, or something akin to it, you tried again and again to repeat, and when you awoke these words you uttered with hands outstretched: ‘With thee a moment more!’ Next, you wept.”

“Listen, my friend, Bernardi, I will tell you more. I heard this morning something of the Past. It sounded to me like a legend I had lived. In the dream-state I am convinced I have lived before, and as I awake that conviction pulses through me. I am ready for the Inquisitor’s court, or any strife
and pain, for I AM. Here for a time I am learning sweet and bitter truths together, but fulfilling a law which has asked me to lay down the Divine Sweetness of Innocence and take up the thorns and bye-paths of an Hour in this little world. I remember words like these: 'Life is a journey; life is a journey;' and even while I repeat these words they carry me to a distant memory of a college, a museum and beautiful temples. It was while enjoying these scenes that my patron saint left me, and I called aloud, 'With thee a moment more.' Bernardi, this is a soul picture recognized only by the soul. I am beginning to feel a freedom as if nearing the end of a long trial. The dream had a prophetic message, and whatever its purport affecting you may be, I want you to be brave."

"Gordianus, the dream has done me good. A sweet presence has filled every secret hollow that ever held an ache. That presence I attribute to my earnest prayers and your unseen, gentle visitor. The quietness over our cell, and your vision this morning, have made me conscious of a premonition that my discord and strife is also at an end."
"Those words are from your eternal self; so dispel any doubt about their truth, Bernardi, however fateful your premonition may be."

A few days afterwards the two prisoners were startled by the sudden entrance of some prison-guards. Both felt, as the noise approached their cell, that in some way they were the objects of the unusual and early clatter, for it was just daylight. The guards entered the cell, and without a word shackled Bernardi. It was done so suddenly that he was marched off before either prisoner realized they were to be separated.

Bernardi was dragged roughly into the gloomy corridor, when Gordianus found his tongue and hurried to the cell door which was already locked again. "Be brave," he called out, "be brave, Bernardi. The dream is true!"

Bernardi looked around and saw his friend's face pressed to the iron grating, but could not reply.

"Remember," went on Gordianus, not noticing the scowls of the guards, "the Father's promise, 'All I have is thine'; and
the other promise, ‘If thou return to the Almighty thou shalt be built up!’”

Bernardi was marched off, and was quickly out of sight, but he could hear Gordianus calling after him.

“All I have is thine,” echoed in Bernardi’s ears, while he kept a hasty step with the guards. The thought echoed after him loudly while he was taken on the boat and until he reached Rome. It was ever present; it filled his mind, as did the memory of the picture of the pale eager face at the cell door grating.

He was sadder for Gordianus’ sake than his own, for he experienced a wonderful calmness within, that banished all fear of his own fate. Had Gordianus thrown a spell over him? or had a saint visited the cell that morning? Whatever it was, this powerful peace refused to be shaken. “All I have is thine” seemed to attach itself now to every vivid scene of the last few days. The mob, the prison, the monk, his dream and moan, and that unseen visitor, all became interwoven with this comfort.

Some days after he stood before his accusers and the ever present crowd on the bridge of St. Angelo, Rome.
Over him was thrown an apron, pictured with flying devils, the dress appointed to be worn by heretics. There were friars and priests present, the headsman, and before him the block, on which in a moment he was to lay his head. He saw all this without a protest in his heart, and prayed that if his friend should meet such a supreme moment as the one he was now living, this serenity so wondrous and indefinable might also be his. This very prayer brought the assurance that Gordianus was enjoying at that very moment the same holy comfort.

The priests now read the prayers, followed by a formal reading of the sentence, and Bernardi meekly succumbed to his fate.

Let us turn to the solitary prisoner in Venice. Gordianus had in the first moment of Bernardi's departure fallen into a moody abstraction, which he instantly dispelled. The thought came to him that his friend needed silent encouragement while on his fateful journey. So far as possible the monk concentrated all his mental energy in the thought, "All I have is thine." He sent this message strongly after Bernardi, feeling wherever he was, whether in the next cell or
at the court, or Rome, this thought would reach him. The monk strengthened his own powers of concentration in occasionally repeating a sloka from the Hermetic scriptures: "Know that in the hour of thy supreme desire, God accepteth thine oblation." He held this thought over Bernardi until a full assurance was one morning strangely imparted to him.

A voiceless sound, holy and measured in its loveliness, comforting and silent broke in upon him, saying:

"That which thou desirest is done. Thy prayer has been accepted and united to the Divine in him for whom thou prayest. Thy prayers have lifted him up; he has arisen and put off the chains of the lower world, and is now resting in peace, which is the fruit of thy labor and intercession. Life is a journey. Love's secret and its mystery shall soon be thine. Fear not!"

This holy, unaccountable knowing of his friend's release in death, and the present unheard yet heard voice, were sweet consolation. Many times in his darkened cell had this unknown comforter visited him, until it had become a living conviction that he had been aided by a higher intelligence. Phi-
Philosopher as was this Gordianus he could not explain this mystery. Had the Great Architect, who had so wonderfully superintended the building of this body, endowed it with a deeper perception than that necessary to gain knowledge through the reasoning faculties only? Did revelation play an important part in the gain of wisdom, or had it really ceased to exist as the Church seemed to believe? Had his soul really the power to leave the body and join itself to other regions nearer and better like its native self? What subtle association of present events with a dreamy reminiscence of long ago could there be? Was it all a freak of imagination? If so, why were sweet affections of woman's love teeming within him, that certainly were not born through any associations in this life? What thread of memory was it that had brought this love warmth to his heart? There must be some truth in this, for when a young man, and when these thoughts were more vivid, he had set himself the task of apprehending the great and incontestible facts of the subjective states of man, their relations, and how these states were not unnatural but the means through which God might speak directly to his chil-
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dren. He had partly lifted the veil, and found the reality of the subjective. He had seen the wonderful justice in life's activities, and found the Church was at a loss to explain scientifically, or through their so-called revelation, the justice of man's individual material existence.

The many hours he had spent in his prison cell during the six years of his imprisonment were filled with thoughts like these. He believed in his dreams. The first part of this last dream had rapidly come to pass, and the next part referred to himself. He began to formulate an answer to his accusers, for he had dreamed he had given a long, earnest reply in the defence of the books he had written. A dark thought entered his mind. Would he recant and again enjoy the sweetness of life by obtaining his freedom? His freedom—how sweet for an instant and tempting the thought! But would he be free? What would conscience answer? No, if he lived, he would have to live nearest his conscience, and if he gave up this life, in meeting unflinchingly his death for truth's sake, conscience might be his guide in a new field of experience. He dismissed the thought of recanting,
and was happier for doing so. He would trust that Universal Judgment, which, however men may look at the problems of humanity, is seen by the consecrated to be most grand, just, and divinely merciful.

He now felt such certainty in his faith that he experienced neither weariness, loneliness, nor the least doubt.
CHAPTER XIII.

"Just Heaven!  O spare the earth a soul so rare!—
Permit ——".—From Henriade.

CAMPO DI FIORI.  ROME.

The death of Bernardi had passed without much notice or comment. It had been accomplished with great despatch, and to those few who had commented unfavorably, it was hinted that the charges against the prisoner were graver and more reaching in their meaning and intent than was at first supposed.

It required little effort on the part of these inquisitors to convince the different ecclesiastical bodies of the necessity for a speedy and summary trial of Gordianus. A better feeling might be established between themselves and the pope, and it was further hinted that the wholesale burnings and torturings might bring censure on the head of the pope, to escape which he might seek to vindicate himself by being more conciliatory and less stern in his authority to them-
selves. This was whispered amongst themselves; it was not for the public's ear. Gordianus was therefore sent from Venice to Rome, and the trial, so-called, arranged. The inquisitors agreed among themselves to ask Gordianus as usual to recant, and if he refused, to ask him some questions. The day arrived. Deep solemnity was observed, as if to make greater gravity of the offences. It could be seen that Gordianus was not the man to recant; hence the necessity for solemnity, and the pretended detail of form.

Gordianus was led manacled between two guards from his prison to the Campo di Fiori, an open quadrangular space near the eastern bank of the river Tiber. He looked around the great assembly which filled the three sides of the quadrangle. He read there his verdict. No sympathetic gaze, no welcome smile did he see, only the cunning, calculating faces of unscrupulous men.

He was made to enter a cage-like box. On one side of him was the Inquisitor's banner, and an altar for saying mass. On the other side of him was the escutcheon of the Inquisition. He found himself in the center, on the fourth side of the quadrangle. On the extreme right of the gathering, seated
under a canopy, sat the pope, fanned by two servants and surrounded by his dignitaries in their various costumes, the whole scene resembling one of oriental splendor and pagan ceremony.

Gordianus, pale-faced, stood glancing around, his faded black and white gown looking forlorn enough in contrast with the fresher robes of the Dominicans, and the gayer colors of the bishops and cardinals. Alone, undefended he stood, bareheaded, a soft yet unflinching gaze giving a dignity and superior expression that unwittingly arrested the attention, causing a hush in the noisy babble.

On a table before him he saw his books; ah! those books! What depth of love and charity had he felt when writing those books—books which had brought him friends from every part of Europe, friends who in like sympathy had felt that the Catholic Church had strayed so far, so very far from the simple precepts taught by the humble Nazarene! He had received many messages of love and sympathy, also many messages warning him of the secret nets and traps laid by the Romish emissaries. These had made him an exile and a wanderer over
Europe. How hurriedly had he written, he was so seldom at rest in one city. He had been ever relentlessly and consciencelessly pursued. Those hurried writings, never reviewed, were grand improvisations, and in fitting language had spoken of the light Divine ever present in all men. Sometimes in those books he had scourged those leaders in the Church who had blinded the unthinking with chimera and hypocrisy.

"Ah, Rome! truly it is said thou art fallen," he uttered in a low, clear tone that caused the guards to look up. "Some say thou art arisen from the ruins of paganism and art building for thyself a city guided by the precepts of Christianity; rather would I say thou art guided by the will of popes as tyrannical as the Cæsars of the pagan days. Yet a Rome the world will some day see in which the hearts of men shall be filled with truth and justice!"

Across the Tiber he looked and saw in the west the new dome of St. Peter's. He turned his head to have another look at the Palatine Hill, where as a youth he had sat and mused on the ruins before him—the Colosseum, the Arch of Constantine, the Arch of
Titus, the Forum and many others, that he knew as a boy. It was on this hill that as a youth he had first felt a sweetly sad and unknown love that had, unseen, guided his life in chastity and uprightness. On this same hill he had resolved to devote his life to the cause of truth, and so had joined himself to the Order of the Dominicans. Was he going to leave the work unfinished that that love and devotion to truth had prompted him to commence? Must he leave it unfinished, thought he, still calmly gazing on the faces before him.

Gordianus answered the questions which were put to him in clear, full tones, for all eyes were on him and ears were ready to catch his replies. Not a few present paled with anger, shame and confusion as he placed before them his ideals and openly laid bare their petty meannesses, their gigantic crimes and their servility of mind. Were those his books? They were his books; he had written them and had caused them to be published. Were they not opposed to the Holy Catholic Church, a barrier to salvation, a poison to the people, an attack on the purity of their faith, a disturber of public peace, inspired and seasoned by the devil?
and if he recanted not, why should not the divinely appointed guardian of revelation rebuke him even to death?

"I cannot recant," answered Gordianus. "To do so would be to betray myself to a higher power than that swayed by the Roman Church. What I have written comes from that inward Deity in man which is the true and the living Church; that inward living fire that is too intense and excellent in its virtue to be limited by the noisy clamors of a cruel priestcraft, whose dominion knows no compassion, no purity, no humility, and little of that universal love which characterized your Teacher and his Apostles. Have you kept that power bequeathed unto you by the Apostles? Have you not become blinded by prejudice and jealousy, until you are lost in wordy warfare concerning meaningless ritual and ceremony? Has the Church encouraged her disciples in the great search after knowledge? The answer is No! I humbly sought for this knowledge and found a divine unity in everything. I wrote to show how this little world of ours corresponds to a grand archetypal world, which, in its prophetic activity sings in universal harmony. The scriptures tell of this
harmony and unity. They show how man as a soul is an epitome of this divine unity. The history, places and persons spoken of in those grand dramas of our scriptures but faintly show a soul awakening to embrace this fully begotten truth, this truth in which man alone can recognize the all-merciful Father. I cannot recant. I am ready to bear testimony of this Christ newly born in me; a Christ that may be born in every soul if the beasts—Pride and Selfishness—be expelled. Whatever crucible you may use you cannot hurt this soul, which I now feel to be the comforter. Let me ask you to cease these cruelties. The church is truly becoming the mother of harlots and abominations. Can the Church bear witness of that true Light? Is it to be written the Church knoweth Him not? Have ye filled the world with love, or baptized it in sorrow and in blood? Arise, awake, take off your shackles!

The words rang out steadily, and like arrows sank into the hearts of his hearers. The pope, cruel-eyed, pinched in face, and lacking the spirit of Christian dignity, looked on doggedly as his thin lips tightened.
He waived that the verdict should be read. The Inquisitor-in-Chief thereupon rose and passed sentence of death upon the monk, adding the usual words that no blood should be spilled, which meant the faggot.

"Whatever your verdict," called out the prisoner, "I am ready to receive it, and only ask that you shall be forgiven and receive the sustaining presence which I at this moment know is mine."

Gordianus was next led to the altar to hear the last words. How hollow they sounded, as they were glibly recited by one of the priests. He listened, the mob meanwhile entering from the rear, or immediately at the back of the cage-like witness box Gordianus had just left.

A procession was formed from the altar to the funeral-pyre, the banner of the inquisition in front, next the crucifix with its back turned on the prisoner. Then followed Gordianus between two guards. After him came the Dominican monks, whom he had apostatized, a motley crowd of prelates of all orders, and the mob which were pushed back by guards, brought up the rear.

Gordianus mounted the pile, the friars singing, the noisy, rusty chain clanking heavily on his bared breast and shoulders,
as they fastened him to an upright pole in the centre of the faggots. Amid the noisy rabble he was again asked by this terrible tribunal to recant, but with gentlest words refused, spoken so tenderly as if he would embrace them.

The fire was lighted. As the smoke and flames rapidly coiled themselves around his body he called out: "Hail, New Rome! Hail, new day of Love! Hail to the Christ in every soul!

He turned his face to the west; the sun was sinking over the city's walls. He turned again his face to the mob, and with hand uplifted asked the Father and Mother, the Two in One to accept his work and to quicken the few truths he had sown and bless them abundantly.

The flames were roaring, yet no death agony on that placid countenance could be seen—nothing but a calm, steady look that rebuked in its gentleness his persecutors, so much so that some turned away their faces, only to again return their gaze and see the same quiet face.

Can we say what his thoughts were during those moments? What were his hopes and expectations? Were they realized?
PART THIRD.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Where is the priestess of this shrine,
And by what place does she adore?
The woodland haunt below the pine
Now hears her whisper nevermore."
—A. E.

PRISCILLA.

In the earlier colonial days of North America, when the “pale face” was pushing westward into primeval woods, a farmer had newly settled with his thrifty wife and a large family in a thickly oaked and pined woods. The spot chosen was a section of land near where Buffalo City now stands, not far from the beautiful St. Lawrence and the mighty Niagara. At that time this settlement was looked upon as the most distant yet entered by those early pioneers. It required a brave heart and a strong body capable of enduring fatigue to settle at so
great a distance from a village community. Those were the times when the implacable Red Indian had commenced his warfare, causing much trouble and anxiety.

These first journeys westward were full of adventure. The younger men were expert in hunting and trapping, finding game in abundance, following Indian trails, making discoveries of big rivers, mountain ranges, great lakes, foaming currents and thundering waterfalls.

The settlement which farmer Elijah Robinson had taken was wholly away from any other white settler or Indian trading post. The brush he had cut and piled in heaps ready for burning, while some of the heaps had already been fired, for black patches of ashes and charred remnants of wood lay about. Elsewhere over the clear area—consisting of some two acres—were strewn the white and yellow chips from the newly-felled trees. The log cabin was well built, and around it was a bit of land made into a garden. A cow was picking up the scanty herbage and grass, and her calf was briskly moving about, full of activity.

We have said that the Red Indian had already commenced his warfare; but at the
time of which we write a truce had occurred, during which Farmer Robinson had resolved upon moving further westward. Scores of Europeans were arriving each Spring, and there was already a scarcity of the best land in the more thickly settled districts. Another reason might be given why Farmer Robinson had left the eastern settlement, so much against the wishes of his neighbors. It was that the Indians had said no harm whatever should come to him—just why we shall presently see. From time to time the Indians had been deceived by the English and the French, until it had become a well-known fact that the Oneidas and the Iroquois were ready to scalp every stray or distant settler. This had been the common history of all new settlements.

Nevertheless, there were lots of frolic and happy times among these early pioneers. The settlements increased in numbers by the influx of fresh immigrants, who were ever welcomed, for news from home would then be forthcoming.

The long winter nights, when the woods were crisp with cold, there was weaving, wool-picking, making of soap and candles, beside the making of the furniture. Lum-
ber had to be dressed, and in the colder seasons the charcoal burning was an event, for the children from two or three clearings around would congregate to watch the dark blue, purple, green, and many-colored blazes shoot up, warming their hands and rosy-cheeked faces. Then came the bees,—the husking bees, the apple-paring bees, bees when farmers would build a barn or enlarge a house. When evening came there was the neighborhood dance, followed by the love-makings of the younger folks, and the quiet chats of the elderly people, the local bits of gossip, and then the rollicking drive home-ward.

Simple, happy, cheerful days were these. How many of our American greybeards are there who can look back to those old-fashioned times without a heart-leap, and just a wish to see once more the old homestead?

The modern reunion has a fit place in our busy, intense civilization, at which neighbors are wont to meet and talk over those well-remembered times. Can it be said that we enjoy greater happiness in our elegantly furnished homes, or have better health than in the time of log cabin days? Have we not more wants unsatisfied than ever before?
Well, let us answer it as we may, memory loves to linger over those pleasant, rugged days.

Elijah Robinson and Jerusha his wife were simple-hearted people, with a perfect faith in the overshadowing mercy of the Infinite. Each evening family prayers were offered, and their lives were characterized in simple faith and habits. Their eight children—from the son nineteen and the daughter eighteen to the youngest—were dressed in homespun cloth. Each member of the family had his or her daily work. Only one, the eldest daughter, Priscilla, seemed to be a child having more than ordinary traits. She was given to wandering alone about the woods. Her mother said that Priscilla had always been peculiar from her birth, and did not enjoy life the same way as did the rest of the family, or the young people of her age.

Priscilla seldom went to the bees when in the old settlement. In the new clearing, after the first busy time was over, she had found time to thread her way, as if by instinct, to the roaring, mighty Niagara, and had followed a trail above the falls where the current starts its quickened flow. She
had also gone below the falls to watch the eddying, bubbling, surging mass of water, returning home after a three days absence, as fresh and composed as if just back from a short ramble in the woods. Her parents overlooked her seeming eccentricities, for were she reproved in any way her sensitive face would look sad for days together. It must not be thought she was indolent; her younger brothers and sisters depended upon her for their instructions in reading, writing and the simpler arithmetic, the schoolmaster in the old settlement having died some time before the family came west. 

Priscilla's brothers and sisters loved her in their quiet way, and she in turn had ministered to their wants with peculiar tact. She was an excellent nurse. Whenever sickness had come upon any of the families in the eastern settlement, Priscilla was ever present, until both children and adults for miles around knew her. She was their chief favorite. Hence it was a sorrowful day for them when Farmer Robinson left his old homestead and took away their Priscilla, or as the little dots would say, 'Cilla.

One day on this new clearing one of the younger boys was suffering from a badly
burned foot. The mother had tried to allay the pain with flour and honey. Priscilla had suddenly disappeared, and shortly after reappeared with some leaves she had gathered, and carefully undoing the mother's bandages, began to apply the leaves to the injured parts. The mother remonstrated, but the youngster, with apparently more faith in Priscilla's leaves than in the flour and honey bandage, willingly submitted and was soon relieved. Two days later, when the mother was desirous of cleansing the burn from bits of charred stocking, fragments of leaves, and what seemed dirt, Priscilla begged her to let it remain just as it was; it would help, she said, to draw out the inflammation. Her mother asked how she knew this; she replied: "The Indians told me this when I nursed their wounded braves."

When a very little girl she had wandered away from home. Her parents were distracted, for warfare was on among the Indians at the time, and every "pale face" away from home was in imminent danger. Yet these same Iroquois brought home little Priscilla unharmed, and told Farmer Robinson she was a child of their Great Manitou.
This puzzled the farmer the more when they told him that Priscilla once belonged to a big tribe of old Indians, before there had been so many little tribes of Indians. From that time on, strange to say, Farmer Robinson was never troubled with the Indians, and Priscilla assured her father they would never harm him even if he were to move further westward.

Priscilla understood the Indians' language; how she learned it no one exactly knew. She was an extraordinary girl, and moved about among the natives when the border fights were on like one charmed, utterly fearless for herself. She had a semi-Indian look—long black hair, dark, piercing, yet soft eyes, her head was beautifully shaped, and as if to emulate the Indian garb, she wore buckskin moccasins and a scarf of bright colors over her homespun jacket. Her faculty to soothe the sick was unaccountable. When she would take a wailing baby in her arms it would immediately cease its cry. Priscilla's parents had grown to believe that whatever their daughter did was right and just, and that they could always trust her in an emergency. Her sayings were pithy, quaint, and full of wisdom. The In-
dians had taught her to make a dye from plants, and she amused her brothers and sisters by dyeing their hoods and toques a rich crimson color. Priscilla had discovered by the aid of her Indian friends some asbestos, and when she explained its properties to her father, he used it to make an indestructible fireplace.

Not long after her memorable visit to Niagara she was ready for another journey, a little bundle of provisions, her feet covered with high moccasins, and a red toque upon her head, making up her outfit. Her mother looked on, wondering whether she ought to object, but desisted, for Priscilla’s account of the wonders of Niagara had charmed her brothers and sisters. Again, though at a loss to account for this, her mother had grown to feel that she had no right over Priscilla’s actions in some things, for it seemed as if she was especially protected by the angels. On many occasions had the parents talked over the whims and peculiar fancies of their daughter.

The mother, looking after Priscilla as she was leaving home this morning, said to her husband: “A pity Priscilla isn’t a boy; yet the child would never hunt, or fish,
or kill any living thing. Ah, well! Priscilla can only be Priscilla," she soliloquized, and quietly resumed her work.

It was a spring morning. Priscilla had chosen to ramble in a southerly direction. She was happy enough revelling in the scent of the woods and the springlike newness of the foliage. Her sharp, penetrating eye was ever on the alert to discover new beauties. The birds, always her favorites from childhood, caroled to her and she answered them back, sometimes in open address, and again in imitating their calls. The woods were always a delight to Priscilla. She would relate to her brothers and sisters how the bright-spotted flowers told their little secrets to her in confidence. She would step up softly to some stray flower and lay her cheek tenderly to it, and speak to it in simple yet graceful elocution. This love of nature was Priscilla's worship. Nothing could have impressed her with greater reverence or love than nature's miracles.

Leisurely strolling on this April morning, her eyes everywhere, she found a new trail, and with a pleased expectancy followed it. The peculiar joy of the hour, the bond of
attraction she felt to the woods, set her off singing, until she completely forgot herself. The trail wound about a small knoll, and before Priscilla was aware of the fact, she found herself in sight of a camp of Indians. Four or five squaws were sitting near an old chief, and some papooses were hung in wicker baskets around the trunk of a tree. Priscilla observed, as she fearlessly approached, that the tents were nearly all deserted and the braves away. The old chief looked as Indians are wont to look when very much surprised—thoroughly unconcerned. Yet the next instant he jumped up from his squatting posture, and in a state of excitement ran to meet Priscilla.

"The Manitou papoose! Big heart papoose! Miss 'Cilla come to Running Water tent—mushka! look, look! come in the good month! the Moon of Bright Nights! The Manitou papoose! Bring the white skin, puk, puk, pale face—little pale face. Running Water blue-bird come again, long ago, Running Water little 'Cilla!"

This hardy son of the forest kept repeating his generous welcome in broken English and Indian dialect. Priscilla sat on the white skin directly opposite Running Water.
This was the Indian who had brought Priscilla back to her father when a little girl, after she had strayed in the woods. She was glad and surprised to meet Running Water so unexpectedly. He had taught her secrets about plants, herbs, and Indian medicines; he had shown her how to make the dyes, and the use of the asbestos. Before her father had left the old settlement Running Water disappeared suddenly from that section of the country. This had puzzled Priscilla greatly. It would be hard to say which of the two upon this occasion showed the greater pleasure.

"Where you come, 'Cilla?" asked Running Water. "Where you come,—long time Running Water no see his Manitou papoose."

"Dear, dear old Running Water, I am glad to see you. I have come from the new woods. My father has settled here and is clearing for a homestead. Where have you been this long, long time, Running Water? Where are your braves?"

Wahonowin!" The old Indian began this cry of lament and the squaws joined in.

"Stop, stop, Running Water, why this lament? Is not Running Water a brave chief?" Priscilla interposed.

"'Cilla, Running Water go see the big hunting ground soon. The morning star come up late and red, and me know Gitche Manitou take Running Water very soon. Me cry Wahonowin, 'Cilla, Running Water braves take fire water, make lies like pale face—drink much fire water, take picotte (smallpox) and die; no good to fight. Pale face make bad Indian, 'Cilla. My braves fight Hurons by the big rapids (Niagara waters). 'Cilla, take this; if Running Water die give to French priest, the big white good man."

Running Water just then gave to Priscilla a small bundle containing square-cut pieces of white birch bark. On these pieces of bark, in bluish charcoal, were curious hieroglyphics of letters, an altar, a temple, a lamp, sun, stars, the figure of a cross, and many other geometrical figures. Priscilla had never seen anything like these pieces of bark.

"Can you not tell me what these mean?
Is it your history, or the history of some other tribes? These funny letters and animals are like some of those I have seen on your totem poles,” and Priscilla held up a piece of bark to the sun to see if it were transparent, when she again asked: “Who is this French priest, Running Water?”

“Me tell 'Cilla soon.”

A brave came stalking into the camp carrying two immense newly killed eagles dripping in blood. The squaws plucked out the warm feathers and began to stick them in the young brave's hair, and into a sash that was fastened so as to fall down by the spine. The young brave took the beaks and claws of the two eagles and fastened them on his breast. When this was finished he walked away noiselessly, not having uttered a word. Priscilla looked on—she had seen this done before—but knew not the reason why the Indians so decorated themselves. When the brave had gone Priscilla asked Running Water why that brave had killed those beautiful eagles and taken their feathers and claws.

“'Cilla bluebird, pale face man tremble when he fight, tremble like squirrel. Indian take feathers, bones of war-bird eagle and
hawk. Warm blood and feathers draw the spirit of war-bird to Indian. Make Indian brave, fight good like war-bird.”

Running Water explained to Priscilla in his broken English that the spirits of these ferocious birds are attracted by their own warm feathers, and as the Indians wear these feathers, claws and beaks, on the more sensitive and highly organized parts of the body—the head, breast and spine—the Indians are thus environed with a magnetic effluvia which imprisons the spirit of the bird, imprisoned only by its own attraction. The warlike natures and ferocious qualities of these birds are impinged upon the Indian, he partaking of the same.

“When bear am killed, Miss 'Cilla, him spirit keep near all time Indian wear him skin, him bones,” said Running Water.

Running Water went on again to explain how the Indian invokes the spirit of peace, or the spirit of Michabou, as he called it. The Indian frees this effluvia to allow the spirits to escape his environment, by first taking off his headdress of feathers and next his war paint. He then buries his hatchet and gets rid of warlike attractions, that
their fine vibrations may be lost so far as they concern him.

"Yes," said Priscilla, "you exchange wampum, and smoke the pipe of peace in silence. You let the war spirit free, and draw the spirit of peace to you; eh, Running Water?"

"War spirit live on blood and hate, 'Cilla, and peace spirit come with good heart, and pipe, and new wampum."

"But, Running Water, now tell me about these pieces of bark."

"'Cilla, when you come a little puk papoose, lost in the woods, me take you to your mother. Me dream that night, me dream my Indian father came to me, tell me go to old Indian tribes in Mexico, go to old braves of Aztecs. Take canoe my father tell me and leave my braves seven years. Go to Cherokees and Chiapanecs. He tell me big pale face man priest want me to go. Sunshine come in the morning me take bark canoe, go to the beautiful waters, (Ohio River) and to the south sun. Me find big white priest my father tell me. Big white priest tell me go to Mexico. One Chiapanec give me birch bark. Running Water give birch bark to big white priest. Running Water go fight Hurons now. No give
big white priest man birch bark. Me fight and go to big hunting grounds. 'Cilla give bark to priest."

"I will give these pieces of bark to this priest you speak of if I can find him," said Priscilla. "Why not give them to him yourself?"

"Um, 'Cilla, my old Indian father come to me in dream last night. Tell me 'Cilla come with morning sun. Give 'Cilla the bark. 'Cilla much oil of love in soul, much good fire. He tell me Running Water go to hunting grounds."

Thus the conversation ran on. Priscilla found that her friend, Running Water, had been away from his tribe for seven years, among the Chiapenecs, the Cherokees and the Indian tribes of Central and South America. There he had learned of the history and traditions of the early Red Indians. On his return to his tribe he found his braves disheartened and demoralized, no chief, reduced in numbers by smallpox and liquor, and lamenting because they were unprepared to fight the Hurons. Running Water had also found that the settlers had made terrible inroads into his beautiful forests. His braves had at once taken heart
on his return among them, but Running Water was still despondent.

Priscilla listened to her friend's laments and protests with feelings of pity. She too had seen the bitter hatred between Indian and settler, how each never lost an opportunity of wreaking revenge one on the other. This warfare had caused her wonder and sorrow. She was greatly perplexed, for she had friends on both sides. Running Water again commenced his lament and the squaws joined in. He was a fine Indian, nearly seven feet tall. His complexion was a peculiar dark blue, ashy color, which looked slightly purplish when he stood in the sun. His eye was full of cunning and wisdom. He was the medicine man of his tribe and believed in omens and dreams, one whom the world would consider superstitious, perhaps, although Priscilla noticed that when she questioned Running Water he gave her good reasons for many of their peculiar customs, often mixing in bits of philosophy with his answers. He generally considered Priscilla's visit a good omen. She tried to cheer him out of his despondency, but signify failed. She wanted to know more concerning the meaning of these thinly pen-
cilled characters on the pieces of bark. She turned them over in her lap, examining each carefully and ventured again to ask Running Water the story connected with them. He ceased his moaning and wailing only after considerable effort.

"One big Chiapeneec Indian give me the bark. He tell me, all the Indians come from big island in the sea by the rising sun. One big tribe on that island wander in the forest and get lost and make many little Indian tribes. Chiapeneec have same God like big white priest. Look, 'Cilla," he said, pointing to the picture of an altar with a lighted lamp in the centre and above a cross.

"Why!" exclaimed Priscilla, "that is the cross of Christ, and the symbol of fire. Here is the tracing of a vessel of water for baptism. Was the Chiapeneec a Christian like the 'pale face'? We have these same symbols in the Christian worship. How did the Chiapeneec get them if he was not a Christian?"

"Me tell you, 'Cilla. All the Indians did not follow the setting sun when they left that island. Some of the big tribe go north, some go to the morning sun, but all take the
symbol you call, the same God. The Indian in these woods get lost, make many tribes, no more one big tribe. Little tribes love the Manitou; the Spirit of the forest love no cross, no fire, no water. Manitou like Indian, Indian like Manitou. Some day, one big chief come and bring all Red Indians, all Indian by the rising sun, and all Indian from the big island in the sea. One big chief come get all the Indian in one big tribe. Chiapenec tell me, 'Cilla.'

"Oh, Running Water, the Chiapenec was thinking of Christ, 'the desire of all nations,' as my old minister called him."

"No, 'Cilla, Christ am big priest God, not Chiapenec. Chiapenec God am older God than big priest man's."

"Running Water, do you know that Christ came seventeen hundred years ago? Is not that a long time?" asked Priscilla, simply.

"No," answered the Indian gravely; "one big tribe of Indians on the island lived ten thousand years, Chiapenec tell me. He take Running Water to temples in caves, show Running Water fine stones shine like sun on lake, and beautiful like peacock feathers. Chiapenec say first big tribe build a big temple." Here Running Water
pointed with his long finger to a picture of a fine temple on one of the pieces of bark.

"Why, this is just like the Jews' temple, and here is an ark and those are pictures of the pyramids, all like the pictures in my father's big bible. Where did Chiapeneck find these, Running Water?"

"Same big tribe, from the island. Mexican and Cherokees have box of fire and carry it."

"That certainly is the ark; I wish my old minister was here. What are these letters?" said Priscilla, picking up another piece of bark.

"Maya," promptly replied the Indian.

"Maya letters tell about the big tribe leaving the island, and about the Indian of Peru, and Yucatan, and Cherokee Indian."

"What was the name of that big island, Running Water?"

"Don't know, 'Cilla; all the island sink in the sea. Maya tribe tell ten thousand years past. Chiapeneck belong to big Maya tribe, 'Cilla."

Running Water then went into a more minute description of his trip, and explained as best he could the meaning of the hieroglyphs.
"I think these symbols represented here and our Christian symbols are alike, and must have had one common origin," said Priscilla, after listening to Running Water's story. She could not understand why these American Indians, knowing nothing of the Christian faith, should have all the Christian symbols. She questioned Running Water again and again, and became quite perplexed when she saw the skill exhibited in the architecture of the Aztec temple. She again wished her old minister was here.

The braves were returning two or three together, each carrying game of some description. Running Water advised Priscilla to return to her father's home before night-fall. This she did after receiving more instructions concerning the pieces of bark and the big white priest. Her leave-taking with the old Indian was very affectionate, he lamenting loudly, while she with tears in her eyes tried to pacify him.

Priscilla could not rest that night when she returned home; her sleep was broken. She had snatches of a dream, in which she seemed to be in a beautiful temple, and Running Water was there showing her the symbols. Then in her dream she was carried
to still another beautiful temple on the big island. The dream haunted her through the day. And then, who was this priest? She knew only one priest, a French Canadian she had seen with some trappers and Indians. She always supposed that priests must be French. She would find him and give up this strange packet.

One day elapsed after her return from Running Water's camp, when she set off in the direction of the St. Lawrence, near the Niagara. The Indians were to fight there, and she might be of service to them, and perhaps again see Running Water. In her journey she kept well to the east of the falls, thinking that she would see the Iroquois before the invading Hurons. She picked up the trail along the river side and turned westward, going up the banks of the river until the noise of the falls was more distinctly heard. She was on the alert for sound of camp, or tribe, or noise of any kind; but no indications of these did she see, nothing but the troubled current speeding on. She passed the falls, scarcely stopping a moment to admire them, but hurried along until nearly two miles had been traveled, when she sat down to listen more
attentively. She could still hear nothing. But a black object just then arrested her attention. It was floating down the river, and as it quickly came in view and passed her, it proved to be a wounded Indian. Priscilla jumped up and followed the rapidly floating body. It was Running Water singing a death dirge such as the Red Indians sing when in pain or nearing death. Priscilla ran on after the floating body. She called out: "Running Water! Oh, Running Water! What is the matter?" No answer, only the faint cry of his death song and a movement of his arm which he raised out of the water. Priscilla ran on breathlessly, shouting and beckoning Running Water to try and reach the river bank. It was of no use; the glassy stare in the Indian’s eyes told too plainly he had received his death wound. His song was growing fainter and the roar of the falls louder. Priscilla followed a little detour of the trail, and by the time she was again in view of the body, she saw that it would soon be dashed upon the rocks below. She ran along tremblingly and breathlessly. Yes, Running Water had surely predicted his death. He had passed on to his happy hunting grounds, while his
body was whirling and eddying in the whirlpools of the troubled St. Lawrence.

Priscilla sat down on a fallen tree and wept. "Oh, this warfare—Indian against Indian, French against the English—why is it so?" she cried, between her sobs.

How long she remained there crying, enveloped in her grief, she could not say. Running Water had been a true friend from earliest childhood. He had been found unexpectedly, and as unexpectedly lost. She sat on brooding and pondering over the tragic scene. Through her tears she sat looking half blindly on the pieces of bark and began turning them over. This helped to overcome the first keenness of her sorrow. The characters seemed to fascinate her, as if they were woven into her very destiny.

She sat thus for some time, many tears filling her sorrowful eyes. Suddenly she realized she was not alone. A voice in song and the words "In Jewry God is known!" sounded out roundly and fully from the woods, and in another minute a big St. Bernard dog came bounding in front of her, sniffing his honest face right under Priscilla's
nose, at the same time giving a short gruff bark.

The singing stopped, and the voice began calling "Jude! Jude!" Immediately the dog bounded back toward the trail and into the woods, to again emerge a minute after at the side of a tall, well-set man, dressed in a cassock and a skull cap. In his hand he carried a mountain stick, the iron spike smoothed and worn as if it had seen much use. The stranger's face seemed full of good nature, a healthy vigor showed itself in every movement of his body, and his voice had a friendliness that impressed itself on Priscilla's ear like a fatherly solicitude.

"Be quiet, Jude," he said to the dog, patting him on his head; "be quiet, sir;" and turning his eyes with a smile to Priscilla, said: "I hope he did not startle you?"

Priscilla stood up to look at this man and did not answer him directly, until he motioned her to sit down again. Then she assured him she was not unduly startled, but that she was very much surprised. Priscilla soon made herself known, and the cause of her distress, for the stranger had asked to know the reason of her sadness.

"My daughter, I have just left the Iro-
quois in full pursuit of the Hurons. They are frenzied over the death of Running Water. He, too, my daughter, was my friend, and I therefore can sympathize with you," said the stranger. "I had known Running Water from the first month I landed in Canada, and knew his history and of his recent return from South America. He has told me of his success in his search for certain ancient Indian manuscripts. He hurriedly told me how he had disposed of them. A moment afterwards he received his death wound and I saw him swimming out into the current, while I was assisting another wounded Indian."

Then the stranger went on to detail the story of the recent fight, and also told Priscilla more about Running Water's friendship.

"You are, then, the French Canadian priest, the friend of Running Water," asked Priscilla, "and to whom I am to give these peculiar bits of bark?"

"I am not a Frenchman, my daughter, although I speak French in this country. I am a Sicilian, and perhaps must tell you that I am not a Roman Catholic priest, but yet am a priest from a little monastery built
on the African coast facing the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea."

"I thought all priests were Roman Catholics," said Priscilla, simply; "and your name, friend priest?"

"Benjamin is my world's name, although I am known to my cult by another name, a name given to me—be not surprised—thousands of years ago. My recorded name in the monastery is Karomeda."

"Karomeda? Karomeda?" repeated Priscilla. The name had a certain sound or feeling of familiarity, which related itself in some manner to a higher realm of her mentality.

The priest Benjamin saw the effect of the name upon her.

"Be not surprised, my daughter, when I tell you there is a recorded prophecy which says that none of our writings shall be totally lost, but that some shall be restored to us by a daughter of our cult."

Priscilla listened, and could find no words to answer this man. She looked into those mysterious, kind eyes, the depths of which she could not fathom, and she listened like one spellbound, his voice was so rich and full of tone. She realized an overshadowing of
something that in her perplexity seemed to indicate to her the approach of the mysterious, as if some prescience were speaking through her earthly senses.

"Wonder not, my daughter, if I tell you that you carry those invisible tokens of direct relationship with our school, and those ancient manuscripts you now hold is the fulfilling of an old prophecy. I am here on this continent to recover these last records that tell us of the religious rites and traditions of a pre-historic past. Our brothers have been gathering these manuscripts for many hundred years, and the last are those you now are holding in your hands—the last to be recovered from the newest lands, all fulfilling, I again say, an ancient prophecy."

Priscilla was still silent. She could not account for these peculiar, inexplicable promptings, and that bond of attraction she felt to this priest. In the maze of her ideas and emotions she handed the priest the little bundle of manuscripts. The priest received them and thanked her, and holding them to his forehead, said: "These are the true manuscripts for which I have searched for many years. They have been sought
for on every continent;" and placing his hand on Priscilla's shoulder with upturned face, he asked as tenderly as if from a great Friend: "Let thy wisdom open her heart to thy understanding, so that her tongue may speak thy glory and love, and may thy servant continue to receive knowledge and wisdom through thy great mercy."

The little prayer and the touch of the priest stayed that wonder and sadness and strangeness Priscilla had so forcibly felt a moment before. This man was surely a priest, who could by the laying on of his hands administer a benediction. A new pulse of life came upon her, bringing to her a new harmony she had not before realized.

The priest sat down on the ground by his dog, which lay stretched out at full length and dozing, apparently not interested in the matters at hand. The priest turned over each piece of bark and examined it carefully. Priscilla found her tongue, and asked the meaning of the letters and drawings:

"These letters resemble the Hebrew, some are like the Greek, and a few are doubtless Sanskrit. It is rare that writings of this nature remain among the children of earth. Our cult has saved them, however,
rescuing them from a threatened oblivion. Two of our brothers conveyed some secret writings into Abyssinia during the third century when Emperor Diocletian burned many of them. For this act they were never allowed to return to Egypt. In our history it is again recorded how our brothers rescued some rolls containing evidence of the art of magic and prophecy during Caesar's time. Many times have we found in the hands of the Mussulmans traces of the earliest history of humanity, and have carefully preserved such documents. These before us, my sister, form the last link in a grand chain of history. The world will search for these facts in time to come, but not while engaged in warfare and greed.” Then pausing some time he continued: “This new country will see a rise in spiritual knowledge, for as it was once a part of a great continent that was the home and birthplace of Hermetic law and truth, so again in the mysterious cyclic law will it attain that secret wisdom. The unveiling, my sister, will be when these plains are covered with cities like a new Egypt or Greece. This America will witness the reaction of European physical splendor, for the gigantic
wars, and the mighty preparedness must react in a few centuries. America is to be the home of moral victories, of conquests in arts and science, and a closer fraternity in government. A time is near when the spiritual in man must bring the long wished Brotherhood. These solitary woods, these silent plains, are to teem with human life. The star of destiny points to this country as the home of liberty, unity and fraternity, a country in which the flag of peace shall be the national flag, next the international, which shall at last wave over every country of earth. Already the rarer mothers are here, whose sons and daughters will work toward the readjustment of our universal relationship. A new century will see the beginning of this new race with its Royal priesthood."

That which the priest had said was half a soliloquy and half addressed to Priscilla, who listened in quiet astonishment.

"I knew when Jude discovered you that my mission here was nearly finished. The time for my departure is near."

"Where go you now, friend Benjamin; you have no provisions?"

"Below the falls about ten miles two
French trappers await me with provisions." Rising, he continued: "From these shores I go to Rome, and then to the monastery, my home in Algeria. My sister, your life may seemingly be lost in these primitive settlements; think not so, for it holds a needful place in a most fruitful sphere of action. To-night the moon will enter Virgo in what is known in the sacred science as the ninth house. Silently await with concentrated thought until your relationship with the Past and Now is discerned; at that hour an invisible thread will link you to your history and that will bring to your remembrance what seems forgotten. In that hour you will remember your vows and covenants. Adieu!"

Bowing he left her, Jude running on ahead. That night Priscilla sat in the silence as the priest had directed her. The moon's vibration in the last degree of Virgo was in grand triangular aspect to the occult planet Uranus. The priest had chosen well the hour, for she learned of her life's mission, and why she was so different in her desires and longings from those about her.

In after years Farmer Robinson's farm land became a center where people came
and settled, and a little town was soon built, which rapidly grew and became the nucleus of a great city.

Priscilla lived to serve others, never seeking marriage, the reason for which she alone knew.

Many years after a minister stood with bared head among a band of mourners by the side of a new made grave. A noted woman had gone on. "A woman," the minister said, "of most tender and humane instincts, who was ever ready to help the needy; a woman whose love, devotion and gentleness was known to all for many miles around; one who had never refused to serve even in the most menial capacity."

Remarkable indeed had been her life. Her tenderness had touched hundreds into gentleness and charity. Her friends and neighbors as they left the grave spoke of her as a ministering angel, one whose friendship was blessed and holy. Other little groups, drying their eyes, also spoke of her life as one entirely devoted to usefulness. Mothers mourned her loss, it seemed, more than others, for "Aunt Priscilla," as she was popularly called, had been the children's nurse and doctor. The mothers
talked of her healing touch, her wonderful singing and how they all would miss her. A tombstone was placed over her grave. It read:

PRISCILLA ROBINSON,
“A True Server.”

Matthew, VII, 2.

The inhabitants of this community would frequently visit her grave and tell the story of her life.

On the first anniversary day of “Aunt Priscilla’s” death, these visitors noticed a new inscription had been cut on the tombstone. No one knew who had ordered or executed it. Diligent enquiries proved fruitless. It was as if a hand had by night cut the inscription unseen and vanished. It read:

“Thy love shall enfold the soul which awaits thee; it shall be unto him a wedding garment and a vesture of blessing.”

POSIDONA.
"Hilda mine, when you give another musical party, will you invite my friend, Offley Monckton? This chum of mine needs a change from his hotel life. Do you hear, chickie?"

"I thought you called me your 'chum,' but if there is another,—well, I would like to see what the creature is like. So this new friend has become the 'chum,' Harry?"

"Fishing, I believe, Hilda—just a little," bantered Harry, laughingly. "Have I again to tell you what you are to me,—a luxury,—something infinitely superior and beyond that of a chum? There!" added he, bowing a moment in servile and mock reverent attitude before the young lady; "how does that please you?"
"So much," returned the lady, giving her lover a little tap on his cheek.

"The right course of action would be to show my virtue by returning a kiss for a blow, I think, madame," answered the gentleman, as if offended.

"Rather turn the other cheek, would be my counsel," the lady replied, half seriously.

"I cannot agree with you, Hilda, in this case."

"You cannot indulge in luxuries and pose as a martyr at the same time," replied Hilda, in the same mock serious tone.

"My defense is weak, so will postpone the argument, and take up Offley's invitation."

The fact of the matter is, Hilda, you have a little mission in helping me to bring this friend of mine more into society, away from his mysticism, his gnosticism and philosophies. Those of his studies are right enough at school, when reading up Greek, but now you know we are in a business world. Offley is a clever fellow, learned, and has a marvellous knowledge of human nature. You should see his rooms filled with drawings, charts, books, papers, manuscripts, astronomical and other instruments. You can't sit on a chair but that you must lift off..."
papers or books; they are everywhere in a beautiful medley. I am not sure yet of his occupation, or whether he has one; but I believe he would make an excellent lawyer. The way he bowled out two theologians at dinner last night amused me. They were whipped like pigmies by a young giant. I saw they had aroused Offley, and the way he led them into the snare,—well, if I were to present my cases at court with such evidence as they did in defense of their creeds, I should never think of asking the sweetest, the,—er—sauciest girl in America to be my wife. To sum up, Hilda, I want Offley to see you, and be as happy as I am. I would like him to have a Hilda, one he could run to and get a few scoldings occasionally."

"You seem to like them, Harry."

"Yes, I believe they agree with me; that is why I think the remedy a safe one for Offley Monckton."

"And do you know, Harry, what causes this Mr. Monckton to be so retired and gloomy?"

"Hilda, I think it must be canker of the heart, or some kind of twist in his affections. He is more reserved now than when he first
came to the hotel. I have seen him only once this week."

"Well, Harry dear, my 'chum' Gertrude Van Wycke is here in the city for a brief visit, after completing her music in Europe. A party of my friends are to meet Gertrude here next Tuesday evening. Let us invite Mr. Monckton then."

"She is the lady who has been singing throughout Europe, is she not, Hilda?"

"Yes, and her friends here are preparing a little surprise. You have not described this new friend of yours to me, but I have already pictured him to be tall, pale face, white contracted brow and dreamy. How does that describe him?"

"I shall leave your curiosity unsatisfied at present. Is this Miss Van Wycke another celebrity, Hilda mine?"

"I shall leave your curiosity unsatisfied, Harry mine," mockingly replied Hilda.

This bit of banter went on between these two lovers after the guests of a little party which had gathered that evening at Hilda's home had gone. It had been a musical party, followed by a short dance and a light supper. It was a very special matter that hindered any of Hilda's friends from attend-
ing one of these informal parties. They were always full of enjoyment, for Hilda Aylmer was well loved and had a bevy of young friends around her who had known her from girlhood. Besides her many friends she had had many admirers. Out of the many she had chosen Henry Campbell, a young, popular and energetic lawyer.

Hilda Aylmer managed her father's house with the aid of Victotine, an old French nurse, who had been in the family since Hilda's birth. This nurse had partly educated Hilda as a child, for her mother had died when she was an infant, and so Victotine had taken upon herself the maternal cares of Hilda as well. Being the only child, she had occupied the first and only place in her father's heart. All had gone pleasantly so far in her life. When Henry Campbell made known his affection for Hilda to her father, tears readily filled the old gentleman's eyes before he answered. The father consented and immediately asked a favor from Henry, and that was not to disturb their present domestic arrangements. Henry should enter their own immediate home circle. To the father's earnest wishes Hilda added her own entreaties, and as
Henry looked kindly upon the venerable father, he thought that to withdraw Hilda from her home might tend to pale the still fresh winter roses on the father's cheek, and perhaps whiten his grey hair, and bring into the old gentleman's life an unnecessary sorrow.

The father of Hilda had looked upon Henry Campbell with considerable favor. First, he was a successful lawyer, and the father, too, had been successful in the same profession, and now had a seat on the bench. He had watched the young man rise rapidly, and saw how readily he associated himself with the leaders of the bar. Older men had trusted him with most important work, and altogether Mr. Aylmer was very well pleased with the prospects of his son-in-law to be.

Henry Campbell had a host of friends also. He was "a good fellow," with a big heart and big feelings, and his nature was ever bubbling up with laughter and light-heartedness. As soon as he found his new treasure, as he always called Hilda, he became innocently extravagant in his expressions, telling of his good news quietly, as he thought, to his friends.

The friends smiled, and it soon became
known that Henry Campbell was in love—very much in love. The evening Harry had left Hilda, after the foregoing conversation, he walked down the avenue to his quiet hotel very dissatisfied with himself.

"Here I have been enjoying myself at Hilda's, and Offley Monckton moping and droning over his books and writing, alone, and not a soul to speak to." Thoughtless and careless was the verdict he rendered against himself. "I should have invited Offley," he said.

Offley Monckton had taken a small suite of rooms in the same hotel only a few weeks prior to this time. This family hotel had been chosen by him, it seemed, quite casually, without any previous acquaintance among the guests. His baggage was well labeled, showing it had traveled throughout Europe and Egypt. In some way this quiet young gentleman attracted attention. He evidently belonged to the upper middle class. He was tall, clean shaven, a very intellectual face that seemed to indicate a life of many experiences. Sorrow, pain, power and riches, each seemed to have left a mark as they had come into his life. His
was a face that appeared as if it had been tested and tried, which might account for his quiet reserve. This stranger, it has been said, aroused curiosity among the guests, who met each other every day and knew each other well. Seldom any transient guests visited this hotel, and so when Offley Monckton slipped in quietly at the dinner table, any remark he made was listened to with interest. Henry Campbell first noticed how adroitly this newcomer introduced a new topic if the conversation lagged, and how easily he withdrew when talk rippled on, and how more than once a master thought drew all eyes to him. During the two or three weeks which Offley Monckton had spent in this hotel, he had received but few callers. A college professor, a clergyman or two perhaps, had sent him their cards, and he had courteously received them. After dinner he seldom entered the drawing room, apologizing by saying he was always poor company, and once or twice that he had some writing to finish. During the week of opera he had engaged a box, and modestly invited Henry Campbell and some of the guests of the dinner table.

Some way, he could not exactly tell how,
Henry Campbell had discovered that this quiet gentleman had done little except travel since leaving college; that he was an orphan, and had some properties in New Zealand and England. He had not seen his friend for nearly a week, or, rather, since the opera season had finished and the artistes had left the city. Offley Monckton had shut himself up in his rooms in seclusion and aimed to reproduce on a flute, impromptu, or otherwise, those grand airs of the great masters. He put such a glow of life into those tone poems, that more than one guest had opened their room doors to catch the ripples of sound.

Not having seen his friend, Henry determined to call on Offley, and after a "Come in, please," he entered, only to find that a change had come over his friend's now familiar face. His eyes looked larger, his face paler, and his slim form more delicate. When Henry inquired about Offley's health, he received an evasive reply, something about not sleeping well. On being pressed further, Offley became a trifle confused. His face flashed a look of pain, and he pressed his long white fingers to his fore-
head. Henry at once changed tactics; some sore point had evidently been touched.

   "Look here, old man," he went on, good-humoredly, "you want some wind and sunshine on those pale cheeks to improve your spirits. What do you say to a trip up to Venetian Lake for a couple of days? Spring is here, and the place won't look half bad. Don't stay moping in the city any longer."

Offley had risen when Henry had entered the room. Now he sat down, and smiling faintly to recover himself, said, "You think if I have any sighing to do, it is better done in the spring breezes; but I wish you would excuse me."

   "No, no—no excuse; I want your company, and I am selfish enough to enforce my wants when I can. Offley, old fellow, your face shows trouble."

   "Don't think me ungrateful when I tell you I was about to leave this city; writing to my friends here a good-bye. I should be poor company for you, I fear."

   "No excuses, I say; train Northwestern station—3:30 P. M. to-morrow—Friday. I will meet you at the station. I have a nice ranch up at the Lake, with good sport in
season, and if you like we may have some fishing."

"I neither use rod nor gun, so you see, Henry, I shall make poor company at the best."

"That's if I allow you, Offley."

"Then I will go, Henry, and amuse myself in my own way."

"And that will be the right way, so long as you please yourself. I am sure you will like my place. I built it outside the city, for Hilda, the Judge and myself. We shall use it through the summer months only."

On Friday afternoon the two men were off to a pretty little Lake in Wisconsin, about three hours from the City of Chicago. It was not long before the country air and fresh springlike appearance of the scenery, proved sufficient to dispel the gloom that Offley had fallen into. He took a boat on arriving and pulled up and down that little lake to his own satisfaction, and that of Henry, who sat lazily on the banks watching him with a fishing rod in hand. Saturday morning found Offley climbing the little hills while Henry again was lazily fishing, and when the two met some hours after Henry said, "I am tired watching your'exer-
tions, Offley. When I get to this lake I grow very lazy, and the greatest exertion I undertake is to fling my line and wind the reel.”

In the evening and when twilight came on, Offley came pulling his boat into a little covelet, to join Henry, who again was most lazily stretching himself at full length upon the bank.

“I like this lake and these hills and meadows,” commented Offley. “They have a charm about them and a newness that I have not seen elsewhere. I would like to live here and I shall certainly visit this lake again, Henry.”

“Come up here as often as you wish, Offley, old fellow; do your writing here or whatever you have to do. I assure you, you will always be welcome, doubly welcome if you don’t ask me to join in your hard work,” Henry replied, laughingly.

The evening closing in, Offley put on his jacket and drew from one of his pockets his flute, toying with it caressingly. Without asking Henry he commenced to play with little or no effort, executing every tone with naturalness and ease. Henry listened, and
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although not very musical, soon distinguished a delicate, inimitable sweetness coming from the instrument. The tones were full of strength and beauty, and Henry felt his friend was putting his very soul into the music. He felt he must listen—such lingering, sighing tones!—as if the player were questioning the very mystery of life. It sounded like a quaint medieval hymn that compelled attention.

"You are a complete master of the flute, Offley; I never remember hearing that piece you have just played. What is its name?"

"It has no name," answered Offley, half dreamily, "and is only born with the moment. Fancy might say it was a memory that came floating past, and I caught it and translated it into musical language. It was a memory called up by the sight of this lake and these hills—perhaps more than a fancy. For the moment it was real to me."

"You are a strange fellow, Offley, full of fancies and dreams. I think Hilda would understand that music better than I. By-the-by, Offley, I have an invitation from Hilda to you. Next Tuesday evening we want you to come and enjoy a musical even-
ing.” Offley commenced to protest, but Henry said he had promised Hilda, which to him settled everything. “I want you to see her. She has so many little surprises in store.”

Monday found the two friends back in the city, Henry Campbell at his office, Offley Monckton at his writing. As the latter gentleman entered his room he found on his writing table a little note containing the invitation for Tuesday.

“I will trust myself to events and not premeditate further action,” he said, musingly; and continuing enigmatically, as he sealed his reply, “Maybe those events will so arrange themselves, and will help to fill this voidness, and rid me of this apathy. What invisible seal is set on me? I am captive of desires—nay, one desire. No dream, however beautiful and perfect it may be, no ideal, however grand, but that it might be associated with Frederique. Does she wish me to banish the idea of seeking her? Am I to forget myself and again enter the path of lowly duty? Is more self denial required of me? or am I now approaching the gates of paradise where we may enter and live
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together as one soul? Let me be humble and less intense; let me be more grateful and less expectant."

He picked up another letter. "Ah! this is from Sarfaraz, my friend and teacher." He read the letter and his face brightened. He read aloud: "Let me give you, my dear Offley, a beautiful thought from Alcoran: 'Every physical object is at least changeable if not destructible. Nothing is real except the Audience of Light latent in everything.' This goes to show that as soon as one discards the physical about him, he is at once face to face with the Light. Let me give you another thought from Islamic Scriptures; it is this: 'We are only here to realize the Oneness, to become perfectly harmonized with it.'"

Offley put down the letter. "That is it. Have I vanquished the physical about me and fully entered the Divine state? I believe Frederique has that Audience with the Light, while I have not yet that fuller recognition. Her vestal vow shall never be broken. In our walk of life perhaps some day our paths may meet, and we may travel together. This letter has struck the right note—self-forgetfulness. From this hour I
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will cease to be restless or dissatisfied. The voice of prophecy tells me I am not to be long companionless. 'My own will come to me.'

He felt better with this resolution: "I will accept Henry's invitation."
CHAPTER XVI.

A MUSICAL EVENING.

On the Tuesday evening when Offley called upon Henry, a change was noticeable in his step and manners. Henry was late in dressing, having been detained at business. So when Offley entered he found him in his shirt sleeves, hastening hither and thither about the room. A brief time before this Offley had been just as bustling, and for some unexplained reason seemed to have enjoyed the briskness of the moment. His evident determination to trust to events, whatever they might indicate, together with the sensation of enlivenment he had caught from Henry, had set up within him a state of vivacity and delight which surprised even himself. He had somehow become possessed with a new hopefulness of spirit, and during the day had found himself humming snatches of college songs as of yore. Henry's little sallies and dexterous manage-
ment in his behalf had been just the right thing in the right place.

"When things are as bad as they can be, one had best say 'don't care,' and try again. What is your idea, Henry?" Offley had sat familiarly down in his friend's easy chair.

Henry was not a little startled at this unlooked-for truism in the midst of their conversation. It caused him to glance from the mirror to Offley before he answered.

"That is right, Offley, old fellow; the right thing to say at all times, especially when you've done your best and lost your case, with no hope of appeal. Mean what you say, though, and no after-brooding. Such tactics make one lean and troubled."

Offley regarded his companion with satisfaction. Henry was strong and muscular—the build of an athlete—while his words, tone and face bespoke a trained indifference to trouble. While Offley was regarding his friend's points of form and build, Henry turned around, saying merrily: "Got a buttonhole? Here, take this one; Hilda has sent one for each of us."

Offley stood to have the flower arranged in his coat. "You're a lucky dog, Henry," he commented, quite agreeably.
"You will have need to say so to-night when you see Hilda," was Henry's playful rejoinder.

In a few minutes the two friends were on their way toward the residence of Miss Hilda Aylmer, a few hundred yards down the avenue from their hotel. It was a balmy evening after a rather warm day in early spring, and altogether lovely. The trees were in leaf and the lawn about the house of Mr. Aylmer looked cool and inviting.

When Offley and Henry appeared they found the guests had already arrived before them. Throughout the lawn and on the veranda were they scattered in lively groups. It was evident these friends had met before, for a merry freshness was upon every face, in keeping with the pastimes of the evening.

The first opportunity Hilda had to speak to Henry, she told him she had been entertaining a somewhat mistaken impression of Mr. Monckton. She had thus far no opportunity to present him to her nearer friends.

"He seems anything but a dreamy philosopher, whose conversation would smack of the library," she said.

"Nay, Hilda dear, Offley's disposition to-night seems quite unusual. I cannot explain
it. He appears as light-hearted as any of us. He tells me he has found himself humming and whistling all day. Don't forget to ask him for a selection; he has his flute with him. I assure you he charmed me up at the lake last Saturday evening. Ask him to play that same hymn. Look at him now, getting the attention of those street musicians."

The musicians, having espied the various groups about the house, resolved to make a stand, and forthwith began playing some operatic selections. They had a harp, two violins and a flute. Their well-executed airs were followed by several negro melodies. This unexpected intrusion became a sort of prelude to the evening's entertainment.

Many who took part in the musical numbers showed rare talent and discrimination; and what became the more pleasing and conspicuous, was the genuine appreciation of friendship each seemed to find in the other. There was, nevertheless, no lack of friendly criticism, yet even this served to render the occasion more enjoyable. Each guest felt that his or her delicate cravings of spirit were truly interpreted and minis-
tered unto. It is at such gatherings that the idealisms in our lives become cleared and freshened, and the higher faculties attuned to vibrations above our lesser selves.

The supreme moment of expectancy was at last reached when Hilda presented Miss Gertrude Van Wycke, a lady whose name had already been coupled with those of the leading singers of the day. An intense look of eagerness sprang to Offley Monckton's face the moment Miss Van Wycke was announced. But with momentary forethought he partially concealed whatever emotions may have been at work within him.

The two parlors of the house, now thrown into one, were filled with guests. The singer entertained them with several of the rarer bits of musical composition—some, indeed, which had not yet fallen upon the popular ear. The minor pieces were rendered by her most exquisitely. One in particular greatly pleased Mr. Monckton. At its close he stepped forward and requested that she repeat it. Some quick glances of recognition overspread Miss Van Wycke's countenance, and for a moment after Offley stood before her she betrayed the deepest sur-
prise. But with a mere mannerly bow she acknowledged his request with an agreeable token of willingness. Pleased at this, Offley asked to accompany her upon the flute. This met quick approval from all, and only seemed to deepen the already intensified interest of the evening.

Now that he had thus far committed himself, a tinge of doubt possessed Offley in spite of himself. This, however, wore away as the air proceeded and he played with greater confidence. It was true that the accompaniment proved most charming, and won the admiration of every listener. It was a difficult musical feat, and introduced Offley to the throng better than words could have done, for his rendering was real and gave an exquisite polish to the beauty and culture of Miss Van-Wycke's voice. After comment brought out the fact that a young German had caught the air from Offley, and had arranged it for the voice. This had been done in Leipzig, at a time when Offley was visiting that city.

Mr. Campbell asked Offley to repeat the hymn he had heard him play at Venetian Lake. Offley paused involuntarily before he responded. A darting sensation passed
over him, which caused his face to pale slightly. He could scarcely decline the honor, however, now that all eyes were upon him. He at first glided off into some minor runs, until there came forth at last an air resembling a weird dirge or sad requiem, designated only by a few fluttering notes, like a laughing echo. This refrain, so feeble and yet distinct, grew stronger with every variety of change. It threaded its way with a rare constancy, as if it were passing through a dreamy maze, twisting and turning and persuading until the fantasy was caught, when it was found to be a love-song.

Everyone listened with minutest interest, as if longing to fathom the varied sentiment of the piece. Through it there was a something calling for recognition, first with sorrow plainly expressed, followed by a consummation of intense joy. All felt that the soul of the player had been on fire while setting free that song. He seemed to scarcely touch the floor as he walked across the room to his chair. The applause was quiet and subdued, as if his listeners were in doubt whether an outward response to such a marvel of musical taste were permissible.
Hilda with graceful tact then announced that dancing would follow, and like magic everything was again gay and merry.

By chance Offley found Miss Van Wycke disengaged, and at his bidding they strolled into a sequestered corner for a friendly chat.

"I had not thought of seeing you here, Gertrude," were Offley's first words when they were seated together. "I think our hostess does not know we have met before."

"And what has brought you here, Offley? I supposed you were in Europe; so does Frederique."

"You know, Gertrude, only the one desire—to see Frederique. Has she still a wish to leave the stage? Where is she?"

"Frederique has left her company; she could not agree with Aubrey, the conductor. She is now in Boston and has joined the Herr Christian Musical Organization. Yes, Offley, she still believes in her mission to the poor and unfortunate. I am afraid Herr Christian will yet have trouble with her. Every opportunity finds her in the bethels and mission-houses. That was the reason she left the stage. Aubrey said Frederique made herself too cheap and too popular among the poorer classes. Her ambition
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was to sing at peoples' concerts evenings when she had no regular engagement. I believe Frederique will give up very shortly all public stage work.”

“Do you mean to say, Gertrude, that that is the reason why Frederique left the opera? Are you sure it was not my untimely persecutions? No one can tell me but you.”

“Oh, no, Offley, I could have told you that when in Rome. But you were gone and you know none of us were aware of your whereabouts, nor could we discover them. It is all a mistake if you think that. And how did you become acquainted with our hostess? You have friends everywhere.”

“Fate or direction has sent me here. Mr. Campbell and I are at the same hotel. I learn, Gertrude, that you have left the company also. My disappointment was double last week when I found neither of you were singing. It made me gloomy and discontented. I did not call or personally see any members of the company, but foolishly have been gloomy and restless.”

“I intend taking a vacation here with my friends for the summer, and as you perhaps know, Hilda and I were together as school
girls," said Gertrude. "And now, Offley, how do you like the Americans?"

"Ah, yes, Gertrude, the same old question. I have much to say in their favor, and I must confess that outside of America people do not know the high ideals you Americans are reaching. One must live among you to really see the beauty and the progress you are making. The summer schools and lecture courses that are already announced show me you are immensely practical and energetic.

"Well done, Mr. Monckton," said a voice behind them. It was Hilda who had espied them. She had heard the finish of Offley's words. "You could not have pleased us better I am sure."

"One thing I must congratulate you upon, and that is your national prosperity and happiness. Education and art are engaging your attention everywhere; in fact, your country is full of pleasing surprises."

"You think we have lost the pine-wood smell, and the last taint of backwoodism has left us," laughed Hilda. "But I must leave you," she said, flitting from sight as quickly as she had appeared. Offley was permitted to resume the subject uppermost in his
mind. He inquired more about Frederique. Was she filling all expectations since her pitiable breakdown in Rome, and would she shortly visit this city?

"Frederique is making true her music-master's prophecy," said Gertrude. "She has now the first place in voice culture, and her rivals and critics all acknowledge this, and they all love her."

"Gertrude, we have always been the dearest of friends. You have helped me more than once in Leipzig, when I first met you and Frederique studying there. Can I ask you without danger of breaking any confidences, if Frederique would still favor my cause, which you know is my one all-absorbing happiness? Would you think it wise to write? You see I do not shrink from asking you, for I know you are Frederique's truest friend. I cannot settle well in any fixed occupation and feel that I have in any way clouded Frederique's life, even though it were only the thought that she believes I have been unhappy."

"Offley, many of us have said we do not understand Frederique's ideas, but let me advise you in this, and I will say no more. Write to her before she reaches this city, or
before she goes to her mother's home in the West."

A flush of satisfaction sprang to Offley's cheeks at this brief response from Gertrude. Verily, the mutual friend can truly carry the key which will unlock and bring to life our slumbering hopes. Little else was talked of between them, for but a brief interval was afforded them at best. The hour was late, the dancing ceased at last, and the guests were already dispersing. When Victorine came to lower the lights she found Hilda and Henry and Miss Van Wycke seated together.

"You sly puss," Hilda was saying; "Why have you not told me you and Mr. Monckton had met before?"

"You forget, my dear Hilda," said Gertrude, "that I had no introduction to Mr. Monckton to-night nor had I recognized him among the many new faces until he asked to accompany me in the little 'Ring Song.' It was a great surprise, I assure you, and my heart ached for him and for Frederique when he played that wonderful love song. I believe it was an improvisation of the moment."

"Ah, I see—a love story," put in Hilda,
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with a woman's curious instinct. "Do tell us all about it," she urged.

"Am I to remain a listener?" asked Henry.

"Surely you are," nodded Hilda, with a questioning glance over at Gertrude.

Ensconced in an easy attitude, and under the glow of the light which now filled one corner of the parlor, Miss Van Wycke briefly told the story of her first meeting with Frederique in Germany. They were both then studying and singing. She told them how they had progressed together and had thus become fast friends, until they made their debut, and afterwards sang the leading scores under the Aubrey and Greffel management.

"After Offley Monckton first saw Frederique," explained Gertrude, "he was never very far away from her, though he never intruded himself unduly in any way. We saw him in Milan, Naples, Rome, Paris, and elsewhere. None of the company knew him, or could gain any information respecting this silent attendant of Frederique's, until some of us were invited while in London, to the residence of Earl Beaumont. Offley Monckton was there, and seemed to
be quite a favorite with the earl. It was said Offley had aided the present earl's father in some valuable oriental researches. However, he was thoroughly at home in Earl Beaumont's London house. We found that Mr. Monckton was of a good family and was engaged in literary work of some sort. An incident occurred in Rome, which I believe was one of the causes that decided Frederique to give up the stage. Mr. Monckton was listening one evening to Frederique's passionate singing in Carmen, and presented her with a bunch of Easter lilies. The following afternoon that same bouquet of lilies was placed by Frederique at the foot of a statue, which marks the spot where a famous philosopher was burned at the stake. This was our second visit to this monument, and each time Frederique was strangely affected. I had previously learned that Frederique had many strange fancies and whims. Pointing to the figure she said, 'Were that man now living he would understand my heart, no other will or can, Gertrude'. I did not answer her, for a strange coincidence just then occurred. A carriage drove up and Offley Monckton stepped out. He observed the bunch of
lilies laid at the foot of the monument. I saw their eyes meet though I could not understand their mutual intensity of feeling. Frederique could not sing that night. She attempted and failed, causing great consternation among the critics. Mr. Monckton blames himself in some way for that failure. Nothing but trouble has seemed to fall upon Frederique's path since that time. What caused her to fail that night she would not nor could not say. She is unhappy about Mr. Monckton, I believe. Only once have I known them to meet alone, and that was to take a drive around Rome the day before Frederique's pitiable breakdown. From what I learn of Mr. Monckton this evening, nothing has come from his attachment. We all expected matters otherwise; but as I tell you, Hilda, none of us can say we understand Frederique. One day when I complimented her, because her singing had been so wonderful, she startled me by replying that she had learned to sing thousands of years ago. Frederique never has a great supply of money. Whatever she gets she gives away. Many a time have I helped her out of my monthly allowance when we were studying
together. Everyone loves her, and not only is she queen of song but she has a right royal nature.”

“To sum it all up to a nicety,” put in Henry, “it is quite as I had thought. Offley Monckton is in love. It is a clear case, as to him, though we are not quite so sure about Frederique’s state of heart.”

“Hilda, you must have Frederique visit you if she comes to the city.”

“A clear case of love,” broke in Henry again, sighing.

“How do you know Harry?” asked Hilda.

“Oh I have lived in that street before,” he replied.

Henry left for his hotel shortly after, and Hilda was alone with her old school companion. What they talked about are matters that need not be recorded here.
CHAPTER XVII.

TWO LETTERS.

Late the next morning Offley Monckton awoke, but with the realization that for some time past he had not manifested the self-poise taught him by Sarfarez. While traveling he had made the acquaintance of several monks, among whom he had lived for a considerable time. It was in their monastery that he had met his truest friend Sarfarez, whose companionship he prized so highly, and the memory of whom had ever quickened within him high and noble impulses. Offley had had certain spiritual experiences which, when a youth at school and later when attending college, his teachers had treated with indifference. He found himself possessed of a subliminal consciousness which put him at variance with the many harsh creeds in Christendom. He found himself instinctively shrinking from openly acknowledging these finer perceptions of soul. When a child he had
often shuddered at the sight of a priest. All this was changed when he met this little group of holy men in Algeria. It was there he learned the nearness of the living Reality and solved the problem of his inner being. The character of the teaching he received changed his career from one of purposeless wandering to active work. He took up the verifying and indexing of old manuscripts which had been given him by the monks. Nor had the wonderful peace he thus realized been disturbed until his experiences in Rome with Frederique.

On this morning at his hotel he sought to analyze the changes which had of late come over him. He thought of Hilda's words of friendship, and the possible benefit they might be to him.

"I have written to Frederique only once since we last saw each other," he mused in a somewhat doubtful manner. "Why should I not write her and make known to her these strange imaginings which have recently been hovering about me? Yet how can I convey to her upon paper all I feel, and which even I am not able to more than half define?"

These were Offley's thoughts as he bent
over his writing desk, pen in hand, ready to write. A multitude of subjects pressed in upon him. He hardly knew how to begin. Should he call her Frederique? He had called her so to himself. All who had the least acquaintance with her called her Frederique. In times past the name had either tranquilized his thoughts, or had had the opposite effect upon him. No, he would not address her thus familiarly. So he accordingly wrote:

MY DEAR MISS MILNES:—I have recently met Miss Van Wycke, who kindly gave me your address and acquainted me with your recent movements. In writing this letter I feel that I must seek shelter in your goodness of heart for again presuming to intrude myself upon you. Since we met in Leipzig, my heart and mind have been aflame, so much so that I have almost abandoned the maturer studies I took up as a life pursuit. Time was when I thought nothing would ever tempt me to take the step I am now taking in addressing you, but what the world calls “an unrelenting fate” asks me to invoke your aid. I have attended the opera here hoping to see you, and I have felt to blame myself for being the cause of your leaving the calling I believe you dearly love. We have not seen each other or spoken through letters since that day in
Rome. I wished then to tell you of my hopes, particularly after I saw you place that bouquet on the martyr's tomb. Did not our glances speak together, and our hearts beat together in that precious instant, and were there not matters uppermost in our minds which the world would scarce believe were it to be told? From that hour I felt we should meet again, but how, or when I knew not.

Thoughts come over me as I recall that brief day, thoughts that would be profaned by utterance. I think of our visit to Shelly's grave, and what we said of him; and how a little vine had entwined itself around your neck. You plucked it and kissed it "to make its death the easier." I tried to tell you it had reached its fullest growth, and mother Earth would soon claim it as her own. You remember our discussion on attraction and growth, as we walked together down the little path in search of Keats' grave. How we read his humble epitaph—"Writ in water" he wanted his name. I remember what you said of him, and remember also every gesture, look, and word of that day, and have been happy in their remembrance. Then I had no anxiety or fear about our future. The day seemed a reflection of a past day, incomprehensibly excellent. My sense and imagination gained a healthy stimulus, nay, I was weighted down with a just and glorious love. A liberty of being, a beauty and excellence spoke everywhere.
I said to myself, "See, I am hers!" I was a happy, quiet lover, though not daring to mention it. Did I do right to keep silent and not say that your will was becoming my destiny?

I have felt sympathetically every wish of yours since that time. You had reasonable doubts about the reality of our past, but the inner sensorium, that center of intuition, gave forth its response, and you felt you could not put into words what your intuitions dictated. You remember again I almost impertinently asked you for your birthday, and how you were interested as I tried briefly to tell you of your place in the Universal Zodiac. You asked me if I had been pursuing those studies, and said they were the richest and the wisest studies for earth's children to know. Many things I could have confessed to you at that moment, but my mind was raised to its highest level, and I was filled only with a superior nobleness of desire. Have I not a right, I find myself asking, to address myself to one who inspires me with a divine goodness and energy? I think I have found the real meaning of our silence. It is that we may better grow and see the Light and enjoy its sacred splendor. As the future draws near I believe we may yet seek each other; for every human soul that lives, whatever its condition of life, desires a place of retreat and shelter, that it may again assist in gathering to itself a greater
love and still holier resting place. I love you, Miss Milnes, I love you, I love you. Forgive my freedom and perhaps unseeming directness in what I have written you, and believe me

Your sincerest friend,

Offley Monckton.

The Lacoma.
April 14th, 1890.

Offley read his letter to himself and believed he would receive a happy reply. This thought spurred him on in his work, so that when Henry Campbell called late the same afternoon he found his room strewn with papers he had written and copied. Offley had certainly immersed himself into a forgetfulness, filled with content and inspiring thoughts.

"I see you are making up for lost time," was Henry's greeting. "This looks as if you had no time for interruption. I am not a friend to spasmodic labor—a steady plodding suits me best. But by the way, I have some news for you. Hilda and I are to be married, and I want your assistance!"

"My assistance," echoed Offley, gathering together his manuscripts. "You might find it of little use at the best. However, let me take the occasion to sincerely congratulate you. What can I do, pray?"
Henry explained to him where he and Hilda wished to go upon their wedding tour, and asked advice regarding the shortest trip across the continent and the different places they might visit.

“I have only crossed the Atlantic to visit London on business matters and back again. I am now going to take no less than two months’ time for the trip.”

“A very commendable idea—haste would scarcely result as an item of profit,” replied Offley, smilingly.

As it came about, matters were talked over quite amicably, and in the evening Offley brought to Henry’s room the plan of a tour. Later he had the satisfaction of making all arrangements for their trip. He bought steamship tickets, gave letters of introduction to Henry, and the evening before the happy pair started on their bridal tour he told Henry he had a place in Yorkshire, where they might stay as long as they desired.

Offley had greatly enjoyed arranging and planning for his friends’ trip, and when he returned to his hotel after attending to the final details, he found a letter awaiting him from Frederique.
But let us turn for a moment to Frederique. As related by Miss Van Wycke, this lady had left the stage to engage in concert singing under the renowned Herr Christian Organization of Boston. She had come to this decision, believing she would be freer to act without seeking constantly a manager's consent. Frederique had an ardent love of music, but a greater passion than this stirred within her. She had a constant longing to help those in humbler conditions to enjoy the pleasures of high-class music. She wished again and again that the poor and forlorn could enjoy what was only listened to by wealthier classes. The stage so far had presented insuperable obstacles, and her experiences had not been altogether pleasant. Her resolve had been to pit herself against the opposition of her managers. Wearied with this spirit of selfishness that tyrannized over her movements, she pondered long whether it were not best to wholly cancel her engagements. It did not seem wise to do so, for certain pecuniary matters forced themselves upon her. Her widowed mother, who had sacrificed much that her daughter's musical education might be completed, was
dependent upon her. It might not be wise, she thought, to abandon name and position, yet the avarice and troublesome details of her contract had seriously clouded her life. Bartering and selling music to her seemed like bartering and selling truth. Money, she had told Miss Van Wycke, was put before her as an object, to be attained, while she believed that music's mission, enkindling the heroic and divine in humanity, and bringing out our purity, love and goodness, was the supreme desire of her life. Herr Christian could not understand the radical ideas of his new artiste. Already had he cautioned her about singing in damp or poorly ventilated places. More than once had a hint been given her that she was not keeping up to the spirit of her contract. On talking with Frederique he found he could gain no satisfaction. This interview occurred one evening when Herr Christian met Frederique, as she was going home from one of these little concerts. By her side was she leading a ragged chap of about seven years, his dirty little hand grasped fondly by that of Frederique's. Herr Christian stopped and admired her as she approached, and took in the situation
at a glance. He saw the motherly solicitude with which she glanced down upon the little fellow. He saw how she provoked curiosity among those who passed her. Many turned around to give a second glance at her graceful figure and dignified bearing as she made her way down the street.

"My dear Miss Milnes, cannot I call a carriage for you and this charge, that you may avoid the curiosity of the people," said Herr Christian, bowing.

He hailed a cab without an answer. "Where did you pick up the little fellow?" he asked.

"He has been searching for me, to hear some of my songs and has lost his way, and what is worse, has missed the singing. I find he has no home, so I have promised him he shall have a concert all to himself, and later we may see what can be done for him. He needs a friend, my dear Herr, does he not?"

Herr Christian made some passing remark while he assisted Frederique and the boy into the cab.

Frederique took the child to her home and lavishly bestowed upon him her love
and care. "My poor little wanderer," she said, as she superintended his bath and dressed him in better clothes, "poor, solitary waif, away from a nest; adverse fate has blocked thy way early in life and caged thee in bars of poverty, and yet my poor little chick, thou art a hapless pilgrim, not banished, nor unworthy of better surroundings."

Later Frederique resolved that little Ralph, as he was called, should be reclaimed, and not sent back into the scenes of poverty without guidance. With true maternal instincts she divined his every need, and a bright little fellow indeed was he after his transformation.

Frederique's home life and girlhood had been spent on the western prairies, and now a deep longing to see those vast expanses and breathe her native air again was stealing in upon her. Her success in the musical world had been decided, triumphant and speedy; she had filled all expectations doubly. She had other secret longings she could not define, as if life possessed something far better than anything she had yet experienced. The hurry and bustle of travel was constant, so that her quieter
moments were few. In these moments she discovered a strange yearning that attached itself to a sub-conscious memory. This she could not explain to another. It came like a summons from the past. Frederique was undoubtedly a psychic, who lived in an inner world as real to her as any external phenomenal world could be to others. In the quietest moments she would indulge in fancies. Unbidden thoughts would come straying in as from other worlds. These carried her away from this world and its transient longings, or carried her again below into deeper waters where no restlessness and surface drifting were known. Past ideals recalled themselves to her. She would follow them and trace about them all sorts of delicate imageries. Offley Monckton had kindled a desire in her to tell him of these things, but never before that memorable day they spent together in Rome. Prior to that time these experiences had not shaped themselves sufficiently to become a factor in the secret guidance of her life; and after that day the very forces had seemed to keep him away from her. There was something in his speech and manner that in her secret heart appeared
familiar, even from the first time she had met him in Leipzig. He filled her day dreams, which in opposite moods she tried to banish. In her night fancies she had more than once tried to tell him something very beautiful and true. One dream in particular she distinctly remembered; it was after they had been in the little cemetery together in Rome. She dreamed that this young Mr. Monckton and the martyr whom she had loved to read about were one, and that his life had been checked by that tragic act. Try as she might she could not separate the two,—one life would be reflected in the other. The following day they met at the foot of the monument just after she had placed the lilies,—his lilies—there. Their eyes met, and she believed he had guessed her secret thought. Offley was indeed a mystic, and had more than once attempted to span his dual nature. He talked learnedly upon occult studies, and had found a sympathetic listener in Frederique; nay, more than that, for Frederique’s sympathies had added greatly to his inspirations. They had both felt a species of harmony of soul, so pure to each that language in trying to express it
would soil it. Their love was unreal, and yet was most real. Each strove to comprehend it, but their reserve had kept them silent.

The longing after greater quietude now came to Frederique. These inner questionings might perhaps be better solved out on the prairies alone with her mother. Perhaps childhood memories, like a morning dawn, would quicken and freshen her inspirations, and answer her questionings. She would not be able to tell her mother about these things; she, even, would not understand them.

Little Ralph had come into her life with beneficial effect; for her habitual longings and peculiar unrest was growing stronger each day. She was sitting and feasting her eyes on the clean and newly dressed little fellow when Offley’s letter came. She read it twice and laid it away for a time, for she had promised to take Ralph to the Zoological Gardens that afternoon. Frederique made her preparations with a very thoughtful face, and she could not interest herself for the time in answering Ralph’s questions, who had now found his tongue after his first shyness.
Home again, Frederique took up the letter and once more read it. She sat at her writing table, and leaning her head upon her hand which held the missive, felt a pleasing vibration surround her, an atmosphere in which more real than ever her dream fancies became awakened. They were as living dreams, accompanied by a new spirit of wisdom which interpreted them.

Pictures, perfect in their loveliness, opened out before her—a singing lesson—a group of maidens sitting around a teacher—a shepherd-clad youth, and the interior of a grand temple; a young monk bidding adieu to the maidens' teacher—three children and an old man together on some mountains; then confusion. Frederique sat as if transfixed, but without a tremor, so absorbed was she in the pictures as they passed before her. The first group faded away, and then another distinct atmosphere surrounded her. She seemed receptive to a stronger vibration. The pictures passed more rapidly: Again a monk leaving a monastery—now a wanderer, next a prison cell, and oh, what horrors and cruelty!—the same monk enveloped in smoke and flames!
Her shudder at this moment disturbed the balance of her finer forces, and she instantly lost the interpretation of the scenes. She tried to recover herself, but all seemed confused and indistinct.

"I wish I could talk about these matters to Mr. Monckton. I feel he keeps silent and does not tell all he knows," she mused, in dreamy contemplation.

She at once resolved to write to him, but before she penned a line her eyes became moist. By virtue of that tear her heart seemed less oppressed by that muteness which had hindered her from talking of these subjective states. How ought she to address him? "Dear Mr. Monckton?" or, "My dear Mr. Monckton?" Had Frederique been frank with herself she would have used a more endearing phrase, for one was upon her tongue ready to be uttered. At last she wrote:—

MY DEAR MR. MONCKTON:—I have received your letter and wish you to know you are forgiven for your freedom and directness in what you have written. I can follow you, I think, in all you have told me, and I thank you for so beautifully reminding me of those days in Rome,
or that day we spent together. Your letter has told me indirectly, as well as directly, your hopes and doubts. Let me hasten to inform you that you have not understood the real cause which led me to leave the stage. I wished to act with greater freedom in furthering my aims, or my mission among the poor, as it has been called. I realize how far you have progressed in the beautiful, which has no boundaries, for your letter teems with thoughts most suggestive. You write about our meeting near the monument; rare direction I believe led us thither, a direction the meaning of which can only be told in silent language. A letter, Mr. Monckton, can hardly carry all I want to say. I will put a riddle to you. Can your love and devotion call up and make true an image of the Past? This afternoon I saw and listened to a fugitive thought, and a higher vision possessed me. I heard, and saw, and understood. If you solve the riddle, forgive me for making known your answer in this abstract manner.

Sincerely,

FREDERIQUE MILNES.
CHAPTER XVIII.

CONFIDENCES.

"Offley will recognize that image of the Past, and, my dear Gertrude, the recognition will move his higher affection. I do not doubt the beauty of this olden love, while this present love can only be fully understood when united with the Past. In that moment of recognition Offley would know all I would say to him."

Gertrude Van Wycke was visiting Frederique in Boston, and the two had settled down to a confidential chat. Gertrude had told about the reception given her by her school friend Hilda, told how she met Mr. Monckton there, and that gentleman's anxious inquiries concerning herself.

"Well, Frederique, it may be a rather abstract method—this telling another of one's love, but I confess it hardly comes within the scope of my inferior faculties to
follow you. Are you sure, quite sure of this 'olden love,' as you term it, Frederique? To me it sounds highly imaginative and dreamy?"

"Gertrude, dear, my actual knowledge that Offley loves me has set my heart at rest, and so far as the riddle is concerned I have no fear. I believe Offley has developed well his spiritual faculties, those faculties we better understand as inspiration or genius. I want to be well assured of Offley's desire for the higher companionship—the highest—my inmost heart desires. This perhaps has been my secret, and the cause of my delay. Do you understand, Gertrude, my duties and cares incident to our union cannot be fulfilled if we fall into the common ways of the unregenerate. I shall need Offley's loving coöperation."

"Ah, my Frederique, you were always an idealist when we studied together, and still you are steadily raising your ideals. Your Offley must attain to the point of perfect manhood before he wins my Frederique. You propound a question which only a superior nature can answer. His fate hangs on the measure of his idealism. I would help him if I could, for he is waiting
patiently. I was sorry for him when I saw him the other evening, although he kept down his anxiety admirably."

Thus ran the conversation, very like one of their old time talks, as Gertrude afterwards expressed it. Gertrude had frequently listened to Frederique, sometimes in protest, and sometimes she had been carried away with the nobility and gentleness which shaped her life.

"Oh, Frederique," she protested, "you live in a world of dreams, and some of them make me sad and quiet when I think how far we poor mortals are from realizing their beauties. Most of them are shadows yet to me."

"Yes, Gertrude, shadows perhaps, telling of the real somewhere yet to be seen."

The evening mail brought a letter from Offley. It read:

MY DEAR FREDERIQUE:—Your letter received. I ask no forgiveness for the advance in my address to you. Since its arrival an invisible beautiful something has surrounded me like a living thought, so much so that it has given me the capacity to answer your riddle. I have reached more definitely than before that im-
CONFIDENCES.

perishable, sacred center which receives and interprets revelation. Thoughts have come flowing in most bountifully, sometimes lovely, sometimes sad, yet all of them come like reminders of a forgotten memory. These sweet breathings have whispered to me, 'My lover has returned, and she has brought a new day after a long slumbering night.' My vision is clearer in this atmosphere. I can see back into the shadows of time. As I write the moment becomes holy. It is a moment that encircles all past time, a moment in which tranquil breathings rest my pulse, and I hear a maiden's song, and her words betray anxiety for her soul companion's destiny. I realize that these undying tremors were born in a moment of chastened love. They are becoming clearer, they are soundless, yet I hear them. The scene is hidden, yet distinctly clear. Come, listen Frederique, and behold! Listen to the song and behold the sweetest lilies. I am all aglow with the flame of love, and gloomy with anxiety when I see a tear-stained face. Come, Frederique, and let us together turn over to that page of our life and view in this wonderful light the shadows of our divided life. I hear you asking while your spirit grieves, I hear you asking for some treasure—yes, I have partly caught the thread,

"—with heaven's breath inblent
To sweeten change and parting, and leave our hearts content."
Frederique, heaven’s breath has enfolded that wish. Her ever-living breath is wafting it toward me this very moment, and it seems as if fanned through a cycle of time.

Another picture comes, where heart is oppressed by cruelty and injustice. A philosopher-martyr lies in a close, dim cell, companionless and forsaken. An airy light comes stealing into that cell and moves the devoted soul to prayer and renewing hope. The monk-prisoner is moved by a love most strange—a love that accompanies him to the stake. It is a love alive with a consuming fire, great enough to outlive the momentary pains of flesh. In these dire moments the monk links himself consciously to his companion ray of hope. Frederique, the bunch of lilies? The philosopher’s tomb? Our meeting and recognition?—the rest may be told in the silence.

Sincerely in Truth,

OFFLEY MONCKTON.

The Lacoma, April 21, 1890.

P. S. I expect to be in Boston soon. My sincerest good wishes to Miss Van Wyck.-O. M.

Frederique and Offley are walking by the sea shore. They have just been visiting a teacher, Frank Alden, a college friend of Offley’s. This teacher has undertaken the education of little Ralph.
“Frank Alden I find is needy,” remarked Offley. “He is an excellent teacher, experienced, and a musician of rare merit. I found him suffering in Boston quietly and patiently, with little or no money. I think we may safely trust Ralph in his care.”

His use of the word “we” did not pass unnoticed by Frederique. Offley continued speaking with a quiet reserve: “Frederique, in your devotion to humanity you have enfolded one soul in love. Another soul awaits—”

Here his words ceased momentarily. Frederique trembled a little, and paled perhaps as she listened to his words—trembled in love.

“Frederique,” he continued at last, “a wise teacher gave me this trifling present,” and he took from his pocket a little case worked in silver. He opened it; it contained a ring—a double ring. Two costly blue diamonds were set in it, and in minute Chaldean characters—characters which were set in black pearls—was a name. “Accept this, Frederique, and Sarfaraz’s prophecy will then be fulfilled.”

“And the prophecy, Offley?”
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"Thy love shall enfold the soul which awaits thee; it shall be unto him a wedding garment, and a vesture of blessing!"

"My poor, dear Offley!" murmured Frederique, taking the case and mingling her loving glance with his.

"No, Frederique, I am the richest, the happiest, and most blessed of men!"
CHAPTER XIX.

FREDERIQUE'S CHAPEL.—UNITED.

A little party had gathered at the summer home of Henry Campbell. It was the day before the marriage of Frederique and Offley. Offley had purchased some acres adjoining the Campbell house. He had determined upon this after admiring the beauties of Venetian Lake. A neat cottage had been built on this property, a house much larger than necessary, Henry Campbell had said. A flag was waving over the house which was furnished and decorated, awaiting the reception of bride and bridegroom. That flag had provoked much curiosity in the neighborhood; it was yellow, purple and white, and in golden letters could be read a motto, Pro concordia labor—"We work for peace." There had been some mystery about the building of Offley's house, for the room directly under the tower had been kept locked, and had been
furnished and decorated secretly. This secret had been entrusted to Henry and his wife and Victorine. Offley had asked that Frederique should know little concerning this room. To this they all agreed, each one enjoying in expectation Frederique's surprise. These conspirators, however, had a more difficult task on hand than they expected. The party was complete with the exception of Offley and Sarfaraz,—the priest invited by Offley to officiate at the wedding.

Henry was waiting at the station with buggy to drive them over to the cottage. As the train drew up the two stepped out, and received from Henry a hearty welcome. Sarfaraz preferred, he said, to walk. He was dressed in European garb, with the exception of a yellow silk turban upon his head, while over his shoulder was thrown a long white shawl. He was tall and proportionately built, and Henry thought as he greeted him he had never seen such luminous, kindly eyes. His dark skin was smooth, and his face without a wrinkle. After directing Sarfaraz to the home, which directions were very simple, Henry turned to Offley in mock offence:
"See here, old man," he remonstrated, "Hilda and I have a score of things against you, all growing out of our promise to keep that chapel locked. We have had two or three times a 'bad quarter of an hour' I assure you. It started this way: Hilda and I, with Frederique and Victorine, took a stroll around the house and grounds. I think Victorine was proud of what she had accomplished by way of decorations. We went through the house and Frederique wanted to see the attic, or the room over which that flag is floating. Hilda looked ominously at me. She said that Victorine had the key. Luckily Victorine had just left us, and I asked what she would expect to see in a garret—suggested they were mere lumber rooms, and generally filled with cobwebs. Hilda cautioned me quietly by saying I had talked enough about that attic, and we let the matter drop. Mr. Alden and Miss Van Wycke next caused the trouble. They wanted to see the lake from that room. I told them Victorine had the key, and Mr. Alden started off after her; so two more were let into the secret. Don't you know, Offley, if you wish a lady not to know a thing, she will lead up
directly or indirectly to it a score of times, and keep you in hot water?"

"No I did not know that," answered Offley, laughingly.

"Well, it is true. You see I am now quite experienced in such matters. Perhaps Hilda is a very curious woman."

"Well, I am glad you have not let Frederique into the secret at last," smiled Offley. "Victorine has proven herself most loyal."

"Yes, and she has enjoyed it immensely. She has told Hilda that Frederique is a goddess in her eyes. Victorine has certainly fallen in love with Frederique, and has only one regret—that the bride to-be is not a Catholic. I see now, Offley, why you have built such a spacious house. You will need it if your family grows as fast as it has already done. Frederique has picked up two other "stray birds," as she calls them."

"Yes, her fondness for missionary work is most exemplary," coincided Offley.

Arriving at the cottage, Offley was instantly surrounded by the guests, for all of whom he had a cheery word, particularly the two little girls—Frederique's charges—
and Frederique's mother. By the time he had finished his welcome, Sarfaraz appeared, and several went out to meet him.

The party then sat down to a midday lunch, after which they dispersed for an afternoon's enjoyment. Some went sailing on the lake, some went driving, while Sarfaraz took occasion to look over some manuscripts Offley had brought up from the city. The conversation of student and teacher was most interesting. Offley's stay with the monks, his travels with them, his worship in their quiet monastery, where he had undertaken the publication of a number of manuscripts these men had gathered for some hundreds of years past, had indeed cemented their unbroken friendship.

In the evening, or just before dusk, Frederique and Offley walked from Hilda's to their new home which adjoined that of their friends.

"Frederique," said Offley, "Sarfaraz has been telling me that it is probable his Brotherhood will build a temple and monastery near our home, and I am commissioned with some arrangements to that end. Truly have these men overcome the attractions of sense, and I believe them to be in
possession of great spiritual knowledge. Sarfaraz has always been an inspiration to me, and I know of no person more worthy to seal our marriage than he. The world looked dark and drear and unjust before I received instruction from Sarfaraz. It was he who stayed my fickle wanderings and awoke the spirit of sanctity within me."

They were now in the house and had looked over the decorations.

"It is my desire, Frederique dear, that you should have some room that shall be consecrated, where you can retire to whisper your immortal hopes and gain strength to rise above mortal fears; a room where the ideal and beautiful may dispel disturbing thoughts which will arise in times of care and anxiety. Frederique, your acts in befriending the three children lead me to believe you will need these quiet moments."

At this Offley opened the door of a room hitherto unseen,—the attic, as Henry had called it,—and as Frederique took her first glance into it her eyes filled with tears. The room was a pretty chapel with a pipe-organ in an alcove at one end. A lamp hung from the center of the ceiling, which
was arched and richly tinted in light blue and studded with stars. Two stained glass windows faithfully dimmed the light. On the walls were frescoes, one representing a woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet. Another picture adorned the walls, notably one representing a group of monks, their costumes showing different nationalities, and amongst them stood Offley. Frederique turned to this picture. At first she could not speak. She brushed her tears away that she might better see how Offley looked in the picture. A happy something was lighting his countenance. How like a true seer did he seem to her. On a little table stood the photo of an Italian monk-martyr, an open bible and some lilies. A book-case held some works of devotional character, representing all the world's great religions. Over the windows and the door were texts of scripture. The texts were in golden letters and read:

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out."

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the spirit said."

"My kingdom is not of this world."
The room was indeed a beautiful conception and carried an air of the deepest sanctity. It had been Offley's aim to present to Frederique's eyes an external beauty and loveliness suited to a temple for divine praise. They sat silently together, asking a benediction. Neither spoke for some moments. Frederique took Offley's hand.

"This is the room I have so long desired, wherein to redeem the flesh and hearken to the spirit and partake of the hidden manna. Offley, I cannot thank you for this in words."

"Words are not needed, my dear Frederique. In this room you may begin an endless womanhood, and I an endless manhood. This is to be blessed to-morrow, for it is the place of our union. It is here we are to take the vow of purity and discard the inheritance of flesh."

Frederique went to the pipe-organ and opening the key-board arranged a few of the stops, as if about to play. Offley pulled another stop that set in motion an air pump. He explained its action, and said it was a device of his own invention.
"Sing to me, Frederique, please; it seems such a long time since you have had the opportunity, and yet sometimes it seems as if it were only yesterday," Offley said, caressing his loved one's cheek.

"Offley, dearest," returning his caress, "my heart can only sing in prayer to-night, for its yearnings are over, and it knows but the one desire—to help others to gain the inward peace. Look, Offley, at the pretty view from this window. Would not that alone move the heart in thanks?"

The view was pretty. A straggling German village bordered one end of the lake. The lights were beginning to appear after a long autumn day.

"Offley, I will sing a song I have set to music for such times as these. It is a song I have found among others when in London."* So saying, Frederique softly played and sang to Offley the following:

"When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,
All its vapors sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam,
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes;
I am one with the twilight's dream.

* Homeward Song.
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When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,
Every heart of man is wrapt within the mother's breast:
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,
I am one with their hearts at rest.

Aye, and deep, and deep, and deeper let me drink and draw
From the olden fountain more than light, or peace, or dream,
Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
Growing one with its silent stream."

"Yes, Frederique, our hearts are 'one with the twilight's gleam.'"

On the following morning the little chapel began to fill, while Mr. Alden played Greig's Norwegian Bridal Procession on the organ. Miss Van Wycke and little Ralph were the first to enter; next came Hilda on the arm of her husband. Frederique's mother and the judge followed. The two little girls then came dressed in white, and behind them was Sarfaraz wearing a loose robe of blue-grey and a blue-grey turban on
his head. Lastly entered the bride and bridegroom. All quietly seated themselves while the organ poured out its song.

Sarfaraz then stood by the little altar and read a portion of the Hermetic scripture:—

"Love redeemeth, love lifteth up, love enlighteneth, love advanceth souls.

Love dissolveth not, neither forgetteth: for she is of the soul, and hath everlasting remembrance."

He continued reading the chapter to its close, after which he addressed the bride and bridegroom:—

"My son, my daughter, a cycle of time has passed,—of days and nights, of joys and sorrows, bringing your souls back on earth for further ripening. During that cycle you have learned the law of necessity. Now as it approaches its fullness you are to know the law of liberty. ‘I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried by fire, that thou mayest be rich,’ said one great Teacher. This trying as by fire is a necessity, that the gold in its purity may be liberated. The soul is that gold tried and purified in this world of change, this world of birth and death, this world wherein the flesh is crucified and its
desires crossed until it cries out for the pure water of Life. In each the Christ is born when the soul has freed itself from the serpent desire of flesh. You are now mature, regenerate, and therefore desire not the things of immature souls. 'When I was a little child, I spake as a child, I reasoned as a child.' Now you have attained the power of knowing, and discrimination. Be strong, therefore, that a fuller baptism may be yours. In your marriage, seek the first fruits of chastity, and in the purity of that chastity a divine germ will impregnate your lives. A glory shall then be yours which shall shed a radiance on all who come within its sphere. Separating, then, the pure from the impure, you will become united after the order of Melchizedek, whose heralds are now on earth, linking the present to a new dispensation about to break over this planet, a dispensation that shall banish ignorance and weakness among the leaders and teachers of earth's children."

Then Sarfaraz took two rings of curious workmanship from a little case which laid on the altar. In each ring was a pure white glittering stone resembling a chrysolite.
The ring was engraved with mystic letters—the word MLKIZ-DQ. He gave to each a ring and explained its symbolism and concluded by saying: "When the dignity of mature wisdom is yours, and you are better united to upper worlds, a Royal Son of Royal Priesthood shall enter this family, a soul from the great Brotherhood of Teachers. May peace and love be evermore yours."

Sarfaraz placed Frederique's hand in that of Offley, and kissed the hands while united. Music followed and the ceremony ended.
CHAPTER XX.

THE HOROSCOPE.

Let us record briefly the happy time which followed. Offley's family of waifs and strays are away, and the big house is almost empty. Frederique is a mother, and is about to take for the first time her babe into Offley's study. Offley hastens at once to the door with a devoted smile upon his face. This lightens still more as he ushers his wife into his room, and draws forward a comfortable rocking chair. They both look admiringly upon their babe,—a son,—and Offley is relating some mystical facts concerning the little stranger.

"I have sent a copy of the data with the horoscope to one who can read the index of the heavens. Dearest, a Royal Son has entered our family, fulfilling the portents mentioned by Sarfaraz."

Offley then placed before the mother a plan of the heavens at the time of their
son's birth. He explained the meaning of the map.

"This sublime science is reappearing today in all its ancient grandeur and mystical beauty. Its verity is established. The ill-founded opinions of surface scientists are dying, as examples come before us showing how closely interwoven is spirit and matter. The human mind easily links itself to the material planes of consciousness and material substances, but the principle at the back of all organic functions is a spiritual essence, the activity of which is interpreted or disposed by and through the radiant orbs above us; 'for the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge; and there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.' The real formative vital force in us is invisible. It radiates around us like a luminous sphere, and it is through this grand agency we catch impressions. This sphere is in intimate touch with the outside worlds, its circumference is unbounded. The activities outside of man correspond to, and index the interior activities of man.
Every cell, every physiological unit feels at some time the stimuli of these outer activities.

"But to this horoscope, dear Frederique. On the sixteenth day of this month of December, at the hour of eleven in the morning, the tenth degree of the spiritual sign of Pisces was ascending, which shows there is much in the coming life of this tiny soul which cannot be explained in the light of the stars, as ordinarily interpreted, for that degree is one of the degrees only understood by the higher initiates. The planet Jupiter was very near the ascension in a triangular aspect to Mars and Uranus in Scorpio. Another triangular aspect is Jupiter to the Moon in Cancer. Others are Mars and Uranus to the Moon, the spiritual Dragon's Head to Saturn, and the Dragon's Head also in grand aspect to that point of the Heavens sometimes called The Plan of Fortune, which has a spiritualizing effect on the Earth. I find Mars and Mercury in good aspect to each other, which shows the mathematician. Uranus is in similar aspect to Mercury, which indicates truthfulness. Uranus and Mars hold the same aspect to Venus. He will be handsome, a lover of
the ideal,—very loving, which is necessary to the public teacher. Nearly all these planets are exalted, and in good aspect to each other, so he will possess wonderful vitality. He will be tall, about five feet nine inches, and fairly well built. The three triangles interlaced are assisted by what is known in the science as four sextile aspects, and two other triangles show him to be wonderfully protected by unseen powers. He will be perfectly calm and composed, and will draw people unto him, whatever their conditions may be, and nothing can assail him. The triangles, one within the other, constitute the Holy Trinity. Our son, Frederique dear, has them. There are many other indications to show him to be a great teacher, a Messiah for his people. Some of them I will further relate: Jupiter's aspect to Moon will make him a sensitive of high order, with higher vision, pleasing, and intuitive. The Moon in same aspect to Uranus indicates the astrologer and mystic lover of the ideal. Other positions show him to be a good demonstrator and interpreter of science, an orator with much psychic power over an audience. Saturn in the earthy and chaste sign of
Virgo shows him to be stern, particularly as that planet is square to the Sun.”

Lowering his voice to a whisper and bending over the child and mother, and in an attitude of great devotion, he said: “Frederique, there is something yet further I would tell you, to show you how truly blessed we are for the return of this soul into our family. The Dragon’s Head is in conjunction with the beautiful Pleiades, which tells us in the Higher Science that sometime an Archangel will visit him. The whole figure speaks of him as a Messiah born to spiritualize the darkened condition of Humanity.”

A strange and heavenly expression came over Frederique’s radiant face.

“Come, Offley dear, let us hasten to give thanks.”

They both retired to the silence of Frederique’s chapel, the babe nestling in its mother’s arms.

FINIS.